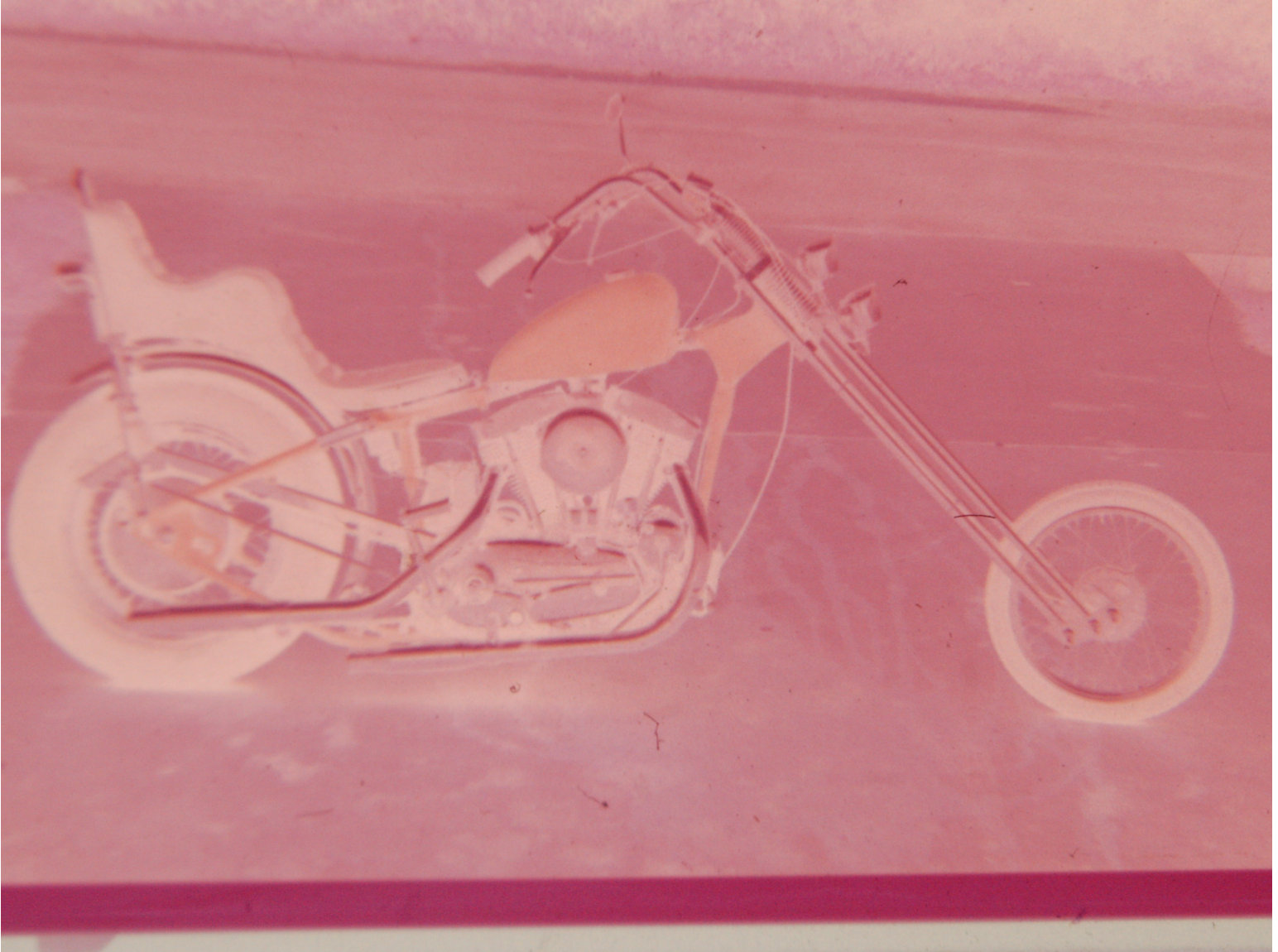
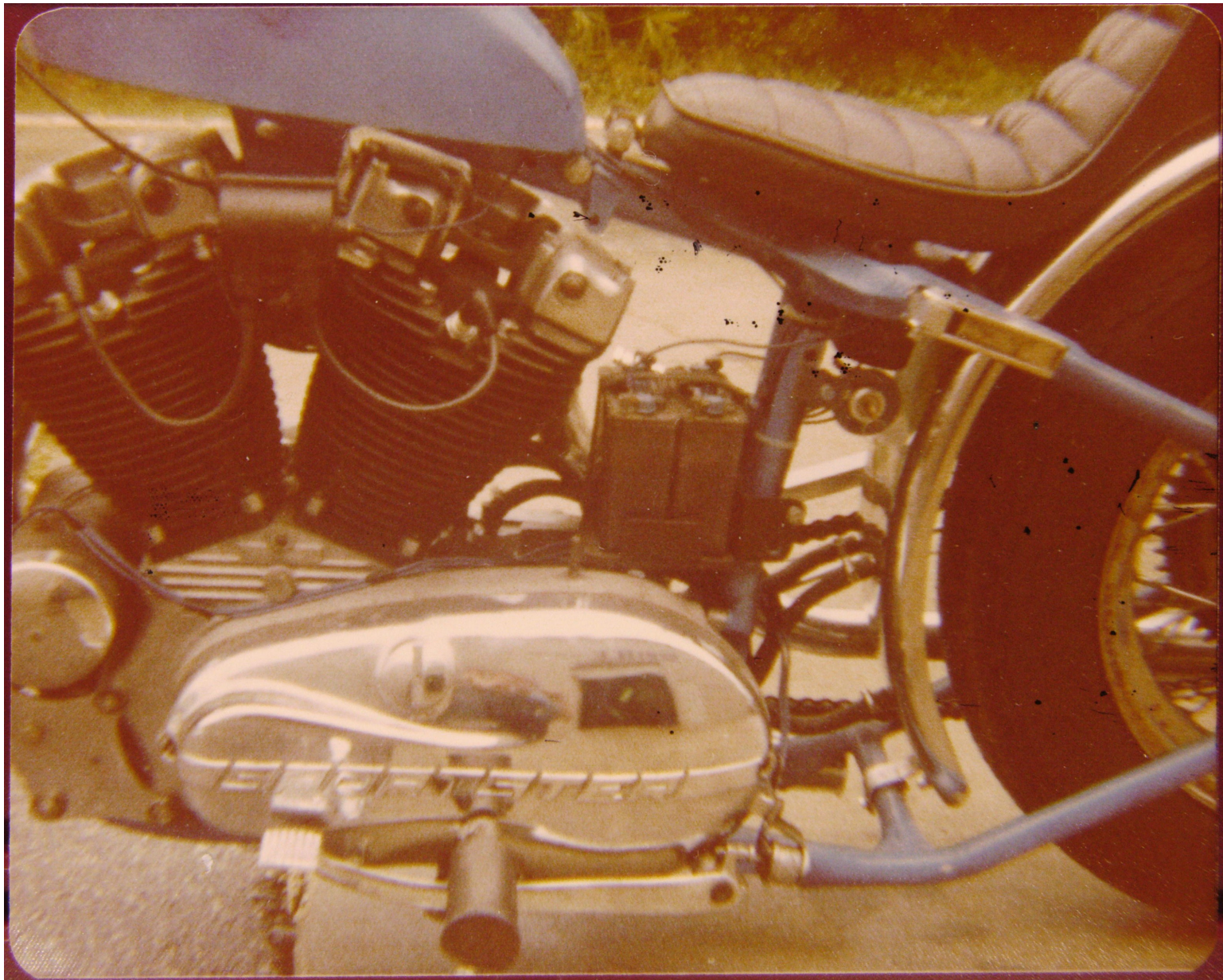


Some of a “Save Klamath River Dams” Advocate's Identification Verification



Here is a picture negative of my fully chopped 1965 Harley Davidson 883cc XLH Sportster motorcycle. Before I rode the motorcycle from Jacksonville Florida to Brookings Oregon in July and/or August of 1975, mechanics rebuilt the motor for me, and assembled the bike from parts that we bought. The neck was raked 12” over stock in Philadelphia, while the 990' long USS F.D. Roosevelt CVA 42 aircraft carrier that I was serving on, was in dry dock. I had purchased the stock Sportster near Philadelphia, and greatly disassembled it in a vacated aircraft squadron cubicle aboard ship. I was then living aboard ship while the ship's hangar deck was resurfaced, and the ship's 5-blade propellers were removed for ship maintenance. Near the bike's bottom frame front, is visible an oil cooler that was salvaged from a refrigerator.



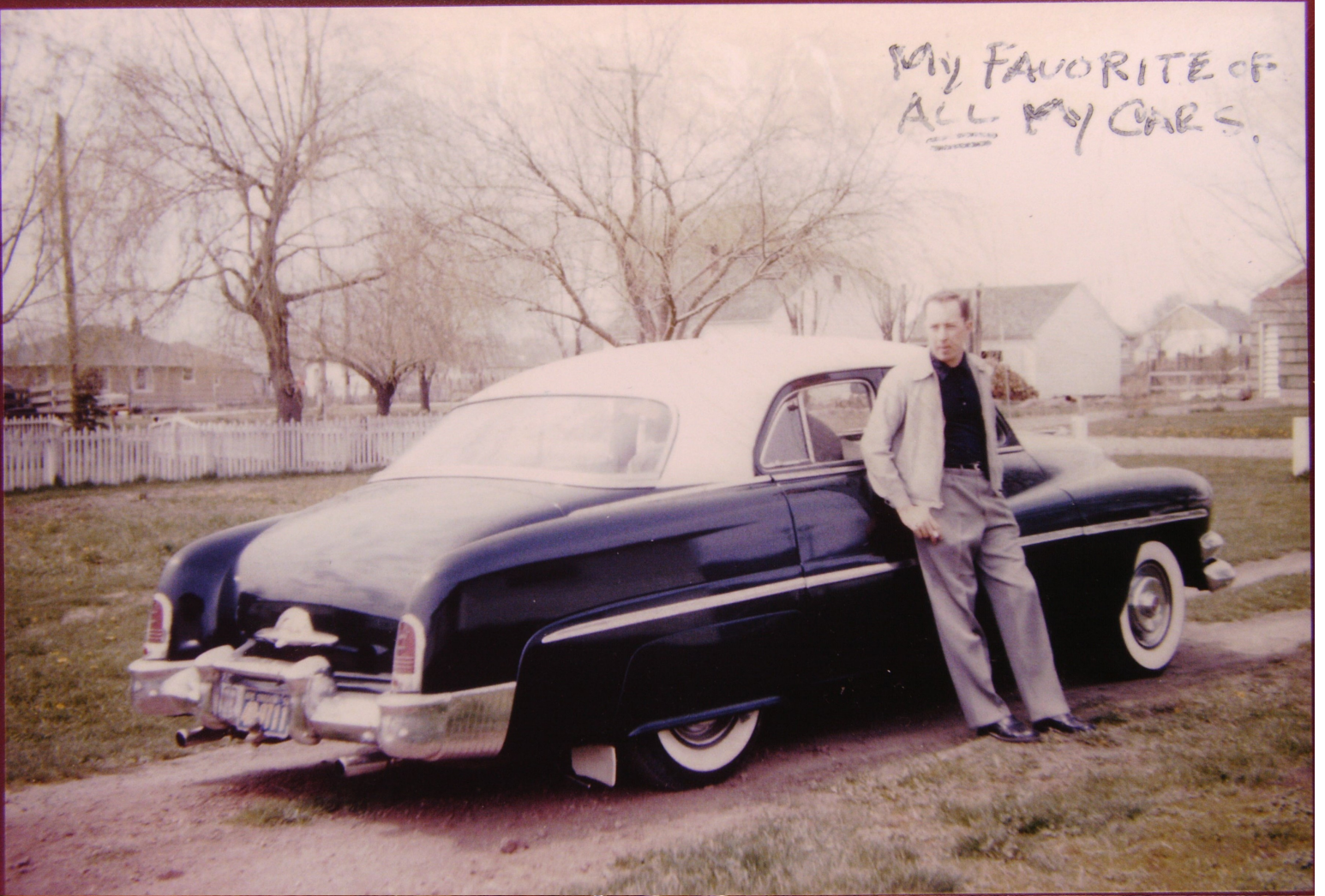
Another leg-wetting Harley photo! Noteworthy is the rear drum brake pedal, and the bike's custom built into the fender, only oil tank (probably less than 1.25 quart capacity, so appropriate for more frequent oil changes). I like to say that "I had a road bike."



If you are fans of being harassed per that propeller-driven fixed wing aircraft flier, locally known as “Sky ding”, this picture may suffice to gratify you about your hero in action. Back in those days I was having difficulty finding how to accomplish “live fairly and let live fairly” socialization, with World War 2 social culture developments; a problem that bothered me until yesterday, or rather that I found a recurrent solution for greater than 47 years previous to this April, 2023. My mom's husband here, David Hull, is a former Army sergeant who served in Germany. Apparently that's a 1951 Mercury he owns there. It had an exterior visor that is partly visible above his right shoulder.

Based on my experience with motorcycle exhaust pipe extensions and baffles, greatly quieting motorcycle exhaust noise without excessively reducing vehicle propulsion power; and upon finding that my 1982 Ford Courier pickup had better acceleration, after a new muffler -- that replaced a multi-rusted-thru muffler -- and a new catalytic converter were installed in it; I estimate that many – if not most – fixed wing reciprocating engine-powered aircraft, could without excessive loss of propulsion power, operate much quieter, per installation of long, completely hollow and/or partly baffled, exhaust pipe extension pipe to the aircrafts' exhaust pipes. “Try it, please. Likely we'll like it.”

My FAVORITE OF
ALL MY CARS.



**USS FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT [CVA-42]
SECURITY IDENTIFICATION**

A-04631



Danny L Hall

AUTHENTICATED:

R. Sturmy

Security Officer



Here I am in a kitchen of a favorite south suburban home, where I lived off and on from about 1955 into 1969. I was bored and couldn't yet tie my shoes, so I untied one for attention.



60

JUL

Here I am at Agness on the Rogue River, waiting to complete the jet boat round trip from Wedderburn. (Wedderburn was named of Mr. Hume from Scotland, who established quite a salmon harvest and hatchery production near Gold Beach in the 1800's.) David's dad, Myron, had been a commercial net fisherman on the Umpqua River, and we camped with him on Rogue River, including Rogue River gravel bar camping.



Here is a picture of Myron Hull with his rescued from the animal shelter Springer Spaniel pet named “Becky”. (What secret location may in this picture be visible, and is named as an American political party mascot animal “. . . Rock”?) The Springer Spaniel could see seals surface about as far away as the “rock” in the background. Myron told me that the seals came into the river for “eels”, however likely it was for lamprey, as literature told me there aren't eels in the east Pacific North West ocean.

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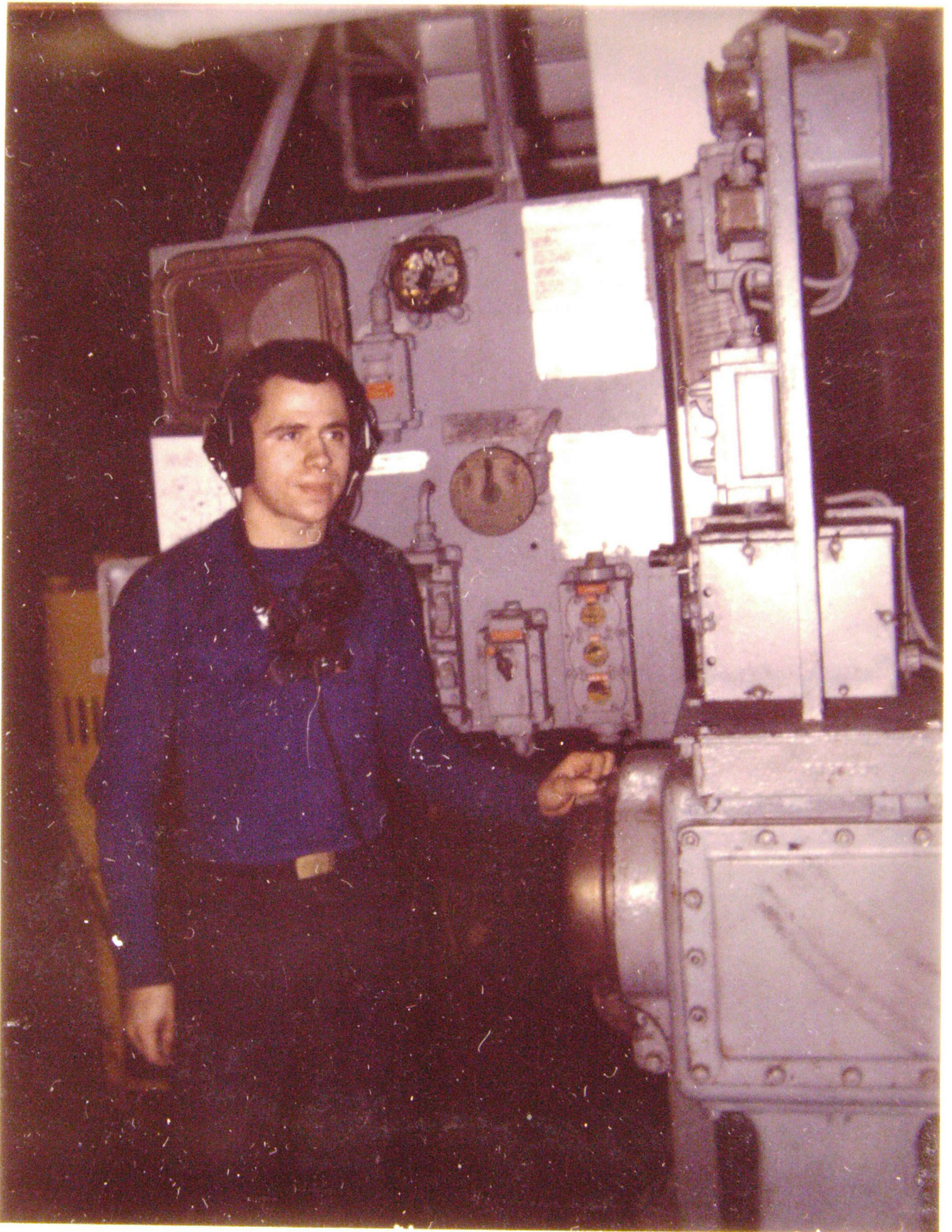
*Camp and Fish
On The Rogue River
TRAILER COURT*

SALMON FISHING





Four Coho salmon, that from the ocean near Brookings Oregon, we trolled in with pink lady dive planes and Harbor OR sport boat harbor-harvested anchovies. We just came in from the ocean, and I'm avoiding visiting the washroom, while looking pro-time for all time. Thrift, thrift Oregon! The Coho salmon fillets were watery-mild, compared to somewhat rank and pungent, returned from the ocean, river-caught Chinook salmon. My grandfather was likely a 1/2 breed Shawnee native American from Indiana. I was only able to converse in person with him for about 90 minutes. Of that first and only meeting with him that I can recall, I was probably near 14 or 15 years old, and he was the brick red color of the background that surrounds the immediately previous two photographs. Most of our conversation that I can recall, is: (Me) "I'd find a w(hea)y." (He) "You'("w")ld find a w("he")ay."



At the USS FDR hangar bay 1 elevator, waiting to move aircraft, sometime during one of my two Mediterranean Sea cruises of a 1973-75 time frame.



. . .“the house that I have always since found the nicest of my home occupancy experience (the three bedroom house had a rectangular floor plan, that connected from Living Room, to Hallway, left to Bedroom, left to “half Bathroom”, straight through Utility Room with a right to Carport or straight forward through Kitchen area and

straight to Dining Room at front of house, and left to Living Room again). . . . “ David Hull, who was Assistant City Engineer then, surveyed the street and directed pavement and curbing of the street. He also hand dug a drainage ditch and installed drain pipe from under that dream house, to a curb drain outlet such as is visible in the foreground. The houses's knotty pine dining room exterior had been finished in linseed oil, and gave an absolutely “pastel modern” enhanced strong scent for months, so that I worried for my lung health, and we eventually painted over it.

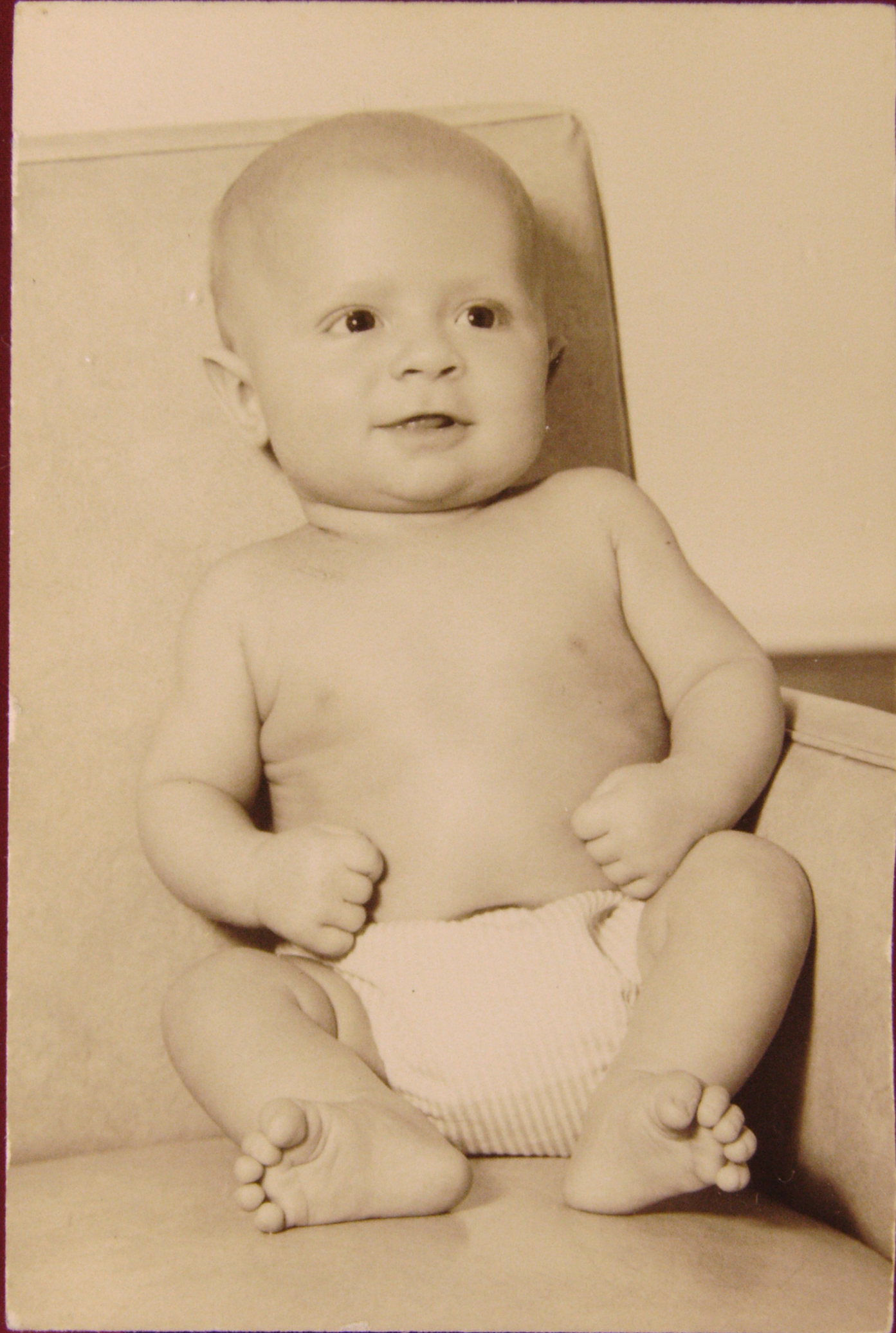
Sitting in the dining room looking across the street, I used to observe cold, dense, corn kernel size, near stingingly hard (forceful) rain fall, often in wind-compressed vertical silver bands, sheets, and strings, for sometimes 40 consecutive minutes or more, continuously driving in close parallel lines, or sweeping across and splash rebounding for an inch or two from the recently placed asphalt. Truly remarkable, and recurrently the densest cold rain that I've been in (however the heaviest, longest, and also the warmest rain that I've experienced was in Mohammedia, Morocco; and Jacksonville Florida had the second heaviest and warmest rain that I've experienced). The sensation per the house, of anonymous coexistence within the big U.S.A. and the bigger world, was so exotic as to nearly convince me that I was placed on a different planet, of which from substantial security, I was able to contemplate visiting troubled earth locations. Dave's WW2 uncle – the fifth man across the Rhine River -- operated a road grader on the same road grade project that this street was built of.



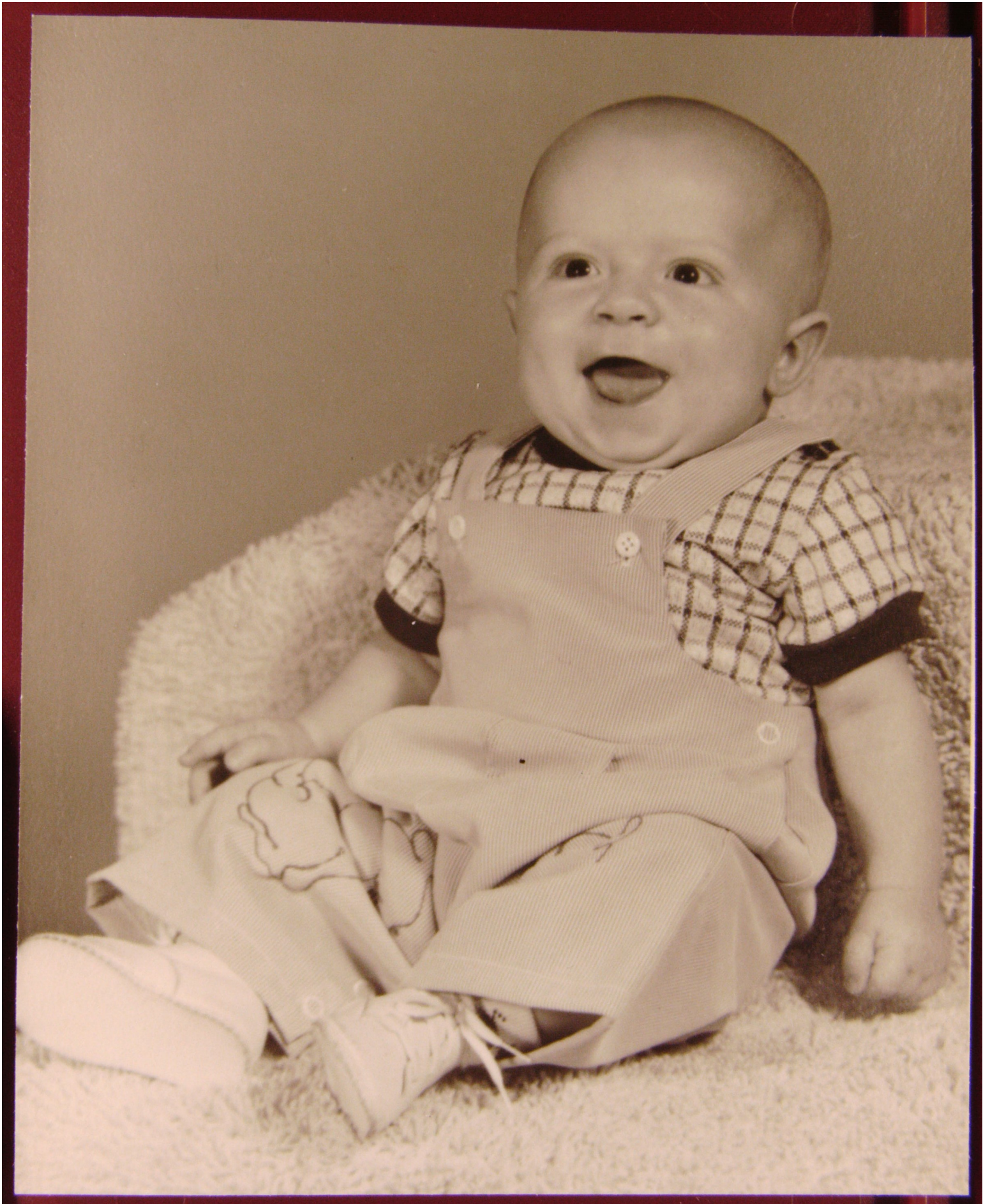
I usually avoid man-on-the-street interviews, because usually I'm not completely prepared to comment fully to my satisfaction on recent topics. Here my mother's first husband – his name was “Sellers” -- is paying us a recently announced visit (and at this time I would like you to please consider helping to save the Klamath River hydroelectric dams), and I am indicating to the camera that I don't agree with (certainly at least some of) his “scalp condition”, or “scalp report” as I now term some of his history. That is, I then find that, after all, “of my probable forthcoming recurrent baldness, Santa may have a covering as an option for my publicly acceptable right of way, although neither Santa nor I may prefer using that covering, versus other or no coverings, for my probable forthcoming recurrent baldness.” (Its like in an avalanche, the choice variety and priority may be different than elsewhere.) He's a WW2 U.S. Marine Corp aircraft (Hellcats, VMF 541-N nightfighters, they shot down “P Call Charley”, an opposition night operating bomber seaplane) mechanic veteran of Peleliu (Palau Islands area) and Leyte (Phillipine Islands) landings, and we are there standing on the south side of the aforementioned “rectangular floor plan” house driveway.

If you'll look in the picture above my right shoulder, you may observe how the street ascends to an intersection, and then continues straightly south (or perhaps SW) up what actually is a steep hillside. I had a good speedometer on my medium speed single speed bicycle, and several times – now “don't try this at home” without legally adequate human security guards for traffic safety -- commencing above the intersection, from near the street's short block midpoint to the next block intersection, that per a short block immediately precedes the street's top intersection (the top of the street terminates at a crosstreet that is moderately inclined from west to east), I clocked 44 mph descending the street on that single medium speed bicycle. That is the most directed flow, flight sensation that ever I've had, easily exceeding my four static line parachute jumps. Curiously I could never exceed 36-37 mph descending the street on my bicycle below the intersection that is visible in the picture.

In my two wheel riding experience, bicycles gave a much better flight sensation than motorcycles, apparently because the bicycles were much lighter in weight than were the motorcycles. High velocity, mostly unobstructed wind, was heavy against me on a motorcycle. Lightweight electric bicycles and lightweight electric motorcycles, may provide some of the best flight sensation possible.



My mom's first husband later wrote to me about this picture "P.S. Write soon".



JUN • 61 •



Here I am in the living room of my rectangular floor plan dream house, trying to avoid a very embarrassing greenhouse gas release incident.



Several months previous to the creation of this picture, I had narrowly escaped death near the age of three years, per streptococcal pneumonia as follows: One night Mom's and my apartment bedroom was hot, so I lay in a sweaty T-shirt cooling and sleeping comfortably under an open window. Soon afterwards, diplococcus pneumonia commenced in my lungs, producing thick dark green mucus, high fever, prolonged tickle coughing, hot sore throat, and what X-rays eventually showed to be long airway scar tissue.

Mom was a bit late to call a doctor, and the doctor prescribed that I be hospitalized; however on the sidewalk outside of our apartment building, I tearfully remonstrated against hospitalization, because I was very weak and I trusted my mother's care and our warm beds as a much better chance for my survival. Our doctor being astute and flexible, agreed to leave me home with my mother and a terramycin prescription. Terramycin (also called tetracycline) was rather brand new against pneumonia then, and mom gave me a capsule before I went to bed. In bed, as before, my high fever made my smallest movements infernal under the bed's covers, and I was greatly overwhelmed per tickle cough and drowning in green phlegm (of my strongest efforts, I could only inflate my lungs about 40% of normal capacity). I then estimated that my best chance to save my life, was to of my best ability, refuse to allow the air's coolness (compared to my temperature anyway) to promote the tickle cough in my sore throat, until I had fallen asleep, whereupon I likely would cease coughing as before I so ceased coughing. The next morning I awakened weak and ready for more pills; and per the immediately forthcoming several days I recovered my strength slowly, per a distinct springtime arrival sensation; however my lungs were weak for 12 years later.



We lived near the Herald and News newspaper, and the lady photographer and I didn't always agree on how to show bunny love. The Herald and News very nicely gave mom and me both the artificial bunny rabbit and the massive viewport sugar egg.



Here we've just arrived at Myron's house, and David has honored my request for pictures, for which I am trying to look like Jack London, although I had never seen a picture of that author. Why pictures? Our trip over the Greensprings (Oregon Highway 66) in deep winter snow per the "sawdust" snow tires on that 300 horsepower 1956 Chevrolet V8, had me hiding on the rear floorboards, as we passed stalled and spun out automobiles, while we climbed upward with only thin air all too often on our right side between us and the hillside's long, steep slope. (I eventually dumped my chopper – per fatigue -- going down that hillside road, crushing the front wheel, scraping off the air cleaner, and flipping myself over the handlebars onto my helmet, where I lay unconscious about 10 feet ahead of my sprawled bike, until shortly after a previously unseen pickup truck had parked and its operator was approaching me. I signaled that I was fine, and a friendly VW van operator stopped, and we lifted my bike into the van except for about 28 inches of the front end. The bike was repaired in about one day, with a

19" wheel substituting for the previous 16" wheel. However, even though the bike was then yet quite low, the 19" wheel resulted in a sideways laydown on damp asphalt while cornering up a small slope city street.)

A boy can gain many stories escorting a beagle, such as when the dog named "Mandy" that I'm holding in the picture, volunteered to retrieve a downed duck from partly frozen Upper Klamath Lake, with the result that, even after David dried her with his field coat, her teeth chattered strongly until we got home. I have no reports of toxic Upper Klamath Lake algae bothering our dogs, however there have been reports of apparently summertime toxic algae in one or some (probably Iron Gate and/or Copco 1) Klamath River hydroelectric dam reservoir(s), poisoning dogs.

The dark dog to my right in the picture, may be though probably isn't a neighbor's perhaps Australian shepherd-type dog that was named "Boots", that I grew up with off and on from near 3 years of age to near 16 years old, at Myron's house. I learned a fair amount about dogs there, while I had barely learned to walk, and packs of three dogs would challenge Boots for right of way. Boots prevailed, and more than once I surmised that I was lucky; however Boots – like my beagle of the picture – figured that he had to defend his territory against four wheeled motor vehicle traffic, with the result that after a collision, Boots became a three-legged dog that continued to successfully repel dog packs, though he often went down while doing so; and he ceased to chase motor vehicle traffic (usually).

I saw our beagle again of several times chase a log truck, like she had done while David loudly called for her to return to us, only this time she got too close while trying to bite a log truck wheel, and I looked away in dismay and respect of her foolishness, though I was yet confident and hopeful of her quickness. She came limping back, and since David was present, though he hadn't been looking directly at the incident as I allowed myself to notice, he declared "I think she got struck by a chain". She recovered and never chased motor vehicles again.

Beagles were bred to run, and as a young pup, ours kept pace with a jack rabbit; so what happened when we went quail hunting with our dog in a big sheep pasture with sheep? Well I was soon in tears ("don't try this at home"), because David swapped out #6 pheasant loads for #7.5 or #8, waited until our dog was about 110 yards away chasing sheep, and then shot our dog, with the result that for the rest of our dog's approximately 13 years, our dog never chased sheep again, though she had opportunities so. Our dog had a good nose, and David used her to find pheasants, however she always wanted to catch 'em 50 yards or more ahead of us.

I read a report, that during the 1898 Klondike gold rush, our Klamath Basin area raised many dogs, and sold them for sled dogs to the Klondike gold rush.

My following identity picture captures the commencement moment of one of the great personal amnesia intervals in my life. Science has found that people can't readily recall memories, because people grow new brain

cells that lack connection to stored memories. Thus, away we go! Also, I was near this age when I contracted the
aforedescribed pneumonia infection.

2 am.





The former U.S. Marine Corp barracks, that also was a military hospital where WW2 veterans with elephantiasis recovered their health per the facility's altitude (approx. 4700'), and that subsequently became Oregon Technical Institute (OTI, that later was named OIT), is where David moved our family six months after he received employment as an Instructor at Oregon Technical Institute, where he had previously received a certificate of instruction accomplished. The ceilings likely were 8'+ there, the steam heat inadequate, and through the south left-side window here visible, I viewed the most beautiful, dense, 4" across large snowflake snow fall, that ever I have seen.

As usual, myself suffering greatly of a dearth of accessible female companionship, what did a 275 student college vicinity, in a greatly vacant, sprawling former Marine Corp barracks facility, consist of and/or develop that my 10 to 12 year old self could participate with? Quite a bit actually, including: Several(?) flocks of geese calling to themselves as they migrated south in V formations of dozens; tackling dummies on the football field, Mule deer on the football field and in the nearby conifer – including some old growth Ponderosa Pine – woods; a 6-basket fully enclosed full-sized – including permanent bleachers to near the rafters -- gym, where I was able to sit on the bench with the OTI college conference championship team (the "Iron Man 5"); a truly superb donkey basketball exhibition jockeyed by the Klamath Falls Jaycees; jumping twice from the second story stairwell of the gym into a 10 feet tall snowplow-piled snow pile, that both times buried me to my armpits with my boots horizontal to the ground, so that I couldn't extricate myself from the snow pile for about 12 to 18 minutes each time; setting bowling pins for 15 – 25 cents per line, and bowling (I bowled a 188 with only one toe scratch) at the 6-lane bowling alley, with free to use bowling balls, bowling alley shoes, and bowling lanes, per

which setting bowling pins I earned \$25, that I purchased a 5-day YMCA summer camp vacation with (and of which I nearly photographed child porn, and came back with many of the most vulgar childhood rhymes of other kids telling, that I've never been able to conveniently forget; yet "beauty is in the eye of the beholder", and may we help each other avoid disease in appreciating that beauty); an about 200 seat movie theater, where for 15 cents and all of the 5 cent popcorn I could consume, I scared myself into closing my eyes and giggling hysterically in the front rows near the big screen, with weekend after weekend of motion picture horror shows, such as giant ants and a giant spider movie, and The 4D Man (Robert Lansing) movie; watching two channels of television; having the soda shop lass prepare 25 cent cherry sodas for myself, as usually the only customer then in, and one of only a few customers of, the soda shop; shopping for school supplies, Almond Joys and Mounds candy bars (10 cents) at the campus store; sledding on the campus asphalt trails; climbing trees; riding my bicycle safely on deserted streets past many empty two-story barracks; watching the Air Force guardsmen rifle practice at the 500 yard rifle range; collecting pounds of fired bullets in the rifle range backstop earthworks; and strolling in the nearby woods often.



Here's a picture of the old U.S. Marine Corp barracks/hospital complex. The practice range is the long, flat cleared area at top left center of the picture. My staff quarters is behind the second row of trees left of the upper (south) end of the left center park, between the two rows of visible buildings, and fronting the street that slopes to the park. The post office/soda shop/campus store building is across the street that slopes straight left from the park's south end to the Old Fort Road (for old Fort Klamath of the Wood River Valley). The gym is the second building from the upper right, and from it extends the bowling alley east at a right angle. The theater is probably in the large rectangular multi-story building across the parking lot at the park's south end. The housing

area that subsequently became the OTI administrative faculty circle, commences to be visible in the upper left quadrant (quadrant II) left middle.



After I was honorably discharged from the Navy, I purchased this 1962 13' Aristocrat travel trailer to live in while going to college for the next six years. Upon graduating in the 1982 recession, I didn't find enough work to camp

out at my parent's home, so I installed a fireplace in my trailer, and camped out on both public and private land for three years, harvesting stove wood and accomplishing forested home acreage chores.



Typically I was in the forest before 6:00 a.m., and I would work (“don't try this at home”) alone always, locating, cutting, carrying (oof), and loading the longest logs (typically no longer than 16') that I could carry to and in the pickup, until usually 40 minutes after sundown. Of the two pickups that I used, I estimate that near 1.85 cords was the maximum load that I could carry from one days cutting, and that load would often extend from about 4' to 9' behind my pickup. The maximum cut to 19” length and stacked in either pickup load, was invariably 1.45 cords.

Singlehandedly I cut, delivered and sold 100 cords of stove wood, and three cords of personal use wood, during approximately 24 months. Near three cords of that I cut entirely with a bow saw and a pulaski. From all of that wood harvesting exertion, 18 years later I somewhat spontaneously developed double hernias, that a surgeon examined and declined to operate on, and that I have well tolerated (being careful about greenhouse gas pains) ever since, including jogging approximately 1200 miles and bicycling perhaps 3,000 miles with.

The winters were so cold southeast of Crater Lake, that frequently I had trouble starting and/or keeping a fire going in my trailer's fireplace. A neighbor once reported to me that “it got to 14 below last night”, however though I never measured the temperature, I estimate it must have been colder than that often. On one of the warmer winter days at my camp, my spittle froze so fast when I expectorated that a loud snap and crackle sound resulted. Another time I left from my fireplace barely warmed, walked about 150 feet in still air that felt thick as a bank vault masonry wall, then turned around and walked back, unwilling to walk faster lest I would critically chill more.

I got to watch beavers at my campsite near the Sprague River, and that was quite an experience. Striking the river with their tail, the beavers made a pow/bam/wham/whoosh sound all at once, that filled the low canyon loudly like a higher pitched noise of a fair sized river dropping over a waterfall, and must have been as loud or louder than what I likely could with difficulty make with a canoe paddle! I had to learn to avoid being startled by their stunning noise displays.

Of my three years camped near the Sprague River, and working nearby in the national forest, the only deer that I saw was one tired and very forlorn likely near two year old doe, that didn't observe me as she lay 100 yards from my camp watching the river. There was very little deer sign every where I harvested wood. I have many more mule deer – including up to 5 or 6 point bucks – near and/or in my Klamath Falls city backyard, many months of every year, than I saw in three years within 12 miles of my Sprague River campsite, or even during the 15 months that I lived at old OTI. Why? For many years Klamath County has had a bad poaching problem.

I hope that you'll sign and send my petitions for your government representatives, so that we may improve our public welfare! Thanks for your interest in my petitions!

Respectfully yours,

Danny Lee Hull

Post Script: My mother was my best human friend that I ever had.

Here's a couple of her post 34 years photographs that I have of her, although these may not be the most recent displays of her anatomy:



She knit the hats and her husband made some of the toys for craft fair goods.



Slap happy apathy, ain't for us mateys. As my mom once said **“Some people just can't take care of machinery.”**

SOH CAH TOA: SOH acronym for Sine = ordinate/hypotenuse; CAH acronym for Cosine = abscissa/hypotenuse; TOA acronym for Tangent = ordinate/abscissa.

There is a difference 'tween “Give 'em enough rope and they'll hang themselves.”, and “Give 'em enough rope so they'll hang themselves.” (That may remind us of the historical WW2 problem, of whether to deactivate the European Ruhr area military industrial complex.)

Two hoax opportunites that we have commonly suffered from, are: “Them other guys commit crime, so I deserve to commit crime”, and “I commit crime, however I pay for it” -- (try “pay on it”) -- “by treating disease

and/or treating excessive trespass". Our medicine provision has been greatly humanly hijacked globally, to only treat disease without curing disease. Believe it or not, large scale food production, and permanently curing and/or preventing disease, are each opposed on the basis that each support both overpopulation and reduced biologic fitness!

In defense of fatigue, apathy, aresponsibility, irresponsibility, and negligence; let us here again note what likely is a fact of natural entropy, that "in general, 'tis much easier to waste humanity's vital mortal life support, than 'tis to prevent wasting of humanity's vital mortal life support." One of our guiding principles is "Don't excessively steal."

Many of us have had opportunity to assay for divine immortal life existence opportunity. I believe in a supreme divinity, that prefers humanity to respect that divinity, and that can afford to bless humanity any way that humanity may occur. We are aware that human socialization with humans, is of some perspectives, a moral problem, first and foremost; because for example, humanity belongs to a divinity that is superior to humanity, and/or earth lacks respect for humanity, etc. Of human socialization and/or coexistence with divinity, some possibly may observe and/or prioritize belief as contingent, so that for many, simple belief in and respect for the existence of divine immortal life, appears requisite and/or preferred of divine life, for divine life's patronage of humanity.

Every human government of the world is constantly challenged per a military dictatorship guerilla revolution movement, that claims "all wealth is up for grabs, so a military dictatorship can grab, hold, and spend that wealth best of any human government form." The ancient Romans observed that dictatorships were practical for short-term emergency government, and modern times have supported dictatorships as the most affordable – though not always the most socially responsible -- governments for impoverished, including impoverished of greatly recurrent infectious disease, educationally much nondeveloped, homogenous human populations.

From a consumers' viewpoint, with regard for the practical affordability of political systems, the availability of authority for original product provision – including research and development -- that a political system affords in comparison to other political systems, has been a substantial particularity of social convention(s) about political systems.

We, of at least one of us, find that many humans have an inherited and culturable temperament, like dogs, cats, and some other life forms; and in humans that temperament appears of general population reproduction, to be inherited in an approximately 1/4, 1/2, 1/4 (or 3/12, 6/12, 3/12; etc.) ratio of theft and fairness predilection, like the ratio that 100 consecutive simultaneous coin flips of two coins, that each have the same different opposite sides, shows.

