

January, 1975

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18th

We had stormy weather during the first part of the month. On the eleventh there was twenty-three inches of snow on the ground. It started getting warmer on the fifteenth, the temperatures in the day time ranged from forty-three to fifty-one degrees.

Saturday Mike drove the pickup out to the point, without too much difficulty, so we thought we would be able to get down the hill easily.

Sunday we loaded the jugs into the pickup, and started down the hill. We didn't go far. The snow had drifted deeper than we expected. The snow piled up in front of the bumper, and packed under the fenders, especially on the upper side of the road. We got shovels and shoveled snow out of the road for some distance. While we were at it, Davie Wallace drove up the road with his four-wheel-drive jeep. He would get stuck, back up and then try again. He made it nearly to the turn at the bottom of the hill.

I walked down to where he stopped. He said that he hadn't seen any tracks coming down to the mailbox, so he thought he would drive up to see how we were. He figured his tracks would make it easier for us to come down the hill. If we got down, we probably wouldn't get back up.

There was a cold wind blowing, so I didn't stay talking with him very long.

We gave up shoveling for the day.

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Monday morning Mike got the starter back on the tractor, but it didn't work properly, so the tractor is still inoperable.

We shoveled some more on the road. This time I didn't dig so deep, and I think Mike got so he didn't go so deep either. Thus we made better progress.

In the afternoon we took off down the hill, and made it to the county road without any trouble.

Davie Wallace was parked near the mailboxes, when we got there. He said that he had killed five coyotes out on the desert.

When we left Davie we forgot about the tire chains until we had gone a hundred yards. When we were changing the wheels, Ellis drove up. He had an apple pie for us from Shirley.

We didn't go to Bessy's to get the water. The road passed Pendland's looked too sloppy. We went to the schoolhouse instead.

Coming back up the hill we got as far as the bottom of the last steep grade. There we were stuck.

The next day we shoveled and used the jacks to turn the pickup around headed down the hill. Thus Mike was able to drive down to the schoolhouse for the meeting of the school-budget board.

He stayed at Joe's that night, and came back up the hill after mail time Wednesday.

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It had been so stormy the Friday before, I didn't walk down the hill for the mail, but I got in touch with the stage driver, and told him to leave our mail at Joe's.

On the third I got a check from S.S.I. for \$31.20. On the sixth another check for \$62.40 which was back pay for two months.

On Monday, the thirteenth, I got a check from the VA for \$119.17. Wednesday I called the Social Security office in Ontario. The woman there said I should mail the \$31.20 check to the office in Ontario. I should keep the \$62.40 check. I told her that I didn't know what the VA check covered. There was no information with the check. She asked me to call the VA and find out how much I would be getting a month.

The man at the VA didn't know, but I would be getting a letter by the end of January or the first of February.

When I got in touch with the girl in Ontario again, she said she would let things stand until I received the information. I presume, if I get another check from S.S.I. I will return it.

Thursday Mike walked over to Davie Wallace's and helped him skin out five coyotes. Davie said that, when he was after coyotes out on the desert, one of them wouldn't run from his pickup. He got out intending to shoot it with his pistol. The coyote jumped him. Davie slipped on the icy ground and went down. He didn't dare use his pistol because,

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when he fell the barrel went into the snow. He was afraid it was plugged with snow.

He pounded the coyote on the nose with his fist and drove it off. He said his fist was as sore as a boil. He got the coyote, and he and Mike estimated it to weigh fifty pounds.

The work on the receiver has been going on with varying results. I added a preamp and an IF stage. Today I put controlled regeneration into the preamp. Now there is better control of the reception.

I put two IF transformers in the IF stage, one before the amplifier and one after it. This gave peculiar tuning conditions. I can tune out the lower sideband and listen to the upper sideband, or I can tune out the upper and listen to the lower.

The receiver doesn't tune in the lower end of the CW band. I will have to change a resistor in the feedback loop of the local oscillator.

The last old package of yeast wasn't very good, even after letting the yeast grow in a potato culture. It took the bread a long time to raise. Still it turned out about the same as usual.

I haven't done any more work on the thyristor control of the cold-room blower.

When the weather got cold, the blower wouldn't start again after it was stopped. The blower wouldn't be effective anyway.

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I built a thermistor-current indicator that I could set on a shelf outside the cold room with the thermistor inside. Thus we wouldn't have to go inside to see how cold it was.

Christmas day George called. Mary talked for a bit. She is up and around again. Charlie also called.

We had dinner at Joe's and Dora's. Harry, Bessy, Henry, Linda, and the two Blair girls, Amie and Angie were there. Pat was also there.

19th

Yesterday I ate only one meal, and it was late in the afternoon. I slept better. and felt better.

Today I went down in the garden and dug some carrots. The sagebrush leaves, grass and snow had kept them from freezing. The snow was about a foot and a half deep. Tomorrow I will try to find the beets and turnips.

Mike is going down to Pat's to try to unplug the drain in her kitchen sink. He will take the compressor with him to pump up the "blaster" that has proven so efficient in opening up drains.

I brought in the box of dry beans that were still in their pods. They were drawing dampness there in the furnace room. When the pods get dry again, they will be easy to thrash.

The three sacks of wheat from the Farm Supply is better than usual, even better than the wheat from the ranch near Princeton. The paper sacks are larger, so they appear to be

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three-fourths full. Mike says they are nearly up to full weight.

I didn't hear John tonight. I think maybe my receiver cuts out down at that end of the band. I took out a capacitor to ground in the local oscillator. After that I could hear CW signals better lower in the band. By that time signals were louder all over the band, so I cant tell if taking out the capacitor did any good.

I am in the process of making bread. The starter of yeast and freeze-fried potatoes isn't very strong. It looks as though it will take four hours for the dough to double in size the first time. I will let the next starter grow more before putting it in the refrigerator.

I missed the schedule with John last week. I didn't get a letter off to him then, so I will write a letter tonight. I got one from him saying he couldn't raise me. Dorathy and her partner sold or closed out their shop. They both lost money in the venture.

I have the \$31.20 check ready to go to the social security office in Ontario.

21st

The ground didn't freeze Sunday night, so Mike put off going to Pat's.

I was ready to walk down to get the mail about three o'clock yesterday. However, Ellis drove up in a four-wheel-drive International. We were surprised when we heard the

motor roaring. We thought it was a plane close by. I went outside and looked up, but there was no plane. It was Ellis backing into the yard.

He said that he had gone out into the sagebrush off the road where there was snow. The pickup got better traction there than in the muddy road.

He brought the mail up. It consisted of "US News & World Report" and an add from the "Popular Science Magazine".

Ellis had brought some plywood panels to put around the haystacks at the Alvord Ranch, hence the International instead of his Dodge.

He didn't stay long. Concerning the squash we gave him when Shirley was here New Years Eve, he shared it with Dorathy Womack. Dorathy said it was the best squash she had ever eaten.

He told about the trouble he was having with the dome light in his pickup. Something happened to the switch and he put in a new one. It wouldn't turn on the light. He measured the voltage at the switch. It was okay, but when he turned on the switch the voltage went to zero.

I put the mail in the sack,—a letter to John, a letter to Social Security, and a letter to Betsy from Mike. Also an envelope with a dime in it for Martin, the Denio stage driver, for a stamp he had put on a letter for us.

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Yesterday I found an unmarked package on the cabinet shelf. It was about three inches long, and one inch wide, very thin. I opened it and poured out some stuff that looked like yeast and smelled like cheese. Mike said it was cheese. I put it in some warm water. It dissolved and then smelled like yeast.

Later I remembered that I had used the flour out of a package of ready-mix rolls. I had made biscuits out of it and laid the package of yeast aside.

I mashed some potatoes and put the yeast in it, let it work a while, and put it in the refrigerator.

The bread that I made yesterday from the old starter took all night to raise in the loaf. It is like sourdough bread.

Today I made bread out of the yeast I put in the mashed potatoes and left in the refrigerator. The dough raised in one hour and fifteen minutes both the first and second time. Having had the yeast in the potato culture, I added a little soda to be sure it wouldn't be sour. It turned better than any bread yet. That's the first good yeast.

The ground froze last night, so Mike got down the hill okay. He left here about ten o'clock. He got Pat's sink unplugged using the blaster. He and Jim had tried once before using a hand pump to put pressure into the Blaster. It didn't work good. This time with the air compressor to do the pumping it did fine.



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He put the sparkplugs into the motor of Joe's pickup, and brought a couple pieces of peach pie home.

Today I finished thrashing out two cups of Lima beans, and have them on cooking.

The weather was clear and cold. If this cold weather keeps up, we may go to town while the ground is frozen. Mike made it nearly to the point coming back today. That side hill got warmer than it did around the dugout.

Concerning the receiver:- The current-regulator diode in the supply voltage going to the local oscillator stabilized the biasing on that section. The removal of the zener diode in the feed-back circuit and the placing of an eight-thousand-ohm resistor to ground in the same circuit, seems to have lessened the drift with changing temperature.

By turning the regeneration control on the pre-amplifier to where it breaks into oscillation, I can get the time signals and some foreign-broadcast stations.

The grass juice keeps my fingers from cracking. The wheat growing in the planter doesn't supple quite enough, so we have some more wheat growing in pots.

The Yoga exercises seem to help me keep going at a better pace. Mike was beginning to look run down, and wasn't feeling good. He had a cold and was using the ozone generator to cure it.

I told him about the Yoga exercises I had been doing, and showed him how easy they were.

Later he said he was reading the book. However, the book I had been reading was still on the shelf by the transmitter. When I told him the book was still there, we discovered he was reading another book which had the old strenuous exercises in it. The simple exercises of Yoga seem more practical. Anyway they are simple and consume very little time.

There aren't many birds around, the Oregon Junco, a Canyon Wren, flocks of chukkers, and quail that's all. Occasionally I hear a bird in the early morning that I can't identify. There are no hoot owls at night. Usually there are many of them throughout the winter.

I didn't look for turnips and beets under the snow in the garden today. Maybe tomorrow.

22nd

I was up by seven this morning. We wanted to get down the hill while the ground was frozen. Joe's pickup wasn't running good, and we were going down there to see what we could do.

The road was frozen hard. There were lots of rough ruts gouged out where Ellis and Mike had spun their wheels coming up. Ellis had gone out into the sagebrush in places.

We drove into Joe's place, and I had installed the new breaker points, and a new condenser before Joe and Dora knew we were there.

After I got the distributor cap back on, Joe started the motor. One cylinder wasn't firing. We located the cylinder. Thinking that the new spark might be faulty, we replaced it with one of the old ones. The same thing.

There was plenty of spark, so we thought there might be something wrong with the intake valve. The thought was strengthened by Dora saying that there was a strange noise on that side of the motor when they were driving in high gear. She couldn't describe the noise.

Inspection of the rocker-arm-valve lifter and spring showed nothing amiss.

Mike thought that the carburetor wasn't letting enough gas through to take care of the cylinder even though all the others were firing.

I took the carburetor off and we brought it home later.

Dora had dinner ready at four o'clock. While we were eating Ella came in. She said that Bill had had the flu, but was doing fine now.

Coming home we made it half way up the hill. Maybe we would have made it all the way, but one chain came off. We didn't know this until we got stuck. I walked back down the and found it nearly submerged in a pool of mud and water.

Tonight I got the bottle of mercury ready to send to Ronald Campbell. We were charging two dollars an ounce, but he was buying more than a few ounces, I let him have one pound for twenty dollars.

This morning I heard an owl way down Indian Creek.

23rd

Mike fixed the tire chain, and we hiked down to the pickup. Although walking on the snow wasn't easy, it was better than walking in the mud. It was warm all night, and sprinkling this morning, so there was water running down the road.

I laid the thick-foam-rubber mat on some straw, then got the clean tire and wheel out of the pickup and laid it on that.

Mike put the chain on while I was jacking up the pickup and getting the wheel off. The whole process didn't take long. We thought it would be better to leave the pickup there rather than trying to drive on up the road. We decided to come down when the weather was better and either turn the pickup around or drive on up the hill if the conditions were favorable.

It got up to fifty degrees today, and there was a few rain showers. Water was running everywhere, and the snow was disappearing fast.

I roasted one of the small chickens this evening. Mike continues to sort out wheat seed, and grain for grinding. Also he is continuing to move out more dirt from the end of the tunnel behind the "back room".

I called Bessy to let her know that we wouldn't be able to get over to the birthday party tomorrow night. She said that she had been trying to call us today, but the line was always busy.

Linda had decided to postpone the party until next week. Joe wasn't well. Apparently he was having a spell with his heart. Henry thought that they might have to take him to Burns tomorrow.

I had talked with Dora earlier and had learned about Joe. I think he stayed out in the cold too long yesterday while we were working on the pickup. I had tried to get him to put on a warm coat. I couldn't understand why he wouldn't put on more clothes if he was going to stay out so long.

Yesterday, while working on Joe's pickup, we started checking the wiring to find out why the tail light stayed on when the switch was off.

The voltmeter showed that there was only six volts at the light, so I figured there must be a high resistance to the hot side somewhere. I had Mike push down on the foot break. The voltage went up to twelve volts, so it wasn't the tail light, but the stop light. The stop-light switch is activated by hydraulic pressure, and is mounted on the hydraulic pump.

Mike started to pull the wires off the switch and found them hot, so there was the high resistance. I pulled the leads off and cleaned around the posts with alcohol. But the fault was inside the switch.

By leaving the leads off the switch the tail light won't run his battery down. He can leave it hooked up all the time.

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Back to the receiver:- The IF amplifier that I added goes into oscillation if I tune it too sharply. Too much gain must cause feedback between the input and the output. I'll change the wiring layout.

25th

The weather was still warm yesterday. The snow was nearly gone by night. Tonight only the heaviest drifts are left, and these are down to less than six inches.

It took me two hours to make the round trip to the mailbox. Part of the way I walked on the sagebrush. The road was muddy about half way down. Out in the sagebrush the ground was soft. Luckily along this section the sagebrush is short, and I could step from one bush to the next without getting into the mud.

Today I went down and dug up a bucket of turnips and beets. I had some beets and turnips for lunch, and put the rest in the cold room.

I roasted a chicken tonight.

Dora called this morning. Joe is feeling a little better.

26th

We had about two inches of snow last night. The temperature was around forty-five degrees at ten p.m. It must have turned cold before three a.m. That was the time I looked out and saw it snowing.

Dora called around eleven o'clock. Joe still has a bad headache.

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This morning I went down to the pickup and drove it nearly to the point, and got bogged down in the mud. This afternoon I put on two coats and the raincoat. I tied the hood of the raincoat over my cap, then took the pruning shears down to the pickup.

I cut sagebrush tops with the shears and laid them in the tracks. I tromped them down so that the wheels wouldn't push them ahead instead of running over them. In spite of all the clothes and the work, I just barely kept warm. There was a strong wind and drifting snow.

When I had worked an hour and was making some progress with the pickup, Mike showed up. The wind slackened and the sun came out. We both began to get too warm. Anyway, we got the pickup up to the top and backed it down to the gas barrels. If we make up our minds to do so we can go to Burns tomorrow.

When I got back into the dugout, I checked into the Northwest Amateur CW net and requested a contact with K7ALX, John, Arnold Campbell's father. At four-fifty John came on and we moved up frequency. I told him about having the pound of mercury ready to ship to Arnold, and about the price per pound. I didn't have much time to talk with John, because of my schedule with K7UXF at five o'clock.

K7UXF called on schedule. The weather in Elmira was cooler and they had had some snow. John has his methane generator still going, but no burnable gas yet.

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3rd

We didn't go to town Monday. Ellis came up with his snow cat, and we made a date to go up the mountain with him Tuesday.

Meantime Ellis did some scouting with a helicopter looking for sheep, and counting and classifying deer. Earlier that day the helicopter crew had been shooting coyotes from it. They shot seventeen on the Alvord Ranch.

Tuesday we didn't get very far up the mountain with the snow cat. A drift in the road above our mine stopped us. The snow cat is not built to run on too rough a road. It works fine in deep snow, and on roads that don't have much side slope.

Wednesday we went to town. The weather was cold, but there was no wind, and there were only scattered clouds. We spent a great deal of time in town looking around for anything extra that we might want. I bought a number of coax connectors.

The groceries came to \$90. We bought a case of Parkay margarine for fifty-six cents a pound. We managed to get a couple of calenders.

I left the mercury at Bud's to have them ship it out by UPS. They said they would bill us for the shipping charges.

We got home just before dark. We didn't need chains. The ground was bare and frozen.



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Thursday we went down to Joe's, and put the carburetor back on his pickup. The cylinder still missed. I got the gas line connection to the carburetor cross threaded. It had been started wrong so many times I couldn't get it going straight. It looks like the threads in the carburetor are ruined. I don't know if we can straighten out the threads with a tap or not. Sure wouldn't want to have to buy a new one.

Linda Blair wanted us to come over Saturday for the postponed birthday party for Henry and Mike. It snowed Friday night. Since the weather was so bad Linda said she would postpone it again. She wasn't feeling well anyway.

I got the TV frequency amplifier working real good. I left it in the circuit one night, and the next morning the transistor was knocked out. Static electricity must have built up on the antenna. I put in another transistor, and added three diodes between the Base and ground. I also put an RF choke to ground at the input of the amplifier. The choke was made up of ten turns of #22 wire on a quarter inch rod.

With the amplifier sometimes there is a picture.

4th

The VA check this time was \$110.25 instead of \$119.17. The SSI check came also. I called the Social Security office in Ontario. Before there was an answer Mike yelled from the back room, "The gal in Ontario called early this morning,

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and said she would call you later in the month." A man answered the phone and told me that the woman who handled my claim was out and would call me later.

Today I tried to modify the SCR's switch into a speed control for an AC motor, but it looks like it puts out DC only. It doesn't make a good light dimmer either. There is no gradual change in the brightness of the light being controlled. It jumps from bright to dim all at once.

I made a peach pie this evening using some ready mix pie crust preparation. The crust was good. The pie could have had more sugar in it.

Dora and Jim McDade were going to take Joe over to Boise to see a doctor today. I haven't heard if they went or not.

The hen that lays the blue eggs is trying to set. Mike put her into the old brooder house by herself hoping to break her from setting.

18th

When I hiked down to get the mail on the seventh, I carried the setting hen in a box strapped to the pack board. Dora met me there and took the hen home with her. She now has it setting on some eggs. They will hatch out by the first of March.

Last week the big white hen started setting. Sunday the ground was frozen so we drove down to the schoolhouse to get water. We took the setting hen with us and gave her to Dora. Yesterday she put fifteen eggs under her.

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Monday Ellis came up. He got stuck on the side of the hill just before reaching the top. He had one of his SBE 34's with him. He said it didn't work when he hooked it up to the DC power in his pickup. When we tried it on a battery here in the house, it worked fine. Later, when he tried it in the pickup, it worked okay.

Sunday coming back with the water we made it part way up the last steep grade and spun out. Late in the evening Davie Wallace came up. He went around our pickup by going off the road and out into the sagebrush.

Talking with Davie got me side tracked, so I missed my schedule with John at five o'clock. Then at nine o'clock I forgot to listen for Ellis talking to Shirley.

I gathered enough resistors and capacitors to build a five watt audio amplifier. It didn't work on the first try. I turned the volume control back and forth. I could get sound above the three-quarter setting. But the sound didn't seem right, and there was too much current without sound. I adjusted the power supply's series resistor, which made some improvement, but I adjusted it too far and burned out one M.S. U-45. I took out all the transistors and checked them. The U-45 was the only one disabled.

Somehow, in replacing the transistors, I got a U-45 in the place of the U-95, so the thing didn't work at all. After going over the wiring several times, I found that I had not made a connection to the Base of Q3.

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After I made the connection to the base of Q3, the thing still didn't work. It was then that I discovered the U-45 in the wrong place.

I put the U-95 in there and the amplifier worked like it should. It draws about one ma. without sound, and only seven ma. for good listening on an eight ohm speaker. With two eight-ohm speakers in parallel it draws twenty-five ma. on the peaks. To get five watts out of it you would have to have a preamplifier.

Friday we received the blood pressure kit, but the glass tube holding the mercury was broken. We sent it back Saturday.

The drill bits, that Mike sent for, got in with Davies mail. He brought them up Sunday. We were planning to write to Whitney if the order didn't arrive this week.

Mike has enough space dug out to shore up another room. However, he won't do so until he has space for a branch room ready.

The Social Security office called again inquiring if I had gotten a letter from the VA. She said to send the SSI check back to Ontario.

Dora and Joe didn't go to Boise as planned, but had another appointment for the next week. The doctor couldn't find anything wrong, except that he had high blood pressure. He prescribed some slow acting pills that would bring his blood pressure down to normal after a week.

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The order from Newark arrived last week. I finally got the MPS-U-45's after a year of reordering.

The new hook-up wire is the best I ever saw. The teflon insulation is so thin the wire looks bigger with the insulation off. It is number nineteen with forty-five strands. It is almost like solid wire to work with. The strands don't flare out like ordinary hook-up wire.

Missing in the order were the four red banana plugs, and the alligator clips and the microclips.

I made a couple of peach pies last week, using the standard pie-crust mix. There wasn't enough water in the dough on the first try to roll it out. The dough stuck to the pin and the table. I broke the dough into small pieces and added more water. After that it rolled out fine. I thought that the extra handling would make the crust tough. But it was quite tender.

There was enough dough left over to make a pie shell. I made a filling with canned strawberries, so we had a strawberry pie.

Part of the order that Mike sent to Sears came today. Two sets of castors and a jacket. The jacket was too small for him, so, I guess it will be mine. The color matches my new cap.

The casters work fine. Mike put a set on my chair. Now I can roll from one place at my bench to another place easily.

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19th

It snowed all night, and there was about four inches of snow on the ground at eight-thirty. This came to forty-five hundredths of an inch of precipitation.

Bessy called this morning. They have about one inch of snow over there, very wet, and it rained a little. Linda isn't well. Seems to have the flu that is affecting her kidneys. She wouldn't go to Burns to see a doctor unless Henry took her. Henry couldn't go because one of their mares is expecting a colt any day now and he wants to be there in case she has any trouble.

The doctor is sending kidney medicine down by mail.

It continued snowing most of the day. I told Mike, "It's the last spasm of winter."

Yesterday we got a letter from Mary. She chided us about not writing with all the spare time we have here in the winter. I wrote her and George a letter, and mentioned that the letter Mike wrote last week must have gotten lost or was late in arriving.

I left for the mailbox at two-thirty-five. It was starting to rain. By the time I got to the mailbox, I was wet from my thighs down. The water ran off the short raincoat onto my legs and right on down into my boots. The mail consisted of a sales catalog and the magazine, "News and World Report."

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It started raining harder as I came back up the hill. The road was treacherous under foot. I couldn't see the ruts and chuck holes under the snow. Also there were soft and slippery spots. Half way up it stopped raining. I was glad. My feet were beginning to get cold, although I was sweating.

Not long after I got back, it started raining even harder and the wind got worse. Later the sky cleared for a while, and the wind let up. Then out of the stillness a puff of wind hit the place like a hammer. It lasted only about thirty seconds, and then it was quiet again. About fifteen minutes later we got another jolt.

By nine o'clock the wind picked up again, and brought fine particles of snow with it.

20th

What I said about the weather being the last spasm of winter was a premature judgment. The weather prior to last night consisted merely of tremors. Last night we had the great spasm of winter. The wind blew with such force I was scarcely able to maneuver myself over to my bedroom. There was driving snow with the wind. This morning we found various articles blown over the bank into the garden.

The birdhouse that Ellis gave us was a wreck. It had been frozen down in the snow yet the wind had blown it through the garden gate and scattered parts of it clear to the lower fence.

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The table that had been near the cabin loaded with rocks and pieces of iron, and also frozen in the snow was smashed against the donkey house.

The gas refrigerator that had stood at the end of the clothes line for six or seven years had blown over and the door sprung.

Anyway, it was one roaring night that I heard from time to time when I woke up.

The wind blew most of the day, but tonight it is quiet and there's snow falling lightly.

The phone was out of order all day with a lot of crackling noises. I tried it at ten o'clock, and found the noises gone and there was a dial tone.

Ellis called for me on the DEN. We moved up frequency and talked a while. He said he would be contacting W6BIX for a phone patch to Shirley. He suggested that I listen and see if I could talk with Shirley.

I listened but never heard them on frequency.

This morning I checked into the California Weather Net. I heard Morie ask for me. There was too much snow static on the antenna I couldn't hear what he was saying.

After dinner tonight I made a couple pumpkin pies. We ate one as soon as it cooled. The crust turned out as good as ever.

25th



Friday, the twenty-first, I had snow to walk on going after the mail. There was a crust that didn't quite hold me up. Going down, this didn't bother, but coming back up it made the walking more difficult.

Yesterday I sent a check for one year's subscription to Astronomy. That magazine is getting better all the time.

Today I made out a check for the electric bill. It is the largest we have ever had, thirty-three dollars and twenty-four cents, after twenty percent discount.

I talked with Al and Dottie Sunday morning. Al is still having trouble with the finals in his Galaxy. From his description of the trouble it sounds like there is something wrong with the filament voltage.

We got a letter from Mary saying that she got Mike's letter the same day she mailed one to us.

When I was first getting ready to hook up the five watt amplifier I reversed the DC to the variable voltage regulator which burned out the regulator. Now I have a twenty volt zener regulating the voltage to the amplifier. This makes a simple circuit and there is no hum or ripple on the speaker.

Yesterday I built an audio filter for the communication receiver. Now I can cut down most of the noise and the QRM. Tonight I contacted Jerry and he put a phone patch through to Carolee. Betsy is breaking in her horse, but she hasn't ridden it yet. She is working part time in a restaurant. Her school vacation starts in the middle of March.

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Margaret talked some. She said that their yard seems to have become a graveyard for birds. She has found a number of them lying dead.

The audio filter seemed to make the reception on the patch much better than it was previously. Carolee's voice came through clear. Jerry said she wasn't talking very loud.

Yesterday the road was muddy from half way down. It made for rugged walking.

The Astronomy Magazine came full of information.

This morning I got a glimpse of the bird that has been singing every morning for the last two weeks. It keeps out of sight pretty well. The best I can come up with is that it is a Song Sparrow.

Today I got a pretty good estimate of the number of Quail that have made it through the winter. There must be around one-hundred. Apparently the predators aren't after them this winter.

Mike thinks the grass juice helps his feet, and I am sure it helps my skin. My feet don't get tired and sore. Something in the juice helps toughen the tissues. The wheat growing in the planter, and in pots, made from bleach jugs, keep us in good supply. We now have cheat grass growing in pots. I believe the grass will grow better than the wheat.

I contacted John on schedule Sunday night. The mill where he works is still going strong.

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Daylight Saving Time makes it harder to get up in time to check into the California Weather Net. This morning I even missed the CDN.

26th

I got up late again this morning.

Today I salvaged parts from an old car radio. The speaker in it was in good shape. It brings in the low tones. I put it in the back where Mike keeps himself. The one I took out smothered the low tones. The screechy sound coming out of it got tiresome.

The road down the hill was worse for mud. I walked out in the sagebrush part of the way. In the brush the snow hadn't completely melted, so there wasn't any mud to cling to my shoes.

The Popular Science Magazine came, and another letter from Mary. She says that George is getting a big paunch of a stomach which worries her. She says that he eats less than she does. She thinks it might be a tumor.

Mike put two shelves above the parts cabinet. I took the stuff off the top of the cabinet, and put it on the shelves. Now I have more room to work on the top of the cabinet.

Monday I got a letter off to Frank Lake answering his letter of last December. I gave him the formula for figuring out the power of his overshot water wheel along with the figures to show that his wheel would put out about one-

February, 1975

13

fourth horse power. I believe he was hoping to get twelve horse power.

At nine o'clock it started raining lightly. Now, at ten, it is raining hard.

March, 1975

1

3rd

Friday the road was still muddy, and there was a full sack of mail, besides a large box from Sears. The two items, to carry without a pack board, posed a problem. The box was light, but was hard to hang onto, and the sack of mail wasn't easy to manage. I rested quite often coming up the hill.

At first I thought I would leave the box at the gate. When I got to the gate, I figured I would take it to the top of the draw. Then, when I got there, I decided I'd go all the way. I didn't like the idea of walking back down again. It took a long time to get up the hill.

The thing in the mail that interested me the most was the blood pressure kit. After checking the other mail (the box contained a globe of the world) I got dinner. After dinner, I started assembling the blood pressure kit. It took quite a while to learn how to take the pressure by myself.

I wasn't surprised to find that my blood pressure was 176/80. I've been feeling for some time that the pressure might be up. That was the reason for getting the kit.

So far March has been mild, and today the road was nearly dry all the way. I took the pack board this time, which was a good thing. There was another sack full of mail, a package from Gurney, another from Ward's, and a long carton with a couple of grow lights.

March, 1975

2

Also a big paper sack with the four apple trees from Gurney. The trees weren't heavy. With the pack board holding the mail sack and the grow lights, it was easy to carry the trees under my arm. The sack the trees were in was five feet long.

I left my jacket on. The sun was shining and the temperature was about forty-five degrees. I perspired profusely. This I welcomed because I wanted to get rid of water in my body.

After seeing the high blood pressure, I started on a diet of no salt and no fats. Saturday and Sunday the pressure was around 160/80. Friday after the warm walk the pressure was 135/80.

4th

Mike planted the four apple trees, Honey Gold, Red June, Yellow Transparent, and Red Baron.

We hauled the sixteen buckets of sand and gravel out to the point, and spread it in the rut that goes down the center of the road.

The road is dry, so tomorrow we will go down to Schull's and put the electric service box in for them.

The blood pressure tonight is 147/78.

24th

On the 5th we were at Schull's and got started installing the new meter base and service box. We lacked a short nipple and some nuts to fasten the meter box to the service box, so didn't get very far.

March, 1975

3

On the 6th we went to Burns, got a supply of groceries and the things we needed to finish the job at Schull's. The weather was good.

The next day the weather continued good, and we managed to get all the circuits hooked up to the new service box. There was considerable difficulty getting the circuit breakers into place. We never had them go in so hard before.

It started raining before we got through. The road was muddy past the steep grade above the gate, and we spun out before we got to the head of the draw.

We walked the rest of the way, getting here just before it was completely dark.

The next week was dry long enough for us to go back and put an anchor in the roof to hold the inlet pipe secure. Also to put flashing around the pipe and patch up holes that might leak.

Sunday afternoon Betsy arrived with Bruce's youngest brother, and a girl named Sharon. That evening Betsy was going to drive to the hot springs. In backing out she went off the road with all four wheels. It took us all the next day to drag the car down through the sagebrush and up to the point. We used the hand winch secured on the pickup, and the pickup anchored to the old Chevrolet at the point. It was slow work with the winch in its lowest gear. We needed the low gear to give us enough power. We moved the pickup twice having only one-hundred feet of cable.

March, 1975

4

The weather remained stormy, and the road muddy. The kids got one day of hiking going over the gap down to the county road, and then to the hot springs and back up here. They had all the hiking they wanted and were ready to rest the next day.

Thursday morning the ground was frozen, so they were able to drive down the hill. They made a trip to Fields, and left the car at the gate when they came back.

Friday they started walking down to the car to go home. Carolee called on the phone saying that she thought the road between Bend and Burns would be closed because of the stormy weather and the snow.

Mike went after them with the pickup and caught them before they got very far. They stayed over another day. Mike got them to do some digging at the end of the back room. I think they got some more sore muscles.

Saturday they drove to Bend missing the snow storm that we had here that day.

When Carolee called to let Mike know that the kids were coming, she said that they were stopping at the store to get a supply of groceries so that they wouldn't eat us out of house and home. When they got here the groceries consisted of a box of fruit- apples, oranges, and pineapple. Most of these they took back with them.

I have been baking muffins with liquefied orange peel added. They are so good even Betsy wanted the recipe. The orange peel added to bread makes it much better too.



March, 1975

5

Saturday night three young fellows with packs on their backs stopped by. They had parked their car down near the gate. They couldn't drive up the road because of the mud, so they walked up.

They were here last year with six others, girls and boys. I gave them the keys to the cabin. An hour later they came back and said it was the wrong key. I guessed that Carl Thomas had changed the lock. I told them how to get in the window.

They were planning to climb up the mountain as far as they could. It has been stormy most of the time since they arrived. It looks like the hike won't be very pleasant.

Yesterday Lester Rhodes and two friends stopped in. He got to talking politics and deer hunting. Apparently he is like so many others. They don't know what the score is when it comes to the power struggle between U.S.A and Russia.

Lester thinks the deer hunters are thinning out the deer. He can't believe the coyotes are doing it.

April, 1975

1

17th

Most of the first part of April was cold and wet. We went to town last Wednesday. Luckily it was a good day. Pat went with us, but didn't come back with us. She stayed in town over the weekend.

I got the tractor starter working and back on. I couple of windings had gotten shorted when Mike was trying to get it out of the tractor. I cleaned all the contacts going to the battery including the surfaces where the starter is fastened onto the tractor housing. I oiled the starter bearings. Now it works better than it has in a long time.

I have been experimenting in the construction of an A.G.C. circuit for my receiver. Now it is working pretty good, although it is sprawled out on the counter top in front of the receiver. Next I will have to get it into a box. The result of the A.G.C. action seems to be that the local oscillator is more stable.

Mike made a couple of passes down the road with the blade of the tractor.

18th

This is the first day the weather felt like Spring. The temperature got up to fifty-five degrees.

Mike figured he had done enough work on the road, so when I walked down the road to get the mail, I threw the large rocks off the road. This made the trip a lot longer.

We got a refund for the document that the department in Washington D.C. couldn't send us. They were sold out.

April, 1975

2

While I was after the mail Mike went to the mine with the tractor.

Today I started putting the A.G.C. into a box. I placed the amplifier for the speaker close to the A.G.C. amplifier. Before I got it completely assembled I tried it out. Apparently there is feed back in the audio circuit. The sound comes through on a very narrow band width. It gives good selectivity on C.W., but is not good for audio.

21st

Yesterday morning I talked with Al on the radio. I mentioned to him that on the Mars net they might simplify the phonetics of the first letters of their call by saying NNN instead of November November November. NNN would be enough phonetics by itself.

He said, "It sounds like a bunch of kids playing games when they give their call signs so often.

Saturday was cooler and we had some rain showers. Sunday was warm.

Mike set out two rows of strawberries. I ran the shredder getting a lot of brush and corn stalks chopped up. The shredder reduces the stuff down to a small pile. It will make a good cover to put on the trail when it is muddy.

I met John on schedule last night.

23rd

Monday we went down to Schull's and put in the dryer for Marge. After we had run the wire from the distribution

April, 1975

3

box, installed the outlet, and put a hole through the wall for the air outlet, we found that the plug from the dryer had a flaw that wouldn't let it go into the outlet.

Tuesday we found a cord that was in good condition. It was from an old electric stove. We brought it down to replace the one in the dryer. While I was changing the cords, Mike fixed a faucet in the kitchen.

At home our washing machine wouldn't go into a spin. Somewhere in the shaft that goes up into the tub there is a clutch. It was slipping and we had no way to fix it. In trying to get at the thing we broke a casting that supported the tub. That finished our trying to fix the washer.

Tomorrow we are going to Burns to get a new one.

Today I finished getting the A.G.C. control into a box and hooked up to the receiver.

Mike changed the oil in the pickup today. While he was at it he discovered a leak in the hose going to the heater. The only hose we could find to replace it was a plastic-garden hose. The diameter was too small for the outlet at the engine block. To enlarge the diameter we inserted a large-tapered punch into the end of the hose and heated it to above the boiling point of water.

After getting the punch inserted to where the hose was stretched large enough, we cooled it with water. Thus, when we pulled the punch out the hose remained enlarged.

April, 1975

4

I drove down to get the mail to see if the hose was going to work. When I got back it was leaking. However, now that the hose was hot, we could tighten the clamps a great deal more into the soft plastic. It appears that it will hold. It would be inconvenient if it would spring a leak between here and Burns tomorrow.

Marge called today asking how much she owed us. I gave her Mikes figure of fifty dollars.

25th

Yesterday we got an early start to Burns. The weather was threatening rain and it did rain on and off in Burns.

We ordered a washing machine from Bud. He said that he had a \$315 one that a woman had spoken for. He would know Saturday whether or not her husband would let her have it. He will call us then. If she takes the machine then we will get the \$345 one. The higher priced one has a two speed wash.

We spent sixty dollars on groceries which makes a total for this month of one-hundred and forty dollars.

Radio Shack did not get the cassette recorder with Dolby that I ordered. I guess I could have gotten it by ordering it through the catalog. Maybe the stores aren't in on these catalog sales. The store in Burns has a recorder marked down by one-hundred dollars. If it is still there on our next trip I will buy it. \$119.

April, 1975

5

On our way home it rained most of the way. We thought sure we would have to walk up the hill, but we came up without any trouble. The rain gauge showed only .03 inches of precipitation here.

Last night there was .13 inches of precipitation, with snow and ice. There are scattered clouds and snow blowing down off the mountain. Altogether a miserable day for weather.

Mike is supposed to go to a school board meeting tonight. He may have to walk down the hill.

26th

The wind is blowing and it is snowing. There is three inches of snow on the ground. We had snow showers yesterday, but in the afternoon the ground was dry part of the time. Mike went up to the cabin with the tractor while there was a spell of sunshine. It was snowing when he got back.

Yesterday I baked the ham we bought Wednesday.

Mike went to the school board meeting. They elected him to the board. However there wasn't enough members present to make a quorum, so he will have to go back again tonight.

If this snow storm continues or if it turns to rain, he may have to walk down the hill and have someone meet him at the mailbox.

29th

Mike drove down the hill Saturday. The road was quite muddy, but he made it down slipping a great deal. When he

April, 1975

6

came home he made crooked tracks and just barely made it up here.

Sunday I turned on my transmitter about one half hour before my schedule with John. I discovered the VFO wasn't working. At first I thought the trouble would be in the VFO section, then I noticed that the regulator tube wasn't lighting up. I figured a resistor in series with the regulator must have burned out.

After getting everything disconnected from the chassis, I pulled the A.M. section out of the cabinet. Sure enough the voltage-dropping resistor was shot. Then I had a long search for a 2.5K, 10 watt resistor.

I could find nothing with a 10 watt rating. I tried an adjustable resistor. With it I got the proper resistance, and was able to check into the OEN Monday night on the first session. On the second session the resistor was burned out. I tried a four watt light. I burned out immediately.

To try out these resistors I was putting the chassis back into the cabinet and connecting all the leads. This was time consuming, so I finally I fixed a cord that I could hook up the A.C. to the input while the chassis was out of the cabinet.

I put a meter in series with a Christmas tree light that I guessed was seven watts (there was mark on the light as to its wattage). When I threw the switch the meter showed 30 M.A. This was just right for the OD3 glow tube with a maximum rating of 40 M.A.

April, 1975

7

When I turned on the O.S.C. the current through the glow tube dropped by 10 M.A. The Christmas tree light got hotter than when it was hooked up to the 120 volt A.C. Thus I was dubious about putting it into the circuit for a long-time operation.

I continued the search for a suitable resistor. I found one with a resistance of about 3.5 K ohms (no marking). This gave a current of about 25 M.A. There was enough leeway to allow the current to drop 10 M.A. and the glow tube to still operate. I now have it in the circuit.

Once when I was putting the chassis back into the cabinet, I must have left the switch on and the AC cord plugged into the outlet. The multiple-wire plug that goes from the A.M. section to the S.S.B. section shorted an A.C. pin to ground and burned out an RF choke in that particular circuit. The choke was 36 turns of #26 enameled wire on a wooden form. Luckily I had a spool of this size wire and was able to rewind the choke.

Today we went down to Pat's and thoroughly checked the ignition of their Ford tractor. With the distributor disassembled, I first checked the coil. To do this I had Mike put his thumb on the high-voltage contact, then I put jumpers on the low-voltage circuit, connecting one side to the hot side of the battery and the other side to ground. Then I had Don turn on the key. Mike jumped and said, "The coils okay." Ha!



April, 1975

8

Anyway, we got the distributor back on and the generator hooked up. We had to tow the tractor to get it started. It ran on only two cylinders. We had removed two of the wires going to the distributor. With these wires returned to their proper place, the tractor ran fine.

Meanwhile, Mike loaded Joe's pickup with cow manure and hauled it out to Joe's garden. With Don's help he got it spread out, covering about one-fourth of the garden

Then he started the saw for Don to cut some sagebrush. Don had tried to use the saw, but the electric motor wouldn't get it up to speed. We found that Don had plugged the motor into the 120 A.C. outlet instead of the 220 that Mike and I had provided for that purpose.

We thought it strange that Pat hadn't shown Don the 220 outlet.

We got home about five o'clock. We had a dinner of fried potatoes and onions, cold baked ham, and muffins.

Monday Bud brought down the new Maytag washer from Burns. He arrived just after noon. We got the washer installed, and paid him the \$343. It really is an improvement on the old one which was twenty years old.

Mike cant get over the high price. He wanted to get one from Ward's. Either a low priced new one or a second hand one. I thought of the trouble-free Maytag we had used, and figured the price would be less costly in the long run.

The setting hens we loaned Dora have weaned their broods, and are laying again. We brought them home today.

May, 1975

1

1st

The weather has turned warmer, 51 yesterday, and 34 low last night. There was no wind this morning.

Yesterday I dug the rest of the carrots. Most of them were in good shape, but some had their tops either frozen and soft or had been eaten by mice or chickens. There was enough to fill a sack. Mike thinks I should cook them all and put them in the freezer, but I think I'll cook a small portion because we don't eat that many carrots.

The transmitter seems to be okay. The resistor that I put in gets pretty hot, but it is the type that runs hot.

I called Dorothy (via a phone patch by Steve, WA7YEU. I told her about the transmitter trouble, and that I would be on next Sunday.

This morning I have a lame shoulder like bursitis. I don't feel like doing much lately, sleep very poorly, and seem to have little endurance. I think the drinking water has something to do with it. I'm going to start distilling water again.

2nd

I began distilling water yesterday, and drank only distilled water from noon on.

I left the blower on in the refrigerator all night. I had borrowed it from the cold room, so no cold air was coming into the room. I was able to get enough distilled water for today. I can't tell yet if it's doing any good.

May, 1975

2

I changed the oil in the rototiller and filled the gear box with grease, and got it going. Then went down to Joe's and tilled their garden. It took about two and a half hours. Joe gave me twenty dollars for the work on the pickup and tilling the garden.

Don had just watered Pat's asparagus bed, so it wasn't ready to till. I left the rototiller down there.

Mike stayed home and spaded some in the garden.

Today I cleaned out the gas tank on the tractor.

Tonight I put the blower back in the cold room, and fixed up a small fan in the refrigerator, so I think I'll have a big supply of water in the morning.

Bessy called. Linda is busy working on the garden. Bessy said she would like some strawberry plants and would I bring some down next week. They are all busy working on fences.

I called the Schulls. Andrew answered. He said that Marge was in Burns, and he would bring her home tomorrow.

I checked into the net and spoke with Al. It is raining in Noti.

3rd

The weather was wet most of the day. It started turning colder just after noon. We had snow flurries with wind. There was .10 of an inch of precipitation by six o'clock.

We got the lower apricot tree partly covered with a tarp, but before dark it blew off.

May, 1975

3

The little fan in the refrigerator didn't blow enough air to produce much water. Ice formed on the freezing unit. I didn't get as much distilled water as I thought I would.

Mike has all the Indian wheat thrashed and looked over, and is not thrashing beans. I put a pot of beans on to cook this afternoon.

My right arm pit and shoulder are still bothering me.

I made bread using a new method. Instead making a thick dough and kneading it I made a thin batter about the consistency of muffin batter. I let it rise once, beat it down, put half into a loaf pan, and the other half into muffin tins. It turned out good- soft with no hard crust and not crumbly.

Carolee called tonight. They have the burglar alarm installed. There's been no alarms sounded yet.

We received a letter from Mary. The weather there is cold with snow showers. She says she is doing quite a bit of work again after her fourth heart attack this year.

In her letter Mary tells about being awake in the early morning hours watching daylight come. She doesn't like the dark and the breaking of day always fascinates her.

For myself my sleep is so broken I always watch the daylight appear. At that hour in the morning I will sleep five to ten minutes at a stretch noting the time when I wake up. Sometimes I will see that I have slept twenty minutes. I think, "Boy! I had a long sleep that time." However, I don't

May, 1975

4

feel any desire to watch daylight come. I am always wishing I could sleep more soundly.

Yesterday there were snow showers off and on, but the ground didn't get white. At dark it started snowing steadily. By the time I went to bed there was two inches on the ground. That makes the most snow in May since I've been keeping record.

We finished thrashing the beans. They came to about ten pounds of different varieties which look attractive in a glass jar with their contrast of colors.

I rearranged the fan in the refrigerator so that the air blew in from one side of the freezing compartment hit the back and reflected back out the front on the other side. This caused some of the ice that formed to melt so I got about one glass of water every hour. By night no more extra ice was melting, so the amount of water was less than a glass an hour.

I hear chukars calling out on the hillside. Daylight must be well on its way. I don't notice it with the light on in here.

Just now I turned off the light and could see that daylight was half here. The ground is white.

6th

Yesterday morning I went to sleep around five o'clock. I woke up and went to sleep many times, but didn't feel like getting up until after nine o'clock.

May, 1975

5

The two inches of snow melted away before noon. Although there were snow showers all day, the ground didn't get wet. The refrigerator made one quart of water during the night.

When I hiked to the mailbox there was a cold wind blowing and the temperature was about thirty-six degrees. It was snowing so I wore the raincoat over my nylon jacket. The road was dry and I made good time. On my way back the wind quit and the sky was nearly clear. I took off both the raincoat and the jacket.

I had more go power than I have had in a long time. I'm sure it's the distilled water that makes the difference.

I turned out the light just a bit ago and saw a sliver of moon coming up in the east. There is a strange noise over toward the dugout. It must be the wind rattling something.

21st

We have been to town twice already this month. On the first trip we got a good supply of groceries. I bought a pair of work pants for \$5.95. I also bought the stereo-cassette recorder. It works okay, but there are so few birds around I will be unable to make the recordings I bought it for.

We got most of the garden planted. This morning I noticed that the radishes and turnips were up. The twenty-eight degrees last night may have ruined our apricots.

On the second trip to Burns we bought twenty sheets of 5/8" plywood.

We went down to Pat's and I rototilled her asparagus patch. The ground was in better shape for tilling than at any time before.

We brought the tiller home, and I tilled the upper part of the garden for the corn. Mike got half the corn planted.

There's been no freezing weather since Monday. The apricots seem to be all right, but it will be a few more days before I can be sure. Last year it was a week before they began to shrivel and turn soft after the freeze of twenty-seven degrees.

I have the blower from the cold room in the refrigerator making distilled water. I am getting only three-fourths of a gallon a day. I thought I got one and a half gallons last year, but never recorded it, so my memory may be at fault.

Only one chick hatched out in the incubator. Mike thinks that it was the only fertile egg in the lot. There could have been other factors. Mike put aluminum foil in the bottom which covered the ventilation holes. Once I saw the temperature above one-hundred and five degrees, and I called Mike's attention to it. How long it had been that high is a guess but it may have been long enough to do damage. The thermometer is supposed to measure the temperature at the top of the eggs. The lack of ventilation must have caused the eggs to get too hot.

May, 1975

7

Yesterday we went down to Dora's and got another batch of eggs. We took the strawberry plants over to Bessy and got a supply of drinking water. Bessy gave me two stand lamps to repair.

Last night I set up the incubator behind the vapor barrier in the back room. I reasoned that the higher humidity would be better for the incubation. I left the foil in the bottom, but made sure the ventilation holes were open. I plan to keep the temperature below one-hundred and one degrees.

This time, when I turned the eggs, the temperature was up to one-hundred and three. Mike said that he checked the temperature several times and it was three o'clock before the temperature got up to what it should be, which seemed a long time to him. I thought it was normal.

I believe Mike must have turned up the control, because the locknut on the adjustment was loose, and I had to turn the adjustment down quite a ways to get the temperature down to 101 degrees. Of course, the reaction from the adjustment doesn't show on the thermometer for some time after.

I tried to call Mary and George to wish Mary a Happy Birthday, but there was no answer. They may have been down visiting Toots.

We got a letter from Carl Thomas. He wanted to buy or lease the claim the cabin is on. I wrote him that since we might want to sell the mine some time, we didn't want to



May, 1975

8

break up the claim or have any encumbrances such as a lease. He could use the cabin any time. It wouldn't be advisable to spend a lot of time and money fixing it.

He replied that he would bring some plywood and a bed, anyway. They will be here the last of the month.

June, 1975

1

6th

On the 29th of last month the low was 29. I had expected it to go down to 20, because it was 29 at midnight. I could even picture the leaves on the trees freezing. But at this elevation, 800 feet above the valley, there was a layer of warm air. At Frazier's and Blair's the leaves did freeze. Henry Blair's fine apricots were frozen.

Now it has been long enough after the freeze to see what really survived. There's one pear on the pear tree. Three of the pollinizer plum trees are developing plums. Little plums are showing on the big plum trees, but it will be about four weeks before we know if they were fertilized.

Three of the apricot trees have apricots. One little cherry tree has a few cherries. Of course the peach trees are loaded. There will be some apples. There will be black and red currants.

The Giant squash and Naked-squash seeds did not come up. I planted cucumbers in those two hills. The four tomato plants we got in Burns don't look so good, but I set them out by the big rock. Two of the tomato plants that we started in the house are growing but small. I set them out above the apple tree.

Everything else is coming up except the sage and parsley. So we have beets, radishes, peas, potatoes, squash, corn, turnips, carrots, beans, watermelon, and cantaloupe.

We thinned the old strawberry patch, leaving only those plants that were in bloom. They look good.

June, 1975

2

Of the 37 eggs I put into the incubator on the 21st of last month, it looks like 33 are developing. I broke one and three didn't look right when I candled them. I have been keeping the temperature below 102 degrees. Most of the time around 100. The last few days it has been around 97.

I notice that it depends somewhat on where the thermometer is located as to how high it will show the temperature.

I took Mike to Burns Tuesday, where he took the bus to Bend. He had a notice to appear in Portland on the 5th for his physical. We thought he might make an appointment for an eye examination while he was there. I talked with Bruce on Jerry's phone patch this morning, and he said Mike will have to write for an appointment. He and Mike will be out next week.

After several weeks without checking my blood pressure, I checked it Saturday night, and found it 162/90. I started eating less and using less salt. The pressure fluctuated considerable from time to time in the last few days. Once it was 130/110. Now it is 132/89. I have lost six pounds in the seven days.

My heart is skipping beats more than ever. Seems to beat at a half rate, like- when I come from working in the garden, it will be 40 or 50 beats. It seems as though it should be 80 or 100. After resting it changes to 79 or 80.

After resting more it starts skipping beats maybe every third for a while then one in seven, or maybe one in thirty.

June, 1975

3

At the forty beats a minute rate I lose some stamina. I don't exactly feel tired but there a lack of persistence.

8th

I talked with Al on the radio this morning. He is going to enter the hospital for a checkup. The doctors cant find what is wrong with him. He has lost eight pounds- cant hold lunch or dinner down, but manages breakfast all right.

Tonight I talked with John on schedule. He says they won't have any pears, but the apples are coming along fine. Dorathy was back from California, but went to Portland right away to a bridle shower for Kathy. His corn is up ten inches.

Bessy came over yesterday and got the setting hen for Linda. She got some more strawberry plants. Linda sent over some cauliflower and broccoli plants. I set out nearly all of them last night. Today I put sagebrush tops over them to help shield them from the sun. They were lying flat from the heat.

I checked to see how many gopher pills were removed. I didn't see many missing. I found a dead cottontail. I hadn't expected a rabbit to eat the pills. This rabbit may have been eating the beans, and eating on the grapevine.

I saw a ground squirrel running out of the yard this morning. He is the one I thought would be missing from eating the pills. I thought sure he was eating the beans and on the grapevine.

June, 1975

4

I didn't see any flea beetles or bagworms on the turnips this morning. Looks like the insect spray is effective. Some of the beans at the end of the row above the wheat was covered with bagworms. I must have run out spray when I got to the end of that row. I made sure I got some on this morning.

I did some hoeing today. It makes the rows show up better.

9th

The plants that I set out the other day recovered from the heat and bright sun. I didn't cover them today, but I ran the sprinkler on them. They looked all right tonight.

I found a dead ground squirrel in the strawberry patch. He finally found a gopher pill. I hope there are no more.

While I was pumping gas into the pickup, I saw a cottontail come out of the garden. It must be the one that is eating leaves off the grapevine.

I was on my way to Joe's to bring the repaired fan back to Dora, but as I got to the schoolhouse I saw that the teacher was there, so I stopped in. She was going to drive down to Joe's so I left the fan in her car.

While we were talking Bessy and Henry drove up, so I gave Bessy her cake pan. So altogether I saved some gas and time.

This morning I saw a pigeon near my bedroom. It didn't fly when I approached it. I guessed it was a carrier pigeon

June, 1975

5

taking a rest and looking for food. I went back to the granary and got a handful of wheat. It came up to me for the wheat. I could have gotten a close-up picture of it if I'd had my camera with me. By the time I got the camera it was through eating and I couldn't get near it.

I talked with Ellis and Jerry tonight. Ellis may be down this way in a few days. He will be going over to the Owyhee to investigate some sick sheep.

Jerry will be out Wednesday or Thursday. Jerry tried to call Mike but got no answer. I told him, "If you talk with Mike tomorrow, tell him to get a light socket for Dora's lamp. I didn't get it when I was in town the last time."

On the tape, that I want to send to Mae, Mike swore so much I'm afraid I ruined the tape by trying to blank out the offending words.

I lost ten pounds on this last diet effort. My blood pressure has stabilized at 130/80. However, I have already recovered five pounds, so wonder if I can hold the line at this point. I would like to get down to 130 pounds. It seems impossible.

10th

Jerry and Margaret are leaving Bend in the morning, and will be here tomorrow evening. Bruce and Carolee have a lot of work for Mike to do, and will bring him out Sunday.

Tonight five eggs were pipped in the incubator. There are no chicks out yet. I'm sure there will be some in the morning.

June, 1975

6

I made a little table for my bedroom. I ripped a couple of those short two by fours, that Carl gave us, to make the legs. Braced them with pieces of molding, and cut a top out of the 5/8" plywood.

I called Mae on the phone and told her that I was sending her a tape. She said she could find a tape player for it. Rea has cassette players.

I called Charlie, his recorder is out of order, but, if I send him a tape he can take it to a store and have it played.

The tape, that Mike did so much swearing on, doesn't sound so bad where I did the erasing.

A young-blond fellow with his girl friend stopped in. He wanted to know where Indian Springs was. I said, "I've never heard of Indian Springs, but right down there is Indian Creek." He was looking for a place to camp. I told him about the meadow.

He said, "The sky is so clear out here you can even see the Milky Way." His girl didn't get out of the car, so I didn't get to see her. I thought that maybe it was a boy in the car. He drove up to the meadow, and probably camped there. He wants to climb the mountain tomorrow.

I ate too much today, so tomorrow I'll have to fast. When Jerry and Margaret get here I won't have a chance.

The Carrier Pigeon was in the garden this morning. He stayed all day, but when I let the hens out he flew away.

July, 1975

1

18th

Well, only seven chicks hatched out of the incubator. When they got big enough, I turned them loose in the garden. Three disappeared one by one. Now, with the one that hatched earlier and I call the loner, there are five. The loner is doing fine and is somewhat sociable with the younger chicks. However, he is still too big to be one of the gang.

The pigeon stayed around about eight days. She made herself at home in the garden and welcomed the grain I put out for her.

Jerry and Margaret were here several days, and we had a fine visit. I made a recording while Jerry was talking with Ellis on the radio. It turned out good, and when Ellis stopped by later, we played it so he could hear his rig FMing after he turned his motor off.

Jerry and Margaret went over to the Dwyhee where they met John and Dorathy Womac. However, their trip was marred by their trailer hitch breaking which made it necessary to go to Nyssa to get some welding done.

Betsy drove Mike out in the Ford pickup. She stayed a few days. She and I hiked up to Straw-Hat Pass one day. She said she didn't think she would have made it if I hadn't gone with her.

Going up the draw she didn't seem to feel very well, and was ready to turn back before we got to the head of the draw. Thereafter the going was more on the level, and she perked up.



July, 1975

2

We found a puff-ball mushroom right at the end of the road in the sagebrush. Didn't see another one anywhere.

The wind was blowing hard at the pass. Betsy took the picture that she had been wanting to take looking across Wild Horse Creek.

On the way back we saw two bird nests. One nest had four grey eggs with brown spots. The other nest had five white eggs. One was hatching.

The garden sage did come up after a long time, also a few shoots of parsley.

There is one pear on the pear tree, and about twenty-four cherries on the cherry tree. The apricot, peach, and apple trees are loaded. The Nanking cherries are ripe. I picked ten pounds off the larger tree. The ones on the smaller tree aren't quite ripe. I picked one bush of red currants. There is another bush yet to pick.

There are lots of immature peaches falling on the ground. This has been going on for nearly a month. Some apricots fell off before the peaches.

I gathered up the very-small-green apricots and boiled them. The juice, I filtered off, was quite clear and had no flavor. However, I made jelly out of it adding wintergreen extract for flavor.

Thereafter I gathered up small-green peaches and made jelly. This had a peach color and considerable flavor of its own. I did add lemon extract to some, not enough to be

July, 1975

3

noticeable, but it did seem to enhance the flavor. I also added almond extract to some, and likewise not enough to notice, but still doing something to the flavor.

I bottled some peach juice in orange bottles, and some I put in plastic-margarine containers and stuck them in the freezer. I also put two quarts of apricot juice into the freezer.

19th

I now have a two-quart bottle, a one-quart bottle, and a ketchup bottle of cherry juice. These bottles sealed very good with their old lids.

John and Dorathy Fox were here a few days. Dorathy was ready to rest after the task of getting ready for Kathy's wedding, and giving the reception afterwards.

We didn't go anywhere, but had a quiet peaceful visit. Dorathy seemed to like the wintergreen-flavored jelly, and I gave her a jar to take with her.

Shortly after John and Dorathy left, the Lakes arrived. Concerning the tractor, Frank saw that the front motor support shaft had a broken bearing.

He went right to work and took the front apart. The hood had to come off which was quite a job. Then after assessing the situation, he adjusted the broken bearing so that it would stay in place, and put everything back together.

July, 1975

4

Mike helped him take it apart. It was a hot day, so, after a couple of hours, Mike said that he had to go down and change the sprinklers. I went out and helped Frank a while.

I sure could feel the heat, and figured that when Mike said the sprinklers needed changing, he used it as an excuse to take a rest.

I had a schedule with John, so didn't get to help put stuff back together on the tractor. Frank is going to bring out a new baring this fall. Says he will put it in for us.

Valery and Larry came this trip, and I managed to get them to fix dinner here instead down at the trailer. Thus we had a much better visit than ever before.

One night Frank showed some of his slides. The next night I got out my projector and showed my slides. On the next night Frank found some more of his slides. They were unmounted slides. I got out the parts that allow one to hand feed slides into my projector. Thus Frank could use it.

While they were here I made jelly from the apricot juice adding a little peppermint extract, just enough to help the flavor. Larry sure liked it. I gave Valery a jar to take home.

5th

On Monday I took Mike to Burns to catch the bus to Bend. Carolee took him from there to Portland where he got an appointment for an eye examination the following week. I

July, 1975

5

haven't heard how it came out. He was prepared to be gone for some time.

On the way back from Burns the motor got hot, and the only way I could keep it cool was by turning on the heater. This made the cab hotter. The wind coming through the windows made the heat bearable.

Since coming home I repaired Dora's lawnmower, and delivered it today. Ella's fan had a burned out motor. I left it with Dora.

Bud and Dorathy Jones stopped in this week, and stayed about three hour. I intended to have some ice cream, but we got to talking about the world situation and I forgot. I gave them a jar of peach jelly and a dozen eggs.

Bud is trying to figure out how to save mankind. He thinks we don't have much time left.

#1 Our resources are about depleted.

#2 Population growth is getting out of hand.

#3 Crime is out of control.

#### Suggested Solutions

Communism as in China. It has no thievery. Doors are not locked.

Population growth could be controlled.

When he first started talking about finding a way to save mankind, I was under the impression he was looking for some other solution. Maybe he was making a round about approach to communism.

July, 1975

6

Now I have a two-quart bottle and a one-quart bottle of red-currant juice sealed. I have nine two-cup containers of peas, and four containers of string beans in the freezer.

I dug two hills of volunteer-red spuds, and have enough for a couple of weeks.

Tonight I had summer squash, new potatoes, onion, and turnips for dinner, also one hot dog and a piece of cake. It takes such a small amount of food to maintain my weight it is hard to do any cooking.

The setting hens came off on the twenty-first. Old blue had tough luck. Only two eggs hatched, and they looked mighty backward.

The other hen did all right. She had fourteen, having broken one earlier. Otherwise they all would have hatched.

I took two of the chicks and put them under the hen that is starting to set. She took them over and became a mother. Thus I got her off the nest.

Now I have taken the hens away from the chicks, and put them in the park with the other hens. I left the little chicks in the big brooder house, putting a light in there to keep them warm at night.

As to the uneven-heart beat:- Since hiking up to Straw-hat Pass with Betsy, I have been taking it easy and not doing heavy exercises. My heart beat is steady. The next time I exercise hard I'll check to see if that causes the uneven-heart beat.

July, 1875

7

I have some new screens on my bedroom windows. I put the screens on the inside, because that was the only place there was an even surface to nail them to. Some mosquitoes get in during the night. Maybe they get in through cracks around the door.

Jerry hasn't been on the air much lately. I get reports that they aren't home. Margaret had a heart attack, and was in the hospital for a while. After she got home Jerry was doing his best to keep visitors away so as not to have her disturbed.

One day when Jerry was on the air she talked to me, but I haven't heard Jerry on since then.

27th

I went to bed about ten-thirty, but haven't slept yet. I doubt it was the mosquitoes that kept me awake, probably the fact that I slept a great deal during the day had a lot to do with it.

Yesterday I spent some time sealing the cracks around the bedroom door. When I went to bed, I could find no mosquitoes. After I put the light out one started buzzing around but wouldn't land. I turned on the light, but couldn't see him anywhere. After I put out the light again there he was buzzing once more.

Finally I left the light on and stayed on top of the covers. The temperature in the room was eighty. A mosquito buzzed around my head. I saw him go passed my head and go

July, 1975

8

down over the head of the bed. I got up and looked for him, and found him on a leg of the little table. The fly swatter fixed him.

Now, with the light on steady, tiny flies swarmed around the light, and once in a while one would whine around my ear. Now those things became bothersome. I went over to the dugout and got a fifteen-watt light and a pan of water. I set the pan of water on a shelf at the side of the bed and hung the light above it. In about an hour the little flies were no more trouble. I did in one more mosquito and there was peace and quiet.

However, I was now wide awake with no inclination to sleep. I came over here to write. I ate a piece of cheese, and drank a cup of water with liquefied-orange peel mixed with grass juice.

Saturday night on the OEN I asked for a Bend station. The net control had me call K7BU, Mac. I contacted Mac and we moved up frequency. I gave him the Ownbey's home phone number, and asked him to see if he could get some information on Mike's eye examination.

Before Mac could make the phone call, Jerry broke in and asked if I would like a phone patch.

That left Mac off the hook, and he went back to the net.

Jerry said that Mac had told him he had better get on the net tonight. The reason he hadn't been on was that he

July, 1975

9

had had an operation on Monday. He and Margaret decided not to tell anyone, because so many people had been inquiring about Margaret's health after her recent heart trouble.

The phone patch worked good. Mike didn't have an operation on his eyes. They gave him a pair of glasses, and he is to report back in ninety days for another checkup.

He won't be out for a couple more weeks. He is doing some more work on the house in Bend.

Ellis and Shirley are back from their trip to Alaska. Ellis is now up at Fish Lake. Shirley stayed home. I guess she's had enough of traveling for a while.

I have been trying to reach Buck Holloway on the phone for Ellis Mason. Mrs. Holloway said that Buck would be home Sunday night. When I called last night, the first time there was a busy signal. Then two more tries got the phone ringing, but after a few rings, a loud noise came on. It seemed like someone had picked up the receiver, and the ringing stopped. When I said, "Hello," there was no answer.

I will try again this morning. I have a schedule with Ellis this morning at seven-thirty.

Considering the blood pressure:- It has been between 140/80 and 120/70. It seems to be higher when I get up than it is at night. Exercise seems to lower it.

Without Mike here it is easier to eat less, because I don't cook so much, especially muffins and bread.



August, 1975

1

7th

I have been getting a lot of fruit juice bottled. Also a good quantity of string beans, and peas into the freezer.

Ellis and Shirley were here a couple of nights. Ellis went out counting birds for two mornings. Shirley pulled weeds in the garden. I made jelly to show her how. Then she made some. She used to watch her mother make jelly, but I guess she never made any by herself.

The little apricot tree by the chicken house had ripe apricots about a week before the other two. I got seven pounds from it, and canned seven quarts.

Last night a big wind knocked a lot of apples and apricots off the trees. Something has been eating the fallen apricots. Today I saw a ground squirrel in the garden, and I guessed he was eating the apricots.

There are gopher mounds along the fence above the wheat. I dug a hole exposing a runway. I put some gopher pills in the bottom of the hole, and covered the hole with boards.

The next morning the pills were all gone. I put some more in, but haven't inspected the hole since.

I kept the little chickens shut up in the brooder house for several days. When I did let them out, some got into the park with the hens and took up with the buff-mother hen. The other two hens had given up wanting to take care of the chicks.

August, 1975

2

To solve the problem I tied a string to Old Buff's leg and tied her to the ore bin. It took five days to break her from wanting to hover over the chicks.

I left her in the park with the other hens today. Twice I chased little chickens out of the park. Old Buff didn't pay any attention to them.

Pete Eberhard was here yesterday, from about noon until evening. He told more about himself. I'm sure he leans toward communism. He dislikes cops. He wants to go to Cuba and cut sugar cane, and see for himself how things are there.

He was a kid in Cuba when Castro took over. His father was a member of the U.S. Consul at the time.

From his ideas about Cuba I began to realize how little the young people of his generation know about the events in Cuba after Castro took over. Apparently they know nothing about the executions. Pete didn't know that one of Castro's best generals, an American, was executed.

He has talked with other back packers who have been to Cuba to cut sugar cane. They say the people are better off than they were before Castro.

Pete was worried concerning prospects of a geothermal-power plant being located near here. He didn't like to see a power line going over the mountain. He has swallowed the Russian bait that it is bad to have power plants and transmission lines.

August, 1975

3

Many other people fall for the propoganda. Margaret is against atomic-power plants. Shirley is worried about the wild animals. She doesn't want the government to sell any land to the people, because that would mean less space for wild animals. She would rather see people crowded into the cities than let them move out into this empty land. She doesn't know that there are more wild animals around homes located in the mountainous-rural areas than in the so called wilderness areas.

I heard from Mike. He is going to Coos Bay for a load of plywood before he comes out here. He may be out here this weekend or the first of next week.

This week I went down to Dora's to get the dryer that Mike bought from the school district. I took some turnips to Schull's, and left some at Dora's for Bessy and for Ella.

The washing machine that Dora bought from the school was not working, so with Don's help I loaded it into the pickup along with the dryer.

At home I took the dryer off the pickup, but left the washing machine on. I hooked electricity up to it, and tried it out. It worked okay. I took the drain hose off our old washer and put it on Dora's.

8th

This morning Jerry put a patch through to Mike. He hasn't gone to Coos Bay yet. He said he may go next Tuesday. It looks like he will be in Bend another week.

August, 1975

4

I took the washer down to Dora's today. She has no place to set it up, so I don't know when she will be able to use it. It seems a shame that she is still washing clothes by hand. Anyway, I think she is trying to do too much, and is heading for a breakdown.

I just heard on the radio that aluminum wire in homes is a fire hazard. The commentator said that the difference between aluminum and copper wire is the type of oxidation. When aluminum oxidizes it forms an insulation. When copper oxidizes it does not. This is not true. Copper can cause a hot spot where it oxidizes at a connection just as aluminum does.

A news leak has come out of China that troops have been sent to a province in that country to put down labor unrest. Pete and Bud should hear about this.

9th

This morning Charlie called. We talked about an hour. He wanted Fred's phone number. I thought it was in our address book, or in the front of the phone book, but I couldn't find it anywhere. He will get the number from information since he has Fred's address.

I asked him about Mae. I had a call from George the other day. He mentioned that Mae was at Rea's being too weak to stay at the retired-peoples place in Grand Rapids. He said that Mae was having trouble with her heart, and was administering oxygen to herself when she needed it. He gave me Mae's address and phone number.

August, 1975

5

Today I picked the apricots from the middle apricot tree. There are some still on the high limbs. I guess I will have to knock them off, because I don't have a ladder tall enough to reach them. The ground is so sloping I would have to put extra long legs on one side of a stepladder for it to be of any use.

The blackbirds haven't been bothering the wheat during the last two days. I hope most of them have gone to some other territory. Maybe my twenty-two is beginning to worry them.

I got a lucky shot at a ground squirrel that has been doing so much damage in the garden.

Today I worked in my bedroom trying to seal the cracks around the door. I used water-solvent paint to hold some string along the crack where the door closes. Also smoothed off the top of the door so the cloth buffer there has a better chance of making a seal. There are some cracks where the plywood comes together. There is no indication that insects can get through them, but I put molding strips over them and painted the strips.

All this wouldn't be necessary if I had a good-fitting door in a good frame.

This evening Carl Thomas showed up with a trailer house. He parked at the point, and walked down for the key to the cabin. He didn't have time to stop and talk, because he was anxious to get to the cabin for some rest. He had been fighting that trailer all day driving from Coos Bay.

August, 1975

6

10th

The work of plugging the cracks around the door of my bedroom seems to be a success. Not one mosquito bothered me last night.

Carl and Oma were here this morning for a short visit. They were in a hurry to start back to Coos Bay, and weren't looking forward to the long trip on the hot day that was brewing. Oma left me a small jar of blackberry jam. I gave her a jar of peach jelly.

I canned three quarts of apricots, using the hot-pack method this time. More apricots can be put into a jar by this method. The sample left over from the hot pack tasted very tart, as tart as our strawberries. They hardly taste like apricots at all.

I put the new switch in the Skill saw. It took a while to find the switch, because it was still in the pickup hidden under the seat. The saw sounds as though the gears need greasing. I will take it apart tomorrow to check it. I want to use the saw to cut the set of shelves in my bedroom in half so that they will not stand above the window. The two halves will go under the window. The tops will make a ledge in front of the window.

I now have the third apricot tree picked, except for a few green ones. I like the apricots on this tree better than those on the first two.

August, 1975

7

On the radio I heard that a Sierra Club member has a new thing going. He says that in case of an earthquake in the Lake Tahoe region there is great danger of the lake becoming polluted from broken sewer lines allowing raw sewage to flow into the lake. He wants to make the Lake Tahoe area a wilderness area.

The time that Ellis and Shirley stayed here a couple of days, Shirley condemned a politician in Idaho for wanting to sell some government land.

I said, rather heatedly, "Why not let the people have the land. Do you want to heard the people into the cities in apartments piled on top of each other?"

She said something about wanting a place for animals where she could see them. I said that she could see them in a zoo in the city.

She said, "They have prisons in the city too."

What else we said isn't clear, but it ended up with her saying that she didn't come out here to see me. She came out here to see the animals, and that if I lived in the city she wouldn't visit me.

11th

Jerry put a phone patch through to Mike. Mike is now planning to go to Coos Bay Wednesday instead of Tuesday. He wanted me to find out if Dora still wanted rubber-jar rings. He didn't give out much information on what he is doing. I called Dora and found out that she wanted four dozen such rings. She also wanted a dozen pot-metal-screw caps.

August, 1975

8

The rubber-jar rings she wanted are the ones that go over the top of the jar and seal on a flange around the jar. The outer edge of the cap screws down onto it. There is another kind of ring used with glass lids. These glass lids fit on the top of the jar like the tin lids we use today.

Dora, Joe, and Don came up this afternoon to get some produce from the garden.--- Turnips, string beans, broccoli, cauliflower, black currants, and apricots.

I canned six quarts of apricots. One didn't seal.

I took the saw apart, and put some grease in the gears. It sounds better, but there is a grating sound as though the gears are worn.

Sunday I was ready to contact John on schedule, but the transmitter wouldn't work, then the receiver cut out. There was power to them but it was too low. A check on the line voltage showed ninety volts.

By the time the second session of the OEN came on the power was normal. I contacted W7OTM, and told him what happened. I asked him to call John and tell him what happened, and that I would be on schedule next Sunday.

Later I made contact with K7BU, Mac, in Bend and gave him Carl Thomas' phone number, and asked him to call Mike and give him the number. Carl had given me the number saying that Mike should call him when he gets to Coos Bay, so Carl could give him directions on how to get to his place.



August, 1975

9

Tonight Ellis checked in from Fish Lake. He asked for me and we moved up frequency. After we had talked a short time my transmitter cut out. It was from low power, the same kind of trouble I had Sunday night. I hope it doesn't continue to happen.

Last night I brought a mosquito into my bedroom when I entered. It took about twenty minutes to get a swat at him with the fly swatter. I didn't hear another mosquito all night.

I haven't heard anything more about the labor unrest in China. But I did hear a rumor that two ferry boats collided and four hundred people were missing.

12th

A few mosquitoes found their way into my bedroom last night, so I have more work to do sealing the cracks around the door.

The line voltage gave me more trouble today. I was barely able to check into the weather net, and had a hard time talking with Jerry after the weather net had closed.

I unplugged the freezer in order to have enough voltage to run the transmitter. Later, when I plugged in the freezer, it wouldn't start. When the freezer was trying to start, the voltage at the box on the incoming line would drop down to sixty volts, then the overload switch would open and the voltage would go back up to one-hundred and twenty-five

August, 1975

10

volts. I cleared out the stuff stored in the old upright freezer, and plugged it in. It started okay. However there was a big drop in the line voltage before it got running. When it started running, there were terrific spasms in the line voltage.

Just after ten o'clock the power was off for about an hour. I called Dora. She didn't have power, but she had been told that the power would be off this morning.

In the afternoon, when the upright freezer got cold, I transferred the contents of the chest freezer to it. I was about convinced that the chest freezer was out of business. Every time I plugged it in there was a big voltage drop and the overload switch would open.

I buried the porcupine that I shot last night. I had known for a week that it had been eating on the plum trees, but never caught sight of it until I was headed for bed late last night.

I processed six more quarts of apricots. They all sealed. Now there are twenty-three quarts. I picked a small bucket full of apricots today, and there is another bucket full on the tree still green. I may get ten more quarts canned before they run out.

While I was writing here I noticed that there was no occasional flickering of lights such as had happened during the day, when the refrigerator and freezer started up.

August, 1975

11

Hoping that the line voltage was back to normal I plugged in the chest freezer. It started up with hardly a flicker of the lights. I no longer need to worry about a repair job on it.

This afternoon I was convinced there was a high-resistance connection somewhere between the transformer and the distribution box. The voltage was normal, but with the least bit of load it would drop down. When the freezer would try to start, the 110-volt side it was on, would drop, while the other, 110 volt side, would go up.

I now have made juice of the black currants I picked the other day.

13th

This morning the line voltage was normal, so I checked into the weather net and the Civil-Defense Net without any trouble. Tonight the power trouble was back again. I was unable to get out with the transmitter.

I hooked up Ellis' SBE-34 to the battery, and was able to check into the Oregon Emergency Net, but not until I had hooked up the battery charger to the battery. Thus I got into the net on emergency power at six-fifty.

I checked into the second session of the net on roll call, but Mac had to relay my comment that I would stand by with the filaments off.

The SBE-34 doesn't load up very good with the present length of coax-lead in. I need to add an extra length. The

August, 1975

12

piece that goes to the Broadcast-Band radio is just right. I have used it before.

Now I will phone Dunsmore and tell him I was mistaken about the power being okay. It is as I suspected, there is an intermittent high resistance spot between the transformer and the distribution box.

I processed another six quarts of apricots, and picked another bucket of them.

I believe the gophers ate too many gopher pills. There are no signs of more diggings anywhere. The rats seem to thrive on gopher pills. A trap in a bucket is the best for them. I got one in a trap. Another fell into the rain barrel and drowned. Another was nicked by a trap but got away. They have increased this summer, and are getting away with a lot of chicken feed. I should have four or five traps to set.

14th

Last night, as I was headed for my bedroom, I heard a rat making a lot of noises in the engine house. I thought he might be in a trap, but, when I looked in, the trap was empty and unsprung. The rat kept on thumping and scrabbling. The noise was coming from a cardboard box. I went back to the dugout and got my twenty-two. At the engine-house door again, I held the rifle ready pointed in the direction of the flash light beam. The rat came out of the carton with a piece of newspaper in his mouth. He stopped broadside to me and looked into the beam of the flashlight.

The rifle was pointed right at him. He was within two feet of me. I squeezed the trigger, but the safety was on. By the time I released the safety the rat was gone.

The next morning I went to the engine house to get some wheat for the chickens. I heard the rat again, and as I stood just outside the door, he came out from between two bales of hay, stopped for a moment on top of a five-gallon can, then dropped out of sight behind it.

Again I went back and brought out my rifle. I aimed at the top of the can where he would probably appear again. I waited impatiently. He wasn't quiet and I could hear him moving about behind the bales of hay, and later I caught glimpses of him rambling back and forth on the shelves at the back of the engine house.

Finally I heard a noise close by, and there he was just in front of my feet. Startled he dodged under a small cardboard box. His tail was showing at one end, and his head at the other. I fired through the box.

I was glad to get rid of him this way, because I'm sure he was too smart to get caught in a trap.

I tried to call Dunsmore about the power trouble, but got no answer. However, just before noon a man from the power company drove in and said he had my report of power trouble.

I demonstrated to him with the voltmeter how the voltage coming into the distribution box would drop when a small load was put on the line.

He said he would put a recording voltmeter on the meter to see if the trouble was on the side of the transformer from the meter or on the side toward the box from the meter. Then he said he would take a visual check. He looked up at the connections on the transformer and said, "If the trouble was there, there would be smoke." There was no smoke. Then he went to the meter pole and gave it a big kick. I presume to tell how solid it was. He went to the truck and got his climbing gear.

I thought that he might be going to hook the recording voltmeter to the wires at the top of the pole. He climbed the pole and where there was a connection to the wires from the transformer he stripped off the insulation to reveal a clamp. He said, "Here's the trouble. This clamp has been put on wrong."

He explained how the aluminum wire should have been separated from the copper wire by a piece of special-alloy metal instead of the two wires being next to each other as they were here. The metal was in the clamp all right, but it wasn't between the wires.

He reconnected all three wires the way they should have been, and came down.

He removed the meter and checked the connections there. The neutral wire at the bottom of the meter showed signs of a hot spot. He tightened the screw giving it several turns. He also tightened the other two connections and put the meter back.

August, 1975

15

I went inside and turned on the main-circuit breaker, and found the voltage normal.

He said that if any trouble like this developed again, I should break the seal on the meter and check the connection.

Tonight I contacted Jerry on the radio telling him about getting the power trouble fixed.

He ran a patch to Betsy, and I learned that their garden was doing fine, and that her horse was having some kind of leg trouble. Mike, Bruce, and Carolee were spending a few days over at the coast while on the trip to get the load of plywood.

I guess Mike will be back the first part of next week.  
15th

Al checked into the Civil Defense Net this morning, so I made contact with him, and we moved down frequency. He didn't complain, but said he was eating, resting, and sleeping trying to get back on his feet again. He said that his back and legs were staying weak. He did say that he was going into the Sacred Heart Hospital for radiology treatments Monday morning.

However, I had heard Dottie sending a message to the kids explaining in more detail Al's condition. That was last night at six-thirty. So Al is keeping up a good front to his friends on the air.

Ellis and Jerry broke in on us, so we had a rag chew.

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16

This morning George Wagner stopped in with his son-in-law and his two boys. I couldn't place him at first. I kept thinking he was someone else that shows up here from time to time. A man who's system wants to reject his lungs.

George doesn't look well which makes him resemble the sick man. Having in mind the man with the "lungs" I thought he had changed a lot and had put on weight and wasn't as well as he had been the last time I saw him.

Later I remembered George on his last trip out here. At that time he had been getting over a heart attack. This time he appears to be losing ground, and his memory is quite faulty.

Tonight Jerry got Mike on the phone patch. Mike had just gotten back from Coos Bay. He got thirty sheets of 3/8" plywood. He saw Jerry Alvy while he was over there.

He and Carolee and Bruce stayed at a motel one night, and got out to Carl's the next day. Now it appears that Mike will be another week getting out here.

George Wagner brought some apples for us. I canned them this afternoon, making two quarts. I also canned four quarts of apricots, which makes a total of thirty-two quarts.

This afternoon I buried the rat that drowned in the rain barrel. I should have done it several days ago, the day I discovered him from the stink he made. By now the barrel stunk like a sewer.



I bailed out the half full barrel of stinking water, into buckets, and carried them up the road quite a ways to empty them. Then stringing out the hose in two sections, I cleaned out the barrel with a stream of water. The job wasn't easy.

Later I jogged out to the point and back. Then cleared the books out of the shelves in my bedroom carrying them over to the dugout in three trips. I also worked on the door latch so it would close easier.

I guess I did a little more than I should have. Tonight for the first time in a long while my heart started missing beats again. However, I don't feel overly tired.

This afternoon Bud Jones phoned from the Sod-House school. He will be there until the nineteenth, and then will be back again on the twenty-third.

Since Mike will not be coming back before the nineteenth, I may go to Burns Monday and stop at Bud's and pick up the receiver.

17th

Yesterday I put some cauliflower, broccoli, turnips, and carrots into the freezer. I also made three and a half pints of jelly out of the black currant juice.

In the afternoon, when I was getting some grain for the chickens, I saw a rat on a five-gallon-oil can on the shelf at the back of the engine house. He was still there when I got back with the twenty-two. He seemed to be enjoying the sound of his thumping on the can.

Since I couldn't use the scope sight under the conditions, I just pointed the muzzle of the rifle at him and pulled the trigger. He dropped right on the spot and never moved. I could hear another rat behind some objects near the can. Soon he got on top of the can apparently to see what happened to his companion.

I pointed the rifle at him, and when I fired he dropped behind the can, and I heard no movement from him.

I took the first rat off the top of the can, and moved the can so I could see behind it. There was the other one dead as a mackerel. That made six down, two in the trap, one in the rain barrel, and three shot.

This morning I heard another rat when I opened the door to inspect the trap that was empty. If I had had the rifle with me, I would have gotten him, because he came in sight right between two bales of hay.

I went in and got the rifle and came back. The rat was near the door and scrambled to safety as I came near. I thought that, if I could stand and be quiet long enough, he would come out again.

I was about to give up, because apparently he was going to out-wait me. Then I thought of how a rabbit, that has been startled by your approach, will be calmed by the sound of your voice.

I began singing to the rat. "Why don't you come out and show yourself, so I can shoot you through. What's the mat-

ter? Are you afraid to die? It's not like committing suicide, you know. And to think that you might be reincarnated into a better life."

It worked. The rat came out of hiding, scrambled up onto a sack of alfalfa leaves, and faced me squarely. The pointed rifle shot true right through him. That made seven.

I was surprised at the accuracy of this type of shooting. Of course the first two were only twelve feet away, and the last only six feet away. But it was much easier than lining the sights up to your eye.

Ellis stopped in this morning. He is keeping tabs on the antelope hunters, and will not be back until Monday night. He took his SB-34 so that he could give it to Ellis Derrel next week.

I think I found what had been the trouble with the SB-34. Apparently it was the antenna switch. When I turned my receiver on this morning, it didn't work. After I pushed the switch to the dip position, and back to the antenna, it worked.

It rained this evening, and I wondered if there might be enough rain by morning to make the road so muddy I couldn't drive down the hill. However, now the sky doesn't look like more rain. The moon is shining through broken clouds.

18th

Yesterday I used the skill saw to cut the tall set of shelves into three sections. Two of the sections I put under

the window at the front of my bedroom. The other I put at the head of my bed. I cut out a piece, 36" by 21", out of a sheet of plywood, and nailed it to the top of the shelves to make a table top. Since the shelves are only 8" deep, the table top stuck out so far it tended to tip the whole thing over, so I nailed the shelves to the wall to make it solid.

I sanded the top and painted it white, using the same kind of paint I used on the walls of the room.

I didn't go to town today. It rained most of the night, and it was still raining at ten o'clock.

The ninth rat got into the trap last night before I went to bed. He was a young one with darker fur than the older ones. I reset the trap, and this morning the tenth was in it, another young one.

I walked down for the mail. I didn't try to run because of the mud.

I put five packages of corn, and four summer squash into the freezer.

When I checked into the OEN, Ellis contacted me. We moved up frequency. He and Shirley are coming down tomorrow. They will bring pictures of their trip to Alaska. They will come by way of the Sod-House school and pick up the receiver from Bud.

I've been trying to get Bud on the phone to find out if he will be there in the morning when Ellis arrives. If I can find out I will let Ellis know in the morning on the Civil Defense net.

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Jerry joined us up frequency. He offered to call Mike so I could talk with him on the patch. I said, "No. There is nothing new here that warrants a patch.

21st

Monday night it rained steadily, and Tuesday it continued raining until three-thirty. Between seven-thirty and three-thirty it rained one inch. I doubted that Ellis could get up the hill. But he did. Only the fact that he used chains, and he had positive traction made it possible for him to reach the point. He left the pickup there and carried the stuff, sleeping bags, groceries, etc. and my receiver, down to the dugout.

Shirley was hungry, and since I had already eaten lunch, she made jelly sandwiches for herself and Ellis.

Ellis and I went immediately to work hooking up the new receiver. It didn't take long, even to hooking up the muting wires from the transmitter.

We talked to Jerry and Margaret that night on the radio.

Shirley made an apricot, and a chocolate-cream pie.

Wednesday morning we got some turnips, string beans, broccoli, cauliflower, carrots, and corn out of the garden for them to take home.

Right after lunch they left, and were at Fish Lake that night.

Betsy drove Mike out today. Debby and a boy they called E.J. came with her. They are going to hike up to the head of Pike Creek tomorrow.

Debby and E.J. have their guitars with them. They play and sing like amateurs imitating the professional musicians. Actually they played a monotonous type of music.

22nd

Debby, E.J., and Betsy started off toward the head of Pike Creek going by way of the Rocky Officer mine. Mike hauled them up to the blacksmith shop to give them a good start.

John Scharff stopped in today. He had a friend with him, but I didn't get his name. He wanted to look at our garden, and was especially interested in the Sweet Meat squash. We had gotten the seed from him two years ago.

He lives in Hines where it is too cold to grow squash. We counted ten that might get ripe before winter. I gave him some sweet corn, a turnip, and a bush squash.

Today we went to Blair's for water. Bessy had an electric skillet and a waffle iron that she wanted me to check to see if they were any good. I plugged the skillet into a receptacle there on the porch. It worked all right. There was no cord for the waffle iron, so I brought it home to check it.

Mike brought a load of rock back from the mine. He got it unloaded as well as the plywood from Betsy's pickup. At

August, 1975

23

the compressor he put back in place the piece of hose I had fixed.

There is another rat in the engine house that keeps out of the trap and out of sight. We'll have to make a different kind of trap for him.

23rd

This morning we had some rain showers, so I wondered if the kids would hike down Pike Creek to the county road or come back down the way they went. About noon they showed up coming back down the way they had gone.

The distance wasn't very great. Betsy said that it took them two and a half hours to come down.

They were hungry, and the banana hotcakes that I had made this morning were welcomed with gusto.

I read the book, "History of Mind Power" that Debby had brought over. I find it difficult to find any merit in the contents of the book.

We tried to start the tractor, but there was an excess of water in the gas tank. Mike took the carburetor apart. It was badly rusted.

Betsy prepared vegetables with brown rice, and I cooked a chicken that had been in the freezer since last October. It was tender enough after browning in the oven, and then cooked in the pressure cooker for an hour.

They will be heading for home tomorrow.

24th

The kids left about one-thirty today. Debby and E.J. hardly stirred out of the house after they got back from the hike up the mountain. However, Betsy did walk to the hot springs yesterday evening. Mike went down with the pickup and brought her back up.

Today would have been a good day for hiking, but they played cards all morning.

We tried starting the tractor, but there was water still in the gas. We drained the tank again and thought the water and dirt was all out. But, on our next try it wouldn't start, and the sediment bowl was filled with gasoline, water, and dirt.

I picked a bucket of black currants today.

We went down to Dora's taking the rubber-jar rings to her. It was later than I thought, and she had dinner ready for us. Bessy was there too.

Carolee had sent out two pairs of trousers for me. They had gotten them for a boy that was going to work for them, but he didn't stay long enough to wear them. One pair didn't need the legs shortened, but the other did. I gave them to Dora to have them shortened. I told her she could do it in exchange for the part I bought for her lawn mower. But she said she would do it in exchange for the work I did on the ventilation fan over the kitchen stove.

I gave Dora the fifty-pound sack of oyster shells that Mike had gotten for her. Then we went over to Pat's and gave her the sack of oyster shell she had ordered.



While I was talking with Pat, she lit up a cigarette. I said, "I thought you quit smoking."

She said, "No. I haven't, and I never will until I'm dead. I've smoked since I was fourteen. I enjoy smoking."

Her mother said, "I don't remember you smoking at that age. Where were you then?"

After exchanging memories, they decided it was when Pat was in Crane. It wasn't when she was at home. She said, "I started smoking, because I'd been told not to."

I said, "Don't try to quit now." Having in mind that if someone told her not to quit she would be stubborn and quit.

25th

On the tractor Mike put a longer piece of pipe that goes from the shut-off valve up into the tank. Thus the gas from the tank comes out about an inch from the bottom. This keeps dirt and rust on the bottom of the tank from going out with the gas. After that the motor did start, but stopped suddenly as though a valve was shut off. We think a piece of loose dirt must be plugging up the orifices in the carburetor.

This afternoon we drove up to see Davie Wallace to find out when Dr. Storm would be up to our place this week, so we would know what day we could go to town. He said that Storm would be back Thursday.

Davie has a visitor's-registry book with several pages of names for this year.

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26

Tonight Jerry put a phone patch through to Betsy. She has thirteen dollars left over from the gas' money Mike gave her. She wanted to know if she should return it to him. Mike said, "No."

Ellis broke in and said we should be sure to stop at his place for dinner, and stay over night when we came to town. He won't be home until Thursday night. I doubt that we will have time to have dinner with him.

26th

Mike took the carburetor off the tractor again. I poked the various holes with a fine wire and did remove some rust. I also blew air through the openings. I honed the idle needle to smooth it. I was sure there would be no more trouble with the carburetor after that.

The tractor motor started fine, then stopped like it did before. Mike removed the sediment bowl, and found the screen was plugged. He cleaned it with a carburetor cleaner. Thereafter air could be blown through it freely.

When Mike tried to start the motor after that, the starter stuck. So he took it off using a pipe wrench to free it. Tonight I put the armature back into the frame, so Mike can put it back on the tractor tomorrow.

I put up thirteen pints of black-currant jelly today, and put ten packages of broccoli into the freezer.

Bessy called. She said that ever since the big wind she hasn't been able to get a good picture on her TV. There is a snowy picture, but no sound.

August, 1975

27

27th

Today the tractor motor wouldn't keep going after it started. We checked the carburetor, but could find nothing really wrong, although I adjusted the float valve for a higher level of gas. When we tried it again the carburetor flooded, so I will have to lower the float valve.

We checked for spark and found that there was none. Mike had checked it before, and it was all right. Apparently it is intermittent. We are going to town tomorrow, so it will be Friday before we can overhaul the distributor.

I put two containers of corn in the freezer today.

Tonight I put the loner rooster into the hen house with the hens. I hope he survives tomorrow.

We got a card from our niece Lois today. It was a wedding announcement. This is the first time we have heard from her, or for that matter anything about her, in many years. She is only five years younger than Mike. Her new husband is retired, and they intend traveling a bit. They may pay us a visit. She gave us their phone number.

She says that Mae is at Rea's, and is sometimes good and sometimes not so good.

29th

We had fine weather on our way to Burns and back. The temperature was comfortable. We went by the way of the Sod House school, and visited about an hour with Bud Jones. I paid him for the receiver.

In town I spent about fifteen dollars on a shirt, and six shorts and six T shirts. The groceries came to only \$18.57. That's the least amount of groceries we have gotten in years, and this was our first trip to Burns since July the fourteenth.

I bought a \$44 calculator. I've been trying it out, and find that in some calculations it is in error. It works in a problem like  $1/2 \times 2/1 = 1$ . But in  $1/7 \times 7/1$  instead of  $= 1$ , it comes out  $= .999997$ . It has square root,  $\%$ , and memory. There's no exponential notation.

After shopping we drove over to Ellis' where we were to eat dinner. There was no answer to our knock, so we sat for half an hour in the pickup.

Finally, Shirley came out and asked why we were sitting in the pickup. We told her about knocking. She said, "I must have been in the bath."

Ellis wasn't home. We had a good visit, and a good dinner. I ate too much, although Shirley was disappointed that I ate so little.

We left the Mason's after nine-thirty, and got home at eleven-thirty.

Today Henry called saying that Joe had a new alternator to put on his pickup, but no one there knew how hook up the wires. This afternoon we drove down, and I figured out where the wires went. There was no marks on the terminals to indicate which was the field or the armature. I was able to check, though, with the ohmmeter.

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29

Most of our time was spent looking for nuts for two of the terminals.

Anyway, the alternator wouldn't charge, and the boob light didn't light up when the switch was turned on. I found that the alternator was putting out only seven volts. I checked the boob light by grounding the wire that goes to the switch from the voltage regulator, and found it all right. Tomorrow I will examine the voltage regulator.

September, 1975

1

5th

I found that I had hooked the field wire from the regulator to the armature, and the armature wire to the field. Apparently, when I had Don hold the ohmmeter lead against the armature wire, he had put it against the field wire. I got continuity to ground and thought the wire was the armature wire.

Anyway, I corrected the connections, and the alternator worked all right.

Today we finally got the tractor running smoothly. Overhauling the distributor turned out to be quite a job. The rotor broke. Luckily I found an old one. Then the replacement rotor was getting stuck on the terminals, two in particular. That was what broke the first rotor. After I had cleared the interference with the contacts, I found that there was more interference under the plate.

I examined it and found that there wasn't enough clearance between the plate and the spark-advance weights. The barings needed cleaning anyway, so it was just as well that I had to take the thing apart.

I put a thin washer, from a toggle switch, over the shaft. This just took up the end play, and gave clearance for the spark-advance weights.

When I got it together, it turned roughly. I took it apart again and honed the thrust baring at the engine end of the shaft. Altogether, when I finished, the mechanism turned smoothly and snugly.

On making a test for spark, it turned out to be weak and sometimes nonexistent. I went down to Pat's and got two of the coils that Galand had discarded. They didn't work any better than ours. The voltage drop at the input terminal was normal. The ballast resistor seemed all right. I tried to tighten the nuts on the terminals on the ballast but I couldn't move them. After that, when I tested for spark, there was plenty. Apparently, when I tried to turn the nuts on the terminals, I had moved something enough to clear the small extra resistance.

It took half a dozen trials to get the float valve back to the right level. Now I guess we're back in operation again.

We have been having trouble with the washer not going into spin, and not getting the water out. I took off the front and checked the pump and the belts. They seemed all right, so I pulled the washer out from the wall to see if the drain was plugged some way, and found the drain hose kinked. It must have been slightly kinked when Bud installed the washer. It has been getting worse ever since.

I got the kink out. Now the washer does a good job. The spin dries the clothes better and they come out cleaner.

Ellen Storm stopped by with a girl friend named Janet. They stayed several hours, and we had a feed of sweet corn, ice cream, and canned apricots. Ellen said her hands were stiff and rough from the work she is doing on the goat farm. They certainly are hard and callused like a peasant's hands.

September, 1975

3

At noon today I checked my blood pressure, the first time in a month. It was 116/75. I've lost two more pounds lately. Maybe that is the reason it is lower.



October, 1975

2

18th

A hunter, who is in the carpet business, gave us six chukars and four quail today. He says he will bring us some trout tomorrow.

Today I steeped some hollyhock seeds to see if they would make marsh mallow. The liquid, after steeping for several hours, is thick. I was going to filter the liquid through coffee filters, but they would plug up. I then used a cloth. I may boil it down until it is quite thick.

We have so many visitors it is hard to get any work done.

19th

Mike left this morning with Glen and Phoebe. They must have gotten to Bend by one o'clock. Mike didn't want to leave because he had so many things he wanted to do. He was disappointed that he hadn't gotten more done.

The carpet man, Kurtz, brought five big trout over from Mann Lake. Then went south of here and bagged four chukars. His luck wasn't as good as the other day. He didn't get any quail this time.

I put into the freezer the first six chukars, that Mike had picked and dressed out. I didn't like to do it but I picked and dressed out the last four chukars. I found that it wasn't such an awful job the way I thought it would be.

I fried two fish slowly with a cover. They turned out soggy, and I was ready to condemn them for being too big. I

trimmed the meat off some of the bones, and refried it in butter. It was just as good as the small fish had been.

I kept busy all morning cleaning and fixing things. I found a new way to attach the fan to the shaft of the little motor, and put it to work blowing air into the freezer that is making distilled water. We had to take the old squirrel-cage motor out of there to use it blowing cold air at night into the cold room. The temperatures at night have been down around forty.

Carl Thomas did some more digging on the ditch to bury the pipe line and wires out to the trailer house. He is going to work on it again tomorrow, then go to town Tuesday. I will go with him. Oma says she will pick the black currants while we are gone.

Around three-thirty I started reading a mystery story that I began the other day. It wasn't very good, and I can't believe that I could get so wrapped up in it I would miss my schedule with John. There was enough suspense toward the end, though idiotic, to get my adrenaline flowing. That's what holds your interest.

Carl and Oma came down around seven-thirty. We talked a while about bird hunting. They borrowed a number one trap to try to catch a rat that got into the trailer house.

After they left I worked on a problem in the math book. It had been giving me trouble. I came within three milliamperes of the answer in the book, so I figured at least my method was right.

October, 1975

4

20th

Well, I went over the problem again today, and found where I made a mistake. The method was all right, but I had misplaced a number.

Yesterday I disconnected the pipe line from the propane tank, and put the cover over the valves. There is only a little more than ten percent of the gas left.

Today I dug down into the gopher runway, and put some gopher pills into the hole, and covered the hole with boards.

I didn't get much done. I had a visitor from Klamath Falls.

I talked with Alice about calculators this morning for a short time. She had expected me to get the pamphlet on the H.P. line Friday. I'm going to order the H.P. 25. The price is \$195. It can do all the things the H.P. 45 does, besides it can be programmed.

I wrote a letter to Mary and George, and got one from them today. They seem to be doing all right.

I put three of the fish into the freezer in plastic bags with water. I heard that fish frozen in water this way come out as good as fresh fish.

Last week I made contact with Bud Jones on the radio. We talked about Humanism. He thinks that man must find new directions on his own without the help of the gods, if there are any.

27th

October, 1975

5

Today I looked under the boards over the hole I had dug into the gopher runway. The gopher had filled up the hole. Now I'll have to try again.

Although the ground was wet, I dug all the Lady-Finger spuds. There was only one bucket full. It took about as long to wash the mud off the spuds as it did to dig them.

We have had 1.40 inches of precipitation during the passed week. Today there was snow on the ground most of the day.

Fred called saying that he will be going to Arizona the forth of November. He will come by here, but, if the road up the hill is muddy, he won't try to walk up. His legs aren't as strong as they used to be, which is caused by poor blood circulation.

Mike is going into the Veterans Hospital on the seventh of November. They will operate on his right eye on the 12th. He will be in the hospital another week for observation.

He came back to Bend after the eye examination. He will go over to Dottie's tomorrow.

Carl and Oma left for home Saturday in a snowstorm.

Last week Dick Miller of the BLM stopped in. He said we would have to move the trailer house off the property, and also move the old cars from the point. We could move them over to a place up toward the Wild Horse Ranch. There are two or three old cars there now.

October, 1975

6

I wish we had patented the mill-site claim long ago. I told Carl and Oma it was my fault that they had gotten into such a predicament. I should have argued with Mike about letting them put the trailer house there. It probably wouldn't have done any good.

Carl has been looking around for a place to put the trailer. He hopes to find some land to lease or buy.

I took my blood pressure today. It was 170/100. This higher level comes from my not keeping tabs on it. I have been eating richer food with more salt. I have gained about five pounds. I'll cut down on the food and use no margarine.