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3rd

During the night a strong wind came up, and the weather stayed warm all day. When I got up, the temperature was forty-three. The sun came out, and the temperature got up to forty-six. The snow melted fast enough to cause water to run down the road. The precipitation that we had yesterday only amounted to seven-hundredth of an inch, but it was some help in causing the water to run in the wheel tracks. Melting snow in the sagebrush above the road, especially at the point, was the main contributor. It is this snow that keeps things wet. If the precipitation in December had been rain, the road would have dried out sooner.

Today I read the Reader's Digest Condensed Book, so I didn't get much done. I was late tuning in for John and Bud. I heard Duane talking to Johnny, but I couldn't hear Johnny. Quite often I can hear Duane when I cant hear Johnny or Bud.

I changed the charts at the recording weather station. The high out there was fifty.

Going down for the mail I found that the water running from the point continued passed the turn at the bottom of the hill. Farther down water seeped in from the sagebrush so there was running water all the way to the end of the shale path.

Because of the rough road I did not try to run, but walked all the way. Half way down I took off my jacket. I was perspiring and the wind from south made me almost uncomfortably cool.

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The mail consisted of a Whitney catalog, a new telephone book, the Ruralite, the telephone bill, an add for the Oregon Times, my Social Security check, and a letter from the Agricultural Experiment Center at Squaw Butte. The Center wanted a report on our temperatures highs and lows for December and January, also the amount precipitation. There was a self addressed card to fill out.

I got out the grinder and ground the steak I cooked the other day and made a hash. It disappeared pretty fast.

I prepared some milk to sour this morning, and put it in the oven. The light in the oven is out. Without it I have to, from time to time turn on the heat in the oven just long enough to keep it warm. I did it one last time, and forgot about it. The milk did not get hot, but the rim around the top of the plastic pot melted down almost to the milk. I rescued it just in time. The milk is okay, but the pot is ruined.

For several days I let the dishes go, and tonight I had a big job washing them.

Mike called Charlie tonight.

6th

This morning I got up at ten-thirty. I surprised myself by doing ten pushups. Several weeks ago it was hard to do three at the first try, then I couldn't do more than six on a second try.

Yesterday morning I was able to do eight. I have been taking extra amounts of V-E lately, and yesterday I even took a greater amount.

When I got over to the dugout I easily did one chin up. Prior to this morning for several weeks I haven't been able to get my chin over the bar. Even then the effort in trying, left a feeling of stress in my shoulders. This time I did the chin up easily, and felt no stress.

Night before last I lay awake most of the night I was plagued with a, might have been. I couldn't shake it from my mind. I thought of many things I could have done, and should have done to bring the, might have been, to a reality, I kept saying to myself, "Well, it's too late now. Forget about it." But I would still recall in vivid memory the train of events, and my forever regrettable bungling.

However, last night I was not bothered with such a severe case of remembering, and slept quite well. My sleep was filled with strange, and unusual dreams. They were very interesting, and I should try to write them down.

Mike has the walls up to the new-four-foot section of the back room. Yesterday I helped him a little.

I made a check out for the phone bill. It was higher than I had expected. Two calls to Charlie accounted for most of the

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extra charge. One time when I called him, I had Mike come to the phone to talk with him. I think Mike thought the call was from Charlie, and did not make an effort to end the conversation. Anyway, the long distance calls are not high priced comparing them with our local calls. The bill would be around ten dollars if we made no calls at all. Actually we make only a few local calls a month. The calls to Bend, Berkeley, West Point, and Michigan are the important and satisfying ones. The cost rarely go higher than our minimum charge.

We had .03 inches of rain last night, and it rained most of the day, but so lightly there will probably be no more than .10 inches in the rain gauge in the morning. It rained the hardest while I was making the round trip to the mailbox. There was water running down the road, and enough on the surface of the ground to keep the mud from being sticky. I took the pack board, because we are expecting a package any day. There was no package, only the News and World Report, the climatology report for the month of November, and the Grit.

We both went through them before bedtime.

I checked into the Oregon Emergency Net, and made contact with Ellis. He is leaving for the Valley tomorrow, and will be back Friday. I asked him if he did some flying over our place this morning, and told him about a plane and a helicopter that

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had flown low here early this morning. He said it wasn't him, and he didn't think there was any coyote hunting from helicopters being done right now.

A couple of times yesterday I tried to call Dora, and again today. There was no answer.

My dreams last night escape me for the most part. A bit of one remains:- I stood watching a crowd of people lined up in front of a store, waiting for the doors to open. Somehow or other I was able to enter the store ahead of the crowd. I went through several departments, looking at articles of merchandise, and I especially remember examining some woolen suits. However, I did not buy anything. Then I went into a part of the building where the public were not allowed.

Here there was a large open floor-space with no furniture, and the only obstructions were large pillars quite far apart. Some workers were waxing the floor. They paid no attention to me, but went about their work as though I wasn't there. The floor was so slick, I started doing some dance steps, then slid around on it as though I was ice skating. I did not keep it up very long, but went on into other parts of the building. Where to, I don't remember.

10th

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I slept quite well last night, although it was after one o'clock before I went to sleep. This morning I was only able to do eight pushups. Apparently the V-E did not give me that extra strength the other day.

I got up around ten o'clock, and before I could eat breakfast, Mike brought out a wheelbarrow full of dirt. I wheeled it up the road, and thereafter wheeled ten more.

We had gotten a good pile of dirt picked down yesterday. I had given Mike a surprise. While he was down in the ditch cutting some two-by-fours, I picked down a big pile of dirt. He did not look back there until late in the evening.

16th

Mike was up and had wheeled out five loads of dirt by the time I got to the dugout. He had a load at the door when I entered. I took over and wheeled it up the road, and dumped it at the usual place. The ground was frozen hard which made it easier than it was yesterday when the trail was soft. Today we got out twelve loads.

Around noon Bill called from the Alvord Ranch. He had three packages for us. One was from Gurney. He wanted to be sure that we knew about the package of seeds, and he said that maybe we should come down and get them today instead of waiting until tomorrow.

We did not know how heavy the packages would be, but, since there was a roll of copper wire, besides the seeds, I thought there might be as much as forty pounds of stuff. I did not want to pack that much up the hill on that muddy road. I felt that I was getting enough exercise as it was. We went out to the point to start the tractor.

The temperature was about thirty. Mike was grinding away with the starter, and I began to think that we would have to put the charger on the battery. The charger was hooked up to the battery on Fred's old car. I went over and took it off, and was about to bring it over to the tractor. The tractor motor stuttered and started.

The charger had been on Fred's car long enough. I rolled up the extension cord and carried it and the charger down to the dugout. Mike drove the tractor down to gas up.

We had trouble getting the gas pump to work. Mike thought it was because the gas barrel was almost empty. I knew better. Loosening the hose connection to the pump nozzle lessened the back pressure and let the pump prime itself. When the gas started spurting out the cracked connection, I tightened the connection and we had gas flowing out of the end of the hose. Somehow the hose slipped out of the gas tank of the tractor and poured out over the motor that was running. Thinking of the

danger of fire, I yelled, "Shut off the engine." He was already reaching for the switch.

When we started down the hill it was snowing, not hard enough, though, to keep the tires from picking up mud. Along the side of the lower draw they picked up a great deal. We had intended to fill the box on the tractor full of gravel from a pile Hair had left near the mailbox. Since it was late and snowing, we decided not to load the gravel and come back without it.

The tractor almost stalled on the first steep grade. Mud had balled up on the right big wheel and was packing between the wheel and the fender. We made it up all right, and stopped at the gate that we now keep closed. I cleaned some mud off the wheel with a shovel. Along the lower draw mud built up more and more on both wheels. At the head of the draw the left wheel was turning so hard it pulled the tractor off the road to the left. Using the shovel I kept poking at the mud and managed to dislodge some. Here there was snow to drive on and it helped free the wheels. Mike was able to drive back onto the road.

It was five o'clock when we got back to the dugout. It probably would have taken me that long if I had hiked down and brought the packages up on my pack board. I would have been pretty tired, though.

Before we headed down the hill, I had put a chicken in the oven at a temperature of 325. Now at the end of two hours it was well browned and looked done enough. Still I put in the pressure cooker and cooked it another hour. It came out cooked to pieces, but, at least, it was tender.

18th

This morning I was up before eight-thirty. Mike had already wheeled out a great deal of dirt, and was headed toward the door with another. I wheeled it on out and up the road. Thereafter we continued until we had cleaned up all that had been picked down. I gave Mike a rest by shoveling up a couple of the loads.

We were through by nine-thirty, which was a good thing, because the ground was beginning to get soft. The temperature was thirty-eight, and the sun shown most of the time. It has a lot of power now to warm things up.

I did some more reading in an old Readers Digest Condensed Book. I had read the book years ago, but I scarcely remembered the stories. I also read through the Grit, and the Popular Mechanics.

From time to time Mike would work with the pick, and I pitched in also. Tonight we have a bigger pile of dirt than yesterday. I'm sure the ground will be too soft to wheel any out in the morning. We are now back past the four-foot measurement that will allow us to shore up another section.

19th

This morning I was up before seven-thirty. Mike said he had wheeled out five loads by the time I got over to the dugout. The ground had frozen slightly, even though the temperature only got down to thirty-five. Evaporation had caused the ground to freeze. Thus the early work. We knew the ground would soften up early. I wheeled out four loads, then the ground was too soft to go up the road.

I prepared a place to dump the dirt near the donkey house. Here the snow was about a foot deep. I shoveled some of the snow over the bank, and placed a plank in a position from which I could tip the wheelbarrow over the edge. Now there was a short haul down hill instead of up. We had all the dirt hauled out by eight-thirty.

I did considerable reading today. Mike rested more today so we did not get much dirt picked down. Anyway, we are ready to level off the floor, and put down some plywood before shoring up the section.

Bruce called this morning. He said they planned to come out this weekend. The temperature in Bend was fifty-six. I told him about our snow, and that we hoped it would disappear fast with the warm air and sunshine.

24th

I called Mike to the phone. I didn't know what Bruce was saying, but I suggested to Mike that we could go down with the tractor and pick them up at the gate, also that, if the weather kept up the way it is, we might have the road ready for them to drive up.

I think that Carolee came to the phone. From Mike's comments, it sounded as though they have discontinued the house plant part of the business, probably, because Carolee has to go to Klamath Falls every week and doesn't have time to go to Portland to purchase house plants.

George called this afternoon. He said that the weather down there was fine, warm with sunshine. Mae called him today. She said that she was doing okay.

I made tapioca pudding today, having soaked the tapioca overnight. I ate a big portion of it, so it won't last long.

I didn't drink any buttermilk today. I had some milk with a biscuit and with rice.

I didn't break in on John and Bud at noon, although the signals were good. Bud was saying that in search of the truth religion was a great handicap. Also he said that without man's brain there would be no mysteries. Animals cannot conceive of mystery.

John was saying that we cannot see things as they really are, because we lack sufficient facts. He said, "When we talk with another ham on the air, we form an idea of what he looks like, then when we finally meet him, we find that the image of him in our mind doesn't match the ham we see."

I had no desire to join the philosophers corner this day. The talk seems to go in circles. With Bud's remarks about wanting to find the truth, he appears to be in a world of unreality himself. He seems to think that man can get away from superstition.

23rd

Monday was a bright sunny day, and quite warm. The snow melted fast. Tuesday was another good day. When I went down for the mail, I found the road nearly dry all the way. We could have used the tractor to smooth it up from Indian Creek turnoff down to the mailbox. The first steep grade from here and the turnoff was muddy. I was satisfied that by Wednesday afternoon we could drive the tractor down.

Wednesday I looked out at a heavy wet fog. The ground was wet from it, and there was .03 inches of precipitation in the rain gauge. The fog hung on all day. Going for the mail, I found the road no drier than Friday.

Most of the day it was barely above freezing. When I got up this morning at eight o'clock, it was thirty-two. I was disappointed with the weather, after it had been so promising at the first of the week.

I watched the altimeter. It was down to 4500 feet. Around ten o'clock, it had moved up to 4600 feet. Before noon the fog started to lift. I was talking with John, Bud, and Duane at the time, and told them that it looked like we had a break in the weather here. All of them had sunshine and warm weather.

By two-thirty the temperature was up to forty-nine, and the sun shown brightly, also there was a slight breeze. We went out and removed the box from the tractor, and hooked the blade on. Now we have the tractor ready to work on the road.

To get passed the first muddy stretch, Mike will not take the road, but will go around through sagebrush. Even out there the ground is soft, but the sagebrush will prevent the buildup of mud on the wheels.

Tonight the altimeter is up to 4800 feet, and the temperature is thirty-nine.

This morning, probably after daybreak, I heard heavy foot steps approaching my bedroom. I wasn't quite awake, and tried to rouse myself. There was a thud against the building, and someone called out with a loud shout. I thought that the door might burst

open. Still I could not come fully awake. I could neither move nor make a sound.

Instead of waking up, I went back into deeper sleep, being now able to move in my dream. I got up and saw that the door was still closed. Instead of the wooden door there was a glass door with a shade pulled down over it. I lifted the side of the shade and looked out. There were bright lights in the dugout, and there was no sign of anyone in my bedroom. Somehow I was satisfied that there was nothing amiss.

Later, still dreaming, I was preparing to go over to the dugout. My door was open. Looking out I saw a car on the road along the draw. A woman with a little boy was in it. They were looking straight into my bedroom door. The boy seemed to be around two and a half or three years old. Apparently he wanted to see the building I was in. They got out of the car, the boy leading the way.

When I saw them coming, I hurriedly straightened up the blankets on my bed. As they came up, I said, "This is my bedroom."

They came in the door. The woman looked the room over, but made no comment.

In the dream I seemed to know her, but she and the boy were no one I know in my waking life.

Today I worked on the clock that runs the hydro thermograph chart. It stopped twice this week. The last time I couldn't get it started, so I brought it down to the dugout.

I have been reluctant to take it apart, because should I lose a part, or break one, I don't have a replacement. However, I took a chance. I took the cover off the mainspring barrel, and added some fresh oil to the spring.

The balance and escapement are in a separate assembly from the train. With this assembly removed, I was able to check the running of the train. It seemed to be free, and with the new oil in the mainspring barrel, and I thought the spring was rewinding more freely.

I replaced the balance and escape assembly, and put some tension on the mainspring. I gave the balance wheel a start. It did not have a good swing, and even came to a stop. There was nothing left to do but remove the balance wheel, and oil the bearing jewels. This I succeeded in doing without breaking a pivot.

With the wheel back in place, the motion was better, but not satisfactory. However, a touch of oil on the roller jewel overcame the sluggishness.

I have the movement back in the cylinder, and ready to try again.

The reason I set down the dream about someone banging on my bedroom, was partly because Mike had a similar type of dream at about the same time in the morning.

When we were getting our separate breakfasts, Mike said, "This morning, after daylight, I was awakened by someone calling my name. I could hear it being called just as plain as day. After I woke up, I listened, but I didn't hear anything more. I could have sworn someone called."

I told him about my dream, and said, "Well, we will have to watch events to see if there is anything to it."

24th

This morning I was up at seven-thirty. I found that I could only do four pushups, one more than yesterday. I have bursitis in my shoulders that saps my strength when it comes to pushups and chin ups. This does not bother me for situps and running.

We did not have a lot of dirt picked down to wheel out. Mike has been truing the walls of the next four-foot section, getting ready to shore it up. After breakfast he was getting ready to go to the point to start the tractor. Before putting on his coat, he opened the door, and I saw that he intended to wheel out the load of dirt. I said, "I'll do that."

He said, "I want to run it up the road for a warm up before riding the tractor." He went up the road with it instead of going the short haul to the draw.

The tractor started without a lot of cranking. Mike decided to go on the road instead of out through the sagebrush the way he had planned last night. The wheels on the right side picked up a good load of mud, but those on the left side were on the shale where it was dry. I walked along behind to see how he would make out through the muddy zone passed the Indian-Creek turnoff. At the curve at the bottom of the grade the ground was dry. This gave the wheels a chance to shed the mud.

From there on the mud was not bad. Just passed the Indian-Creek turnoff he stopped and adjusted the blade to pull dirt in from the left side. I walked backed to the dugout. Mike thought that Carolee might call, and one of us should stay in the dugout in case she did.

I was planning to make bread, but, before I got started the power went off. It was after three by the time Mike came down to the dugout with the tractor. He had the two sacks of grain that Ellis had left beside the road. We put it into a barrel near the A.C. generator.

The power came back on a few minutes before Mike got here. He said that he was going to rest a while, and then

ride the tractor down to get the mail. He left it out in front, ate a lunch and went to bed, and slept about an hour.

Then we went out and gassed up the tractor. The one barrel of gas that was left was nearly empty. We couldn't get the tractor in close, because the ground was wet. So, we pumped the gas into a five-gallon can, and filled the tank from that. It was just as well. The funnel we use has a screen in it, and it caught quite a bit of dirt. While Mike was pouring the first five gallons into the tractor I filled another can. Then filled the can he had just emptied. Thus we got fifteen gallons out of the barrel and it was empty.

We loaded the two empty barrels into the bucket of the tractor and took them out to the pickup. If we go to town tomorrow they will be with us, but I'm not sure there will be anyone at the bulk plant to fill them.

When Mike came back with the mail, he said that the road had dried out a lot more, and he did a better job with the blade than he did the first time. He said, "I think Bruce can drive up the hill now."

Since it was doubtful that the bulk plant would be open, Mike wanted to wait until Monday. He said, "If we do go we'll have to take the barrels out of the pickup."

I said, "Well, we could leave them lying down."

He said, "With the two spare wheels there isn't enough room to lay the barrels down."

I said, "We used to with the spare wheels in there." Before bedtime I had adjusted to the idea of going to town Monday. Then, after "Mystery Theater", while I was putting on my coat to come over here to my bedroom, Mike asked, "Are you all set to go to Burns in the morning?"

I said, "Well, I thought we were going to wait until Monday because of the gas situation."

He said, "You said we could leave the barrels in the pickup, so I thought you wanted to go tomorrow."

I said, "Now we'll see in the morning. It might be raining."

Once during the evening I said, "You would be surprised if some time in the night you were awakened by Bruce calling your name."

"I sure would."

As to the avocado that I transplanted to a pot, several shoots seem to be developing, but their growth is so slow I'm not sure. Today I put some grains of phosphate compound, a grain of permanganate of potassium, and some pellets of ammon-nitrate on top of the soil in the pot. I figure that when I water the plant some minerals will dissolve and percolate down into the soil.

In a dream last night I was in my early twenties. I was the only one in the family that wasn't working. I wondered how I could get a job. I thought of some of the things I could do. Perhaps I could start up a clock shop. If I could only get a job. Everyone was making such high wages, as much as ten dollars an hour. If I could make that much in a day I would be satisfied.

Last night I slept my usual broken sleep. Every time I woke up the persistent ache in my right shoulder seemed to be worse. The slight headache above the outer corner of my right eye remained the same. For a while I could get back to sleep for a short time. Finally I couldn't sleep at all. This was after daylight. I didn't have my watch with me, so could only judge the time by how long it was since daybreak. If the sun had been shining I could have made a good guess, but there were clouds hiding it in the east.

I thought of how I give my legs a good workout running down the hill and then walking back up. That exercise seemed to keep any rheumatic condition from developing in my legs. I figured I should try to exercise my arms and shoulders more vigorously over a period of time of at least thirty minutes.

So besides doing some situps I did some arm exercises, but no pushups. The kind of exercise I intended to do are call isometric. I would clasp my hands, and tense my arm and shoulder muscles in the direction to pull them apart, the while moving my

my arms back and forth in front. Then I would change to tensing the muscles in the direction of pushing my hands against each other, while moving my arms in the same motion.

However, I probably got in no more than fifteen minutes of the exercise. The shoulder ache subsided a little, but the headache remained the same. Nothing unbearable, just an inconvenience. I did not try any pushups, thinking I would try them before I went to bed tonight, and see if I could do any better.

I thought that it was not yet eight o'clock, and, if I got dressed right away, we might go to Burns after all. I took a peak at the sky through the window. There were scattered clouds. The temperature in the room was forty-two, the same as it was when I went to bed. I rubbed some of the special lotion on my feet and toes and between the toes. Then applied some under my arms. It sure is a good disinfectant and deodorant. I put on clean underwear, and a pair of clean socks.

I got out a clean shirt, but I didn't put it on, but carried it over to the dugout where I could put it on in case we went to town.

I checked the weather station. The low last night was thirty-eight. The wind last night must have been a dry one, because the surface of the ground was slightly frozen. This in contrast to the mornings when there was a heavy fog, then, although the temperature was down to twenty-nine, the ground was not frozen.

Mike was eating his breakfast. I went back to where he was eating his breakfast, saying to him, "What do you think about going to town?"

He said, "Well, maybe we should. Have you had breakfast?"

"No. I'm not eating breakfast this morning. I've been eating too much lately"

He had to put in his eyes, and shave. While he was doing that I went up and read the power meter, came back down and made out the bill. With the discount it was \$32.88. So it was less than last month.

I changed into my Chukka shoes, put on the blue shirt, and was ready go. The phone rang. It was Dora calling. She said that she had tried to reach us yesterday.

I said, "That's strange. I never heard the phone ring, and we were expecting a call from Bruce, so I stayed around the place pretty close."

"Anyway, what I called about is this, I understand that you have maps showing the location of small parcels of land in the district around here. Frank's two sons would like to find a piece of land where they could set their trailer house. They like it out here, and would like a place to stop from time to time. Maybe Frank could come up there to look at them, or maybe you could bring them down here."

I said, "Well, we are about to leave for Burns."

"You are? Well, would you stop at the Farm Supply and see if they sent some cracked corn down with Henry Blair. Henry was supposed to bring some down for Pat yesterday, but never showed up."

I agreed to see what I could find out, and we would get some cracked corn for Pat if it hadn't already been sent down. We could get to Pat's tomorrow, and would bring the maps down for Frank to look at. I told her about how they would have to go to the courthouse to get the addresses.

We put our two plastic cups and a couple of spoons into a sack. Mike filled a small thermos bottle with his tea. We filled the big thermos with hot water. I made sure I had my list, and my four checks. I figured I would cash two of the checks, and deposit the other two into the checking account. Mike had some checks with him also.

The pickup started without any trouble. Mike drove going plenty fast down the hill. He asked, "How do you like the way I smoothed up the road?"

"It looks good. It sure is a big improvement." Before we got down the hill, I checked the time on my watch. It was seven past nine.

At the gate I got out and opened it, and closed it again after he went through. The closed gate discourages people who are curious as to where the road goes, from going past it.

As we started I checked the mileage on the odometer, thinking that later when we got back I would check the reading, to see how far we went.

The county road was in good condition. Hair had worked on it when it was wet, and while it was drying out, so it was quite smooth. After we passed Pike Creek, we saw a car coming toward us. It was a compact. The woman driving it was short, and when she went by, I thought of Carolee and Bruce. I said, "Maybe that was Carolee. That wasn't the color of their car, though. It was more like the color of Betsy's car."

I looked back. The car appeared to come to a stop. I said, "It looks like they are stopping."

Before I mentioned this, Mike said, "Shall we turn around?"

"No. Let's keep on going." But seeing that the car had stopped, I said, "Well, let's turn around."

By the time we were turned around, the car was on the move again, kicking up dust. Mike said, "Maybe they thought we didn't stop, and are going on up to the dugout, anyway."

"Maybe so."

Up ahead we could see dust rising near the hot springs. Then when we got to the hot springs, we could see no dust farther down the road toward Serrano Point. We thought they must have turned off to go up the hill. We turned off the county road. As we went

up the hill we could see no tracks other than the ones we made coming down. Still we weren't too sure. We drove all the way to the gate. At that point the evidence was clear. There were no other tracks on the road but ours.

The reason that we thought it was Carolee or Betsy was partly due to the fact we had been thinking of them. That the car had stopped was just a coincidence.

Now it was nine-thirty-one when we crossed the cattle guard headed for Burns. I watched the speedometer a good deal, because by the sound of the motor I could tell we were making more than forty-five miles an hour. It was more like fifty, and sometimes above. On the gravel road I like to stay below forty-five, because at higher speeds there is danger of small rocks going right through a tire. This happened to me twice when I was going over fifty.

I believe Mike wasn't conscious of how fast he was going, but probably was thinking of other things. I mentioned once that he did not need to go so fast. He slowed down for a while, but later the speed crept up again. I said nothing. On the pavement, at first he drove at the same speed as on the gravel. After we got over the summit he drove faster, and got up to the speed limit of fifty-five.

26th

We had a fine trip to Burns, and got back up the hill without trouble. My slight headache and the shoulder trouble were still with me when we got home. We left the pickup out at the point, and came down with our arms loaded with a few things.

The first thing I did when I got into the dugout was to make a cup of weak coffee, hoping it might ease the headache. It did not.

I took the wheelbarrow out to the truck. Mike took the groceries out of the box, and handed them to me, and I loaded the wheelbarrow. There was more than enough for one load.

After the second load with everything hauled down, I got out the chunk of sharp-cheddar cheese that we brought home, and sliced off a piece. I ate this with one of the cinnamon roles. Not long after my headache left, and my shoulders felt better. I cannot imagine that the cheese made the difference.

It is difficult to relate something that I eat to changes in my physical condition. Perhaps there was some type of protein missing in my diet. There it was in the cheese. Maybe yes, and maybe no.

This morning I did eight pushups. Quite a difference from the three I did last night with difficulty. Lately there has been a resurgence of talk about the value of pollen to improve the performance of athletes. It is claimed that a protein in the pollen is of special benefit.

It was a good thing we went to town yesterday. This morning it was snowing a wet snow, and by eight-thirty there was water running everywhere.

I called Dora and told her that if someone would come up to our mailbox, we would bring the cracked corn for Pat down on the tractor. She said that it wasn't so important, and could wait a while. Pat had enough wheat for the chickens for the time being. There wasn't anyone there that could come up after the corn.

She said it was raining down there.

I didn't hear Bud and John at noon, although the skip seemed to be okay for Oregon. I heard several QSO stations on the eighty meter band.

John was on schedule at five o'clock. He said the computer arrived without the instruction book. He and Myron were able program a game on the computer.

He had to take the back off, and install a fan to blow air over the components, because the computer would quit when it got too hot. He figured that it was just one of the chips that was giving the trouble.

We didn't do much today on account or the weather. Mike started thrashing out a box of Indian wheat that we have had on hand for about three years. It is a slow process by hand.

This afternoon I tried calling Carolee, but the receiver was off the hook at the Mann Lake Ranch. I could hear the kids making a fuss, and one time their mother said, "Eat what you have on your plate, and be glad you've got that much."

I hollered and whistled into our phone, but got no results from the other end. The sounds of the kids would come and go as though there might be a door between them and the phone.

About eight o'clock I found the phone working, so I called Carolee. When she answered, I told her we had worked on the road, and were able to get to town.

I asked how they were doing.

She said, "We are keeping busy working." I called Mike out from his office, and turned the phone over to him. He seemed to enjoy talking with her, although he himself wouldn't have phoned her. He said, "I'll write you a letter."

Later I phoned George. He said that his back wasn't giving him so much trouble. He can shop at Safeway's with no difficulty. He has been using the axe to trim the little pine trees that Sam cut down for him. He will burn the trashy branches in a heap, and will use the small trunks in the fireplace.

I was glad to hear that his back was better, and the bursitis in his shoulders, that he complained about last week, was gone. When he used to tell about the arthritis in his back, he would say, "It will go away one of these days."

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1

14th

was a crack on the hinge side that let the wire come out. We had brought the power-extension cord on a reel with us. Reeling it out, I brought the reel up the ladder, and plugged in the soldering iron. We had some wire for an antenna with us. I soldered it to the old antenna.

Mike was there to help me, and we were going to fasten one end of the antenna to a tree across the driveway. Before he could find a place to attach it to the tree, I went inside to see if the coil was doing any good. It wasn't working. I went out and told Mike we would come back another day with a new coil. We didn't hook the antenna to the tree.

I put Dora's ladder into the pickup, and we drove over to her place. Mike put away the ladder, and I went inside with Dora's Mainland-China's-portable radio that I had used to check the coil at Pat's. Putting it back in its place, I said, "Where do you plug this in?"

She said, "I'll plug it in. What did you want the radio for?"

"To check the coil at Pat's."

Before I left, I asked, "By the way, where are my gloves?" About a year ago I left a pair at her place. I had called on the phone to find out if they were there. They were, and she said that she would put them away until I could come and get them.

She went to a drawer in the kitchen and got them out saying, "It's a wonder I remembered where they were."

I was up and over to the dugout by eight-forty-five. The Civil-Defense Net was over already. Loreen must have been the net control, because she gets through faster than anyone else. It looked like it would be a hot day for March. The high turned out to be sixty-nine.

I mopped the floor this morning, going over it twice. We planned to go down to Pat's to pick up the roosters that she was going to catch last night. It was noon before we were ready to go. Some time in the morning, Mike had suggested that the pickup must be nearly out of gas. I was sure we had plenty to go down there and back. To prove it I went out and turned the key so the needle on the gauge would show. In order to let Mike see the gauge I stepped back out of his way. He leaned in the door, looked at the gauge and was satisfied. We went back into the dugout.

I forgot about the key still being turned on. When I tried to start the motor at noon, the battery was run down. I put the charger on the battery. Right afterward the power went off without our noticing it. After the charger had been on long enough, I again tried to start the motor. There wasn't enough charge in the battery to crank it. I was surprised, and checked the needle on the meter. It was at zero. Then I realized the power was off.

I remembered it going off. There had been a sudden cessation of power noises. I had laid it to the deep freezer stopping. We had already turned off the radio and the lights. Mike said, "We could change batteries. Maybe the power will be off all afternoon."

I said, "I don't think so." I tried to phone Dunsmore, but the phone was dead. I decided to take a nap, and turned on the radio switch so it would wake me when the power came on. I heard Mike lay down on his bed. I was sleeping soundly when the radio came on. The power had been off half an hour. I went out and hooked up the charger. The needle showed a one-amp charge.

At that rate it would take too long to put enough juice in the battery to start the motor soon enough to go to Pat's. I decided to change batteries as Mike had suggested. In trying to loosen the bolt holding the connector to the battery cable, I broke the connector. It was old and fragile. Mike took the battery out, then brought another one from the furnace room. I tested it with the voltmeter. It had very little voltage at the terminals. I tested two other old batteries. They were also down. So we put the battery back in.

Now the job was to put a new connector onto the battery lead. I discovered that the old connector, besides being held on

by studs, it was soldered. There was some solder around the head of one of the studs. I cut it away with a knife. Using a socket wrench on the stud, and holding the broken stud with a pair of vice grips, we got the stud loosened and out. On the other one the wrench stripped the head of the stud. Using another pair of vice grips on the head of the stud we got it out. There was still the solder to contend with. Mike said, "Get the propane torch."

A breeze had come up, but I got the torch lit in the lee of the hood. Soon I had the connector unsoldered. I scraped the wire bright, also the connector that Mike brought out.

While I was completing the hookup of the battery, Mike went out to the point and started the tractor. He brought it down and hooked a tow chain to the pickup. We got all the tools picked up, putting most of them in the utility box on the pickup. I closed the hood and got in. I had the pickup in high gear. When we were in motion I let in the clutch. The motor started and ran erratic until I realized that being in high gear the motor speed was too slow to keep it running good. I through out the clutch and it ran smoothly.

Mike was looking back at times, watching the chain. In low gear I tried to match the speed of the tractor and keep the chain loose. I thought Mike would see the loose chain and know that the pickup motor was running. I thought, "Well, that's all right. We'll stop out at the point."

When we got out there, it appeared that Mike was going to head right on down the hill. I hollered trying to make him hear over the noise of the tractor. He finally looked back at me, and saw me waving to stop, so he did. He unhooked the chain from the tractor, and drove around to his parking place. I unhooked the chain from the pickup, and put it in the back.

Mike came over. I said, "I want to go back down to the dug-out and test with the voltmeter to see if the alternator is working."

He said, "We should get that letter off to the senator. The mail will be down there by the time we get back from Pat's." He got in and I backed down to the furnace room. I intended to leave the motor running while I tested the alternator. If it wasn't working and I shut the motor off, we would have another tow job. However, out of force of habit, I turned off the key. Right away I turned the key to start. The battery had plenty of power.

I said, "Well, the alternator is working for sure."

19th

We got down to Pat's, and sacked the seven roosters she had put in a cage for us. Pat said, "I made pies this morning. Come in and have some. I was lucky. The power went off just after I took them out of the oven"

She had two kinds of pies, Pineapple and Cream. Don got plates for us. We each had a piece of Pineapple. That was all I wanted, but Mike reached over and pulled the Cream pie over in front of him. There was about one third of the pie left. He ate it out of the tin. I wondered if he realized what he was doing, because he isn't supposed to eat sweet stuff.

Pat and Mike contended with each other in their complaints about the government. It was a sort of shouting match. Several times I tried to break in and say something. Mike would out shout me. I shouted, "I'm talking." but couldn't be heard. I grinned at Don, and shrugged my shoulders.

There came a period of silence. I said, "Now that congress has given the Panama Canal to Panama--"

Pat interrupted me. She said, "We aren't giving it back to them. They never owned it in the first place."

I said, "That's right. Anyway, since they are giving it to them, it is time that Oregon demanded the land and the forests that the government is withholding from it."

Pat said, "That's right. All of the land claimed by the Federal Government belongs to the states."

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1

6th

There was four inches of snow on the ground this morning. It was still snowing lightly when I came over to the dugout. All morning and into the afternoon some snow fell, but only enough to put two-hundredth of an inch of water in the rain gauge. By noon the snow was nearly all gone. This afternoon looking down the road from the point, I could see that there was no snow on the road. There were streams of water running in the wheel tracks.

We are hoping that the road will dry out enough so that we can go to Bend Saturday. Mike says that we can come back the same day after attending Jerry and Margaret's fiftieth wedding anniversary.

We couldn't work outside today, and we don't have the exercise room operating now, so I spent a restless day, reading and doing a few chores around the place. I got out the sewing machine, and put hems in the legs of my new trousers. I did out a laundry, and hung it on the line. After it was there a few hours, I brought half of it in, and ran it through the dryer. The rest I left on the line to stay there over night.

Yesterday we got a letter from George. Mary is in the hospital again with another heart attack. George drives down to Jackson every day. He said that the last time, coming home a night,

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it was raining, and the headlights from cars made it difficult to drive. The cars behind him were worse than the ones coming toward him. He says he'll not drive at night anymore.

Down at Pat's we got the motor back on the pump, and put packing around the shaft where it comes up out of the well. The packing took more time than it should have because we weren't familiar with the way it was done. Pat couldn't give us any good information. Mike thought the packing material was the wrong kind.

On our trip to Caldwell the weather was fine. The sun shown most of the time, except coming back it rained. It wasn't too warm in the cab, and we didn't have the sun in our eyes.

We had intended to stop at the dugout before taking the pump motor to Pat's. But, when we got to the mailbox, the rain was pouring down. We sat in the pickup for an hour, hoping the rain would let up enough to allow us walk up the hill. It didn't stop raining, and the wind blew hard.

We drove on down to Pat's, and unloaded the pump motor, figuring we would be better off sitting in the pump house rather than in the pickup. Pat had dinner for us, and we sat around and talked. Pat was going to fix up a bed for us, but I said, "We can stay over at Dora's. She has extra beds."

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I went over to Dora's to see how she was doing. When I came into the house, I said, "How's the chance of a place to sleep tonight?"

She said, "I thought you might be wanting a place to sleep. I've got two beds in there. You can have either one."

I said, "We'll need both beds. I cant sleep with anyone. We have to sleep separate."

She said, "Well, that one bed is covered with sewing material, and other stuff. I'll have to clear it off."

I helped her clear the stuff off the bed. She said, "I'll sleep on the couch."

"Why don't you sleep in the bed in the front room?"

She said, "Well, It's covered with stuff tool"

I went back over to Pat's. They were talking politics. She said that Mike and I were the only ones she could talk politics with. No one else around were interested. I thought that Mike and I should get over to Dora's before it was late. We should visit with her some since she was furnishing us with beds.

We got over there before nine. She didn't have the furnace going. The weather had been warm, so she hadn't started it up after the power went off one day. The trouble with starting it was that the blower motor had to be removed and run until it

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warmed up, then put back in. I got down on the floor and pulled the motor. We left it running more than five minutes before putting it back in. Even then it took it a while to start.

She would need the heat, because the weather was turning cold again.

The bed I slept in was real soft. I slept and rested better than I expected. When I got up and dressed, Dora and Mike were still sleeping. I noticed that Dora had cleared off the bed in the front room, and slept in it instead of on the couch.

I went outside. It was still raining some. The fresh air outdoors was good after breathing the fumes from the oil-burning furnace. I went over to the pump house. I thought I would sit in the pickup for a while. I opened the door, and found the seat, and even the dash, wet. The window was closed. I wondered how all the water got in, and looked for a crack where the wind might have blown it in.

The way the seat, including the paper and the mail that we left in there, was wet I figured the window must have been open all night, and Don must have closed it. The passenger seat was dry. I got in on that side and sat there a while. Don appeared over by the sheep pen. He came by the pickup on his way to the house. I got out and closed the door. I said, "The inside of the cab got wet last night."

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He said, "I saw that the window was open and closed it this morning."

"I thought you must have been around and closed it."

We went into Pat's. She was in bed. Don got himself some breakfast, and wanted to cook me something. I said that Dora was getting some breakfast for us.

19th

Phoebe, Glen, Carl, and Oma came over this weekend. They will be here the rest of the week. It is surprising how much work they have done. They set up posts in concrete, and have put up the studs and rafters on a new room. The plywood sides are up. Today the roof would have gone on, but the wind blew too hard for them to work on it.

They have planted more trees, spaded up their small garden, cleared off most of the sagebrush from the road going along the power line to the county road, and put a pump on the shallow well.

We made five trips down to Pat's with pieces of the beef. Pat and Don worked on the beef for the last three days.

Dora went to Burns, and stayed two days, then went to Winnamucca this morning.

Mike is leaving for Bend in the morning, if he can get down the hill. It is raining more, and it sounds like a steady rain

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setting in. Earlier I thought we would get only light showers.

I planted tomatoes and peppers today, using egg cartons for pots.

The phone has been out of order. We could call out, but people calling in think the phone was wringing, but it wasn't. They would think we weren't home because we didn't answer. John Wilson, the repairman, got here this afternoon, and put in a new tube that wrings our bell.

One of our gas barrels came up missing today. It was almost completely empty. There was no sign of it over the cliff or out in the sagebrush where the wind could have blown it. We came to the conclusion that someone took it, probably today. I'm quite sure it was there yesterday when I changed the weather charts yesterday.

Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Bey stopped in. They were traveling with a camper. They have been here before. They drove across Indian Creek, and parked the camper on the near side of a wet place. They went for a hike up passed the mine, getting over as far as Tuffy Creek.

When they got back, he found that he had straddled some deep ruts that a four-wheel-drive rig made during a wet spell. When he went to turn around and go back down the hill, he backed up. His front wheels got into the deep-wheel tracks, and the pickup

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rested on its frame. He spun his wheels and they dug down. The ground looked dry and firm on top, but it was wet and soft underneath.

He walked over here to the dugout to get us to tow him out. We drove over in the pickup, and used the handy-man jacks to get his wheels up to where we could put rocks under them. Then hooked the pickup to him with a chain. We got him out with one try. I doubt that I could have pulled him out if he hadn't used some of his own power. He let in his clutch just enough not to spin his wheels.

I called Charlie tonight. He says he is feeling better, even his feet. I had a hard time getting him to hang up. There was someone there with him. I asked, "Who's with you there?"

He said, "It's a fellow I met today."

20th

Mike took off for Bend at ten-thirty. I watched him as he drove out to the point. He was driving like he was in a hurry. I came in and got the field glasses. Walked out to the point and looked down the road. He was already out of sight. He drives faster than I would over that rough road. I always feel that the body of the pickup will wear out before the motor gives up.

I wondered how the motor would run on this trip. We changed air filters, taking one off the Pontiac that has a foam filter

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instead of oil like ours does. However, the foam material was gone. Only the metal screen was left. Mike cut out a strip of foam material that we had on hand, and taped it to the screen. Since then I had been intending to adjust the idle jet, when the motor was warmed up, but I never got around to do it. The foam material may be cutting down on the air supply, and cause the motor to use extra gas.

Another thing I never got around to do, was fix the switch for the windshield wipers.

This evening Carl and Glen came up to report that their power was off again. I called Dunsmore. Mrs. Dunsmore answered the phone. She said she would let the crew know right away.

I looked through our pipe fittings for a three-quarter tee that Carl needed for his pump. No luck, but I did find a plug that he needed.

The weather has been windy and cold, with sprinklings of snow. I haven't felt like getting out and doing much. I'll have to talk myself into action. The stories in the Condensed Book are very poor. It seems to me that the authors are having the characters doing things that aren't natural for people to do.

I checked into the OEN under late and missed. WB7NIR in Hines, called for a contact with me. He moved up frequency and called me. He said that they have fallen heir to a two meter

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repeater. They were trying to get the amateurs in Harney County together to install it where the radar station used to be.

When we signed off, WTBVH, Chuck, called me. The weather down there has been wet and cold. It was the same as here, except there was a lot more rain. I told him about going to Jerry and Margaret's fiftieth Wedding Anniversary. He said that he and his wife will celebrate theirs next year.

21st

There were snow showers during the night, putting four-hundredths of an inch of precipitation into the rain gauge. The showers continued most of the day with a blustery wind.

I checked into the Civil Defense Net, and was surprised to hear Ellis check in also. We moved down frequency. He and a couple are going to Reno today. In fact he was getting ready to leave at that time. He said, "Why don't you go with us.:"

I said, "Well, I don't need a divorce."

He said, "We aren't looking for a divorce either. We're just going for a good time."

He told about George phoning Carolee to see if we were okay down here. Carolee called Ellis, and Ellis called Dora.

I've been picking up things around the place, and clearing off the table. Phoebe and Oma came up just before noon. Oma said,

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"We thought we would come up to check to see how lonesome you were since Mike is gone."

I said, "I'm lonesome for the girls, but we're lonesome for girls all the time."

Phoebe hadn't seen the new section of the back tunnel, so I showed it to her, also the cold room which she had seen before, but without the refrigeration coils. Before they left they went down into the garden. Oma checked the blossoms on the peach and apricot trees. She said that the frost hadn't hurt them.

It had been too cold and windy for Carl and Glen to work on the roof. They went rock hunting instead.

After they had gone, I heard a car door slam. I went outside to see who it might be. Two fellows came to meet me. They wanted to take samples of our spring water. They were geologists checking out the geothermal possibilities in the district. I took them down into the garden where they took samples of the ditch water. They also got samples from the hydrant. I told them where the water came from, and that it had lithium in it. They said that they would make a note of it, but they wouldn't be testing for it. They were testing to see if the water in all these springs came from the same source. I didn't learn what minerals they were looking for.

Tonight George called. Mary has been home a couple of weeks and is weaker than any time before. She hasn't written any letters yet. His legs are giving him trouble, aching all the time. They have had a lot of rain, and sometimes a little snow.

When I walked down for the mail, I wore my heavy vest and jacket. I figured they would be plenty warm, but with the threat of a snow storm coming up with a heavy wind, I didn't want to get cold. I would rather sweat, and that's what I did, even before I got to the mailbox. Coming back up the sun came out and the wind quit blowing. I sweat like I was in a steam bath. At this rate, I'll be ready for the hot-summer weather when it comes.

The eggs didn't come. I have the heat turned on in the incubator. I'm checking the thermometer that I will use, against one of the weather-station thermometers. I see that it registers three degrees high. Tomorrow I'll try another one.

22nd

This morning about seven-thirty, I heard a car come around the circle by the draw. I had just settled down for a short snooze. I was irritated at the disturbance, but it was time to get up, anyway. I was sure it was Carl with Oma and Glen. Soon I heard Carl holler, "Jim."

I was getting dressed, and called out, "I'll be right over."

Then I heard Glen say, "There's no hurry."

When I got near the dugout, I saw Glen going down the hill around the east end of the garden. He was hunting rabbits. I didn't see Carl anywhere. Not long after I got inside the dugout, Carl came out of the bathroom. He said, "I had to use your bathroom."

"That's okay."

He said, "We were putting plywood on top of the subfloor and ran out of nails. Oma says you have a store here. I thought you would have some nails. Also Oma wants a dozen eggs."

I said, "Fine. What size nails do you need?"

"I think sixes would be all right."

"That sounds right." I went into the back room, and looked over things in there. I knew then that they out in the furnace room. "I think they're in the furnace room." We went out there. I found them in a box that was nearly full. I came back into the dugout to get a bucket to put the nails in. While I was in here I got a dozen eggs out of the cold room.

The nails in the box were pointing in all directions, which made them hard to dig out. Glen came in. I said, "They used to put nails into the box in neat rows, but now they just throw them in in all directions."

Carl showed Glen one of the nails, "Is that the size we need? You're putting the floor down."

Glen says, "Those are just right."

I asked, "How many do you need? Two or three pounds?"

"Two pounds will be enough."

We didn't weigh the nails, but guessed at the amount needed by the looks of them in the bucket. Carl wanted to know how much I wanted for the eggs and nails. I told him that Pat gets seventy-five cents for her eggs. He held out two one dollar bills. I said, "One dollar is enough."

As they were about to leave, Glen asked, "Do you guys like honey?"

"Oh, yes."

"I've got three hives. I'll bring some up the next time I come."

I asked, "Does it have bee bread in it?"

"It has some in it, but I'll have it all out when I bring it over."

I said, "Bee bread is what athletes eat to keep up their stamina."

He said, "Well, I'll start eating that stuff. The next time I come up here I'll be able to run like a deer."

He said, "An old fellow down there has been cutting wood from some trees that had fallen. One day he was talking with me. He said, 'We ran into a tree with a yellow jackets nest in it."

We'll have to burn the nest before we can cut it up for wood.' I said to him, 'Tom, you know that yellow jackets start out in the spring building one cell, then add to it, making a big bunch of cells. That must be a honey bees nest. You just leave it alone, and I'll be there to get those bees.'"

I got a beehive, took it down there and had those bees in it in a short time. Later he had another tree with a nest in it. I got that one too, and now I've got three hives."

"I had the wax from the nest near the hive, and those bees carried it all into the hive. I told a beekeeper about it, and he said that he never heard of bees carrying off wax that had been thrown out. I never heard of it either. Live and learn."

I said, "The young bees make the wax. That's their first job. After that they are housekeepers, then they're nurses, and finally they go out and gather nectar. They only last four to six weeks on that job."

"That's right," he said.

I compared the bees with the grasshopper. "We used to hear all about how grasshopper played all summer fiddling away his time, while the bee worked and stored up food to keep him through the winter. When winter came the grasshopper was left out in the cold, while the bee was snug and warm in his hive. It turns out that the bees that gathers nectar during the summer never lives

through the winter. The grasshopper went into hibernation and slept all winter. Then came out in the spring to dance again."

Glen says, "And the bees get robbed by bears and man."

They took off down the hill with the nails. Later I heard that they got the floor finished, and the roof on with the seams filled with tar so it wouldn't leak. They didn't get the paper on the roof, because the weather was too cold and windy.

23rd

Yesterday Carl told me that Phoebe and Oma had seen one of our gas barrels down the hill out in the sagebrush. After they left, I went down and found it. I carried it up to the top of the hill, resting several times on the way up. Then I got the wheelbarrow and loaded the barrel onto it, and wheeled down to where the other barrels were.

I washed the dishes, and mopped the floor. I cut meat off the leg of beef in the cold room. I ground it in the meat grinder. In spite of the grinding it turned out tough when fried. It was, for sure, lean-ground beef.

George called. Mary isn't getting strong very fast. George's legs ache all the time, and are giving him the Willies.

I put a different thermometer into the incubator along with the one from the weather station. The new thermometer registers

one degree warmer than the official one. The incubator is now ready for the eggs. They will probably come next week.

Carl and Oma came up just before dark. Glen and Phoebe were taking a bath in the hot spring. There was a line up for the hot spring, and Glen and Phoebe were holding a place for Carl and Oma. Thus they didn't stay long. I gave them several packages of frozen peaches. When they left, Oma said that she had baked a cake, and since they wouldn't eat it all before they left for Coos Bay in the morning, they would bring it up to me.

This morning I was up at seven-thirty. When I was applying a cleaner and lubricant to the typewriter, Glen and Phoebe showed up. They came to say goodbye, and had the cake, some milk, and a piece of bread.

Glen wanted to know if we were going to work the mine this summer. From the way he talked, it sounded like he would like to work with us.

He asked if we could still use the furnace. I told him that it needed rebuilding, and that it wouldn't take too much work. They will be back in about a month. Meantime I will keep their trees and garden watered for them.

Glen says his pickup has one-hundred thousand miles on it. It still looks like new.

After they left I ate some of the cake, and had some of the milk for my breakfast. It is a light cake with a white frosting. It tickled my pallet, and I have been eating too much of it today.

I talked with John on our CW schedule. The weather has cleared up down there, and they planted some of their garden. John sent the computer back to the factory. He is hoping to have it back by the time Linda comes home to learn how to operate it. He says he hasn't been on the air at noon, and apparently Bud hasn't either.

I called Mike today. Betsy answered the phone. I said, "You're home."

"Yes, and next week I'll be home for good."

"You're closing up the store in Klamath Falls, then?"

"Yes. It hasn't worked out. I'm fixing up the back room for my bedroom. My old bedroom will be for guests. Do you want to talk with grandpa?"

"Well, yes."

Mike came to the phone. I asked, "How's things going?"

"Oh, pretty good."

"How was the trip going over?"

" It was a fine trip. I got seventeen miles to the gallon. That oil is doing good. I bought five quarts of Mobile 1."

I told him about finding the barrel, and identifying the flower at the point. I said, "It's called Rock Cress."

I moved the shredder over near the sagebrush that Mike piled up near the east end of the garden. I set it on a level place where I'll have to move the sagebrush several feet to get it into the shredder. I would have stayed in the garden longer but the mosquitoes were too thick.

24th

I was up before eight. Had cake for breakfast. Did out a laundry. Started a letter to George and Mary. Ran some sagebrush through the shredder. Hiked down for the mail, taking the pack board with me, because I thought it was time for the eggs to arrive. It has been fourteen days since the postmark on the Sears' letter.

There were no eggs. Coming back up I picked a lot of flowers, all different. I've put them under some books to press them.

The thermometers in the incubator are holding steady. The official one hangs around one-hundred and two degrees. The other one shows one-hundred and four.

When I set milk to clobber, I'm putting some sugar in it. It clobbers smother, and has a different and better flavor. It doesn't taste the same as when the sugar is added after it has clobbered.

The tomatoes and peppers haven't come up yet. I'm beginning to think the sand I used is wrong.

I checked into the Civil Defense Net, and the Oregon Emergency Net.

I worked on the rototiller, and finally got it started by noon. However, I had no sooner started tilling the ground than the forward belt broke. Anyway, it was time I did some housework in preparation for the arrival of Mike, Tim, and Mark. I cooked a pot of beans, putting in some of the boiled ham. I also cooked a couple of chickens. I cleared off the table, washed the dishes, and swept the floor.

Although Mike might stop for the mail, I didn't wait for him to bring it up, but at five o'clock I drove down after it. All the way down I expected to see him coming up the hill toward me. The switch for the front element of the stove didn't come.

I parked the pickup at the point and walked down to the dugout. As soon as I got inside the dugout, I heard a motor and knew it was the Ford pickup. By the time I got outside Mike, Mark, and Tim were piling out of it. Mark shook my hand. I said, "You finally made it out here." He introduced me to Tim.

They had a rough time on the way out, because of the motor missing. Mike was sure it was in the sparkplug wires. The next

morning we looked for some sparkplug wires that we have had on hand for a long time, but we couldn't find them. We decided to check the point gap of the distributor, and found that it had no visible gap. It was a wonder the motor ran at all. The dwell was supposed to be between twenty-six and thirty-one degrees. We got it set at twenty-eight. Tim adjusted the idle jets. Then we advanced the timing, which had been slow. The specks called for Top Dead Center on the timing mark.

Tim and Mark took off for Battle Mountain about ten o'clock.
26th

There were two eggs pipped in the incubator last night. The first chick broke out of its shell an noon today. Now at nine-thirty there are seven chicks out. I saw several other eggs pipped.

I found the instruction book on the incubator, and it says to turn the eggs three times a day. I have been turning them only two times a day. In the book that Karen loaned me, a passage says that hens eggs turned only two times a day will have a hatching rate of only fifty-eight percent. It will be interesting to see how true this is when the hatch is over.

I talked with Jerry this morning. He said that Bruce called last night to say that Mark and Tim had arrived home last night. They had returned home by a different route.

The weather has been unsettled with intermittent showers, bringing rain and snow. Still the ground didn't get wet, although at times the surface was damp. Things dried out between showers.

We did some spading. I couldn't find a belt for the rototiller. We will buy one in Winnamucca when we go there this week.

27th

There were light showers and heavy winds most of the day. I dug out the big-meat grinder and hooked a motor to it. The motor was off the compressor, and it was necessary to reverse its rotation. This was easy because the leads that needed to be interchanged had push-on connectors.

I cut all the meat off the leg of beef, and ran it through the grinder, and boiled it.

Today I ran the boiled meat through the small grinder, put it into containers, and then into the freezer. I made some hash out of some of it. The flavor of this meat requires considerable doctoring with onions, or garlic, and mustard, or perhaps with other spices that I haven't tried.

We had thirty-eight hundredth of an inch of precipitation last night. It rained lightly all morning and part of the afternoon. I was prepared to get wet going after the mail, but the rain held off. The eggs didn't come. I was disappointed because I'll have to take the pack board with me every time I go down until they come.

August, 1978

1

20th

Two weeks ago we began working at the mine. We have used all our ties, and will begin using the concrete posts. The ties have brought us out to the two overhanging rocks. On top of the lagging we put sheet plastic. We mixed concrete in the wheelbarrow up there and put over the sheet plastic. Along the east wall Mike built a rock wall. He mortared the rocks in with cement. Thus all the holes on the east side are plugged, so no shale can come down on that side.

On the west side we have lagging, made of split ties, up about three feet on the outer two sections. At the back section there are two concrete slabs on the first four feet, bringing that part up the width of two slabs. The other four feet are six slabs high. On the top of the two slabs there are two wooden lagging which nearly closes the hole there. One piece of wooden lagging will close the hole above the six.

The last eight foot section toward the front has three feet of wooden lagging. It will be necessary to make slabs longer than the ones we have on hand. Getting that hole plugged will be delayed.

The track now is in pretty good shape. Glen helped me jack up the low spots on the west side, and we have short post under those places. Mike went up along the track nailing loose parts

back together, replacing broken ties, and putting new cleats on the walkway.

Glen and I painted the whole track with oil mixed with penta.

Glen didn't work today. He started last Monday. He missed one day because of rain and a wet road in the morning. He worked Saturday which made five days. I'm not sure as to how much help he is, because he stops to talk a lot which takes up our time.

On the day when the road was muddy in the morning. Mike and I got in a good afternoon's work. Today we got in about four hours work. I mixed cement in the wheelbarrow, while Mike finished the rock work on the shoring. After that I worked on the trail. Mike put the wheel on the barrel.

I got in enough hard work to make me feel good, and I felt like staying up there longer, but Mike was ready to come down, and, of course, there was work to do down here.

I read in one of the magazines about how some joggers run hard enough and long enough to get what they call "a high". That seems to be what happens to me when I do some heavy lifting and hard work. When I come down to the dugout, I'm ready to go back after a bite to eat. Mike is just tired and ready for a nap. His diabetic condition could account for that.

Today after lunch at two-thirty I was ready to out and take the wheel off the old Chevrolet, but I lay down and fell asleep. About the time I was ready to get up, Glen knocked on the door. He stayed a couple of hours telling his bear stories. At twenty after five I went out and took the wheel and brake drum off the Chevrolet leaving him talking to Mike.

26th

Today Glen and I worked six hours getting the front wheel spindle off the Ford. We got the upper bearing off, but couldn't budge the lower one. We removed the assembly at the frame and brought it down to the dugout. Glen headed for home saying he would be back in the morning.

Later Mike filed off part of the bracket that held the lower bearing, then held a heavy punch on the bolt that held the bearing in place, while I struck the punch with a twelve pound hammer. The first two licks were for testing my aim, so I didn't swing real hard. On the third swing I used more force, and the bearing popped out.

Next we'll find a wheel for it.

Mike finished the wheel assembly for the cable, except for the two holes needed for bolting the one assemble to the bracket on the barrel.

Yesterday Glen and I erected the boom for the winch. Mike worked down here on the wheels for the cable.

While I was up there I got a sample of dirt from the ore I had loosened up some years ago. I panned it out up there, and found it had a good showing of cinnabar. Glen was surprised. I got three other samples out of the shaft, and panned them out down here. They all showed cinnabar.

Glen said, "Well, in a couple of weeks we'll have mercury running."

Pat called today asking when we were going to town. I said, "Probably next week." She was out of wheat and corn for her chickens. She wanted us to bring some down for her, three sacks of wheat, and two sacks of corn. She had a ten-foot stepladder at Sear's that she would like us to pick up.

If we go to town next week we'll get the wheat at Rossbergs, and the corn at the Farm Supply.

I picked several green tomatoes and put them in a pot with some apples. After three days they are beginning change color. A certain kind of gas that the apples give off helps to ripen the tomatoes.

Three peppers are now growing on one pepper plant, and one each on two other plants. Maybe we'll have some before frost. They didn't set during the three weeks of hot weather, but now, with cooler weather and shorter days, they are setting. The tomato plants are doing the same, except for the one that has been having the blossoms set since the first blossoms.

Last Saturday an antelope hunter hung up an antelope in our cold room. He is a friend of George Wagner from Myrtle Point. George has had two strokes, and has trouble walking. He is only sixty-six.

Walt brought a friend up Thursday. Glen and I had been up on the hill looking for the fifteen gallon drum we had used for hoisting ore out of the shaft. We never found it. Mike was down here working on the cable wheels.

While Glen and Walt and his friend were talking, I fixed some boiled macaroni with lunch meat and cheese for lunch. Walt and Erickson had lunch with us. Glen said Phoebe would have lunch ready for him when he got home. But he did have coffee and ice cream with us.

27th

Glen was up here early this morning. Mike and I were cleaning house, and wouldn't be ready to go up to the mine until ten o'clock or later. When he saw that we were busy with the house work and apparently not getting ready to go, he said, "Well, guess I'll go back down to the trailer house."

Oma got in last night. Her mother and one granddaughter were with her.

We went up to the mine about one o'clock. Mike carried the two wheels for the barrel on the cable up to the barrel. I car-

ried the spindle with the brake drum up to the landing. We used our pack boards. The brake drum with the spindle weighed about forty pounds. I stopped halfway up for a rest. Then took a good rest after I got the board off at the top.

Mike bolted the wheel brackets onto the angle iron on the barrel. We'll not put the barrel on the cable until the brake and wheel for the cable are in place at the top. I carried the piece of angle iron that the old master cylinder and brake lever were on. The new master cylinder requires a different method of installation. Mike started working on it this afternoon. I doubt that it will be ready when we go up there tomorrow.

Before we came down we saw a panel vehicle coming up the road. It stopped at the cabin. Four people got out, and, from the way they looked around the place, I thought they were strangers, although I recognized the panel as Oma's.

When we got down to the cabin, we saw that it was Oma, Phoebe, their mother, and Oma's granddaughter, Rodonda Lee. She is around eleven years old. They were looking for rocks for her.

Not long after we got to the dugout, Oma and her crew drove up. We picked out some rocks for the granddaughter. Grandma, Phoebe, and Oma looked the garden over. Grandma was glad to receive a big bunch of garden sage. She especially wanted it to use with the meat of her Russian boar this fall.

August, 1978

7

They said that they would be up tomorrow to pick some beans.

George called, and Mike answered the phone. His car is still in the repair shop. The mechanics in California are on strike. They went out when they were working on his car. It looks like he will be driving a loaner car for some time. The loaner car gives Mary the Willies, and George doesn't like it either.

There are lots of peppers setting on the plants. They grow pretty fast, so we may have all we want this fall.

31st

Quite some time ago I wrote Margaret a letter, and received a letter from her within a week. I intended to answer her nice long letter right away, but the time went by, and I couldn't get any feeling for writing. Today I finally called her on the phone. Nothing has changed for her. She still worries about the doctor bills. I gave her the news about Stella being home.

Getting on the phone and talking for a short time is easier than writing a letter. Phoebe says she hasn't written a letter in years. When she wants to put a message through, she gets on the phone. By phone you get an answer right away. Whereas, by letter it takes ten days or more.

After I talked with Margaret, I called Stella. We talked about the de Broekerts, and I gave her Margaret's phone number and address.

Stella seemed to be under the impression that the de Broeckerts lived in a trailer house.

Stella gave her organ to her granddaughter.

The other night I dreamed of Jerry and Margaret. They were here in the dugout. Jerry brought his transceiver in and hooked it up. He said, "Well, it doesn't work any better than it did at home."

I noticed that the plug was loose in the outlet. I pushed it in firmly, saying, "Here's the trouble." However the trouble didn't go away. I said, "There must be something wrong with the plug."

Meantime, I was thinking, "I know Jerry is dead. I went to his funeral. Is this his spirit?"

I got Margaret to one side. "I see Jerry here. Do you see him?"

She said, "Oh, yes. I see him. He's here all right."

October, 1978

1

2nd

I stayed home again today while Mike went down to Frazier's to work on the septic tank installation. Duke, the carpet man, came in around ten o'clock. He gave us one more chukker. That makes ten he has given us. He doesn't want to be bothered taking them home. It is the same with fish he catches at Mann Lake. He reels them in and then throws them back in.

He brought us one. He said he had thrown it back in, but it kept swimming in circles and bumping into him, so he picked it out of the water. We discussed the muddy flavor that they have.

I cleaned it and left it soaking in salt water for three days. Tonight I cooked it, and there was no muddy taste, and it wasn't soggy. Another thing I did. I scraped off the scales. People say there are no scales on these fish, but there are scales, very fine that go unnoticed. Warner and his son-in-law came in with Duke this morning. He got his plastic ice containers out of the freezer, saying, "These will keep cold all the way home.

Today I dug potatoes a bucketful at a time. I washed them off and sorted them out into number ones, twos, and culls. I wasn't interrupted by visitors until Mike got back after six o'clock. Then some hunters came in asking if I knew Davy Crockett. I said I did. They said that he had told them I might have a cold place to hang their deer.

I said, "Sure, we've got a cold room. Bring in your deer. They brought in two. One was cut up into pieces. The other was whole except that the head was off. They were delighted and wanted to pay us something. I said, "No. That's all right."

"How about some whiskey?"

I said, "No."

"Beer?"

"No. No whiskey or beer."

They were camped out at the rock house. They said that they would be back in a few days, and were going out for some more deer. There were around eight of them, husky young fellows. Most of them had red hair.

Mike said that he had the breeze way at Frazier's cleaned out pretty good. He dug the top soil off down about two inches, and leveled off the ground. He had Don sniff for any stinking places, then had Pat and Nellie come out to see if they could smell anything. I said, "Those shelves will still make a stink in there."

He said, "Pat wants to tear them out."

I said, "Well, they should be."

I've been running the sprinkler from the cellar water steady in one spot for a week. I'm hoping to drown some of those earwigs. If I could treat the whole garden that way, I think I could get rid of them. If the garden was level I would flood it

could get rid of them. If the garden was level I would flood it every year, and get rid of a lot of pests.

Concerning the distributor, the old Pontiac engine looks just like our 230 engine, and uses the same model distributor. I took it out of the engine, disassembled it, cleaned and oiled it, and put it into the 230 engine. I even put in new breaker points, that we had on hand. It works fine. Although the engine runs better, one cylinder was weak.

Tuesday we went to Burns to get the septic tank, and a sack of wheat for Dora. Mike put in an order for the sewer pipe at Ward's. He was told that it would be in by Friday.

The motor ran pretty good. If it hadn't been for the trouble with the distributor, we probably wouldn't have noticed the weak cylinder. Among other things we got in Burns was a head gasket and a valve cover gasket. I wanted to get an exhaust valve, but Mike was set on using one out of the old head that we had on hand.

Later I wished we had bought a new one, because the old one we used took a lot of work getting it to seat properly.

7th

Yesterday Betsy arrived early in the afternoon. She said that she had been up all night, and then drove out. She and a couple of friends had watched TV until eleven, and then sat around talking the rest of the night.

Mike and I was installing the big gas tank into the gas house. Mike hooked the hand winch to a rafter to lift the tank out of the truck. The tank came up sideways to the door. To go through the door it had to go end first. We swung the tank around by pulling it at an angle with the winch. The end that was to go in first pushed against the edge of the door with one corner inside and the other corner outside, the tank was stuck there.

We pushed the tank outward against the pull of the winch, and pried the end passed the end of the door. After considerable prying and pushing we managed to swing it around and inside. Now we had to get the tank high enough above the floor, and centered in the right place.

There wasn't enough room for the winch to raise the tank to the desired height. Also it was hooked up closer to the west wall so it swung against that wall.

Mike got the block and tackle and hooked it to a rafter so that it would pull the tank away from the wall. Thus with the winch and tackle together we moved the tank to the right position, but not high enough. We let the tank down onto some blocking while Mike hooked the block and tackle to another rafter farther into the building and in such a place as to let the tank hang in the right location. We removed the winch because it took up too much room between the ceiling and the tank.

We left things as they were while we got out the chain saw to cut a timber to make two good blocks at each end of the tank. The timber was out at the point. Mike drove out there with the chain saw. I went into the house to fix something to eat. Betsy had gone to the hot springs for a bath.

After a while, Mike came in looking for the lighter fluid. He couldn't get the saw started. He said, "I think Glen used lighter fluid when he first started the saw." He found the fluid and went out to try again. I didn't hear the saw start up, so I figured I'd better go out to see if I could be of any help. When I got out there, Mike had taken off the air filter and put some lighter fluid into the carburetor.

With the filter back on it still wouldn't start. Neither of us were familiar with the chain saw.

I said, "How do you shut the thing off? Isn't there a place to ground the spark. Maybe it's still grounded."

Mike said, "I don't see any place to ground it. Then on second thought he said, "Maybe this switch should be pulled out to start it. "

Sure enough, that was the grounding switch. With it out, a pull on the rope, and it took right off. In a short time the two blocks were off the timber, and we had them, and the saw loaded into the pickup. I drove around the loop and back to the gas house.

The tank wasn't high enough up to put the blocks in place, so while Mike pulled on the rope of the block and tackle, I kept putting two-by-fours under the tank so he could rest in between pulls. However, the weight of the tank was too great for him to lift it much.

We decided we would have to put some cribbing under the center and rock the tank up on it.

There were some four-foot two-by-fours by the side of the upper road. I told Mike to take a rest while I brought some down. He said, "I need a rest."

The exercise of climbing the hill and packing down the two-by-fours was welcome. I made several trips.

By now we had room for the permanent blocks under the tank, but the tank wasn't high enough for our liking. Mike started straining on the block-and-tackle rope. I thought of something. "Why not hook the winch to the rope. That will pull it easy, and the ratchet will hold the tank in place."

It didn't take him long to hook the winch to the rope and to a corner stud. Thereafter we didn't need cribbing, although we left it in place. Now there was room for two thicknesses of two-bys under the blocks. We placed them so that they would span a couple of joists thus giving ample support for the tank. We let the tank down. It was in place, but there wasn't much room at the end where the pipe fittings would go.

October, 1978

7

The fittings from the tank to the hose should have come with the tank, but they didn't. We scrounged around and found a reducing elbow that went from one and a half inch to a one inch. The threads on the elbow weren't very good. There wasn't room to use a die, so I used a file on the threads. Finally I decided against using it. There had been some brazing done on it, and I was afraid it might leak.

9th

Today I learned that Mike strained his back while lifting on the gas tank. He says he doesn't know just when he did it. Apparently he didn't feel it until later. I believe it was when he made that last big push to move the tank end wise against the west wall. I remember he didn't say anything for a while, even though I made the remark, "It's over as far as it will go."

We installed the gas tank on the sixth. On the seventh Mike and Betsy went down to Frazier's. Betsy was going to dig on the ditch. Mike was going install the toilet. He now had the kit that had been a long time in coming at Ward's. I stayed home because of all the hunters stopping in, also to dig the potatoes. Well, and another thing, I wanted to go up to the cabin to see the condition around there after Davis and Wagner left. Phoebe had been up there. She said it was a filthy mess.

Before starting up there I began testing some rock samples we got out of the end of the tunnel when Bruce and Greg were here. Oma and Phoebe drove up. They had Mike's jacket that he had left down there the night before. Oma said they were going up to the cabin and to the mine chukker hunting. I said, "I was going up there. Maybe I can go with you."

She said, "Sure. Hop aboard."

Phoebe was making room for me. I said, "I don't know if there is room for me or not."

Phoebe said, "I don't know if there is either."

Phoebe was holding her shotgun. I said, "Boy! If we see any Chukkers, I'll have to get out this door fast, and then duck quick to keep out of the way of the shotguns."

We didn't see any Chukkers. At the cabin Phoebe said, "Well, they cleaned up things quite a bit before they left. But still it's not as clean as it was when Art and Elsie left last Fall."

They took me on up to the mine. Still no Chukkers. They headed back down the hill as I started climbing up to the inclined shaft. At the top I looked for the red-handled hammer, but couldn't find it. The shovel was there, and I brought it down. The hammer wasn't at the tunnel entrance. A level had been left at the entrance. I decided to take it with me.

A few days earlier I had seen a couple prospectors checking on rocks above Schull's claim. I wanted to go over there to see what they could possibly have found. With the tools I was carrying I nearly decided not to go. However, I took the bulldozer road that goes up above his claim. The road was grown up with sagebrush, so the going wasn't free and easy.

Down below me in the meadow I could see Oma's rig. I heard her and Phoebe talking, and then a couple of shots, and then Oma calling old Red, Carl's dog.

A short time later Carl and Glen came riding up on Carl's motorcycle. I heard Carl tell Oma that he and Glen were going up to the head of Pike Creek. I caught only bits of what was being said. Once Oma asked, "If you're going up on top what are you going to do without a rifle?"

I didn't hear Carl's answer. He started the cycle and he and Glen whizzed up the road. Oma was left in the meadow hanging onto old Red, who wanted to go with Carl. His feet were sore already, and if he followed Carl and Glen on the cycle, he would be a cripple when he got back. He couldn't keep up with them anyway, but it's no telling how far he would go.

I was continuing my walk along the bulldozer road. Oma kept saying to Red, "No!-- No!-- -- -- . The sound of the cycle was

fading now around the other side of the ridge. Finally Red broke loose from Oma, tore around the cabin and came straight up toward me. I stopped and watched him. I called to Oma, "He's coming up here."

She called, "I couldn't hold him." It was a long climb to where I was, and as the hill got steeper he slowed. His feet would slide backward as he lunged up the steep incline. At about fifty yards from me he stopped. Apparently he now realized I wasn't Carl or Glen. I called to him to come on up. I could occasionally still hear the sound of the cycle. I thought that if he got up to me I could hang onto him until he got over wanting to run after the cycle. He came up and I took hold of his collar. He was about all in, and lay down catching his breath. After a short while he began to calm down, and he stood up. He seemed to have decided go back to Oma, so I let him go. I called to her, "He's headed your way now."

She shouted back, "That's fine. Here Red!"

I continued on my way, looking down from time to time. I saw Oma put Red into the back of the pickup. At the end of the bulldozer road there was a group of pinnacles. This was a place where Andrew Schull had said was rich in cinnabar. I never had been able to find any there. I left the shovel and the level lying on a rock, and proceeded along the steep side hill to where I had seen the prospectors carry off a sample of rock.

The footing here was such that you had to watch your step. Loose dirt and pebbles on top of a hard surface would roll under your feet like marbles. If you started sliding on this slope you might go quite a ways before you stopped. I couldn't find any place where I could be sure fresh rock had been broken off the dikes sticking up. There was broken rock everywhere, and it looked like it could have been broken at any time, long ago, or just yesterday. I saw nothing that looked like ore of any kind.

I worked my way back to the shovel and level, picked them up and headed back toward the meadow, not following the bulldozer road, but going down at an angle from it. The sun was hot. The air temperature that day got up to seventy-nine. I was plenty warm and tired when I got back to the dugout around three o'clock.

After eating some lunch, I decided I had time to make a cake before Mike and Betsy got home. This time I used half a cup of flour more than the recipe called for because of the extra large eggs. Apparently the extra large eggs had caused the last cake to fall. This time it didn't fall. After I put the frosting on, I put it into the freezer so that it would cool off quickly and the frosting would set up sooner.

I lay down and had a short nap. When I woke up and moved my right leg a muscle cramp hit that leg. I realized I hadn't taken

enough Vitamin E before going on the hike. I got up and limped over to my desk and took two capsules of Vitamin-E. Just then Mike and Betsy came in. I walked around the table trying not to limp, but it showed enough for Betsy to ask, "Why are you limping?"

I said, "Oh, I've got a leg cramp. I didn't take enough Vitamin-E before I went on that hike today."

Betsy said, "Oh."

The cramp was soon gone, and I had no more trouble. Betsy didn't get blisters on her hands from digging ditch, but she said, "My hands got sore."

At Frazier's Mike had trouble with the copper tubing going to the tank on the toilet. He said that he would have to get another piece.

The next day, the eighth, Betsy decided to hike up Pike Creek. At first she thought she would walk over to Pike Creek, then decided it would better to drive the pickup to the mouth of Pike Creek.

"In that case," I said, "I'll go with you. We won't be gone too long."

Mike went down to Frazier's alone. Up Pike Creek we found that Rhodes had a road bulldozed out all the way to his cinnabar claim. That made the hike easy. We stopped at the claim. I tried to find a rock sample with cinnabar in it, but could find none.

Back home Betsy said she was going to walk down to the hot springs for a bath. She debated whether or not to go bare-foot. I think she was wise in putting on her shoes. Some time later I heard a motorcycle drive up, and was surprised to see Betsy behind Carl on the cycle.

Carl had been waiting for a turn at the bath. Some other people were ahead of him. Betsy came out with some other people. He didn't recognize her, and asked the people if she was with them. They said that she wasn't. Then when he saw her turn off onto our road, he realized who she was. He drove over to her and asked if someone had dropped her off at the hot springs. When she said that she had walked down, he said, "Hop on. I'll give you a ride up."

On the ninth Betsy went down with Mike to work on the ditch. She started to walk down the hill before Mike was ready to go. That way she could get in some more walking, and Mike could pick her up as he came down the hill.

When they got back, I noticed that Mike had difficulty getting out of the pickup, and he walked hunched over. That was when I learned he had strained his back. He had kept it under cover until now. Later he said that the trouble isn't in his back, but rather in his side and hip. He was having so much difficulty getting around, I suggested that he stay in bed the

next day. He said that he couldn't afford to. I said, "You cant afford not to."

Betsy left for home this morning. I had cooked six chickens last night. She found them so good she was willing to take what we didn't eat home with her. We put four of them in a cooler with cartons of frozen peaches so they would keep cool on the trip.

Mike went down to Frazier's alone again today. I finished digging the spuds and carrots. When he got back late tonight, he was as bad off as ever. He said that he had gotten along fine most of the day, and was thinking he was over his trouble until he got down in the ditch and started using the pick. Before he had been filling in on top of the pipe he had laid. He would separate the dirt from the gravel with a screen. The screen was placed over the ditch in such a way that the gravel would roll off the screen onto the pipe, then the dirt would go through the screen and cover the gravel.

He went to bed early tonight. We listened to the first game of the World Series. It was somewhat interesting. The Dodgers won ten to five. It sounds like a big win, but they didn't hold the Yanks to a low score. I think the Yanks didn't have their best pitchers in there tonight. They used four pitchers.

Tomorrow I'll go down and dig ditch. Don has had to quit. His shoulders are giving him trouble. I think he has bursitis, because ordinarily the shoveling wouldn't cause his shoulders to hurt so bad even though he wasn't used to digging. He told Pat that they hurt so bad he couldn't sleep last night. When I had bursitis, in the daytime I would seem to get completely over it, but as soon as I laid down it would hit me like a ton of bricks. The only way I could go to sleep was to wiggle my shoulders.

The weather is still warm. Today a few thin clouds appeared, and a wind came up. By eleven o'clock it quit. Maybe there is a change coming. This is the first wind we've had in nineteen days. That many days, warm, clear, and calm.

16th

This morning after breakfast I went out to the gas tank to see what could be done about the gate valve which Mike said leaked where the two brass surfaces come together beneath the packing nut. I found a raised place where the flange had been hit a hard blow or maybe where a pipe wrench had been used. I filed this bump down smooth being careful not to mar the rest of the flat surface.

Mike wanted to use naptha soap to help make a seal, but I used some CRC 5-56 for a lubricant on the threads and on the flat

surfaces. With the valve back together, I poured the gas, that Mike had used the night before, into the tank letting it run through the hose that was hooked up to the drain outlet. It was my intention to flush out as much dirt and rust as possible before testing the gate valve for leaks.

Mike came out to help saying that he thought we should check the gate valve before we flushed the tank. I argued that we should get out as much dirt as we could because dirt might get stuck in the gate valve and it wouldn't close. I won. We poured the same gas over and over through the tank, each time filtering the dirt and water that came out.

After many flushings we decided that it was the best we could do. We shut off the valve, and pumped gas from the barrel into the tank. When I had made seventy-five turns of the pump handle, Mike said, "Stop."

There was a leak in the gate valve. At first it was only a drop, but by the time I got down to inspect it, it was dripping rapidly. We drained the tank through the drain hole, and took the valve apart. Mike put some naphtha soap on the threads and the seat. Then put the valve back together.

The gas that had come out, after pumping from the barrel, looked clean. There was a little rust and a drop or two of water

in the bottom of the tub. We poured this gas into the five-gallon-metal can, it being empty while the plastic can contained the old-dirty gas. We poured this clean gas from the metal can into the tank.

This time there was no leak from the seal of the valve, but there was one at the elbow where the nipple from the valve connected, a very slow leak. Mike said, "The seal isn't leaking." Sure enough it wasn't. We continued watching the leak at the elbow. A drop there formed very slowly. We decided that the leak was in the threads and not from a hole in the elbow. Several minutes went by. Now gas started leaking from the valve just as fast as it had the time before. At the first time I had taken it for granted that it was the seal because Mike had said so. Now we checked closer and found that the leak was coming from a place at the side of the valve.

Later I decided that the reason it took so long for the gas to show up was that air trapped in the valve had to get out first.

Again we drained the gas from the tank into the plastic tub. This time a lot of water came out. We couldn't understand this because it had come out so clear before. We decided that the metal can must have had some water in it. It had been sitting around for a long time partly filled with gas.

Mike's back was bothering him, so I worked on the pipe fittings. I disconnected them all from the tank. On the side of the valve there was a crack that showed up as big as daylight. I wished again that I had examined the valve closely before Mike installed it. It is hard to guess just how well Mike can see. He seems to do very well with the contact lenses, but there are times that it appears that he doesn't.

Now we have gotten together some fittings that will work with a one-inch-gate valve that we will get in Burns perhaps this week.

This afternoon I started typing a letter to Charlie. I had written one page of it on the ninth. I was determined to finish it and get it in the mail today. Mike came out of his office in the back room. He said that he was going down to Pat's to give her a list of things she needed for the wash bowl that he would install in the bathroom. Also that Dora had some potatoes and apples that she was going to bring up to put in the cold room. He saw me at the typewriter and asked, "How long will it take you to finish the letter?"

I said, "I started this a week ago. I haven't the least idea. Maybe a couple of hours or a couple of days. I make so many mistakes. Anyway take Margaret's letter. There is no use waiting for this one."

He picked up Margaret's letter. I said, "How are you going to get the spuds into the pickup?"

He said, "I don't know unless you want to come along."

"Well," I said, "Don will be there."

"That's right. I'll have him lift them in."

I worked for a couple of hours on the letter to Charlie, finally getting a copy out that he could read. He says that he can read it quite well when it is double spaced. Handwriting, though, is almost impossible for him to read.

Mike got back as I was folding the letter. He said, "There's a couple sacks of spuds and a sack of apples in the pickup."

"Fine. I'll bring them in."

Later I thawed out a carton of peaches. Mike warmed up some potatoes and beets, ate those with bread and salami, and some of the peaches.

He said, "We've got some cottage cheese and some brick cheese in the freezer. We could get that out and have it thawing for tomorrow."

I dug into the freezer and found it. I put the big container of cottage cheese into the microwave oven, and turned the control to slow defrost. In twenty minutes it was thawed out, and I dipped out a dish of it. So, after the peaches and ice cream, and salami, I had some cottage cheese.

Mike said he didn't want any cottage cheese. He had filled up on other food. He went back to his office. As I finished eating I heard a strange noise on the other side of Indian Creek. It was a kind of clattering and thumping sound. I looked over across, and all I could see was a cloud of dust along the road. Then I heard a motor racing.

I went outside where I could see the road going down to Indian Creek. The two hunters, who had been up on the meadow shooting at chukkers a short time ago, were tearing down toward Indian Creek. I went back inside and said to Mike, "I never saw a car go that fast on that road. Maybe one of those guys got hurt and they were going for help."

I walked out to the point, thinking I might get a glimpse of them before they reached the county road. As I neared the point, I heard a vehicle coming up. From the sound I knew it wasn't the two hunters, and guessed it was Glen and Phoebe. The hunters were gone. Soon the Dockery's pickup came into view. I said, "What was that going down the road? Did you see them?"

Phoebe said, "Did we see them? Glen had left the pickup in the road and we were out hunting. I thought they would run into the pickup, but they just tore right out into the sagebrush and around the pickup"

I said I never saw anyone drive so fast on that road."

Glen said, "I never did either. He must be a good driver the

way he was going."

I said, "I thought maybe one of them got shot, and they were going for help."

Phoebe said, "No. When they went by us they waved and shouted, 'Go get em!'"

Phoebe and Glen had two quail and a jackrabbit in the back of the pickup.

19th

We went to Burns today, mainly to get the corrugated roofing for Pat, also one important thing for ourselves, a gate valve for the gas tank. The electric blanket had finally arrived at the Ward's order office, so there was various reasons for going.

When I got up around eight o'clock, Mike was pumping gas into the tank of the pickup. After filling it he drove the pickup down by the front door. I went out and cleaned the windshield and windows. We didn't rush getting ready to leave. Thus by the time I shaved and checked the oil, and put up a small lunch, it was after nine before we started down the hill.

The gravel road to the highway proved to be in better condition than Mike had expected from the description Dora had given him. She told him that there was a stretch of new coarse gravel from the Juniper Ranch to the highway. We found only one small patch the other side of the grade going to the Folly Farm.

At Burns we stopped first at the bulk plant and bought a box of grease containers for the grease gun. Ray Weeks waited on us. In paying for the grease, I got rid of a pocket full of small change. Ray asked us if we had our tank set up. He said that the truck would be down our way Saturday and Sunday. We told him that all we needed was a gate valve which we would get in town. He said he would call us before the truck was to come out. He is as anxious as we are to fill the tank before the wet weather sets in.

Up town we parked on a side street off Broadway. While Mike took our letters to the Post Office to mail, and then to the bank to cash some checks, I walked over to Nyleen's and bought a twelve inch skillet with Silverstone, \$19.99. Here I got rid of the rest of my small change. The clerk said that the slick surface on these skillets does wear off in time. It has to be treated carefully, but it is better than teflon.

With our uptown errands taken care of we drove down to the Farm Supply where Mike bought not only a one-inch-gate valve but also a three-quarter inch one. The latter is for the drain on the tank. The old one he put on wouldn't completely shut off.

The Farm Supply is in the process of moving to the other side of Burns near the High School.

From there we drove to Ward's. There was almost no traffic, maybe it was twelve-thirty. The construction crews were eating lunch, so they weren't blocking traffic.

22nd

It must have been ten o'clock when I got up this morning. I had tried to sleep under the old electric blanket with only one wool blanket over it. So, I was cold most of the night. The temperature in the room got down to forty degrees. It wasn't until four o'clock that I got up and put another blanket on top of the first one. This one I folded so it was equal to two blankets in thickness. Even then it took quite a while to warm up.

The new electric blanket from Ward's turned out to be a fizzle. It worked all right as far as heat is concerned, but it had a disagreeable odor. The odor didn't seem to be exactly like scorched insulation, which I suspected was the cause of the odor, but more like some kind of medicinal order. I could imagine that someone had used the blanket while treating themselves with a liniment for sore muscles, or to relieve a cold.

My imagination was strengthened by the fact that the blanket had not come in a sealed wrapper, but rather in a plastic bag with a zipper. Anyone could have used it and put it back. Regardless as to whether or not it had been used, I had a suspicion

that it was a comeback. Someone else had returned it because of the stench. That would account for my being able to reorder the blanket so soon after they had been out of stock.

I called up the order office telling the girl I couldn't use the blanket because of the odor. She said, "Bring it in."

Anyway, I tried it one night. The odor was very disturbing, but the blanket did heat up more than the old one. I tried using it with only a sheet. The night was warmer than last night. I was warm enough. However, the heat from the blanket with one sheet is uncomfortable. Your skin feels the infrared heat yet the skin still feels cold. The air under the blanket doesn't get warm. I have found it more comfortable to have a sheet and a blanket under the electric blanket and one or two blankets on top of it. The number of blankets on top would depend on how cold the room is. Below freezing temperatures extra blankets are necessary.

When I came into the dugout this morning, I saw the mop and mop bucket by the heating stove. I thought, "There must be a leak in the water pipes. Mike wouldn't be using the mop otherwise."

Around behind the stove Mike had removed all the firewood and mopped up some water. He had an electric-light bulb in a fixture close to the floor. He came out from the back room. I said, "You got the leak fixed already?"

He said, "No. It's leaking at the elbow in the hot-water line."

"Sure doesn't look like it now." I said.

Looking at the elbow, he exclaimed, "It's stopped."

The floor was beginning to dry from the heat of the electric light. The water in the pipe had cooled, so I figured the leak would start again if we drew hot water through the pipe. But it didn't leak when I used hot water at the kitchen sink.

Around twelve thirty Mike ate lunch while I was preparing the ground beef for the freezer. I had ground the meat of a chuck roast hoping it would make better hamburger than the ground beef from the store. The meat wasn't keeping good. It was old when we bought it. This was evident from the fact that it was marked one dollar off from the regular price.

Because of my late breakfast I didn't eat lunch until one-thirty. Mike announced that he was ready to go to the mine with the tractor. I said, "Okay. Let's go." We got all the tools we would need into the tractor. I got on the back and away we went.

When we were a short distance down the hill, Mike seemed to suddenly think of something. He looked back at the three-point hitch, and then stopped the tractor. He said, "I was going to get another keeper to put in that pin." He indicated a pin that was now part way out of place. A cotter key had been used for a keeper. It had broken.

There was nothing to do now but go back to the dugout. There we found another pin with its keeper almost out. This one had a hardened-steel keeper with a slot its full length so that it could be driven into the hole and yet fit real tight.

We had an assortment of this kind of keeper. We found one that would fit tight in one of the pins, but for the others there were none the right size. First, though, we tried drilling the holes in the pins so that a larger keeper would fit. The pins were of a material that was too hard for our drill bits, so we had to give that up.

A pin with a hole too large for the keeper to fit tight, I ran a wire through the keeper, and bent the two ends of the wire around so that the pin couldn't move either way.

Well, we got up to the mine. I carried the twelve-volt battery up to the ore car. It wasn't an easy task, because I had to use one hand to help balance myself on the ladder. With my left arm around the battery and one edge of the battery resting on my hip, I could manage. Mike had a rope with a hook on one end. This he hooked to the forward chain on the car, and the other end he tied to the four-by-four-bumper stop at the ore bin. Now he removed the ladder that had been used as a brace to keep the car from going back up the track. We then took the rocks out of the car, and lifted the battery in. The wrecking bar and the tools went in also.

Mike went up to wedge the fixture that held the cable on the horse. The wedge would push the fixture out at the bottom so that the wheels of the counterweight could pass freely. Heretofore the wheels were getting stuck at this point.

I shoveled shale into the box on the back of the tractor.

Another thing Mike had to do was to take up a couple of planks on the platform and move them back out of the way of the car when it came up to the landing. Thus I had time to fill the box before Mike called down to turn the car loose. I untied the rope, and the car started up. It was going at a good clip until Mike applied the brake. Then as the counterweight neared the horse it came to a stop. The reason for this was that the counterweight caused the cable to sag giving it less of a downhill slope to the fixture.

Mike wanted me to go up the track, and push on the car. I started up the track, but before I could get to the car he had it going again, and the weight passed the fixture. From there on the car went right along.

By this time I was too far up the track to get onto our zigzag trail up the slope, so was obliged to climb up the track. The ties on the track are too far apart to make them one step at a time and too close together for two steps. The way I did it goes like this:- Right foot forward, then left foot up to the

right foot, then a short step with the right foot, and then the left foot over the tie, then repeat. This seemed an awkward way to climb. It might be all right for a dance.

Toward the upper end of the track the slope is steeper, and the ties are closer together, so I take each tie a step at a time, but they were fairly long steps. That is, for Mike and myself, but for these long legged young fellows probably a short step. As far as the slope goes, though, it is no easier for the long legs as it for the short legs.

At the landing it was a chore to lift the battery up out of the car and carry it around the car to the landing. I didn't do like Gary did, though, when he lifted the battery out, he tipped it nearly upside down spilling acid on his shirt which he took off in a hurry and washed his skin with water from a jug that we had with us. He poured water on his shirt to weaken the acid. There wasn't enough water to wash all the acid out of his shirt. Later I've wondered if the shirt was ruined.

We hooked the battery up to the winch, and were ready to hoist up rock and dirt from the shaft. I had installed a new hinge on the on the trap door of the fifteen gallon bucket the day before.

We brought up five loads before I suggested we quit. I said, "By the time we haul the battery down and get back to the dugout,

it will be nearly time for my schedule with John." Mike had already put enough rocks in the car to give enough weight to pull the counterweight back up. I carried the battery over to the car. He was standing below the platform so I handed the battery to him, and he slid it into the car. With all the tools in, except the hovel, Mike unfastened the rope that held the car from going down the track. I released the brake and the car started. A short distance down there were some small pieces of shale on the track. The car came to a stop. I had to turn the wheel to get it started going again. Mike was on his way down skating along on the shale.

I let the car go right along, braking it only enough to keep it from going too fast. Toward the lower end, the track is less steep which gives the car less power to pull on the counterweight. Also, where the track is getting less steep the counterweight is nearing the horse where the cable is getting steeper making the weight harder to pull up.

Now again I had to turn the wheel to move the car. To get to the car, Mike had to come back up the slope a ways. He got behind the car to help move it down to the ore bin. After the weight passed the horse, I pulled on the cable where I would be near the brake. It wasn't necessary to use the brake again.

29th

The wind blew hard last night and there was a trace of snow. The sound of the wind and the thought that a snowstorm might be in progress depressed me. There was an odor of new-damp earth in the air. Instead of getting up at the usual time, I lay in bed luxuriating in the knowledge that I didn't have to get up at all if I didn't want to.

It was eleven o'clock when I got over to the dugout. I set the clocks back to standard time, thus making it seem earlier. My weight was 147.5 with my jacket on. I hadn't gained or lost. For breakfast I ate some warmed up hotcakes with molasses, and later a dish of tomatoes with sugar.

Mike went outside several times during the day. He gassed up the truck and cleaned out the bed, got some sacks ready and loaded them in. He said that we could load the wheat in front of the box, thus getting most of the weight up front. Twenty-two sacks will make quite a load. There will be no room for galvanized-corrugated roofing. But we will get the nails to put on the roofing that is now on hand.

I dug out a couple of cottontail rabbits from the freezer, and roasted them in the oven. The wind blew hard all day, then slacked off toward evening. Around four o'clock when the wind wasn't so bad, I cleaned the windshield and the windows of the pickup.

The rabbits came out of the oven tender and now there is only part of one left.

I hooked up the R22 bottle to the compressor for the cold room and added some of the refrigerant to the system. The ice on the coils is taking longer to melt than I expected.

I changed the charts at the weather station two days late.

I checked in with John on schedule. The weather is cool down there, but not raining. He said that after our schedule he was going over to Frank Lake's to see what could be done about making copies of printed matter from the CRT of the Pet. Ralph told him that the print would be backward. I suggested that he might put the sensitive side of the paper on the face of the tub back side to. I wondered if the light would go through to the sensitive side that way.

Charlie called yesterday. He still has his complaints. One thing, though, is good to hear. He has purchased some water insoles for his shoes, and says that they work. He can walk several blocks now. He had nearly given up walking altogether.

Fred called him, and said that he was coming down to see him on his way to Arizona. Charlie said that he was contemplating going with Fred and staying down there a month, which is as long as the can stay away from his house without losing his insurance on it.

John sent me a newspaper called Silicon Gulch Gazette. I contains a lot of good information that reinforces my thought that computers will be for everyone in the near future. For a person who wants to do some writing, a computer is a must. A computer would be less expensive than a stenographer. You could compose your articles and let the computer print them out for you. The cost would be fifteen-hundred dollars. A stenographer would cost ten times the amount in a year.

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1st

While Mike was gone I spent some time grinding up a sample of rock, and putting the powder into a test tube with nitric acid. It bubbled without heating. I fixed a place in the cold frame with a light to keep the test tube warm. The fumes would dissipate into the air.

It was nearly dark when I finished with the cold frame. Mike drove in while I was crossing the draw. He saw the light and asked if I had been to my bedroom to turn on my electric blanket. He said he could see a light. I told him about using the light to keep the test tube warm.

It was so late when he got back, I thought he may have eaten down there. But he hadn't. It wasn't as late as it seemed because it is dark by five o'clock now.

We had leftovers for dinner. There was a lot of it in the refrigerator after the meals we had when Jean and Catherine were here.

I spent the evening grinding rock, and boiling it in distilled water. Some kind of element was dissolved in the water. I wanted to test it to see if it was potassium, or what.

I had shut the chickens up before dark, counting them as usual to be sure they were all there.

This morning I got up around eight o'clock, too late for the weather net. I read the thermometers at the weather station, and weighed myself. My weight was one-hundred-forty-seven and a half. I would like it to be under one-hundred-forty-five.

As I was going down to let the chickens out, I stopped to get a dipper of wheat to put in their feeder in the chicken park. In going down to the chicken house, I noticed how much better my back was. I dumped the wheat into the feeder, and was debating whether or not to leave the gate open into the garden. Usually I close it to make sure the chickens fill up on wheat before they start scratching in the garden. If I left it open it would save a trip down later. I noticed a quietness in the hen house. I thought it strange not to hear them making noises climbing down off the roosts, and crowding around the little door that I was about to open. The door is to a small opening just large enough for the chickens to go through. I released the catch expecting to see a rush of chickens coming through the opening.

No chickens appeared, and there was no sound. I thought, "Can the main door be open on the other side and they're already out in the garden?" I looked around to the other side. The door was closed. Mystified, I got around there and opened the door. There scattered around on the floor lay all the chickens dead. The scene was like a massacre.

I knew it was the work of a Coon. It was plain how he had gotten in. The window was made up of many small panes of glass. One pane had been missing for years. Mike had put chicken wire up on the inside of the window to keep the chickens from getting out. He hadn't fastened it up very firmly, and I had assumed that it was up secure, and there was no danger of anything getting through the small hole.

The Coon had pushed the wire back, and made room for himself to get in. A Bobcat wouldn't have killed all the chickens. He would have grabbed one and taken off with it, leaving a trail of feathers. It didn't appear that the Coon had eaten any of the flesh. There was exposed flesh on some, but on most there was no sign of a wound.

I told Mike later, "It was a massacre, and to think that people have come back home to find their whole town massacred."

Man is the only animal that is supposed to do such things, but it isn't so, and the Coon isn't the only animal that will kill wantonly.

Anyway, it goes to show that if you don't have a secure place for your chickens, it would be better to let them roost in the trees. There they have a chance to flee, and the predator has to hunt for them. You might lose one or two a night, but you would have some left for yourself.

2nd

This morning I found my back greatly improved. When I was doing some situps, the lower part of my back didn't want to bend. The pain wasn't acute. It was more like a soreness, and I could push through it to a sitting position, although I couldn't bend forward as far as I would like.

As I was going to the dugout, I counted eleven head of cattle scattered around the place. The one we had seen by himself at different times along the road, the one we called Wild Steer, was among them. He turned out to be a young bull, and appeared to be part Hereford and part Chalette. He was unbranded.

After breakfast I got the accumulation of dirty dishes washed up. Now, being able to move around in a more lively manner.

The plastic-pipe fitting came yesterday, so Mike got busy with the process of replacing the elbow in the hot-water line where a leak had appeared. When he saw that I was finished with the dishes, he turned the water off at the stop and waste valve outside. I opened a couple of faucets to let the pressure off. With a hacksaw he cut the old elbow out of the plastic pipe. To put in the new elbow the pipe coming from the sink would have to be moved toward the elbow. There would be plenty of give where the pipe went up to the sink from the floor.

However, he couldn't budge it. I cleared off the pots-and-pans cabinet and moved it out from the wall so we could see what was holding the pipe. There were two places, where, when he had installed the pipe, he had pressed the pipe against the wall and used nails to clamp it in place. When we got them out, the pipe moved easily. It didn't take long to install the new elbow.

Mike thought we should wait a while for the glue to dry before turning on the water. Meantime, I had the washing machine pulled out and the front off checking on what I thought was a water leak. After the delay in turning the water supply on, I put in some towels, and ran the machine on small load. No leaking water appeared.

Around the bottom of the machine there was a stained appearance that I thought was from rust. I began cleaning it off with a rag, and found that the stained look was caused by grease. Further examination showed that grease was slowly seeping out of the end of the main shaft.

It looks like a major job in the not very distant future.

Just as I finished hanging the towels on the line, I saw a pickup camper and a jeep coming down from the point. I walked out that way to meet them. They both stopped and the drivers got out. The man from the camper had a map that he showed me. He said that he was looking for a fork in the road, and wondered where he had missed it.

I asked him, "Where are you going?"

He said, "We are looking for the road that goes up to this mine." pointing to a place on the map. From the distance on the map, I thought he was pointing to the mine Woods owns.

I showed him where the road was, and said, "You couldn't get over there with a camper, though. That mine belongs to Mr. Woods. Are you interested in it?"

He said, "There are some things there that we want to get."

I was somewhat mystified. The other fellow made a remark about geothermal exploration.

I said, "Oh! You are making the geothermal soundings, a kind of sonar operation."

The younger fellow said, "We use a square-wave generator. It's not sonar, but it's similar."

While we were talking, Ellis Mason drove in behind the jeep. He and another man came over to where we were. I introduced Ellis to the geothermal men. Ellis introduced me to them, and also to Jerry, a Game Commission man who works in the office. The geothermal guys gave out with their names, which I immediately forgot. Now the jeep and the camper were boxed in. We had them drive forward far enough for Ellis to drive his pickup onto the road that makes the first loop from the upper road. Then the jeep and the camper backed out to the point. The younger fellow in the jeep called out, "Thanks Jim. See you again."

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Jerry and Ellis had spent three days camped out at Fish Lake. They went up to the top of the mountain to observe the sheep.

I told them about the Coon killing the chickens, and took them down to see the slaughter. I warned them of the traps we had set.

Ellis said, "You have to have a trappers' license to set traps. Your hunting license doesn't cover that. We better give them a citation. Don't you think, Jerry?"

3rd

There has been no precipitation, except for a trace of snow one night, since the eighteenth of September. We had two projects in mind this morning. Mike was to install the manual hoist at the ore bin. He would go by tractor up to the mine. I would drive the pickup up to the cabin, and with his help, load on the cook stove that is in the cabin, and bring it down here.

What we did do:- Mike was all day getting the boom and the hoist ready. I did some chores around the house, and buried the chickens in a mass grave. When I gathered the chickens off the floor, I found that some of them had heads missing, and there were fourteen plus one wing and a head left of the sixteen. I believe that something came in and ate on them during the last two nights. In fact it looked like some of them had been moved and piled in one place.

Whatever came in after we set the traps avoided them. Whether it was the same Coon or something else is a good question.

We will replace the heating stove with the cook stove from the cabin. I've talked Mike into the idea of getting the chimney blocks down at Pat's and extending the chimney higher, then putting the no-down-draft cap on it. The one that worked so good before.

We would like to put some kind of stove in the cabin. There is a cook stove under one of the plum trees. It has no oven door and no door on the fire box. We will try to make one for the fire box, and forget about one for the oven. Mike thinks he can make one out of some heavy-gauge steel. I think there might be some welding to be done, and I could try my hand at the arc welder.

In the afternoon while I was out at the point, looking for some parts for said cook stove, I saw a car coming up the road. It stopped on the other side of the Indian Creek turnoff. I waited to see which way it would go. In about three minutes it started moving, and came on up this way.

I walked back toward the dugout, and was half way down here by the time it came over the point. I stopped and waited for it to come up to me. The lone occupant was a young man whom I thought looked familiar. I said, "Hi. I've seen you before. Haven't I?"

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He said with a broad smile, "Hi. You do look familiar. But I haven't been up here before."

I asked, "Are you working for the geothermal company."

He said, "No. I'm a geologist working on my own. Looking for uranium."

He got out, and we walked down to the dugout. We discussed the geology of the Steens. He thought there were possibilities here for uranium, but that the big companies aren't interested. The outfit that leased Rhodes' claims up Pike Creek and the Little Alvord haven't done much exploration there. He said that Westinghouse was the Wyoming outfit. That probably accounts for the odd information we have received, such as:- "It's a Wyoming Company with headquarters in Utah."

He told me his name, but I'm not sure I have it right. Holly or Hollis. The last I'm sure because when he gave it to me, I thought of Sony Hollister. His first name fled my memory. It never even latched on.

He was interested in our operation. Said he had to be in Eugene today, so had to leave right away. Said he hadn't been home in three weeks, a long time to be away from his wife. He would be back in a week or so and look at the mine. I told him to bring his wife with him. He said, "Maybe I will. We could camp out."

I got a good sweat up digging the grave for the chickens. My back gave very little trouble, and I think in a couple of weeks I'll be as good as ever. When I did situps this morning, I was able to bend forward easier than yesterday morning.

This evening at nine-thirty, I started making a small batch of fudge. Mike came out, and seeing me mixing the stuff, asked, "What are you making?"

I said, "Fudge."

"Isn't it pretty late for that?"

"No. It's not so very late. The Mystery Theater on KNX wouldn't be over when the fudge is ready."

He went back to his office.

It didn't take long to boil the mixture in the microwave oven. Being a small batch it cooled in a short time, so there was less stirring. I poured it into the Silverstone skillet, figuring the slick surface would make it easier to cut the fudge into pieces. I put the pan of fudge into the freezer for fast cooling. By ten-thirty it was cold and set up good. I cut out six pieces, and put them on a plate.

I went back and said to Mike, "Are you going to stay up all night?"

He, "No. I'm going to bed right now."

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As I had expected when he came out, he spotted the candy on the plate. I said, "Well, it didn't take long."

He, "Cooking it in the microwave oven sure makes it easier."

George called Monday. He said that he had been trying to phone me for several days. The phone had been out of order over the weekend. He said that he might have to have a prostate operation, and if so, he would need my help again. The doctor gave him some medicine to take for a week. If that doesn't help, then the operation may be necessary. We sure hope he gets better without the operation.

Copland hasn't notified us that the nails and sheet metal are in. The work on the roof at pat's is still held up. The replacement blanket. and the flashing are at Ward's. It looks like we won't go after them until we hear from Copland's.

The cattle were still down on the flat this afternoon. Apparently the foreman of the Wild Horse Ranch didn't have time to come after them.

4th

Today was a fine one for working outside, although Mike considered it uncomfortably cold. He thinks that when winter comes, he will have to crawl into a hole and stay there until the weather warms up.

I went out to the point with the wheelbarrow and brought back numerous pieces of stove tops down here. The stove under the

plum tree needed two lids. I found one that would fit. Another lid was too large, but covers the hole, and nearly fits. It would stick up higher than the rest of the stove top.

I made another trip out there to load a big rock onto the wheelbarrow. It weighed about one-hundred and twenty pounds, and I wondered if I could handle it with my bum back. It turned out that no heavy lifting was necessary. I tipped the wheelbarrow over sideways, then rested one edge of the rock on the edge of the wheelbarrow. By standing on one leg of the wheelbarrow, and pulling on the rock and the wheelbarrow at the same time, the wheelbarrow righted onto its legs with the rock inside.

When I got down to the dugout with it, I went inside and asked Mike, "Where do you want it."

He, "Want what?"

"The big rock that you wanted moved form the side of the road out at the point."

"Oh, that one! I was afraid someone might run into it."

He came out and wheeled it to the upper end of the rock wall on the curve west of the dugout.

I told him about the two stove lids. He went over to look at the stove saying, "We ought to get it out of there, and move it to where we can work on it."

I said, "I cant lift much with my back in the shape it's in."

He said, "I can roll it over those planks, and we can load it into the wheelbarrow."

I was able to help in rolling it up onto the planks, then we tipped it onto the wheelbarrow. It made an awkward load, and Mike managed it real well wheeling it up near the gravel pile. We wanted to let the stove down gently off the wheelbarrow. Mike thought he would have to do some heavy lifting when we tipped the wheelbarrow to get the stove off. I reversed the procedure I used with the rock. While he was easing the stove down on the far side, I stood on the leg of the wheelbarrow, and hung onto my side of the stove. The stove eased to the ground gently. Mike said, "I thought it would be more of a strain to let it down."

I said, "I stood on the leg as a counter weight. It worked real good."

"It sure did."

We proceeded to clean dirt and bag worms off the stove. Mike found a piece of sheet metal to go under the oven. The fire wall there had a hole in it. The piece of sheet metal he found covered the whole bottom of the oven. A piece of asbestos had covered the bottom. It had come loose, and was folded back, otherwise we wouldn't have seen the hole in the metal. He put the asbestos back in place, and under the new piece of sheet metal he placed some fiber glass. He fastened the sheet down with sheet metal screws.

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The fire door was missing. In fact it wasn't on all the time we had used it. One section of the cast iron top is broken. I'll try to weld it. When we were using it in here, I had propped the two pieces up with rocks in the flue space underneath.

At one-thirty we had lunch. Mike thought it was too late to go up to the mine. But, after talking it over, we decided that we could at least get the boom and winch up to the ore bin, and Mike would have time to repair the track while I was shoveling shale into the box on the tractor.

I walked up leaving here around four minutes after two. Mike had a later start, because it took him a little while to bind the boom onto the tractor with a piece of rope. I was up there quite a bit ahead of him.

The cattle, that have been hanging around the place, were on the meadow. It looks like the Wild Horse Ranch foreman hasn't been over after them. We counted eleven, including a very small calf.

My back was so much better I was able to help carry the boom up onto the track. We didn't install it because Mike had intended to bring up a piece of plywood that would cover the ore bin, and allow the boom to be installed on the back side where it could swing over the box on the tractor, and we could lift things right out of the car without first removing them. This would help a lot with the batteries.

I got the box filled. Mike ran out of nails and came down for more. Since he wasn't yet finished with the track, I hiked up to the shaft and began clearing rocks away from the platform at the top of the shaft in preparation to tearing it out. When it is out, we'll have room to maneuver the barrel in its trips up and down the shaft.

I felt greatly encouraged by the fact that I could lift and toss rock without hurting my back. By the time Mike was finished with the track, I had made a good showing on the rock pile.

We went down sliding on the shale. I had wondered how I would fare going down that way instead of walking the trail. I had no trouble at all, and it even seemed easier than before I got the crick in my back. I carried a rock sample in each hand. At the tractor I put them under a shovel telling Mike to rescue them if he dumped the shale before coming to the dugout.

While I was loading the box I had taken a sample of dirt to run a test on it for cinnabar. I put the sample on a ledge of the ore bin. Along with it I placed some rocks that Mike thought interesting, and my tape measure. These I forgot to pick up when I started hiking down the hill. It was four minutes after four when I left, a little over two hours from the time I started up. I was fourteen minutes going back down to the dugout. All in all I felt I had recovered from the crick in my back.

I felt good and got busy with the household chores. I finished loading the dishwasher, cooked potatoes and carrots, made a batch of biscuits, and cooked a patty of wild beef. I found a carton of frozen strawberries in the freezer, 1977. It was only half full so it must have been some left over from a meal.

It was nearly six when we ate dinner. After dinner I took the clean dishes out of the dishwasher, and stashed the newly dirtied dish in it. So, I can go to bed with a clear conscience.

There were clouds most of the day, but now the sky is clear, and there's no wind. The temperature has been dropping rapidly. It was thirty-nine at seven o'clock.

5th

We got an early start this morning and put in over four hours at the mine. We secured the mast and the boom onto the ore bin, and brought a load of shale down to put on the road.

George called tonight. He is having Sam come out for a couple of days, Thursday and Wednesday. Sam will drive him to Lodi Tuesday and stay over Wednesday so he can pick me up at Sacramento. I'll get into Sacramento at ten after nine at night. Sam doesn't have to be back to work until Tuesday night. Thus he will have time to drive home in the morning.

17th

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I arrived here at George's one week ago Wednesday. The following Friday he had X-rays with barium. This Wednesday we drove to Sacramento and I had my teeth fixed, twenty three dollars. Mary bought forty dollars worth of fake fur. Thursday we heard the results of the examinations. All were negative.

George says he is having less trouble, and is beginning to think he'll get over whatever it is that is bothering him without any treatment. Anyway the doctors don't know what is wrong. One doctor said that it might be a nerve. George says it might be from the arthritis in his back.

Mary is giving me an old-electric blanket. George gave me a jacket. That takes care of the blanket problem, and I was thinking of buying a jacket.

Charlie called and talked a long time. He said that he was getting ready to die. One day, three different times, he woke up lying on the floor. Probably from heart stoppage.

26th

George seems to be better. He drove to Jackson and back three times. I haven't had to do any of the driving. He takes longer hikes around the trail.

I wrote a letter to John Fox and family. I haven't answered their second letter. John has sold the patent on his battery, and says he will use the money to buy a printout for the Pet. He sold a clock program for seventy dollars.

November, 1978

18

I don't get as much exercise as I would like, although there is plenty of time. It is hard to settle down to writing letters. I have refrained from contacting Morrie because Mary dislikes him so bitterly, and should I visit him, she would bring up all her old hatreds and take them out on George. She might even get a heart attack.

George roasted a turkey for Thanksgiving, and made two pumpkin pies. The turkey will last a long time with only the three of us to eat on it. Mary eats more than George or I. I eat the least.

I bought a brake-spring tool. It came to four dollars and twenty-five cents plus tax. Several years ago George bought one like it for a dollar fifty plus tax. It seems that people are taking higher prices as a matter of course. If your income doesn't go up, though, you will notice it.

The news is full of the Jones Town massacre. Maybe people will realize that they can be brainwashed, and will be less ready to follow a leader with his promises. Some people want to be told what to do, and would rather have a king with absolute power than to be free to act for themselves.

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9th

George doesn't seem to get any better than he was two weeks ago. I tell him that if he would cut out his glass of whiskey a

day, and cut out the snooze, he would have a chance to get better in six weeks. There is no use in trying to get him to do it. He says it's the whisky and the snooze that keeps him alive.

Today I said, "Why don't you take the whole box at one time?"

He said, "If I did, it would knock me down."

"Well, it's knocking you down, anyway. It just takes longer."

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7th

Yesterday we went to Burns. At Ward's I got the electric blanket that came in exchange for the one that had such an offensive odor. This new one has the same offensive odor. It came in a cardboard carton instead of just in a zippered plastic bag. However, inside the carton the blanket was in the same kind of plastic bag.

We had driven to the Safeway Store from Ward's. Before going into the store to shop for groceries, I opened the carton and zippered bag, and discovered the odor. After getting our groceries we drove back to Ward's. The girl behind the counter suggested that I try getting rid of the odor by running the blanket through the dryer, using the air without heat.

I agreed to try it, and said, "Maybe I should wash it."

She said, "No. Don't wash it. If it still has the odor, bring it back. We will give you your money back, or you might try ordering a different blanket."

We had only a small amount of shopping to do, so dallied around town, because Mrs. Rossberg wouldn't be home until three-thirty. We were to get another load of wheat for Pat. When I had talked to Buella on the phone, I told her about being there last week, and since no one was home, we had gone out to the wheat bin and helped ourselves. From the fact that she made no comment, I

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felt that she didn't approve. The other time our phone had been out of order, and we were unable to let her know that we would be there.

Now it turned out we could have been there earlier, because she stayed home all day instead of going to a memorial of a friend that had been killed in a plane crash. We stopped in the driveway. I urged Mike to get out and knock on the door. It was about a quarter to three. He said, "Oh, there's no one home from the looks of things."

We sat there for a few minutes. I was beginning to think he was right. But Buella appeared. She came walking toward the pickup carefully picking her steps. She had a large glass with some kind of iced drink in it. I guessed that her careful steps was caused by a slightly intoxicated condition. I said to Mike, "Get out and meet her."

He opened the door and said, "By golly, you are home. Hi! Jim said you wouldn't be here until three-thirty."

Her face turned from a somber expression to a bright smiling one. She told us about the plane crash, and her staying home. Kenny was out Elk hunting. She seemed to be in a mood for talking. Mike said, "Well, we better get out there and load on the grain. We've got a long way to go."

I drove out to the grain bin, and backed up to the shoot. Buella followed on foot still holding her drink, and taking a sip

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now and then. Mike and I filled the sacks from the shoot. While he was tying the tops of the sacks I got another sack ready. Since it took two to hold the sack while filling it, I stood there waiting. Buella saw that I needed help, and did not hesitate to climb up and give me a hand. She placed her drink on a ledge above the shoot. The grain flowed freely, and quickly filled the sack. She said, "That sure beats shoveling it." I agreed with her.

We talked about David. I said, "He does a lot of work. He must be a great help."

She said, "Yes, but he doesn't run the combine. I combined acres this year."

I remembered how many acres, but thought it wasn't all the wheat they planted. I think she mentioned some other kind of grain also.

We told her about my intended trip down to California to help George. She wanted to know how many we had in our family. When I told her, "Five boys and one girl." She said, "Your's is a small family. There were ten in our family."

I said, "That's the kind to have."

She said, "I wouldn't like to have a have a family that big these days. Clothes, and things cost so much."

"Oh, you would get along fine. Kids can get along without the expensive toys, and a lot of things they get today. With a large family you would make do with less, and get along fine."

"Well, we do buy them almost everything they want."

Once in a while she would take the glass and make the ice tingle in it, and take a sip.

We were filling the sacks faster than Mike could tie them, and lift them toward the front of the pickup bed. I would tie a sack occasionally. Once I was opening a sack to put under the shoot, Buella got hold of the bottom of it, and attempted to open that end. Seeing what she was doing she said, "Well, we cant fill it from this end." Laughing, she dropped that end.

We filled the sack, and as we lifted it away from the shoot, the bottom broke out, spilling some grain. We laughed, "And you said we couldn't fill it from that end."

Mike turned the bottom end up, after he tied the top. Later he put another sack on top of the open end.

When we had what we figured was a load, and was ready to leave, Buella was still in a talkative mood. She wanted to know if Don could drive. We told her about his not having a license. She wouldn't like to be in Pat's position being dependent on others to haul and fetch things for her.

She wanted to know when it was that we got the eight-hundred pounds that Davy had helped us load. She said, "I don't know if Pat paid us or not, and I don't remember the date."

Mike again brought up the urgency of our need to get going. I drove the pickup forward a few feet so he could put up the tailgate, he put it up, then he got in, then in driving ahead to get into the road coming in, I had to circle and dodge a few rocks. I had intended to say goodbye to her, but when I looked back in the rear-view mirror, I couldn't see her, and the sacks of wheat prevented me from looking back through the cab window. Mike looked out his window, and couldn't see her. I felt that it was rude of us not to have said goodbye.

When we turned off the highway onto the gravel road, the sun was low, and shown directly into the windshield, making it almost impossible to see the road. The sunlight shining on the flaws in the old windshield caused the windshield itself to be bright. In a short time the sun was behind the mountain, and we were relieved of the glaring windshield. Up ahead where the road started up the hill, there was a spot of sunshine, Mike said, "When we get there, the sun will really be in our eyes."

The spot of sunshine kept getting smaller and smaller, and by the time we got to the foot of the hill it was gone. If we had been a litter sooner it might have been necessary to stop.

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We got home just before dark, a few minutes earlier than our last trip.

Today I spent most of the day getting ready to go to California. The election poles at Andrews did not open until two o'clock. At one o'clock we drove down to Pat's and unloaded the grain.

I mentioned to Pat how the cowboy from the Wild Horse Ranch want about herding that little bunch of cows. "He and his little boy had a bunch of dogs. The dogs took out after the cows as soon as they found them. It seems to me that's the wrong way to herd cattle. The cattle started running as hard as they could go, and ran down into the middle draw, where it would be difficult to do anything with them."

That's what they did here. Henry has a hundred dogs. He ran one of my calves to death."

Don said, "The old timers wouldn't have dogs, maybe one, but they wouldn't let it molest the cattle."

Mike and Don worked together lifting the sacks up to the big tank. Some of the sacks weighed over a hundred pounds. One weighed 131 pounds. Mike was telling how he thought those spring scales that Buella used weren't accurate, and you got shorted because the spring got weak. He said, "And you paid for the weight of the gunny sack. A gunny sack will weigh around three pounds."

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7

I said, "They couldn't weigh that much. I've weighed my underwear many times, and they never weight three pounds."

Pat got the idea of gunny-sack underwear, and laughed.

When we got through, (all I did was keep tally of weights), Pat wanted us to come in and have a cup of coffee. I told her we wouldn't have time because I had a lot of things to do getting ready to go to California.

Mike started walking over to Dora's, saying he had to do something over there. I drove the pickup over into her yard, and headed it back out.

I seems that the latch on Dora's back door wouldn't latch. Mike had a file working on an obstruction on the latch. This piece that stuck out wouldn't let the latch pass behind the hole in the striker plate. A surprisingly small amount of filing cleared the latch, and the door closed okay.

We were soon ready to leave, and I said to Dora, "Well, I'll not see you before January."

She said, "You wanta bet. I'll bet I'll see you before then."

I said. "What makes you think so. Are you going to California?"

"No, but I'll bet you I'll see you before January."

"Why?"

She said, "As long as you won't bet, I'll tell you. I'm going to Winnemucca with you."

"How come? I thought you were going Friday."

"I am, but I'm going tomorrow too."

"Aren't you afraid to ride back with Mike?"

"Don't you trust me with him?"

"I should think you would be afraid of his driving."

On the way home I said, "What the heck does she want to go to Winnemucca with us for?"

"She thinks that if she goes Friday, taking Pat along, she won't have time to see an attorney that she has an appointment with."

We stopped at the schoolhouse and voted. Mrs. Hair, Mrs. Davis, Linda Blair, and a woman I didn't know were on the election board. This the first time Andrew and Margie Schull were not on it. Andrew is in a nursing home, and Marge stays in Burns.

From the schoolhouse we had gone around the corner where the road turns toward Serrano Point, and as we passed the Wild-Horse-Ranch mailbox, a pickup passed us from behind. I had to nearly stop because of the dust. The dust hung in the road long after the vehicle had gone. I had to drop a mile behind to keep out of the dust.

We stopped at the trailer house, and turned on a heat lamp in the place. Glen had put two in there, but I plugged in only one. That's all we had last winter.

I spent the rest of the afternoon getting ready to leave. I let the water out of all the faucets in the garden, and let the water run out of the pipes.

I washed out a batch of clothes, got dinner, and washed up all the dishes, then made a batch of fudge, which turned out as expected. I put two pieces in my suitcase.

I had intended to take the electric blanket with me, since the odor seems to have dissipated after the blanket hung on the line all night and all day, besides going through a cycle in the drier, but after putting it on the bed I find the same odor, less strong but still offensive. So I'll not take it with me.