

2705 S. W. English Court,  
Portland 1, Oregon,  
October 8, 1955.

Honorable Anthony T. Lausi,  
Director, Office of Territories,  
U. S. Interior Department,  
Washington 25, D. C.

Dear Mister Lausi:

I presume that by now you have had some visitors. What the purpose of their visit might have been or what they might have had to say would be interesting, but is probably immaterial and as far as I am concerned, ultimately does not make much difference.

You might be interested in what the week without the owners and their doctor might have been like here. I would say that generally considered, everybody and everything was more relaxed than usual. I even had the advantage of getting a little more assistance, which otherwise would have been more difficult or impossible, but even so was still reluctant and procrastinating. At least, Junior was not around to breathe down the girls' necks, look over their shoulders, coach them, hold conferences with them, tell them that he was behind them and the like.

Mrs. Mickelson substituted for him in addition to doing her own usual stuff along those lines. She sat at her desk in their room, like a black widow spider in her web, pulling the strings and directing her puppets. Those, of course, could only be Miss Celorie and Mrs. Blake. Each time I buzzed and picked up the receiver on the house phone to ask for help and either Miss Celorie or Mrs. Blake answered they went and talked with Mrs. Mickelson about it. They apparently had to get her permission to come in or have her decide who was to come in or clear the whole thing with her somehow. On Monday and Tuesday Mrs. Blake came in each time. On Wednesday Miss Celorie came in each time. On Thursday and Friday Mrs. Blake came in each time. I might say here and now that those three females are worthless, useless, disgusting, repulsive and obnoxious as far as I am concerned. I doubt if they could get or hold much of a job anywhere else. I cannot imagine who could want them or would keep them around very long. This is the best any of them ever had. None of them could work for me privately. I would not hire them or have any of them around for anything. They were made to order for this place though and appreciate it and are taking full advantage of it and get by with everything they want to. They are the perfect stooges and stoolpidgeons. They scrape and bow to and kid and flatter the Coes, particularly Junior, and they love it. It inflates their egos. Nevertheless, they do their bidding, carry out their instructions and orders, watch things for them, report everything to them and the like. They try to help them with their plotting and scheming in connection with trying to foul me up and cooperate willingly and efficiently. I am sure that Mrs. Mickelson does some of their thinking for them. They will all probably be around here until the place closes up and the Coes are no longer in business. Mrs. Mickelson did not come in at any time this week. Mrs. Dunson was there Monday, Wednesday and Friday, but was not sent in to me at any time. They had her filing, running their errands and otherwise doing things they wanted her to do or they did not want to do. There was always a long wait before anybody did come in. It always seemed like about fifteen or twenty minutes. Letters or anything dictated one day dribbled back within the next one to three days. It seemed

that they always pretended to have what were supposed to be more important things than mine to do before or in the meantime. Information and statistics I asked Miss Celorie to gather for me several weeks ago have not materialized yet. Every time I asked her about it she either had not found time yet or she was too busy or she had forgotten it or somebody she had passed it along to had not produced yet or she was just about ready with it or something. Whenever Mrs. Blake came in she brought with her an ash tray, package of cigarettes, lighter, usually a bottle of Coca Cola, along with her note book and pencil, like she was coming in for a picnic. They are always most reluctant to bring or go after a patient's file and usually files are needed in connection with letters or reports or whatever else. It used to be that everything was in one folder, but recently Junior, the hosiery mill "efficiency expert", started several files on each patient and keeps different things in different folders. I used the words file and folder as meaning the same thing. By the way, he is trying to run this place according to or like something he learned in the hosiery mill or God knows where. At least, one folder is designated medical and the other legal and they are kept in different cabinets and then there is one I am not supposed to know about. The latter is kept locked up in their room or in a locked room upstairs over the kitchen. If I ask for a file they reluctantly bring in the medical one when they get around to it. If what I am looking for might be in the legal one they are more reluctant about bringing it in or going after it. If I ask for both at one time or from the beginning they usually still bring in only the medical one first or can't understand why I want or need both of them, all of which adds to the reluctance, because it requires a little more effort to get them out, put them back and whatever else. I cannot ask for the third one, because I am not supposed to know that there is such a one in some cases. I understand this one contains things they are hiding from me in connection with some patients, like correspondence they are having with relatives and whatever else. This all, of course, is another one of Junior's innovations and another one of his messes. That most of the things they write or do are kept from me has long been a foregone conclusion and also that they keep secret and private files on many things that I am not supposed to know anything about. More recently, I have had it confirmed by several people who learned about it and was even shown some of the stuff that I was not supposed to see or know about before it was put away or they subsequently had a chance to remove it long enough to show it to me and put it back. There is much that they could only tell me about when they had a chance or call me at home from their home to tell me about it. There is much more that they will never know anything about. I am referring to Mrs. Dunson and Mrs. Sherman the short time that she was there. I dare not say anything about it or I would expose them. Mrs. Sherman, having been fired, would not care, but Mrs. Dunson wants to stay on a while longer for her own convenience and advantage.

Mrs. Mickelson apparently has been opening Doctor Thompson's mail and however else it might have come addressed, inquiring about patients and other matters, because she has written letters about patients to relatives and agencies and other sources in reply to such letters and inquiries and whatever else. She signed them either for Doctor Thompson as "Medical Director" or herself as "Executive Secretary" or "Registrar", whichever seemed appropriate to her. During the week copies of twenty such letters dated October 4th, 5th or 6th crossed my desk. The letters to relatives, particularly, were all extremely friendly, highly social and greatly public relations and propaganda tainted. Henry Coe for Doctor Thompson or Doctor Thompson himself could not have done much better or perhaps even as well. How many more she might have written and to whom and the subject matter that she did not show me copies of, I will never hear or know ab-

out. Much of that, of course, was show-off or rub-in stuff and she has the guts or crust or whatever you may want to call it to do it. Regardless of what they did or how they did it they were still mainly carrying out instructions and orders left with them by their little boss. Most of the time they just talked, visited, smoked, drank cokes, laughed, played around, dawdled and the like. They do not have to work unless they want to and least of all for me or on our business and in connection with me and ours they are acting on instructions and orders and are backed up and supported in it. I am not naive or gullible/enough to believe otherwise and not fool enough not to know otherwise and besides that, I know what I have seen and heard, but I am unable to do much or anything about it. It is designed to take the show away from me, make me look bad, make me ineffective, make it difficult or impossible to do my job, sabotage my efforts, foul me up, try to get me fired and whatever else in a long list of things that could be added to this. This could all be solved and remedied by the simple expedient of providing me with a clerical assistant. It would be just that simple and easy and is the only answer.

The three of them spend much time together socially and frequently are not in very good shape the next day. On such days much time is also devoted to holding post-mortems on the events of the preceding evening or night. One of them is single, one has been divorced one time and the other one has been divorced two times. That makes them all single. I should have said that one has not been married. I am not exactly a prude or anything of a similar connotation and know that something like that exists in many offices, but it is not pleasant to have to be dependent on to work with or try or try to get your job done, particularly in this situation and circumstance and everything else that goes with it here, including some pressure from your office. It reminds me of a sort of a symbolic harem that is no good to me, my job and work, and ultimately the business and interests of the Department. The only answer is my own stenographer, so that I can do my work independently of them and at a proper distance and in a more dignified manner. Anything else has been and will be, everything up to and including, insulting and humiliating to and for me. I wonder what Mr. McKay would think of this situation if he knew all the true facts and details. I have heard what Mr. Neuberger and Mrs. Green think about it even without knowing too much about it. They have lived here a long time and no doubt have heard and seen plenty through the years. You know, that I am expected to be friendly, agreeable, sociable, polite, tactful, diplomatic, sympathetic, congenial, humble, tolerant, patient and everything else. I am expected to overlook things and cover up for them and aid and abet them and approve of them and praise them and lie for them and what not. All that and more is expected of me, even though with my eyes open I have gotten and am getting from them what I have and do, because I have not been able to measure up to their expectations and requirements, when I tried or try to do my job and act. Their attitude toward and attacks on me are smoke screens to divert attention from and becloud other issues and give vent to their resentment and hostility toward me. This has all been well covered from all angles by me previously to you and others verbally and in writing. The least show of impatience or dissatisfaction or irritation or criticism or whatever else good or bad on my part that could be added immediately provokes resentment, increases tension and resistance or actually brings forth screaming attempts at retaliation or revenge or whatever else.

This takes me back to Mr. Strand's letter of April 1, 1955, of which a copy was sent to Coe or Coe was written a similar one in which he was told what had been written to me. I also want to refer to your letter of August 24, 1955, and Mr. Junge and Mr. Coulter's verbal and printed reminders. This crowd has been laughing out loud and have been joking about it ever since Coe got that letter from Mr. Strand last April, because they know that without their co-operation I am unable to do much about it and that is just exactly what has happened and is happening and is going to con-

tinue. The only answer is my own secretary. Anything else that young Coe or anyone else might have told or written to someone is a bunch of lies and throat-cutting bunk. Their girls are carrying out their orders and instructions and are enjoying it and together they are all gloating over it. Mr. Strand's letter or anything subsequently has been no favor to me. It played right into their hand and put me right where they want me. They know what is expected of me and how they can prevent me from performing. Mrs. Blake and Miss Celorie, several times since then, as they were going out of my door, over their shoulder and with a smirk or sneer on their face, asked me when and how I thought that I would ever be able to get those "twenty cases" done. Something like that could be or become insulting and humiliating to one's personal pride, professional dignity and even one's intelligence. They all think that it is clever and cute and funny as hell and the girls believe that they are working for and helping a pretty smart little boy get a job done. They don't only hate me. I am only the symbol of whom and what I represent. They don't want any supervision or Governmental control or to be inspected. They don't want anybody around. They want to be left alone. They want to do as they please. They want to make all the money they can without any interference or accounting. All they want is a signed blank check plus everything else that they can chisel. Everything they have done and do has been forced on them and they are trying to make a show in an effort to stay in business, get more contracts, stop hospital construction in Alaska, keep Morningside going, make more money, and all the rest and whatever else that goes with it. Young Coe really thinks that he has me sweating and hopes that he will get me fired. Maybe he is on the right track. I say he should be stopped. He is making a worse mess out of this place than it has ever been. Most of the employees think that he is crazy. Most of them are just disgusted and mad and the morale has hit bottom. He is leading his stooges and henchmen and inner circle clique in a state of anarchy and chaos. I think he is just a fool psychopath on the order of a mad dog. If you take his word against mine and support him instead of me it is a sad state of affairs. I could have used the word them instead of him and his, meaning any of the stooges and members of the little inner circle clique and including Senior in addition to him. I can take care of myself and my job and duties and the Department's business and interests. All I need is a good stenographer and your support. Anything less would be useless and futile. Not supporting me and not giving me the assistance I need, being critical of me and giving me pressure, would only play into their hand, be doing what they want you to do, make things more difficult and impossible for me, lower my prestige, give them a bigger and better opportunity to take advantage of me and thwart and frustrate me more and try to make me appear more inadequate and useless and everything and whatever else. It would definitely be to their advantage, which they already have too much of, since they have everything to work with and everything in their favor and I have little or nothing. There is nothing in the world they want less than for me to have my own stenographer and private filing cabinet and would stop at nothing to try to prevent it. They are that <sup>much</sup> concerned about what I might be able to do by way of writing letters and reports and memoranda to them if I had such accommodations. They are even more concerned that they might not be able to get to see everything. As you know, I can get any equipment I need from the Bonneville Power Administration and Mr. Williams there will be most happy to help me recruit a stenographer. All we need is for you to say the word.

If I tried to dictate letters or reports to you about such matters as the rhubarb the way they should be or if I tried to dictate memoranda to them they would probably have their girls refuse to take them after the girl had first gone in to them and told them what I was about to do or the girl might refuse it on her own in the first place and excuse herself and leave or jump up and run to go and tell them about it. Then someone would come in and want to know what this is all about or if it is appropriate or necessary or argue about it or fight over it or whatever the case might be. At least, that would be Junior's method. Senior

would ask if it could not be talked over and settled or compromised without going in writing or that it be modified or softened up or overlooked or skipped or forgotten or covered up or something like that. He would not be as or try to be as tough about it as Junior, but he still would try to be the winner. If the girl did take the dictation in the first place she would still quickly make a quick run of it to show to them and then they would come in with it or if in the event that she made a finished job she would still be obliged to show it to them before she brought it back to me and in either event they would come in with it to do battle over it. This is not imagination. All these alternatives have happened. As I have told you before, everything has to be shown to them before it is brought back to me. Even after I sign something I am never sure that they are going to mail it. They might even accuse me with lies by way of trying to change the subject or distort and exaggerate something or attempt to frame me in an effort to frighten me off or get even like the time the first auditors were here and whom they also tried to intimidate. You never did give me a chance to tell mine and the true and correct side of that story. There is nothing that I can imagine that I would put past them if they decided to do someone dirt or were out to get somebody. Cant' you see what unpleasant, difficult and almost impossible kind of a situation this is or could be? It certainly is not a very comfortable or congenial one. Anyone else in my position would have the same things to contend with. If there is any doubt about it, I would like to trade places with someone for a while.

Now, with reference to my work, I barely have enough time every day to do the routine things which need to be done or which I have to do, like looking over the ward reports; checking the patients' outgoing and incoming mail; visiting wards; reading all the reports and everything else that comes over my desk; talking with people and patients who want to see me; trying to reply to letters addressed to me about patients and other matters from relatives, friends, guardians, medical and legal and social agencies and whom or what not; visiting the kitchen and patients' dining room; inspecting around generally; trying to correspond about discharging, paroling or transferring patients; digging through patients' folders looking for information, data and the like; and many and diverse other things that come up every day. One never knows what is going to come up next around there or who is going to walk in and there is seldom a dull or idle moment. I can seldom plan anything definitely and carry through on it because usually other things come up to interfere. Some times things I planned to do have to be deferred for several days before I can get at them. My worst deterrent is usually the lack of co-operation and assistance on the part of these people, who have me where they want me, by way of fostering their own ulterior motives and purposes and gain and everything else that they want or are interested in. Little did I dream when I entered Government career service twenty-five years ago that I would ever run into a mess like this and I dont' intend to let the Coes, Mrs. Mickelson and Doctor Thompson finish me off either. I have had a severe eye disability for thirteen years and am not supposed to strain them. Very few people know this. I am not saying this for sympathy. That is not what I want or need. All I want and need is a fair shake and something to work with. I could probably retire on disability any time, but that is not what I want or need either. I am not ready for that yet and besides I could not take care of my obligations on that. Besides the eye condition I have several other physical conditions and certainly where and how I find myself would not be easy on most peoples' emotions. I am afraid that I will have to ask your forbearance with those "twenty cases" a month at least until I have someone to work with. Everything was and is also like I tried to tell you and explain in previous letters. I could type reports/<sup>myself</sup> when I see patients every day. That would take up much more time. There is more to it than you think or as the order might appear on paper. It would involve things that should not be expected of me in a physical sense. The psychiatric part would be the least. Folders must be fingered through and perused and some of them are very thick. All that is what I have been spending most of my time at since I have been here except for formal, time consuming reports. I have even wanted to do more than

that on my own, but have never been able to get the necessary co-operation and clerical assistance. I have done as much or more work around here than anybody since I have been here and anyone who has tried to tell you anything else is a liar. I think that I have done a good job on my very own, probably too good to suit the Coes. I got everything to where it is, and now they want to take over and take credit for it. In order to do so they have to try to play me down and try to discredit me. Comparing the place how it was when I came here to and with how it is now should tell the story. I am always reminded of what a great man once said to me about the only way in which this place could ever be cleaned up entirely. I would like to suggest that you let me do things my way as best I can under the circumstances until I have more and better opportunities to do otherwise. I am sure that I will do a pretty good job for you and may even be able to surprise you a little from time to time.

You may hear that Ray Hilton worked for me too. I am proud to say that he did off and on while he was on parole and since he was discharged. In fact, I helped him over several rough spots. However, he did not work for me as forced or slave labor, but at his own price of \$1.25 an hour. I was able to let him earn several hundred dollars and have the cancelled checks to prove it. He thinks that I am a great guy.

I am also enclosing another self-explanatory Harry Kaufman letter.

As nearly as I can find out Wayne is still in the wilds of Canada.

I trust that you will be <sup>able</sup> to see your way clear soon to provide me with the necessary help that I have needed and have hoped for and have had to struggle along without for nearly nine years.

With best wishes and personal<sup>AK</sup> regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

*G. F. Keller*  
George F. Keller, M. D.

C O P Y (FROM HANDWRITTEN NOTE)

SUPT. KELLAR

HENERY PAIBLEY, BILL CORLE FRANK GUINNIPP ERMA HEILSON AND OTHERS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION WERE THE VICTIMS OF MURDEROUS ACTORCITIES.

WOMEN WITH OUT NUMBER ARE BEING MADE INTO PROSTITUTES.

ATTEMPTS TO MURDER ME ARE WITH OUT NUMBER.

DEATH IS BEING CONSTANTLY THREATENED HERE.

THE SUPREME COURT INDICATES THAT THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION IS RESPONSIBLE.

PATENTS ARE STOLEN. THEY ARE BEING USED AGAIN EST ME AND POSSIBLY OTHERS. THERE HAS BEEN NO CORRESPONDANCE.

THESE PATENTS ARE BEING PROTECTED. AGAIN THE F.B.I. ARE SUSPECTED.

SECRET MURDER IS FOR FINICIAL GAIN.

ENORMOUS BRIBES ARE BEING OFFERED. I SUSPECT THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.

ACTS OF CONGRESS HAVE BEEN PUT THRU EVIDENTLY TO SECURE THE PATENTS. F.B.I.

SWIFT SAYS THAT HE IS RESPONSIBLE.

RESPECT IS PRESENTLY ACCORDED ME.

THE CONGRESSMEN INVOLVED SHOULD BE IMPEACHED.

SIGNED THIS DAY AND ATE OCTOBER 5, 1955 BY THE HAND OF HARRY KAUFMAN.