

2nd

Yesterday morning Mike was up early, and as soon as it was daylight, he was out hunting through the pipe and fittings for a one and a half inch elbow. He finally found a one and a half inch street elbow. This elbow would suit our purpose better than the other type.

I called Dora and had her tell Pat that we would be down to work on the plumbing.

When we got there, Pat was using the dishwasher, so we had wait a while before starting on the work. It was after twelve when I started removing the plastic pipes.

Mike put in most of the steel pipe and fittings. I spelled him off from time to time.

When everything was tightened, Mike started out the door with some tools. He said, "Well, I'm glad that's all done." I thought that maybe he was too soon in his evaluation. I filled a bucket with water, and then let water run from the faucet to fill the pipes. Then dumped the bucket into to sink. There was a bad leak at the last elbow where the water enters the sewer.

When Mike came back in, we discussed what might be done. We decided to bring some teflon ribbon down the next day in hopes it would seal the leak.

Pat said, "I have some tape you could wrap around it."

We tried it, but it wouldn't even stick to the pipe. We tried some electric tape, but that didn't help much. It was too late to do anything more that day.

4th

Friday we left here an hour earlier. Pat was washing dishes, so we didn't get a head start by coming early.

After Pat got through with the dishes, I began removing pipes and fittings. When I removed the last elbow, the trouble was apparent. A dent like a hammer blow was in that last nipple. Only one thread was left intacked.

The reason it had not leaked with the plastic was that the nut on the nipple had gone down all the way onto shoulder of the tee.

I wrapped teflon ribbon around the threads, applying two layers near the bottom and on the one complete thread, then cinched the elbow down as far as it would go, stopping when I could see that it would not make another complete turn.

The next section to go on was a short nipple and a street elbow already connected together. I wrapped the threads that were showing on the nipple with teflon ribbon, and tightened the section. Before, when I put this section on, it took a lot of work, with a come-a-long, to bring it around that last full turn. This time it was easy, thanks to the teflon.

I put teflon on all the remaining threads. Finally it was all together. A trial with water revealed no leak at the bad spot, but the compression fitting on the tube leaked.

At first I thought that, to get the fitting off, I would have to remove the one on the other tube also, so that I could move it to one side to slip the down spout out. However, all I had to do was to turn the nipple, it was in, downward. Actually it moved easily at the joint next to the center tee, because of the teflon.

I examined the rubber on the down spout, but could find nothing wrong. After tightening it on again, it still leaked. On the next examination, I decided that the nipple, at one point, might have too sharp an edge. By turning the nipple over and using the other end, the problem was solved.

Another trial with water found no leaks anywhere.

After the first trial I stopped to eat dinner with the rest, Nellie, Pat, Don, and Mike. Cactus wasn't there that day.

When Mike and I were ready to leave, Pat was lying down, having had a spell with her heart. We didn't stop at Dora's to fix her antenna. She was still down at Fields.

We stopped at the house on the edge of the desert to check the mouse traps. Another full-grown mouse was in one trap. Every time we stop there a mouse is in a trap.

There was less fog than the day before. Passed the draw a woman was walking up the road. It appeared that she was rock hunting and not bird hunting. Small-white sacks were hanging from her belt.

I slowed down and stopped when I got up to her. Mike asked if she wanted a ride. She smiled a little, and actually seemed alarmed, and kept on walking, not saying anything.

I drove on up the road. Before reaching the Indian Creek turnoff, we came upon a pickup parked in the road with both doors wide open. There was a man off in the distance in the sagebrush without a gun.

I said to Mike, "That sagebrush at the side looks awfully big. I don't like to go out into it to go around the pickup. I drove around it anyway. The guy was coming up closer. Mike waved at him.

A camper was parked near the Indian Creek turnoff. No one was around.

When I started on the plumbing at Pat's, Mike got out the electric-chain saw, and cut some wood for Pat. He didn't do very well. He told Don that he thought the saw was dull.

After dinner, Mike sat and talked with Pat going over the usual rundown of the BLM, the environmentalists, the bureaucracies, and ecologists.

January, 1981

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Once while we were at Pat's, Mike said to her, "They are going to make a new ten-dollar bill."

Pat looked alert. Mike was taking too long to say the punch line, so I spoke up, "Yes, and they are going to make it as big as a twenty-dollar bill."

Pat looked surprised, and then broke into a laugh. It was the first time I had heard her laugh in a long time. She came around the table, and sat down, then said, "That sure tickled me. I've got a warped sense of humor."

I said, "Well, that's where we have something in common."

5th

This morning I walked and jogged down the road as far as far as the head of the lower draw. I saw that a vehicle had come up to the point, turned around, and went back down the road.

Coming back up when I got to the bulldozer road that goes through the gap to the Wild Horse Ranch, I decided to walk up it and find out for sure if the pickup tracks made on that road yesterday were coming down the hill or up. I had guessed before that they were coming down, because by night there were no tracks going the other way.

As I progressed up the hill it seemed that if the vehicle had been going up, there should have been some evidence of a wheel spinning once in a while at some of the steep places. No

such evidence appeared. The chain marks showed that the wheels rolled easily along, and I was convinced that they were rolling down hill.

I kept climbing, and the distance seemed greater than I had thought. I figured I would have to climb all the way to the top of the gap, because whoever came down the road either came from the Wild Horse Ranch or had camped at, or near the summit.

The road is so rough I would never consider driving a pickup over it. There was a shallow covering of snow on the ground, but in some place there were bare stretches in the wheel tracks. The fog got thicker the higher I went. I heard no chukkers or any other birds. No sound of coyotes anywhere. Cattle could be heard all the way from the Alvord meadows.

I came to a place where the vehicle had stopped, and someone had gotten out. No tracks went out away from the road, but there were quite a few close to where the vehicle had been.

As I walked on up, I noticed that the chain marks no longer appeared. I realized then that the vehicle had surely been going down hill, and had stopped to put on the chains.

A little farther up I came to a place where the guy had come down an extremely rough place, and had slipped and slithered over and around rocks and into ruts. No wonder he had stopped to put

on chains after getting down that steep place. Above that bad spot the road wasn't bad but still steep.

Finally I came to the summit, and there to the left was a clear smooth place where he had parked and made his camp. There was no snow on the ground where the pickup had been. I could tell that he had parked facing away from the road, because he had backed onto the road, and then backed toward the Wild Horse Ranch, then headed down the hill.

Coming up the hill I had stopped for a breather several times. Now going down it was easier, but I watched my step, because I could slip on the snow. On the steepest places I took short steps so that I could easily catch my balance should I slip. Along some stretches I could jog a little. Actually when I got home, I had been gone only slightly over two hours.

Mike had been cutting sagebrush, and had a good pile behind the stove, and still more at the chopping block.

I fixed a breakfast of scrambled egg mixed with whole-wheat kernels cooked, a cup of weak coffee with a small amount of milk and sugar in it.

Tonight the temperature in the cold room is down close to thirty-two degrees, so I will turn off the blower to make sure it doesn't freeze in there. The temperature outside was down to thirty at six o'clock. Now, at ten-fifteen, it is twenty-seven.

This afternoon I chopped some sagebrush, and drove down for the mail, taking two mouse traps with me to put in the trailer house. There I found a mouse in one trap, but none in the other one. I have never yet caught a mouse in that one. It probably takes too heavy a touch to set it off. Now there are four traps set, one on the sink top where there was evidence of mice being up there.

6th

I jogged down to the head of the lower draw this morning. Breakfast consisted of a scrambled egg mixed with whole-grain wheat boiled, a cup of weak coffee with a small amount of milk and sugar, and a slice of whole-wheat bread toasted in the skillet with bacon grease.

Mike gathered sagebrush, and cut it up for firewood. I baked the wild-boar spareribs, and made an apple pie with no sugar, and used oil in the crust. The crust did not come out as good as with hard shorting, and without sugar I considered it a poor pie. Mike thought it was fine, though.

I went out and chopped some sagebrush for a while this afternoon. The weather is getting colder, and fog hangs around the place. It's different than when the sun shines here, and the fog is below us. I guess you could call it a high fog. Half way down the hill you can see under it, and look across the desert.

The low last night was twenty-two degrees, and the high today was thirty. Still the snow was melting on the ground, but the frozen fog on the tree branches and sagebrush, and on the wires did not melt.

I brought an old pair of shoes from my bedroom to wear in the snow. They have soles that do not slip. However, the end of my left big toe did not have enough room to be comfortable. I cut a hole in the top of the left shoe to give the toe more room. Now I will try to find something for a patch to put over it.

I have a good pair of shoes that are all right for walking on level ground, or up hill, but going down hill my left toe slides into the end. I wore them yesterday and this morning on those hikes, and now the toe is sore on the end.

Mike works from time to time on the winch, making a cable guide that will prevent the cable from climbing up and piling up on one side. When it piles up, it will slip off the pile, and the loaded drum will fall a short distance, creating a great jerk on the cable and boom. This is nerve racking, and if eliminated it would help a lot.

Back to the shoes-- I have covered the hole with a piece of cloth, using some patching tape to hold it in place. Tomorrow when I wear the shoe, I'll find out if it works.

Considering the fog again, the fog is freezing and falling in small pellets, making a light-white cover on the ground.

8th

Yesterday I wore the shoes for a walk and a jog down the road. The end of my left toe still suffered from pressure against something, and it cant be the shoe. The sock must be the culprit. I'll have to cut a hole in the sock.

There was fog all day, and it froze in long spikes on the tree branches, brush, and wires. However, the snow on the ground melted. The temperature was twenty-eight. Heat must be coming up out of the ground to melt the snow.

The ham antenna has a guy wire at each end in order to reach a place high enough to hold the ends up. On the northwest end it crosses the draw, and is longer than the southeast end. Frost formed on the wire causing the draw side to be heavier than the other side. Thus the center pole leaned in that direction. So much so that I feared it might break. I lowered the antenna, and jarred the frost loose, giving the pole a chance to straighten.

Two men from the Mc Dermit mine drove down from the point in the fog. They were on a scouting trip, taking rock samples in search of any kind of minerals. I gave them a rundown on the kind of ore we have, and told them how to get up to the mine. They drove up there in the fog. If they come back this way again, they will have no landmarks to recognize except the mailboxes and the road to follow.

Before they left I gave them some quartz from the mud seam.

They said they would have it analyzed for gold and silver, and let us know the results.

This afternoon we loaded the boat onto the little pickup. Mike was planning to leave for Bend Sunday, but since he has to stop at the Motor Vehicle Division in Burns to get his driver's license renewed, he will wait until Monday.

9th

The sun came out early this morning, but by ten o'clock, the fog arrived, and was the heaviest and deepest we have seen here. It extended all the way from the desert floor up passed our place. How far we could only surmise by the amount of light that filtered through. I'm sure it went well above the mine.

Carl Thomas came up this morning. He said that Loni Williams was going to fly over here, but he would call before starting. He said, "When he calls, tell him about the fog, and have him call Oma to let her know I got here all right, and everything is fine."

He said he would be around for a month, and try to trap some coyotes. Oma may be out in February.

Before one o'clock I jogged down to the head of the lower draw. The fog was heavy down there, and was freezing on the brush as much as it was up here.

Loni called just before I got back. At the door, I heard Mike talking on the phone. Mike was trying to convince him the fog was too bad to allow a landing here, but Loni seemed to think that there should be a hole somewhere. He said he would call again later.

When he called again, I answered the phone. In spite of my description of the fog, he said he would fly over the desert, and, if he couldn't find a hole, he would land in Burns where the landing conditions were at a minimum. If he had to he would fly home. There was a pickup available for him at the Burns airport. He would be at the trailer house around eight o'clock.

I roasted a frying chicken this afternoon. It turned out good.

I washed out some underwear this evening and hung them on the line. They soon froze, and they will probably be wetter in the morning than they were when I hung them up.

When I drove down to get the mail, the fog had lifted and I could see out across the desert.

Coming back up, there was fog just below the gate, and from there on it was heavy.

The high today was twenty-eight, and, like yesterday, the snow was melting on the ground.

Mike buried a taller fifteen-gallon drum in the place I had buried a small one a couple years ago. He figured the mice were jumping up and getting out of the shorter one.

10th

I was up before eight o'clock, and called George. He said that he had just talked with Mae on the phone. She had a cold.

He also talked with Rea in Bellaire. She is feeling like a new person after her operation. They had 102 inches of snow in town and it was still snowing. To keep the streets clear it takes a lot of snow hauling by trucks.

George has an appointment at the Stanford University on the twentieth.

Loni and his friend Jim landed at the Burns airport after flying over the Alvord desert and not finding a hole in the fog. Even at Burns there weren't many holes in the fog, but they found one about three miles from the field. There was plenty of room under the fog. It was almost dark when they landed.

I took a jog down the road about ten o'clock. Pickup tracks went out onto the bulldozer road, and also onto the road going down to Indian Creek.

I had heard someone driving up to the meadow earlier in the morning.

Before noon Carl, Loni, and Jim drove up here in Carl's jeep. They had a tire with a slow leak. All they needed was a little air in it.

I asked them if they had been driving around hunting. They had gone up to the mine, so they were the ones I had heard. They had walked down to the mouth of Indian Creek. They had gone up the bulldozer road. They didn't see any Chukkers anywhere.

From here they decided to go above the fog into the sunshine. We heard them drive up passed the mine. They stayed up there a long time, and came down just before dark. We will probably hear how they made out later.

My transmitter kicked out again tonight when I started to check into the first session of the net.

I looked at the schematic, and saw that one tube controlled the relay for transmitting and receiving. I found another tube and put it in. Sure enough the relay worked fine. I don't have to turn on the high-voltage switch, and push the talk button on the mic at the same time to make it operate. I can leave the high-voltage on all the time. The push to talk switch on the mic works as it should.

I believe I checked that tube several years ago. I may have replaced it, but it did no good. Jerry ran the transmitter sometimes, when both switches had to be activated at the same time to make the relay work. I would like to tell him that it works now.

13th

Carl came up this morning bringing two small plum trees that Oma had sent over with him. We are in hopes they will pollinate the old plum trees. Mike dug up some dirt from under a sagebrush. He said the ground there was frozen down about two inches. He put each tree into a bucket and poked dirt around the roots, and placed them down in the ditch where it is warmer than in any of the buildings.

Carl's dog, Red, came home this morning. He had slipped out of his collar yesterday, and, presumably, tried to follow Carl's pickup. We thought that he might have been picked up by someone, because he loves everybody, and would get into any car.

When he arrived this morning, his hair was covered with frost from the freezing fog. He was tired and lame.

15th

The fog continues to hover around us. Everything is heavy with frost from the frozen fog. My antenna broke down on the section toward the draw. Today I spliced and raised it back up. However, I didn't get it up as high as it was before.

Carl came up with a TV set that he bought from Beryl Hair. The horizontal control, the brightness control, and the contrast control were not functional. The knobs were off and hanging loose in the holes going into the set. I could pull them outward, but

not all the way out. The ends had to reach about three inches into the cabinet to fit into the controls themselves.

I carefully moved one knob at a time to find where they would go into the control. I was able to get the horizontal and contrast controls in place, but not the brightness control.

With the set hooked up to our lead-in, a picture came in on three channels. The picture rolled, so the horizontal control was needed. Luckily it was working.

17th

There was more fog again yesterday. In the morning Carl brought his Jeep up to get that same rear tire inflated again. At twenty-five pounds I could hear the air leaking passed the rim. Carl said, "Well, when the pressure goes down, it won't leak so fast. I think it will hold out long enough so I can go up above the fog, and hunt chukkers."

I wouldn't have taken a chance of going with the tire leaking like that myself. He had a spare, but his jack didn't work very good. I could picture him struggling with the jack, and trying to keep the pickup from sliding off it, the way it did when Loni was here.

The power went off for about two hours in the afternoon. When I got up to the point from the mailbox, Carl was right behind me. He came to see if our power was off like his was, then

satisfied that he wasn't the only one without power, he headed for home.

17

Before he left he said that the chukkers were so wild he didn't get any. I asked him how the tire held up. He said, "Fine."

I said, "I wouldn't have trusted it, and with that jack, you might have had a hard time changing tires."

He said, "Well, it works all right, if I put blocks under the wheels so the jeep doesn't roll."

Shortly after I got back to the dugout, the power came on.

This morning before daylight I heard rain or hail pelting on the roof. Since it was twenty-eight in my bedroom, I was sure it was hail. By the time I got up the temperature in the bedroom had risen to thirty.

I got over here before eight o'clock, and dialed George's number. There was a busy signal. I said to myself, "He's calling Mae."

I waited five minutes, and dialed again. This time he answered. I said, "I guess you just got off the phone."

He said, "I was dozing on the cot."

"I called you a few minutes ago, and there was a busy signal."

"Oh, I was talking with Mae. She was about ready to go to breakfast."

"How is she?"

"She sounded all right."

Then he told me about going down to the Stanford Hospital. They couldn't find anything wrong with his prostate. Now he has an appointment for February thirteenth to have a scope pushed up the urinary tract so they can get a visual look. The doctor said that he didn't think they would find anything wrong, but if he wanted it done, they would do it. He would have to stay in the hospital two nights.

George said, "Two nights!"

The doctor consulted with a younger doctor who was with him, then said, "We'll try to arrange it so you will need to stay only one night." The doctors went out and made arrangements for his next appointment. George got dressed and waited around for about fifteen minutes.

It was for early in the morning, and they would work it so he could go home that night.

I told him how it was snowing here. He said that the sun was shining there, but it looked like it might rain.

Another thing I did yesterday:- I disconnected the compressor from the evaporator, and moved the compressor out into the

living room. I found a piece of plywood just the right size for the compressor, and placed it on the end of the table. Thus I had a bench to work on.

With the compressor up there, I was able to turn it bottom side up so the oil could run out the suction inlet. I left it there all night. This morning I weighed the oil. It was over two pounds.

Mike is going to get some oil in Bend. Also he will look for some valves and fittings that I could use. I'm not very hopeful that he can find what I need. I should go over there myself so I can see what is available.

It is only a chance that the new oil and a flushing out with R-12 will cure the trouble. It seems like the valves aren't closing. The oil from the compressor is dark. The book says it should be clear and without odor. Besides not being clear it has an odor although not very pronounced. It feels slick enough.

The power was off over five hours today.

Early this morning a vehicle went up to the meadow. I never heard it come down. About noon I hiked down the road as far as the Indian Creek turnoff. I looked up at the cabin and could see a white patch near it. I couldn't make out if it was snow or a white vehicle.

I came back up to get the field glasses. When I got to the point I could see a vehicle that appeared to be on the road that crosses the meadow.

After getting the glasses I could see that it was white pickup with a canopy, or a motor home. Since I could see only the upper part it was hard to tell.

Down at the turnoff, I discovered with the glasses that the white spot near the cabin was snow.

18th

The sun came out clear this morning. The low last night was twenty-eight. The high yesterday was forty-three, and today it was forty-nine. So the weather has warmed up, and it looks like rain is possible tonight or tomorrow.

With the improved weather, Mike is all ready to go to Bend. He is taking two boxes of apples. Thus there will be enough to give Margaret some as well as to Bruce and Carolee. One box is for the Hawthorne's if they are home. They may be down in Death Valley spending the winter.

Carl came up this morning and called Oma. Someone in the family has a new baby boy. The mother is thirty-five and this is her eighth child. She is having some complications after the birth.

Carl went back down toward home looking for Chukkers. Around noon I walked down the hill. Before I got to the Indian Creek

turnoff, I saw Carl coming up the road on his motorcycle. He did not see me, but turned off the gravel and went up to the meadow. As I came back up the hill, I heard Chukkers in flight, but heard no shots.

Up at the dugout I heard one shot. He has been saying that it is hard to get close enough to get a good shot at them.

We let the fire go out in the heater this afternoon around one-thirty, and didn't start another one until five-thirty. The warm weather made a difference in the amount of wood we used. We've been using pieces of broken up hard-board. It makes a better fire than sagebrush. This afternoon I cut enough sagebrush to keep the fire going all evening.

19th

I was over here by seven-twenty this morning. Mike was putting the last minute things into the pickup. However, he seemed in no hurry to be off. Even after everything was loaded, he lingered around, saying, "I'm not ready to go yet. I want to think." I guessed that he didn't want to forget something that he should have with him.

Finally he decided that he might just as well leave. The sun was shining through the clouds in the east. Looking into it, he put on his dark glasses.

I was glad the weather was so much better. There was no fog, and the temperature was up to thirty-nine.

Later, while I was cutting sagebrush, there was a sound like a car door closing. It came from the direction of the point. I kept looking out that way expecting someone to start walking down this way, but there was no movement.

I went inside and got the field glasses, and walked out that way. I passed the power pole, and started down the hill. Then saw a figure walking up the hill. I stopped and waited for him, thinking it might be Carl. At that distance I couldn't be sure, but as he came closer, I could see that it wasn't him. I could see that it was a young fellow.

There was something strapped to his belt next to his hip. At first I thought it might be a gun, but later saw that it was a water bottle.

When he got within fifty feet, he called out, "Hi."

I said, "Hi." right back, then, "How's it going?"

He said, "Oh, okay. I'm with a class on a wilderness program."

I said, "They leave you on a spot for three days with three granola bars. You have a small territory to stay in."

He said, "That's right."

He wanted to know if his friend could come up. The friend was sitting on a rock some distance below us, and to the left of the road. I told him it was okay. He waved to his friend to come

on up. His friend's name was Virgil I told them about the mine and the ore we got the mercury out of.

The first boy's name was Dan. He wanted me to show him some mercury. I brought them down to the dugout and showed them the ore and some mercury. Virgil didn't stay long. He was conscientious about the program he was in. They were not supposed to talk with anyone, and they were told to stay within their area.

When Virgil was gone, Dan wanted to know if I had some work he could do for some food. I told him that I wouldn't want to cause him to fail in his assignment. I did give him permission to call his mother collect. He called several times, but there was no answer.

He decided to go back down to his camp. As he was leaving I gave him an apple. I had a feeling that this boy would fail in this test they were giving him.

25th

This morning I was up before eight o'clock. After breakfast I backed the truck down to the big gas tank, and filled the right-hand tank with gas, loaded in the chain saw, an axe, a can of lighter fluid and a squirt-can full of oil (in case the saw was hard to start), rubber overshoes (to change into if there was snow at the wood site), and a set of chains (in case we got stuck), and was down at Carl's place by nine-forty-five.

Old Red came out to meet me, but there was no one at home. I figured that Carl had gone somewhere on his motorcycle, perhaps to look at traps. While I was waiting for him, I started splitting wood for his cook stove, the only wood stove in the house. I had split several blocks before there was any indication that Carl was arriving. I heard Old Red barking, and looked around to see what he was barking at. There was no sound of a motorcycle. I heard Carl call out, but it took a minute or two to see where he was. He was coming in from the north side of the lot, on foot a shotgun under his arm.

When he came up, he said, "You're getting some practice on the woodpile." Then, "I was up on the other side of the road when you went by. I waved and hollered, but I guess you were looking toward the other side of the road."

I said, "Yeah, I was looking at the desert and at your house."

He put the gun in the house and we were ready to leave. His chain saw was at the corner of the fence where we back up to turn around. I backed up to it. He loaded it in along with a gallon jug of fuel mixture and a jug of chain-saw oil.

On the way to Carlson Creek he said, "Beryl said that if we go after wood, he would like to go along. We can stop at Hair's and pick him up."

At Hair's Carl Hair was coming out of the house just as we were driving into the yard. He was back from his trip to Arizona. We talked a while, and he told how he enjoyed the trip. Beryl was nowhere around. Carl said he was probably alone somewhere with a bottle.

It isn't far from Hair's place to the road that goes up Carlson Creek. I would have passed it if Carl hadn't called my attention to it. I would have gone right on down to Frazier's before I realized I had passed it.

30th

Well, we got the load of wood. Carl used his chain saw cutting wood while I loaded the truck. During the last thirty minutes he used my saw. It worked much better than his.

After I got home I started working on the compressor. By putting in new-clean oil, and draining it out again I got more dirt out. I ran the old oil through a coffee-filter paper and used it. The process of filtering and putting it into the compressor and draining again was time consuming.

The next day I unloaded the truck, piling the wood in a heap by the door. It had snowed the night before, so the wood on the truck was covered with snow. Before unloading I cleared the snow off the ground where the pile would be.

Again about the compressor, I filtered oil put it into the compressor and drained it out, getting more dirt. I continued this process for several days, but I got tired of the routine. There was a lot of lifting of the compressor, because I had to move it from the location where I put in the oil to the table where I turned it upside down to drain out the oil.

Wednesday I was to pick up Carl and go to Burns. There was snow on the ground and it looked like rain or snow in the offing. I decided it would be better to go to Fields instead. We could pay more for groceries there and still be money ahead.

The road was wet and slushy this side of the lower draw. I was surprised to see Carl walking up the hill. When he got into the truck, he said that he had tried to drive the Mazda up the first hill, but spun out which was a surprise to him, because he was sure he could make it.

I told him about my idea of going to Fields. He said that he wouldn't be buying much anyway since he would be leaving for Coos Bay in a week or two.

Before I left I had called Dora that I would be down. She said. "Bring me about ten pounds of potatoes. I'm about out."

I said to Carl, "We can stop at Cactus Smith's to see if he wants to go to Fields. Carl thought it was a good idea, because Cactus had been having trouble with his truck.

When we got there, Cactus was getting out of his truck. He headed for the house, and apparently didn't see us. I knocked on the door. He said, "Come in."

Inside he said, "Well, Jim Weston. It's good to see you." We shook hands.

He said, "I was just getting ready to go to Fields." Someone had given him a tow to start his truck, then he told all about the trouble with the starter, and the grease on the flywheel. It took him a while to make up his mind whether to go with us or take his truck. Finally he decided that since we would be coming right back, and he wanted to stay in Fields a while, he would drive his truck.

We drove out ahead of him, and when on the county road we kept looking back to see if he was coming. We both thought we saw him drive out onto the county road, but then he seemed to disappear. He never showed up behind us. We thought that maybe his truck had quit on him.

I turned around and drove back. Just as we got to his road, we saw him driving out from his house. I went passed his road and turned around. We learned that he had forgotten something, and went back after it. I let him ahead of us.

He drove into Pat's where we were going to stop also, but first we drove into Dora's to give her the spuds, and buy a dozen

eggs from her. She didn't need anything from Fields. Anyway, she would be going down there the next day to work on the vegetables.

At Pat's three dogs met us inside the door. She said, "Hello, strangers. How about a cup of coffee?"

We told her we were going to Fields, and wondered if she needed anything from there. She did, a gallon of milk, three loaves of bread, preferably one-hundred percent whole wheat, but sandwich bread if they didn't have it, and a dozen oranges.

Cactus had already left. At the county road we could see him some distance down the road.

The first car coming our way seemed to be coming pretty fast for the conditions. Water and mud were spewing out in sheets on each side from the wheels. I slowed down and hoped they would also. As we passed the windshield was drenched with muddy water, and it went clear over the cab.

I thought it was inconsiderate of them to drive so fast under the conditions. Later I thought that they probably didn't know they were throwing so much mud.

Later we passed by two trucks with the same mud bath resulting.

31st

Prices at the Fields store were higher than I had anticipated. As a result I bought only one dozen eggs, and a couple of

packages of dried milk. Carl bought some cat food for Old Red because the only dog food on hand was in large sacks at a price a lot higher than at the larger stores in Burns.

On the way back we met only one car, and the road was not bad when we passed it, so did not get a mud bath.

We delivered the groceries to Pat, but didn't stop for coffee. I had the excuse that I wanted to get up the hill before it got worse. There was no traffic from Pat's on home.

I let Carl off at the place where he had his Mazda parked, and drove on up the hill without any trouble.

Carl came up on his motorcycle the next day. He was hunting rabbits for Old Red. He said he saw tracks, but never a glimpse of one.

Today I put new oil into the compressor, and ran a vacuum on it purging out any air by letting R-12 go through it. I found some fittings I could use to hook up the compressor to the evaporator without having to put the filter drier into the circuit. Now I am running a vacuum on the whole system. The way it is hooked up I can let R-12 into it while pulling a vacuum. I hope the gas will pull out moisture.

Yesterday the wind blew hard, and there was some drifting snow. When it was time to go after the mail, I was glad I could drive the pickup down the hill. I turned around at the gate and walked the rest of the way. I didn't trust trying to get up that

first hill with the truck, because the road was wet and slick. Down there it wasn't snowing, and the wind didn't seem so strong.

As I expected Carl didn't come up yesterday, because of the bad weather. There were two letters from George. One had clippings from a California newspaper. The other had a letter in it that he had gotten from Lois.

It was nice, calm, and sunny, although cold today. Again on account of the good weather, I was right in guessing that Carl would come up on his motorcycle. He got here around one o'clock. I hadn't had a fire in the stove all day, but now built one. I figured he would be cold after the ride.

He said that he was leaving for Coos Bay tomorrow. We tried calling Oma, but there was no answer. Her daughter, Darlene wasn't home either.

Tonight George called. He said that he goes up to visit Betty Holeman. She doesn't go out much, but Morrie goes down to West Point, and plays cards with some cronies.

George doesn't buy dog for Susie any more, but feeds her the same things he eats.

1st

This morning I found that most of the vacuum in the compressor was lost. I removed all the make-shift connections that I had used to connect the condenser to the evaporator, and put the filter drier in its place. Thereafter the vacuum held.

I have been running the vacuum pump intermittently. After it has been off for an hour, the vacuum always drops one inch. This may be caused by moisture in the system, or for some other reason. Anyway, there are no leaks.

Oma called tonight. She said that Carl's brother is sick. I told her that Carl left this morning, and should be there tonight.

Today I cooked a squash that was beginning to spoil. I put four cartons of the cooked squash into the freezer.

The temperature was down to nineteen last night. It was up to thirty-six for a short time today. The road in the wheel tracks was quite icy, and in other places also.

When Mike left for Bend, the sun was shining straight down the road from the point. Now, at the same time, it is noticeably to the left of the road.

This morning I heard a robin. Usually when a robin arrives the weather turns warmer.

2nd

There was a high-thin overcast this morning, but for the most of the day the sun shown bright. Thus, this being Ground Hogs day, it seems we will have six weeks more winter. The Robin was here again this morning. Maybe he is out of tune with the seasons.

The vacuum in the compressor was the same this morning as it was when I turned off the vacuum pump last night. Since there appeared to be no more leaks, and most of the moisture was out, I charged the system with gas.

I gathered up the tools and the fittings used when running the vacuum on the system without the drier. I noticed that oil ran out of the fittings, so I figured maybe there was too much oil. Now as I proceeded to put in the gas with the drier in place, I wondered if oil was getting into the drier, and perhaps even into the capillary tube.

I loosened the drier on the condenser side. Sure enough, oil came out along with some of the gas. I bled out the oil several times, and had the evaporator frosting up to the right amount. I let out just a small amount of gas just before going down for the mail. No more oil showed.

Starting out for the mail, I was torn between a desire to drive and the need for some exercise. At the dugout the sun had

gone down behind the hog back, and the air felt chilly. I said to myself, "I think I'll drive down. I should walk, though, for the aerobics."

At the point the sun was shining which made it seem warmer, but I was still chilly. If I took the truck, I would be warm and comfortable. Stopping by the door of the cab, I looked down the hill.

I thought, "I'll probably feel better if I walk a ways down the hill, so I started out. Some distance beyond the turn at the foot of the first steep part I thought, "I know what I'll do. I'll go part way down, then go back and get the truck. That way I'll get some exercise, anyway."

However, in a little while I began to get warm and get some vigor. The going was rough, because old foot tracks had frozen, and there were so many of them along with the vehicle tracks, it was hard to find any smooth place. Where there were smooth stretches of snow undisturbed, I could jog along pretty good.

At the mailbox while I was getting the mail out of the sack, Bill Stolz went by in a county truck headed south. Behind him Carl Hair came with another truck. Carl stopped and got out. We visited for a while. He said that his truck had been in Burns for a month having some repairs done. They had gone to Burns to get it.

I told him that it was such a nice day, I decided to walk down for the mail.

He said, "Why don't you let me give you a ride back up?"

I said, "Oh, no. That's my exercise."

He said, "It's up hill going back. How far is it anyway?"

"It's one and seven-tenths of a mile."

He said, "I walk to our mailbox with Lavina sometimes. It's half a mile. That's far enough for me." Then, "Well, I'd better get going."

I said, "Tell Lavina and Beryl hello for me."

I was plenty warm on the way up, although I had to rub my ears to get them warm. At the point I wasn't a bit too warm. In the dugout it felt good, even though it was only sixty degrees. I hadn't had a fire all day.

I turned on the compressor, and after fifteen minutes the coils had frosted down only four or five turns. I thought that the capillary tube must have plugged. There was frost on it about a foot back, an abnormal condition.

I had disconnected the valve manifold and put away the bottle of gas. Now I hooked up the manifold with the gas. The gauge showed that the pressure was down. I was alarmed at the thought of a leak.

I added some gas and got the frost line down to the last coil. After turning it on and off several times, it seemed to be working all right. I hooked up the automatic control. It took a long time to position the sensor in an ideal location so that the on and off time would be somewhat even. Now at one-forty it is about right, and I can go to bed.

4th

I cut sagebrush and dragged it up to the chopping block. I got enough aerobics from the work, so I figured that I could drive down for the mail. Anyway, I wanted to go to Carl's place to check on the traps he had set.

I had enough sagebrush to help heat the place. It helped out to save the supply of aspen wood. It takes a pretty hot fire to heat the place from sixty to sixty-nine degrees. Actually it is not comfortable in here below sixty-five degrees, because cold air forms along the big area of the front windows and flows across the floor toward the stove. This causes your feet and legs to be cold. If it wasn't for the draft across the floor it wouldn't be so bad.

Down at Carl's before using the key to unlock the door, I gave the door a hard push and it opened right up. The latch had not caught in the hole in the striker plate. The lock was locked but not the door. This happened last year, and I had worked on

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the latch so that it did not stick. The trouble this time was caused by loose screws holding the latch in place.

I loosened the two screws, and prided the latch holder back to its proper place, then tightened the screws. One wouldn't tighten solid. The threads were stripped. When I closed the door to leave, I made sure that the latch had moved into the hole in the striker plate.

I found a mouse in a trap in the bedroom. Another trap in the utility room had nothing in it. I moved it into the bedroom near the reset trap.

I looked around the outside the house for traps but didn't find any. Carl had said that he had set some outside.

The day was quite cold, and by the time I got back into the truck, I was glad for the warmth of the cab.

5th

I cut more sagebrush today, and took a walk down the hill. The weather was a little warmer with no sunshine. There was no wind either which helped. There was a sprinkling of snow.

The frost line on the coils in the cold room goes beyond the accumulator. I've been letting gas out, then letting the system cycle several times, then checking the accumulator. The frost line did not retreat, although I was almost sure I had let out enough gas. The tubing coming up to the accumulator would be frosted.

I finally checked the tubing farther toward the capillary tube, and found that from the bottom tube almost up to the sensor there was no frost. There are five coils at the bottom of the panel that are not frosting. I may not put back any gas as long as the sensor is being actuated, and the room is cold enough.

6th

I was up in time to check into the Civil Defense Net this morning. The temperature got down to nineteen last night. It was twenty-one at eight-thirty.

It was cold all day except in the sun. Driving down to get the mail, I could see that the sun had melted most of the snow in the wheel tracks. On the hill above the gate there was some slick mud, but on the hill below the gate the wheel tracks were nearly dry.

I drove on over to Carl's place to inspect the mouse traps, and found no mice in them.

When I came into the dugout this morning, I found the frost line on the coils several sections above the sensor. The compressor had been running a long time, and was quite hot.

I added gas. Now the frost line is back to the top of the accumulator like it was. I'll just leave it that way.

7th

I got up after eight this morning. The air is still, and the sun bright.

The snow melted in the sun, but not in the shade.

I haven't been eating much lately, because there is a slight ache behind my right eye. I am hoping that by cutting down on food, I can get rid of it. Tonight it is gone, for whatever reason it is too soon to know.

I cut some sagebrush, and have an armful ready for a first fire in the morning.

I fried a chicken this afternoon. I can see no reason for using shortening when frying chicken. There is plenty of fat in the chicken itself. I save the chicken fat for baking biscuits and hotcakes.

I called George this morning. The weather is the same, except not so cold.

He said that last week he drove over to Grass Valley to visit a friend he knew in the shipyards. He hadn't seen him in twenty years.

He found the place after some searching. It is out from Grass Valley a few miles.

No one was home when he got there. He looked around checking on all the things the guy had:- a two car garage, a corral with a couple of horses in it, a yard in the back with a fairly new Ford tractor, and a nice house.

He figured they were out shopping, so he waited. Finally they drove up. George was standing by the corral fence petting one of the horses on the head. He didn't look around until they had gotten out of the car.

He said that as he walked over toward the guy, he could see the oddest expression on his face, that seemed to be saying, "Who the heck is this. I think I know him from somewhere."

When George got quite close, he stepped forward, exclaiming. "Well, you old son of a gun, Weston."

George had a fine visit, and thinks Mort will be over to visit him some time.

Mort has a motor home, a Volks Wagen, a big pickup, and a car.

He receives three pensions, one from the Federal Government Civil Service, one from the State Civil Service, and one from Social Security. He must be loaded with money. He built his house on property he bought in the sixties. He does all the repair work on the vehicles. He sold portions of his original acreage.

He is a Jack of all trades, carpentry, welding, mechanics, and what have you.

I called Dora this evening. She finished another quilt today. That makes eleven. I said, "Soon you will have an even round dozen."

She said, "Yes, and I have nine more to make."

She gives some of them to Mrs. Burke Holloway who gives them to her kids.

I asked her how Pat, Nellie, and Don were doing. She said, "All right, I guess. Pat is here now. She came over to help on the quilt, but worked only twenty minutes, because it was finished by then."

I said, "I better let you go back to watching, 'He haw' since the quilt is done, you both can watch."

8th

This morning the temperature was up, and the sun was shining, so I did out a small laundry. It dried on the line pretty good, but I finished it in the drier.

I cut some more sagebrush again, and have some ready to start a fire in the morning.

I talked with John on schedule at six tonight. He is deep into computers, and has his Pet fixed up with more games than he can use. He also has a lot of music for it to play.

He had a spell with his heart last week which shook him. He is having a complete physical this week. The doctor told him if he had been a smoker he would have been dead ten years ago.

I asked him, "What would have happened if you had been a whisky drinker?"

John said, "The doc didn't say anything about booze. I was kidding him and said, 'I've not got much left to give up.'"

He and Dorothy will be at Kathy's wedding next weekend, so we'll miss another schedule.

9th

A wind came up last night, and blew all day. There were gusts of up to fifty miles an hour, or more.

I brought a bunch of socks over here to wash. When I turned on the tap to wash my hands, there was no water. I figured there was a break in the pipeline on the hill side, or maybe a pipe under the trapdoor could have broken.

I didn't like the idea of climbing the hill in the snow and cold wind. I delayed going until nearly noon. First I looked under the trapdoor and saw that there was no leak down there.

I debated whether or not to take some tools with me, and decided to go up to see what I would need first. I wore those overshoes that do not slip in the snow. For something to break the wind, I wore the rain jacket with a hood. The temperature was about forty degrees, but the wind went through ordinary clothes, and made it feel a lot colder. The rain jacket did a good job keeping the wind out.

The overshoes were not so good to climb on the side hill. They didn't slip in the snow, but they were so loose on my feet, I almost walked on their sides when going parallel with the slope.

I headed directly toward the barrel that controls the overflow. The barrel is now half exposed. I felt of the exposed part, and found it warm from the sunshine. If there had been water in it it would have been cold, so I wouldn't have to look below the barrel for the leak.

Climbing farther up, I saw water running down the slope, and farther up saw water spurting out of end of the pipe where there was a connector. The snow there had melted quite a bit, leaving stretches of bare ground. The ground was soaked and slippery. It was best to step where there was snow.

On assessing what had happened, I saw that dirt had been dug out at the leak. the connector was still in the pipe. In the mud that had been dug out, there were foot prints of a Bob Cat. He had dug out the pipeline. This same thing happened last year. He had left teeth marks in the pipe. That time I had to bring up connectors and a splice to fill in the space of the damaged pipe.

This time all I had to do was to push the lower pipe into the connector. I couldn't get it all the way on, but far enough to hold. When the weather warms up, I'll take up some hot water to soften the plastic so it will go on easier.

At mail time the wind was blowing so hard, I decided to drive the pickup instead of walking. The only mail was the Rural-ite.

There were some soft places in the road, and I'm afraid I cut a deep rut in them.

I got the socks washed out, and they dried quickly in the wind.

15th

Thursday I called Mae, wishing her a Happy Valentines Day. The sun was shining there like it was here. She sounded well, but there was noise on the line, so I couldn't hear all she said. Last week her thirty-third grandchild was born.

I called Margaret in Bend with Valentine greetings. She caught the flu early in January, and is still bothered with a cough.

I called Stella with the greetings. She is doing okay, except not being able to see good. She is in hopes of getting her cataracts treated with the new technique. Jim was down at Denio, I suppose at a dance in the large hall they have there.

I couldn't get Dora on the phone. I thought maybe she had gone to Marge and Andrew's fiftieth wedding anniversary. I called again today. She said she had been home all the time. She tried to call me, but I must have been outside.

I talked to Mike yesterday. He is still waiting for his contact lenses. He wants to come out as soon as he can. He will bring out a load of corrugated sheet metal, and some fiber glass

panels enough to put up a building fourteen by twenty feet. We will tear down the cabin, and put it in the space west of the engine room.

George called yesterday. He went through the examination. He said, "They gave me a spinal, which I didn't like. It took twenty minutes to knock out all feeling from the naval down.

When they got through, they put a catheter to my bladder. A nurse wheeled me down miles of corridors, and through numerous doors. At the bed it took five nurses to lift me with the sheet onto the bed.

The catheter drained blood with the urine. The nurse asked me, 'Were you bleeding like that before?' When I said, 'No.' she said, 'The doctor's did that to you!'"

19th

Yesterday I got a call from the Fields' store. The store had received a request that someone contact the Wilderness Challenge camp on Pike Creek, and tell them to call the High Desert. Someone had been injured. Their radio wasn't working, and they couldn't get through to the base camp.

The weather was good, and the road down the hill was dry. I drove to the camp on Pike Creek. There was a Jeep and a small tent at the place, but no one was around.

Back home I called the store, and told Judy the situation. She asked, "The bus wasn't there?"

I said, "No. They must have gone somewhere. If I see them on the road, I'll give them the message."

Judy said, "Just a minute." Then after a short time, she said, "July tells me that the bus was down at Denio being repaired."

I haven't heard any more about the bus.

This afternoon the temperature dropped from fifty-six down to thirty-four in a short time. There was a snow storm with high winds. About one inch of snow stuck on the ground, with .20 inches of precipitation.

Around three-thirty, I put on the big coat with the hood, and took a jaunt down the hill.

It was snowing, and the high wind was still blowing. By the time I got a mile down the road I was plenty warm. Two thirds of the back up, I was perspiring heavily. I threw the hood back and opened the coat. The wind and snow cooled me down by the time I got to the dugout.

Since getting the cooling system back into working order, I haven't any projects to work on. There isn't much I can do outdoors, because the weather is bad most of the time. When it is not too bad I cut a little sagebrush.

In a short time I read through the magazines we take.

I notice that the quail are not coming to eat the grain I put out. I believe they have learned that it is too dangerous to come around that location. Hawks can get at them too easily. I found a dead quail there the other day. I think we have been feeding quail to make food for the predators.

220th

I felt extra good this morning. The sun came out in a clear sky. The air was calm. By the time I got over to the dugout at seven-twenty-five, the snow was starting to melt where the sun shown, but not in the shade.

I called George, telling him that winter was back. I said, "The temperature got down to twenty-three degrees last night, and there's about one inch of snow on the ground. The sun is shining, though, and it should warm things up."

He said, "We've got cold and clear weather down here, but not as cold as you have. The flowers are starting to bloom." Then he gave me a rundown on his condition after the experience at the hospital. He said that for two days after he got home he felt fine. The old trouble did not show up. He felt so good he even washed the windows. He was beginning to think the ordeal he went through had done something to cure his ailment, but still thought it was a temporary thing.

Sure enough on the third day he was bad off. Worse than before. He could hardly get around in the house. He figured that the spinal injection had deadened the pain for those two days, and when it wore off on the third day, he felt the pain worse than before.

Yesterday after being in the house for a week, he decided to drive down to Jackson and get some groceries. It was rough shopping at the store, and when he got back he was in misery.

I gave him the name of a pain pill I read about in a magazine. He said, "The next time I see my doctor, I'll ask him about it." Then, "Anyway, I'm feeling better now."

I surprised myself by keeping busy all morning, cleaning off the table, and tidying up the place. I even got the sewing machine out, and shortened the legs of a new pair of pants that has been waiting for such a job for two months.

I shaved, and hiked down for the mail, wearing the suede jacket. It is a warm garment, and I was ready to take it off a mile down the road. The sun had dried the road, and I jogged all the way, except down the last steep grade. I could see someone at the bathhouse, and for some reason didn't want them to see me jogging.

As I walked down the last steep grade, I noticed something strange about the mailboxes. The one across the road seemed to be

gone, but from the distance, I couldn't be sure. The one on this side didn't look right. As I got closer, I saw that the one on this side was tipped over and was lying in the road. The one across the road wasn't visible, and I assumed it was out of sight below the embankment.

Yesterday's big wind was the culprit. I stood the one on this up, and piled the ballast rock onto the platform near the bottom of the legs. The frame and supports had not been damaged.

The other one was in good shape also. I dragged it up onto the road, then decided to move it to another location about twenty-five feet to the south where the slope at the side of the road wasn't so steep. The legs in the back were made longer than those in the front to accommodate them to the steep slope. I saw that I would have to get a shovel to make a place for the long legs.

I started hiking back up the hill. When I got to the top of the steep grade above the gate, I heard a pickup coming up the hill. I had a pretty good idea who it was, because on the way down I had seen tracks where a pickup had turned around. The tracks were at the same place that the Wilderness Challenge people had dropped off one of the boys that was to do his solo experience.

I thought, "It looks like they've put another kid in the same place."

I stopped to wait for them to come up to me. There were three men in the cab. They stopped and asked me if I had seen their boy. I said, "No. I haven't seen him." Then I said, "Did you get in touch with injured boy the other day?"

They said that the boy had walked out with a sprained ankle. He had made himself some crutches. I told them about going over to their camp and not seeing anyone there.

They had a boy up by the mine. He got through the storm okay. They had seen his flag from the county road.

21st

I was up by seven this morning. I was thinking that I was early enough to hear the morning news on TV, so as soon as I got into the dugout, I turned the set on. There was a cartoon on channel thirteen. I turned to channel nine. There was a cartoon there, then I realized it was Saturday.

George called. The weather was sunny there like it is here. He told about watching a satellite going northeast. He said that it seemed to him that it traveled the slowest of all the satellites he has ever seen. He watched it for twenty minutes.

His leg trouble has settled down to about like it was before.

I drove down to the mailbox to catch the mailman on his way back to Princeton. I was there by five minutes to eight. He

showed up at ten after. I was beginning to think I had missed him.

He stopped, and while he was reaching down to bring out my mail sack, I said, "Hello, Martin."

He greeted me back, handing out the mail sack. I said, "I'll just dump the mail, and give the sack back to you."

I started tying the string around the top of the sack. He said, "You don't have to tie it."

I said, "Well, I will tie it so the ends of the string won't get tangled up in things."

As I stooped to pick up the mail, he said, "Can you manage?"

I said, "Oh, yes." And I was thinking, "He must think I'm a feeble old man."

He said, "Did you buy a new pickup?"

"Yes. A year and a half ago."

"That's about how long it has been since I saw you last."

He started moving his pickup, and I called out, "How's the boy?"

"He's fine."

So I got the mail after all. The Astronomy, the Grit, and the Burns paper, and the same old junk mail.

The weather was clear with little wind all day. I jogged down the hill for some aerobics, but didn't cut any sagebrush.

I called Mike. His contact lenses haven't arrived yet. He

of bulk grease, and didn't know where Mike had gotten the grease. Now the question was solved.

As far as I have been able to tell, there are only six zerck fittings under the chassis. One requires a special tip on the gun. However, I haven't been able to find the tip.

I used WD-40 on the hood hinges, on the door latches, and on the rubber seals. I put some grease on the hood-hold down, put a touch of motor oil on the throttle-ball joint next to the carburetor.

The oil level was okay, and the transmission fluid was good.

The master break cylinder was all right, but the front reservoir was low.

I had difficulty getting the cover off the master cylinder, and a harder time putting it back on. I used a screwdriver to pry the hold down into place. In doing this, I bent the cover so that the back end did not fit snug. I didn't know this until the applied the brake.

Luckily I was able to straighten it, and overcome the leak.

The day was fine for the job. The sun was shining, and there was no wind. The high temperature for the day was fifty-three.

The chore took up so much time, I did not go to Fields.

I talked with John on schedule.

23rd

This morning I heard the snarling-anguished cry of a Bob Cat. I thought that he might have stuck his paw into a rat trap we had in a bucket. I couldn't imagine why he would reach into the bucket. There was nothing in it that would interest him, although it would interest rats and mice.

Later, after I got up, I inspected the bucket. The trap had not been disturbed. I thought that maybe he had met up with another Bob Cat.

I again kept the fire going with sagebrush tops all morning. I cut some sagebrush so had some heavier sticks to help out. The high today was fifty-three, and there was no wind which made the temperature seem warmer.

I cleaned the windshield and windows on the pickup, and washed some of the mud off the sides.

When it came time to go after the mail, I dumped the trash out of the trash box into a plastic grain sack, and put it onto the truck along with an old table radio, a box of scrap wire, and odd pieces of junk that has been cluttering up the old cabin. I was going to take the stuff around to the dump up toward the Wild Horse Ranch.

While I was driving down the road, I noticed that the squeak, we had heard for some time on the right-hand side, was gone. The squeak had been in the spring. Spraying it with WD-40 had cured it.

At the mailbox while I was taking the mail sack out, I saw a letter lying on the ground. After transferring the empty sack to the other box, I picked up the letter. It was Mike's bank statement. It had been lying there since Saturday morning. Luckily there had been no wind.

I went on over to the dump, and on my way back I stopped at Carl's place to check for mice in the traps. There were none.

I never met a vehicle all the way to the dump and back.

The Wilderness-Challenge people picked up their kids on solo stand today. I saw them drive up to the meadow and come back down. They left a streak of mud where they came back onto the gravel. I saw the tracks where they had driven to pick up the kid near the lower draw.

The US News and World Report, and the Saturday Evening Post came in the mail. I read them through tonight.

This morning I heard Ellis check into the Civil Defense Net. I made contact with him, and we moved down frequency for a chat. He is going up into the John Day country to fish for Steel Head. John and Dorothy Womack are going with their new motor home, and Ellis is taking his van.

He said that he talked with Carolee while in Bend, but he didn't see Mike.

He asked me, "Why don't you have Mike stop here and load up with wood when he comes through?"

I said, "Well, he will have the truck loaded as usual."

Ellis said, "I guess he has been out to the dump collecting again. By the way, Alice is working at the city dump. She's running the bulldozer."

The last job Alice had was at the courthouse. I was surprised that she was working at the dump.

24th

It was snowing when I got up at seven-thirty. It continued off and on all morning. In the afternoon it quit altogether. The sun came out at times, and a strong wind helped to dry out the road.

The low last night was thirty-five, and the high today was thirty-eight. We had .10 inches of precipitation.

I spent considerable time cleaning up the kitchen cabinet, and putting all the spices in order. I studied means to install a door on the front to keep the dust out.

I did a lot of reading today, and found that my eyes were doing better. For some time my right eye would go out of focus and blur. I would be reading with my left eye alone. Today both eyes worked together, and there was no blurring of objects after a long period of reading.

Around three o'clock I jogged down the hill. The wind seemed cold, and I jogged right along to keep warm.

I cooked a pot of rice, a pot of Lima beans, and a pot of whole-grain wheat. I'm using chicken fat instead of oil or margarine for cooking.

26th

Yesterday I spent considerable time improving the track for the sliding door I wanted to put onto the cabinet.

This morning I started from scratch again, and finally got the installation finished, and I am satisfied with the way it works.

27th

The low last night was twenty-three. I lay in bed late waiting for the sun to warm things up, and it did. By nine-fifteen the temperature was thirty-eight.

Today I burned all the sagebrush I had cut, as well as some of the wood from Carlson Creek. The wood is almost all gone so it will be sagebrush only, in a couple of days.

Yesterday morning before I got up, that recurring headache came on. It was mild but bothersome. It is above and behind my right eye, and sometimes seems to be in the eye itself. The discomfort stayed with me all day.

In the evening I got a hankering for orange juice or tomato juice. There was none in the place, but there was a small can of tomato paste. I opened it and diluted the paste with water to the consistency of juice. It was a very satisfactory drink.

In about two hours the headache was gone. Whether or not it was the tomato juice there is no way to tell.

Today I wore my jogging shoes when I went after the mail. I did not wear the jacket, because I knew I would have to take it off before I got very far. I felt chilly starting out, but half way down I was warm enough, and was perspiring profusely on the way back up. I made the round trip in fifty-seven minutes.

I had a short contact with Ellis during the net. He caught his first steel head, and seemed to be thrilled about it. He put Dorothy on to say hello to me.

28th

This morning I was planning to call George, but he beat me to the phone.

He asked, "What time did you get up?" From his question, I thought that he might have called earlier, before I got into the dugout.

I said, "About ten minutes to eight."

He didn't say anything about calling earlier, but he talked about a visitor he had. He said, "Well, my company left this morning."

I asked, "Who was that?"

"Bob. Mary's sister's son. Monday I called him on the phone, and had a short chat with him. About two hours later he called me

back, saying that he was coming down to see me. 'I'm leaving right away.' I figured he would be here around nine o'clock that night, but he was here by six-thirty. That's a fast trip from Portland."

I said, "It sure is. He was there all week?"

"Yes. We had a great visit. We talked and talked."

Bob is in his forties, and is on a disability pension. He had open-heart surgery, and an operation on a vertebra in his neck. The doctors gave him one year to live three years ago. He says he doesn't have much longer to live, so doesn't worry about the \$150 interest he pays on the mortgage on his house.

George cooked their meals most of the time, and went out to restaurants three times.

Bob wasn't particular about what he ate, whatever George had was okay. He didn't eat breakfast, just lunch and dinner.

After talking with George, I called Mike. I didn't recognize the voice that answered the phone. I asked, "Carolee?"

The woman's voice said, "No."

I asked, "Betsy?"

She said, "No. They are all gone. This is Carols sister-in-law."

Thinking that Mike must surely be there, I asked, "Isn't there anyone else there?"

"Carol's father is here."

"Oh, Mike, that's who I want to talk to."

I waited quite a while before Mike got on the phone. He said that he called the doctor yesterday. His glasses are at the office, but the doctor hasn't checked to see if they are right. Mike will go Monday to find out. If the glasses are all right, he will leave about Wednesday.

Around two o'clock I called Dora, and asked her if she needed any spuds. She said, "I was going to call you about getting some potatoes and apples. I thought of meeting you at your mailbox on a mail day, so you wouldn't have to make a special trip down the hill."

I said, "That would be next Monday."

She said, "Yes, but I'm in no hurry."

"It may be raining Monday."

After some more remarks back and forth, I said, "I'll bring them down this afternoon."

I got fifteen pound of potatoes and twelve pounds of apples out of the cold room, carried them out to the truck in two paper sacks, and drove down there around two-thirty. When I got there, she said, "I was just about to call you to see if you were coming."

She showed me pictures of her grandchildren. I said, "Some day I'll show you pictures of my grandchildren."

We visited for a while. I inspected the hatch of chicks that were in a box with the little black hen on the porch. She showed me the quilt she made for Pat. For the filling she used a wool blanket.

I went over to Pat's to visit with Pat, Don, and Nellie. As I started to open the door I saw that there was no door knob, and a rag was stuck in the hole where it should be. Inside I asked, "What happened to the door?"

Pat said, "We got locked in, and had to break it, to open the door."

I asked, "Was Don in here too?"

"No. He was outside, and had to come in through the window. We worked about two hours getting the door open."

There was a cake in a pan with one piece taken out on the end of the table. Pat said, "Help yourself to a piece of cake. Do you want a cup of coffee?"

I said, "I'll get it." I went over to the cupboard, got a cup, poured a little coffee into it, then finished filling it with water from the tap. I went back to the end of the table, cut out a piece of cake, and ate it in my hand.

The ecologists have stopped Pat from using the land she owns around the Alvord Lake. If she tries to use it they will fine her \$10,000. They have caused the oil company, that is exploring for geothermal power, to lose millions of dollars.

Up in north Harney County they have taken eighty acres away from a man, because if he uses it he might destroy the wire lettuce which they say is a mutation. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world. These spoilers of economy are looking for endangered species in order to stop any new project.

Pat says that it is the communists who are behind the environmentalists and ecologists, in the pushing of drugs, and in the distraction of our schools.

I left before six-thirty, stopped at the house by the desert to inspect the traps for mice, and found none in them. I got home before six, and checked into both nets.

April, 1981

1

3rd

This week the weather has been cold and windy with showers.

We have the cabin all torn down. The floor planks were eaten by termites, so weren't worth saving.

The thornless-Boysenberry slips arrived Wednesday. We braved the cold wind, and set them out in the lower-right side of the garden.

John Scharff brought up two friends today, a doctor and his wife from Eugene.

Last night Ellis was instrumental in getting a patch through to the hospital where John Fox is. He contacted K7HIZ on the phone, who spent forty minutes on reaching K7QXI. She had been talking all that time to her daughter in Portland.

She put a patch through to John. He sounded good, and said he was going home in the morning. He said he would be on the air to meet our schedule Sunday night.

17th

John was home from the hospital for a few days, then died Monday night, the thirteenth. Dorothy called Tuesday morning to let me know.

We spent several days pruning the fruit trees, cutting some of them almost completely down. Mike used the Skill saw to cut the limbs into fire wood, which he hauled up in the wheelbarrow to make a pile of it by the plum tree.

April, 1981

2

I carried the small branches and twigs over to the shredder where it made an impressive pile around it. From the size I thought it would take many days to put it through the shredder.

I spent three days overhauling the shredder motor, cleaning out the carburetor by running alcohol through it by way of the air filter, then by way of the inlet hose after the float valve was free.

There was a mouse in the air inlet, and the fins for cooling the motor were full of ground up twigs, grass, and leaves. I had to take off the casing to get at the fins for cleaning.

Luckily the spark was good, and after the carburetor was cleaned the motor ran okay. One trouble persists:- the throttle will not stay on choke without being tied in position, and it will not stay in fast run without being tied.

Today we went down to Dora's birthday party, and had a fine visit with Stella, Jim, and Jay Rossberg. Jay is a good story teller. He gave us an account of a fight he got into.

We took three more barrels, and one water tank down to Pat's. Now she has eight barrels that will hold another load of grain for her chickens. Mike spent an hour or so knocking out the top of two barrels that Pat had on hand.

Jay had butchered a beef early in the morning, then had gone to another ranch to fix a pump. Mike and I will go down early in

April, 1981

3

the morning, let the carcass down onto the truck where Don will quarter it, so we can haul it to Burns, and put it in the meat locker at Tillers.

I have gotten some of the brush shredded, and have made a larger hole in the pile than I thought I could in such a short time.

Yesterday I ran the compressor for about forty-five minutes. It started readily enough.

Mike changed the oil in the '64 pickup, but didn't have a new filter to put in.

May, 1981

1

7th

We hauled the meat to Burns, stopping on the way at Jay's, where he cut the neck and ribs off one front quarter, leaving the rest for Pat. The neck and ribs paid for the butchering job.

Pat had a large supply of groceries at Tillers for us to bring back.

One day, something came out of the brush shredder through the outlet, and hit my leg above the shoe top. It felt like it broke my leg, and I looked for a large piece of wood or a rock, but could find none around where I was standing. I couldn't figure how anything could come out of the shoot, and fly at right angles to hit me.

When I came up to the dugout, I told Mike that something had come out, and it felt like it broke a bone. I was quite lame coming up the hill.

I pulled up my pant leg to look at what I thought would be a bruised spot, and found that my sock was full of blood. There was a hole about the size of a twenty-two bullet just above my shoe top.

I took off my shoe and sock, and washed the blood off, and applied mercurochrome to the hole. I could push the glass-rod applicator right down into the hole, but refrained from pushing in more than an inch. I was concerned that whatever hit my leg was still in the wound.

I was lame all the next day, but on the second day the lameness was gone, although the spot was sore. At night, if I let it press against the bed, it was quite sore, and bothersome.

On the fifth night there was considerable swelling.

15th

Last Saturday Bob Madden and Mark Miller arrived late in the afternoon. They are preparing an article on the Great Basin area in Oregon for the Geographic. Bob was the photographer, and Mark the writer.

They wanted to include us in the story, along with the west side of the Steens, and the ranches on this side, Fields, and the White Horse Ranch. I believe it will take in part of Idaho.

I told him that I didn't want such publicity, but when Bob said we would be only a small part of the article, I gave in.

Mark didn't ask many questions, and did not stick around long while Bob was taking pictures. After taking a few notes, he disappeared for a long time. It got too dark for Bob to get all the pictures he wanted.

Mark came back and asked about the '46 Chevrolet out at the point. He said something about seeing a '46 registration paper on it, but I was always under the impression that it was a '47 Chevrolet.

They left at dusk, saying that they would be back Monday. Because Mike was leaving for Bend Monday, they planned to get here early before he left.

Mike got away by nine o'clock Monday, and Bob got here at eleven o'clock. I should say that his wife, Devon, and their daughter Brooke, age one, was with him.

We went down into the garden, and when they saw the artichokes, they were surprised by the amount we had. I said, "They are a pest. We cant get rid of them. We don't eat them, because they have no food value."

Bob said, "In Washington D.C. they are considered a delicacy." He took pictures of me digging artichokes, then up at the hydrant he took pictures of me washing the mud from them. He took many pictures of a single situation.

Another bit of produce from the garden was rhubarb, and he took many pictures of it while I was washing it at the hydrant. He said that the red color of the rhubarb would make a good picture, but because he took so many shots, I suspected he was trying to catch me in just the right attitude for a good picture.

Later I noticed he snapped, snapped, snapped whenever he was taking pictures of people.

Carl Thomas and Glen Dockery came up to borrow the shredder. We sat in the dugout talking, and Bob kept his camera clicking.

May, 1981

4

Mark didn't show up, so about one o'clock, we decided to go to the mine without him. Devon and Brooke stayed in the panel-motor home that they travel in.

Bob got, what I thought, was some good pictures of the shaft at the mine, and a good picture of the tramway.

September, 1981

1

11th

George arrived last Friday and left for home this morning.

Yesterday Gerry and Frank Lake flew over the mine while we were up there. They landed on the desert.

I was down in the hole. However, we guessed it was them, and I came up out of the hole. We drove down to the plane just as they were finishing the job of tying it down.

After a lunch, we went up to the mine, so Frank and Gerry could see how we were doing. We got enough ore out to finish loading the car.

Gerry and Frank borrowed the little pickup, and drove down below Fields where they had spotted the remains of an old car. They brought back the body pieces. There was none of the running gear left.

We tried to identify the make, but couldn't find any good clues. At least it wasn't a model T Ford.

They left around four o'clock.

16th

We went to Burns Monday. We stopped in to see Ellis, but he wasn't home, but we left him a paper bag of peaches.

Besides our groceries, we got a sack of cracked wheat for Dora, and a large list of groceries for Pat.

I bought a pair of Nike shoes. These were made in Korea. The ones I bought in Berkeley were made in Taiwan. The box that the shoes came in originated in Beaverton, BRS Inc. There was nothing on the box to indicate what the letters BRS stood for.

Carl Thomas says that he had heard of a guy in Beaverton who invented or developed these shoes, and other sportswear and was very successful.

Yesterday I started drilling a hole for dynamite. This is the first time we have to resort to drilling. I used a single jack and a chisel type steel. I didn't have a spoon, but used the brake tool that I had been using to scrape mud. At eight inches deep the tool was too short, so I gave up for the day.

This morning I took a make-shift spoon with me. Mike had made one out of some tubing that I thought was too big around for the hole. I made another one out of a piece of smaller tubing. Luckily I was right, and I was able to clean out the hole with the small spoon.

By eleven o'clock I had gotten the hole only ten inches deep. Mike figured that by the time we put some dynamite into it, and we got the ladder up, it would be late enough. I was ready to quit, anyway.

He got two and three-quarter sticks in. It was ten to one when we got home.

September, 1981

3

25th

Saturday and Sunday we hauled wheat for Pat. We could have done it in one day, but first we had to build a wheat bin. We ate dinner there both days.

Monday we worked on our water supply, hooking up a pump to the cellar water.

Yesterday it was too windy to go to the mine. It rained some in the afternoon.

Today we put seven sticks behind the big rock in the shaft. We hope they break the rock to pieces.

October, 1981

1

10th

Last week I started checking blood pressure again. I was running 170/90. That was higher than it used to be at 130/70. I did some deep knee bends to see what the pressure was while I was exercising. It went up to 180/100.

I started leaving salt out of my diet. One morning I ate some rice with nothing on it. Later I ate a pear. After eating the pear I felt a tendency to be sick to my stomach.

I lay down for a while, then checked my blood pressure. It was 180/100, this without exercise. I thought that perhaps the fruit was having some kind effect on an organ such as the kidneys or liver that would cause higher blood pressure.

I didn't eat much for a few days, and lost about three pounds. I'm still laying off salt and fruit. However, I've gone back to having milk and sugar on my cereal. Today I ate plenty, but no salt or fruit. The blood pressure is 150/76. Still high for me.

Before I started checking the pressure I could feel my heart laboring when I was climbing up the mountain, and working in the mine.

After eating less and cutting out the fruit and salt, I noticed an easing up of the labor of my heart.

11th

It rained yesterday, so we didn't get up to the mine. It was still wet today. Mike got a lot of old pieces of lumber into the tin building where it will be dry. He put a door in the cable end of the building, so the wind and snow won't blow in.

I canned four quarts of pears, dug some of the red potatoes. From one hill they were quite large, and deep in the ground.

Yesterday, after it quit raining, we drove down to Oma's with some U bolts for their Jeep.

We found both vehicles gone. Since Oma's car burned unleaded gas we figured she either headed for home, or had headed for Burns to buy a new U bolt. From the way things were closed up at the house, we thought that she most likely went home.

Last Friday we went down to partake of a back strap dinner that she had invited us to. On the door there was a note that said, "I'm going hunting. Will be back around five."

It was then five o'clock. We waited around until six, then left for home, leaving a note saying, "We waited till six."

As we came to the county road, a young fellow, who had gotten out of a camper pickup, was waiting for us. He said, "Oma's Jeep broke down on the hill the other side of Serrano Point. She said that if I should see you to let you know she needed gas, and a U bolt for a spring shackle."

We said that we would go up to our place and get the gas. He said that he would meet us when we came back down, and lead us to where Oma was.

Up at the dugout we took time to eat a bite, then drove to the county road, and toward Fields. Oma's grandson was coming this way in his car. We recognized him, because he stopped when he saw us. He turned around and drove passed us where I had stopped. We followed him down the road. He never drove over twenty miles an hour.

He went passed Serrano Point, passed Andrews, passed Carlson Creek, and passed Frazier's. We were begining to wonder if we were following the right vehicle. It was raining, and he was driving slow, and he had gone much farther than his description of where Oma's Jeep had broken down. The episode seemed weird.

Then he slowed to a stop. Oma and her companion had walked out, and were coming down the road with their guns over their shoulders, two women looking like revolutionaries out in the rain and dark night.

The boy's mother said that she would drive back. The boy wasn't supposed to be driving. He had no license. He hadn't driven much which explained his slow driving. We told Oma that we would stop at her place for the back-strap dinner she had promised us.

October, 1981

4

It was too late, and she and her daughter would be tired by the time they got home.

She said that she would have the boy come up the next day for the U bolt.

28th

Last week I went down to Frazier's and worked on their tractor. The generator wasn't working. Don and I spent considerable time before we discovered that the generator was burned out. We took the generator from the other tractor and put it on this one. It didn't work either, so we figured it might be the relay. However, we took the generator off, and put the one, that was burned out, back on to act as an idler for the belt that keeps the water pump running.

I brought the generator home, and the next day hooked it up to an electric motor. At first it didn't put out any voltage, but after I polarized it by touching a wire from the battery to the armature terminal, it put out normal voltage.

When I took it down there in the afternoon, and put it on, it didn't work. We were sure then the relay was at fault.

Fortunately, Pat was going to Ontario with Jim McDade and Stella. We gave her the relay for a sample of what she would need. Don thought we needed a generator also.

The next day Don had Dora call me to let me know that Pat had been able to purchase both items. She later told me that the place has everything needed for a 9N tractor.

I drove down again. It didn't take long to install them. The generator worked good. Pat thought I would stay for dinner, but I told her that I was in a hurry to get back, because I had a lot of things to do.

The three round trips cost us eight dollars in gas. Pat didn't ask me how much she owed me. I didn't say anything about charging her for my time and the gas.

The time cost us three days work at the mine. With the weather turning to stormy conditions, we needed all the time we could find to work up there.

Sunday Pat called telling me that the pump needed repacking, so I again went down there.

Don helped me with the packing. One of the studs stripped some threads after we got the second layer of packing in. It was after dark. I said, "I'll have to take it home to run a die on it. Are there any dies here?"

He said, "No. I'll see you in the morning." He seemed in a hurry to get to his cabin.

I said, "I guess it's too late to come back tonight."

The next morning Mike spent three hours making two studs. Most of the time was used up looking for material.

I went down in the afternoon. With Don's help I got another layer of packing into the gland. Don wondered if we could get in another. I'm sure we could have, but I was discusted with the time I had lost, so I said, "I don't think we can get another one in."

We finished the job, and turned on the pump. It took several minutes for water to appear through the packing. Don started picking up his tools, then said something about the sheep, and took off.

I headed for home without stopping at the house to see Pat.

November, 1981

1

12th

Last Tuesday, the third, we went to Burns, especially to renew the Bank certificate. However, we did buy \$100.02 worth of groceries.

Pat wanted us to bring back seven sheets of corrugated roofing, a couple rolls of paper roofing, and a bucket of pump grease. She said she would be in Burns with a list of things to get at Tiller's. Dora wanted a sack of cracked corn.

The weather was fine. We got everything for Pat except the grease.

We drove to Tiller's a couple of times to see if she had arrived with her list. By two-thirty, we decided that if she wasn't in Burns by then, she wouldn't be in that day.

It was almost dark when we got home. I called Dora to tell her that we would be down the next day.

In the morning we went down there. Mike put the tin on the chicken house, The one piece left over I hauled around to the old-cow shed and stored it in there with the rolls of roofing.

I took measurements to find out how much tin she would need on the cow shed. She also wanted some plywood on the end of the cow shed to keep the rain out. It would take about five sheets.

From the cow shed we had to drive around into the field, and come out near Dora's. Don had said dinner would be ready soon,

November, 1981

2

but we said that we wanted to get back to see how the drillers were making out getting up the hill. When we got to Dora's we kept on out the county road, so we didn't see Pat before we left.
13th

We changed blowers on the top of the stack this morning. There was very little improvement in the draft. I still could use only one burner.

Tonight the power went off at nine-forty-five. It came back on in an hour. Before I could start a fire in the retort, it went off again, but only for a couple of minutes. Later it appeared to be on for good. I started the fire, and came back inside, and the power went off again. I decided to wait until morning before lighting the burner again.

George arrived on the fourth. He had intended to go home before making the trip up here. He saw on TV that the weather maps showed sunny days for over a week. So he decided to make the trip while the weather was good. It was fine all the time he was here.

On the fifth we set off one final dynamite charge at the mine. We checked the results the next day. There was no ore in the mud and rocks that we hoisted out. It looks like we have come to the bottom of the ore bearing lens.

November, 1981

3

It will be spring before we work up there again. We will have to start in the other direction, and follow the ore upward. There is none going down to follow.

George left Wednesday, the ninth, and we fired up the retort that evening at four o'clock. There hasn't been enough draft to keep a good fire going, so the condenser box hasn't gotten hot. I'm afraid some of the mercury is hanging up in the flues, and doesn't get to the condenser.

26th

The draft finally got so bad I turned the fire off on the eighteenth.

We opened up the condenser and started cleaning it out. There was no flow of mercury, only a small amount ran down into the receiver.

The plastic balls hung up in the auger on the second time we tried to run them through. We pulled the auger out, and found them caught at the junction of the two sections. Mike advocated tying them so that they would be pressed closer together on the string.

We tried that, and they got stuck below the junction. I suggested we divide the balls into two strings. I put the two into the pipe at the point where they had gotten stuck. We pushed the auger down into place, cranked on the handle, no balls came through. I then wished I had put only one string in at a time.

The weather was holding out pretty good, but there were signs of storms on the way. I told Mike that maybe we should start working on our water system. We didn't want to leave the pump down in the garden when the cold weather came along.

Mike dug out the other old pump, and we hooked it up to the cellar water through the trap door, cutting a slit in the carpet, so the pipe could go down through it. We installed a pressure tank to go with the pump.

After a couple of days trying to get the system to work, we discovered that the pressure tank had a diaphragm stuck below the output. No water could get from the input to the output. The pump would fill the bottom part of the tank up to the diaphragm, and it would look like the tank was waterlogged. There was no head of air below the diaphragm.

Anyway, we took the tank out, and hooked the pump directly to the piping. The pipe going up the draw overcame the need for a pressure tank.

The pump wouldn't work on automatic control, because the water would oscillate in surges up and down the pipeline causing the pump to start and stop. It did work, though, before we removed the section of pipe that branched off toward the garden. Perhaps that section of pipe affected the surges.

November, 1981

5

We had rain showers off and on between the twelfth and the eighteenth. However because of the automatic control on the retort we didn't have go out in the rain. We could always fill the hopper between showers.

Since the twentieth there has been quite a bit of rain. This morning it snowed, and we had seven inches on the ground. The temperature got down to twenty-two on the twenty-fifth. The high today was thirty-three.

George went up to Sam's for Thanksgiving. We haven't heard how the roads were on his trip up there.

Jean Hawthorne called this morning. They haven't gone anywhere since they left here. Jeannie was there, and wanted to talk with Mike.

Stella and Jim went somewhere over the holidays, but they didn't tell Dora where. Dora will get their mail at her place until they get back.

Dora baked pumpkin pies today. She said that she had to buy canned pumpkin, because her and Pat's squash didn't get ripe.

Duke Kurtz and his wife may be here tomorrow. It depends on the weather.

27th

This morning I looked out my bedroom window, and saw that there had not been any new snow during the night. The air was

calm and the temperature was twenty-four. The low had been twenty-one. There were scattered clouds overhead, and fog down on the desert.

The little owl was in the tin building. It took me quite a while to locate him, because he wasn't at his usual place, but was on a plank under the fiber glass section of the roof.

In the dugout I turned on the tap at the kitchen sink. The water pressure seemed quite high. I figured Mike had run the pump once already. Mike said, "The water pressure seems higher. Did you run the pump late last night?"

I said, "No. Usually by this time it would be pretty low." I took a look at the gauge on the pump. The needle was at sixty-two pounds. This was twelve pounds higher than the pump was set to turn off.

I said, "Well, there must be water coming down from the spring. That's enough pressure to indicate the barrel is full."

I turned on the tap and let the water run for a while. The pressure didn't go down. I guessed that there was plenty of water coming from the spring. We decided to take the pump out.

Mike was nailing slats around the edges of the plastic on the windows. After I had eaten breakfast, I went out and shut the water off at the stop and drain valve, then started disconnecting the pipe to the pump. Mike stopped his work, and gave me a hand. We put a cap on the pipe that was tapped into the water system.

To get the pipe, that went down into the cellar water, disconnected from the pump, we clamped a vice grip on it for a stop to keep it from falling through the hole after we had unscrewed it from the cross pipe.

Mike pulled the pipe out of the hole. It was full of water, which made it heavy. When the check valve was up to where I could reach it, I pushed the check valve in, dumping the water out of the pipe.

Anyway, we got the pump out, and put it in the furnace room. I turned the stop and waist valve back on. The pressure at the tap didn't come up to where it was before. Mike thought that the stop and waist valve might not have been opened fully. However, I was sure it was.

All afternoon the pressure went down. I went up the pipeline to see if there was a leak somewhere. The snow covered everything, but if there was a leak, I could have spotted it. Above the barrel on the side of the hill there is a spot where the line is exposed. At this place there is a splice with a connector that is translucent, so that if any water was flowing through I could see it. There was no sign of water.

Back at the dugout I told Mike about it. He said, "Shall we put the pump back."

I said, "Let's wait until morning and see what happens."

Later the pressure went down, and finally there was no water from the tap. However, after an hour a little trickle of water came out. It continued to increase as I checked it from time to time.

By eleven o'clock a fairly good stream came from it. Perhaps by morning the barrel will be full, and we will have the normal pressure of sixty-two pounds.

Duke Kurtz called, saying that he heard another storm was coming, so he would wait another week before coming over.

Mike went after the mail. He said that there was a lot of vehicle tracks on the road. Some went up the bulldozer road, and others went down toward Indian Creek. A bunch of people were camped near the mailbox. He said, "It looked like a tent city."

I made some muffins, using yeast and whole-wheat flour. There was more than enough dough to fill the muffin tin, so I made a cake out of the remainder. I added some sugar, and some chocolate. When it came out of the oven, it looked like a cake. However, it tasted like a cross between cake and bread.

28th

The weather was clear, and cold this morning. The low was eighteen.

The water got up to thirty-five pounds. One flush of the toilet brought it down to twenty-two. It next got up to thirty-

nine at three o'clock. Another flush brought it to twenty-two pounds again. At seven-fifteen it was up to forty-six and six tenths of a pound. At this rate the barrel will be starting to fill.

30th

By six o'clock the pressure reached its maximum of fifty-six pounds.

This morning it was still fifty-six pounds.

The low last night was twenty-two. At eight-forty-five it was thirty-two. We are expecting warmer weather, and perhaps some rain. just what we need to get a greater flow from the spring.

Today I washed the dishes, using the dishwasher to rinse them. The water would drop while the dishwasher was filling, but would go back up to fifty-six after each cycle.

Then I did a wash of towels, using the setting for medium. The pressure dropped down to twenty-two by the time the tub was filled for washing. By the time the wash cycle was over the pressure was up to fifty-six, then the tub filled for the rinse cycle. The pressure dropped to twenty-two pounds. However the pressure stayed down. One flush of the toilet and it went down to nine pounds.

I thought, "Something must be wrong. Why did the pressure bounce back up after the first filling of the tub?"

Now the pressure began going up very slowly. I began to get the picture. Instead of the barrel having been full, the water in the pipeline had barely reached the barrel at fifty-six pounds. The barrel itself may have had as much as ten gallons in it. This amount in the barrel would not have raised the height of the water to make any noticeable increase in the pressure. Thus we assumed the barrel was full and overflowing. When the barrel had apparently filled so fast, I had thought it was caused by an increase of water flowing from the spring. Now the slow filling up of the pipeline coincides with my observation of the trickle of water at the connection I had inspected.

I talked with Ellis this morning. He and Bob Abernathy and a couple of friends are coming down this way chukker hunting. They will come by the way of Frenchglen.

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1st

Ellis and his friends arrived around three o'clock. We had strawberries and ice cream. They were here about thirty-minutes, then scattered out to hunt Chukkers. Mike, who was here last year, went above the pinnacles with his dog. The others crossed to the other side of Indian Creek. They came back around four--no birds.

When they started to drive off the point, Ellis couldn't move his van. He had driven off the gravel, and his wheels spun when he tried to back up. They hooked a tow rope onto him, and pulled him back onto the gravel.

A well-driller pickup tried to go up the hill on the other side of Indian Creek. It got to the turn where the road heads for the meadow, and spun out. He backed down to the foot of that steep grade, turned around, and went back down the hill. That's the first time I've seen them get stuck with one of their pickups.

Ellis came down passed the Folly Farm, and stayed last night along the county road.

We will go to town tomorrow. Pat wants us to get some corrugated steel, and five sheets of plywood. Also groceries at Tiller's, and a pressure cooker at Bud's. She wanted a handle for

Dora's pressure cooker which is the same model. Dora is not to know that Pat is getting it. She also wants four stop-and-waist valves.

I've figured out that the flow from the spring is about one-half gallon an hour. The pressure was up to fifty-six pounds at seven this morning. Since then, water has been filling the barrel. If we hadn't used any, there would be six gallon in the barrel by now. It looks like there will rarely be water stored in the barrel.

6th

The weather was good on the way to Burns Wednesday. I drove a little faster than usual, making the trip to Burns in two hours and fifteen minutes.

We took a squash to Scharff's. John wasn't home, but Florence was there. We visited for nearly an hour.

Our grocery bill came only to sixty-five dollars. The smallest in a long time. Pat had less groceries than usual. We got the roofing she wanted, but not the plywood.

Coming back it rained quite a bit, but there was none this side of Mosquito Creek. There was only five-hundredth of an in the gauge.

Thursday we took Pat's stuff down, and put tin on the barn and on the sheep shed. Pat had lunch ready around one o'clock. I

ate two pieces of her mince-meat pie, which I shouldn't have done, because she gave us two pies to take home.

Again Pat didn't ask, "How much do I owe you." We thought she would want to pay us for the work we have done for her. Maybe she thinks she has paid us enough already.

The pressure from the spring went down instead of increasing. We found a leak in the pipeline in the cellar.

After we cut out the section with the leak, we put in a new splice. However, before we shut the water off to do this, I ran the water down to where we were getting all the water as it came from the spring. It was one and a half gallons an hour. This did not, of course, take into consideration what may have been leaking into the cellar, which, probably, was not much because the pressure was down to four pounds.

After we turned the water on the pressure increased at the rate of about twelve pounds an hour. I leveled off at fifty-six pounds. After twenty-four hours the pressure went up to fifty-eight pounds, then after another twelve hours it reached sixty pounds, indicating that the barrel was full.

Yesterday Mike removed the old plastic below the skylight. There was a crack between two boards next to the quonset. He filled the cracks with wooden strips.

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Today he worked at putting up new plastic. The work went slowly, because the process is awkward, requiring moving the ladder many times, and climbing up and down. He has it nearly half done, and will finish it tomorrow.

George called this morning. He said that the sky was clear with warm temperatures. He will spend Christmas at Sam's.

7th

Saturday evening we both thought it was Sunday. I listened for Myron at seven o'clock. He wasn't on. I checked my radio log, then checked the date on the calendar. I checked the weather record. It appeared that I had lost a day in my recording. I couldn't figure out what day I had missed.

I spoke to Mike about it. He said, "This is Sunday all right, but my watch say it's Saturday. I don't see how it got that way."

Later we were watching TV. The announcer mentioned that it was Saturday. We were amazed. Mike had said that we went down to the Thomas' place on Friday and picked up the mail. He had reasoned, "So, this must be Sunday."

On further reflection, we remembered we had gone to Thomas' on Monday. Anyway, here it was Saturday night, and Friday's mail was still in the box. I drove down and brought it up.

How we could forget the mail on Friday is mystery, then also how we both thought it was Sunday on Saturday afternoon. I remember that in the morning I knew it was Saturday.

The weather continued warm today, with only a few clouds. The side roads that were so muddy are dry now.

Mike worked some at putting up the plastic under the skylight. He made slow progress, because he stopped to read some stories in the Digest Book.

This morning I noticed that the water pressure was down two pounds. We were concerned that there might be another leak. We allayed our fears by saying, "Maybe the overflow creates a siphon at times and lowers the water level in the barrel."

However, several times during the day I heard dirt falling into the cellar water. This could mean that water was leaking out of the supply line.

We decided to turn off the water. Mike put a load of clothes in the washer. One wash-tub-full of water brought the pressure down to ten pounds. When the tub was full, the pressure did not bounce up again, indicating the barrel was empty, and pipeline drained a long way down.

13th

Myron wasn't on at seven o'clock, so I guess he is still in Elmira. Dorothy said in a letter, that he was working on grandpa's old tractor. Nancy was over there too.

We put another new splice in the pipeline in the cellar. We thought all was well, but the next day the pressure began to drop again. We looked at the pipeline in the cellar. There was no leaks there.

We filled containers with water, thus draining the pipeline. The pressure went down to nearly zero. We then figured the shut-off valve was leaking.

We went out with a flashlight hoping I could get enough light down the pipe going to the valve. There was probably a foot of water in the hole. I could see that the valve wasn't straight with the line. After several tries with the wrench, I got the valve straight with the line.

The pressure went up to fifty-six pounds. Shortly after, though, it started dropping again. We were sure then that the packing gland in the valve was leaking. When I had pushed down with the wrench, the valve seated into place. When the pressure got high enough, the valve was unseated causing the leak.

The next day we dug down three feet to the valve. Mike did most of the digging. He managed to get a wrench onto the nut that held the valve seated. It was loose. At the first try to tighten it, although the nut came snug, the valve was still loose. There was a washer under the nut that had a flat side on the inner diameter. The washer apparently fitted on a boss with a similar-

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shaped diameter, and was probably meant to keep the nut from coming loose.

We got the nut tight, but not enough to keep the valve from leaking a slow drip.

16th

We are finally getting a few Christmas cards sent out.

The pressure in the water system goes up to sixty-one pounds. I checked around the barrel on the side of the hill. No leaks showed there. The overflow pipe at the pond had only a slow drip. There must be a slow leak somewhere.

22nd

Yesterday I went up the pipeline above the barrel. I found a leak about twelve feet above it. At this point a half-inch pipe connects into a three-quarter inch pipe that runs on down to the barrel. The distance above the barrel agreed with the distance indicated by the water pressure at the dugout.

Now I was sure that the overflow pipe was plugged causing the water to back up the line to the splice. If there had been no leak, the pressure could have built up to 350 pounds.

I opened the pipeline of the overflow at a joint just above the draw. There was pressure in the pipe which soon dissipated leaving a small flow of water. I measured the flow and found that the spring was furnishing 22.5 gallons an hour. I left the line

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open, planning to leave it that way, until I could find where it was plugged below.

Back at the dugout I found the pressure steady at fifty-seven pounds. Up at the connection above the barrel the leak had stopped, because there was no pressure in the line. I wrapped the connection with black tape to forestall the growths of hair roots through the cracks.

The weather has turned too cold to do anything about the plugged section of the overflow line.

24th

Last night it was a little warmer. The low was twenty-six. There was two inches of new snow this morning. The snow turned to rain around noon. Now at ten o'clock it is raining and the temperature is about thirty-seven.

Yesterday I walked down passed the gravel. This time I didn't jog, and coming back up took it easy. At mail time I walked down for the mail, and took my time coming back up.

I am taking it easy, because I think the higher blood pressure I have been experiencing, could put a strain on my heart.

27th

We had five inches of snow Friday night, then it rained, and nearly all the snow melted. The snow that was left was almost solid water. I walked to the mailbox Saturday. The road down the hill was filled with slush. It was like water all over the road.

It snowed again last night, winds made it drift, so there was no way to measure the depth. There was only five-hundredths of an inch of precipitation in the rain gauge.

The phone was out of order yesterday, and part of this morning. Around ten o'clock I picked up the receiver and heard a dial tone. I called Carl Hair's number. Lavina answered. They had the same amount of snow as we did. Carl had to work today, running the snow plow up north of the Alvord Ranch. The snow fall up that way was heavier than it was to the south.

28th

Myron wasn't on last night, so he must be in Elmira.

This morning I lay in bed trying to put into a time frame certain events in my life. I have no written records to help me, and can only rely on my memory. One record I have are my discharge paper from the army.

29th

This morning I was up and out by eight o'clock. I wanted to be ready to check into the Civil Defense Net at eight-thirty.

Four inches of snow fell last night. It continued snowing until two o'clock. By then the rain gauge showed sixty-eight hundredths of an inch. I used the propane torch to thaw out the snow in the top of the gauge.

I didn't get to check into the net, because the power went off around eight-ten. I called Lavina. She said they had power. The light flickered once, but the power was still on.

There was as much snow down there as there is here, and it was still snowing. The storm must be pretty general.

I called Dunsmore. Mrs. Dunsmore answered the phone. The Alvord Ranch had already called. I told her that Carl Hair had power. She said, "Then the trouble must be between his place and yours."

The power was off for fifty-five minutes. When it came on, I thought that it was pretty fast work by the power men.

However, an hour later it went off again. This time instead of going off as if a switch was pulled, it tried to come back on a couple of times. This time to, the phone wouldn't work.

It was off for about fours. After it came back on it hasn't given any trouble, not even a flicker.

I shoveled a trail out to the trailer house, then to my bedroom. Meantime, Mike walked down the hill. When he got back, he said that the snow made it hard going. His glasses steamed up so he could hardly see. He was wearing dark glasses over the bug-eye glasses. If he took off the dark glasses, because they steamed up, he wouldn't be able to see on account of the bright snow.

Late in the afternoon the temperature went up, and a fine rain took the place of the snow. By six o'clock the temperature reached thirty-nine. The precipitation for twenty-four hours was .77 inches

Yesterday I walked down for the mail, wearing the rain outfit to keep the wind out. It didn't rain or snow down and back. At this time of year, it is almost dark by the time I get back.

20th

The temperature got down to eighteen last night. The trails that we shoveled out yesterday were covered with ice. When I came over from my bedroom, I walked carefully, most of the time stepping off the trail into the snow to make sure I wouldn't slip.

The walk down to the mailbox took forty-five minutes. There was a crust on the snow that wasn't strong enough to hold my weight. This made each step a chore.

Before I left the dugout a strong wind was blowing, and with the temperature at twenty-eight, I put on the rain gear for protection, and wore a wool tuque under the hood of the rain jacket.