

February, 1985

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1st

The low last night was eight, and the high today was nineteen, and at six this evening it was seventeen. It was overcast all day with winds ten to twenty-five miles from the west. It started snowing around nine this morning, and was still snowing at six this evening. Because of the drifting I estimated the depth of the snow at seven inches, and recorded a precipitation of seven-hundredths of an inch.

Mike brought in a little more wood. He doesn't have much more in the tin building to cut.

At two o'clock I warmed up the motor of the pickup intending to drive down for the mail. On the way out to the point the heavier part of the snowdrift on the right pulled the front wheels in that direction. Thus getting into deeper snow. The wheels spun out. I backed up and realigned the wheels toward the outer edge, and drove on out to the point.

After spinning the wheels and seeing how the pickup maneuvered, I stopped and parked it near the power pole. I got out and looked down the road, wondering about walking down. The seven degree temperature and the twenty-five an hour wind made up my mind. I figured the chill factor, especially while facing into the wind coming back, and the difficulty walking through the drifts, was more than I wanted to tackle. In passed years it wouldn't have stopped me.

February, 1985

2

I walked back to the dugout and told Mike I would go down tomorrow or later after we had run the snowblower over the road.

Anyway, it will be three days before the next mail.

I got out a frozen apple pie tonight and sampled a piece, figuring it would give more calories to overcome the cold.

After the morning net, I heard some of the hams talking about the field trip they were planning for late summer. They were telling Alice, K7RQZ, about it. She told them how much she enjoyed her trips out here to this mountain, she couldn't remember the name of it.

The skip was right for the Beaver State Net tonight, and I had no trouble checking into it.

The first session of the Oregon Emergency Net was in good shape when I checked in, but not long after I could hear only a few stations, one in Sacramento, the other in Arizona.

On the second session I could hear Vance all the way through, but he had very few check-ins. Probably most of the Oregon stations couldn't hear him.

I have the weather report in the nail sack ready to go out.

2nd

The low last night was thirteen, and the high today was twenty-five. It was eighteen at five this evening. At two o'clock this morning I looked outside. It was snowing lightly then.

By eight o'clock there was two inches of new snow. There were intermittent snow flurries all day. The rain gauge showed only thirteen hundredths of an inch of precipitation, which indicates how dry the snow was.

There was no wind with the last snow.

Around nine this morning I uncovered the snowblower, and tried to start it. After turning it over several times without any results, I removed the sparkplug, and squirted some WD-40 into the hole. When I pulled on the rope a couple of times, it fired a short burst. I got it to do this three times, priming it before each attempted. Thereafter nothing. I removed the sparkplug again, put some WD-40, some light oil, and dash of alcohol. Thereafter no results.

Mike came by and gave the rope a few pulls. Nothing. Before I tried again, I primed it again and it fired a short burst. Thereafter nothing.

I said to Mike, "We need a heater under it."

He agreed, then said, "I think it will go through the door. We can push it inside."

That we did, and turned the small heater with the fan onto it.

At one o'clock I pushed it outside, pushed the primer and pulled on the rope. On the second pull it started fine.

I ran it out to the point plowing a trail. I didn't stop there, but continued on down the hill, and went around the turn at the foot of the steep grade, then came back up plowing a path for the inside wheel track. At the top I kept on down toward the furnace room. The wheels spun out at the heavy drift near the trailer house.

I reversed the wheels, backed up, then ran it over to the path already made and came on down to the dugout. After sweeping most of the snow off the machine, I pushed it into the dugout.

Needless to say, I drove the pickup down and got the mail. I had no trouble either way, even backed the pickup down to the furnace room, thanks to the snowblower's path.

Mike is putting together a set of chains for the wheels.

It has been snowing lightly this evening, and it is still at it. There's one half inch since five this evening. It is ten now.

When the phone rang this morning, I thought it would be George calling, but it was Lavina. She wanted to let me know how much snow they had. It was four or five inches. They had a good trip up north, but did run into quite a bit of snow.

Yesterday they went to Burns. There was six inches of snow in town. Snow flurries followed them going and coming. On the way back they had a flat tire. Carl didn't know how far he drove with it flat.. The car has front-wheel drive. He noticed that he

didn't have as much power as he should have had. He got out to check, and found a front tire flat. A small pointed rock had punctured it.

I counted twenty-five deer on the slope below the pinnacles this evening. There could have been more. It was getting too dark to see good.

They must have been eating on the tops of dead weeds sticking up out of the snow. They appeared to be heading toward the canyon. That is supposed to be a sign of a big storm approaching. Now will be a good time to check out the theory.

When I drove down the road, there were a lot of deer tracks in the road. At the time I presumed they were going down the road, but maybe they were going up.

Early in the morning I saw a pocket gopher running along the floor in front of the stove. He disappeared behind it. Later I saw him out in the middle of the floor, and I whacked him with a broom.

He was too young to be cautious. He was probably hungry, and I think he couldn't see good in the daylight.

3rd

The low last night was seven, and the high today was twenty-two. It was seven at six this evening. I expect it to go below zero tonight.

There was another four inches of snow last night. Bringing the snow depth to seven-teen inches. There was no new drifting.

I removed the snow from the rock steps leading up to the power meter, and shoveled the snow from the trail on up to the meter. For the last two days the consumption was 52 KWH

Mike spent most of the day constructing a tire chain for the snow blower. That entailed taking apart a regular sized tire chain.

The bolt cutter that he started using to cut the links did cut a few of them, but soon it began cutting only partly through.

Thereafter Mike began working on the cutter. He tightened up the bolts that held the cutting edges in line. When he started using it on the links for the next chain, it cut like a charm. Sparks flew.

When he finished the second chain and had it on the wheel, it was after four.

While he was working on the chain he was plenty warm, so we let the fire go out, and pulled th plug on the heating element. That was around eleven o'clock. The temperature in here got down to fifty-eight.

We started a fire in the stove, and plugged in the heating element. Now, at ten, it is sixty-four and going down.

George called around noon, and talked for nearly one and a half hours, telling about the trouble Lois was having. How he took her to the emergency entrance of the hospital, and the long procedure it took to get her admitted.

How he had to go back to the car and park it in another place, because he had left it in a no parking zone while he helped Lois into the hospital.

Then back in the waiting room Lois was finally called, and disappeared through a door. Two hours went by and no one called his name. He went to the desk and asked as to where Lois was.

He finally learned that she was in the cast section. The nurse told him to go to a certain corridor and enter the first door to the right.

He found the door and entered. Inside was a long room filled with people, sitting, lying down and standing, all being fitted with casts or having them taken off. There were places curtained off where they were treating people.

He couldn't find Lois, and went out in the corridor. A nurse asked him if she could help him. He told her about not being able to find Lois. She directed him to another door farther up the hall.

He went through this door and found himself in the same room, but nearer the end. There was a desk with nurses around it.

He went up and asked one where Lois was. This time he was directed to one of the curtained off places.

There he found Lois. They still didn't know what was wrong with her. She wanted him to go to tell a nurse at the desk to give her something to knock out the pain which was severe.

He found a nurse who got hold of the doctor who was on Lois' case. He came and introduced himself to George. He said that they had found a large amount of white blood cells in her blood, but hadn't found the location of the infection. Although there was some indication that it was a gall-bladder problem. Maybe gall stones. They are going to take x-rays. Not long after they wheeled her off on a gurney.

He waited a another long time, then was told that Lois was in a room on the seventh floor. Talking with her he learned that she would be in the hospital several more days.

Before they left home, Lois had filled a bag with all the things she would need for a stay in the hospital. Especially the medications that had been prescribed for her.

Out in the hall he asked a nurse what was the best way to get to the parking lot of the emergency section.

She directed him thus:- "Go down to the end of the hall, take an elevator to the fourth floor, then go to another bank of elevators that will take you down. Get off at the first floor,

then go down the hall to your left, and you'll find the doors going out."

He found the car and got back to Lois with the bag.

A nurse went through the bag checking all the medicine and other stuff. Looking at the many bottles of pills she asked what this or that was for. She was impressed with the knowledge that Lois had, and said before she left, "I'll be back. I want to talk with you."

George figured that the two nurses would have plenty to talk about.

It was midnight when he got home. They had left around seven.

Then he talked at length about the big freeze, and the high price of vegetables. He said, "All the good lettuce comes from Salinas Valley. The lettuce raised in Florida is soft and all leaves. Tomatoes are a dollar and twenty-five cents a pound, But they sell.

Another subject was the trouble Lois is having with Harry's son. He was going to cut off all the money Lois was getting.

4th

The low last night was minus four, and the high today was fifteen. It was seven at five-fifteen this evening. It was clear all day with an occasional light wind.

Mike got up at seven-fifteen and built a fire in the stove.

The sun was shining across Indian Creek. It made a pinkish color to the white snow. The sunshine came down the mountain, and by seven-thirty it was shining through the window and reached about three feet along the wall. The window faces northeast, and as the sun moves northward in succeeding days its rays reach farther back into the dugout.

For breakfast I had a bowl of cream of wheat with butter and sugar, one egg, and two small hotcakes.

Mike eats the hotcakes during the day instead of bread which has sugar in it.

I watched the Deep Sea Net while getting breakfast. Someone reported that Burns had thirty-one below last night. The temperatures everywhere were breaking records. One place in Idaho had the lowest temperature ever on record there.

Our low was a record for February since I've been keeping track. A fifteen year period.

Mike wasted no time after breakfast getting the spare wheels inside. He shoveled a space behind the pickup where he could unload the wheels. We brought them into the dugout where the snow that had stuck to them melted and the wheels warmed up. We brought in the chains also.

By two-thirty we had the chains on and the wheels into the pickup. I figured I would need the weight to help give traction

for the wheels.

When I went out to get into the cab of the pickup, I found the door on the driver's side frozen shut with ice formed from water that ran down from the melting snow on the roof. The door was on the shaded side. The other door was all right, because the sun had kept it warm. This is a good demonstration of the power of the sun. When the sun shown onto the metal roof the snow melted and the water ran down into the shade and froze in the ten to fifteen degree air.

I got in by the door on the right side, started the motor and let it idle about five minutes so that the heater could give out some warm air.

I started out toward the point. The wheels on the right side dug into the deep snow on that side, and pulled the pickup toward the deeper drift along the bank. The wheels spun out. I had to back up twice before I could get the truck lined up near the outer side. From there on there was no trouble.

The mail consisted almost entirely of letters from political activists begging for money. Mike is on their sucker list. He falls for their line.

There was the news and World Report, and a bill from the telephone company for \$17.97.

I fried a chicken before I went for the mail.

WE used 70 KWH electric power yesterday.

The fire went out early, because the supply of wood is low and we are going easy on it. With the electric element on by itself the temperature is down to sixty-two.

I called Dora today. The snow there is about five inches deep. She hadn't checked on the temperature but she knew it was very cold. Her crocheting is progressing with several items started. She switches from one to the other for a change of pace.

I parked the pickup out at the point facing west so that the sun would shine on the door that had frozen shut.

Tonight I checked into Beaver State Net. The band was good for the short skip. The first session of the Oregon Emergency Net started with good conditions, and John, WA7VNS, heard me for a change. After checking in I lay down and took a nap. I woke up in time to check into the second session before it closed. However, I couldn't hear Don, K7TPX, in Klamath Falls. Herb, in Washington, relayed me in.

5th

The low last night was seven, and the high today was thirty-three. At six this evening it was thirty-one. It started snowing around four-thirty this morning, and continued up to eight o'clock. The precipitation in the rain gauge was three-hundredths of an inch.

Early in the night a high wind caused a lot of drifting of the old-dry snow

Around nine more wind showed up, and it as coming in gusts that must have been over thirty miles an hour.

It was after one o'clock before I started the snowblower. I made a trip out the point and back. Coming back down I cleared the snow from the middle of the road. I then made a short run passed the engine room, going slow because of the deep drift.

The fumes from the exhaust and the scorched paint on the muffler gave me a headache. I decided to rest a while even though I had been at only half an hour. I pushed the blower inside where it wouldn't cool off too much.

I had been wearing the overcoat on top of the jacket, which gave me good protection from the chill factor.

I thought of staying inside so took off the overcoat, but the odor of the fumes lingered on my clothes, so I decided to walk out to the point to give my lungs a chance to get some fresh air.

I didn't put the overcoat back on. I was warm enough without it. At the point I walked on over the top and saw that the drifting on down the hill wasn't too bad.

Back at the dugout I drank a cup of coffee and ate a couple of walnuts. The headache cleared up.

There was about one and a half gallons of gas left in the tank. I decided to use it up on a short trip so that I would be close by to refill the tank. Out passed the trailer house the wheels started spinning in spite of the chains. I was on the inner-wheel track where the snow was deep. It was necessary to back up a few times to get started again.

The motor missed a few times, and I thought the gas was about run out. I turned around and came back on the cleared path to the dugout again. The motor was still running good, so I started back up the road, cutting a swath close to the engine room where there was a heavy drift. I kept on up the road making a second pass at the snow left on the previous swath.

Again I passed the trailer house. Soon after the motor quit, and it was definitely out of gas.

I pushed the thing down here and into the furnace room.

I knew that I wouldn't be able to fill the tank directly from the five-gallon can, because too much gas would be spilled. I got a gallon-coffee can and poured gas into it from the five-gallon can.

Pouring from the small can was worse than I thought it would be. Quite a bit of gas spilled onto the floor. Being in the furnace room it would evaporate.

I pushed the blower back into the dugout. I thought that if I used a funnel there would be no danger of spills. I poured gas from the coffee can into the funnel. It didn't work very good either. Some gas spilled onto the floor.

I got the tank about half full. I pushed the blower outside, and tried to start the motor without success.

It was almost three-thirty. I pushed it back inside and quit for the day.

The wind started even harder than before. The air was full of drifting snow. It packed against the door, and I opened the door several times to clear away the snow before it got too deep to let the door swing open. Later the wind died down.

The band conditions were good on all nets this evening.

6th

The low last night was fourteen, and the high today thirty-one. It was twenty-eight at six this evening. There were occasional cloudy spells, and occasional light winds.

This morning I brought in the ten-gallon can of gas to give it a chance to warm up. To speed up the process I turned on the small heater with the fan and placed it next to the can letting the warm blow onto it.

Shortly after noon I pushed the blower outside, started the motor, and made a pass out to the point and back. The drifts were

packed firmly from yesterday's wind. It took extra force to plow into them, causing the wheels to spin often.

After I got back to the dugout, I decided to go down the road with the blower, but first I would fill the tank to insure a long trip.

Out of the snow I dug one of the benches we used stand on when we were working under the hood of the pickup. I placed it beside the blower intending to put the can of gas on it where I could siphon the gas into the tank, I saw that it wasn't quite high enough, but I could stand a chair on it to reach the right height.

Next came the search for the siphon hose. I remembered that it was a red-plastic tube, but couldn't recall where I had seen it last. After looking in all the most likely places with no success, I picked up an old piece of old-rubber tubing. It was very inflexible. I brought it in and warmed it by the stove.

I looked around for a piece of wire that I could use for swabbing it out to make sure there was no dirt in it.

Mike came in. I said, "We used to have a red-siphon tube, but I cant find it. I thought it was in the back room."

He couldn't remember where he had seen it last. Somehow, just telling him about it, made me think of the gas house. Then I was sure of where it was. Sure enough it was behind the door at the front where we pull down the hose when gassing up the truck.

I brought it in and warmed it up under running hot water at the sink, then swabbed it out in case of any dirt. I headed out the door taking a chair with me. However, at the blower, I found that Mike had replaced the bench with a smaller but taller one. I wouldn't need the chair.

I got a mouth full of gas starting the siphon, but did get the tank filled.

After putting the gas can and siphon hose back in the dugout, and getting the bench out of the way, I started the motor and headed for the point. On the way I kept to the inner-wheel track clearing out snow that was left from the last trip.

From the point I moved to the outside-wheel track. The snow hadn't drifted as much as I thought it would. Still there was plenty of snow for the blower. Down at the turn the snow was deeper. Farther on I saw that it didn't look too bad. I turned around and came back up on the inside track. Here the snow was deeper.

Three fourths of the way up, I stopped to rest, then on again. I came right on down to the dugout, clearing out more snow that had been missed.

Mike saw me coming. When I stopped, I told him I would try to drive down. I said, "I'll put the blower back inside, but it can set out here for a while."

He said, "We can clean off as much as snow as possible out here, and face the auger toward the sun. Some of the snow might melt off. I'll help you push it into the dugout when you get back."

Out at the point I climbed into the cab , and drove down the hill. I had been concerned that somewhere a drift would show up that I couldn't get through, but all the way down there was only slight drifting.

Coming back up the wheels spun out on the steep grade above the gate. I had to back up three times before making it on up. On the last try I kept to the right of the wheel tracks where I was spinning out. There it turned out that the snow wasn't so deep.

On the grade near the power-line crossing I spun out again. This was the place where I couldn't make it a year ago. I had backed off the road and left it there for a week or longer. The weather was worse then. When making the round trip walking for the mail, I would stop and sit in the cab to rest out of the blowing snow. One day it took me fours to make the hike.

This time I backed up and made another try, but the wheels started spinning and the truck moved to the left the same as a year ago. I baked up again, going far enough to get a good start. I could see that I should keep up high on the right side, almost off the road. This proved to be right. I went over the hump.

I had no trouble the rest of the way, thanks to the work of the blower on those drifts on the side hill.

7th

The low last night was twenty, and the high today was thirty-eight. It was thirty-seven at six this evening. It was overcast all day, and there was a strong south wind.

Mike cut sagebrush for wood.

Once today I walked to the point and sat in the cab of the pickup. In there I was out of the wind and could look out over the desert. The water on it was covered with ice and snow.

Last night I fried a full skillet of chicken livers. Today Mike ate the whole lot except the one and a half that I ate. I said, "Those are a rich food."

He probably thought that I was hinting that he had eaten too much, because he said, "I've been eating them for quite a while." Actually he ate them for lunch and dinner. I had thought they would last two days.

8th

The low last night was twenty-six, and the high today thirty. It was twenty-six at six this evening.

Around four o'clock this morning I saw that snow was drifting up onto the windows. A heavy wind from the west was swirling the snow against the windows and the door.

I knew that I would have to open the door and remove the snow from in front of it before so much would accumulate the door couldn't be opened.

At first I thought I would only put on my shoes, but decided that with the wind blowing with such force I should put something else on. I slipped into my pants, and put on the jacket with the hood. I put my shoes on and opened the door a crack. Snow came blowing in. I could feel it on my skin up my pant legs.

The door opened only far enough to let me squeeze out. Once outside I closed the door and used the shovel, that was standing by the door, to remove the snow.

There was about one inch of ice under the snow, indicating that it rained before it snowed. The snow stuck to the shovel every time I tried to throw it to one side. Half of the snow would come off and the other half was still on when I went to scoop up another load. This slowed the progress of the work.

I guess I wasn't out there more than fifteen minutes. Finally the snow was cleared away. I came inside with a swoosh of snow. As I closed the door, I thought of the TV add where the boy goes out the door into the blowing snow, then comes back in quickly slamming the door against the wind and saying. "I think I need some more Malt-O-Meal." I could hear Mike stirring. I repeated the words out loud to get his attention.

He said, "What's going on?" I told him about the drifting

snow and what I was doing.

My pants were wet clear to my hips, and the jacket was also wet. I hurriedly got out of them and climbed into bed to get warm.

Mike was getting up. I left my light on so he could see the snow on the windows. He came out and seeing the snow said, "It must be snowing pretty hard."

He went on into the back room to his office.

I put the light out and soon went to sleep.

I got up at eight o'clock. I put on all my clothes and the overshoes. I put on the large overcoat with the hood. I wanted to be well protected from the elements when I cleared the snow away from the door. As before I squeezed out the door, and did the job all over again. This time shoveling out farther from the door.

I went over to the weather station and read the thermometers.

Back inside I turned on the transceiver and listened to the Deep Sea Net. Chuck in Bonneville had twenty inches of snow, and there were reports of snow in Portland.

For breakfast I had fried spuds, a fried egg, a slice of toast, and a cup of coffee.

After breakfast I checked into the weather net.

There wasn't much drifting in the road, so I didn't have to use the snowblower, and drove down to get the mail without any trouble. It must have rained quite a bit, because the wheel tracks were soft under the snow, and at the gate there was considerable water running in the tracks. I turned around at the gate, because the ground was soft. Walking on down I kept to the side where there was little snow. Here the footing was better.

Still there were no contact lenses for Mike.

9th

The low last night was twenty-six, and the high today was thirty-three. It was twenty-six at six this evening. There were small flurries of snow during the day, and heavy winds at times. There was a precipitation of four hundredths of an inch.

I remade my bed, and washed out the sheets along with some clothes.

Mike worked out by the plum trees, reorganizing his two-by-four pile, and stood pieces on end against one of the saw horses. He cut off some of the plum sprouts that were coming up from the roots, scattered sawdust on the trails even all the way to the point.

I took a hike to the lower draw. The going was rough because there were lumps of ice where the wheels had thrown water out of the wheel tracks on the way down for the mail yesterday.

I wore the overcoat, and under it an extra warm shirt, a vest, and a jacket. The temperature was twenty-seven, and a strong wind was blowing. I wasn't too warm when I got back. The sun shown part of the time.

The band was good on the Beaver State Net, and on the first session of The Oregon Emergency Net. On the second session I couldn't hear Herb, W7RHX. K7FLJ relayed me in.

I listened to C.W on the eighty-meter band. I couldn't find any stations that were strong. I listened to a nine talking with a four. Their names were Ellis and Tom, both general class. Ellis said. "I never get on the phone band. Anyone can talk on the phone, but it takes skill to talk on C.W." He was one-hundred and sixty miles out of Chicago.

Tom was in Huntsville, Alabama. His C.W. was a little shaky. He said, "I'm not used to my new key."

George called this evening. Lois isn't better, but she is home from the hospital after five days.

I talked with Dora today. The pump is working all right now.
10th

The low last night was twenty-two, and the high today was thirty-three. It was twenty-eight at six this evening. The sun shown most of the day, and there was a strong wind at times.

Mike did some more trimming on the plum shoots. He cut off one large trunk which made good wood.

I talked with Lavina today. Carl had gone down to Dora's to work on her TV lead-in.

I walked down passed the power-line crossing. I might have gone farther, but up a head there was so much ice on the road it looked too treacherous to walk on.

I wore the overcoat without a jacket under it. The temperature was warmer than yesterday, and the wind wasn't blowing as hard. I didn't get too warm.

I planted wheat in one half of the large tub.

The weather forecast calls for rain in Boise tomorrow. I doubt that we'll get any here. Our barometer is high.

The power outlet by the plum trees has gone dead. The line goes down into the spring hole, and on out the air duct. It could have gotten broken when the ground caved off into the water.

The band was good on the Beaver State Net. Alice came in loud and clear. On the first session of the Oregon Emergency Net Ken came in loud and clear. The band went out by seven-thirty.

Tonight the forecast from Idaho says there will be snow in Boise tomorrow. It's a change from this afternoon's forecast.

11th

The low last night was twenty-seven, and the high today was forty-four. It was forty at six this evening. It was overcast most of the day with light winds.

I made hotcakes, cooked a pot of beans, boiled some potatoes, and fried a chicken today.

I walked down for the mail. There was snow between the wheel tracks. Under the snow the ground was firm, although under the snow the ice made the foot unexpectedly slip.

On the hill above the gate the snow gave way to soft ground, then below the gate the ground was almost dry. Altogether the footing was poor, and the walking was difficult.

I made slow time both ways, and coming up I felt a lack of power, and stopped often to rest.

I didn't need extra warm clothes. I wore only the suede jacket, and the-black-winter cap with ear muffs.

There was a letter from George containing clippings about bombs, and Star Wars projects. The articles were down grading Reagan.

Mike worked at getting a saw horse out of the ground. It was stuck in the frozen mud between the plum trees.

I checked into the Beaver State Net, and the first session of the Oregon Emergency Net. The band was good at the start, but soon I couldn't hear the net control.

I mailed a letter to Betsy and one to Myron.

12th

The band was on the Beaver State Net, and the Oregon Emergency Net started out good. When I checked in W7AKN asked for me. he said he would call for me on 3.990. I called up there, but found a net in progress. I couldn't find Flory. I went back to 3.980. He was already there, and said to try 3.970 and down. He would call. I found a net on that frequency. I listened down below, but didn't hear him. There were several open places.

I went back to the net and told Dick to tell Flory to look for me on 3.962 which was open. I would call him. Down there I didn't get an answer. I gave up.

I talked with Dora this evening. Carl spliced the TV lead-in, so she gets reception, but channel seven is missing. She couldn't find the cable that she bought new two weeks ago.

Jim went to Winnemucca, and will bring back a cable for her.

13th

The low last night was thirty-one , and the high today was forty-five. At six this evening it was thirty-eight. The sun shown all day. The snow level is down to eight inches.

I brought the truck down here, filled the tank, and checked the oil, then parked it by the furnace room. I put the three coolers into the back. I found a piece of two-by-six that We

could to set the jack on in case of a flat tire, then another six foot length of a two-by six to use in lifting a tire back into the truck.

We planned to go to Burns tomorrow, but after I walked down and back for the mail, and seeing how soft the road was, I thought maybe we should wait until Friday. Mike was of same mind upon hearing about the road.

The soft ground made the walking difficult. It took me two hours to make the round trip.

I felt that I lacked power, and decided the cause could be from lithium in the water. We have been using water from the draw which comes partly from the upper spring.

If we get a good heavy rain storm, one that would clean off the roof, I will fill up some jugs with rainwater. Until then I'll carry water up from Indian Creek.

I did out a laundry today. The sun nearly got it dry by the time I brought it in before dark.

In the evening, after the news program, I felt a bit cold. My clothes were somewhat damp from perspiration. I decided to lay on the bed with a blanket over me until it was time to check into the Beaver State Net.

I dozed off, waking up from time to time, to look at my watch. At net time I was too sleepy to care about getting up,

then passed up the first session of the Oregon Emergency Net.

Finally I saw that it was a quarter past the hour. I thought, "Well, I'll get up now and check into the second session of the net."

There was nothing on 3.980. On 3.982, I heard a net back east calling their roll. I set the frequency on 3.980, thinking that a relay station would come on or I would hear some station check in. There was nothing. I looked at the clock to see how much time was left to the end of the net.

I saw that instead of seven twenty it was eight twenty. I had been lying down for two and a half hours, sleeping most of the time.

When I woke up the last time, I had been dreaming that I was standing by the end of the table feeling warm and comfortable. I said to Mike, "Boy! That new wood makes a hot fire."

I've been warm ever since I got up.

Mike plugged in the heating element which brought the temperature up to sixty-eight now at eleven o'clock. I believe I would have remained warm without the extra heat.

I called Dora this evening. Jim had connected the new lead-in cable to the antenna, but she couldn't get a picture on the large set. On the small set she can get a faint picture, but there is a loud roaring noise.

I told her to disconnect the small set and see what happened on the large set. She said she would try that, and call back.

When she called back, she said, "At first there was nothing on the set, but after tuning there was a faint picture on all three stations. The roaring sound was gone."

I told her. "Connect the new lead-in cable directly to the large set, and see what happens."

She would have to remove the tape from the place where the two sets were connected to the lead-in. "I'll do that tomorrow. I'm too tired now. Maybe tomorrow someone will come around that knows more about it."

All six of the young pullets are laying now. She gave Jim a dozen of the eggs, because she cant sell them anyway.

I talked with Ellis this morning. He ran a phone patch to Dorothy and John. Dorothy asked how Margaret was. I said, "I received a letter just the other day. She is walking pretty good now. Walks down town and back."

After the phone patch, Chuck, W7BVH broke in. He gave me a rundown on how it was in the gorge

Ellis finished the picture frame for the large picture that John Scharff gave him.

14th

The low last night was twenty-one, and the high today was thirty-eight. It was twenty-seven at six this evening. Early this morning there was a heavy fog with no wind.

Mike got up at seven-thirty, plugged in the heating element, and built a fire in the stove. I lay in bed thinking that we wouldn't be going to town, and if we did it would be later than I would like for starting out.

Mike said, "This might a good time to go after all."

I said, "It's too late."

He came back with. "With a late start, we could come back late. By then the road may have frozen again, and we could go up the hill. If not we could walk up carrying some of the groceries on pack boards. We could take a flash light with us."

I said, "To heck with that. I don't like to drive after dark."

However, after about five minutes, I decided to humor him, and go after all. I was sure we could get back before dark, and drive right on up the hill. I didn't put on my work clothes, but dressed ready for town. Mike was eating breakfast in his office. I called to him, "Do you have your list?" Letting him know that I had changed my mind.

Well, we got away around eight-thirty. There was fog all the way to the Cold Springs Summit, the heaviest fog I've seen in years.

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Passed the summit the sun shown all the rest of the way to Burns, and in Burns the sun shown most of the time. The temperature was above freezing, but a slight breeze at times felt cold.

We got all our shopping done. Mike bought a Seiko quartz watch at twenty-five percent discount, making it \$93.75. I had a leather strap at home that suited him better than the metal one.

I bought one hundred two-cent stamps to go with the twenty-cent stamps I have on hand. Postage goes up to twenty-two cents on the sixteenth.

The things that I didn't get in town that I'd been wanting are:- shoe strings, a jacket, and a shirt. I should have bought some motor oil, but we'll not need it until the next trip.

We hope Mike will get his appointment within a couple of weeks, then I'll take him to Burns to catch a bus to Bend.

Some things in the line of groceries that we don't usually buy were- lettuce, tomatoes, carrots, and fresh milk. Mike bought three gallon. I bought one. Also I got a package of Corn Flakes.

We left Burns at one-thirty. Ran into fog on the Cold Springs Summit. It petered out before we got down the grade on this side, and there was none the rest of the way.

We came up the hill all the way, and I backed down to the dugout. We got here at four-thirty.

I checked into the Beaver State Net, and the Oregon Emergency Net. I asked for W7AKN, but never heard him.

15th

The low last night was thirty-one, and the high today was fifty. It was thirty-five at six this evening. There was a mixture of bright sunshine and clouds today.

Mike shoveled the snow out of the trail part way to Indian Creek. He walked on down the rest of the way. He said that water was running out of the pipe in a good stream.

I hiked down and filled two jugs, but didn't use the pipe. I held the jugs under water while they filled.

I cooked a pot of cracked wheat, and a pot of beans. Also I fried a chicken.

I hiked down for the mail. The ground was soft. With the fifty degree weather, I didn't need to wear a jacket, and was warm enough for the most part, but coming back up against the wind my right shoulder got cold. I tried to protect it from the wind by covering it with the end of the mail sack.

Whether or not the Indian Creek water cleared up the lithium poisoning I cant be sure, but I felt stronger today than I did last Wednesday. I could use enough force in my walking up the hill to make me breath hard. I even stopped to catch my breath a few times.

I made the round trip in an hour and fifty-five minutes. The soft ground made the going slower than when the ground is firm.

I checked into the Beaver State Net and the Oregon Emergency Net, and again asked for W7AKN, but he never showed up.

This morning I checked into the weather net. Ellis called for me and we moved off frequency. He said, "Someone was up at your place and you weren't there."

I said, "When we got back, I didn't see anything out of place."

He said, "Well, John and Dorothy came by and we walked all the way up there. We were disappointed not to find you in."

Then he changed his story, "Well we didn't walk up. I was driving their car and was afraid to tackle the hill with it. I was afraid the little light car would get stuck in the mud." He continued on, "What happened is:- We drove down the west side through Frenchglen and stopped in Fields, then came up the east side. At Ten Cent Lake I saw you coming. We waved and I blinked the head lights, but you didn't stop."

I said, "I remember looking back in the rear view mirror. I thought I saw your brake lights, but remembered you had your head lights on, and concluded it was your tail lights."

He told about the fine trip they had. No fog all the way. They saw about sixty head of Antelope down near Sonny Holister's place.

I told him about seeing about forty-seven head of deer near the Alvord Ranch yesterday. "We stopped and let them cross the

road a head of us. Some stopped in the middle of the road looking at us. That's the largest bunch of deer we've seen in a long time. It's not like it used to be when we would see on the side of the hill on the other side of Indian Creek two hundred head of deer."

He said, "The new bunch at the game commission don't manage the deer as good as before."

He said that he was going to drive Womack's on a couple more trips. "They like to have me drive so I'll have company on sight seeing trips."

Mike cut more wood today, and prepared the ground for a foundation for his saw horse under the plum trees. He will store some of the two-by-fours and two-by-sixes on the horses.

16th

The low last night was twenty-nine, and the high today was forty-three. It was thirty-eight at six this evening. The sun shown all day, and there was very little wind.

Mike cut sagebrush for wood, and worked at sorting out some lumber. He washed out some clothes. They are still on the line after ten tonight.

I took a hike down to the lower draw. The road is still soft, but it is drying out some.

I weighed myself today, one hundred and fifty-two pounds with extra clothes on. Since drinking Indian Creek water again, I feel stronger so it could be both the weight and the lithium.

I talked with Dora this evening. Her TV is working after a fashion. She hasn't gotten around to hooking the lead-in directly to the large TV set.

She drove to Fields today. She was using her left eye, the one that was operated on. She said she could see a quarter of a mile. The right eye hardly works at all now.

The snow in her lane is six inches deep.

George called this morning. The temperature there is still cooler than usual, but they are expecting it to warm up in a few days.

Lois, Dot, Rea, and Susie had their get together. Bob and Susie drove down from South Carolina, while the others flew from Lansing, where there was four feet of snow.

Bob still gives Susie her orders, and she obeys like a good soldier. Susie isn't well, and Lois has one thing or another wrong with her all the time.

George keeps busy so feels better than if he was doing nothing.

17th

The low last night was twenty-four, and the high today was forty-one. At six this evening it was thirty-five. There was sunshine all day with occasional light winds.

Mike worked in the tin building cutting sagebrush for wood. The supply in the dugout doesn't increase, and is used up every day. He put some sawdust on the trail going down to Indian Creek.

This morning I had a light breakfast of fried spuds, a slice of toast, and coffee.

I made a batch of drop cookies using chopped raisins in them.

I hiked down to the gate. I felt stronger than yesterday. I made the round trip in an hour and twenty minutes.

I heard that the next launch of shuttle will be March seventh. I tried recall the previous launch. I could remember seeing it, and also the landing, but not the date.

I looked back through my records, but could find no mention of it. We have destroyed all our old news magazines so there is no way to check on the date.

I pulled the plug on the electric heater at noon, and kept a small fire in the stove most of the day. It died out around six o'clock. Now the temperature is down to sixty-four at ten.

Tomorrow is Washington's birthday so there will be no mail. If we don't hear from the VA eye clinic Tuesday, I'll call them up Wednesday

The Oregon Juncos have been around again for the last few days.

18th

The low last night was nineteen, and the high today was thirty-six. It was twenty-nine at six this evening. There was sunshine all day with an occasional wind from the South East.

I found a News and World Report magazine that gave the date of the last shuttle launch. It was on January the twenty-fourth. The landing was on the twenty-seventh.

19th

The low last night was twenty-one, and the high today was forty-six. It was thirty-six at six this evening. It was overcast all day. There was a wind from the west at times.

Today I wrote a letter to Dorothy and Leonard.

I walked down for the mail. I jogged a little, but the road was so soft it made the going tough. The freezing last night, and the thawing today brought up more moisture, and there was more mud than last week.

Someone tried to come up the road. Maybe this morning. The vehicle was narrow gauge and light. It got as far as the knoll

where the spring came up in the road, then backed down the hill along the side of the draw as far as the top of the steep grade above the gate where it turned around.

Coming back, up I didn't put much effort into the walking, going slowly, but steadily.

Tonight the wind is blowing and it is snowing. It started at seven o'clock. I opened the storm door and cleared the snow away behind it once already. I'll probably do this several times tonight.

I received the Scientific American, and read a couple articles in it.

I called Lavina this evening asking her if Carl Thomas was back. She hadn't seen him. I had thought that it might have been him who drove up the hill.

She said that Carl bought a road grader. Roy drove it from Burns to his place. He did some work around his place, then drove it to Princeton. From there Carl drove it down home.

Carl did some work on the county where a culvert was giving trouble. He was using his back hoe. Now there's something wrong with it. It doesn't start.

I called the VA eye clinic this morning. Cathy said that she hasn't received Mikes contacts yet. She will call as soon as she gets them.

20th

The low last night was twenty-eight, and the high was thirty-seven. At six this evening it was thirty. There were scattered clouds, and a bright sun that melted all of last night's snow. The snow must have amounted to about one inch because the rain gauge showed eleven hundredths of an inch of precipitation.

In making hotcakes this morning I mixed all of the other ingredients together before adding the vinegar. This method seemed to improve the batter.

When I made the salad I used the rotary grater. This is faster than the hand grater, and it's clean-up was easier.

I walked down for the mail wearing the suede jacket. I jogged very little, and walked back up slowly. I carried the jacket most of the way back.

Mail consisted of the News and World Report and political begging-mail for Mike, which reminds of a news item, on TV, about an old man finding his checking account overdrawn. He had sent checks to all the political beggars feeling that he wanted to be, patriotic. His niece found out what happened to his money, and Reagan, hearing about the case, gave back all the money the old man had sent to his campaign committee.

I had a ringing in my ears when I got back. It was very bothersome. It is gone now.

Mike trimmed some more on the on the plum trees, and got a few pieces for wood.

21st

The low last night was twenty-three, and the high today was forty-four. It was thirty-eight at six this evening. There was bright sunshine most of the day, but it clouded up this evening. There were occasional winds of around five miles an hour.

I spent some time putting my spelling list into alphabetical order.

I called the business office of the PNB, and found that they wouldn't list M.F. Weston, and James H. Weston under one listing. They list two names only for man and wife. I told them to take my name off the listing. The next book doesn't come out for about five months, The seventy cent charge won't be on our bill.

Once this morning the phone rang, and when I picked up the receiver, a woman's voice asked if this was the Weston residence. I immediately thought it was V.A. eye clinic calling, but it turned out to be Linda Mc Lane. She was calling for Leilanie to have me come down and check on their water heater. Leilanie couldn't call me because we are on the same line. All Linda knew was that there was something wrong with the heater.

me to do the checking. The VOM of course, and a set of tools.

First I called Leilanie. John had given me a number to use if I wanted to call the Alvord Ranch, 610. The way you call a party who is on the same line, you dial such a number, then hang up letting your own ring until it stops, indicating that the receiver on the other end has been picked up. You then pick up your receiver and speak to the other person.

Leilanie said that the heater was working, but the tank was leaking water. When she did two laundries out in a row, there would be water all over the floor, but when she wasn't using the hot water, there was no leak.

Ed had checked, but couldn't find where it was leaking.

I said, "The tank will have to be disconnected, and the jacket and insulation taken off."

She said, "I thought that if you came down, you and Ed could figure out what the trouble was."

I said, "It's a mystery to me. I cant imagine what would cause it to leak that way."

She said, "Maybe when so much cold water comes in, it sweats."

"It couldn't sweat that much. Besides the insulation keeps the air away fro the tank so it cant sweat."

"I wish Don Williams was here. He is good at such things"

"He sure is. Anyway you may have to get a new tank. How are things otherwise?"

"Things are going good. the lambing is over.

"Well let me know how the tank problem turns out.."

She said she would.

This afternoon Beryl showed up at the door. He had driven to the point with his car. He is the one that drove part way up the other day.

He visited about an hour. Mike put a cup of water in the oven and let Beryl make his own coffee. I noticed that he used two heaping teaspoons of instant coffee, and five heaping teaspoons of sugar. We offered him some cookies, and he ate several along with a second cup of coffee. He said that Jim was planning to marry Dolly Mc Lane.

I talked with Ellis this morning. Tomorrow he will drive John Scharff over to the valley. Scharff recently had a cataract operation in Ontario, and Ellis drove his car for him.

He has been doing a lot of driving for them since John got to where he couldn't see good enough to drive.

Ellis will stay at Ellis Derrel's place a week or so before driving his own van back home. He didn't say how John would get back.

He would try to find time to stop in Bend to see Margaret.

He thinks he will stay over night at the home of Duane's ex-wife and see his grandson, Tadius. He may stop in and see Carolee and Bruce at the store.

He said, "If you come into town while I'm gone be sure to stop in and load up on wood so Mike won't have to cut so much sagebrush."

I checked into the Beaver State Net, and the first session of the Oregon Emergency Net tonight. The skip wasn't bad.

My memory seems to be getting worse. Words that I'm sure knew how to spell keep showing up with my mind uncertain of the spelling. Now, after checking the spelling, I write it about ten times. Maybe I should write it a hundred times.

I dream every night and remember them when I wake up. I decided to have a piece of paper handy so that I could write a note about it every time I had an unusual dream. On the first night I wrote notes on several dreams. I thought all I would need was a few words to bring the whole dream back later.

On the following nights I didn't take notes until I got up in the morning.

After a week I looked at the notes and found that I couldn't recall the dreams very well. Actually the writing of the notes seems to repress the memory of the dreams.

One day I felt like I was falling into a depressed mood. I thought, "What's the cause?" One thing is the difficulty in remembering spelling, and the uncertainty of grammatical construction. How about the use of "that"? Is it all right to say, "He said he would go." ? Or should it be, "He said that he would go"?

Well I got out Modern English Usage by Fowler. I found eight pages on the use of "that". I learned that "He said he would go" is all right.

Instead of falling further into the depressed mood by doing nothing, I came out of it by doing something. First I had decided on a cause, then went to work overcoming the cause.

22nd

The low last night was thirty-three, and the high today was fifty-one. It was forty-one at six this evening. There was sunshine with a few clouds, and ten to fifteen miles and hour winds in the afternoon.

I read a science fiction book. It wasn't very good. The action was too slow.

I called the phone company and asked for the number that the Alvord Ranch could use to call us here.

The girl said, "We are not aloud to give out that number."

"Then how can the ranch call me being on the same line?"

"You call the operator she will call both your numbers and get you together that way."

"The service man gave me the number I could use to call the Alvord Ranch."

"I've had a lot of requests for such code numbers. The rules say they cannot be given out. I've had to turn down a lot of people."

I didn't give up, but also has nothing to say, but mumbled something about using those numbers before.

She came up with, "Wait a minute. Are you in Harney County? That might make a difference. I'll contact one of the supervisors. Just hold on."

After several minutes she came back, "Sir?"

I said, "Yes?"

"The number you can use to call the Alvord Ranch is, 620."

"That is the number I have already. I want the number the Alvord Ranch can use to call this number, 495 2294"

She put me on hold again. After five minutes she came back, "Sir?"

"Yes?"

"The Alvord Ranch can call from 495 2210 to your phone using the number, 632"

I answered, "That's fine. Sounds right. Thank you."

I think in town the rule may apply.

I figured the number, 632, must be for the cookhouse, and the number, 610, John gave me was for the phone in the house where they live.

I walked and jogged down for the mail. I started out with my overshoes on, but took them off at the point, because the road looked dry the rest of the way. Now with only the Nikes on I made better time. Actually I jogged most of the way.

Coming back up before I got to the power-line crossing, the wind began to feel cold. I was in my shirt sleeves without the jacket. When I left the dugout the temperature was fifty-one, but the air felt a little chilly. This spurred me to go faster.

I picked up my overshoes at the point, and carried them down to the dugout. There were a few wet spots, but I didn't get my feet wet. I felt cold though.

Mike was lying down. I said, "That wind sure felt cold."

He answered, "It sure does. I got cold working by the plum trees."

I said, "You know what? Like two dogs told to sit and stay, when I got back to the point waiting for were my two overshoes."

There was no answer.

I made hotcakes today, and fried two pieces of chicken. They consisted of a large piece of back and a ham and drum stick together.

After I got that numbers, I called Leilanie and asked her how they were doing with the hot water heater.

She said, "A BLM man was here. He said we would have to get a new one. Ed thinks he and one of the men can get the tank out."

"Yes I think you will have get a new one. By the way. I obtained the number you use to call us here." I gave her the number, and told her about the trouble getting it.

She said, "One of our phones went out of order. The company said that we would have to buy a new one. I told him that it wasn't our phone. We were renting it. They finally sent us a new phone and sent the old one to Portland."

She thanked me for the number. "I'll put it down in the book." Then, "I don't know when Don will be out again. Probably in June, We will have a barbecue then, and will let you know."

Mike said he had a nosebleed last night, and had a hard time getting it stopped. He had his right nostril plugged with wet paper.

Today Mike said that, by paying for the phone, we saved a lot of money. He said, "I paid for it several years ago."

I said, "You did? I paid something in four installments."

"They charged us double then, I remember paying it all in one payment."

Since then I've been trying to find a bill with that charge on it where he paid in full. I found one paid in installments of sixteen dollars and twenty-seven cents. The first one was in February nineteen eighty-three.

24th

The low last night was twenty-nine, and the high today was forty-eight. At six this evening it was forty-five. There was sunshine all day. There were winds five to thirty miles an hour.

Yesterday around noon I walked out to the point intending to go on down for my exercise. Looking down the road I saw a full sized pickup near the power-line crossing coming up the road. I figured I would have time to come back down here and put on my better jacket. I fully expected someone to walk down here.

After changing jackets I went outside and looked toward the point. I could see no sign of the pickup.

I went out there and looked down the road with the field glasses. Whoever it was had come up to the point, turned around, and gone back down. They were completely out of sight. I could see all the way to the lower draw.

I walked down the road checking to see if they tried to go up the bulldozer road, or the road down to Indian Creek. There were no tracks on either road.

Yesterday I finally reached Dora on the phone. She went to Ontario Friday.

The doctor said that she could lay on her right side now, and could stoop over, and lift things. Next week she will have glasses fitted.

She said that he told her she had 20/20 vision on some words. I don't know what that means. Since she can see to read the lens implant must be made for close-up reading.

She drove to Fields and could see "quite a distance." The glasses she gets will probably give her long-distance vision.

This morning I read another science-fiction story. It was one I had a read number of years ago. Although it was depicting a situation that was hard to believe even in fiction. There was enough suspense in it to hold my attention until I had finished it.

About noon I took off for a hike down the road. The temperature was forty-eight which should be warm enough for shirtsleeves, but a strong wind made it seem cold. I wore the suede jacket, and the jacket with a hood. I felt chilly even when jogging with the wind at my back. The road was dry so it was good going for the Nikes.

Last night I turned the TV set to channel two after the news on channel seven, and we watched a late movie for a change.

The scene was of people digging for artifacts in the desert. Most of the people were Arabs. The dialog was printed in English on the screen.

I thought, "This must be a foreign made movie." A white man seemed to be the main character. I had missed so much of the beginning, I couldn't figure out what was going on.

He seemed to be profoundly affected by something he had found in the ruins.

There was a scene inside a building where he was talking with another man, The English translation was printed on the screen.

The other man said, "Are you sure you should go?"

The first man said, "Yes. I must."

Later they were parting outside on the steps. The other one said, "I'll miss you, father."

The commercial came on, then the movie began again, but the scene was in Watertown. Now the people were speaking in English. Never again did we see the man in the first part of the picture. I was in doubts that it was the same picture.

I began to connect the two when the name of the movie came on. It was, The Exorcist.

25th

The low last night was twenty-six, and the high today was forty-five. It was thirty-three at six this evening. There was a bright sun all day, with a wind from the east that felt cold.

I made a vegetable salad today, and fried three sections of chickens, legs with part of the back.

I hiked down for the mail wearing the suede jacket. I jogged most of the way facing the wind from the east. I could feel the chill factor.

While I was taking the mail out of the sack, the pickup from the Alvord Ranch went by. I couldn't see who was in it, but whoever it was, waved.

Coming back up I was warm and took off the jacket. I almost didn't take the left arm out of the sleeve because the short sleeved shirt would expose the bare arm to too much sun.

Half way back I met Mike coming down. He said that he wanted to get some exercise.

However I knew he was taking letters with donations to those political activists whom I called beggars or crooks.

Apparently he didn't get the message from the TV item that told about the old man who found his bank account overdrawn.

He doesn't give me the letters to mail, and has been holding them until today. He was gone a long time, but didn't mention going all the way to the mailbox.

As usual I paid the power bill, \$75.12 this time. Mike probably sent more than that to the bleeders.

Tonight with a fire going and the heating element on, the temperature got up to seventy by nine.

26th

The low last night was twenty-four, and the high today was thirty-six. It was thirty-six at six this evening. It was over-cast all day with only a light wind from the east.

This morning I found the Greg Typing book. I was looking for rules on hyphens. Looking through the book I saw it covered rules on grammar, spelling, and writing quite thoroughly.

I jogged down passed the head of the lower draw wearing the jacket with the hood. The east wind felt stronger than three miles an hour, because I was heading into it. There was no sunshine. Coming back I didn't get too warm and I left the jacket on all the way.

Mike worked at putting the gas tank back on the sixty-four pickup. He said he got it in and the clamps tightened on the hose going to the filler cap.

He made some pads out of inner-tube material to protect the tank from wear that would be caused by the clamp holding the tank in place.

He cut sagebrush for wood, and brought in a good supply for the stove.

I built a fire and plugged in the heating element at six this evening. The temperature got up to sixty-two. By seven o'clock it was up to sixty-seven, a pretty fast rise.

The reason the temperature came up so fast tonight was that I had tacked a piece of clothe to the door so that when the door was closed it sealed out the cold air. I had been wanting to do this for a long time, but didn't have a piece of clothe suitable.

This afternoon I was experimenting in insulating a cooking pot. I wanted a slow cooker for beans. The trouble with ordinary pots when trying to cook with low heat the sides of the pot cool the ingredients at the upper level while the bottom is hot.

I ran over to my bedroom and found an old pair of pants. I thought I might use a leg of it by putting the pot into it like a sack, but the pant leg was too small in diameter.

I saw that the material was just right for using on the door.

Thereafter I used a towel for insulation on the pot, sewing it so it fit tight.

At seven I pulled the plug on the heater, leaving the fire to keep the place warm. I didn't replenish the wood in the stove. The temperature dropped to sixty-six degrees by eighty-thirty. I then plugged in the heater again which held the temperature at sixty-six. I pulled the plug at nine-thirty. Now it is still at sixty-six at ten-thirty.

For breakfast I had a vegetable salad, toast and orange juice, and a cup of coffee. At three-thirty I had a fried potato

with beans, some salad, a slice of toast, a cookie , and coffee.

The other day I used milk on cooked-whole wheat, and corn flakes. Sort of filled up late in the evening. That night I had to take a lot of Vitamin-E to hold down the muscle cramps

Since then I haven't used any milk, and need take no Vitamin-E.

27th

The low last night was twenty-two. There was sunshine and a west wind about five.

Mike was up earlier than usual, before seven.

I got up soon after, went out and read the thermometers, then jogged out to the point and part way down the hill. The frozen ground made good footing,

I had a breakfast of salad, fried spuds, a slice of toast, a glass of grass juice, and a cup of coffee.

I did some household chores. Mike filled the washer with clothes and went out to work on the tunnel. The washer went through the wash cycle, and through the rinse cycle.

I turned it back to the wash cycle, and the tub filled with water I put in the detergent. I noticed that the tub was so packed clothes the agitator could not circulate the clothes. Mike in. I told him about the overload, and showed the detergent on top of clothes, not even getting wet.

He removed a couple of sheets and, and two pillow cases. Thereafter the agitator circulated the clothes, but not too well. The rinse cycle brought out water that was very dark, and left a residue of sand in the sink.

I put it through another wash and rinse cycle. The water that came out at the end of the rinse cycle was dirtier than I would tolerate with my laundry.

However, I took the clothes out, and hung them on the line, then put the sheets and pillow cases through. They came out all right, and I hung them on the line.

Mike was still working above the tunnel. I wrote a letter to Lyman.

I drove down to get the mail.

While I was off to get the mail, Mike came down to rest. When I got back, I went up and shoveled some earth. I spent about

forty-five minutes. Mike came up, and since it was getting late we covered the hole with the tarp in case of snow or rain before morning.

This morning Jean called from Burns. He arrived at Bob and Genie's place Tuesday.

He visited a silver mine in Nevada. He said that for him it was the highlight of the trip. It is a huge operation using open pit mining.

On their way home they had to put chains on going up the Cold Springs Summit, then again at the hill in Burns going up to Bob's place.

30th

The low last night was thirty-four, and the high today was forty-nine. It was forty-five at six this evening. The sun shown all day. There were strong winds at times. Some time during the night there must have been a shower because there was three-hundredths of an inch of precipitation in the rain gauge. I did not hear it rain, though.

After six o'clock tonight we could hear rain on the roof.

I was up at six-ten this morning. I got dressed, and put on my overcoat to go for the hike down the hill. There was a threat of rain in the air, and a strong wind was blowing. The air was warmer so the overcoat was enough protection against the cold.

I jogged all the way, but did not go far, only a short distance passed the power-line crossing. I made pretty good time coming back, considering that I had to buck a strong head wind.

I mopped the floor this morning, and did out a laundry this afternoon, getting the clothes on the line by two o'clock. The sun and strong wind had them dry by four o'clock.

Mike worked all morning moving pipe and steel plates. This to make room to pile earth against the lower wall of the greenhouse when it is finished.

After lunch he started moving earth off the top of the tunnel.

At two o'clock I went up to spell him off. He readily let me take over the digging. He said, "I think I'll go down and have a cup of tea." It took him a little while, because he picked up small rocks, and put them into a bucket. Then took them over to the pine tree, and added them to rocks already there. Finally he got down into the dugout.

At three-thirty he called up. "The news is on." I picked some more earth loose before I went down.

After the news, Mike went up and worked at the earth moving again. The Bob Newhart came on after the news. I watched it for a bit, then went up to spell Mike. However, it looked like rain, and it started sprinkling.

I said to Mike, "We'd better put the tarp over the hole. It looks like rain."

He said, "I'll dig a little more before we cover the hole." But it began raining hard. We went right to work with the tarp, and soon had the cover on.

No sooner than we were inside things began getting wet outside.

The temperature in here was sixty, so I built a fire in the stove, and turned on the heating element. It got up to sixty-six by seven-thirty. I pulled the plug on the element.

Later I began to feel cold. To get warm I made a batch of cookies using the toasting side of the waffle iron. It worked real good.

31st

The low last night was forty-one, and the high today was fifty-nine. It was fifty-one at six this evening. The sun shown all day, except late in the afternoon. There was a moderate wind from the west.

I worked most of the morning closing up cracks in my bedroom. I turned the mattress, and made the bed up with the electric blanket.

I washed the two sheets that were on the bed in here, and made the bed up without sheets. If we have a guest to sleep in it we can put the sheets on it then.

Mike worked all day on the tunnel. He prepared the green tarp for quick covering of the hole.

Late in the evening I went up to do some digging. Mike had run into some soft earth and had shoveled quite a bit out. It is a long way now to throw the dirt. I worked for about forty-five minutes. Mike came up to cover the hole. We put the new tarp on, and used more boards to support it so there will be no sagging spots. We will probably leave it this way for some time, because we will move the remainder of the dirt out from below with the wheelbarrow.

Carl showed up about five-thirty. He has a new color TV set. Oma told him not to put in operation by himself. I will go down in the morning and help him with the lead-in wire.

He helped Oma's family this winter. They tore down old buildings for lumber and wood.

George called around noon. Lois has had a bad cold for three days. George has a sour throat. He says he drinks lots of liquids, fruit juices and tea. I told him we had thought it would most likely take two weeks to remove the rest of the earth from the tunnel, but now it looks like we will have it out by Wednesday.

March, 1985

1

1st

The low last night was thirty, and the high today was fifty. It was thirty at six this evening. It was overcast with light wind until this afternoon, then it became quite strong.

Yesterday Mike started up the tractor, and made a trip down to the county road with the blade.

Early yesterday I jogged to the lower draw in my shirtsleeves. I felt cold all the way down, because I was facing the wind which was coming from the south. On the way back up I was warm enough.

This morning I jogged down again. It was the same situation.

Today Mike said he would go down with the tractor again. At one-thirty he went out to the point and tried to start the tractor without success. It was starting to snow with strong winds. He was wearing warm clothing with a heavy jacket. Now he started walking down.

Earlier I had said, "The weather is too cold to ride the tractor. I was going to drive the truck down."

He said, "I have a warm jacket."

Of course I knew why he was determined to go after the mail. He wanted to mail a letter or two with donations to those beggars.

When he got back up here, he had the jacket tied to the knapsack. It must be a hampering item.

March, 1985

2

I made a vegetable salad, using less onion and lettuce, but plenty of carrots, and as usual one tomato.

I had the weather report ready to send out, and two letters, one to Jean and Catherine, and one to Oma and Carl, but Carl and Oma's got left behind. I found it later tonight.

Now the ground is white with about one-half inch of snow. The satellite map of the weather on TV showed clear skys to the west of us, so I believe this is all the snow we will get tonight.

Mike has been cutting some-old-shattered ties for wood. They make a good fire.

2nd

The low last night was twenty-seven, and the high today was thirty-four. At six this evening it was twenty-eight. The wind blew and there were light snow flurries all day. The snow came out of the clouds above the mountain and the wind blew it down here, so we had snow with no clouds overhead.

In spite of the low temperature the sun was able to remove all of the snow.

Mike didn't get up as early as usual, and I got up when he did.

I took a fast jog down to the lower draw. I wore my jacket with the hood this time, because of the cold wind. I wore my

overshoes because of the snow. The snow was no impediment, but the overshoes were.

I got back in time to listen to the Dipsy net.

One incident occurred that showed how hard it is to here consonants. A mobile near Lodi California couldn't be heard by the net control. Two relaying station were required to get him in contact with a ham in Newburg. Through much repeating they finally got the message across. From the ham in Newburg, "Ask Bob what is Donie's telephone number? She was supposed to come down here Thursday, but she never showed up."

Through the two relay stations, Donie came out Tony. Bob said that he didn't have the number.

Someone broke in, "Correction, the name is Donie not Tony, D as in dog."

Bob said, "I don't have the number. Donie went to Los Vagas to visit her sister. She is in Los Vagas now."

The relay stations heard Los Vagas as Los Aangeles

Someone corrected the error.

The man in Newburg was glad that Donie was all right.

Listening to them when the name Donie came up I heard it correctly, but when the others said Tony, I thought, "Boy! My ears must be getting bad." When they heard Los Vagas as Los Angeles, I knew they were wrong. Needless to say I was relieved I heard the D in Donie.

March, 1985

4

Some hams have good annunciation on their consonants. A ham will give his call letters to the control. I will not hear them right, but when the control repeats them I can hear him correctly. That is if he annunciates clearly.

Around one-thirty I was making grass juice. The man that was here at the time Ann was here last Thanksgiving, came to the door. I called, "Come on in." He came inside bringing a girl with him.

"This is June." he said.

I said, "Hi, June." and kept putting grass into the blender. I asked them, "Are you planning to hike up the mountain?"

They had thought about it, but there was too much wind and snow blowing off the mountain.

Mike came out and started his nonstop talking, going over the old ground of BLM, coyotes, forest fires etc.

June was interested in the grass juice, and spotted the Alo Vera, and remarked how large it was. Mike dug up a young sprout put it in a plastic sack, and gave it to her to take home.

They stayed for about two hours. June gave us a sack of cookies she made before leaving home for this trip

3rd

The low was twenty-one, and the high was thirty-four. There was sunshine and a light west wind.

March, 1985

5

I got up at six-forty, dressed and jogged down to the lower draw, wearing the jacket with the hood. The ground was frozen so I didn't wear the overshoes. I made good time, and the round trip took thirty-five minutes.

When I got back Mike was talking on the phone with George. He was running down the Time Magazine. He said, "Those writers are left wingers."

Then, "Jim is coming in the door now."

They hung up so I didn't get a chance to talk with George.

This morning I turned on the TV thinking there might be some news about the shuttle launch. We haven't heard anything about the shuttle launch in weeks. There was a brief mention of a shuttle launch one time. It was scrubbed because of a satellite on board was defective, or maybe it was two. There was no mention of a late launch.

About one thirty Beryl Hair showed up at the door. He said that he stopped at the Thomas' place. The only tracks going in were the ones he made the last time he was there. Carl and Oma have not come back.

I said to him, "Oma has so many children and grandchildren down there it's hard for her to get away. She told me that after the garden season was over, they get bored with nothing to do."

Beryl said, "That's the way it is at our place. We get bored. I came up to bother you guys to break the monotony."

I said, "I guess Carl has lots of things to do that keeps him busy."

"Not too much. He sits around quite a bit. Watches programs on TV. Divorce Court, then Peoples Court. Watches Donahue, then news and sports."

I put a cup of water into the microwave oven to heat for his coffee. He made it strong and used plenty of sugar.

He said that he has lost interest in the programs he used to watch on TV. He isn't interest in playing music any more.

I asked him how Jim was doing. He didn't know, but he thought he was doing all right.

He said that a woman, that used to work around the store, is fixing up the old-rock house over toward the White Horse Ranch. She planned to make it into a church. She fell and broke her leg. Jim drove her over to Boise to get it taken care of.

There was an amateur play and dance in Denio last night. Cactus went, but Beryl didn't. He thought there a lot of headaches this morning.

Mike worked all day cutting wood, and wheeling dirt out of he back room. It comes from the second floor. He took a rest while Beryl was here.

Carolee called to find out when was coming to Bend on his way to Portland. She will be gone starting in late March. She will be teaching jewelry making in Washington for week, then a week in Portland. After that they will make a trip to Mexico while Betsy runs the store. No one will be at the house, so she thought that it would be good if Mike stopped there while they were gone.

Mike told her that he would be driving the sixty-four pickup in this time.

This evening I jogged down to the power-line crossing. The ground was frozen, the temperature being thirty degrees. I wore the jacket with the hood, it wasn't too warm.

5th

Yesterday there was about two inches of snow. Light-snow showers continued until noon. A high wind came up, and there was considerable drifting.

At mail time there was a strong wind blowing, so I decided to drive down for the mail.

At the mailbox there was no sack in the box, an there were no wheel track turning off to the box. I got back into the cab, and sat waiting for the mail truck. I was warm in there, and besides I had the big overcoat on. I lay back against the seat, and slept for a while.

About a quarter to three I heard a vehicle coming from the north. I looked that way and saw that it was a car. As it went by, I recognized Leilanie driving. She waved and I waved back. I knew that she was going after the kids at school.

At three fifteen she went by going the other way. The kids were with her. She waved again.

As the time approached four o'clock, I figured that if the mailman had been delayed it wouldn't have been more than two hours, unless something drastic had happened. I would head back up the hill at four.

I had a letter in the small mail sack so put the sack into the pick-up box.

When I got back, Mike was watching the news. He said, "Did you walk back?"

"No. There was no mail sack. I waited and waited, but he never showed up."

Then I called Dora, and asked her if the mail had come through. She said, "Yes. Don went out, and got it around three o'clock."

I told her how I had waited. "I nearly froze."

She said, "I wouldn't have waited that long in the cold wind."

I said, "Well, actually I didn't get cold. I drove the truck down, and sat in the cab warm as toast. The sun shown through the widows, and kept it warm in there."

She said, "Oh, that's different. I never know when you're telling the truth."

6th

The weather was the same as Monday and Tuesday. There was about two inches of new snow, and it is drifting as of nine-thirty this morning.

The low last night was twenty-four, and the high today was thirty-three. It was twenty-nine at six this evening.

I drove down to get the mail. I expected an extra amount because there wasn't any Monday.

8th

Yesterday there was one inch of new snow. The temperature was about the same as the previous days.

In the afternoon I hiked down to below the head of lower draw. I took my time because the overshoes made the walking more tedious.

This morning it was clear and calm when I got up at seven. at eight forty-five a fog came in from the south east cutting off the sunshine. It cleared up around noon.

I called Dora this morning. When she was in Burns Tuesday she went to the dentist, and had some work done on her teeth. He used some kind of pain killer that was different from Novocain, which she was allergic to, but the pain killer made her sicker than the Novocain did.

Today she was still suffering from the aftereffects. Besides, there was a sore place on her lower lip that bothered her a great deal. She had a headache. She thought she would take a Tylenol tablet and lay down for a while.

She had the quilting frame set up with a quilt in it.

Later Beryl called. His folks had gone to town. There were only a few patches of snow left on the ground.

I drove down for the mail. The cab was warm from the sun.

10th

The low last night was thirty-two, and the high today was forty-eight. This morning it was overcast and calm.

Yesterday the bird, Say's Phoebe, arrived. This morning the Rufous-Sided Towhee showed up. Other birds have arrived, but I haven't got a good look at them.

Yesterday I called George as soon as I got up and dressed at seven. Lois answered the phone. George was sitting in the sunshine out on the porch. She said that he would be on the phone right away, then I heard him say, "I'm here." He was on the other phone so they both talked.

The temperatures down there in the daytime are in the eighties, and at night down close to fifty.

The price of strawberries are higher than here. The same goes for lettuce and other vegetables.

Lois may have to go to court to get money from Don to take care of his father.

Friday's mail brought a package of white walnuts from Verne. They were mailed Thursday. If all the mail arrived so soon it would be fine. The Grit paper never even got here last week.

The Reader's Digest sent us a bill for a book that never reached us. We don't know how much other mail gets side tracked.

The walnuts that Verne called white walnuts, almost look like black walnuts. Once I asked Mike, "What are white walnuts?"

He thought they were English walnuts. I will have to ask Verne when I talk with him on the radio.

When Mikes dumps the dirt out of the wheelbarrow, he lifts the handles straight up which makes a hard job out of it. I got tired seeing him struggle with it, so I have been dumping the loads myself. I wheel the wheel the barrow to a side position at the fill and tip the dirt sideways. One handle goes up and the other one goes down. It makes it very easy.

I hiked down as far as the tractor trail on the hill above the gate. The exercise did not revive me as much as it usual does.

This week I called the VA eye clinic. Cathy was not in, and I was told she would be in the next afternoon. The woman on the phone said she would leave me a note to call me.

She did not call Wednesday, and at two o'clock I called again. Cathy had been in and had left again and would be off Thursday and Friday.

We went to Burns Monday, getting an early start. We rushed our shopping and were home at there-forty-five. The sun shown all day, and there was not much wind.

Recently I have been drinking whole milk, having come to the conclusion that powdered-skim milk was not the best thing for me, because it helped to bring on leg cramps. Whole milk seems to be about as bad.

I decided to buy whipping cream to use with cereals and with coffee. Actually I got a graving for the cream. I bought three pints Monday. Used with cereal it was so satisfying to my appetite sugar was not needed with it.

It is better than ice cream, because ice cream has enough milk in it to help bring on leg cramps, and I would have to take lots of Vitamin-E to keep from having them.

I have been boiling the drinking water with baking soda to precipitate the calcium in it.

Using the whipping cream as I am now, I don't need any Vitamin-E. In three days I finished one pint, but from now on I will ration it down to where one pint will last a week. About four tablespoons a day will do that.

One day after I started using whipping cream, I saw on TV a sketch saying that doctors have come to the conclusion that babies should be given whole milk at least up the age of two years.

The formulas using skim milk brought on intestinal problems in the passed. The cream in whole milk destroys certain microbes.

In recent months I felt a discomfort in my abdomen, nothing drastic. I would blame it on first one food and then another. Already after quitting milk and switching to cream, the discomfort has disappeared.

Today a telephone service man came up. He said he wanted to put in an A-box. He explained that it was a device to isolate the phone ground from the line ground.

I showed him where the line came into the place. He discovered that the A-box had already been installed. He said, "Well, I was told that there was none here."

He has a technician's amateur-radio license, and hopes to get his general class in April. The code is his problem.

March, 1985

14

I showed the TS-930 S Kenwood. He said that some of his friends have the I-Com 750, and seem, to prefer it to the TS-930.

When I showed him how well the automatic antenna tuner worked, he remarked, "The I-Com does not have the built in tuner. You can buy an outboard tuner, but it is quite a large box, and is about three-hundred dollars extra.

He took notes of the nets I checked into and said, "Maybe after April I can make contact with you on one of the nets."

Mike started the tractor today and made pass down the road . with the blade

This morning he discovered that the gas tank on the '64 pickup still leaks after all the work he did on it. Now he has to take the tank out again.

15th

We both got up a few minutes passed six, earlier than usual.

Mike started a fire in the stove, and turned on the electric heater. I went out in my shirtsleeves, checked my weight, and checked the thermometers. The low last night was thirty, and it was still thirty.

I weighed the same as I have in the last six days, 142 pounds.

I had a breakfast of strawberries, cracked-wheat cereal with whipping cream. I added a little sugar to compensate for the sour strawberries. I had a cup of weak coffee.

Later I made some hotcakes, and ate one with strawberries and sugar.

While Mike was eating breakfast, I kept the fire going with pieces of two-by-fours mixed with pieces of tie-wood. This wood, heavily laden with creosote, I split into pieces three inches by two inches.

I kept the draft nearly full open to the stovepipe. The mixture of the wood made a hot fire with the draft open. The creosote did not smoke, or make as much soot with the hot fire.

One time Mike came out and said, "That's a hot fire."

I said, "You have to have a hot fire to warm the place."

By eight o'clock the temperature in here was up to sixty-eight from the sixty at six this morning.

I pulled the plug on the heating element, and let the fire go out after that.

I heard Mike sawing and hammering in the tin building, and thought he was working on material for the shoring in the tunnel. Later, when I had finished the chores in here, I decided to go over, and put the screen on the window of my bedroom.

At the window I found that Mike had been cutting two-by-fours to make a frame around the window so that the screen would have a smooth place to lay on.

I had intended to use some caulking compound to fill in the crevices, but we were out of the caulking material. Mike had gone by the window on his way after water. He saw that a window frame was needed.

He had to search for material which was hard to find, so the job took longer than he had expected.

A pin had fallen out of the stapling gun. The keeper had come off somehow. I found the pin in the grass. I slipped the pin into place, and being careful that it did not come out, I put a few staples in place to hold the screen. Later Mike cut some molding to fit over the screen to hold it down.

In the afternoon Mike made a pass over the road with the blade, and got the mail while he was at the mailbox.

While he was gone, I worked on the stapling gun. He had taken it apart once, but did not get the spring, that pushes the handle back up, into position. To use the gun it was necessary to pull the handle up by hand.

The pin that had fallen out was the one that held the spring in place. Actually the spring was on a sleeve that the pin went through. The sleeve had not come out, but it did when I started working on it.

The problem was how to put the spring in place with the tension on it to hold the handle up. With the pin out, the handle

at the front could be held up out of way of the spring. If it was possible to force the tang of the spring up against the nose of the handle, you still had to bring the nose down over it and put the pin through holes that would hold the nose in place.

It could not be done by hand. I made a tool that would enable me to push the tang into place and hold it there while I pushed the nose down.

I clamped the gun into the big vice so I could use both hands.

First I should say that I made the tool out of a piece of welding rod. I bent the end into a loop just small enough to let the tang of the spring go through. This gave a good solid way to push on the tang.

The sleeve held the spring so that the end away from the tang rested on a flat surface and could not move when the tang was moved upward putting tension on the spring.

It was a matter of making half a dozen attempts at pushing the tang up into the nose, then pushing the nose down over the tool and spring, and trying to remove the tool from the tang and getting the tool out of the nose.

Finally I got the pin through the holes in the nose, and through the sleeve. Now the handle moves up into place ready for another operation.

This afternoon the phone rang. I thought it might be Cathy at the eye clinic, but it was Dolly Halloway at the Fields' store. She said that there was someone there who wanted to talk to me. She gave me a name, but I did not catch what it was.

A man came on. His voice sounded like that of an old man. He wanted someone to fix his refrigerator. I asked him for his name, and where he lived. He gave me his name, but from the way he spoke I could not understand him.

He lived across the road from someone, he couldn't remember the name, but he was near Red Point on the right hand side of the road going south.

I told him I could not make it today, but maybe tomorrow. He will call me in the morning.

We got a letter from Margaret. She is feeling better, and can walk to town and back quite well now. Some days the weather has been warm, but the nights are cold. She is looking forward to warmer weather. She told me to say hello to Ellis.

16th

I got up at six this morning. The low last night was thirty, and the high was fifty-three. It was forty-five at six this evening. There was sunshine and variable light winds.

Rod Hogland called this morning around eight-thirty. He was at the place where the refrigerator had quit. He gave me the name

of the people there, but I could hardly hear him so I did not catch the name. It sounded like Wisten. He wanted to know if I knew anything about this type of refrigerator. It was a late model G.E. Frost Free.

There was no power getting to the motor, and he thought there was a relay not working.

I told him I would look at a schematic in a book here and call him back. He gave me the number to call.

Looking through the book, I saw that the trouble could be in the thermostat control. One leg of the A.C. line went through the thermostat then to the relay.

Before I could call him, though, he called me. He found that the knob had fallen off the thermostat on a clock-defrost timer. He used a pair of pliers on the stem to barely move it. The refrigerator started up. I said, "That probably fixed the trouble all right. The thermostat must have been stuck."

He said he would stop in again to see how it was doing.

Mike thought he did pretty good today. He did some more work on the shoring of the back room, even removed some of the dirt the top of the next section. This from above ground. He intends to have lumber ready to make a quick fit frame for throwing tarp over in case of rain.

He spent over an hour this evening throwing rocks out of the road. The blade had moved a large number of them into road from each side. He worked down as far as the first spring hole.

Around noon I went down the road jogging part of the time and stopping to throw rocks and pieces of brush out of the road. I did not go very far, and seemed to lack energy. The jogging and stooping over to pick up the rocks tired me out.

I lay down when I got back and slept for a while.

As to the phone number that Rod gave me, I looked in the phone book for it, but could not find it. I went over all the numbers in South Harney four times. It must be a new number.

This morning on the Disciples-of-Amateur-Radio-Friends Net, it seemed to be a morning for telling jokes. The first one I heard was quite long, but I felt like writing it down. I was pleased that I could remember it so well.

While I was getting it down on paper another good joke was being told.

Mike came along and I told him the first joke. I said there was another one, but I can't remember it now." However soon after I did remember it and wrote it down. I got four more after that.

I thought, "It seems to me that a good poem should be as easy to remember as a good joke. It must be that the words and phrases are in such unnatural sequence it is a chore to remember them."

I asked, "How about the one that starts with "This is the forest primeval?" He did not remember that one.

I said, "That was a sickening poem, and was hard to learn."

At five o'clock I turned on the electric element, and built a fire in the stove. I got the stove hot, and by six-thirty the temperature in here was up to seventy.

17th

The low last night was thirty-two, and the high today was fifty-six. It was fifty at six this evening. There was sunshine early in the morning, but it got cloudy in the afternoon. There was wind at times. Around seven tonight there was lightening, but I could not hear any thunder, and there was no rain.

I was up at six-twenty. Mike was up about the same time.

Mike worked digging down from the top side of the tunnel. He cut out some of the sagebrush along the road toward the point.

I carried it down to the tin building, and went in and dug some above the tunnel.

Mike cut the sagebrush into stove-wood lengths using the radial-arm saw. I carried it in. So we have bigger pile of wood in here than we have had in a long time.

I plugged the heating element in, and built a hot fire in the stove at six this evening. By eight o'clock the temperature was up to seventy from the sixty-four at six. I pulled the plug on the heater, and let the fire die out.

George called this morning. The temperature there, when he got up, was seventy degrees, but by ten it had cooled to sixty-four. I has been dry down there, and he is looking forward to rain. Don has cut all funds for Harry's care. Lois will have to bear all the costs. The nursing home costs two-thousand dollars a month. She is giving a lawyer the go-a-head to sue Don.

I called Dora and talked with her this afternoon. She has the prescription for her glasses, and has ordered them through the optometrist in Burns.

I asked her who it might be living near Red Point that asked me for help on his refrigerator.

She said that it probably was the uncle of Perry Still, but she did not know his name.

I told her about Rod finding out what was wrong with his washing machine. She said, "Rod isn't working now. He had an operation to remove a large cyst in his head just behind his ear. The doctor told him he would not be able to work for six weeks.

The other night I dreamed I was talking with a young woman. She asked, "Would it be a good idea to write a story based on my mother's life?"

I said, "Yes. How much writing do you do?"

"Oh, I write a little once a week. A letter once in a while to friends."

I said, "In the meantime, while you are thinking about your story, you should spend a lot of time writing. Keep a diary, and tell about the thing you are doing. Write about people you meet. Learning to write takes practice just like any other skill. Write about anything no matter how trivial it seems."

I thought to myself, "How can she write the story she wants to write when spends her time in other pursuits?" The more I talked to her the less she seemed to listen.

When I woke up, I remembered that someone had said, "Everyone in your dreams is yourself." Maybe it is true. I was telling myself what I should do. It is easy to make excuses as in my case. There is the mining to do, the garden to work, and all the chores to be done around the place to keep it somewhat shipshape.

One thing I can be doing, while I am busy with these other pursuits, I can compose a description in my head about what I am doing.

As, for instance, while am jogging down the hill, I could be thinking how I could describe the sounds of the birds, the appearance of the sky, the feel of the wind, and other thing usual and unusual, then some time when I sat down to write, bits of composition would be recorded deep in my mind ready made for use.

Sometimes I compose in my mind using Mores code.

The low last night was thirty-seven, and the high today was fifty-four. At six this evening it was forty-nine.

I was up at ten passed six. Mike got up a little later.

With a hot fire in the stove, and the element turned on, the temperature got up to sixty-eight by eight o'clock. I then turned off the element. We kept a fire in the stove all day.

A shower came up around seven-thirty, but it fizzled out. There was two-hundredths of an inch in the rain gauge. It did not amount to much, but it put a damper on the earth removal from above the tunnel.

Mike spent quite a bit of time cutting sagebrush. I carried it to the tin building where he later cut it up into fire wood.

I took a short jog down the hill as far as the Indian-Creek turnoff, but I did not have much energy to exercise.

On the morning net I was the only to report rain in Oregon.

On the second session of the Oregon Emergency Net Ellis asked for me. He was still in Scio, and will be there the rest of the week.

Scot will leave for Japan Thursday.

This morning I listened to the Deciples-of-Amateur-Radio Friends. I thought I would hear some more jokes, but unlike last week, no one told any stories.

I drove down to get the mail, then on over to the Thomas' place. The ground there is dry.

Inside the house it was clean, and no signs of any mice. There were no dead flies or bugs on the floor. It was as though they had been gone a short time.

I was amazed at how nice it was in there.

19th

The low last night was thirty-seven. It was clear and calm.

I got up at seven this morning, and walked down the hill one mile. I wore the jacket with the hood and was not too warm. During the last one-tenth of a mile, I jogged. It took me that long to get warmed up, so the jogging was not so the difficult.

The sounds of Meadow Larks were all around, but there were no sound of Chukkers. At this time of year they have paired off and are nesting.

Mike brought the gas tank of the sixty-four pickup down from the point, and worked at soldering up the hole. Inside the tin building he was out of the cold wind.

While he was doing that, I dug out the old waffle iron, cleaned it up, plugged it in, and got ready to make waffles. I made the batter out of stone-ground flour, using two eggs instead of one as I did with hotcakes. I also made it a little thicker.

I set the heat on medium. It took longer to heat up than I expected. I used chicken fat to treat the iron. When the light went out, I poured in the batter. The light came on, went out came on again, went out again.

I figured that by then the waffle should be done, but upon lifting the top, the waffle came apart, leaving one half stuck to the top, and the other half stuck to the bottom. I closed the top, and turned the control up to high. I finally lifted the top again. It was done, but the two halves were stuck, one to the top, and one to the bottom.

The bottom half came off with some prying. It was in one piece. The top came off in pieces, and left some stuck on that had to be pried off. I used a brush to clean the last of the crumbs.

I turned off the power while I was cleaning the iron, and oiling it again. I turned it on again, this time on high. When I opened it up to pour the batter in, the iron was smoking. I poured in the batter, closed down the top and let it bake what it seemed like a very long time, but there was no odor of anything burning so I was not worried.

When I raised the top the waffle held together. The top came up clean. The waffle lifted out of the bottom in one piece and clean.

Later I removed some dirt from above the tunnel, then came back down and took a nap on the cot. Mike came in, saw me and said, "I thought maybe you went for a walk down the hill. I guess I went by here and did not see you."

I said, "I hiked down the hill before breakfast."

Around three this afternoon I removed some earth above the tunnel. Mike started a fire in the stove. The smoke blew in my direction so I quit.

This morning I heard two hams talking about the weather in Lapine. One of them lives there in the summer, and spends his winters in Portland. The other lives in Lapine all year. He told Steve that the snow now was down to ten inches. He was having trouble with heavy ice on the north side of his roof. He tried breaking it up with an axe, but had no success.

Steve said, "I use a heat cable in the eve trough to keep it thawed out."

Mac said, "I don't trust heat tapes. Too many fires get started by them. I had a heat tape on a pipe under a trailer house. The control did not work, and the plastic caught fire."

21st

Yesterday morning I heard a Woodpecker. He is actually a White-Tailed Flicker. Since it is the first day of Spring, I should be able to remember what day he came back this year.

I just looked in the bird book. It gives three Flickers, Red Shafted Flicker, Yellow Shafted, and Gilded Flicker.

I do not know where I got the name White Tailed Flicker from.

Anyway, now I am not sure if it is a Flicker or a Woodpecker. I never could see if its head was red all over.

It is strange how you can pick up inaccurate information. I seem to remember someone using term White Tailed Flicker. Maybe he called it White Tailed, because of the white rump that shows when it flies.

I drove down for the mail yesterday. A couple were camped with a tent on the flat near the mailbox. A young man came over when I was putting the mail into the cab. He asked, "Is it all right if we camp here?"

"Oh, sure."

He wanted to know if the road was open on into Burns. I assured him that it was in good shape.

Yesterday morning I walked and jogged down as far as the first spring hole. I seemed to have more energy than the day before.

I did some more shoveling above the tunnel.

Last night a snow storm started around eleven, a fine light snow. I was up around twelve-thirty, and checked with the flashlight out the window. It was snowing quite hard with large flakes. There was a strong wind.

At daylight the sky was clear, but the wind was whooping it up. The ground was white, but there was only two-hundredths of an inch in the rain gauge.

By noon the snow was all gone, and the ground was dry.

Mike had been cutting sagebrush for wood for quite a while. I stayed inside doing some cooking, and listening for the phone to ring.

He came in to take a rest. I said, "I'm going after water. You can listen for the phone while you're resting."

When I came back with the water, he was lying on his bed. I told him I was going out again to look around.

I went up and removed more dirt from above the tunnel. Then, seeing that the tarp over the caved-in-water tunnel had blown off the upper end of the frame, I spent some time overcoming that problem.

Later I took a hike down passed the power-line crossing. When I got back, Mike said that he was going for a walk down the road. So I stayed in and listened for the phone.

The wind blew all day, and the temperature was forty. It was thirty-five at six this evening. We kept a fire going all day, but the temperature got down to sixty-two in the afternoon. Later this evening it was up to sixty-five.

On the morning net, all stations reported some kind of precipitation. Chuck, near Bonneville, reported snow all the way to the bottom of the mountain. That means that there was snow at sea level.

22nd

Around a quarter to seven, I heard Mike getting up, so I got up too. The low last night was twenty-four, and the high today was forty-three. At six this evening it was forty-one. The sky was nearly clear, with some high-thin clouds. There was a strong wind from the west.

Last night at twelve-thirty, I heard a mouse trap go off. From the sound, I was sure a mouse got caught. I got up and checked. The mouse was in the trap. Before getting caught, he had come around and carried off the gopher pill.

At five after seven, I started walking down the hill. I jogged and walked passed the power-line crossing. The only birds I heard were Meadow Larks.

After breakfast, I spent half an hour moving earth off the top of the tunnel.

Clouds came over in the afternoon, and when I drove down for the mail, a light-snow shower came up, but there was not enough precipitation to wet the bottom of the rain gauge.

I fried of a drumstick and part of the back of a chicken today.

Mike found a bucket of tar, and used some old diesel oil to thin it. We could use some on the roof of the furnace room.

I called the eye clinic this afternoon, and got Kathy this time. She said they had made the wrong kind of contact for Mike.

They will do them over again, and she will call when they are ready, probably in a couple of weeks.

George sent us a couple of Wild Life magazines. One had an article on the raising of ostriches for commercial use. They sell the hides, the nests, the eggs, and, of course the feathers.

I have been telling Mike that the farmers in the Midwest should start planting trees instead of corn and wheat. After seeing the ostrich article, I said to Mike, "Maybe they should raise ostriches."

I started a fire in the stove around five-thirty. I gave it plenty of draft, so the stove was hot enough to warm the place up from sixty-two to sixty-eight by seven o'clock. Still there is a draft caused by the large surface of the windows at the front. It feels cold on the legs and feet.

Tonight Del, the net control, on the first session of the Oregon Emergency Net, said to me, "It's raining hard here. You should be having snow by morning."

Brookings is on the coast nearly directly south of us. It is five miles north of the California border on Highway 101.

23rd

The low last night was forty-one, and the high today was fifty-seven. It was fifty-two at six this evening. There were strong winds all day, and a heavy overcast in the afternoon.

I went for a hike down the hill before breakfast, wearing the blue vest under the jacket with the hood. I was warm enough going against the wind. I felt quite strong, and jogged most of the way down the mile.

Before I left, Mike had some bacon frying in a pan on the wood stove. When I got back, and came into the dugout, Mike was back at his desk reading. I saw that the bacon had fried to a crisp, so moved it to a cool part of the stove.

As I was about to start fixing my breakfast, the phone rang. Mike did not know I was back, so jumped up from his chair and started on a run to answer the phone. He saw me at the same I said, "I've got it."

It was George calling. The weather down there had warmed, and it was now in the eighties. They had some rain, but need more.

Lois has her house in Lansing rented out. A refrigerator in the place has given trouble three times, and the repair bills have amounted to one-hundred dollars and higher each time. The last repairman had included an item that was not a replacement part. The charge was for, correcting the faulty wiring caused by using an ungrounded extension cord.

She is having a friend in Lansing check the wiring to make sure it is right.

The National Wild Life magazine came in our name last week. It was from a subscription George made out to us.

Around ten-thirty Mike went out to the point and worked at putting in the gas tank of the sixty-four pickup.

After finishing some chores here at the dugout, I went out to see how he was doing.

On the way out, I heard a motorcycle start up, and take off down the hill. When I got there, I asked Mike, "Was that Carl?"

He said, "No. That was a guy scouting around. He wants to hunt Bob cats next year. He asked how the Chukkers were this spring.

Mike had the gas tank in place, and the filler spout through the hole, and the gas cap on. He was having trouble getting a clamp tightened on the filler-neck coupling.

He said he was going back down to the dugout to change his shoes. His feet were cold.

I said, "I'll take a look at the clamp. Maybe I can do something."

He said, "Try this screwdriver. It's hard to use a socket wrench. There's not much room to maneuver the wrench."

I said, "Okay." I tried the screwdriver, but found it next to impossible to use it in the small space. The ratchet-socket wrench gave the most promise of success. Using an extension I found I could put it onto the screw head and turn it one ratchet at a time. But the clamp would not stay in place. A great deal of time was spent moving back it into position.

One hand was needed to hold the socket on the head, while turning the wrench with the other hand. Another difficulty was in trying hold the wrench from turning while moving the handle back to a new ratchet position. The thing would slip in my fingers.

The socket and ratchet handle were from a set he had purchased. I thought that my old set might be better, so I came down to the dugout and brought it back out. It did not prove to be any better.

However, I finally got it tightened.

I came back down to the dugout, and told Mike I thought it was tight enough. After lunch he went out and put gas in the tank.

I went up above the tunnel and started moving earth.

Mike put ten gallon of gas in the tank, and will add some more in a few days if it has not sprung a leak.

He came up and asked me if I wanted a spell off. I said, "Well, I guess not now."

He decided to carry some two-by-fours up. They would be used to hold the tarp in place in case of rain. He made several trips. The two-by-fours were fourteen feet long. When he put the first one down, he said, "These two-by-fours are unbelievable heavy. I got two onto my shoulder, then decided one was enough to carry up here at a time."

I said, "They get heavier every year. You used to carry three or four at a time."

At two o'clock he wanted to know if I wanted to take a rest. I said, "I'll be quitting pretty soon."

He said, "Well, I'll go down and rest while you're quitting."

I kept at it until I covered a space a foot deep all the way to the lower wall. That way if Mike came up to shovel, he would have only a short distance to go to the upper wall.

He went up and spent an hour before laying the tarp back over for the night.

Around five-thirty I built a fire in the stove. It brought the temperature up to sixty-six from sixty-two.

Later I perused the Lincoln Library and found information on several things.

One was:- What part of the world did plums originate? They are native of Asia. Also there are wild plums native of the Americas and of Europe. I could not find this information in the Encyclopedia Britannica as was the case in the following.

Two:- The Great Basin is a high between the Wasatch range in Utah and the Sierra Range. The elevation is 5,000 to 7,000 feet high. The rivers all drain into playas, or marshes. On its north side lies the Columbia Plateau between the Rockies and the Cascades.

Three:- Mt. St Helens and Mt. Baker are said to have been in eruption between 1840 and 1850.

Several days ago I tracked down by ear a cricket that was very annoying with its strident sound. I poked at him with a stick, but apparently missed. He fell to the floor and was hidden by wood chips.

He was back up the next day, not in the same spot but somewhere near. The sound was hard to locate. I would direct my left ear toward the sound, and when the sound was the loudest in my ear, I looked for the cricket. I could not see him.

Several days went by. Yesterday I set my ear in search of the source of the sound. I eliminated the direction toward the microwave oven, and finally homed in on a spot close to the original place. I could not see anything of him. However, I moved around the corner behind the stove and got a definite fix on the location.

I looked for a minute or more before I decided that the bugger was on the shelf of an alcove behind the stove. He was under a cross piece of the scraper for cleaning the oven flues. The handle of the scraper was leaning against the wall with one side of the cross piece against the other side. There was a triangular space under the cross piece. I could not see him, but that was where the sound came from.

With the stove-lid lifter in my left hand I quickly picked up the scraper, and whacked the cricket with the lifter before he could move.

Some people seem to like the sound of crickets and katydids, but to me the sound is irritating.

I said to Mike, "Well, I got him."

He said, "How do you know it's a male?"

I said, "The females don't make that sound."

To make sure I was right I looked in the dictionary, and found that some insects make the strident sound by rubbing saw toothed edges of their wings together, or rubbing a leg against the edge of the wing. Only in a few cases do the females stridulate. Of the crickets only the males.

I used to hear that insects rubbed their legs together to make the high pitched sound. I took it for granted that it was true, and probably told other people the same thing.

Now I am going to Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language published by the G. & C. Merriam Company.

24th

The low last night was thirty-two, and the high was fifty-two. It was thirty-two at six this evening. There were light showers most of the day with five hundredths of an inch of precipitation. There were strong winds from the south west at times.

The electric clock on the stove stopped at five-thirty-three this morning, which showed that the power went off at the time. I did not notice it until I after I got up. I saw that the light on the electric-blanket control was out, so listened for the noisy clock on the stove. Not hearing its clatter, I realized for sure that the power was off.

After getting dressed, I went out and weighed myself, 142, which is seven pounds heavier than the weight I aim at.

I put on the heavy dark shirt on top of the light shirt, and the hooded jacket on top of that. I walked out to the point, and jogged on down to the first spring hole. I felt stronger this morning and made good time coming back up. A few drops of water showed on the sidewalk when I got back.

Mike was not up when I left, and I pictured him getting up, going back to his office, and trying to turn on the light over his desk.

When I came into the dugout he was stirring up a special mixture that he cooks in a skillet. There was a fire in the stove. I said, "I see the power hasn't come back on."

He said, "No. I didn't notice it wasn't on until I tried to turn on the light back there."

I said, "I figured that's what would happen."

After breakfast, Mike went out and chopped down quite a bunch of sagebrush, and brought it to the tin building ready to saw it up with the radial-arm saw. Since he couldn't use the saw, he worked out there pulling nails from old lumber. He did not come in until his feet got cold.

Showers of light sprinkles went by from time to time. Heavier rain seemed to be on the way, but the ground did not get wet.

The power came on at four o'clock. After ten and a half hours without it it was welcome. We have been spoiled with the use of electric power. Without it a host of appliances are useless. We complain about the high power rates, but if we did not have power, we would be willing to pay a high price to get it.

We were fortunate to have a gravity water supply, and a wood stove for heat. People who depend on pumps for water lose their tap water.

I called Lavina. She said that they went down to Bill's to get some jugs of water. The house was cold all day. Carl did not get to watch his sports programs. Of course the phone did not work during the power outage, so we could not learn what was going on.

I called Dora she told me what I had suspected, the power poles in Malheur Lake had been pushed over by the wind-blown ice. The company had planned for this, and had arranged for a hookup for power from Nevada. Even though everything was ready, it took ten and a half hours to complete the hookup.

Dora's place was cold, and she had to get water from Bill's place.

Today I read a short piece on Noah Webster. What a remarkable man. I doubt that students are taught enough about his feat in promoting American English.

Lew Cook called tonight. It was a pleasant surprise. He has retired. He and Virginia have golf clubs and a golf cart, but do not go golfing. They plan to get out a bit and go on trips. They may get up here next summer.

25th

The low last night was twenty-four, and the high today was thirty-five. It was twenty-nine at six this evening. There were light snow flurries last night and today.

There was about one and a half inches of snow on the ground at seven o'clock this morning. Although there were flurries of snow most of the day, the ground was bare by noon, and it is still bare tonight. The precipitation in the rain gauge was one tenth of an inch.

The wind from the south was quite strong at times.

I got up before seven, dressed, put on my overshoes, the overshirt, the vest, and jacket, and walked most of the way to the lower draw, jogging only the last one tenth of a mile. I was slow coming back up, and blamed it on the overshoes.

When I got back and came into the dugout, Mike had his

breakfast about ready. He asked, "How far did you go? You were gone a long time."

I said, "To the head of the lower draw. The overshoes held me back."

Later in the morning he went down to Indian Creek for water. When he got back I asked him, "How was the trail? Was it muddy?"

He said, "No. The water was good and clear."

This morning I read the power meter and made out the check. It came to \$55.68. It was a short month, and I didn't use the heating element much.

The toilet bowl seemed to be plugged up with something, and I thought it might be something that fell from the shelf above. The plunger only made it worse, and a third attempt, to flush it properly, caused it to overflow.

Later tonight I put some gunk into the bowl, and then filled it with boiling water. The plunger didn't help even then. Mike got a piece of plastic hose and poked it down into the trap.

When we flushed it the water went out as it normally does.

I made a vegetable salad. I told Mike that if he wanted to he could put mayonnaise on what he dished up. I had cut down on the mayonnaise because the vegetable oil in it gave me a slight headache.

He said, "That last salad had too much vinegar."

I said, "Well, you could add some peas or string beans, or even corn. More mayonnaise would help also."

He added corn and mayonnaise, and said it worked out fine.

In spite of the cold wind, the wet conditions, and the snow showers, Mike worked some at removing earth from above the tunnel.

I did some chores inside. I made a batch of waffle batter, but baked only one waffle, and put the rest of the batter in the refrigerator. Before when I baked several waffles, they would not get eaten for a couple of days. They would either dry out if not covered, or get soggy if covered. This way I hoped they would be fresher.

This morning W7HKE, Ray, was net control on the Oregon Emergency Net. Once while he was talking I heard a dog bark, and I thought someone might be coming.

I heard the dog bark again, and Ray said, "Some men are working on the sewer line. The little dog is barking at them."

When I checked in I said to Ray, "When that little dog was barking, I thought it was outside here."

Ray said, "This microphone picks up sounds pretty good. He was in the other room."

It is strange that something good happens to me, I want to turn to HER, and tell HER about it. I guess it is a sign of old age.

26th

The low last night was twenty-three, and the high today was thirty-two. It was thirty-two at six this evening. It started snowing this morning at seven-thirty, and snowed until five-thirty this evening. There was four inches with thirty-two hundredths of an inch water in the rain gauge.

Before it started snowing I began my trip down the hill wearing warm clothing and my Nikes. I went only as far as just below the power line crossing. By then the snow was coming down at a good clip. The ground was beginning to get white.

When I got here there was enough snow to wet the Nikes if I was out much longer.

Mike spent most of the morning scrounging wood. He went out to the point with the wheelbarrow, cut a tie into three-foot lengths, and wheeled them down to the tin building where he finished cutting them into wood for the stove.

After lunch he was back out getting more.

Around noon the snow was deep enough to scoop it up into a pot to melt on the stove. The snow melted rapidly, but did not make much of showing in the bottom of the pot

I made numerous trips gathering snow from up the road toward the draw. I chose that direction because less dust and soot blew that way from the chimney.

I had the five gallon pot nearly full by three o'clock. Mike started gathering some with an eight-quart pot to melt it in. He used a roasting pan to bring in more snow.

Later I put all the melted snow into the five-gallon pot making it nearly full.

I used one gallon to cook a pot of beans. Altogether I presume we had seven gallon of melted snow.

On the morning net, Lyman said that he wanted anyone who was going to report the weather into the new Weather Bureau program, to send in their address to him. He described the material the Weather Bureau would send to each percipient. One form he described sounded like the one I use in my monthly report to the National Weather Service.

Today I got a good look at the Woodpecker. He is a Red Shafted Flicker. A female was also out there today. They do not seem to like the winter weather with the drifting snow. Their supply is scarce and hard to find.

The reason I was able to check out the identifying markings on him was that he spent a lot of time under the edge of the roof that sticks out on the engine room. I could watch him with the binoculars through the window.

Tonight there is a strong wind blowing, drifting the snow against the storm door. I had already made one assault on the

snow outside the door. The snow nearly blocked it from being opened at all. I squeezed through the narrow crack that was opened. Once outside, I closed the door, and swept the snow away.

The drifting snow piled over me like a wave of water, and made me gasp for breath. I hope I do not have to do that again tonight.

27th

The low last night was twenty-seven, and the high today was thirty-three. It was thirty-two at six this evening. The wind last night blew the snow off the road, and piled it along the side in the sagebrush, There was five-hundredths of an inch of precipitation.

This morning I wore the overcoat on top of the overshirt, vest, and jacket down past the power-line crossing. I was not a bit too warm.

I did not notice any increase in energy, which had indicated that the water in Indian Creek had been excessive and causing a debility in energy levels. However, last night I seemed to sleep better.

I caught two mice in traps last night, Each of a different generation.

Around noon we had visitors, Ray and Sunday Dick from Drain Oregon. They were looking for a couple dogs that were lost.

I drove down for the mail. I was reluctant to hike down wearing the overshoes bundled up to face the strong wind and the hail showers.

Mike shoveled out some snow that had accumulated in the hole above the tunnel over night. He also threw out some earth. For the most of the day we stayed indoors.

Mike went down to the chicken house and brought up part of a bucket of chaff and grain. He scattered some of it on the trails in view of the window. There we could watch to see if the birds would feed on it.

A large number of Oregon Juncos fed on it, but they were also feeding on ground where there was no grain thrown out.

I counted four Rufous Sided Towhees. They fed in the same manner as the Juncos.

There was large flocks of Juncos feeding on the road as I drove down to get the mail. On the way back up they would stay in the road until I was nearly on top of them. They would land a hundred feet ahead of me and wait until I could not see them over the hood.

I read in the Scientific American that trees ward off infection of wounds.

28th

The low last night was twenty-seven, and the high today was thirty-eight. It was thirty-two at six this evening. At three this morning I got up, dressed, put on the overshoes, and the overcoat, and squeezed out the door which would open only a crack, and shoveled the snow away from the door. Being well protected from the drifting snow I did not mind the work.

This morning when I got up there was not much wind, and it was not snowing. The snow had drifted half way up to the window. I dressed the same as I did at three o'clock. This time it was harder to open the door far enough to get out. There was more snow against the door, and it was packed solid. There was more shoveling to do. With the snow cleared away I started for my hike.

All bundled up, I was comfortable going down the road. I walked most of the way to the lower draw, jogging only a short distance from the draw. Coming back up I walked quite slowly feeling a lack of strength. I stopped often to rest.

The sun was shining on my back warming it. That with the exercise caused me to soon take off my overcoat, then the jacket, and then the vest. These garments made a sizable bundle, and I would switch the bundle from one arm to the other ever so often.

Before I got to the point the wind became stronger. I began to get cold and thought of putting the jacket back on, but stuck it out to the dugout.

After breakfast I did some household chores, and read some in the Scientific American.

Mike went out to the tin room. I heard doing a lot of hammering. About ten o'clock he went up to the workings above the tunnel, then I heard him open the door of the back room from the other side. He came out to the front. I said, "You came in the back way."

This is the first time anyone has come that way. He said, "I made a short ladder so I could get down from the top."

I said, "I heard you working in the tin building."

29th

The low last night was twenty-three, and the high today was thirty-nine. It was thirty-five at six this evening. The sky started out this morning almost entirely clear, and air almost calm. As the day progressed more and more clouds appeared, and the wind came on getting stronger toward evening.

Now at nine tonight the wind has died down, and there are fewer clouds.

This morning I got started on my trek down the road at seven o'clock. I wore only the jacket, no overcoat. I did not wear the overshoes so I was able to make better time. I jogged all the way to the lower draw, and made good time coming back.

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1st

The low last night was forty-one, and the high today was sixty-seven. It was sixty-eight at six this evening. It was clear and calm this morning.

I slept in my bedroom last night. I was very comfortable and rested fine. The bed is much better than the cot in the dugout.

I jogged down passed the power-line crossing without a jacket. It was a nice warm morning.

Mike wheeled out two wheelbarrow loads of earth before eight-thirty. He feels proud of himself.

After wheeling out a fourth load, he decided to go out to the point and try to finish installing the gas tank of the '64 pickup. Carl came up before he could get much done. Carl needed an easy-out for a piece of pipe that had broken off in a compressor that he brought from Coos Bay.

He also needed a short nipple to replace the broken one. Mike spent at least an hour looking for a clean one.

Earlier after the weather net, we drove down to Carl's to help him hook up his TV set. Mike wanted to bring some jugs of sulfur water from the artesian well.

The reception was very poor on Carl's set. There was a short across the antenna, which we repaired. After that I was able to tune channel thirteen good, but not the other two. After further

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tuning I got channel eleven tuned in to where the picture could be seen in color, although the picture was poor. Channel thirteen quit altogether. There was no way to tell if the station went off the air or what happened.

We moved twelve wheelbarrow loads out today, and do not have many loads left.

2nd

The low last night was forty-seven, and the high today was seventy. It was sixty at six this evening. The sun shown all day, with light winds at times.

I did not have my watch with me last night. This morning I thought it was much later than it was. I got over here before seven. Mike was not up.

I took a jog down the road in my shirtsleeves, no jacket. When I got back Mike was still in bed. He must have heard me, and soon was up.

After breakfast he started loading the wheelbarrow. I wheeled them out, doing household chores in between.

Around noon he decided to go out to the point and finish bolting down the seat in the '64 pickup. I finished a job I was doing, then walked out to see if I could help him.

I found that he was having difficult time getting one of the bolts started. After a while I said, "You take a rest and let me try for a while."

He said, "I'm not tired." But he got up and said, "I'm going down and bring the drill out here and drill that hole bigger."

While he was gone I tried my hand getting the holes lined up. It wasn't long before I had the bolt started. I came down to the dugout. He was still looking for the right drill bit. He was surprised that I had the bolt started, but he was relieved that he would not have to drill the hole.

Shortly after noon Ellis showed with two friends. One retired from the Game Commission, Rines, and another a BLM man. Later some more men showed up. Vic Mason retired from the Game Commission, Dick St Lewis, Skeetter and another other who's name I do not remember.

They stayed about an hour, and we showed them around. Even took them into the back room that will have a second floor.

3rd

The low last night was forty-nine, and the high today was sixty-three. It was fifty-five at six this evening. The sun shown all day. In the evening there were a few clouds. There was a light wind at times.

I did not go down the hill for a walk this morning. I came in here before seven. Mike had his breakfast almost cooked.

As I was finishing my breakfast, Carl Thomas knocked on the door. He brought a tape recorder that Oma gave him last year. He could not get it to record.

I read the instructions, and saw that it worked like most other recorders. I pushed the record button and the play button at the same time. The buttons would not stay down. It would record as long as you held them down.

The play button would stay down by itself. There was nothing I could do without taking it apart. Carl said he would take it back. He did not know where Oma bought it. I saw a label pasted on the side. It gave the price and the name Payless. Carl had been thinking that it was from Radio Shack.

The main reason he came up was to get some gas. He asked, "How is your gas situation?"

I said, "I don't know." Since it was time to check into the weather net, I told Mike about Carl wanting gas. Mike went out and checked to see how much there was in the tank. Apparently there was plenty. Carl got fifteen gallon. The price was \$1.33 a gallon, which is much higher than it at the service station now. We had the tank filled when the price was high. He paid for it instead putting it on tab.

This morning Mike finished removing the earth above the old shoring, then went up to the pond to clean it out, and build up the dam. He also went down in the garden and planted some wheat.

While he was working on the pond, I hooked up the long hose to the hydrant, and splice a plastic pipe to it which enabled me

to reach the output pipe of the cellar water. After getting the connection made, I turned on the water. A hole in the garden hose spurted water, so I shut the water off. I hit on an idea of how to plug the hole.

The clothing store in Burns has a bag of thin-tough plastic to put small purchases in for their customers. I wrapped the thin plastic around the hose at the hole, and wound electrical tape over it. The plastic extended about four inches each side of the hole. The plastic under the tape kept the water from pushing out through the edges of the tape.

Thus I was able to run water back up through the cellar pipe and remove the airlock that got in there last winter. Later I hooked up a sprinkler to it.

This afternoon the weather manager, Clinton H. Jentson, stopped in. He checked the weather station, then came in to talk for a while. I did not recognize him and I said, "I guess I wasn't here last year when you came up."

He said, "Yes. You were here, but I had a mustache then."

Mike started telling him about the trouble he was having getting the contact lenses, and about the time he was sick in the army. Clinton then told about his experience with the VA hospital.

4th

The low last night was forty-four, and the high today was fifty-nine. The sun shown bright most of the day. There were strong winds at times, and a few clouds.

Mike worked on the shoring of the tunnel.

Once this morning I went out and sat in the cab of the pickup, mainly to get warm, because the sun made it like a hothouse.

I walked out to the point where I looked in the jockey box of the '64 pickup for the insurance papers that should have been in there. I found none that were up to date.

Back down at the dugout I searched the files for them, but had no luck. Also I could not find the papers for the '80 pickup.
4th

I felt cold most of the day. Around five o'clock I put on the overcoat, and took a short jog down the road. The temperature was fifty-one, but I did not get too warm in the overcoat. I felt warm enough to take it off when I got inside.

I stayed warm until seven-thirty, then I put the coat back on.

I made a salad today, using what was left of the cabbage. There is enough lettuce left to make another salad.

I made grass juice today. There is enough wheat that I planted in the tub to make at least three more batches. After that I will use grass that is growing outside. There is a good growth near the weather station.

5th

The low last night was forty-four, and the high today was sixty-six. It was fifty-seven at six this evening. The sun shown all day, with light winds.

I took a hike down the road before breakfast. The weather was warm enough so that I could go in my shirtsleeves.

Mike was not up yet when I got back.

I turned the radio onto the Dipsy Net. Mike got up and built a fire in the stove, and started cooking his breakfast. I noticed a bright-red color on the side of the skillet. The red ran down onto the stove. I said, "What's that on your skillet? What are you cooking?"

He looked and saw the red stuff. It was smoking where it was on the stove lid. I recognized what it was. It was the covering of the brick cheese. It had gotten on the skillet when he set it down on the counter. The odor of the smoke smelled like paraffin wax, although it melted down into a hard mass, and appeared to be a mixture of paraffin and plastic.

Mike said, "I don't know how it got on there."

I'm half awake this morning, anyway. I was awake at six, and was going to get up, but turned over and went to sleep.

After breakfast Mike worked on the shoring of the new section.

I went down into the garden and dug near where the gopher was pushing up dirt. I had a pretty good idea where the runway ran because there was series of pushed-up dirt toward the lower part of the garden. I guessed he must have come along that line.

I dug a cut across the line and uncovered the runway. I had the box-gopher trap ready, but was undecided as to where to put it. I came up to the to get something. When I got back, the gopher has plugged the lower hole of the runway that was cut in two. The upper hole was still open.

I cleaned out the lower hole, and put the trap in front of the hole, then covered the trap so no light would show in the hole. Mike had said, "Don't put too much dirt on it. Let some light go down the hole." But I had it figured out differently. If he saw the light, he would push dirt into the trap to plug the opening just like he had done when I was gone.

After lunch I went down to see what happened. I thought that he would be either in the trap, or had filled the trap with dirt. One look and I could see that the trap had sprung. I wondered if he was in it. The trap felt heavy when I lifted it out of the dirt, and the gopher was caught by the neck.

I brought it up to show Mike. He was on the fill by the garden gate cutting small branches into wood using the pruning shears. I said, "We can have meat for dinner tonight." and I showed him the gopher.

He said, "You got him! He's about as big as the one I caught the first year we had the trap."

I reset the trap and put it in the same place as before. No more gophers got into it the rest of the day, which makes me think he may have been the only one in the garden.

In the afternoon I worked at cleaning the corn stalks, the dill stalks, and the weeds at the east side of the garden, making it ready to transplant some trees.

I drove down to get the mail, and as soon as I got back I went down to finish the clearing. The sun was hot, and I was ready to come in at forty-thirty.

Mike had been ready to quit work on the greenhouse in order to plant the trees. He said, "I can let the building work go. There's plenty of time to do that."

I said, "Oh, no. You'd better keep right at it, or we'll never get it done. We need to get that greenhouse going this summer."

He said, "It will look better if we do get it done. I'll have to get some more two-by-fours.

7th

Carl was up yesterday and called Oma. She was not home. He then called he daughter. A granddaughter answered. She asked him if he was coming to her graduation. He told her he would think about it.

He said, "Tell your grandmother that everything is fine here, and the weather is perfect. Wish everybody Happy Easter for me."

This morning he was up here early to dig up some trees, eight to be exact. He said he was going to Hair's for dinner at eleven o'clock.

George called this morning. He thinks he is getting over his cold. Lois doesn't seem to be any better. He took cold shots this winter, and feels let down because they did not keep him from catching a cold. He takes them every year. This is his first cold in years. There is no way to tell if the shots do any good. He could have been free of colds without them.

8th

The low last night was forty-seven, and the high today was seventy-one. At six this evening it was sixty. There was sunshine all day with light variable winds, and a hazy atmosphere.

We got away on our trip to Burns at seven-fifteen. The road was at its usual poor condition, only somewhat worse.

We were in Burns by nine-twenty. We went straight to the Safeway store, because the bank was not open yet.

We spent one and a half hours getting groceries, then spent more time looking for oil and air filters for the pickup.

I should say that I greased, and changed the oil of the pickup. The oil filter that was in place on the pickup was longer

and had larger hole in the top to let the oil go through than the one I had to replace it with. The new one went on all right and did not leak. It probably should have more capacity, though.

When the clerk at Napa Parts brought a filter for the '80 pickup, it was the same size as the one I had installed. I told him about the one I had taken off, how it was longer. He went back and brought one out that was longer, but it was even larger than the old one. The top was exactly like the small filter.

I could not see that it would make much difference, so I took the small one. Thus he did not have to change his sales slip which he had already made out.

From there we went to the bank, and I cashed my check, putting one-hundred dollars into the checking account.

Then to Nyleen's Western store where I bought a slow cooker Crock Pot for \$35.34. Also a tube of caulking compound.

We left Burns at a quarter to twelve, and got home at two-thirty.

After getting the groceries put away, and having a bite to eat, Mike went to work in the back room. I studied instructions on how to cook with the slow cooker. I read most of the recipes in the little booklet.

I am disappointed with the way beans have to be cooked in the Crock Pot. They have to be precooked until they are tender

before putting them in the Crock Pot. I was thinking that it would be done the way I was doing it in the eight-quart pot with the insulation around it. I was able to use a low heat, and not worry about the beans scorching. I would let them cook for five hours without looking at them.

Since it would take ten hours to cook any kind of meat in it, I fried some pork chops for dinner.

Later I prepared the recipe for Chicken in a Pot, and started it cooking at nine-thirty. Now it is ten-forty-five, and the pot is not hot yet. I do not see how it could brown a chicken with the low temperature it uses.

I should say that I turned on the heating element at nine-thirty.

Beryl came up yesterday and stayed about an hour. He had just eaten dinner at home, but had a cup of coffee with me.

9th

The low last night was forty-six, and the high today was seventy-one. At six this evening it was sixty-two. The sun shown all day with a light east wind.

The Slow-Cooked-Chicken in a pot cooked for ten hours by six-forty-five this morning. The chicken was well done, and the vegetables seemed over cooked.

The chicken and the vegetables all had the same flavor, with sweet basil predominant over any other flavor.

When making meat and vegetable stews, we always cooked the vegetables separate, then added them at the last thing.

The flavor of the slow cooked stew was all right, but I missed the separate flavors of the carrots, celery, and onions. For us I will cook the chicken in the cooker trying out different herbs. I liked the basil all right.

I will cook the vegetables in a separate pot, and add the chicken to the vegetables later, or just the recipe for roast chicken, and leave the vegetables as a separate dish.

This morning I put on a pot of beans using the insulating method I devised a few weeks ago. The beans are done in five hours, and I do not have to watch them. I called it a slow-cook method.

From this I got the idea of buying a slow Crock Pot cooker.

Now I see that the directions for cooking beans is:- In a pot bring the beans to a boil, and boil for ten minutes, then let them simmer for an hour and a half or until they are tender, then put them in the slow cooker, and cook them for ten or twelve hours.

Mike worked on the pond for the sprinkler-water most of the day.

I worked at cleaning the old sagebrush that Mike covered the beets with one year. I started a fire, and added the brush to it, then raked up old weeds, onion stalks, and bunches of wheat

straw, and piled them onto the fire. I did not keep the pile to a small area, but kept leading the fire to the east. This left a trail of ashes about twelve feet long.

About two-thirty Mike came down and trimmed suckers and small branches off the apple trees.

Around three o'clock I called to him, "Isn't it six o'clock yet? It seems like I've been working her for hours."

He said, "No. The day has just begun."

I thought of how it was with laborers working for others. Time went by slowly, and they became clock watchers.

We got a sprinkler going, then came up to the dugout. I lay down for a rest, and slept in catnaps. Once I heard Mike walk from his office to his bed, and heard him snoring later.

Around four o'clock I heard Carl's motorcycle coming down the road. I got up and was ready to let him in when he came to the door.

Carl said, "Where you yesterday? Did you go to town?"

"We sure did. Got home by two-thirty."

This morning Carl helped Hair pour cement for a walk from the steps to the gate. They got through around eleven. That is the time they have dinner, anyway. He did not say, but he must have eaten dinner with them.

This afternoon he rode his bike up above the mine, and saw twenty head of deer. He is planning to go after manure at the detour at Mann Lake. At the north end of the road where it comes out of the water, cattle use it for a bedding ground.

10th

The low last night was forty-five, and the high today was seventy-one. At six this evening it was sixty-two. There were cirrus clouds in the morning, and cumulus clouds in the afternoon. There were light winds at times.

Mike started digging up young peach trees this morning. By the time I got some chores done, and arrived down in the garden to help him he had set out six trees below the garden fence.

He said, "I want to continue the row out toward the east, but I've got to get a connector to add a piece of pipe onto the line. This is as far as the water goes now."

He had the holes already dug. While he went to find a connector, I set out the trees in the rest of the holes, and used up all the trees he had ready.

When he got back, he saw that I was getting the planting done, so he started digging holes at the west end of the row. It turned out to be six holes.

I went up into the garden and dug up six young trees. He had the holes dug when I got back. He said, "I'm going up to take a rest."

I said, "That's a good idea."

It was eleven-thirty by the time I got the rest of the trees set out, and watered. I trimmed them, leaving only one trunk going straight up.

In the afternoon Mike started four sprinklers, three on the draw water, and one on the cellar water.

Today I gathered up the throw rugs on my bedroom floor, and ran them through the washer. Tomorrow I will mop the floor and do some caulking on cracks. I had bought a tube of latex caulking compound.

The work I did earlier seems to be keeping the flies and millers out. There are some cracks that still need to be caulked.

I did not get to jog down the hill. The work in the garden gave me some exercise.

11th

The low last night was forty-nine, and the high today was sixty-six. At six this evening was fifty-seven. There were scattered clouds most of the day, and strong winds last night and this morning. In the afternoon the winds died down, and the sky became clear.

Mike worked in the back room, hauling out a few wheelbarrow loads of dirt. He made and nailed up studs, and installing plywood for flooring on the second level.

I set out seven trees on the east side. I spent more time setting those out, because I dug up quack grass. I could not get rid of all the roots of that pest, but hope I set back its growth a little.

I pruned several small peach trees that are about two years old.

The bushy looking vine that is coming up all over the garden must have come up from seed on a red vine at the edge of the draw on the north-west corner of the garden. I dug up a number of them today.

Setting these trees out is time consuming, and tedious work. The same goes for pruning the old trees. At first I felt that the project was useless, but as time goes by I am beginning to see hope of a sense of accomplishment growing out of it.

Tonight just before dark I jogged down the road as far as the head of the lower draw. I wore the jacket with the hood, and a cloth over my head to keep the gnats and the mosquitoes off. They did not show up, maybe because the air was too dry and cool. There were mosquitoes in the garden this afternoon, and I wore a cloth over my head for protection.

I made waffles using only one egg, and thinner batter.

15th

The low last night was fifty-six, and the high today was eighty-two. At six this evening it was seventy-four. The wind was nearly calm all day. There was bright sunshine all day, with a few clouds in the afternoon. It looked like we would get a thunderstorm, but none showed up.

This morning I loaded the squash that were under the table into the wheelbarrow, and wheeled them down into the garden, and dumped them near the old chicken house. Most of them rolled down against the lower fence.

I pushed the snow blower outside and started the motor. Mike laid down an old water container for a water bed inside the ditch. There the snow blower will be protected from the damp ground.

I put a stabilizer into the gas tank, and ran the blower down to the ditch, and onto the mat, put some motor oil into the spark-plug hole, blocked the wheels up off the ground, and let the air out of the tires to five pounds. I took the key out, and hung it up with the other keys.

About two o'clock Ellis showed up with four people, Pete Smith from Corvallis, Ken Mc Grader from Corvallis, Bill and Helen Ball, from Oakland, California. They were a part of a field group on a field trip, staying at the old work camp. They are friends of John Scharff.

Ellis says he may be here with a group from the Aloha High School next Sunday. He will let me know by radio for sure when they will be here.

With all the warm weather the Apricot trees are nearly through blooming, and the peach and plum trees a starting to bloom.

I heard a House Wren this morning.

16th

The low last night was forty-eight, and the high today was sixty-six. It was fifty-six at six this evening. It was cloudy most of the day, with strong winds at times. I thought there would be a thunderstorm, but none came up. It looked threatening several times.

I called Dora. She had been working in the garden getting it ready for Hair to till it. She did not feel very good which she usually does when she has worked hard,

She went to Burns the other day and brought Pat Nellie back. The two had been in Burns getting their income tax taken care of.

Jim was doing the driving. They went by way of the Folly Farm. The county road was rough and full of loose gravel. He kept down to twenty-five miles an hour. They came back by way of Frenchglen. The road was better that way.

Late this afternoon I transplanted another tree.

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This evening the wind has been blowing hard, and it seems cold.

17th

The low last night was forty-three, and the high today was sixty-four. It was fifty at six this evening. The sky started out clear this morning, then it began clouding up, and in the afternoon we had a shower that brought five-hundredths of an inch of precipitation. There were light winds on and off.

I spent some time trying to locate information regarding the germination time of butter nuts. The Encyclopedia Britannica gave information on pruning trees, and starting trees by grafting etc, but nothing on the germination time of seeds.

It give information on where Plums originated. It was in the Caucasus region.

There was mention of ways to thin fruit, such as:- using shaking the trees with a motor-driven vibrator attached to the trunk, beating on the limbs with a padded club, and picking off by hand.

Today I called the VA eye clinic and asked for Kathy. She was not in. I told the girl that answered the phone , "Have Kathy call my daughter in Bend, if she has any information for me. If she calls here, I will probably be outside, and would not here the phone." I gave Carolee's store-phone number.

I mopped my bedroom floor today. It was not as dirty as I

had thought. I must have cleaned it last fall before I quit sleeping there.

Mike drove the '64 pickup down for the mail. Most of it was solicitations for funds. There must have been ten or twelve such letters. Mike said, "There is a letter for you. But he could not find it. He went out to the pickup, but couldn't find it there. He drove back down to the mailbox. No luck.

He said it was a personal letter from someone in the Valley. Looks like it is lost for good.

I sent a donation of five dollars to the Netter, and wrote a letter to Dorothy and Leonard.

19th

Yesterday I worked almost all day draining the gas from the left-hand tank of the '80 pickup. I wanted to see how rusty the tank was.

The reason it took so much time is as follows:- In the first place I was sure that if I disconnected the line where it comes out of the switch that determines which tank the gas will come from, the gas would run out in a stream. When I disconnected it there, the gas did not run at all.

I figured that it would need an extra length of hose to create a stronger siphon. The first hose I found was too small in diameter. The second one was slightly too large. I wrapped the

end of the gas line with electric tape as well as the end come from the solenoid valve. It was time consuming getting just the right amount on to make a tight fit for the hose.

The tube was about twenty inches long so that there was a large loop between the end going to the gas line and the take-off from the valve.

The tube was of clear plastic so that gas could be seen in it.

Now by running the motor the tube would fill with gas, then I would stop the motor, and pull the end off the line, and lower the end into the bucket. There would be enough gas in the tube to start the siphon action.

I started the motor. The gas came into the tube, but it was filled with air bubbles. The end toward the engine was full of gas, but half way to the valve it was mostly air.

I stopped the motor, and pulled the end off the line, and lowered it into the bucket. The siphon action started, but soon quit because of air leaking into the tube.

I reconnect the tube with some difficulty because the tape would bunch up as I pushed the tube over it. I tried seating the clamps over the tube as close to the bulges on the outlet as possible. Less air came through this time when I started the motor. The tube had more gas in it this time when I tried the siphon, but it still did not work.

Again I connected the tube to the broken line, and again started the motor. Now, after some probing I found a leak between the valve and the gas tank.

Rocks under the tarp were just large enough to give me considerable discomfort. Although I was lying a tarp that had been folded to make it thicker, it was not enough. While I was rearranging the tarp, I saw a pickup coming up the hill, and as I straightened up, Bill got out of the U.P.S. truck, saying, "Hi Jim, or is it Mike?"

It was no wonder that he had to guess. I had a cloth tied around my head over my cap to keep the gnats from chewing me.

He said, "Here's your tree. I decided to bring it up, because it is going to freeze tonight, and there will be a snow storm."

I said, "Thanks, Bill. It's good see you again."

He took off right away, because he had a long way to go.

I took the trees down to give them to Mike. Although Bill had said, "Tree." actually there were twenty eight trees, ten pine trees, and eight Green Ash.

Mike went to work right away setting out the pine trees.

Back at my job, I found some rubber tubing the right size, and cut off a piece, and replaced the old one with it. Now there was less leakage of air, but still too much. I came down to the

tin building and got a piece of tie wire. With it I wrapped the tubing tight, and got rid of all the air bubbles.

The siphon drained the tank rather slowly.

I realized that the one five-gallon can, and the three five-gallon buckets would not be enough to hold the gas, because I could not let the buckets fill all the way to the top. It would be impossible to move them out from under truck without spilling a lot of gas.

While the second bucket was filling I went down to the furnace room and found an eight-gallon can that Mike had used for gas. With it I went back out to the truck, feeling secure that I had enough to empty the tank.

Finally when the fourth container was full, I moved the hose to the eight-gallon can. Soon the gas quit running. I removed the gas cap on the tank, and the gas started running again. I left it running while I carried the five-gallon can down to the furnace room.

When I got back the eight-gallon can was full and running over. I hurried back down to the dugout, and brought back a small bucket and moved the siphon to it. Immediately the siphon lost its prime

The wind began blowing quite hard, and there was a sprinkling of snow. I lined up the three full buckets and covered them with the folded tarp, and put weights on top of the tarp.

To get the eight-gallon can out from under the truck, I used a large square nosed shovel, slipping it under while tipping the can slightly backward. After getting the leading edge of the shovel under the can, I had to push and maneuver the can until it was fully on top of the shovel. A lot of gas sloshed out, and considerable splashed on my clothes.

I crawled from under and pulled out the can using the shovel like a sled.

The cap on the can fit good and tight, so there was no danger of water getting into the gas. I placed the can next to the row of buckets. All were on the lee side of the truck, and thus were protected from the worst of the wind.

Before dark it was blowing up a blizzard.

20th

That night the wind blew hard, and gave my bedroom a real shaking. Friday morning snow was plastered on the west side of everything, buildings, trees, poles, and fences.

The low temperature was twenty-five, and it was twenty-nine at six this morning. The precipitation was thirty-hundredths of an inch.

I could get no reception on the radio. In the wind and snow I went up to examine the antenna. It was lying on the ground. The end across the draw had broken loose. The large horse that I used

to keep it six feet off the ground in the center, had rolled over pulling the coax cable and the antenna wires with it.

I untangled the cable and wires, then moved the horse to a new position farther to the east. This gave me room to fasten the west end of the antenna to the little pine tree. I had to pull the east end of the antenna farther to the east into the sagebrush.

Down in the shack I still could get no reception, let alone transmit. The automatic antenna tuner would tune to a standing wave ratio of one to one point five, but that did not mean that I could get out with a signal.

It was passed net time so I was in no hurry to check the antenna again. The wind was still blowing hard, and there were intermittent snow showers all day.

Around noon the wind was not quite so bad. I walked out to the truck and found that the weights had held the tarp in place on the buckets.

I decided to hook up the gas line so I could drive down to the gas house and fill the empty tank. Mike had cut up a cardboard box so that all sides could be lined up in a row. I found it in the engine room. At the truck it made a mat eighteen inches wide and six feet long giving me good protection from the ground.

The tubing the knife to cut it with was in the cab. I could sit in there out of the wind while I cut the tubing to length and put the clamps on it.

It did not take long to but the section of tubing into the line.

The door on the driver's side was covered with ice and snow, and the door was frozen shut. The windshield scraper was in the cab. Using it I scraped the ice and snow off the door and window, and was able to get the door open.

I siphoned enough gas out of one of the buckets to drive down to the gas house. There I filled the tank. and drove back out, and positioned the truck so as to protect the buckets of gas from the wind and snow.

Later in the day I went up to inspect the antenna. The trouble was simple. The center lead of the coax was disconnected from the antenna wire. It was a plug-in connection, and it had been pulled out while I was stretching the antenna wire.

Thus last night I was able to check into the nets.

This morning the snow was still plastered all over the west side of everything. When I got up it was beginning to snow. Large flakes were coming straight down.

After breakfast I hiked down to Indian Creek to get a couple jugs of water. The trail was not too wet, and the steep part

going down to the creek was not muddy at all. I was surprised to see it so dry.

Around noon I took a hike down the road as far as the power-line crossing. Wearing the overshoes, and dressed warm I did not do much jogging.

When I got back, Mike was headed down below the garden to dig hole for the Green Ash trees. In about two hours he came up after digging seventeen holes. He was ready to take a rest.

I checked into the Beaver State Net without any trouble, But had to be relayed into both sessions of the Oregon Emergency Net.

There was static noise for me as well as for the net controls.

20th

One day last week I called George just after seven o'clock. At that time I get night rates. George usually calls on Saturday or Sunday. Our phone book does not make it clear how the weekend rates compares with night rates. I wanted to find out how they were doing getting rid of their colds.

They were both better, and had been riding their tricycles earlier in the morning.

George told about the drainage system they have around there. During a heavy rain they use large open ditches interspersed with concrete culverts. Sometime the water runs in the culverts for a block.

There is no grating over the holes where the water enters the culverts, and during heavy rain the streets and sidewalks are covered with water probably six inches deep.

A woman was walking along and stepped into a hole and was carried under the concrete and was drowned.

A boy riding a bicycle rode into a hole, and went the whole block and came out alive. He lost his bicycle.

21st

The low last night was thirty-one, and the high today was forty-one. It was thirty-nine at six this evening. There were snow showers during the twenty four hour period, with thirty-three hundredths of an inch of precipitation. The wind blew hard most of the day. With the warmer temperatures the snow all melted.

Around nine this morning a man came to the door. He was here once four years ago. His name was Bob Kyskar. He works for the post office in Portland.

He walked up from the county road. He said, "I sure got warm walking up the road."

He took his shoes off at the door. He was here for about an hour and a half.

He remarked about how someone had hauled off the lumber from the old buildings up Pike Creek. He saw that Davy Wallace's small shack was gone. Things are different after four years.

Around noon Beryl Hair showed up. He had stopped at Carl's place. Carl is hoping that the weather would warm up soon.

Beryl's father is sick with stomach trouble. It sounded like salmonella. It may be some kind of a cold.

Beryl stayed about an hour.

This afternoon I checked on the antenna. The west end was on the ground again. I changed the hookup, and have confidence it will stay put in spite of the strong wind.

Alice, on the Beaver State Net, said that she had a visit with Bruce, Carolee, and Betsy.

On the first session of the Oregon Emergency Net, W7BCR, Gary, gave me a good signal report. Howard in Corvallis gave me a good signal report. I heard a station that he could not hear, and relayed the station to him.

During the rest of the roll call of the Oregon towns, no one checked in. When he called for California stations, Norm in Sacramento, came in loud and clear. Howard asked him to call, late or missed through the roll call.

Norm brought in ten or twelve more stations. Among them was W7VIF, Vance. He said that Norm was the first station he heard. He could not hear Howard.

The weather has put a crimp in our outdoor activities.

22nd

During the night I could have sworn that the temperature

must have been down around twenty degrees. When I checked the weather station this morning at eight o'clock, I was surprised that the low was thirty-four. The high today was fifty-one, and at six this evening it was forty-seven.

There were a few clouds, and lots of sunshine. There was not much wind, so working outside was a pleasure.

Mike was setting out the Green Ash trees, when I got over at eight-fifteen.

The reception on the radio was very poor. I could not hear the net control. Around eight forty-five I decided it was about time he called Harney County. I spoke into the microphone, "K7ZYP, Harney County. Anybody copy?"

After a moment or two Norm in Sacramento said, "Harney County go ahead."

After I gave the weather, Norm said, "You're in Jim."

One job I have been meaning to do for some time. There is a plastic dishpan with mercury in it. I used the funnel with an eye dropper in it to transfer the mercury from the pan to a quart jar that had some mercury in it already.

I cleaned up a couple of covers, and put them on two of the buckets of gas.

The third bucket I transferred half of the contents into a smaller bucket, and carried it down to the gas house where I

poured it into the large tank. Pouring it into the tank was difficult, because there was not much room to maneuver beneath the low ceiling.

I decided to leave the gas in the buckets, and siphon the gas from them into the pickup tank when needed.

The remainder of the gas in the third bucket I put into the small one and tightened the lid, then carried it down to the gas house.

Now the two buckets with tight lids and the eight-gallon can are lined up in a row with the tarp over them.

Later in the day I worked on the antenna. I loosened the guy wire on the east end, and moved the output from the coax cable toward the west so that it would be at a place where I would put up the center pole.

I spliced the broken guy wire on the west side, then tightened the antenna from both sides.

Mike came up and showed me how he would put up the center pole. It was too late in the day to put up a tall pole. I said to Mike, "All I want right now is a short temporary pole. It is nearly time for the evening net."

He went down to eat his dinner.

I simplified the job of getting up a temporary pole. There was a two-by-four about seven feet long lying at hand. I drove a

nail into one end, and hung the coax coupling to it, and dug a small hole to put the other end into, then stood the two-by-four on end in the shallow hole. I moved the large-antenna pole against the two-by-four, and nailed them together.

The arrangement was quite stable, and put the antenna about six feet off the ground.

When I checked into the Beaver State Net, Carl, W7GHR, said, "You came in so loud you nearly knocked me off my chair."

This did not mean too much, because the band conditions were better than they were this morning.

On the Oregon Emergency Net I made contact with Ellis. He was home from Ontario where he had been to see an eye doctor this morning. The doctor told him that he did not need new glasses. The old ones were all right. He told him that there was a cataract forming on his left eye. He told him to come back in about six months. That would be enough time to see if it was growing much.

23rd

There were rain showers early this morning. I was surprised to hear the eves dripping at five this morning.

Up until ten o'clock we had rain showers, hail shower, and snow showers.

Once between showers, I saw Mike carrying a steel-fence post. He was headed up toward the antenna. I knew that he intended to drive the post into the ground to support the temporary pole at the center of the antenna. Soon he came in because a snow shower came up along with wind.

I checked into the morning net without any trouble.

Between the next two showers I heard Mike driving the stake into the ground. After a while I heard him sawing on the big juniper post with the electric-chain saw.

Later in the day I went up to see how the antenna was. It was a little slack so I tightened up the east end. That brought the ends up higher than the center.

Later in the afternoon I made a round trip to the head of the lower draw, jogging part of the way, especially near the draw. I felt stronger than I thought I would be, and I was glad that I had not gone down hill in strength during the bad weather when I could not get out much.

Mike got about six blocks off the big post. He split some, and had a good supply of wood behind the stove.

In the afternoon he worked on the second floor, digging back on the wall toward the west.

I heard a heavy thud as though a large amount of earth caved in. I called back, "What was that?"

He said, "Just some extra dirt came down."

I called, "You didn't get your legs pinned under it?"

"No, but I had a hard time getting my left leg out."

After a while he wheeled out a barrow full of earth. He seemed to be walking very carefully. I said, "You better report to the infirmary. You might have an injured tibia."

"It's not damaged, but it's bruised a little."

"Take some time off and rest a while."

"I'm afraid to stop. I might not get going again."

He shoveled up several more loads and wheeled them out.

There is a lot more to come out before he can install the shoring on that end.

I fried a chicken today, but did not use the slow cooker.

24th

Mike has decided to leave for Bend Friday, driving the '80 pickup. He wants to be there Monday and Tuesday, the last two days of the month. He told Walt Ruppert that he would see him around the last of April.

A card from Carolee and Bruce came from Mexico. They said that they were enjoying their visit down there.

Today, in between chores, I wheeled out the earth Mike had loaded into the wheelbarrow. He said that he got a lot done, and that there is not much left to be done.

Yesterday I talked with Lavina. Carl has gotten over his sick spell, but now Lavina is sick with the same symptoms.

28th

Thursday I changed the gas filter in the '80 pickup. Thereafter the motor flooded when I started it, and it would not keep running.

Sometimes I could keep it running by keeping the gas peddle down a considerable way.

There was no way to see how the choke valve was doing. I got a heavy brick and propped it on the gas peddle, then got out and looked at the choke valve. It was scarcely open at all.

On lifting up the air-cleaner pan, I found one vacuum line off. I thought, "No wonder it floods. When I put that back on it will be all right."

But not so. The choke remained nearly closed. Using a rubber band I fastened the choke wide open. Now as long as the motor was running fast, it did not flood. When it was running slow, it would flood, and would not idle at all.

After a number of trials and careful observation, I found that the vacuum hose to the front vacuum break was leaking.

This piece of tubing was one that I had to remove every time I changed the filter. With it in place I could not get a wrench onto the large fitting that held the filter in place.

In order to remove it I had to push back on it with a screwdriver. After a considerable number of removals it became damaged near the end.

I found a piece of tubing with the same inside diameter, but a larger outside diameter. This would not make the bend properly from the vacuum source to the vacuum break. It would leak at the connection.

This was overcome by using a clamp at the end of the tubing. Now the front vacuum break did work all right, but the rear break was not pulling the valve all the way open.

Even when I closed the break manually it would not open the valve. I bent the rod linking the break to the valve. Thus it shortened the rod to where it would pull the valve open.

Now with the motor running the valve stayed open, but the motor would not idle without flooding.

I drove the pickup around the circle. As long as the motor was running above the idling speed there was no flooding, but when I slowed down to come around the curve down to the dugout, the motor flooded and stalled.

Later I decided that the float valve must be stuck. I would have to remove the carburetor and clean out any dirt in the valve.

However, I did not want to do this until I had new vacuum lines, especially for the front and rear vacuum breaks.

makes a good cereal, cooked whole or cracked. So I would say shredded wheat is a luxury item as all prepared cereals are.

I found another item on the shelf that was a real bargain. Three quarts of whipping cream were marked free while they last. Help yourself. I bought all three, and bought two quarts of sour whipping cream at a dollar-forty-nine each. A quart of cottage cheese came to a dollar-sixty-nine.

Years ago whipping cream was much higher than cottage cheese.

After shopping for groceries we went to the G.M.C. parts place. I asked for a piece of vacuum hose, and gave the clerk the sample. He went over to a bench and checked some tubing for size. He brought a fairly long piece over and asked how much I wanted.

I said, "About two feet." He cut off two feet and handed it to me.

He said, "You can have that." and walked away.

I should say that before I asked for the tubing, I had inquired about getting a Freedom Battery for the '80 pickup. He had said that they do not handle the Delco Freedom Battery. They had the Atlas Freedom Battery.

However, I was set on the Delco battery, because the one on this pickup had been true to its name. We haven't had to clean the terminals or do anything to it in the five and a half years we have had it.

The tubing that he gave us appeared to have a smaller inside diameter than the sample. The outside diameter looked smaller too. But open measuring them, I found that it was an optical illusion. The inside diameter was larger. It would work all right, though.

Still we stopped at Napa Parts, and bought two feet of tubing exactly like the sample for forty-six cents.

Coming back we were doing fine until we got this side the Mann Lake Ranch. A gust of wind blew the hood up almost against the windshield. Mike stayed in the road, but was near the left-hand edge when he stopped.

We managed to push the hood back down, but one side went down farther than the other and the hood was at an angle to one side. There was piece of rope with a pulley in the back of the pickup. With it we were able to cinch the hood down.

We had no more trouble with the hood.

After picking up the mail we drove on up the hill. Mike was pressing down on the throttle hard in low gear. Half way up the hill above the gate, the radiator started boiling.

Two jugs of water filled it. Thereafter Mike drove slower, and the radiator did not overheat.

On the second session of the Oregon Emergency Net Friday night, Ellis asked for me. I told him about the hurried trip to town. He said, "If I had know you were in town, we could have met

at the Senior Citizen's Center, and had dinner together."

I said, "Well we were in a hurry to get back. We left Burns at twelve-forty-five."

He wondered if the Aloha High School Group had arrived at the Field Station by now. He gave me the phone number over there. I called the place. The girl who answered said that they were already there. Ellis was glad to find out, because he hadn't heard from them. He and John Scharff would accompany them on their tour around the Steens Mountain. They would stop at our place in the afternoon, Sunday.

We were home Friday early enough to give me time to work on the '80 pickup.

First I started the motor, because I wanted to see how far the choke opened up. I had the brick at hand ready to hold the gas throttle down while I checked the choke.

It turned out that I did not need the brick. The motor did not flood and it idled all right.

I drove it around the circle. It ran fine.

Saturday morning I cut the two pieces of vacuum tubing to size, and put them on the vacuum breaks. Now when I lift the air filter out of the way the hose on the rear break does not come off. The old hose was too short.

I had to lengthening the rod going to the choke valve. It was too short to allow the choke to close fully when the break was in the open position.

Later in the morning we drove down to Carl Thomas' place. I had Mike drive to give him some practice with the '80 pickup. The controls were different than the ones on the '64 pickup.

I brought the battery-operated TV set with me, because I was planning to look for a better place to put his TV antenna.

When we got there, I first hooked up the battery set to his lead-in wire. I got a picture on all three stations by pointing the antenna about three degrees east of the way Carl had it set.

We then hooked up his colored TV set. At first no station came in good at all. We pointed the antenna off in a more westerly direction and got a good picture on channel two, but no sound.

We turned the antenna back to its previous position. I fiddled with the fine tuning, and finally got a good picture with sound on channel two. Thirteen and nine would not come in.

I wanted Carl to carry the antenna either toward the road, or toward the desert, using the batter TV to find the place of best reception, but he did not seem interested in trying the maneuver.

30th

Mike left here headed for Bend at eight o'clock Sunday morning daylight-saving time. He would be between Burns and Bend late enough not to have the sun shine in his eyes at a low angle from the west.

Monday I watered the newly set-out trees below the garden. The peach trees are growing, but there is no sign of leaves coming out on the Green Ash trees from Gurney.

I started four sprinklers in the garden.

I wheeled out one wheelbarrow full of dirt from the caved-in water tunnel. We had placed a baby bassinet back there to catch the water that dripped from the make-shift roof. It was full of mud and water. I dipped the water and mud out with a bowl, and filled a small bucket half full with it.

The idea of dipping the stuff into a bucket came only after I had tried to shovel the mud into the wheelbarrow.

I took time out to make a trip down to the head of the lower draw. I wore a cloth over my head to ward off the gnats. At the start I walked to warm up, then jogged easily for a while. As I neared the head of the draw, I put more effort into it.

In the afternoon I hooked the battery up to one of the batteries on the compressor. I expected it to start charging at nine or more amps, but the highest rate it put out was four amps.

I thought that the low-charging rate might come from the fact that the battery had stood idle for a long time.

Later I guessed that the cause was from a poor ground circuit. The ground wire from the fuse panel oxidized, especially in one place where we removed the caved-in earth of the tunnel. We broke the wire in two. Thus the ground circuit was through the ground.

Going back to Sunday:-

After Mike left I mopped the floor, and cleaned the place in general. I worked all morning at it, and up to two o'clock. From then on I expected John and Ellis to arrive at any time with the with the Field Class of the Aloha High School.

I brought out the electric fan to hasten the drying of the floor. By three the floor was dry, so I put the fan back in storage.

They did not arrive until four o'clock. They had been watching the ranchers branding cattle, and had been delayed.

I gave them the grand tour with the help of Ellis. There were several foreign students, one from Finland, a girl, and one from Norway, a young man who's English was not so good.

From here they went back to the Field Station by way of the Malheur Caves.

Monday morning I talked with Ellis. He got back at ten o'clock that night, and ate dinner with John and Florence, getting home at eleven.

I changed the wiring out to the point. This took a number of trips out there and back. First I disconnected one of the 220 volt lines, then went out to see whether or not it was the one going to the 115 volt outlet. I also checked to see if it went to the trailer house.

It was not. So I connected it back, and disconnected the other one. I made another trip to make sure that the juice out there came through it. It did.

Earlier I had changed the charger on the battery on the compressor to the other one.

Mike read an article that said, "Fish oil can help prevent inflammation of the joints." A small amount of fish once a week was enough.

Years ago I heard a ham say that certain brand of sardines canned with fish oil was good for arthritis.

Mike is for buying some sardines tomorrow.

Today I finished installing the new cables on the air compressor. I put a twenty amp-fuse in the starting-solenoid circuit. It calls for a thirty-amp fuse. The fuse held up when I started the engine using the switch.

The generator works fine. Yesterday I cleaned the armature which was all it needed to start charging.

Stan DeShazo the new of the Wild-Horse Ranch stopped here on horseback.

9th

Yesterday evening Nancy called asking if Myron was here. I told her about his arrival the day before. She said she would call Dorothy.

Today I checked over the compressor. I found one small oil leak. A wrench tightened the fitting slightly.

I coiled up two lengths of air hoses. There are some more lengths to be brought up from the ditch.

I talked with Dora today. She is having dizzy spells. Jim took her to doctor in Lake View Tuesday. The medicine the doctor gave her help her a little.

18th

Since the ninth we have had cooler weather, and some precipitation, fifty-seven hundredths of an inch. One night there was considerable thunder. Yesterday and today it was more like spring again.

Mike brought back a load of particle board, and two-by-fours on Friday. Saturday morning I helped him unload it. The particle board is heavy and has a smooth surface on one side.

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1st

Concerning the wiring going to the point:- The wire going to one leg of the 220 volt system, now being disconnected from the line terminal, I connected it to ground at the breaker box, then hiked out to the point and connected the end of the wire to the ground of the 115 volt system. This did away with the 220 volts out there.

I checked the voltage at the outlet, and it was 115 volts, then I plugged in the battery charger that was hooked up to the battery. The voltage at the outlet remained at 115 volts. I had expected a drop of one or two, or more volts. There was no indication of the slightest change.

That ground circuit had so much resistance before, it probably was the reason Jean could not run his air conditioner on the motor home on that outlet. If he brings his motor home up here again, I'll have him try the outlet again.

The battery charger now puts out a higher amperage than it did before.

Yesterday evening I wheeled out three loads of dirt from the water tunnel.

After eight o'clock I was ready to wheel out the last one, but was interrupted by a phone call from George. I said, "Well, this is Tuesday."

He said, " I waited until eleven o'clock. This way I'm on night rates."

"Yes. It's after eight o'clock here."

Lois was elected to represent the Alzheimer's Disease Association of this district to a convention in Washington D.C. George took her to the airport Tuesday. He went into a detailed description about arriving at the airport, and the process of getting on the plane.

He talked for about forty-five minutes. The Alvord Ranch picked up their receiver five times while we were talking.

It was nearly dark when I wheeled out the third load.

This morning I checked my blood pressure soon after I came over here. It was 174/80. I was startled to see the upper number so high. I have been using quite a bit of whipping cream. Maybe there is too much cholesterol in my blood, and the main arteries are losing their elasticity.

After the blood pressure check, I took a hike down to the head of the lower draw, walking at first, then jogging. The blood pressure check when I got back showed 140/80. Later when I had rested it was 120/66.

Since then I have been checking my blood pressure every morning when I get up. The systolic pressure has been the highest in the morning. It is lowest after resting from heavy exercise.

8th

Yesterday afternoon Myron Fox arrived here from Midwest City, Oklahoma. He came by motorcycle, and had a sunburned face. Aloe Vera juice seemed to relieve the burning.

We went to Burns Monday. Mike had a paper to have notarized.

I bought two battery cables for the diesel engine of the compressor.

I did the driving, and had no trouble starting the motor, or having the motor going dead at intersections.

We met John Scharff on a corner, and talked with him. His hearing aid seems to be working good. He said that the eye operation was a success. He is happy with the improved vision.

We were planning on going to Burns tomorrow, and buying the two-by-fours there, but now Mike will get the two-by-fours in Bend. We will go to Burns anyway, and buy some groceries.

Mike will drive to Bend Sunday.

I talked with Ellis on the radio tonight. I promised to drive around to his place to see him, but we would not stay long, because we wanted to leave Burns before noon. We were expecting a phone call in the afternoon. We would not have time to eat lunch at the Senior Citizens Center.

The other day I ate at least five slices of cracked-wheat bread that Dottie left here. All of them in the afternoon, and

four of them after eight o'clock. That night I had a severe attack of leg cramps. The first in over a year.

The next day I checked on the ingredients of the bread. I found monocalcium phosphate, and calcium peroxide. The calcium was the cause of the leg cramps.

I have not eaten any more of that bread since, and have not had any more severe leg cramps, although there have been some minor ones that I could overcome without excessive amounts of vitamin-E.

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The generator works fine. Yesterday I cleaned the armature which was all it needed to start charging.

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Denise Smith from the Mann Lake Ranch brought up two friends from Washington last week. John and Florence came up with some friends.

Altogether twenty people have come around to visit in the last two weeks,

Oma is back and planting a garden. She will go back to Coos Bay at the end of the month.

Larry Kribs was here about three weeks ago. He said he would buy the air compressor, and would be back in a couple of weeks to talk about it.

Yesterday he was back. After looking at it again, he saw that it was a larger one than he thought it was. He said, "It's worth more than I want to pay for a jackhammer."

He checked the model number, and other information that could be found on the plates. He will try to get some idea of what it is worth by calling up equipment dealers in Portland, and even perhaps the Gardner Denver Company who made the compressor.

He went up to his geode claim in the morning after unloading a load of scrap lumber that he brought from Burns. It was from a

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building project he was on. He said, "I thought you could use it for wood."

20th

Yesterday Ann came to the door after dark. I fixed her something to eat, and made up the cot for her.

She had her dog with her. It is now full grown. She is on her way to Nevada where she will study the Townsend Solitaire at a place near Baker.

We went to bed early. Mike was in bed, and I headed for my bedroom while she was taking a shower.

I was late getting over here this morning. It was raining, but quit soon after. There was six-hundredths of an inch of rain in the gauge, which I reported into the weather net.

For breakfast she had some of Mike's mixture of eggs, bacon, beans, and vegetable salad which he fries in a pan something like an omelet. She seemed to like it.

After breakfast Ann and I walked down the trail to Indian Creek observing different plants. Up the draw we found the vine that climbs up in the willows. She called it the Birds Bower. She found a Magpie's nest in the June Berry tree near my bedroom. The red vine near the north-west corner of the garden, she could not identify.

Around noon she went down in the garden and set up her bird net. She would go down quite often to see if there were any birds in it.

About one o'clock Stan from the Wild Horse Ranch showed up. I was fixing a lunch. He stayed around and joined Ann and I at lunch.

Thus she was away from the net longer than she might otherwise have been. When she headed down into the garden, I thought she would be back soon. After Stan left, I went down to see how she was doing.

Three Orioles were in the net. One male and two females. Freeing them from the net was a long and frustrating job. She said, "If I had been watching I could have seen which side they went into. You have to take them out from that side."

23rd

I went to town by myself. Mike wanted to do some work on the back room.

It was warm sunny day. I got away at eight o'clock. I did not have the tensions that had been bothering me for several days.

Tuesday night I lay in bed trying to get a restful sleep. I tossed and turned, but could not relax. Finally I decided that I would have to resort to the old system of blessing the parts of

the body, starting with the end of my right big toe. Out loud I would say, "God bless the very end of my right big toe. I would repeat these words several times, then I would say, "God bless the top of my right big toe." repeating the words several times before changing to, "God bless the big joint of my right big toe."

These blessings continued up my leg and body to the top of my head.

When I first started, it was hard to keep my mind from wandering, but by strictly commanding myself, I held to the purpose. Before I went to sleep, I was completely relaxed.

Thus I had a good night's sleep, and was refreshed when I got up.

I had no trouble with a stiff neck while driving.

I arrived back at three-fifteen feeling fine.

25th

This morning before breakfast, I jogged down the road nearly to the head of the lower draw. When I got back, Mike was sweeping the area where his bed was located. He had moved the bed to one side, and pulled out the dresser.

I got busy, and mopped that area, then while he when he was running a hose on the old piece of carpet, which he had removed from the space where he climbs into bed, and then hung on the line. I pushed the dresser outside.

With the bed pushed to the mopped side. I mopped the other

side. I continued this process all through the dugout. I stopped once, and ate a bowl of corn flakes with cream and sugar, and had a cup of coffee.

Thus by noon I was ready to take a rest.

In the afternoon Mike started digging up the pipeline where a leak was indicated by water coming to the surface. I did not have enough energy to feel like going out to help him, but after a while I put on my overshoes, and gave him a hand.

It was a good thing I did, because he was having trouble putting a splice where the leak was located.

Once while I was looking for a piece of pipe for the splice, the guy who had lunch with Ann and me last Thanksgiving, showed up. He asked if Ann would be here this weekend. I told him that she had already been here and gone.

He said, "I thought she might be here over the holiday. School must be out."

Mike Davis with a friend came up to find out if we would be at the crab dinner.

27th

Well, Bruce and Carolee did not get here until Sunday evening around six-thirty.

They had changed their schedule from what they told Mike. They had promised a young couple who were getting married Saturday,

day, a special ring. A week before a jeweler had told them he would make up the ring. Come Saturday he told them the job was too much for him.

Carolee stewed around most of Saturday trying figure out how to make the ring. Then she remembered that they already had one close to the same design. All it needed was the diamonds and other stones set into it. Bruce set the stones in a short time.

Thus they saved a \$450 job. It was too late for the wedding by one day.

The bride was delighted with the ring.

Bruce and Carolee told the jeweler that Bruce stayed up all Saturday night making the ring.

They brought out the water-bed kit for Mike. They worked all morning putting it together, then nearly all afternoon running warm water into it. It holds one-hundred and ten gallon. The water had to be shut off several times to let the tank heat up again.

This afternoon Carolee started cleaning the trailer house. Mice had gotten in there again, and made a mess of things. She washed out drawers, washed the floor, cleaned closets, and cleaned the cook stove.

We removed the seats from the dining area, and put Mike's old bed in there.

She put a pad on the other bed, so there are two good beds now.

The mice were getting into the trailer house through two holes, one where the wires came out to the trailer hitch, and another where a drainpipe comes out through the floor.

Someone had fixed a piece of aluminum around the pipe to fit up against the floor to cover the hole in the hard board around the pipe. The piece had slipped away from the floor leaving plenty of room for the mice to enter. The piece of aluminum around the wires had slipped away from a similar hole there.

For the drainpipe I cut out a square piece. In the center I marked out a one-inch circle, then cut the square in half through the circle, then cut out the half circles in each piece.

Mike helped me find screws with a fairly large diameter and deep threads that would hold onto the hard board better than smaller screws with shallow threads.

Using a leather punch I made a hole in each piece for the screws. When it came to the screws, I used the little hand drill to drill holes for them. It required no electric power and could get into the space available. There was no room for a small electric drill.

The two pieces fit nicely in place with the two half circles coming snugly round the pipe. The two screws held the pieces up against the hard board. Where they came tight around the pipe it

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could not slip down because the larger diameter of a union just below it.

As to the aluminum at the right of the wires, I more or less glued it in place with some caulking compound. I will have to check it later to see if it holds.

Bruce and Carolee like Mike's dish that he cooked for them.

The waffles went good too, and Carolee wanted the recipe which I gave her while making another batch tonight.

June, 1985

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6th

The low last night was sixty, and the high yesterday was seventy-one. At six this evening it was sixty-five. We had a broken overcast, and a south-east wind about fifteen miles an hour. For the last three days we have had light showers of a sprinkling of rain drops that made no measurable amount of precipitation.

Mike has most of the studs cut for the second floor of the back room. He needs eight-ten-foot-two-by fours.

Yesterday I called the eye clinic. Kathy answered, and when I told her I was M.F. Weston, she said, "Hello, Mr. Weston. This is Kathy. Guess what I have."

I said, "I guess you have the contact lenses."

She said, "That's right. They came this morning. I will call the college and arrange for an appointment. I'll call you in the morning."

I thanked her, and said I would be waiting for the call.

Well, she did not call this morning. I wondered if this was another ploy to defer any action on the lenses, then at ten minutes passed three today, I called the eye clinic again. I did not ask for Kathy, but said to the girl who answered, "This is M.F. Weston at Andrews Star Rt, Box one, Burns, Oregon. I'm calling in regards to my contact lenses." She told me to hang on a minute.

After a short time, she said, "I will call the college to get an appoint for you. Can you hold on a while?"

I said, "This is a long distance call."

She said, "Well, then I'll call you back shortly."

After half an hour she called saying, "I will have to ask you some questions. Your name is not in the computer."

The question were:- What is your full name? Answer, Marion Francis Weston. When were you born? January 25, 1907. Were you ever hospitalized? Yes I have a disability pension. What was your ailment? TB of the lungs. Was it during war time? No. It was in peace time. 1930. I got out of the hospital in 1934. were you subjected to excessive radiation? No, except for X-Rays every year.

She had Mike's social security number, and read it off to me. I was glad she did not ask me for it, because, although I had a number, I was not sure it was right.

As it turned out the number I had was wrong. Instead of starting out with 540 it was 504.

All this time she was putting the information into the computer.

Mike told me later that he went into the army in 1928, and came out of the hospital in 1932.

I figured that lack of accuracy in my information would not mean much.

I forgot to say that the girl at the eye clinic made an appointment for Mike at the college for three o'clock next Tuesday, June the eleventh. Mike will take the bus to Portland Monday, and will stay over night in Portland in order to be at the clinic by two-thirty.

7th

We left for Burns at six-forty this morning. That is the earliest we have ever gotten away. We arrived in Burns around nine o'clock, and went straight to Ellis' place.

He was cleaning out a motor home that a neighbor had left with him while they were on a trip. He had the privilege of using it.

He showed us the interior. It was a small motor home built on a Toyota-truck chassis.

We went into the house, and he showed us numerous items he had made in his woodworking shop.

We probably visited for half an hour, and were treated with sherbert and coffee.

From there we went to the Farm-Supply store. We bought some insect spray, a and can of water-repellent for fabrics, and other items.

Mike bought a bottle of spray material to get rid of ear-wigs.

8th

Before I got up this morning I heard Mike pounding with his hammer. He was making a couple of high horses for the pickup. They would stand up in the bed of the pickup, and would be high enough to hold twenty foot two-by-fours above the cab. They would stick out over the cab making it possible to haul the long pieces.

As I went passed the pickup, I saw that he had them loaded and anchored to post in the sides of the pickup.

He was cleaning out the old dresser getting it ready to load it on.

After breakfast I went out to back the pickup down near the door where it would be handy to load on the dresser. The motor did not star immediately the way it should. When I saw that it was not going to start quickly, I turned off the key. I figured that the choke was not closed, and I wanted to know the reason.

I lifted up the hood, climbed up on the bumper, reached over and removed the top of the air cleaner. The choke was wide open.

Getting down I went around and pushed the throttle all the way down, came back in front, and saw that the choke was still open.

I removed the air-inlet tube, and lifted up the air-cleaner canister so that I could inspect the vacuum-break linkage. To do this required climbing up under the hood beside the engine.

In this position I could move the gas lever wide open. Still the choke would not close. By manipulating the linkage I could cause the choke to stay open. The linkage would stick at one place.

Where the hook runs through a slot, I put on some lubraplate grease. This seemed to cure the trouble, but I couldn't be sure.

The motor started quickly now. I shut it off immediately, and the choke closed. With the air cleaner and the inlet tube back on, it started fine.

Now I backed down to where we could load on the dresser, then I checked the oil level with the stick. It was nearly down to the add mark. It would not need a full quart, but I figured it would before he got back. I put in half a quart. This brought the oil up to the full mark.

The pressure in all the tires was thirty-eight pounds. I pumped them up to forty-eight pounds. That should be enough for the load Mike will bring back.

The container for the windshield-wiper fluid was nearly empty. I filled the container about half full. This is the first time any fluid has been added since the truck was new.

The dresser was easy to load. He is taking two coolers with him.

Carolee's fish pole went behind the seat without any problem.

June, 1985

6

At nine-thirty I tried calling the store in Bend. There was no answer. In the afternoon I called again. Bruce answered. When I told him that Mike would be in Bend tomorrow, he said, "We won't be here. We are going fishing."

I said, "Well, Mike has a key."

Later I called Hawthorne. I told him about Mike going to Portland to get his contacts.

He said, "Have Mike call me when he gets back. I'll drive up to Bend to see him."

I talked with Dora today. She is feeling a little better, but still gets out of breath, and is dizzy at times. She has run out of pills. Both Charlotte and Jim are too busy to take her to Lake View.

I got only a small amount of hoeing done in the garden today. All the Green Ash trees have leaves on now.

23rd

Mike got back on Thursday, the thirteenth. He got his contacts early Tuesday morning, and was back in Bend that evening.

On the way from Bend, he lost a sheet of plywood off the top of the load. I guess he had a strong head wind. The wind bent a piece of fiber glass backward breaking it about two feet from the end.

As to the contacts:- He thought he was getting a pair made of glass, the same kind he got at the VA's before. When he got to Bend and took them out, he found that they were the porous kind that he had a lot of trouble with. It never occurred to him that they would be making him this kind.

The weather has turned hot, and at night I have been to tired to write. I just pile into bed and go to sleep. Most nights I have to take four to six V-E tablets.

Friday Ellis came down with Bill Yee, and towed the generator to Hines. Yee has a technicians license.

Saturday Wilson came up from the Opal Mine to get the shaker, and the jaw crusher. His son that was here with Baird and Dottie was with him.

Mike could not make a price on the stuff, and Wilson could not make an offer. I did not want to haggle around so told them they could have the shaker for free. The jaw crusher and the nine-horse-power-gas engine. I asked \$125 for them. He gave us \$150. He probably thought he was taking advantage of us.

I also gave him the motor with the gear-reduction train. He said that he would remove the armature, and use the gear reduction only.

Last week I got a letter from Ann, and got letter off to her this week.

Mike is putting up the studs on the upstairs. It is slow work, and it is hot up there.

George is now thinking of coming out in September. The weather in Florida is hot and muggy now, and he does not feel very well. He and Lois plan to drive out instead of coming by air. That way they will have a car when they get here.

25th

Yesterday Stan brought his father, and grandfather over to see the place. Stan says that most of the cattle are up high on the mountain.

Today I talked with Dora. She is feeling better. She has not seen the doctor, but he sent her some medicine.

Mike has all the studs up on the south side.

I have the weeds and grass on half of the lower garden pulled up. To pull them I have to dig under them with the shovel and pry up while pulling them by hand.

This morning Dick Johnson drove up in his pickup. He introduced himself, "I am from the Wild Horse Ranch."

Of the eight original owners there are only two left. They were losing so much money they tried leasing. They are still losing money in spite of the lease. They may have to go into bankruptcy.

27th

Yesterday I walked up the water line to check for leaks, because the pressure was low.

The only leak I found was in the overflow pipe. The pipe had come apart at a joint. The pipe was above ground, and water was coming out of the upper section of the pipe. This must have happened quite a while ago, because the hillside slope had become soaked with water, and cattle had made deep tracks over a large area.

I was able to stick the pipe together. The connector was in the upper section. The fact that water was coming down the overflow pipe indicated that the barrel was full of water and that the main line must be plugged or nearly plugged.

Mike thought the valve in the line where it crosses the draw could be causing the trouble.

Cattle had used the same crossing and had moved mud and rocks against the pipeline making it hard to locate. I told Mike I had no idea where to look for the valve. He said, "It is right at the edge of this side of the draw."

He went up there and began shoveling the mud where the pipeline would have to be. I should say that below the pipeline there was a sharp drop off to a lower level.

He uncovered a section of the three-quarter inch pipe where it was connected to a two-inch pipe. He said, "The valve must be on the downhill side."

I asked, "Is the valve in the two-inch pipe?"

He said, "Yes."

I began digging out the two-inch pipe. Mike went down to get a pick, because the ground we had to dig into at this point was dry and full of rocks.

I was making fair time with the shovel, then I heard Mike talking with someone. At first I thought it could be Carl, but then I heard a woman's voice. I moved up to higher ground, looked down and saw Mike and two other people walking passed the gas house.

I continued working in the hot sun. Occasionally I would move up out of the low place where no air was stirring. On the higher ground there was a breeze. I would cool off as I rested a bit.

After I had uncovered about two feet of the large pipe, I knew that the valve could not be in that direction, so I began digging the other way along the three-quarter inch pipe. About six inches from where Mike left off, I uncovered the valve.

I had been working two and a half hours, and was hot and tired. I heard voices again. They must have been inside the dugout, and were now coming outside. I figured that whoever it was they were about to leave.

It was time I went down to cool off, and get something to eat. Anyway, I could let Mike know I had found the valve.

Mike went up and took the valve apart while I rested. Actually I was too hot and tired to rest good.

There was no dirt in the valve. A small trickle of water came down the pipeline and leaked out the disassembled valve. Mike put the valve back together and into place.

We guessed that the pipeline had gotten stopped up where the cattle had made the deep tracks in the mud. In the evening I went up and uncovered a short stretch of the line where it lies beside the overflow line.

By the time I had reset the sprinkler in the garden, I was sort of exhausted from the work and heat.

I went to bed early, and feeling sure that I would be subjected to leg cramps, I took six V-E capsules. During the night I took six more after numerous cramps bothered me. Usually I overcome these later cramps by special abdominal exercises.

28th

This morning I dug some more uncovering the pipeline. It was very hard digging, the sun was hot, and there was no wind.

In the afternoon I cut the main line where the overflow line was spliced. I found only a trickle of water coming down the main line.

I then ran the overflow water into the main line. Down at the dugout I found that the pressure had reached forty pounds.

Back up at the now open line, water was running out. At this point the height gave us forty pounds.

I pushed a wire up the main line about twelve feet. There was no obstruction.

Tomorrow I will go up to the barrel and run a probe down the line.

Anyway, it is a relief to know that the blockage is not in that sixty feet above the draw. The condition of the ground there would have made it difficult to uncover the line. There was sticky mud and rocks, and on top, hard-dried mud.

I did not sleep good last night, and got up earlier than usual, feeling better than I thought I would after a restless night.

Mike has the corner stud installed on the northeast side of the second floor. He has all of the studs up on the southwest side, with the top plate on.

A swallow has built a nest on the south end. Two long pieces of molding leans against the dirt wall. At the top end of these the bird built its nest.

29th

I got up before seven this morning, but what with shaving and doing some chores around the place, I did not get up on the side hill to work on the pipeline until eight-thirty.

With the probe I located the plugged place, and dug the line out down to it, I found a connector that had been leaking, and roots had entered the hole. They were about a foot long, and looked like a solid piece of wood. I was amazed at the amount of water that passed through the jam. It was but a trickle, but given enough time you could do out a laundry, which I had done.

I hiked up and down the hill many times after tools, connectors, and a piece of plastic pipe to replace the six-foot section I had cut out.

I took an hour off at noon. Finally I finished the job around three-thirty.

The pressure now goes up to fifty-six pounds the way it should. We are not as low on water as we thought we were.

Mike put up four studs on the southeast wall.

Carl came up to see if there was a letter from Oma. Since there was none, he said, "I'll come up tomorrow evening and call her. I'll tell her how well the garden is doing."

Our trees are beginning to put on some good leaves. The Green Ash trees are making a comeback after losing their leaves to the cattle. The Bartlett pear tree is looking better.

Once this morning as I was coming down the draw, my foot slipped. I grabbed a willow sapling with my right hand, but I could not hang on. The effort stopped me from plunging over the bank to the deeper part of the draw.

I landed on my back. The left-shoulder blade hit a rock, and the lower part of my back fell across a big root. I was afraid I had broken my shoulder blade. When I got up I could feel a lameness in the right side of the sacrum.

All the lameness was gone by the time I finished the job.

30th

I got into bed at eleven last night. It was difficult to relax, and I thought it would be a long time before I went to sleep, but I cannot remember lying awake at all. I know I woke up several times, then only briefly, not even long enough to look at my watch. At four-thirty-five I woke up and was astonished that I had been sleeping so long.

By the time I ate breakfast, and changed the sprinklers, it was too hot to work outside. I mopped the floor. With the door open the circulation of the air dried the wet floor quickly.

The temperature only got up to eighty-six, but the lack of a breeze made it seem hotter.

I made out the check for the electric bill today.

Carl came up around five-thirty. We called Oma's daughter after trying to get Oma at home. Oma's son-in-law answered. Oma was up at her mother's for three days, and was on her way to her daughter's place for dinner. Roy would tell her that everything was all right out here.

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After the sun went down behind the mountain I worked in the garden making a little showing at clearing out the grass and weeds. I got back up to the dugout at eight-forty-five. Mike was just quitting too. It was too dark to see where the hammer hit.

George called this evening. He is using a salve on melanos. The doctor says it will take three weeks to get rid of them.

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1st

It was after seven-thirty when I got over to the dugout this morning. I woke up early enough, but I kept trying to go back to sleep. The calf of my left leg was cramping slightly, and I was trying to overcome it without taking any more V-E. The cramp eased off by the time I was ready to get up.

We did not listen to the news this morning. After breakfast I shaved and cut my hair, then applied some Freezone to the tumors on the left side of my head.

I had reduced the size of one of them already with the corn and wart remedy.

Mike was late getting up. While I was shaving I heard him climbing out of his waterbed.

I went down and checked the sprinklers in the garden. The one on the cellar water was not turning, but the water was going in under the pear tree in such a way that I was satisfied I could not do any better. I did not change it.

The sprinkler from the draw water was not putting out much water. I went up the draw checking the pipeline. At one place the connection was nearly full open. I forced it back together, then went on up to the pond. I was thinking that the perforated holes in the drain pipe could be filled with dirt and algae. I had brought a hoe with me, and scraped it along the top, sides, and

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bottom of the pipe. This procedure usually made the water flow better.

Back down at the weather station I could see the sprinkler. It was doing much better.

I made a batch of stone-ground-flour hotcakes. Mike eats them for snacks during the day.

I read the power meter, and figured out the bill and wrote out a check for it, \$44.88.

I made up the weather report. There was only two-hundredths of an inch of precipitation in June.

Mike was putting up studs on the northeast side of the second floor. There was a spell of silence, and I wondered what he could be doing. It was nearly noon, and the sun was boiling down. He should be coming in to cool off by this time.

I went out to see what he was up to. To my amazement he was putting a tarp over the part already finished. The tarp was in place and weighted down at the upper side, and at the ends. He was putting pieces of two-by-fours on top of the tarp.

This was where he could use some help. I got busy, and helped him. In about half an hour we had found and placed enough material on top of the tarp that would, hopefully, hold it down in a good stiff wind. I was not too sure, though.

Mike was really ready to come in and cool off.

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I was planning to write a letter to Margaret, but I gave up, because I was too warm and sweaty.

The microphone on the roof was on, and it picked up peculiar sound. I could not make it out. I thought, "Is it a dog barking, or is it a bird?"

The sound was too far apart for a dog, it was more like a bird would hoot, but not like any bird I ever heard. I thought I heard cows mooning, but the windmill makes noises like cows.

I went outside with the field glasses. Sure enough on the road above the draw a couple of cowboys were driving a herd of cattle down from the mountain.

After the sun went down behind the mountain, I changed the sprinklers, but first I got some fertilizer out of the chicken house to put it on the strawberries and the squash vines.

Mike had a full container of bug spray sitting on the lid of the barrel of fertilizer. I put it on the ground, dipped out some fertilizer, and put the container of spray back on the lid of the barrel.

I sprinkled the fertilizer on the strawberries and the squash, and started the sprinklers.

Ever since then my nose has been running a stream. I am sure that in lifting the spray can I got some of the stuff on my hands. I have handled that stuff before, and it caused my nose to

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run, usually for three days. What else it does to the system it is hard to say.

2nd

Mike worked until noon on the upstairs. It was getting hot, but he was sticking with it. In the afternoon he slept for about an hour. Around three-thirty he went out again to work. It was the hottest part of the day, ninety-three degrees with only a slight breeze. He did not work long, because it was too hot.

This morning I made a better connection in the pipe below the pond. I improved the seal to the joint by adding an extra clamp below the joint to which I hooked up a piece of tie wire, and brought it up around the clamp on the joint. I hope it will help keep the joint from coming apart when there is extra pressure in the pipe.

I chopped the vegetables for a salad. Now we are mixing the salad vegetables with corn and string beans, and cooking them for five minutes in the microwave oven. This makes a fine stew.

Mike puts it into his egg batter, and puts slices of cheese on top, and cooks it in a skillet like an omelet.

I got the sprinklers running good tonight. I do not expect the line to come apart like it did last night.

I picked a bucket of cherries, and pulled weeds for about forty-five minutes after the sun went behind the mountain.

Mike finished laying the plate on the southeast wall.

I talked with Dora today. The grasshoppers have eaten Pat's garden, and are starting in on Dora's. She says she is going to quit putting water on the garden because of the grasshoppers. She thinks it would be a waste of water and time.

4th

Yesterday Larry showed up. He brought his little Oliver cat with him. He went up with it to his geode claim to uncover some geodes.

Today he brought an axle down for some welding on it. I changed the wires back to 220 volts so he could use the welder.

Jinny came with him. They have their small trailer house parked by the gate. It must be pretty hot with no place to get out of the heat.

It was ninety-three yesterday. After the sun went down behind the mountain, I did some more grass and weed pulling.

Carl's recorder came in the mail yesterday. I took it down to his place. He and Roy Hair had been fishing on Trout Creek. They made a good catch. Some were quite large. When we fished there with Alvin and his family, the largest were nine inches.

The recorder worked all right. Oma sent a recording with it. She talked steady, giving a lot of news. The voice quality was normal like she was right there.

Carl's garden is growing fine. He will have enough corn and potatoes to feed an army.

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6

I got up later this morning than I did yesterday. The air up to one o'clock seemed cooler. I worked quite a bit in the garden this morning, but this afternoon the temperature rose to ninety-five, and there was no wind. I stayed inside to keep cool.

Mike worked upstairs until noon. Thereafter rested, and had a good sleep.

Around five the temperature began to drop, and a breeze came up. He went to work and kept at it until dark.

I went down into the garden, and carried thistles up from below the garden and placed them under the four apple trees, some on the ground by the trunks, and some hanging down from the first limbs. I hope they will keep the porcupine out of the trees, but maybe his hide is too tough.

It was dark when I finished.

I fried the last of the fish yesterday, then fried ground beef today.

The porcupine seems to be very careful. He does not break many twigs, but gives himself away by removing some bark from the trunks.

I got a letter from Margaret yesterday.

One day this week Ellis checked into the morning net. I thought he was on a trip to Main, but he has been over in the valley visiting his sister, and young Ellis.

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We made contact. He said that he has not made up his mind, or maybe it is his grandson who hasn't made up his mind. Now he thinks he would rather go north. Perhaps the hot weather has changed his mind.

K7ZYD, Dick, thinks he may not have time to come around to the east side of the Steens when they make the trip out this way on the seventh.

10th

This morning Carl came up. The rope on the starter of his lawn mower had broken. He was looking for a rope to replace it. He had the pulley with part of the rope still in it, with him. I removed the rope, and Mike found a rope, with a slightly smaller diameter, that we could use.

We cut off a length about one meter long. I threaded it through the holes, and got the spring under the pulley back into place.

13th

Mike has the frame of the upstairs finished. Now he is putting on the rafters, and has three in place.

Carl got a replacement for the rope starter. He found one at Carl Hair's place, an old model just like his.

I talked with George and Lois today. I told them about the sodium that replaces calcium in their water softening machine.

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I suggested that if they are on a low sodium diet, distilled water might be better for them.

The distilled water does not seem to prevent the leg cramps, but I feel better otherwise. I have been eating squash to hold down the leg cramps. I have cut out the V-E, except last night I took two capsules.

I made jelly out of some June Berries that Carl brought up. I used the recipe for apple juice. It turned out that it calls for about twice as much juice and sugar that can be used for June Berries. I ended boiling down the jelly, and adding two more packages of Sure Jell.

The jelly is soft, and sweeter than normal, but has a good flavor.

Carl brought up four large brook trout yesterday. I do not cook them as well done as I have been cooking fish, but like Carolee does. The bones come out better.

Later I found out that they were cutthroat. The red color through me off. After brook trout are cooked the meat appears pink. The cutthroat cook out white.

14th

This morning I went down to the Alvord Ranch, and put in about one pound into the walk-in cooler. The only person I saw was Frank. I talked with him briefly, but he did not know anything about how the unit was running.

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Loni and Ed must have been away on a trip. There was no one in the cookhouse.

The high today was ninety-two. It seemed hotter, because for the last three days it has been cooler with clouds.

Mike is removing some dirt from the south side of the upstairs, making room for the boards to go on the studs. He has all the rafters nailed up.

I did not get much done in the garden, because of the heat, and losing time at the Alvord Ranch.

It still seemed hot after the sun went down.

I picked thirty apricots off the big apricot tree. Wasps had eaten holes in most of them. Some of the greenest were not touched, but the riper ones were nearly all destroyed. I used the picker to reach the high ones. We may get four or five ripe peaches out of the green ones that I brought in and left on the table.

I called Dora this evening. She said that Noreen was there with her children. They were having a barbecue out on the lawn. I thought she said there were nine kids, but I must have heard wrong.

I should be writing a letter to Dorothy right now.

It seems more difficult to do any writing. I will have to talk myself into it.

19th

I went to Burns today with Carl. He drove the Japanese-made-Chevrolet truck that Oma bought. On the gravel road he kept his speed down around forty-five. We made it to the highway in about an hour and fifteen minutes.

I usually make it about an hour.

We left here around seven-fifteen, and we were in Burns by nine-forty-five. It made the full time about two and a half hours, about par for the trip. There were no delays for cattle in the road, which was the case when I made the trip on the eighth.

The weather going was cool enough, and although we started back at ten minutes to eleven the return trip was very hot. There was no way I could sit to get out of the sun.

We got back here at one-thirty, too early for the mail. I drove down for it at two-thirty to get it.

I got a thirty-two ounce mop at the place near Tiller's. They did not have a handle large enough for it, but the woman who waited on me was undaunted. She stuffed the mop into a mop stick for a smaller mop. It did not fit the way it should, but I can use the mop with it.

21st

The temperature stayed warm all night. It was seventy-three at six this morning.

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Mike called me at five this morning. He said that there was a one ringer.

I came over and listened and called on 3,980, and on 3,935.5, but there was no one on the air. I checked 14,340, and 14,320. Nothing.

I think Mike might have heard the last ring of a call, or someone had started to call someone, and found that they had the wrong number, and hung on the first ring.

Mike said that he was nearly awake and heard only one ring.

I asked him, "How many times did you call me?"

He said, "Two times."

I said, "I heard you just once. As a matter of fact all I heard was, 'Can you hear me?'"

After breakfast I went down in the garden and changed the sprinklers. I thought of digging up more weeds with the shovel, but did not feel up to it. I came back up and laid down. I told Mike it must be the weather. "It feels like there is a big storm coming. Maybe we will have a thunder storm that will dump enough water to make up for the long dry spell."

He said, "If it does it will be like a cloud burst, and we could be washed down into Indian Creek."

Mike wants to go to town tomorrow for two-by-fours. I hope the weather is better than it is today.

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I found two red apples on the June Apple tree. One appeared to have a worm in it. It was not ripe, but these apples are mellow while still on the green side. They even have better flavor when a bit green.

This evening I brought the pickup down here, and worked on the choke. The linkage on the rear vacuum break was off at the choke end. It took me a long time to find a way to get the linkage hooked up.

It gave my knees a workout. Squatting under the hood they were kept doubled up.

The weather turned out as I had hoped. Cooler temperatures, and a stiff breeze.

Anyway, the choke is working like it should.

23rd

Yesterday morning it was overcast, and when I got up at seven it was sprinkling. Carl came up at seven-thirty. He brought up a bucket of beets with the tops still on. While he was here the little showers of sprinkling rain became strong.

After he left, Mike thought it would be prudent to put tarps over the upstairs, since without a roof the floor would get wet. I helped him, and by the time the tarps on and weighted down, the rain was getting heavier. It looked like we would have a real storm.

However, it stopped shortly after nine, and we got only six-hundredths of an inch of precipitation out of it.

The rest of the day was nice and cool, so we felt more like working.

Mike worked on the tanks that would hold the soil for the, hoped for, greenhouse.

I shoveled away at the weeds in the garden, but I did take it easy as I had planned. I got more done than I thought I would at the first.

I was thinking about the leg cramps during the night, and I came up with an idea. I figured that maybe I should run a little to limber up my legs.. For best results I considered that I should lift my feet up high on each forward step, bending my knees then coming down on my foot with a sharp whack to propel myself forward.

Running in this fashion, I made rather slow progress out to the point. After passing over the point, going down the hill, I could feel my legs relaxing, and the running became easier. I went only as far as the turn. Walking back up I continued lifting my feet high.

When I got back to the dugout, my feet felt fine.

In case my theory was right, I refrained from taking V-E before going to bed. I woke up around twelve-thirty with no sign

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of cramps, not even in my toes. The same at two-thirty, and at four.

When I got up at seven, there was a slight tendency for my toes to cramp, but no problem.

The weather is warmer again. Carl helped Mike this morning, which gave Mike a good start for the day

We will go to Burns tomorrow. The weather reports are for a hot day.