

January, 1979

1

1st

I arrived home on the thirtieth of December. The condition of the dugout was as I had expected it to be, but still, I felt a twinge of sadness and depression at the sight of its untidy appearance. I felt that no matter how hard I worked I couldn't turn the place into an attractive and inspiring place to live. It was necessary to except the atmosphere as it was:- a crude, practical, no frills, workshop, geared to self-maintenance. Tools were scattered around. There was a washer and dryer, a dishwasher, cook stove, microwave oven, pots and pans, a large work table, shelves of groceries, ham gear, books and magazines.

There was nothing I could do to make it look better.

2nd

We had New Years dinner at Dora's. Don and Pat were there. Don was getting over a bad cold and had a cough. Later I learned that Mike was getting over a cold when I arrived.

14th

One day I walked down to the mailbox. The road was in good shape. The weather was cold, but I got up a heavy sweat by the time I got back to the dugout.

That evening I sat reading, and noticed that my nose began running. Instead of concentrating on overcoming this symptom of a

cold coming on, I continued reading. The next day I had the same runny nose, and neglected to use my old method of stopping a cold in its tracks.

I began feeling a chilliness in the dugout, something new to me. A day later my head began to feel stuffed up.

I now tried to use my old method of stopping a cold. Apparently it had been such a long time since I used the method, I had lost the knack. Whatever the reason, I failed, and my cold got worse. My normal temperature of ninety-seven degrees was gone, and in its place was a temperature of ninety-nine and three tenths degrees.

I broke down and took an aspirin pill one night. I nearly made me sick to my stomach. I perspired a great deal during the night, and there was less congestion the next morning.

However, a tight-dry cough appeared. At night if I lay on my back the cough would keep me awake. By lying on my stomach with my face turned to one side, I kept from coughing, and I slept good. Sometimes I would awaken and turn my face to the other side. Sometimes, when I was partly awake, I could hear the air making a loud noise as it passed through my throat.

The cough was very tight, and no phlegm seemed to come up. One night I noticed a gurgle quite deep in the lung cavity. By this time the congestion in my head was gone. I began taking

extra vitamin C. Whether or not it helped is a question, but I felt better the next morning.

The next night I felt worse, and the gurgling in lungs was more pronounced. I then thought of the capsules of oral penicillin left from the time I had a fever. I hadn't used them all because I broke out in a rash. I thought I would take a chance on taking two. I took one at noon, and one before I went to bed. The next morning I felt better.

All this time the weather was down around zero in the day time, and lower at night. Sometimes it was the ten above in my bedroom. The ground was frozen and the road was in good shape. However, on this day that I felt better, the five inches of snow on the ground started to melt. I drove the pickup down to get the mail, but stopped at the gate, and walked the rest of the way. I didn't drive on down there because I was afraid I wouldn't get back up the hill.

The walk seemed to do me good. I was glad when I found that I was able to drive all the way back up to the point.

That evening I felt a burning sensation on the skin of my left thigh near the groin. I looked and saw a big crimson-red patch, and knew it was a reaction from the penicillin. It seemed strange that it would appear in that one spot. I put some Camphor Phenic on it just in case it was a rash.

Wednesday night we had one and eighty-two hundredths of an inch of rain producing a number of leaks in the dugout the likes of which we never had before. About eleven o'clock Thursday the weather turned out good, and we were able to do some work on the topside. Mike did a good on one leak that was coming through the skylight roof. However, the leaks in the bathroom, and the leaks in the skylight of the back room weren't so well overcome, which was apparent Thursday night, when there was a downpour with an inch of rain in two hours, and another sixty-two hundredths of an inch before morning. It turned cold Friday morning and the mud froze.

Wednesday and Thursday nights I slept in the dugout, because so much water was ragging down the draw which I felt made it to hazardous to hike over to my bedroom.

Friday was a cold sunny day, and the sun thawed out the mud. I wasn't sure the mail would come through, so I called up Mrs. Hair, and asked her about the condition of the road. She said that a pickup could bet through but not a car. I said, "Do you think the mailman will get through."

She said, "I think he will."

I started hiking down the hill. The walking wasn't too bad, but there were many washouts. The water had gouged out

three-foot-deep fissures, and the road was impassable for any vehicle.

The wind was cold coming back up, and I held the mail sack in front of my chest and throat to keep from getting chilled. The heavy breathing did me good, and I slept in my bedroom that night in comfort. The temperature in there was up to nearly forty degrees.

19th

Sunday night the weather turned cold, and five inches of snow fell by morning. Since the mail had gone through all right on Friday, I was sure it would come through on Monday.

Walking down to the mailbox I had to watch my step, because the snow covered the rough places, even hiding the ditches cut in by the runoff. I was twelve minutes passed four when I got down there. The mail had not come. I waited twenty minutes, then started back up the hill. All the way back I heard no vehicles on the county road. At the dugout I called Dora to see if the mail had gone through. She said that it was late. She had just called the Alvord Ranch, and was informed that the mail had just left.

Tuesday I hiked down and picked up the mail.

I still had a little cough, but Wednesday the cough was all gone. Mike continues to cough. His diabetic condition probably makes it harder for him to throw it off. The pills, he now takes

in place of the ones taken off the market, don't work as good, and he has headaches. He still has a few of the old pills left, and to get rid of a headache he takes one of them.

Friday there was snow all the way down the hill. The going was better because I could see where the rough places were. The snow showed them up in the trail I had made. Now I take the outgoing mail down in a regular mail sack, and just trade sacks when I get down there. This saves time. I don't have to transfer the mail from one sack to the other.

20th

Thursday I baked two loaves of bread. They turned out good. Friday I baked an applesauce cake. I ate more of it than Mike did, and there are only three pieces left tonight. Today I made a peach cobbler.

Last week I roasted a rooster. It turned out very tough even after finishing it off in the pressure cooker. Thereafter I ground the meat and made a hash which was very good.

Mike has wheeled out enough dirt to fill in the wash made by the runoff in the trail going down to the garden gate. I wheeled out two loads this morning while the ground was frozen. That is all we got out today.

Saturday Ellis with John and Dorathy walked up from the gate. The sun had thawed the mud on the surface, so they had muddy shoes when they got here.

January, 1979

7

I had made a cherry cobbler, and we had that with ice cream. Ellis said that they had eaten lunch. They saw sixty-two head of sheep up Pike Creek. Ellis said that mud had washed across the road in fifty different places on the county road between here and the Folly Farm. Only pickups were getting through.

George called this morning. Mike talked with him for the most part. George says he is just about the same as when I left.

Charlie called last Sunday. He says he is feeling better, and improving all the time, since he has been following my example in eating less protein.

23rd

I was up at eight-fifteen this morning. The temperature in my bedroom was twenty-five degrees. I was surprised because the temperature had felt warmer during the night. The temperature at three o'clock was thirty.

Mike was mixing up some hot cake batter for himself when I came into the dugout. I checked the weather station. The high was twenty-nine, the low was fifteen, and at eight o'clock it was twenty. We certainly aren't having a warming trend.

For breakfast I had a bowl of oatmeal cooked in the microwave oven. I had butter and sugar with it, but no milk. This with a glass of orange juice, and some peanuts and walnuts was enough.

We talked about finding a way to drive the pickup down the hill. Mike thought we could get down the first hill, and half way down the road before we would need to go out into the sagebrush to bypass the road. This seemed possible to me. He thought we could load a lot of sagebrush, that we piled up last summer, and haul it down to where we could use it to fill any washout that got in our way. He thought that we might even come back up and get more if necessary. I wasn't happy with the thought of driving up and down this first steep grade because of the danger of slipping into one of those deep ruts.

He walked down with a bag of trash, tin cans and bottles, that he said he would throw into the big rut at the turn below the first steep grade.

I hauled out a load of dirt and put in the hole in the furnace room. To do so I had to clear a way to get inside with the wheelbarrow. The hole was caused by the runoff of water that had come in the back door. The water had gone down into the ditch.

Later I hauled another load. Two more wheelbarrows full will close up the hole.

Mike came back and sat down for a rest in his office. I started preparing some sheet plastic to make a barrier that would keep the damp air from coming out of the back tunnel. When Mike found out what I was doing, he said, "You'll need a thin strip of



wood to hold up the plastic." He knew where to get it. He had some stashed in the ore bin. While he was getting it, I wheeled out the other two loads of dirt.

With the barrier up, we decided to put a strip of linoleum on the floor of the tunnel. There was a strip of linoleum in front of my ham desk. In fact, we had two strips one on top of the other. On top of these Mike had put some carpet runners. I had never liked this stuff on the floor, but Mike seemed to think it was good. We pulled the carpets off, and I took them outside to be cleaned later. We rolled up the top linoleum, then measured off ten feet of the blue linoleum.

Mike used his good shears to cut it. These are the best shears we ever had. He paid over nine dollars for them. I said, "To get good tools you have to pay a high price."

He said, "These cost nine dollars."

I said, "That's a low price. Dorathy paid fourteen dollars for her's."

When we rolled up the linoleum, we saw that dampness had come up through the concrete, and stringers of mold had grown under the linoleum. I said, "No wonder, when we come in here back from town, the place smells moldy."

We placed the ten-foot strip on the floor of the tunnel. It covered the ground from the barrier to the door. From eight feet back we have widened out the tunnel where we intend to make a room. Another piece of linoleum, placed beside the first one in this eight-foot space, finished covering the floor. Later, when I came into this space, I noticed the air smelled good, sort of like new lumber.

Around three o'clock, I ground some wheat, and made two loaves of whole-wheat bread. Mike mopped the floor using one pail of mop water. I thought, "Well, he is getting the mud spread out evenly all over the floor, and it won't be noticed so much." He went out and cleaned off the carpets, and brought them inside. The floor, where the linoleum had been was still wet, so he left the carpets rolled up.

While the bread was baking, I swept the whole floor, it being damp enough to keep the dust down. Thus the floor was clean, and when it dried out enough, we could put the carpets down.

Mike decided to make some macaroni with lunch meat. He got out a small pot, and started to put some water in it. From my experience, I knew it was too small to boil the macaroni in, and was reluctant to say anything, but said, "You need a larger pot to boil the macaroni."

He said, "That's the same one we used the last time."

"No," I said, "Here's the one we used."

I felt that I shouldn't be telling him how to do things. Anyway, whatever way he did his cooking, it would come our all right after a fashion.

I opened the can of lunch meat, and dumped the contents onto a plate. It looked good. I sliced off a piece, and fried it in one of the new non-stick skillets. The bread was out of the oven by now, and was ready to eat. The fried-lunch meat, with a slice of the fresh bread, was a treat.

I sliced off more pieces and chopped them into chunks ready to put into the macaroni. Mike came out of his office, and , when I told him the macaroni was done, he put the chopped meat into it. The chopped meat with macaroni was a simple and easy meal to make.

After dinner, I checked into the OEN, then turned on the broadcast-band radio and listened to the news. Carter's State of the Nation came on.

I cleared off the table, and put the dishes in the sink. I gathered up old newspapers and magazines and put them in a box to be buried.

25th

I was up early enough this morning to call Bruce before the low rates were terminated. I mentioned to Mike that I was going to call Bruce. He said, "What for?"

I was surprised that he would ask, because we had agreed that for him to get to Bend, it would be good to have Bruce come out and get him. I said, "Well, to see if Bruce can come out to get you."

Mike said, "I think we can get the truck down the hill, and I can drive to Bend, or you can take me to Burns where I can catch a bus."

I gave up calling Bruce, but I said, "We cant get down the hill. I think the best thing to do is to have Bruce come out."

The weather was cold again, even colder than the night before. The low was eleven. There was one inch of new snow on the ground. I didn't wheel the barrow full of dirt out, because of the snow. Mike put two more pieces of sheet metal on the roof of the dugout at the front where the roofing along the edge had blown off.

I read the power meter. The bill this month, after the twenty percent discount, was forty-one-forty. This wasn't as high as we had expected. We used the heating element twenty-four hours a day this month.

I made some muffins out of a package of prepared mix. It was a small package, making six muffins. I didn't care for the flavor. The mix was mostly yellow cornmeal.

I cooked a rooster, cutting it up, and putting it in the pressure cooker without roasting it first. I used plenty of water, and after it cooked for an hour, I skimmed off the fat, and put potatoes, carrots, and onions in with the chicken, and pressurized them for another twelve minutes. The taste wasn't much to my liking. Some garlic powder helped. A little more salt and pepper helped also.

Dora called to wish Mike a Happy Birthday. I heard Mike tell her that he might have Bruce come out for him. I guess my argument got to him.

March, 1979

1

6th

I was up at seven-forty-five this morning. The temperature in my bedroom was forty-eight. Most of the night it had been fifty. The high yesterday was fifty-one. The low last night was thirty-eight, and at eight o'clock it was forty-nine. The snow was melting fast, and the air must have been quiet dry, because water had frozen in some places due to the evaporation.

For breakfast I had bowl of oatmeal, using blackberry jelly to sweeten it.

After checking into the Oregon Emergency Net, I tried out the little-auto radio that I repaired. It wasn't as selective as the one we are using, and the sound was distorted. Of course, the radio we are using I have the audio amplified by the modem cassette recorder. I take the signal right off the diode.

I walked out to the point taking the field glasses with me. There was very little snow left near the power pole. The snow was all gone in the wheel tracks, but along the right side along the bank there was a great deal of snow that was melting, and the water was cutting a ditch all the way around the curve at the bottom of the hill. The bright sun and warm wind gave me hopes that we could drive the hill by Thursday.

I scanned the hill sides for signs of deer or mountain sheep, but saw none.

March, 1979

2

When I got back down to the dugout, I thawed out three containers of frozen peaches, and made a peach cobbler using one of the last three eggs.

As Mike came through the room one time, I said, "I'm using up one of the eggs. Tomorrow we'll have some more along with some margarine."

He said, "Are you sure? You might get fooled."

I said, "Maybe you're right. You cant depend on Dora. She may not go to town tomorrow."

After I got the cobbler out of the oven, I took the field glasses, and hiked down the road. The temperature was up to sixty, and the sun was bright. The road was a little muddy down the first hill, but beyond the turn I could walk without the mud sticking to my boots. I walked as far as the end of the lower draw. It looked like the road could be worked with the tractor. There was one place where the water had crossed the road and made a deep cut. We would need to fill it in with sagebrush if we drove the pickup down in the morning.

When I got back I told Mike that I thought the tractor could be driven down the hill.

He was quick to get going, and left here at two-thirty. While he was he was gone, I got some clothes out of my bedroom and put them in the washer, then started mopping the floor which was pretty well covered with dirt and sagebrush leaves. I was still at it when Mike got back.

He said that we wouldn't be able to drive the pickup down in the morning, because there were some bad spots where we could slip off into the ditch. He had some trouble with the tractor in a couple of places. He couldn't do anything along the draw, but did do some good on the lower hill.

So it seems it will as we figured before. It will be Thursday before we can get out. We feel it will rain or snow by then.

When I got up, I was feeling uncomfortable, and I had a slight headache. This type of headache comes on from time to time with no apparently reason. I've been trying to figure if there is some certain food that causes them. Sometimes I think it might be when I eat too much, but they come on when I have eaten a lot. Sometimes exercise relieves them, but not always.

I think it might be the margarine. I'll quit using it for a while, and use oil for cooking.

Today the hike down the hill and back did not help. Mopping the floor and other work still did not help. I did not eat much, and ate nothing after eating some cobbler at noon.

Now the headache is gone, and I feel comfortable.

The sky clouded up this evening, then the clouds broke up, and the moon shown through. I was able to bring in the clothes without using a flashlight.



March, 1979

4

When I was walking down the road, I saw a flock of chukkers. They seem to have wintered over in good shape.

I heard some geese honking above the water on the desert.

7th

I was up before seven-thirty, feeling much better, because I didn't eat any dinner last night.

I walked out to the point to see how much the road had dried during the night. The tractor tracks that had been made in the mud were hard and dry. I came back to the dugout and told Mike that I thought we could go down the hill with the pickup. It might be necessary for him to do some work on the spot that the water had crossed the road at the lower end of the draw.

He said that he would put a good pair of pants into the pickup, and change into them after we got the pickup down the hill.

I went out and emptied a five-gallon can of gas into the tank of the tractor. Meantime he shaved and got ready. I had already shaved. I did not eat any breakfast, but did have a cup of parsley juice.

After Mike left, I filled a thermos with Mike's tea, and another thermos with hot water to make weak coffee for myself.

I made one sandwich, using a biscuit with peanut butter. I put the flashlight and the thermos bottles into a box on my back

board, along with my winter cap and a jacket. The weather was so warm, I could go in my shirtsleeves.

I wondered if Mike had forgotten his teeth, and checked the cup he keeps them in. They were not there.

The ground around the truck was so dry, I had no trouble getting started down the hill. At the lower draw I had gotten to the worst stretch of the road when I saw Mike coming up the steeper part of the hill. I stopped to see what he was going to do. He got off the tractor and was working at the front. Finally he waved me to come ahead.

I started up again, and within a hundred feet, the wheels slipped down into the deep ruts. I got out the jack and started jacking up the back end. The jack would tip sideways sooner than I wanted it to. However, before it tipped, I managed to get some rocks under the wheel in the deep rut. So each time I started jacking the rear up I would have a head start. Mike came up and pushed on the pickup to keep it from tipping before the wheel was up clear of the top of the rut. After several lifts with more and more rocks under the wheel, one more final lift the jack tipped, and the rear wheels were over the high portion of the road.

We then moved to the front wheels. This time we used two jacks. This gave a faster operation, and we got the front wheels over onto the high ground much sooner than we thought possible.

Now, when I started out again, I kept the wheels as far to the left as I dared without sliding off into the soft ground in the sagebrush.

It had been nine-fifteen when I took off from the point. It was ten-fifteen when we got started again.

At the county road we changed wheels, because we would no longer need chains. It was ten-thirty-seven when we pulled out onto the county road.

From the reports of how bad the road was we wondered how long it would take us to get to the paved road. Mike said, "What time will it be when we get there? Twelve-thirty-seven? Maybe it will take us two hours."

I said, "Well, Dora and Jim drove this way last week, and it took them an hour and a half."

The road was dry and in good shape. I drove at forty miles an hour. There were quite a few bad spots where I had to slow down, but it took us only a few minutes over an hour to get to the pavement.

As we neared Burns the clouds were nearly all gone. The weather was fine.

23rd

Bruce and Betsy came out Wednesday, and left the next morning with Mike. The weather was good so I guess they had a fine trip to Bend.

Wednesday morning, before eight o'clock to be on the night rate, I called the Maytag company in Newton Iowa, asked for the service department, and was soon talking to a service man there. I told him what I needed, mainly information on the procedure to follow in replacing the O ring on the center shaft. He gave me some instructions that he said would not be in the manual. I had looked under the agitator but did not see the plastic cover over the nut.

The service manual and a catalog arrived in the mail Friday. That was such fast mail service for these times, I could hardly believe it, and I wondered if I was mistaken as to the day I had phoned.

I studied the manual over the weekend, getting so I could visualize every step. I could see that I would need supplies other than the ones he had given me. Monday morning, with all the information I needed in front of me, I called the service department. As far as I could tell the voice on the other end was the same as the one on Wednesday. When I told him that the manual that he had mailed me arrived on Friday, he said, "That must have been Larry. I'm Steve."

He improved on the list of things I would need, and had my call switched to the warehouse, so I could put my order in by phone. It didn't take long, and the man said he would send it out

right away. All three of these service men sounded young, alert, intelligent, and interested in being of service.

Because the order would come by UPS I was sure it would be here this week. Yesterday I called Dora's. Don answered the phone. Dora was in Burns with Pat. He said there was package for me delivered by UPS. I thought it might be the Maytag order, and thought that maybe they had not sent it COD. Otherwise Bill would not have brought it down.

I drove down. Don was surprised to see me. He said, "I thought you would wait until tomorrow when the mail came."

He seemed to be uneasy with me as though I was interfering with something he wanted to do. Maybe he was planning to go over to Dora's to watch TV.

The package was from B&F. It was dark before I started back. I could see a rain shower that appeared to hang over our place. This side of Andrews I had to turn on the windshield wipers. The road was wet over Serrano Point. There was a vehicle just ahead of me. It traveled about thirty miles an hour. It had been ahead of me all the way from Dora's. I kept thinking I should pass it, so that I could hurry up and get up the hill before it was too wet. However, I stayed back.

The county road was dry at the mailbox, and it wasn't until I was half way up the hill that the wheels started to throw mud.

There were no slick places, and I made it to the top without any trouble. It had even stopped raining.

The package had three blower motors with fans. The holes in the hubs of the fans are too large for the shafts. The difference is so small it will be hard to make bushings for them.

The main items that Mike had wanted were cords. They did not come so we have a credit slip for \$9.60 to apply on our next order. This is the usual result when ordering from B&F. I quit ordering from them after I came out even one time. But Mike started again.

The Maytag order did not come today. I walked down for the mail wearing my light shoes. The round trip came to fifty-nine minutes. I did not push very hard, so I was surprised at the time. All winter with the mud, snow, and wind the time has been from one and a half to two hours.

There was a big crowd at the hot springs.

At the dugout I opened the mail sack. The first piece of mail was an add for cassettes

I thought, "More for the fire." Than I noticed it was addressed to Brecht. Since he has been gone for years, I thought the mailman had thrown it into my sack just to get rid of it. I found the next piece of mail was for the Wild Horse Ranch. I then looked at the name on the sack. Besides Wild Horse Ranch, Can-

trell's name was on it. The sack was a yellow pillow case, and off hand it looked like ours made from a flour sack.

I tried phoning the ranch several times, but there was no answer. After the last try at eight-thirty, I drove down and put the sack into the mailbox. I hope the mailman noticed his mistake when he went to put our sack into the Wild Horse Ranch mailbox, and will bring our sack back up to our mailbox in the morning.

I have been down to the trailer house, and found the toilet bowl undamaged by water freezing in it.

Mike wrote from Bend. The Veterans Bureau will not provide him with new contacts. He will get them in Bend for \$300. He said that the Doc. in Bend thinks the one he chipped might be repaired.

Today I mailed it to him, along with some samples of crochet thread that Dora wants matched.

April, 1979

1

3rd

The Maytag order arrived at Pat's one week ago. I drove down in the afternoon, Wednesday. Pat had lunch on the table, and she insisted I eat lunch with them. After lunch I worked on the leaky faucet, but could do nothing for it because I didn't have an O ring that was needed, and no rubber washer.

I visited, waiting for the mail man to go by. When I got home I opened the package from the Maytag Company. All the things I had ordered were there. I was of a mind to wait until the next day before starting work on the washer. However the urge to begin taking it apart got the best of me.

The first step was to see if I needed to remove the top completely. I found that all that was needed was to remove two screws under the front edge and lean the top back on its hinges. Next I removed the agitator; next came the nut that holds the wash basket. Here I ran into trouble. There wasn't enough room to allow much pressure to be applied to the spanner wrench. Lack of room made it difficult to swing a hammer efficiently. The service man in Burns had said that before using the wrench I should punch a hole in the plastic that is a water seal above the nut, and put some liquid bleach in the hole. There was no such cover.

I applied some penetrating oil to the nut, then hammered on the wrench. No success.



April, 1979

2

I decided that maybe this was where the bleach would do some good. I applied the bleach and waited five minutes. I was beginning to think that I would have to take the machine to Burns after all.

An experienced mechanic was supposed to do the whole job in two and a half hours. In two hours I hadn't gotten the wash-basket nut off. I started hammering on the wrench again. Now the nut came loose. It was such a relief I thought it was a good time to quit, and go to bed.

However, I continued. The wash basket is quite heavy, with a concrete rim to stabilize the spin. I had to get up on two chairs, one on each side of a corner of the machine. With a foot on each chair I could get a lift up close to the center of the tub. Thus I was able to lift it up over the agitator shaft.

Next came the outer tub. Here I ran into another slow down. Of all the allen-head-set-screw wrenches we had I could find none the right size. Finally I found one that I had previously altered. I had ground the end to make it fit a smaller hole than it was made for. I had tapered each flat side at about fifteen degrees. Now I tried it and it worked. I had lost another half hour, though.

I consulted the service manual often to make sure what the procedures were. After I got the set screw out of the nut that held the outer tub in place, I applied the spanner wrench, and with a few taps with the hammer, I was glad to

see it loosen. Then came the boot seal. Without the instructions in the manual this would have been difficult, and there would have been danger of breaking the carbon ring. The instructions were very specific about this. I had no difficulty getting the boot off.

I forgot to mention taking the cover off the tub before removing the wash basket. This was held in place by a V shaped metal ring under which there was a rubber ring to seal the crack where the top rested on the tub. The instructions made this a simple task.

The bolts holding the outer tub in place were not much trouble removing except that three of them were hard to get at. One hose clamp, being in an awkward place to reach, was hard to loosen.

Before removing the outer tub a rubber-stop ring had to be removed from the agitator shaft. This was easy. The book said that it wasn't necessary to remove the water seal from the shaft before removing the tub. I lifted the tub off. On examining the water seal I didn't find the spring keeper that held it down. It wasn't in the tub or on the floor. I thought I had lost it. When I did find it it was still in the nut where it belonged.

Now I was down to the power unit. The instructions weren't clear about the need to remove the pulley underneath. But before I quit to go to bed, I decided that the pulley had to come off.

April, 1979

4

7th

Saturday I washed clothes. The machine is working okay, and I see no leaks.

Tuesday the switch for the range came. I went down to Frazier's to meet Bill the UPS driver. That night I installed the switch. It seems that there is too great a difference in the temperature between on and off. But it must have been that way before.

While I was down at Pat's I tried fixing the leak in the hot-water faucet. I didn't have the right size O ring for it.

Thursday I went down to Dora's and gave her the switch that Bud sent down. She will return it to Bud. While there I put up an antenna for Pat. Cactus helped with the ladder, and Don helped getting an extension cord and some nails.

Yesterday it rained all day. We had had a short thunderstorm during the night, bringing .17 inches of precipitation. It started raining again shortly after 9 a.m. and quit around 9 p.m. When I hiked down for the mail it rained hard, so the mud in the road was slick rather than sticky. Coming back I followed the power line. The footing was better than on the road. I wore the short raincoat, and the water ran off it onto my pant legs making them soaking wet. The water then ran down into my shoes. When I got back the socks had worked down into my boots, and the legs of my underwear had worked up and were on the outside the tops of my shoes.

April, 1979

5

This was the wettest I ever got hiking for the mail, and it was the first time I put on dry clothes on my return.  
7th

The sun came out this morning, and shown most of the day. By three o'clock the ground was firm and I could walk around the place without getting my shoes muddy. I hauled down a wheelbarrow load of sagebrush from the point, and cut it up for firewood. I made bundles out of the fine tops by placing a string in the bottom of a narrow box and packing the brush on top of it using my foot. I tied the string around the brush.

I used most of the brush heating the place tonight.

George called. The weather is warm and sunny down there. The peaches are setting on the trees.

He is still having trouble with a pain in his groin. The doctor cant find what is causing it.

9th

John wasn't on last night. Earlier he had said that he might not be on, because he would be waiting for his license renewal.

I contacted Ellis on the radio tonight. Shirley is home and I talked with her for a while. She thought they might get down here Wednesday. If not she would see us next June. Ellis said that he was behind on his deer census, so wouldn't have time to bring Shirley up here.

April, 1979

6

Night before last I noticed termites coming out of the wood in the back. They were dying under the heating element, and ants were carrying them away. This morning I found that ants had begun to build an anthill against the concrete foot wall. They had dragged up pieces of sagebrush from around the stove.

This morning I got up at six o'clock. I had gone 36 hours without eating. The short fast came about because I was beginning to feel stiff in my joints. It wasn't too bad, but when I was working on the washing machine, getting up and down off the floor I felt awkward. Also I had a nagging headache above my right eye. The lower lid was swollen as though there was a sty forming. I thought I may have gotten an infection from handling the electronic parts that Ellis had brought down from the estate of a Silent Key.

Now the headache was gone and my joints were limber. It doesn't seem possible that going without food for that short a time could make such a difference. The only trouble was that I was hungry. I made up my mind to cut down on the amount of food. For breakfast I had two prunes, half an apple, two hotcakes with molasses and margarine, and two walnuts. After eating I was still hungry.

For lunch I had a small dish of peaches with ice cream.

For dinner I had two fried eggs with a biscuit and mayonnaise. Then a patty of ground beef with plenty of garlic. Then a dish of biscuits and milk. I thought I would quit there, but later had another dish of biscuits and milk.

This satisfied me, but I suppose I have undone a lot of the good from the short fast.

Yesterday was a comfortable warm day, sixty degrees. I cut sagebrush and fed the stove. I planted three and a half rows of peas. I buried a rat with three mice. I tightened the hold-down on the hood of the pickup so it would close tighter. I also took a run down the road for exercise. Thus I kept active and away from food. I was hungry when I went to bed, and didn't sleep very well.

During the morning hours I heard the eves dripping, and thought, "There goes my trip down to Frazier's to get the roosters that Don will have waiting for me."

After breakfast I lay down for a nap. The phone rang. It was Bessy. She was home, having come down from Burns with Dora yesterday. She wanted me to come over to check the wires on two burners of her stove. She said the burners were all right.

I told her I would be over as soon as the road dried out. She said that if I was going to drive in to Burns Thursday she would like to ride in with me.

After I had settled down again for a nap, Dora called. She said that she and Bessy had gone to John Day Saturday to see Kate who was in a nursing home. Kate has a bad leg that has to be propped up on a pillow. She was so glad to see them that Dora thought it was worth the expense of the trip up there.

April, 1979

8

George called yesterday. He wanted to tell me how right he had been as to the cause of the trouble at the Three Mile Island power plant. It was just like the cause of a ship disaster during the war. He had worked on the repair work of the ship later. It was human error. The ship's crew had not been well trained, and equipment had not been inspected properly.

11th

Yesterday snow and hail showers continued all day, but the precipitation dried nearly as fast as it fell. In the afternoon I took a run down the road without the mud sticking to my shoes.

For a change I baked two loaves of bread. They turned out good.

12th

It snowed and hailed last night and left an inch of snow on the ground. Hail and snow showers continued all day. The snow melted and the showers were heavy enough to cause a runoff. At three-thirty there was a heavy shower, and I thought I would be in for a storm on my hike down for the mail. However, by ten after four, when I started out, there was only a light sprinkle of hail.

The road was very wet, but by walking out in the sagebrush I was able to keep from getting mud stuck to my shoes. It took one and a half hours for the round trip. I thought I might be a little weak from not eating as much as usual, but

April, 1979

9

maybe it was the tough walking that made it seem that way. I could feel hunger pangs, though. I don't mind them because I always feel good when I'm hungry.

At six o'clock I started getting dinner-- fried spuds, summer squash, ground beef, a slice of fresh bread, and a glass of milk. I thought I would quit then, but couldn't resist another slice of bread with a glass of milk. Later I had a bowl of crackers and milk. Hope I haven't eaten too much.

I checked into the Civil Defense Net. Bob, W7RER, was net control. It was his first time in over a month. He has been down in California, most of the time in Death Valley.

I read George's interesting letter. Also a letter from John. He said he didn't have his license renewal back yet, so couldn't get on the air on schedule. Well, if he cant get on, I cant either. I have sent my license in for renewal.

The anthill is growing. The ants must be finding plenty of termites. From the appearance of their action in random search I would say they do not use their eyes, if the have any. Only after they touch a termite do the grab it. They will pass by one within the smallest fraction of an inch. To watch them it is frustrating because you would think that with so many ants rambling in all directions a termite would be nabbed in no time. The termites also travel in random directions. A termite and an ant might be traveling straight toward each other, then one or the other or both would



change course, and they would miss each other by a large margin. On the other hand they might be traveling in a non-collision course, and as above one or the other or both would change course and they would meet. The ant would instantly grab the termite and head for the anthill.

The termites are coming out to make their yearly flight. They do not fly very far and shortly after they land they shed their wings. They head toward a light. They spend so much time under cover in the dark I presume their eyes aren't used much.

The ants are as busy in the dark as they are in the light. The way they travel and work they have no need for eyes. How they find their way back to the hill is a mystery. I have seen one dragging a stick to put on the anthill. For a while he would go away from the hill as much as he would toward it and would get nowhere. Later I would look to see how he was doing. He would be much closer to the hill, so he was making progress. Eventually he arrived at the hill.

In the field each ant is on his own. If he is dragging a large stick and another ant comes in contact with him, there is a momentary inspection to check for tribal membership. The new arrival will sometimes walk right over the stick and make no attempt to help, but will go on and find his own stick.

At the hill, though, several ants will work on one piece. There is no coordination in their efforts. If there

April, 1979

11

are three working, two will leave, and the third will continue pulling and pushing. He probably never knew that the others had been helping.

13th

The low last night was 35, and it was 43 at eight o'clock.

There were heavy gusts of wind during the night, so the ground was nearly dry on the surface when I got up.

I intended to cut sagebrush and build a fire, but there was too much wind. The wind would blow the smoke back down the chimney. Then, too, when I started chopping, I found that my back was lame. The only thing I could lay it to was too many situps, although situps cant be the only reason.

I took a walk down the hill as far as Indian Creek turnoff, holding my hands pressed against my back hoping to cure the problem. It isn't serious and bothers me only in certain bending positions such as leaning over, or when I lift things.

I went down into the garden and prepared the ground for planting seeds. At times raking and hoeing bothered my back, but by straightening up and pressing my hands behind my back I would be all right.

I planted a row of carrots, a row of red beets, and a row of turnips. The surface of the ground was warm which I checked by placing my hand on it.

The exercise relaxed me, and after lunch at two o'clock I slept for a couple of hours.

April, 1979

12

After shaving I took the letter I had written to Margaret and drove the pickup down to get the mail. I thought it would be late enough not to be bothered with the sun shining in my eyes when I came back up the hill. But the sun was square in my eyes as I started up the hill above the gate. I had to stop. The co-op paper came in the mail, so while I was waiting for the sun to go behind the ridge I read in it. There was an interesting article on a record corn crop in Wisconsin, 335 bushels to the acre. They had figured out how much and what minerals the corn needed.

It took longer for the sun to drop behind the ridge than I expected, so I read quite a bit. It was a quarter to six when I got up here. I turned on the transmitter right away to have it warmed up for the Oregon Emergency Net.

I started getting dinner-- peas, carrots, fried potatoes, grass juice and milk, and a couple cold hotcakes. I checked into the net; heard Ellis mobile, but didn't contact him, because his signal was too weak. He was in Eugene. Tomorrow Shirley will take a plane to California. I suppose that tonight they will stay at Ellis Darrell's place.

Yesterday morning I got up late. It was nearly ten o'clock. As I was starting to eat breakfast, two men came to the door, Bill and Dale, fish and game men. They had walked up in the mud. I asked them how far they got with their vehicle. They said, "About half a mile."

They were glad to get near the heater. One sat and the other preferred to stand. He said he wanted to get the stiffness out of his legs.

I said, "Walking up the hill in the mud should have warmed you up."

Bill said, "Well, we were warm when we got to the top, but we stood around with our spotting scopes on one of those cars out there for about two hours."

I said, "Standing around in the wind will cool you down all right."

Since the anthill is behind the heater where they could see it plainly, I told them why the ants started it, and the way the ants acted.

They were ready to leave in about fifteen minutes. I didn't think of offering them coffee, and later thought it would have been appreciated.

14th

Daylight comes so early now it makes six o'clock seem late. This morning looking at my watch I could hardly believe it was only five-thirty.

I'm nearly over the cold in my right eye, if it was a cold. After the first night of soreness with the lids swollen and stuck together in the morning, I applied a tea poultice after I got up. Before going to bed I soaked the tea poultice in water in which I had dissolved an aspirin tablet, then applied it to my eye. The next morning the

soreness was gone and the swelling had gone down. The lids were red, though, and they tended to stick together.

After a day of this kind of poultice, the skin below and around the eye seemed rough as though it was scaling off from too strong a medication. By now the soreness was completely gone. I discontinued the aspirin-tea poultice, and applied Vitamin E to the eye and the skin surrounding it.

The Vitamin E was slightly irritating. But by morning the irritation was gone. The eye appeared to be somewhat better and the lids didn't stick together. In a couple more days the only sign of something wrong was a tiny red spot on the edge of the lower lid near the center. I looked as though a sty had been forestalled in its development.

Since I am dwelling on this discomfort, I might mention others, although on the whole I am feeling fine. Number one- a ligament in my right shoulder seems to have been strained. It bothers me only when I am lifting something at one particular angle. Because of it I cannot chin myself. Two- If my weight goes much over 145 pounds, I get a slight headache above the right corner of my right eye. After fasting for one day, my weight went down to 144 pounds; no more headache. Now I'm trying to keep my weight down and I'm always hungry. One more- Yesterday my back began to give me trouble; not bad. I am sure that in a few days it will be all right.

Today I took the seed potatoes down to Dora. She said that the clock that I started for her stopped the same night I brought it down to her. I got up on a chair, and took it down and rapped on the side of it. It started. I set the time with Dora's watch. It will probably stop again, although when I had it here it ran over twenty-four hours.

She had a barometer that wasn't working. The hand never moves. I brought it home, took the works out and oiled the pivots. The hand wasn't stuck. A little pressure on the bellows made it move. The hand was on 27, so it wasn't calibrated for this altitude. When I put it back together, I set the hand at 29.5, because by my altimeter the air pressure was low. Neither the barometer or the altimeter have shown any change. It will probably be several days before the hands move.

Pat wanted me to stay for lunch, but I told her I had eaten just before I left home. I had a cup of coffee and talked for a while. Don and I went outside, and he helped me put five roosters into sacks. He had them in a cage waiting for me to take home. There were seven in the cage, but I took only five.

When I got home I carried them down to the chicken house; filled the feeder with grain, and fixed up a pipe to run water from the cellar into a pan in the chicken yard. I also nailed a piece of board over the hole where the pane is missing. I would not like to have a coon get in there again.

April, 1979

16

I checked to see if the peas were sprouting. They are not, but they are swollen from the moisture in the ground. The weather has been too cold for them to sprout.

I called Mike tonight. He is ready to have Bruce bring him out here, but didn't say when he was coming. He will go back to the veterans hospital in three weeks for another set of contact lenses. They will have a different power than the ones he is wearing now.

As to the plays on Sears Theater, I haven't been able to listen to them all the way through, and have been turning off the radio when they come on. Mystery theater isn't so bad at times.

15th

I planted lettuce and onions today. My lame back is better.

I called John on the phone today. His license expired on April 2nd. He hasn't received his renewal yet. I believe it will be May before he gets it. I think I will be off the air before mine comes.

16th

It was overcast this morning with a light breeze from the west. The high yesterday was 65. The low last night was 46, and at eight o'clock it was 53.

For breakfast I had two whole-wheat hotcakes, one with molasses the other with milk and sugar. My weight was 144, the same as yesterday.

small cracks where dirt could come through. Now I had the bucket of penta mixture, the hammer, and the flashlight to carry up the ladder. I climbed up with the bucket and hammer first, and shoved them out onto the floor, then went back and got the flashlight. This was the last time coming out, and I found it easier than the times before.

I brought the bucket, hammer and flashlight back inside the dugout, and searched for some pieces of plastic that would make a stop to keep the dirt from going through the small cracks. Three pieces readily came to hand. Back in the furnace room I stuffed the plastic down the hole and against the two-by four so as to plug the cracks.

I dumped in the wheelbarrow full of dirt. It nearly filled the hole. I tamped it down with a piece of water pipe.

Thus I was busy right up to twelve o'clock.

This morning radio reception was very poor. There was a lot of static noise from a solar flair. The barometer indicated a storm approaching. K7JUC needed a lot of relays on stations she could not hear.

At noon I called Dora to tell her that the barometer was working. She will be going to Burns tomorrow.

After lunch I buried the skunk and two mice. I saw that the roosters needed grain, so I put a bucket full into the feed hopper.



This morning the hand on the barometer had moved. It was down about the same amount as the altimeter was up.

I filled the wheelbarrow with dirt ready to fill the hole in the furnace room. Before I dumped the dirt I cleared away the things that covered the trapdoor going down into the pit. I went down with a flashlight and examined the end of the concrete wall to see how big a hole came around the end. I saw that a two-by four about five feet long would plug it up.

I found one near the entrance to the ditch. Took it and a bucket of penta mixed with oil down into the pit. There I applied the penta mixture to the two-by four. I stood the two-by four upright in the dirt at the end of the slab and pushed it down as far as I could by hand. I saw that I would need a heavy hammer to pound it down farther. I climbed up the ladder through the trapdoor, then went into the dugout to the back room for the hammer.

Climbing in and out of that hole is good for my joints. I found that I was stiffer than I had anticipated. It seems that after a day and a half of fasting I was real limber. Now after several days at the same low weight I am stiff jointed again.

It took a considerable amount of hammering to drive the two-by four down far enough so that the top would go under the concrete floor. After it was in place there were still

I went down to the lower part of the garden, and pulled up a row of corn stalks. The wheat that Mike planted between the rows was coming up and growing good. I plan to leave it there and plant spuds in a couple of the old corn rows.

After getting the corn stalks out of one row, I came up and mixed some fertilizer, then went down and put it on the row. There was only enough to cover half the row. When I started up to the dugout, it was beginning to sprinkle, but by the time I got up here it quit. I mixed up another batch of fertilizer, and went down and finished out the row, and dusted on the Captan.

I took the rake and hoe down to work the ground. I decided not to walk down for the mail, but take the pickup. This would give me more time to work on the garden. Thus before mail time I had the row completely hoed.

It started sprinkling again, and the sky looked like a heavy storm was coming. I thought that I might have to walk after all. No rain came and it stopped sprinkling. I didn't stop to shave, but did put on a clean shirt.

The mail consisted of-- the Geographic, a report from the co-op, a letter from a ham in Michigan, who wanted me to make a contact with him. He was working all counties. I mailed a letter to George and Mary.

It was still dry when I got back. After glancing through the Geographic, I got out some spuds and cut them

for seed. I had expected that nearly one-third would have fusarium wilt, but only a few had it.

I figured I had enough to plant the row. I shook the pieces in a plastic bag with Captan powder. Captan is supposed to stop fusarium wilt. I used plenty of it.

I got out the shovel with the long narrow blade, called a clam shovel. With this and the treated slices in a bucket, I went down and dug holes in the row, and dropped the slices in the holes. At first I put three in each hole, but when I was half way down the row I saw that there would be some left over, so I dropped four pieces in. There was still enough left over to add a piece to each of the ones that had only three in.

By the time I covered the holes with dirt it was starting to rain, and I was beginning to get wet. I thought that the big storm had finally arrived. I spent extra time putting the chicken feeder inside the chicken house, and closing the little door in the back that goes into the chicken yard.

When I got into the dugout, my jacket was damp. Looking out the window I saw that the boards and ground were getting wet, but the rain didn't last long.

When I got the mail there was a notice that a UPS package had been left at Fields for me. I was hoping it wouldn't rain any more, so I could drive down to Fields tomorrow.

I took the small package and held the door open. I helped him lift the lathe into the pickup, although it wasn't heavy. I told him about Mike getting a letter from the manufacturer saying that the delay in delivery was caused by such a big demand for the lathe they couldn't meet it.

He said, "People are getting wise now."

I said, "People who cant do their own repair work are in a tough bind." I told him about repairing the washing machine.

He said, "You remember me. Don't you? I'm Ralph."

I said, "You've put on a lot of weight."

He said, "That's because I get fed so well. It's not exactly the kind of food I like. Restaurant food is always so greasy."

We went back into the store. I looked around and found the jar of topping nuts and the half gallon of milk, and put them on the counter, and waited for someone to check them. No one paid any attention to me. Finally Ralph said to Don's wife, "Do you want to wait on this customer?"

She said, "Oh, yes." But was slow about getting behind the counter. I told her that the milk was for Pat, and the topping nuts for Dora.

She said, "You don't enter the county road at the same place they do. Do you?"

I said, "No. We come out at the Alvord Hot Springs."

"How do they know when you are coming down here?"

"I call them on the phone."

Just then a young fellow came in from the restaurant. He said, "There's a man in there who's ready to settle his bill. I don't know how long he has been at the trailer hook-up."

She said, "I'll take care of it. You wait on Mr. Weston. I haven't my glasses with me."

The young man said, "I'm Ken Thompson. So you're the miner." I shook hands with him. He put the items in a sack, and marked them in the charge books for Dora and Pat.

Later I learned that he is the son-in-law of the older couple. From the slowness they took waiting on me at the grocery counter I felt that probably the daughter looks after the customers.

I left the groceries at Pat's and Dora's, but didn't stay long because it looked like a shower would come up any time.

Half an hour after I got home a heavy snow shower came like a blizzard. The ground got white. By the time a second shower arrived the snow had mostly melted.

I got a chicken out of the freezer, and roasted it, also cooked a pot of rice. I ground some wheat for a good supply of whole-wheat flour. Later I made a rice custard.

May, 1979

1

4th

At the time I was filling the hole in the furnace room I began having trouble with my back. When I was loading the wheelbarrow I would lift three or four shovels of dirt, then I would have to straighten my back and press my hands against it near the middle. My back would be fine for another three or four shovels full.

I thought the trouble would pass. Wednesday, the 18th, I sat in a chair in a position that seemed to be the easiest for my back. I sat there and read for about an hour. When I got up my back was very bad. I could hardly walk. I couldn't bend over. I walked out to the point with my hands against the center of my back. I got back all right, but it didn't do any good. With great difficulty I was able lay down. To get up was a chore. I made it, though, and managed to get into the pickup, and drive down for the mail.

For the next two days I stayed in bed most of the time. Friday I managed to drive down for the mail, although sitting in the pickup seemed to make my back worse, if it could be. By Saturday morning I could turn over in bed a little easier.

June, 1979

1

2nd

Mae called this morning, saying that Dave Galloway had phoned her about Charlie. He told her that he wished someone in the family would come down to Berkeley. I told her that either Mike or I would go down and see what we could do. Charlie has been in a coma for several days, and is expected to die at any time. Mae said that we all would miss him, that he was a good brother. I agreed with her, saying that he was always there when someone was needed.

She said she was doing fine, although she cant walk much.

Later George called. Charlie died this morning. I told George I was leaving for Berkeley in the morning.

He said, "Are you driving the pickup?"

"No. I don't feel like driving it down there. I'm nervous and upset about making the trip, anyway."

"If you don't feel like it, don't do it then." He gave me Galloway's address. Mae had already given me his phone number. Then George gave me Hass' phone number.

Lew Cook called before George did. He said that I could stay at their place. I told him I would stay at Charlie's, getting the key from Dave.

Later I got Dave Galloway on the phone, and told him I would be down there probably around midnight Monday. He said that Hass

had the keys to the house and shop. He would get the keys from Hass, and meet me at the Oakland depot. I was to call him when I got there. It didn't matter what time of day or night.

Later I got Fred on the phone, and told him about Charlie. I said, "Would you like to go down there? You might bring some things back home with you." I told him I would leave here on the bus in the morning."

He said he would, and wanted to know Charlie's address. He hadn't been to see Charlie since he moved. I gave him Charlie's address in Berkeley.

I hope Fred does get down there. It will give me more confidence with someone else in the family there. George cant make it, and neither can Mae. That leaves only myself and Fred free to go. Mike could go, but he would rather have me go.

It got down to twenty-eight last night. I thought it froze the fruit, but most of it survived. I made the mistake of turning on a couple of sprinklers. One near the apricot tree, and the other on the corn and spuds. I have always had reservations about turning on sprinklers in case of a freeze in this dry climate. Where ice froze on stuff it didn't do much damage, but at the edge of the circle of water where the sprinkle was not heavy, the spuds and corn froze bad. Where no water landed, nothing froze.

Pat,s new cow had twins, one bull and one heifer. So Pat will still have to buy milk.



August, 1979

1

1st

This morning two young fellows stopped in on their way up the draw. They were working for a geothermal company. One, Richard, had just finished his theses in geology, using the formation around Mickey Hot Springs for his material. They were now paying him to study the faults on this side of the Steens. The other one, Jim, is a permanent employee of the company.

Richard said that he would be around about one month making large scale maps of the faults in the region. He will be staying at the Alvord Ranch. He remembered Walt Van Dyke.

Yesterday the cows, or one cow, got into the garden. She pushed the wire up at the beet patch, and managed to go under the fence. I chased her out through the garden gate. At one time she was at the end of the corn patch in the west side. She looked down a row, and I was concerned that she might bolt down through the corn. I hollered, "Don't go through that corn!"

If she had, there would have been a great swath of corn flattened out. But she turned and went the other way, and finally went out through the gate. She knew of the gate, because once before she had gone through it, and found the vetch which she liked very much.

Three or four other cows and some calves were across the draw. The one that went through the gate joined them. I chased

August, 1979

2

them all, I thought, down into Indian Creek. One dodged off and got behind me on the trail. I went back to round her up. Then I saw another one that had eluded me.

The two of them circled this side of my bedroom, then climbed up the side of the draw. I climbed right up behind them. I drove them back down to Indian Creek where they joined the others on the other side.

I kept after them, climbing up the hill along the fence. Then along the fence to where the road crosses Indian Creek, then out passed the Indian Creek turnoff. They headed out through the sagebrush, and I swung above them on the slope to turn them toward the gate. I was afraid they would get over into the middle draw where it would be almost impossible to herd them to the gate.

Several times they stopped to see which way I was going. From being herded by men on horseback, they were educated, so by cutting away to one side or the other, I was able to herd them to the gate.

At the gate they walked through and headed toward the county road. I closed the gate, which luckily we had left open.

It was a hot day, and I did a lot of running. In spite of all the sweating, I lost only two pounds.

I think those cows will go down the edge of the desert to graze. Henry was supposed to have rounded them up and taken them home a long time before this.

They will not be back to bother the garden fence now. The hole under the fence provided an opportunity for our four Jack-rabbits to get into the garden. I saw one this morning, hopping toward the east side of the garden. Later I looked for him, but saw no sign of him, so figured he got out through the same hole he came in.

I was up late last night, working on the apricots I had started drying in the drier that Jim Torland gave us. They were nearly dry when I found a booklet telling how to dry them. There were several things that could be done before putting them on the racks. Any of which would prevent spoilage. One called for blanching them in a sugar syrup.

I pulled the racks and removed the nearly dried fruit, then prepared the syrup, equal parts of water and sugar.

It was midnight before I had the fruit back on the racks and in the drier.

I went to bed, and did some leg stretching exercises, during which time there was no indication that leg cramps would come on. I could not go to sleep, then at one time when I started to bend my left leg, a cramp hit it. I managed to get up and stand by the

August, 1979

4

bed. The cramp went away, but now I felt a bowel movement coming on. This sometimes happens with leg cramps. I wonder if the cramps have something to do with the condition of the lower colon, or perhaps the pain causes the bowel movement.

I had no trouble bending my left leg to put on a shoe, but now, as I bent my right leg to put a shoe on it, it began to cramp. I came over to the dugout and did my job, then decided to take a shower.

Thus it was after two before I got back to bed. Even then I did not rest good.

The cattle roundup on foot, and the getting to bed late left me feeling tired today. I lay on the cot and got some good sleep and rest.

I drove four steel fence posts where the cow got into the garden, and hiked down for the mail after the sun went down behind the mountain. I did not run down this time, but walked. This made the distance seem greater, because it took so much longer, an hour and a half round trip instead of one hour.

This afternoon I put the dried apricots into three zip-lock-bags. The fruit was a little sticky, but I think it is dry enough.

The recipe calls for boiling the apricots fifteen minutes in the syrup. It seems to me that the fruit would be too mushy if boiled that long.

August, 1979

5

I called Fred. He said he got the letter with my check. He has the car, and says it runs fine. It's a station wagon with a seven foot deck. Pete has plenty of room.

12th

I am now down at George's place near West Point California.

This morning I spent twenty minutes on the trail, walking ten minutes, then jogging ten minutes. This afternoon I repeated the routine. It is harder to get enough exercise here than it was at the dugout. I have plenty of time, but the environment holds me back.

15th

Yesterday we went to Orville looking for a used car, stopping at three car lots. The first was a Chevrolet dealer. The salesman showed us a number of Novas that was in the size range that George thinks he should get. The one with a six-in-line motor was one that George thinks he should keep in mind.

At the Lincoln Mercury lot we didn't see any cars that he wanted. For one thing, all new cars and late-model-used cars have such little clearance he wouldn't want to take a chance driving it up to the dugout.

Last we went to the Ford lot where we took a Pinto out on the street for a trial run. That eliminated it. There was too much vibration to suit George. Of course, after driving his heavy car for fourteen years, he could feel each firing of the pistons

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in these light cars. On this lot there was one Fairlane and one Valiant that he is keeping in mind.

Now he is thinking of one in the price range of \$3,000. He would get rid of it in a year if he didn't like it. By then there might be some new models coming out with outstanding engine performances.

We started out from here at seven-fifty this morning, and got back at four o'clock. That was a long day and a lot of walking around, and getting in and out of cars for George. He said his back was hurting in the last car lot, but it rested up and felt better on the drive home.

28th

This morning I did my usual yoga exercises before I dressed. When I got over to the dugout, Mike and George were eating hot-cakes. I did not join in, but ate an apple. These June apples are mellow and have a good flavor.

I cut my hair and shaved. My hair was getting long, and I hadn't shaved since I got back from California Friday.

For a couple of days I have been trying to call Jean Hawthorne on the phone. I would get a trunk-line-busy signal. I asked the operator for assistance. She had the same trouble. She said the trouble should be cleared up by Sunday afternoon. I called late in the evening, but there was no change. Monday still no good.

This morning I tried again with the same results. I appealed to the operator once more. This time she got a recording saying the number I was calling was no longer in use. She got information, and got Jeans new number, and dialed it for me. Catherine answered. She said that they were coming out in a few days. She called Jean to the phone.

I told him that we were thinking about leasing the mine, and wondered if he had any ideas about how to do it. He said that he really did not know. Later he said we could give someone an option to lease. Then they could go ahead with exploration work to see if it was worth leasing.

That sounded like a good idea. Anyway, he will come up with some more ideas before he arrives next Monday now that he knows we want to lease the mine.

Yesterday we took a couple of batteries up to the mine in the tractor, and started the compressor. A friend of Frank's down in California had told me the knock we had heard when we last tried to run it, was probably a rusted wrist pin, and that we should let the engine run. It wouldn't hurt it and the rusty spot would polish out.

He also said we could put some gas into the breather. The gas would lubricate the piston better than the diesel oil. He said this type of diesel engine could run on gas.

We put some gas into the breather before cranking the engine. It started on the gas, but stopped as soon as the gas burned up. I kept adding more gas, and it would run as long as the gas held out. We were not getting diesel into the engine.

After using up all the gas we had with us, I continued cranking a minute at a time. Mike was ready to give up. He said that Bruce had told him that when an air lock got into the fuel line, it was hard to get the fuel going again. At the place where Bruce had worked, they would have to take it to the shop to get it running.

I thought to myself, "I'm not going to stop trying until the batteries are urn down." The batteries were turning the engine over without any apparent loss of power. While cranking, I began moving the throttle from off to on, back and forth. Whether that did any good I wouldn't know, but the engine started and ran a short time, then quit. I cranked it again, and it started running, raggedly a bit, and then at full speed. The knock was gone by the time it ran at full speed.

Before I had cranked it much, I had found the fuel line, a cloth covered rubber tubing, cracked again, and, as once before I cut a piece off to get solid tubing to push onto the coupling. This time I wrapped the connection with electric tape.



I threw in the clutch to run the compressor pumps, and opened the air valve enough to allow the regulator to turn on and off. Thus I was able to see that all the automatic controls were working. The oil pressure went up to sixty pounds. The water temperature to about one-hundred and fifty degrees. The motor speed between 1800 and 1900 R.P.M.'s. So everything was normal.

Finding that we wouldn't have to tare the engine down was a relief. With the compressor running, we can sell it at a good price. If it wasn't running we couldn't get much for it.

As George said, "That visit over to Frank's was worth a lot of money to us."

While we were there, a friend of Frank's stopped in. They discussed the delay in the road work that the subdivision man was supposed to have done for several years, and wasn't getting it done.

I said, "Maybe he is in the same predicament we are in. Our equipment is going to pot."

Joe said, "That is right. His grader blade is broken, and several pieces of equipment need repairs."

I said, "We have a compressor that has a knock like a connecting rod. The engine hasn't been started in several months."

When George said it was a diesel, he said, "Oh, I know the trouble there. It's probably a rusted wrist pin. Even if it is a main bearing, it wont hurt to run it."

31st

Today I worked on the gopher runway, digging out about fifteen feet of it. The place where Mike had made a hole to put an eight-gallon bucket was six inches to the north of the runway. The gopher had filled the bucket nearly full with dirt. He had found the bucket a fine place to shove the dirt from his new digging.

Now I opened up the runway and placed an eight-foot length of soil pipe between the uncovered burrow and the bucket. If he enters the pipe and goes to the bucket, he may drop down into it and not be able to get out. At least he will not be able to get back into the pipe.

I put a box over the bucket and end of the pipe. Sealed the hole with dirt so he will have a hard time getting out of the bucket.

I placed some gopher pills in the end of the pipe. He will not be able to cover them with dirt.

Mike worked on both the furnace and skylight roofs. The recent heavy rain, ninety-three hundredths inches in one day, showed up a leak near the telephone, and another one over Mike's bed. The furnace room roof leaked badly last year.

I canned four pint jars of pickled-red beets, so they are ready for George to take home with him.

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He is leaving tomorrow morning. I thought of how fine it would be if all three of us could go together, but Mike and I will have to stay here.

Tomorrow we will try to bring the compressor down here. We plan to put two ties together side by side two feet apart, making a kind of stone bolt. These we will use for a drag behind the compressor. I hope it will hold the compressor from pushing the pickup down the hill too fast for the brakes to hold.

I cleared out the pipe, and put it to one side. I left the hole in the earth open.

This evening before dark, I looked at the gopher works. He had plugged the hole with dirt.

While I was trying to do something with the gopher works, Mike worked on the drag for bringing down the compressor. Before he got it ready I washed out a bunch of socks. I did not have time to hang them on the line. His stone bolt was ready by eleven-thirty. Actually it was only the material that was ready, and loaded onto the pickup.

We drove up to the mine, and unloaded the material where the roads starts down the hill.

While I was filling buckets with shale for weight on the pickup, Mike put the stone bolt together. It consisted of two rail-road ties fastened together so that they made a V shape in the front. He had a piece of plywood on top with two-by-fours making a frame for holding rocks to give it more weight.

Getting the pickup hooked to the compressor took some time, and some nervous tension. We got the drag hooked on behind the compressor, and started down the hill. Mike walked along behind, throwing rocks out of the road, rocks that the drag uncovered.

I stopped a couple of times to see if he wanted to ride. Passed the last turn where the steep part started to level off, I

stopped again, and Mike decided he had enough of walking. He wasn't used to walking down hill. Part of the time he ran.

Below the meadow where there was a stretch of upgrade we stopped, and shortened the hitch on the drag. The drag had been sluing back and forth across the road, and with the long hitch it had gone out quite a ways on each side. With the shorter hitch it worked better.

After we crossed Indian Creek, we unhooked the drag. From there on it was all up hill. We left the drag in the middle of the road.

Near the top of the hill at the point, there was barely enough traction to make it. The wheels were spinning a little.

We decided to park the compressor beside the old flat-bed truck, but first a rest was in order. It was one-thirty.

After a rest and some lunch, we went out and backed the compressor around beside the old truck, unhooked it from the pickup, and leveled it up.

Then we drove the pickup around in front of the dugout where we could get the buckets of shale off. These we dumped into the wheelbarrow, and put the shale on the path going passed the engine house toward the garden.

While we were doing this a couple of motorcycles came up to the point. We thought that one of them might be Carl, but they

turned around and went back down the hill, then they crossed Indian Creek. They drove up to the meadow, and came right back down. They could get passed the drag that we left in the road, but a pickup couldn't have.

After unloading the shale we were ready for another rest. We did not feel like going down after the drag.

We both had a good nap. I hung my socks on the line, and read about the brain in the Scientific American. Mike came out of his office. I said, "Are you ready to go down and get the drag?"

He said, "Yea. I'm as ready as I will ever be." When he saw that I was getting ready to go with him, he said, "I can get it alone. You won't need to come."

"I don't think you can do it by yourself."

"Oh, yes I can." He got in to drive.

I got in on the other side.

Mike had said that he could turn the pickup around in the little clearing west of the gate. I thought it would be very difficult, and it was. On the ground I was able to give him good directions in the close quarters.

I was a good thing I had come along. I drove back, and went straight in on the lower road, because Mike wanted to unload the material east of the furnace room.

He was pretty tired, and went into the dugout. I took it upon myself to tear apart the remaining two-bys. I pulled out all the nails, put the two-bys on a pile, and carried the plywood over to the plywood pile.

3rd

Yesterday Carl brought Gary Cantrell, his wife, and his son up. We went in his Blazer to look at the forty acres near Serrano Point. It's location is a little different from what I thought it was in the past.

Cantrell brought Mike and me back home. Carl came a little later on his motorcycle, bringing the boy with him.

We had strawberries and ice cream. They left with some corn. Cantrell wanted to take another look at the forty acres. Later we learned that he wasn't sure he had the location right, so didn't know if he wanted to buy it or not.

Hawthorne did not arrive today. He called from home, saying that his batteries, alternator, and wiring burned out. It will take him several days to replace it all. He said that he might be here by the end of the week.

Bessy called. She was home for the Labor Day weekend. Larry is working on a ranch, and grandma is home alone. She says she is feeling quite good and can get around. She has a bunch of guinea hens and some chickens to take care of, and it makes her happy.

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Bessy wondered if I would look at her new toaster that got knocked off onto the floor, and fell apart. She said she would leave it in our mailbox. I told her I sure would look at it.

Later Carl came up on his motorcycle. He had the package with him. He had seen Bessy put the package in the box, and when he got through bathing in the hot spring, and was ready to come up here, he looked to see what was left in the box, and figured it was something we expected, so brought it up.

I put the thing back together, but the lever for adjusting the timing is missing.

Around six-thirty Jay Rossberg called from Fields. He said he wanted to buy some of our peaches. He was surprised to learn that they wouldn't be ripe until in the latter part of September, and in October.

Anyway, he brought up some fish, and we ate fish, corn, and ice cream and strawberries. His grandson, Dave, and an Indian boy was with him. Dave was intrigued with the ham radio. I had the Oregon Emergency Net on when he came in. He asked questions about it, and wondered how far I could communicate with it. He said he would like to get a ham license.

He said that a friend of his had wanted to get a license, but when he saw how hard the exam was, he gave up.

I told Dave that the exam would seem hard if he did not know the answers.



I put the charger on one of the batteries on the air compressor, and found that it was down more than I thought it would be. The generator on the compressor must not be working. Otherwise the batteries would have been fully charged.

Carl came up just after eight o'clock. At first we thought we would wait for the batteries to get charged, but since it would take several hours, and since the track would need some work on it, and the trail needed rebuilding, we thought there would be enough work for the day.

Mike said that he couldn't work very long at a stretch, anyway.

We put two shovels, a pick and grub hoe, eight buckets, hammer and nails, and a wrecking bar, into the pickup. Then started out around nine-thirty. We filled the buckets with sand at Indian Creek. This gave us weight for traction going up the hill.

We forgot oil, brake fluid, and the switch for the winch.

Carl and I worked on the trail, while Mike hiked up the tramway, pounding in nails here and there on the way. Later he said that it was in better shape than he thought it would be.

We came back down at eleven-thirty, ate a lunch of fish and corn. Carl went down to his trailer house, saying he would put another coat of paint on the house.

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He thought he would take a bath at the hot spring later and then come up here to get his telescope.

Mike and I both slept for about an hour.

I then went down and turned on a couple of sprinklers in the garden. Mainly to get the potato ground wet.

I checked the battery. It was charged full, so I put the charger on the other battery, then tonight took it off.

We made a list of things to take with us tomorrow, and already have them in the pickup.

Don somebody, I didn't catch his last name, called this evening, saying that he and his crew would be up a week before deer season. He said he was up here last year with eight in his party. This time there will only be four.

I called George. He said that he is doing fine. He can do only a little at a time, then rest. He hasn't talked with Hamerick. He has been trying to locate a painter to paint the house. He said that he got a license plate for his car, and the car still runs fine.

I've been reading the August Scientific American. It deals exclusively on the neurons of the brain. There is a lot of reading here, and to get much good out of it, I will have to read it several times.

6th

Yesterday Carl, Mike, and I got the two batteries up to the upper hole. We hauled them up in the ore car. The counter weight would not pull the car without help. Carl and I had to pull on the cable quite hard, and had to rest at intervals. Mike walked up behind the car.

At one place the car came off the track for no apparent reason. Mike was there to put it back on.

At the place where the trail comes near the track, Mike took to the trail from there on. It made easier climbing for him.

When we got the batteries up to the shaft, I hooked up the switch, but found that the keeper that holds the parts together was slipping, and finally came off.

So we did not move any dirt. It was eleven-thirty when we got to the dugout. I fixed up a salad, and had some corn ready for a light lunch.

Carl said he would drive us to Burns in his pickup. We thought we would get away by twelve-thirty.

However, a visitor showed up. He has beehives located in several places along the county road, at Mann Lake Ranch, the Alvord Ranch, and the Wild Horse Ranch.

He collects pollen using a trap that takes the pollen from the bees before they enter the hive. He brought in a cup of pollen for us.

Carl had gone down to his trailer house on his motorcycle, and would bring his pickup back up.

The beekeeper told us his name, and a great deal about his bee business. He is looking for someone to look after the hives part time, because he wants to go to California to take care of other hives he has down there.

I said, "How about some lunch?"

He said, "No. We just ate." There was a young towheaded boy with him.

Mike took him down into the garden for a look at it. We had said we would give him some corn, and Mike thought he might find a few ears. We didn't get many. We gave him some of the June apples.

Carl came up, and the three of us ate our salad, and continued talking with the beekeeper. Carl thought that looking after the bees would make him an extra job while he was out here.

It was four-thirty before we headed for town. The seat of the small pickup was cramped with the three of us in it.

Carl drove about sixty, which made the trip seem shorter compared to the time it takes in our pickup.

At Baird's Hardware we searched for a switch, but couldn't find any.

While looking at different switches, I noticed some small fuse boxes. They had blade switches for turning the power off and

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on. I got the idea of using two of them hooked up together for a reversing switch for the winch. Mike came into the store at that time, and I told him how we could use the switches. He said, "We have a couple of those at home."

I didn't know of two at home, but figured he might have some stashed out in the sagebrush.

We got some ice cream, and a few other items, but did not get bread that we could use when the Hawthorne's are here.

When we got home I fixed up a dinner of spuds, gravy, corn, and hamburgers. Carl and Mike had ice cream and strawberries. I had cottage cheese.

If Carl hadn't been there, we would have just eaten a snack, and then lay down for a nap. As it was I ate too much for so late in the evening. I was tired when we got home, and would like to have rested instead of getting dinner.

23rd

Jean and Catherine arrived on the seventh. They stayed until Sunday, the sixteenth. The weather was good all the time. On two nights the wind rocked their motor home quite hard, disturbing their sleep somewhat.

Jean studied my chemistry books, looking for a good way to test for gold in our ore. We obtained some gold filings from his ring, and dissolved them in aqua regia, then made the test with

tin for the blue of Cassius. We salted an ore sample with the gold solution, and found that the blue of Cassius would appear momentarily in the solution before the gray of mercury would obscure it.

Later the mercury would settle to the bottom of the tube, and apparently took the gold down with it.

Jean began cleaning off the shelves where I kept my chemicals. He straightened up things into an orderly arrangement. He cleaned up test tubes, and found bottles of Nitric and Hydrochloric acid that I didn't know I had. He set such a good example of being orderly, cleaning up test tubes immediately after use, never leaving test tubes with the results of experiments lying around, and keeping things in their places, that I have followed since he left.

We found a good test for platinum and for silver. However we never found gold in the ore, or platinum or silver

They got ready to leave. Catherine started out ahead of Jean. She drove the little Datsun car. Jean got a little ways down the road, and heard the rear bumper dragging. He stopped and found that one end of the bumper had come loose at a welded joint. He walked back up, and Mike got some bolts and the electric drill, and drove down with the pickup to see if they could drill holes and bolt the bumper back up.

Later I walked down and was in time to help decide that there was nothing we could do, except wire the bumper up so Jean could drive to Burns where a shop with a pit could take off the gas tank and reweld the bumper hanger.

Meantime, I drove down to get Catherine. She had started to walk back up to see where Jean was. She remembered that her purse was in the car, so she walked back to the car where I found her just locking up the car to start walking again.

Jean and Catherine took off for Burns again after we got the motor home down to the Datsun, and I had taken Catherine down in the pickup.

The two wheel trailer that Jean puts the front wheels of the Datsun on for towing it, we brought back up to the point.

Monday Mike took it to Burns where Jean had already, at nine o'clock, gotten the bumper hanger welded without taking off the gas tank.

Mike drove on to Bend, and got back here Friday. He brought back two chairs, and twelve sheets of particle board.

He spent Saturday preparing a place to put the boards, and we piled them up there. It was a two-man job taking them off the truck, and carrying them over to the place.

I drove down to Stella's to get the model numbers of the amplifiers, stopping at Frazier's to deliver a bucket of peaches. I also brought a sack of peaches to Stella.

She was home alone, and I guess she spends a lot of time by herself.

Besides the model numbers I brought the two-eleven-element arrays back with me.

Today Rossberg and his wife came to pick peaches. They brought some frozen fish with them for us to put in our freezer.

They got a good supply of peaches, also some carrots, and red beets. We had lunch of cheese and lettuce sandwich, Mike's tea, and a piece of fruit cake that Janice left with me Friday morning.

After they left we intended to go to the mine, but took a little nap, which made it too late to go.

While Mike went down to change the sprinklers at the trailer house, I exchanged the seven element beam for the eleven-element one. The reception was better.

While on his way to change the sprinklers, Mike went up to Pike Creek to see about getting honey and pollen from the beekeeper. There were some people from Portland at Pike Creek who said that the beekeeper had left for California this morning with a load of honey.

While in Bend Mike worked at getting the truck running better. He got a new coil, and new sparkplug wires, which didn't help. Shuick came to his rescue with a set of feeler gauges. He



set the points at sixteen thousandths. At first Mike said that they had been nineteen thousandths, but later he said, forty thousandths. They were at nineteen thousandths when I checked them here. Sixteen thousandths is for old points, which they were. Anyway, that made the motor run better. However, it runs rough when going from idle to acceleration.

24th

Today we got up to the mine and hoisted some dirt and rock out of the shaft. Also I got some rock samples out of the end of the tunnel. These I will test for gold, silver, and platinum.

Tonight I made a test on one sample. There was no gold, silver, or platinum in it.

I got the form to declare our assessment work done on Juniper-number one, filled out, ready to be notarized.

Ellis was up, and had ice cream and strawberries with us. We picked some peaches, and he took these with some ground falls with him to give to someone to make peach jam.

I have the box of samples, and the dishwasher motor in the truck. We are going to Burns in the morning. I will have my picture taken for my driver's license.

October, 1979

1

12th

Deer season has opened and closed. Chukker season opened with the deer season, and, I suppose it will run until January. Tomorrow quail season opens.

Hunters have come and gone, and still more come. There's only birds to hunt now.

Frank and Gary Lake got their deer on the other side of the mountain, and came over here to hunt birds. After a couple days of poor hunting, they were ready to go up to the mine to take a look at it and give us a hand. In getting the batteries up to the ore car, and from the ore car to the shaft, their long arms and long legs were a boon. They are lean and strong.

At one place where I would have to take two steps, they would take one and carry a battery at the same time.

We hoisted a few loads of dirt up out of the shaft, then hooked onto a big rock, and started pulling it up. When it was just above the upper timbers, the pole that holds the boom came loose at the bottom. The boom fell toward the shaft, and stopped before the rock was below the timbers.

Gary and I were on top, while Frank and Mike were in the hole. The pole was holding in the dirt just off its foundation. We got a cable around the bottom of the pole, and hooked it to a stake on the far side of the hole making it tight with the hand

winch. Thus with the bottom of the pole secure, we were able to move the rock over onto solid ground, then it was safe for Mike and Frank to come up out of the shaft.

Frank and Gary built a new boom. They helped install the boom, and helped relocate the cable on the horse.

After they left Mike and I worked on the muffler, the tail pipe, and the stay bar on the truck. Later we did a grease job on the truck.

We went to Burns yesterday. I got a copy of Harry's lactation notice.

At Nyleen's the pump for the dishwasher hadn't come in.

The Shermans, and Doctor Wadsworth were here when we left for Burns. On our way back we met them on the other side of Mann Lake. They had a flat tire. I thought they were bird hunting, but they were headed for home.

Mr. Sherman said, "I lost my dog. He must have had a heart attack. He was coming along behind me, and as I looked around, he fell over dead."

He seemed to be quite shook up. He said, "I cant hunt without a dog. Anyway, he died doing what he liked to do."

Both he and Wadsworth seemed tired. They had dug a hole where the road forks off going to Indian Creek. They buried him there, piling all the rocks they could find on top of the grave.

October, 1979

3

"We tried to get enough rocks so the coyotes cant dig him up."

I said, "I don't think the coyotes will dig him up. They don't dig up stuff."

Lapham was here today.

The drillers are drilling one of the three holes they will put in along our road.

We got the barrel back onto the cable. The cable needs to be moved farther over to the northwest on the horse.

The ore car runs too hard, so we will tip it over and examine the wheels.

When we got down from the mine, the carpet man was here. He and his boy got twelve birds in about an hour just up the draw.

I called the United Radio Supply again. The clerk promised to see that the catalog got mailed.

Art Williams' boy is staying at the cabin. He arrived this afternoon with one of his boys, and a young friend. They will stay until Tuesday.

The test results of the ore samples have not come.

Mike has an appointment for Tuesday with the eye doctor. He will leave here Monday.

16th

Mike left for Bend Monday morning.

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4

I picked the Golden Delicious Apples, putting the best in two boxes, and the culls in a bucket. I gave Art Williams' boy a small sack of the culls. These were not so bad, except for some bruises that would cause them to rot if they were stored for a long time.

Late in the afternoon I hiked down for the mail. The well drillers had finished drilling. They were down 450 feet. I learned that they left a drill bit at the bottom. They lowered a three quarter inch pipe down the hole, then filled it with water pouring it in with a bucket. Apparently it took over twenty gallons to fill the pipe.

Today I learned that the temperature at the bottom was one-hundred and fifty degrees.

After a third call to the United Radio Supply, the Winegard Catalog has not arrived. This morning I called the Winegard Co. in Iowa asking information about their amplifiers. The girl said that she would mail out the catalog right away. I presume I will receive it by Friday, or maybe Monday.

I called Stella, and told her about the catalog.

She said she would like some of our Golden Delicious apples. She has some pears to give us.

Sunday Mike and I went down to Pat's to help with the leaking pipe on the water heater, and also with replacing the check valve on the pump. Jim McDade, Don, and another man were working

on these things. The man (I wasn't told his name) worked like an expert plumber, fitting pipes to insert the check valve.

I went over to Dora's to see about her leaky faucets. There was a strange car in her yard, and her car was gone. I thought that she had gone somewhere in her car, and whoever owned the other car had gone with her.

Back over at Pat's I asked Don, "Where is Dora."

He said, "She is home."

I said, "I didn't see her car."

He said, "She has a new car. She rolled her old car over and wrecked it."

I went back over to Dora's, and knocked real hard on the door. She didn't answer right away, and when she did, her voice sounded strained like she wasn't quite awake.

She came to the door. There was a big black and blue mark in the middle of her forehead. I said, "What happened to your forehead?"

She said, "I rolled my car up near Crane. I bumped my head, and nearly cut off my little finger on my right hand. The doctor put nine stitches in my finger."

She said that her throat felt sore like she had a cold, but the doctor said that the sore throat was caused by nerves.

October, 1979

6

I looked at her kitchen faucet. It was a single-handed-mixing faucet. She said that a friend of hers said that the ferrule needed only to be turned down tight. I got a pipe wrench from the pickup. The ferrule was already tight. She said, "Loosen it and then tighten it up again."

I took the faucet apart. It looked worn. I put it back together. I wouldn't know if it helped until the pump was started.

I then put new washers into the valves on the washbasin in the bathroom.

When the pump was turned on the kitchen faucet was leaking worse than before. The bathroom faucets were leaking just as bad as before.

Mike is getting new faucets. Meantime, she has the faucets turned off.

I called Jean Hawthorne tonight. He is celebrating his birthday. Catherine baked a cake.

He found the cord to his TV set. They will be out this way Friday or Saturday.

The assay reports on our ore samples did not come Monday. Hopefully, they will be here tomorrow.

I have the mining papers ready to mail to the BLM in Portland.

October, 1979

7

We intend to relocate the claim, so if they do not accept the papers it doesn't matter.

17th

Last night at seven-thirty someone drove all the way up to the mine. I think it was the helper on the drill rig. He had said that he would move into the cabin, but probably not until today.

If he went up there after dark, he might have missed it, because he hasn't been up there before. He came back down toward Indian Creek. How far he got passed Indian Creek I couldn't tell, but the next thing I saw was his headlight going up toward the meadow. This time the lights appeared to go the cabin.



November, 1979

1

3rd

George left for West Point last Thursday morning. The ground was slightly frozen, so he had no trouble getting down the hill. He called from the Denio Junction, saying that the road was good and he had no trouble.

He said that we shouldn't delay buying a new truck, and that we should get the heater fixed in the old one.

Because it was such a good day, we decided to go to Burns, even though we would be late starting out. We had decided that a three-quarter-ton truck would be the best for us.

The ground had thawed out and the road was a little muddy half way down the hill. Thereafter it was damp and firm.

At Burns we stopped at the radiator-repair place first. The man said he would have to order a new core, and the job would cost around \$44. We told him to go ahead. With winter coming on we would need the heater if we were going to use the truck.

We then drove over to the Safeway store, bought some groceries, and some items for lunch, and ate lunch in the parking lot.

From there we went to the Harney County Propane to order five-hundred gallons of propane. A girl was behind the counter, and when I told her I wanted five-hundred gallons of propane, she said, "Do you have an account with us?"

I said, "No."

"Have you had the tank filled before?"

"Yes. We used to get gas from Winnemucca. They no longer deliver into that area."

She handed me a card to fill out. The card asked for my Social Security number, how long had I worked at my present job, and other questions that seemed strange, and out of place for one buying propane gas. "I said, "When did this rigmarole start?"

"It's been this way ever since I started working here."

As I filled out the questions, I thought that maybe the government was planning to ration the gas, and needed a lot of information. It finally dawned on me that this must be an application for credit. I said, "I will be paying cash."

She said, "Oh. I thought you wanted credit. I'm sorry. Jack isn't in now. Leave your phone number and address. He will call you and let you know when he will be down your way. He made a trip last week, so I think it will be next week now."

Now we were ready to go to the Chevrolet dealer to see about a truck. We parked down the street from the dealership, and walked back. Lewis was in front of the place, and greeted us.

We told him that we had decided on a three-quarter-ton truck. He said, "Well, we have one in stock."

We went into his office, and he gave us a rundown on the features of the truck. The price was \$10,780, which he brought down to \$9,065.12. Then he added \$28 for the license, transfer, title, etc.

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He took us out to the lot so we could have a look at it. We got in, and he drove it around to the front to pick up a dealer's license. He said, "Get in behind the wheel, and we'll go for a drive."

I said, "I don't think that's necessary." But he insisted. I backed it out of the parking place, and drove it out onto the main street, turning right, I asked, "How far shall we go?"

"Out the highway as far as you want."

The seat was too far back for me, but rather than bother to move it, I adjusted myself to the long reach to the gas peddle, and the brake. I couldn't tell how rough the truck rode, because the road had some bumpy spots that may have been more than the usual highway bumps. It gave me the feeling that the springs were pretty solid.

The truck seemed slow getting up to fifty-five miles an hour. We neared a weigh station where there was a good place to turn around. I said, "I don't think there is any need to go any farther."

The truck turned sharply in a smaller radius than I thought it could.

Back at the dealership, I parked out in front. We went in and signed papers, and I wrote out a check for \$1,000 for a deposit.

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We can burn regular gas in this truck. I was surprised, because I thought that Federal emission standards called for catalytic converters in all G.M. and Ford trucks. Perhaps it is California that has stricter emission controls.

When we got home, I checked on my finances, and asked Mike how much he could put in. He came up with \$1,700. I could make \$3,517. I figured we would have to borrow \$3,000 from George. That was more than I had expected to borrow.

When I had just decided how much we would need from him the phone rang. George was home. He said that he had a fine trip. When he got home Susie went wild, tearing around the place, looking everything over.

He was going to make a couple of apple pies to be ready when Boots and her kids came up Sunday.

I told him about ordering a core for the heater, and then said, "We ordered a three-quarter-ton truck, and if we can get \$3,000, we can pick it up next week."

He said, "Boy! Mike didn't have much money. I haven't got that much." I didn't say anything. Then he said, "Well, I'll write the Morris Plan, and have them transfer that account to my checking account in Jackson. I'll call you and let you know. It may be toward the end of the week."

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5th

I called George this morning. It's been raining down there about the same as here, only harder. Boots and her family came up over the weekend. Her husband came back, and they now have a big Dodge camper. They ate all the food George had cooked, including the two big apple pies.

He found the receipt for the newspaper add, and sent it to Hamerick. The advertised sale of the property starts today. If no one makes a bid higher than \$38,500, the people who offered \$35,000 will get it and will clear the way to settling the estate, provided there is no reason to clear up Lillian's estate. When she died Charlie did not have her estate probated, because everything was in his name, and she had been incapacitated for many years.

George admonished us not to cut ourselves too short, and said he would send \$3,200 instead of \$3,000. I did not object, because, if the amplifiers I had ordered should come before December, we wouldn't have enough money to pay for them. This is the first time we have spent more than we had on hand. It seems strange to be borrowing money. We are just like others who spend their inheritance before they get it.

Thursday on our way back from Burns we picked up 968 pounds of wheat from Rossberg's to take to Pat Frazier.

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Friday was another good day. We loaded the platform scales onto the truck, and took the grain down to Pat's. She was glad to see the load of wheat. Her chickens have been living on rolled oats for months. They quit laying some time ago.

Pat's hot-water tank quit on her, so I checked it out. The lower element had shorted and burned out the overload switch. The upper element was good. I disconnected the lower element and turned the power back on so they will have hot water. Later we can replace lower element and the overload switch.

While Mike and Don were unloading the wheat, I took the bucket of tools over to Dora's. The lead-in wire for her TV had broken off at the antenna, and I would have to lower the mast to get at it.

When I had gotten a ladder set up, and was taking off some wire that held the mast to a heavy post, Mike showed up. He helped me get the mast down. I soldered the lead-in wire to the output terminals of antenna. Then taped the lead-in tight to the boom so it would not slap around in the wind. We also used some binding tape to steady the lead-in where it swung free in the air toward the house.

The picture on her big set wasn't good, but I guess it is the best she can get.

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We then went out in back and moved the heating oil barrel closer to the house, and leveled it up. Mike went back over to Pat's while I finished at Dora's.

Mike was late coming back, so I drove the truck to the road, parking it outside the gate, and started walking to Pat's. When I got to the door, Mike picked up a sack of tomatoes and came toward the door. We walked to the truck.

It was too early for the mail when we passed the mailbox on the way home.

Around three-thirty it started to sprinkle. From the looks of the sky, I figured it wouldn't rain hard. There was no wind. I ran down to the mailbox, fifty-eight minutes round trip. When I took the mail out of the sack, I didn't check to see if our checks were there. Part way up the hill I looked for them, and found only Mike's VA check. None of mine were there.

I thought it could be possible I had overlooked it. I decided not to walk back down even though it wasn't a great distance back. I felt that I would have enough exercise, anyway. By the time I got to the dugout I had thought about it so much I decided to drive the truck down. The road was now begging to get wet, and I wondered I would be able to get back up.

At the mailbox my VA check was in the bottom of the sack, but no Social Security check. The road was wet coming back up,

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but it had been packed down so hard I had good traction, and I made it all the way.

Saturday I canned four quarts of applesauce.

In the afternoon I called Stella. It was raining here, and I asked her if it was raining down there. She said that it was.

I told her I had been canning applesauce. She said, "Guess what we've been doing."

I told her that I didn't have the least idea. She said, "We've been watching TV. The picture comes in pretty good. There was a football game on, which Jim likes."

I said, "The reception at the translator is probably better."

She said, "It couldn't be because the ground is wet? Could it?"

Then she said, "By the way, your check is here. Jim will be at Dora's Sunday. I told her to have him leave my check there.

She asked, "Was there anything special that you called for?"

"No. I called to see how you are doing, and what the weather was like."

"I've been intending to call you all day to tell you about the check."

"Maybe the reason I called you was because you were thinking of calling me."



Sunday morning I tried to phone Dora, but did get her until noon. She had just come in from outside because it was starting to rain. I asked her if she was getting dinner ready. She said, "Yes."

I said, "I don't mean lunch. I mean dinner. Isn't Jim and Stella going to be there for dinner."

"Oh, Jim is here now. Stella didn't come."

"Do you have my check.?"

"Yes. It's right here on the telephone stand."

"I guess Jim is ready to eat, He's sitting at the table."

"I'd better let you go to get his lunch. Tell him hello. I'll get the check next week when the road dries out."

Sunday I made an applesauce cake, which went good for a change.

Mike worked out in the rain a good deal. He wears warm insulators so doesn't get cold. He has all the leaks in the roof stopped. He has been collecting rainwater off the roof of the ore bin. He says it tastes like good water.

This morning it looked like the sun would come out, which it did. By mail time the road was almost dry. When I went down for the mail, the mud didn't stick to my shoes. Fifty-five minutes round trip.

I canned seven quarts of applesauce today. Mike worked some on the furnace-room roof, and put an eve trough on the skylight. He said, "Now we won't hear the drip drip when it's not raining. We will only hear the rain drops when they hit the roof."

Always before, the skylight roof would drip long after it quit raining,

6th

We had another fine day. Mike worked outside quite steadily. I canned four quarts of applesauce. In the afternoon we went down to vote. This special election is a waste of tax money. There were only two things to vote on. One was for voting for directors of some kind of project. On the ballot it said, "Vote for five of six." The other one was for a permit to sell a parcel of land, and allow the money to be spent on a building at the fairgrounds.

Mike and I voted against the selling of the property, because the construction of the building depended on a matching fund from the Federal Government. We are against any local project calling for money from the Feral Government.

We met Dora at the poling place. She had my check. I gave her a couple packages of Sure Jell which she had asked for. She had a recipe for beet jelly written out for me. Besides beet juice it called for lemon juice, and a package of Raspberry Jell-O. It sounds like Raspberry Jelly instead of beet jelly.

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written out for me. Besides beet juice, it called for lemon juice, and a package of Raspberry Jell-O. It sounds like Raspberry jelly instead of beet jelly.

When I went down for the mail, I found the road along the lower draw torn up badly. Someone had come up as far as the Indian Creek turnoff some time after Friday.

Last night I used some pieces of card board to plug holes in my bedroom. I was hoping to keep mice from getting into the attic and walls, and hoped that I would not seal mice in these places. It was after dark when I got through

I lay down on my bed and listened for any mice. In about five minutes one went dashing up across the screen on the window. It went up onto the roof, then across the roof. It did not stay up there long. Apparently it was taken aback with the changed conditions. It scooted down across the screen, and was back in about five minutes. Again it searched around the edges of the roof for a short time, then tore off again.

This happened six times. The last time it was slower going across the screen, and seemed more thorough in search for the old holes. It stayed up longer that time. I came over to the dugout to check into the net.

Several times during the night I heard it on the roof. It stayed up there a long time, running back and forth, and stopping

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at times to gnaw on something. Once I thought it got into the attic.

Today I nailed pieces of plywood over the cardboard. Later, when I was in my bedroom, I heard the mouse either on the roof, or in the attic. I couldn't be sure.

8th

Last night we went down to the meeting concerning BLM's wilderness program. The BLM seems to be in a frenzy of a hurry to put as many parcels as possible into a wilderness category. The urgency for speed probably stems from the Sagebrush Revolution.

A person would have to be in a position to actually observe what they are doing to feel the enormity of this boondoggle. They are spending millions of dollars evaluation areas as to their condition to be a wilderness area.

They say they are going by guidelines formulated by Congress. The guidelines say that a road must be made by man using machinery, a grader or other earth-moving equipment, and show signs of being maintained by such equipment. If it is made by vehicles traveling over it, it is a way, not a road.

Thus the BLM can say, "What has been called roads in this area are not roads." This way they meet the guidelines.

Many roads in these areas have been maintained, but from one year to the next the evidence of maintenance is obliterated by the weather.

If there is a road that goes to a dead end, they can have the wilderness area go around the road. The road is eliminated from the area, although it is right in it.

9th

Yesterday George called. He said that he had heard from Hamerick again. The lawyer will obtain a higher bond for George, because the sale of the property will leave more money in the books for the estate.

George was surprised that the check hadn't arrived yet.

This morning two of the power men came up, bringing the box that held the peaches we gave them. I showed them the cold room, and gave them a box of apples.

They stayed to visit for a while. They were in agreement about the way the BLM is maneuvering to establish a wilderness area in Harney County.

As to the dugout:- they said, "It will be an historical landmark in the future."

Mike changed the oil in the compressor engine, and I finished plugging the holes in the fire wall of the pickup.

Around one-thirty we headed for the mine. We fixed the barrel so that it would pass through the horse. This gave us plenty of exercise, because we had to climb up and down that side hill, and do some heavy lifting removing the barrel from the cable and putting it back up.

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12th

Yesterday I worked most of the day fixing the gas line on the pickup. I cut the end in two at the end near the carburetor, then put a rubber hose between the two pieces. The fitting on the carburetor was hard to turn because the line had been bent close to the fitting.

26th

Seven inches of snow fell last night. The wind made some drifts out of it, but by noon the drifts had melted down to where they were of not much consequence.

I drove the four-wheel drive pickup down to get the mail. There were some muddy spots in the road. The pickup ran smoothly going and coming so I couldn't tell how bad the road was. Maybe I could have made it with the little pickup, but I wouldn't chance it because I was afraid it would spin out, and I would have to leave it down the road.

Yesterday Mike fell when he took the garbage and some grain down into the garden for the quail. Unseen ice under the snow took him by surprise, and he hit the ground with his back before he knew what happened. He said, "The ground came up and hit me. It was like a rock."

Today he did not get around much. I said to him, "You aren't getting much exercise. You're like George."

He said, "Well, my ribs hurt so much, it is even bad when I breath."

"You didn't break a rib? Did you?"

"No, but it's pretty bad."

I hope he gets over his sore ribs quickly, because exercise is essential for good health.

Bruce, Carolee, and Betsy came out Wednesday, and stayed until three-thirty Thursday. Carolee baked a turkey, and we had a fine dinner. Bruce brought his computer with him, and spent quite a bit of programing it.

The weather prior to the trip out here had been rainy, but Wednesday it was clear. When they left Thursday, it began to snow. I called them on the phone that night. They got home around nine-thirty. The roads were icy all the way, but they had no trouble.

When they arrived Wednesday, I had applesauce cake, and apple pie ready, Then for dinner I fried the heart and liver of the kid goat that Mike had dressed out. This with corn on the cob, potatoes, and pie and ice cream, made a satisfactory meal.

Last night Lois called from Michigan to tell me that Mae is in the hospital in very bad condition. She gave me Mae's phone number in the hospital. I called Mae, but did not talk long, because she seemed to be in so a lot of distress, coughing a great deal.

She said that she was moving into a private room that night, and would have a different phone number.

Tonight George called. He enjoyed his stay at Sam's, and just got back home today. Lois called him, and gave him Mae's new phone number. Now I have it so I can call her.

We drove to Burns on the thirteenth, and got the Chevrolet pickup, paying for it in full, \$9,095.12, including the license.

We bought insurance to cover liability.

The heater core for the little pickup was ready, \$43.

On our way back I drove the new pickup, while Mike drove the little one. We had planned to get a load of grain for Pat at Rossberg's. Mike was ahead of me, and stopped at the Crane junction for me to catch up. We left the new pickup there, and drove the old one in to Rossberg's.

The bed of this pickup will go under the grain shoot so the sacks can be filled right in the pickup. David came out and helped us.

The next day we went down to Pat's. While Mike and Don unloaded the grain, I worked on the water heater. It took a long time to drain the water. First, though, I had Pat use up the hot water that was in the tank so it wasn't wasted.

Pat tried to clean out the calcium chloride that had accumulated in the bottom of the tank. I put the defective-heating



element back into the hole, and ran water into the tank while the hose hooked up to the bottom outlet, drained the water out. I hoped the running water would remove some of the calcium chloride.

However, when I put in the new element, there was plenty of the precipitate in the tank. This interfered with screwing the element into the tank.

At one point I tried to remove the element, but it was the folded type, and had gone in with a tight fit. The end had sprung inward, and after getting inside, it sprung apart so acted like a barb not letting the element come out. I tightened the nut that held the element in.

One screw for the wiring of the element would not start straight. Figuring that it was cross threaded, I decided that it would be better to return the next day with a tap to clean the threads.

Both the upper and lower elements had more wattage than the old ones. Now I left the upper one working.

We had dinner, and visited. It was too late to install the faucet on her sink.

The next day we went back, and I ran a tap into the screw hole, cleaning out the threads. The screw then gave no trouble.

While I was finishing with the water heater, Mike began working on the water pipes to the sink. He found that the plastic

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pipes, installed by Jim Mc Dade, were coming apart, and actually did while he was under the sink. The hole in the top of the was not large enough to let the single-action faucet go through. Mike drove home and brought back an expansion bit, and enlarged the hole.

I got under the sink and fastened the faucet down, then Mike hooked up the tubing, and reconnected the drain pipes.

However, before hooking up the drain pipes, he turned on the water. The faucet was over the tube where the drain was open right above his head. He gave a big squawk when the cold water hit his head.

Later we turned the faucet on. A little water came out, then stopped. The faucet wouldn't work. We turned the faucet off under the sink, and I took the faucet apart. The opening in it was plugged by a piece of the shavings from the drilling of the hole. It must have gotten into the tubing when he pushed it through the hole.

Later we heard from Dora that Pat was glad that there were no leaks form the faucet, and from the drain pipe. She was also glad that she had hot water.

29th

This morning I called Mae. I was afraid to talk with her very long, because she was so weak, although she said that her cough was better. I had been thinking that I would talk while she

listened, but she spoke about feeling better, but weak and said, "Thank you for calling, dear."

So I said, "Goodbye."

Bruce called several times today to talk with Mike about the property Mike sold to Schuic. It seems that Mike will have to make out a new deed. He doesn't have papers her describing the property, and thinks the papers might be in Bend.

On his last call Bruce must have asked for money. Mike said, "Not now. Maybe after the first of the year."

This afternoon I took the electric saw out by the woodpile, and was cutting some scrap pieces of two-bys, when I noticed someone approaching. I thought it was Mike coming out to see how I was doing. I didn't look up immediately, and, when I did I was surprised that it was someone else. It was Curly with his wife Carol.

Curly had been here ten years ago. He had been in an airplane accident, and was pretty well damaged. I asked him about his farm, and how he was doing, mentioning his accident.

He said that he was in good shape now. He recently bought a farm up near Drewsey. He now has several farms and leases them out.

I brought them inside where they met Mike. Curly mentioned that the time he was here before, we were having trouble starting

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our car. Mike said, "That must have been ten years ago." Curly was surprised that it was so long ago.

We showed them the back room, and the cold room. I gathered up a sack of apples for them to take back with them.

It was down to eight above last night, and the high yesterday was twenty-six. Seems like an early winter.

We are planning on going to Burns Monday, but Mike's rib is giving him so much pain I think we will wait a while longer.