

14th

The warm rain over the weekend got rid of the snow and ice on the road. We had twelve-hundredths of an inch of rain yesterday, not enough to make much difference in the road.

When I walked down for the mail, I found the road almost dry, with the exception of the stretch along the lower draw. Here there was water standing in foot tracks that had been made when someone had been stuck at one spot.

Last Friday a camper had been parked on the road going down into Indian Creek Canyon. The ground was frozen then, but the weather turned warm during the night, and the snow started melting. In the morning around nine I walked out to the point and saw that the camper was still there. It had been raining some already. Later when there was lull in the rain, I walked out there. The camper was gone. I was glad that the people had gone down the hill before the road got too bad.

Now when I reached the lower draw on my way to get the mail, I saw way down in the bottom of the draw, a tractor, and leading from the tractor, to sets of foot prints headed over the hill towards the Alvord Ranch. I thought, "That camper must have gotten stuck in the mud in the stretch of road along the draw."

I tried to figure out what happened from the tracks of the vehicles. One thing was clear, one vehicle had gone down the hill

after the tractor had come up. There was one set of tracks that had been mostly obscured by other tracks. A four-wheel drive had come half way across the mud flat, lost traction, and backed down the road to where it could turn around, and went on down the hill. The last vehicle had come down and covered those tracks except in one place. Here the last vehicle had gotten off into the sagebrush below the road. It was at the spot where half way across the flat where the first vehicle had started to back up.

The tractor had turned off the road shortly after it entered the mud flat. I could see no evidence that it had been used to pull any vehicle out of the mud.

The vehicle that had gotten off the road had made some deep ruts while in the sagebrush, and from the many foot prints, which were still full of water, on the road, I assumed there had been quite a struggle to get the vehicle unstuck.

Perhaps they weren't able to get it out, and someone had gone to the Alvord Ranch for help. Also I figured that the tractor had used a winch to pull the vehicles out. But why had it not backed down the road instead of driving off down through the sagebrush. They might have thought they could turn around and get back onto the road. However, the ground in the sagebrush had been too soft for them to turn around.

In the mail there was a letter from George. He had heard from the lawyer. The people who bought the property through the court haven't put the money into escrow. I should think that the court would have demanded cash. They did pay the \$250 for the furniture. I wonder if they have been given keys to the place.

The TV is working pretty good. Channel eleven comes in good. Nine barely shows up. Thirteen comes in fair.

20th

With the weather down well below freezing for two days and nights, the mud down the road was frozen hard, so we drove to Burns yesterday. The sky was clear and there was no wind. On the way back when we reached the gravel road, the sun was low and shown directly into the windshield nearly blinding us. In some places the sun was reflected off the hood upward into our eyes, making two bright sources to blind us. Then along the first lake the sun reflected off the lake giving us more trouble.

It was too much. We stopped to wait for the sun to go down behind the mountain. A vehicle coming from behind stopped. Several people were in the front seat. The man on our side asked, "Do you need any help?"

I said, "No. We're waiting for the sun to go down."

The woman, who was driving, said, "I don't blame you."

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They drove on. We were in no hurry, because we wanted to start up the hill as late as possible before dark so that the road up the hill would be frozen. It was nearly dark when we came up the hill, and we had no trouble.

23rd

Yesterday we went to Burns once again. Mike wanted to buy some wheat for the quail, and we had forgotten to pick up the parts for the dishwasher, also we wanted to take some apples to Kenny Rossberg. I had told him I would bring some when I was up that way.

23rd

When I went down for the mail Monday, I saw that the ground was nearly dry, and I figured that even if it didn't freeze during the day, Tuesday, the ground would be dry enough for to get back up the hill should we go to town. So yesterday we headed for Burns. The sun had come out bright.

On the way to the Cold Spring Summit, we could see fog ahead. It looked more like smog than fog.

We did not get into fog until we were on the grade to the summit. The fog cleared away on the other side.

We stopped at Rossberg's on the way in. Buelah was in the house. I gave her the apples, and asked he if we could call Dora to find out if Pat wanted anything from Burns. Mike told her about wanting to get a sack of wheat for the quail.

I called Dora. When she answered, I said, "We are going to Burns today. Would you ask Pat if she wants anything?"

She said, "I'll call her on the intercom and find out, then I'll call you back."

I said, "Call me at this number." Then gave her Kenny's number.

She said, "That's Kenny's number."

"I'm here now."

"I'll be right back."

Buelah and I made some small talk about the weather. Dora called and said that Pat would call Tiller's and put in her order. The clerks would have it ready for us. She said to tell Buelah that she would send her a chick. She hadn't forgotten her.

Mike had gone out to the shop, and was talking with Kenny. Buelah thanked me for the apples. I went out to the shop. Kenny and Mike were coming out when I reached the door. Kenny now has a beard. I said, "You look like--". I couldn't recall the name I wanted to say.

He said, "I look like Castro."

I said, "I wasn't thinking of him. I was thinking of H. G. Wells."

Mike and Kenny headed for the grain shoot. I went back to get the pickup. As I was driving around to the shoot, and backing

up to it, I thought of how much easier it was to maneuver with the automatic transmission than it was with the stick shift.

We got exactly one-hundred pounds of wheat in the sack that Kenny gave us. Mike gave him the \$7.00, and said, "Well, it doesn't have to go down in the books."

Kenny said, "Well, these days you have to figure every way you can to keep your taxes down."

At Burns we parked near the U.S National bank. Mike went in to cash a check. I went to the Western store to pick up the parts for the dishwasher. The parts came to \$86.12. The clerk said that she had told the parts company that it was too much. "You might as well buy a new washer."

I didn't have enough money with me, so I told her I would go out and get some more from Mike. Two cashiers were waiting on two people. I couldn't imagine what kind of transactions were going on. I wondered how long Mike had been waiting before I got there. Finally one of the cashiers got through with her customer. Mike was next, and was soon coming out with his cash. I met him and told him about the price of the parts.

We went to the store, and paid for the parts. There was one part that didn't come, and had been reordered.

There was a door gasket that I didn't need. However, I didn't say anything about it, because I wanted to look at the

parts numbers to see if I had made a mistake, and put down a wrong number. When I got home I found no such number on the list. But there was a part missing that I would need badly.

There was another part that I did not need, although it had a number on it that I had included in the order. On the list of parts, though, the number was for something else. It appears that the same number was used for two different parts.

Considering the time it took obtain the parts, the wrong parts, the missing parts, it becomes a different job to repair the dishwasher. How long it will take to get the remaining parts is another matter. I said to Mike, "Well we have more time than they have."

We drove to the post office where Mike mailed a couple of letters. Then on to the Safeway store where we bought some lunch items. A loaf of bread, some bologna. I picked out beef bologna, while Mike got a cheaper brand, containing chicken, pork, and de-fatted beef. It makes you wonder if the higher priced brands are really better than the lower priced ones. I guess you could choose the ones you like best regardless of price.

28th

Fred arrived Friday morning. He intended to leave the next morning, but Mike said he would fix up some chains for him. He waited too long to get started Saturday. It took Mike all morning to prepare the chains.

It snowed about two inches, and the temperature got down to eight degrees. It was ten at eight o'clock.

After breakfast Fred asked me to start the motor of his car so it would warm up the interior before he got in. He had light clothing only suitable for Arizona. Mike gave him a suit of winter underwear, and a coat to wear. Mike said, "If you have to get out and put chains on the car, you'll sure need them."

I put the box of fruit I had canned into the car along with the Aloe plant. Fred came out, got in with Pete, said, "Goodbye." and took off.

A little later I walked out to the point and looked down the road. He was driving slowly so wasn't very far down the road. I watched until he went out of sight at the head of the lower draw. I wondered if he could make it across that bad spot. If he got stuck there, I doubted that he could walk back up the hill. About a half hour later I went out to the point again with the field glasses. I could see no sign of anyone walking up the road. I was satisfied that he had made it to the county road.

Sunday night the temperature got down to two below zero, and it was zero at eight o'clock.

When it was time to go for the mail the temperature was down around ten. I drove the pickup down, because I did not feel like walking in the cold air.

Sunday night John did not get on for our schedule. I wrote him a letter today.

George called Friday. He said that he had an appointment with Hamerick on Tuesday. The money has been put into escrow, and George will sign papers, then Hamerick will go to court to close out the estate. It will take a couple weeks or more to get into court.

30th

Yesterday I swept the snow off the shale trail out to the point and part way down the first hill. Thus, when the weather warms up above freezing, and gets below freezing again, the melted snow will not form a coat of ice on the trail.

Since I hadn't gotten my usual exercise by walking down for the mail Monday, I hiked down as far as the lower draw this morning. Mike walked down as far as the Indian Creek turnoff.

Today I wheeled some dirt out of the back room. This did not give me much exercise, but it seemed good to be getting something done.

I drove the pickup down for the mail. We received receipt for the ten dollars we paid the BLM in Portland to cover the cost of registering our claims. A pamphlet that came with it says that there is no charge for registering our assessment work.

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1st

I promised Mike that the temperature would be warmer today. This morning at eight o'clock it was thirty-six, and we had a high of forty-six. The snow is gone.

I walked down for the mail, and found the road not as muddy as I thought it would be. If it does not rain the road should be dry by tomorrow night.

We moved out two loads of dirt this morning before the ground was too soft for the wheelbarrow.

Mike says he will have to make a new design for the new section because the ceiling is higher than it was in the back room.

I checked into the first and second session of the Oregon Emergency Net tonight. On the second session Bob, WB7NIR asked for me. We moved up frequency. He said that he talked with Ellis on twenty meters. Duain is with Ellis now. They are going down into Mexico, then up through Death Valley, and then to see Shirley. They think they will be back in Hines in a couple of weeks.

Bob told me why Duain came home. He got robbed in Mexio. Ellis was in Phoenix when Duain went through there on his way home. Duain didn't know that. When he got home, he sent a message to Ellis via ham radio, to call him at home. I guess they made arrangements to meet in Phoenix.

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Bob said that his oldest boy Bob has a general class license, and the other boy Jim has a novice license. Jim is the center on the basketball team.

2nd

I got over here just before eight o'clock. It was too late to call long distance on the night rates.

The low last night was thirty-one. The high yesterday was forty-seven. Today it got up to fifty. I've been expecting it to rain, but there is none yet.

We had a fire in the heating stove. It warmed up the place pretty good without the electric element.

I tried adjusting the leads on the TV antenna to get a better picture on the tube. I used the battery operated set to monitor the picture at the antenna. When I hooked the lead to the battery set, I saw that the reception was better out there. I came back down here and found that the reception had improved down here.

I went back out there and disconnected the set. Came back down here and found no picture on thirteen, just sound. I took the transformer used to hook a seventy ohm line to a three-hundred ohm line out there, but before I hooked it to the leads, I changed the position of the jumpers between the two antennas. This brought in a good picture, but no sound. I then hooked the

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transformer in parallel with the antennas. This brought sound and a good picture on channel thirteen.

4th

I was up around seven-thirty this morning. The temperature was thirty-three. The low last night was thirty. The high yesterday was forty-six. So it has cooled down a little.

Today I went back and forth between the antenna and the dugout, changing the hookup, and then back down here to see the results. Sometimes I would get sound without a picture, and then again a picture without sound. Finally a hookup brought picture and sound in.

Mike worked on the shelf in the back room fixing it to hold up a good load. He cut the paneling material to get some square pieces out of it.

The road down the hill was sticky. If this weather continues the same, it should be dry enough to drive down tomorrow evening. Then Wednesday we should be able to drive down and back without any trouble.

Yesterday Dora called, saying that she and Jim were going to Idaho Tuesday. Would I leave her shoes and pads for her glasses in the mailbox so she could pick them up Tuesday.

I left them in the mailbox today with a note saying that Dora would pick it up. That was so that the mailman would know that it was not for him.

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Concerning the reception on the TV, it seems like it changes from time to time. Channel thirteen will come in good with a certain hookup, then it would change with either no sound or no picture. Now I wonder how this last try will hold up.

I contacted John Sunday night. I was surprised to hear him, because he would be at the Computer Center, and I hadn't expected him to be home in time for our schedule.

He said that we might change our schedule to seven. That's what it will be next Sunday.

This morning at nine I listened on twenty meters for WB7NIR and Ellis to check in on the C.11 Net. I had never heard of the net until Bob told me that he and Ellis had a schedule to meet on that net every Monday morning.

5th

The weather was about the same as yesterday, except there were a few more clouds. The low was two degrees colder, and the ground froze harder. When it thawed out today the ground was wetter than yesterday. This freezing and thawing doesn't seem to let the ground dry out.

I cut some sagebrush and started a fire in the stove. With some pieces of wood to help out the stove kept the place warm all day.

Thinking that there might be some feedback in the line amplifiers, I lowered the voltage applied to them. I'm not sure it helped, but I did not the usual interference to the reception. The interference in the picture seems to come on channel thirteen only. The interference symptom is a rising noise level and a lowering of the audio, sometimes losing the audio completely. Sometimes even the picture is washed out.

I did some clean up work today, running the mop over the floor, and getting up the worst of the dust.

Mike was having trouble changing the saw blades on the electric saw. The bolt that holds the blades on would not budge.

I tried my hand at it without success until I ground the blade of a screwdriver to give it a sharp edge. This gave the blade of the screwdriver a better chance to bite into the hex head of the bolt when I tapped the handle sharply with a heavy hammer. After many tries I thought I saw that the bole had turned slightly. It was not until the bolt had turned almost half a turn that I was able to screw it out by hand.

There is some kind of flaw in the way the blade is held on. Mike thinks he will leave the ball bearing clutch off. Then it would be easier to use a different bolt with a better head for a socket wrench.

This morning I thought that Mike was better than he has been in a long time.

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Ellis checked into the Civil Defense Net this morning. He was mobile this side of Fallon. The net control could not hear him. I relayed him in, then said, "Move up frequency and give me a call."

We made contact. He said he would be home tonight. He was having motor trouble, and had to shift into second gear when going up hills. Duain was with him.

I checked into the first session of the Oregon Emergency Net tonight, but not the second session. I heard Ellis check into the second session, but did not call for him.

If the ground had been dry around the old pickup I would have worked on it. It looks like we will have snow or rain again before the ground dries out.

6th

Last night when I stepped out to go to my bedroom I found it was raining. Mike's clothes were still on the line. It couldn't have been raining long, because the clothes were quite dry. I started taking them off the line, and found a jacket and an insulated undergarment missing. There was a strong wind blowing, but I hadn't noticed it inside the dugout. It must have been worse before. I took the clothes I had gathered and took them inside, then went back outside to look for the missing pieces.

I found the jacket to the left of the trail going to the garden gate. It hadn't picked up any mud. I looked farther down the trail, and along the garden fence for the undergarment but saw nothing of it. I took the jacket inside, and went back out to look some more.

I found nothing, and went back inside to turn out the light. Mike woke up, and said something. I said, "It's raining." He was surprised.

Then I told him about the missing undergarment. He said, "I meant to bring those things in before dark."

I said, "Well, I'll look for it in the morning."

This morning there was a flurry of snow coming down, when I got up. Before I went into the dugout I started looking for the insulated undergarment. The trail to the gate was covered with snow so it was not too bad to walk on although the ground was soft and my feet sank into it. I looked all through the garden. Nothing. I could imagine the wind catching that undergarment and flying it all the way down into Indian Creek.

I came back up the trail, and looked on the draw side of the donkey house. When I was about to give up, I spotted it on some sagebrush below the fill. It had some mud on the sleeves and later we ran it through the washer and dryer.

There was no sound on channel thirteen. I guessed that there was something wrong with the translator, and thought that the adjustments that I had made here on the antennas hadn't corrected the problem as I had come to think it did.

I did not go out to check on the antennas right away, because of the cold wind. Later when the wind let up, I went out there. The antennas had been blown out of line, and one of the jumpers was disconnected. I repaired the damage and came back down here. The sound was back on channel thirteen. The adjustments I had made were all right.

The temperatures were a little warmer than yesterdays.

Today I worked at making the place a little more presentable. I checked the wiring on the plainer, and found it and the switch all right. I figured that the trouble was in the brushes. I put the parts I had taken off back, and examined the brushes. They were not worn out, but one of them came out hard like it had been stuck. When I put it back in, I moved it back and forth a few times to make sure it was free. Thus I got that fixed, and put it away in the back room.

I made an applesauce cake, then hiked down for the mail. The road was sticky, and in about the same condition as it was Monday.

As I was getting the mail out of the sack, a pickup came from the hot springs area, and stopped by me. A man, a woman, and a boy were in it. The woman was next to the window on my side. She said, "That must be a long way to walk for the mail."

"It's quite a ways, but it's a nice walk."

Their name was Kelly. Thinking of an Irish name, I said, "Is the boy's name Mike.?"

" No. His name is Jerry."

Recently they bought a ranch down below Fields, but aren't there all the time. They didn't say where they were when not on the ranch.

A snow shower started as I left the mailbox to go up the road.

Someone had tried to go up the hill, apparently in the morning, because at the time the road must have been pretty wet. They spun out on the muddy section along the lower draw. They backed up, turned around and went back down. The deep tracks they made did not help the road any.

Stella called this evening. She is by herself. She said there was a picture on channel six, but it would turn from a snowy picture to a clear picture in flashes. I told her that it did the same thing here.

7th

I stayed up until twelve last night. There was about a half inch of snow on the ground. The snow came as a surprise, because earlier there was no sign of snow or rain on the way. The low last night was twenty-five. The ground did not freeze hard, because of the cover of snow.

This morning our water pressure started going down. By noon it was almost gone. I kept putting off going up the pipeline to find the trouble. I was hoping the sun would get rid of the snow and dry out the side hill.

I got busy around one-thirty, and hiked up the pipeline. There was a break in the line about fifty feet above the storage barrel. The condition of the line where it was leaking was strange. It was at a place where we had spliced the line with a connector. The pipe on the lower end had come off, and the pipe was bent to one side with about seven feet pulled out of the ground. The end that had come off the connector was in a peculiar condition. It appeared like something, an animal, had been chewing on it. There were holes that looked like teeth marks.

On the ground around the place I saw bob cat tracks. I thought that there must have been a slight leak at the connector, and the water had washed the dirt away from the pipe. The cat must have come upon the spot, and heard the water running through the pipe. The strange sound must have made him think that this was something alive, and he tore the pipe out of the ground.

I saw that I would need a piece of one-half-inch pipe for a splice, and another connector. I hiked back down and got a knife, a connector, a pair of fence pliers, a piece of tie wire to use as a clamp, and a piece of 1/2 inch pipe cut from some pipe lying near the cabin. In trying to push the connector into the pipe, the pipe split down the middle.

I looked for another piece, and Mike joined in the search. He found a pipeline that seemed to be in good shape. I cut off a piece, and pushed the connector into it. The pipe did not split.

I climbed up the hill again, and pushed one end of the pipe into the connector in the line. The piece I brought up split down the side. The pipe was stuck in the connector so tight I had to cut it loose.

Back down at the dugout I took a short rest, then went down into the garden to the end of the pipe that carries the water from the ditch. I figured that since there was water running through this pipe most of the time, the plastic might not have been affected by the sun and change in temperature as the other pipe lying in the garden.

The piece that I cut from the end of this line held up when I pushed it into the connector. I hiked up the hill again and got the splice connected into the line. I made the splice a little long, so that it was necessary to put a bend in the line to accommodate the splice.

I wasn't very happy with the connection, because I couldn't push the pipe very far onto the connectors, but they seemed to hold tight.

The ground was wet around there, and it was difficult to shovel dirt onto the line. The dirt would stick to the shovel when I tried to throw it onto the line. I finally got it covered.

There was an east wind blowing all this time. On my first trip up there I wore one jacket. I was sweating by the time I got to the break, then when I was stopped the wind chilled me. On my second trip I wore two jackets and still I felt cold.

Mike keeps working in the back room putting up shelves. He doesn't appear well, and I keep hoping he will feel better soon. I think he should get a checkup when he goes to Bend as soon as we can get the old pickup back in shape. I had hoped to work on it today, but the pipeline jog took up my time.

In climbing the hill I felt that I did not have the strength that I used to have. The ground was soft making it harder to climb. I would be good if I did more climbing up the side of the mountain. Going for the mail three times a week is not enough to keep me in shape.

12th

Friday, early, Mike got started working on the little pickup. By the time I got out there, he had taken out three of the

bolts that holds the fan in place. I took over from there. Mike began getting the heater ready to install.

The sun was shining, and there was a slight wind from the southeast. There wasn't room enough for the both of us to work at the front of the pickup. Thus Mike had a chance to take a rest. He had made a number of trips back and forth from the shop out to the point.

Aftr I installed the water pump, it took a long time to put on the fan. The fan goes on with four bolts which must be steered through the fan, then through the pulley hub, then through a shim, and then into the threaded holes in the boss on the end of the pump shaft. To hold all these things in place while starting the bolts, and getting the holes lined up was the hardest part.

With the fan on, I hooked the hoses and filled the radiator. There was a leak at the connection of the lower hose.

I drained the radiator and worked on the hose hoping to improve the connection on the pump outlet. There seemed to be some dirt inside the hose. I brought some hot water out from the dugout to make the hose more pliable. I put the hose on and tightened up the clamp. There was still a leak. I drained the radiator again.

Mike came out and I told him we needed a new hose. He began to see how he could hook up the hose. I said, "I don't want to fill the radiator and drain it again."

I showed him the outlet on the old pump, how it wasn't exactly round, and that the lips were thick on one side, and nonexistent on the other side. The inside of the old hose had been pressed down by the clamp. The pressure had caused the inside to conform to the shape of the outlet. The outlet of the new pump was shaped differently from the old one. The hose had hardened and couldn't shape to the new outlet. He saw what the trouble was, and said, "Well, we'll have to go to town again."

We decided to go the next day. Saturday morning there was so much dense fog, we decided to go Monday. Then Monday there was still dense fog. Now we would wait until the weather was better.

Monday's mail brought letters from Hamerick, one for each of us in which there were papers to be signed and notarized. The papers were called Receipts of Distribution.

Now we knew we would go to Burns the next morning. It was foggy when we left, but at the mailbox the fog lifted.

14th

We had a good trip to town Tuesday. We signed the papers from the lawyer Hamerick. We had them notarized, and mailed them.

We got the extra wheel for the pickup, \$75. We got about thirty pounds of wheat from the Game Commission office.

While in town we met Cactus Smith. He said that Karen was in South America, and has been writing to him. She asked him if Mike and I were still here.

Last night George called. He wondered if Fred got the paper from Hamerick. He said that he tried to get Fred on the phone. On the first call, Fred's phone rang, but on his second try a recorded voice said the phone was wasn't in service.

I told George that I would call the Fox's place and have someone there go over to see if Fred was home.

Dorothy answered the phone when I called. She said she would go over Thursday and check. She said to call her at five in the evening. I called as planned. She hadn't been able to find Fred's place, but she talked with Bob Craighill. It seems that someone had broken into the trailer house and made a mess of the place.

Bob had tried to get Fred to stay at his place while some people went over and cleaned up the trailer house. Fred said he would stay home and be there when they did the cleaning.

She said that Bob would contact Fred and find out about the paper.

Today we finished getting the heater installed in the little pickup. We found that the radiator thermostat wasn't working. Luckily we found one in the old Pontiac.

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The fitting on the carburetor was leaking. The threads were stripped. We put in a thinner filter gasket which let the threads to go deeper, so that the fitting could be tightened.

I called Mae this morning. She talked longer than she usually does. She said that she sleeps a lot. It is hard for her to write her name.

I called Margaret. She is doing all right.

The TV is doing good on all three channels, here and at Stella's. Stella said that someone went up and worked on the translator.

15th

I was hoping that Fred would call today, but he did not. Dorothy called saying that they were over to see him, and she thought Fred seemed confused. She wasn't sure he knew them. She said that he had not received the letter from Hamerick.

I wonder if Fred is getting any mail at all. Maybe he hasn't notified the post office that he is back home.

I called Hamerick. I was answered by a recording. I couldn't hear what was being said. I dialed the operator and told her my trouble. She dialed for me, and when the voice on the recorder finished, she asked me if I had heard it. I said, "No."

She called again and relayed my message to the recorder that Hamerick was to call me.

I waited around for two and a half hours before he called. I told him that Fred hadn't received his letter yet, and gave him the correct address. He said he would check, and was sure Fred would get the paper.

Later I called Bob Craighill and was answered by a recording. I told Bob that I didn't think Fred could read, because he needed glasses. He wouldn't know what to do when he got the letter from the lawyer. I asked him to check on Fred to see if he was getting his mail.

It rained last night, .12". The road was dry by the time I walked down for the mail. I wore the rain jacket when I started out, thinking it might start raining again. Part way down I took off the jacket and left it under a sagebrush. There was no wind and the temperature was warm enough to go without a jacket.

I haven't succeeded in losing any more weight.

Mike put up a bar in the back room so he could chin himself, or try to.

I put a board across a couple of boxes and placed the pots with Aloe on it, making more vacant space on the floor.

Mike doesn't watch TV very much. The only things that seem to interest him are something simple, like witch programs. Tonight he watched a magician.

I got up at six-fifty-five this morning, and was over here at five after seven. I turned on the TV and watched the Today's Show, a program that I had become familiar with when I was down at George's place. It appears that part of the program has been cut out to insert news in the Idaho area.

Last night when I went over to my bedroom the water in the draw was high, and the color of the water was brown. When I came back here in the morning, the water level was lower and it had a white color to it.

When I tried to call George, I found the Alvord Ranch on the line. It was nearly eight o'clock when I got a chance to dial his number, and there was no answer. Last week he told me he would be visiting his friend Cresno in San Clemente over the weekend. I thought he would be back by Sunday night. I wanted to tell him about Fred's not getting the paper from Hamerick, and that Fred's address is 25166 instead of 25611, and that I think his mail is getting lost at the Junction City post office.

I started a fire in the stove, although there isn't enough wood to keep it going all day.

I went down the hill to get the mail, running part of the way. There wasn't as much mud as I had expected, and I made it down in twenty-three minutes. As I neared the box on the far side of the road, I saw that there was no mail sack. I crossed the road back to the mailbox on the near side and leaned against it.

I looked up the road toward the Alvord Ranch and wondered if there might have been a washout from the runoff during the recent rain and warm weather. Then I got to thinking that maybe it was a holiday. It wasn't Friday but Monday the eighteenth. Sure enough it was Washington's birthday. We had been talking about how we celebrated it on Monday whether it was the twenty-second or not.

I figured, "Well, anyway, I'm getting my aerobics for today."

While walking up the hill, I composed a story in my mind, spelling the words in mores code as I did so. I started out with just words, not having any idea of what they would lead to. Thus---

"Driving along the road in the truck I could see the van coming toward me, and I noticed that a truck was approaching on a side road from the left.---

19th

I got up at a quarter passed seven. It was darker than usual for that time of day, because of the heavy rain, and overcast sky. This made it seem earlier. As soon as I got into the dugout, I turned on the TV to catch what was of the Todays Show.

Then I dialed George's phone number. There was no answer. Apparently his visit was lasting longer than he had intended.

We had only thirteen hundredths of an inch of rain last night. The low last night was thirty-four. The high yesterday was forty-one, and the temperature at eight o'clock was thirty-five.

20th

I went to bed rather late last night. I was recharging the refrigeration system for the cold room. This took more time than one might think. In order to know if there was the right amount of gas in the coils, the system has to go through several cycles. The gas has to be injected a little at a time. I finally got too much in, and had to let some out.

21st

I was up at eight-thirty this morning, and when I looked out the window, I was surprised to see snow on the ground. There was nearly three inches. The low last night was twenty-eight, and it was only thirty-one at eight o'clock.

I checked into the Civil Defense Net right at the end of the net. Alice came on after that, and made contact with K7ALX she said hello to me before calling him. It was the first I have heard her on in a long time.

Because of the snow, we did not go out much today. Mike swept a path down into the garden, and put out some wheat for the quail. They had eaten all that had been left there a few days ago.

I swept a path out to the truck.

February, 1980

21

Yesterday I baked two loaves of white bread. They came out all right, but they did not have the flavor I had expected. The texture was sort of tough. Maybe I let the beater run too long.

The news about the high price of gold and silver, and the opening up of gold and silver mines caused me to remark to Mike, "If the price of mercury should go up high, we would have people coming around looking for mercury mines."

Mike said, "If they did we would sell this place. Maybe we could get enough money to buy a plot of land down here somewhere and move a trailer house onto it."

I agreed with him. Mike has lost so much strength and endurance, he is not able to do much work. I doubt that he will be able to hike up the steep trail to the upper hole and help hoist the dirt out of it.

The length of time we are marooned up here during the winter is beginning to be objectionable. I am still able to hike down for the mail, but Mike is unable to do so. He must feel more confined than I do. We do not feel like moving into town, but presume we have no more than five or six years before we will have to abandon this place. I guess we could just pull out and leave everything here. Someone else could haul the stuff away.

22nd

I got up too late to check into the Civil Defense Net, and managed to get only the last ten minutes of the Donahue show.

There was a trace of snow last night. It has been snowing and overcast up to now at ten o'clock.

Mike said that he had a breakfast of a bowl of peaches and a slice of bread, then he took his pills for diabetes. He said they made him sick and he nearly threw up his breakfast. I suggested that when he went to Bend he should talk to his doctor about how the pills affected him. Maybe some other pills would work better.

Mike is putting things up on shelves, clearing the stuff off the floor so that we will be able to prepare for pouring concrete on the last three sections of the back room. The weather in April should be warm enough for us to wash the gravel, and mix the concrete.

23rd

Two inches of snow fell last night, and there were snow showers during the day yesterday. The precipitation amounted to twenty-two hundredths of an inch. The low last night was twenty-eight, and the high yesterday was thirty-eight. It was thirty-five at eight o'clock this morning.

Yesterday there was a regular blizzard blowing. I could imagine what it would be like coming back up the hill with the mail, facing the wind and snow.

By three thirty the wind had gone down, and it was not snowing. When I hiked down, there was enough snow on the ground

to keep my feet from getting stuck in the mud,. I wore a quilted jacket under the rain jacket, I had the hood up over my head. The wet snow on the ground was too slick to allow any running. Thus I did not get too warm, and I was glad I had worn both jackets.

At the mailbox the wind was from the south, and it got stronger as I climbed the first steep grade. I could feel it helping me on my way. There was no snow in the valley, and no snow on the steep grade above the gate. Along the lower draw there was enough to keep my feet from getting stuck in the mud. I could feel the mud under the snow. My feet would sink down at every step.

I got warm enough to lower the hood of the rain jacket, and even unbutton the rain jacket. This cooled me off enough so I did not have to take the jacket off. Halfway to the dugout the wind got stronger and was coming from the west right into my face. The farther I got up the hill the colder it got, and it started to snow in the form of pellets. By the time I got to the curve at the bottom of the last steep grade, I had the jacket buttoned up and the hood over my head. At the point the wind was strong and it was snowing hard.

Last night I put what was left of the shoulder of ham on to boil, letting it boil for about four hours. I removed the meat from the juice and let it set so the fat would harden for easy

removal. I put the pinto beans to soak. I will cook them in the juice from the ham, and put the lean meat in with them.

George called around ten o'clock. He says it is quiet and lonely around there. He will drive down to Jackson today to kill time. He was wondering if we had heard from Fred. He said that Hamerick had sent him another letter with the right address to him.

24th

I got up around nine o'clock. The low last night was thirty-one, and the high yesterday was forty-five, and at nine o'clock this morning it was thirty-four.

Since it was Sunday, I figured there would be only preaching on TV. I turned the set on and checked channel thirteen, and channel eleven. I listened to one preacher for about five minutes, then turned to channel nine. The hockey game between the US and the USSR was in progress. I had forgotten that it would be on at eight this morning. Like the other games the US team had played, they were behind at first, but did better in the latter part of the game. This gave it more suspense.

This morning I ran down to the Indian Creek turnoff and hiked back up. Passed the turnoff there was no snow to keep my feet out of the mud, otherwise I would have gone farther.

I had intended to wash some clothes in the morning, but I didn't get around to it until after noon. Thus they did not get dry on the line before dark. I brought them in anyway, because it might rain, or the wind might come up and blow them off the line. I will hang them up again tomorrow if the weather is dry. If not I'll run them through the dryer.

This afternoon I took another run down the road. This time only to the end of the shale trail, because there was no snow passed there to cover the mud.

After I got back I took the axe and trimmed off the brushy ends of the sagebrush Mike had brought in last week. I was able to scrounge two armfuls of the larger pieces after the small stuff was cut off. This made enough fire to last the rest of the day.

I boiled the beans another four hours today. This has given them a better flavor.

Fred called tonight. He got the letter from Hamerick, and has mailed back the notarized paper. His phone is working, so I can call him. He said he got a raise in his Social security. Now he gets \$464. That is \$125.75 more than I get from Social security and army pension combined. He should do pretty well on this new allotment.

I talked with John on schedule. He has a program on his Pet that enables him to read six-hundred words a minute. The computer displays the words one at a time in the center of the screen.

Thus his eyes do not have to move. The brain is supposed to process more words than the eye can read. Some people can read 1500 words a minute.

26th

Yesterday the road down the hill was quite dry. There was one spot just passed the Indian Creek turnoff that was muddy. It took me one hour and eight minutes to make the round trip.

Today I canned three quarts of applesauce.

The weather was warm, and the temperature got up to sixty-two. I went out and greased the fittings on the compressor. I discovered that a hose had come loose at one end. The fitting had actually come apart, and I saw that it had been soldered. I brought it down to the dugout, and by using the hot plate on the stove, I was able to solder it back together.

When I got the batteries hooked back up, I pressed the start button. Nothing happened. It was as though there was no charge in the batteries. I figured I would have to put the charger on the batteries. So I came back down to the dugout to get the charger and an extension cord. I decided to check the voltage on the batteries before hooking up the charger. The voltage measured all right. I checked the fuse on the solenoid. It was burned out.

I took the cover off the solenoid and closed the switch manually. The engine turned over and started readily. I let the compressor run for about forty-five minutes. Meantime I took a run down the hill for a good aerobic exercise.

Mike said that he had found some DBI capsules and had been taking one capsule a day for five days. This morning he felt better. Apparently this one capsule made him feel better than he has felt in a long time. The pills that he has been taking in place of the DBI capsules have been making him sick. He didn't have to tell me that he had been getting worse all the time. I could see it in his appearance. He said that he may have to go to Canada to get the DBI capsules.

Tonight he showed a bottle that contained some capsules that the Veterans Hospital gave him. The capsules had worked the same as the DBI capsules. He hopes these capsules have not been taken off the market.

April, 1980

4

I said, "No. It's Jim. How is the weather back there? We have a light snow shower going here."

"Oh, the sun is shining."

Mae talked more than she has ever before. She said that they were keeping her in bed for two months. She cant read, or is unable to read, and doesn't have the radio on much, so hasn't heard much news. I told her about Mt. St. Helens turning into an active volcano. It was news to her. We talked for over half an hour.

I called Dora later. She said that if I get in touch with Mike again, tell him to bring out a piece of flexible sewer hose.

Jim and Stella have gone over to visit Jim's daughter near Mt. St. Helens. Before they left, Stella said, "We might have some ashes dumped on us when we get up there."

This afternoon when I was out at the point hooking the blade up to the tractor, Mike drove up the hill. He stopped to see if he could help me. I was having trouble with the hitch. He looked at it and said. Those ends must have gotten bent."

I said, "I'll go down to the dugout and get a drift pin."

He got into the small pickup with the load on it that he had brought back from Bend, and drove around the turn to the front of the dugout. I arrived there about the same time he did. He began unloading. I carried a few things in. He said, "I can unload this. You might just as well work at getting the blade on."

There was some pieces of wood on the truck. I said, "I'll get some sagebrush and start a fire in the stove. This wood ought to last a while."

After starting the fire, I walked out to the point with the drift punch.

I worked for a while trying to force the hitch onto the bolt, but could not move it on far enough to put the keeper into the hole. It appeared to me that there was too many washers on the bolt to leave room to put in the keeper.

5th

I finally got the blade onto the tractor, and yesterday made a round trip down the hill. The blade was quite affective and filled some of the ruts. The ground in the wheel tracks was hard, but on each side it was soft enough to allow the blade to cut into it readily.

Later in the day Don called. He couldn't get his tractor started again. We decided to go down and see what we could do. I said, "It would be a good idea to visit anyway. It would give Pat a chance to see that you have improved since the last time you were there."

Don saw us coming, and had the extension cord ready to plug in our battery charger. Don said that the charger I had fixed for him didn't work. He had hooked it up to a battery. The hand on the meter had swung passed the scale, and then dropped to zero.

Mike and I went in to talk to Pat. She complained about one of the electric circuits not working. She said, "The circuit has been giving trouble for years. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't. Now it has quit altogether."

Mike remembered where the first outlet on the circuit was located. I checked that outlet and found power at that point, then checked the next outlet in the circuit and found no power. I took the cover off the first one, and pulled the outlet out of the box, and found that all the screws holding the wires were loose, one more so than the others. That one was badly corroded, and showed signs of having been hot. It was difficult to clean the wires and the screws, so it took me a long time to correct the trouble.

Meantime Mike and Pat were talking over the world situation. They were in agreement, so I called out, "You are agreeing on everything. You are supposed to be arguing."

Don got the tractor started and put the charger into our pickup. I told him that the battery on his tractor must not be holding a charge. He said that the battery was old. It was one we had given him a number of years ago. I remembered the battery. It was old when we gave it to him.

We went over to Dora's and visited. She wouldn't like it if Mike went back without seeing her. Before we left we helped her catch the little chicks and put them in their cage.

April, 1980

7

We picked up the mail on the way home.

This morning I tried to call George, but there was no answer. Probably he is down in San Francisco visiting Cresno's brother.

I took a trip down the hill and back for exercise. Not long after I got back a thunderstorm came from the west over the mountain. There was heavy wind and hail. Mike said, "I was going to take a walk. Now it's too late."

The storm passed over and by two o'clock the ground was dry again. I took another hike. This time going farther. When I got back, I told Mike I had taken another jaunt down the hill, and that it would be a good time for him to go, and that he should wear a warm jacket, one with a hood, because the wind was blowing hard.

6th

We had snow showers this morning with heavy winds. The showers continued all day with wind and hail. The sun came out at times melting the snow so that the ground was nearly free of snow by night.

I took a trip to the end of the shale trail, wearing two jackets to protect myself from the cold wind. Mike didn't try to go out.

April, 1980

8

I baked two loaves of white bread today. Half of one is already gone. Because of the cold weather I felt house bound, and ate far more than usual.

George called this morning. He got home yesterday afternoon. Joe Cresno came up from San Francisco with him. They are having rain showers there.

I talked with John on schedule tonight. He said that they have been having rain there. Gary was putting nitrogen on the garden. He was still at it after dark. He said that they had one-thousand pounds of nitrogen, but I'm not sure that he is putting it all on at this time.

7th

The sky was nearly clear this morning, so the sun started warming things up pretty good. There was a strong wind blowing, which made it seem colder than it was. The low last night was twenty-five, and it was thirty-three at seven.

Around ten I made a round trip down the hill. The road was dry. I could feel the cold chilling my face and my ears, but to the extent that I needed to rub my ears like I did in the winter when the temperature was below freezing, and the wind was blowing.

Later I cut some wood, and got a fire going to warm up the place faster than the electric element does.

When it came time to go after the mail, I brought the tractor down to the gas house and filled the tank. I put on two jackets, because it would be cold riding the tractor in the wind. Thus with the mail sack, and two letters to mail, I went down the hill using in the blade to smooth the road.

The mail consisted of the Saturday Evening Post, the News and World Report, some junk letters, and a letter from Margaret de Broekert.

Just before dark I hiked down the hill, throwing rocks off the road. I figured I needed the aerobic exercise, because I had eaten so much today.

Mike got out and took a short walk, after I came back with the mail.

9th

The temperature did not get below fifty in my bedroom last night. I was looking for a warmer day than we have had recently, but the temperature was down to forty-three at eight o'clock. It had gotten to fifty-seven during the night. I checked the thermometers several times during the day, and noted that the daytime temperatures did not get above forty-seven.

The wind blew hard, and there was a threat of wind in the air. The satellite map on TV showed rain over most of Oregon, but we had only a few drops here.

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I put up seven quarts of applesauce today. Still on hand are some Honey Gold that are keeping good, and some of the Red Baron.

At mail time Mike took the tractor down the hill using the blade to smooth the road. It took him about an hour to make the round trip.

10th

I was up at eight-thirty this morning. It was cold again last night. It got down to thirty-one, and it was thirty-six when I got up.

I took a walk down the hill and threw rocks on the road out to the side. A few more trips over the road, with the blade on the tractor, will smooth it up pretty good.

I didn't do much today, read some in a book, and washed out some pots and pans.

Late in the afternoon, Mike went out and started taking the grill off the little pickup. I was out there in time to help him finish taking it off. We were able to straighten it enough to put in a new headlight, when we get one.

What happened to the grill? A deer jumped in front of the truck when Mike was coming home from Bend. Luckily only the grill and headlight were damaged.

This afternoon I started making a list of the things to get in Burns. I told Mike about it. He asked, "When are we going to Burns?"

I answered, "We might go tomorrow, if the weather is good. I want to stop at Rankin's to look at the clock they told me about the last time we were there."

Mike said, "I want to get some wheat."

That made me think of Pat and her chickens. "I'll call Dora to find out if Pat needs any wheat."

When Dora answered the phone, I said, "Well, you're in the house."

She said, "I sure am. Just a minute. The fire alarm just went off."

While she was checking on the fire alarm, I went into the back room and told Mike about it. Dora was back to the phone before I was. I could hear her voice before I picked up the receiver. She said, "There was no fire. I was baking some pies. One of them boiled over, and the oven started smoking."

I said, "Boy! It's good thing you don't have a sprinkler system. You would be all wet by now."

She laughed and said, "That alarm has gone off several times before."

I asked, "What kind of pies are you baking?"

"Two apple pies, and two pumpkin."

"I'll be right down." Then got to the reason I called. "We may go to town tomorrow, or next week. I wonder if Pat needs any wheat. We will be stopping at Rankin's."

"I would like a couple of sacks. Do you want me to call Pat?"

"Yes. Go ahead."

"I'll call you back."

"Fine."

I watched the news on TV for a while, and when it was over, I forgot that Dora was to call me back. I took the garbage and some wheat down into the garden for the quail. On the way back, I thought about Dora. It had been over half an hour, so I decided to call her in case she had tried to call me while I was out. When she answered, I asked, "Did you call me? I was outside for a while."

"No. It took me longer, because I had some things to do. Pat wants all the wheat she can get, as much as you can haul. What do they charge for the grain.?"

"Three seventy-five, I think, but I'm not sure. That's by the bushel."

That's a lower price than Rossberg charged."

"Yes. The price at Rossberg's was seven-sixty a hundred. At Rankin's it's six-twenty-five a hundred."

This evening I walked down the road again. I was surprised to see some tracks in the road. Someone had driven up to the point, turned around and gone back down the road. They turned off

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toward Indian Creek on the upper turnoff, and apparently came back by the lower turnoff, and then went on down the road.

I drove the big truck down to the gas tank and filled up with gas.

11th

The low last night was twenty-five, and it was thirty-six when I got up seven. The high today was fifty-six. There wasn't a cloudy in the sky, which we welcomed, because we were going to town.

We left here around eight-thirty, early enough to give all the time in Burns we needed. We didn't see any vehicles between here and the pavement. Then on the highway there was very little traffic. We arrived in Burns at eleven-thirty. We stopped at the bulk plant to tell Joe that we could handle five-hundred gallons of gas when the truck came down our way the next time.

From there we went to the bank where I deposited \$300 from the check George sent me. We found that the interest for the first twenty days on the \$8,900.00 was \$25.53. It was enough to pay for our trip to town.

We then went to the Safeway store, stocked up on groceries. We bought a larger cooler than the old one. The girl at the check-out counter made out a warrantee slip for it. This took up more time than I think it is worth. When she rang the price on the register, she had to ring up only \$5 at a time until she had

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\$45. Then \$1.49 to make a total of \$46.99. This was the first time I ever noticed that the registers could handle no more than \$9.99 at a time.

Pork steaks were \$1.28 a pound. We bought two packages of them. Instead of plain ground beef, we bought ground beef mixed with vegetable protein, then a package of boneless boiled ham. That's enough to last us for over a month.

For making salads I got celery, lettuce, and tomatoes. Then other items were, catsup, mayonnaise, walnuts, peanuts, bread, and margarine.

We ate lunch in the parking lot, then drove over to Womack's. Dorothy was cleaning out her car. She said that they were going to Springfield to take John's dad home. John had been using her car to drive to work. Today he left it home so she could clean it.

Mike gave her the Aloe plant he had potted for her. She was glad to get it. They have been buying lotions made from the Aloe, and had several pamphlets describing all the things it was good for. I said, "I think this is a passing fad. Someone is making a lot of money on it."

Mike told about the skin trouble Bruce has been having for years. It is a kind of skin fungus. Using the juice from the Aloe plant he is bringing it under control.

She introduced us to John's father. He seemed an alert person, although up in years, and using a cane. He is hard of hearing, which made it difficult to talk with him. You weren't sure he understood what you were saying.

Dorothy brought out some custard topped with Dream Whip.

From Womack's we went to Les Schwab's and bought an eight-ply tire for the truck, \$89.16. Now we have two spares for the truck. While we were there, we learned that the rear wheels had ten ply while the front wheels had eight ply.

We then headed for Rankin's to get the wheat. As we drove into the yard we met a man walking from the shop toward the house. When I told him we wanted to get some wheat for Pat Frazier, he said, "Go see that man working on that a car over there."

We drove over there, and informed the man about our mission. He said, "Drive out to the building. I'll clean the oil off my hands, and be right out."

Out at the building, Mike opened the big door. Inside things were different from what they were before. A large piece of machinery blocked the way to where we loaded the wheat before. The man arrived and had me back into the building. We would have to carry the wheat in buckets about thirty feet. I thought, "This is going to make a lot of work out of it."

Before we got started loading, Rankin arrived. He said that we might be able to drive in at the door at the other end of the building.

We went back to the other end of the building, and looked over the situation. A piece of machinery partially blocked the doorway. Rankin and his helper moved it out of the way. I drove around, and went straight in, and arrived next to the wheat piled on the floor.

Rankin's helper is a big bearded man. We were using buckets that held thirty pounds of wheat to measure the amount we were loading into the truck. Mike got up into the truck to catch the buckets as we handed them up to him, then he would dump the grain onto the bed of the truck. The big man would scoop his bucket into the pile of wheat, and come up with a full bucket. When I tried it, the bucket would come up only three-fourths full. I would then finish filling it with a shovel. I felt like a little boy working with a grown man.

After we got the load on, I backed the truck out, and drove to the house. While Rankin was making out the bill for Frazier's wheat, I started looking over the grand farther's clock. Mrs. Rankin had said that the one of the gears that drove the mechanism, for the changes of the moon, did not mesh properly. It looked like, to get to the gear, I would have to remove the dial.

I took off the minute hand, and then tried to remove the hour hand. It would not budge.

Ordinarily the hour hand would not have to come off before removing the dial. I got the screws out, but now the dial wouldn't move. I couldn't see what was holding it. Rankin came over, and said, "You can get at the gears by taking off a side panel."

He proceeded to remove the clock away from the wall, then removed the side panel. The gears could be seen. The gear that drove the phases of the moon was on the shaft of the hour hand. Still there was no way to get the gear to mesh with the gear that drove the moon. I would have to remove the dial. Looking at the dial from behind, I could see no reason that it would not come off the clock.

Rankin said, "It is glued to that piece of sheet metal." How he could see that this was the case, was a mystery to me, but I guessed he had some prior knowledge.

The hour-hand shaft would not slip off the minute-hand shaft, the way it usually does with clocks. I could think of nothing to do but to remove the works from the case, and I had no desire to do that. Furthermore a method for removing the works was not obvious.

Seeing that it would be a major job, Rankin asked his wife if it would be worthwhile.

April, 1980

19

Today two couples came up to pay us a visit. One of the men was the man who brings up the tanker to fill our gas tank, Davis by name.

15th

Yesterday I grafted a couple of scions of the Honey Gold onto the a limb of the Yellow Delicious, using commercial grafting wax to cover the cuts.

Late in the afternoon, while Mike was gone to get the mail with the tractor, I hiked up to the cabin. The meadow was dry, so we will be able to go up to the mine. The cabin door was wide open. The people who used it last didn't secure the screen door properly. The inner door no longer has a latch to keep it closed. I found a short piece of two-by-four, which served as a brace to hold the screen door securely.

Today I made another graft like the one yesterday. Before doing so I sharpened the handsaw so that it did a better job cutting off the limb.

The gas man arrived around ten o'clock. He came by the way of the upper road, and when he came around the turn on the hill, he was unable to see the road, because of the high hood. He said that it was scary. He turned sharper than necessary. This caused the wheels on the inner side to go up on the bank. The truck leaned so much he was worried that it would tip over.

He put 550 gallons in the tank. When he figured out the bill he said, "It's easy to calculate the price at one dollar a gallon."

I started to make out a check, but found that I only had \$546.81 in the account.

16th

Today Mike made two trips to the mine with the tractor, using the blade to smooth up the road. At mail time he went down with the tractor to get the mail. He turned the blade on the tractor around so that it wouldn't dig into the ground, but rather ride over the dirt, and smooth the road for the last time until someone makes deep ruts again when the mud comes.

I spent considerable time this morning getting the compressor ready to start. I put water in the batteries, and recharged them. When I pushed the starter solenoid, it started readily. I ran it for half an hour.

Gale Wallace came up today for our census paper. Our address was not required on the paper, but she put it down on a separate paper.

From here she was to go to the Wild Horse Ranch. I called Dora, and asked her if the census taker had been there. Dora said that she had not. Dora said, "There is no one at the Wild Horse Ranch. They are all down toward Fields herding some cattle. There is no one at the school house, because of spring vacation. There

is no one home at the Blair place, and only grandma Penland at Larry Blair's place. It looks like the census taker is having a hard time collecting the senses papers around here. If she goes home every night, she will do a lot of traveling.

Gale Wallace used to work at the Mann Lake Ranch. Her husband had a half interest in the ranch. Hoyt Wilson bought him out a year and a half ago. Dora thinks Gale was given this territory because she knew most of the people down this way. However, I think she took whatever territory she could get. She was driving a heavy pickup, probably because she has to go places where a car could not make it.

17th

This morning Don called saying that the packing around the pump shaft had come loose. We got all the tools we would need, and some we might need for other purposes that might come up, into the little pickup and drove down there. Don was out there immediately. I saw that Mike and Don could handle the pump packing job, so I picked up some tools from the toolbox, a hammer, a pair of vice grips, a half-inch end-wrench, a seven-sixteenths end wrench, and a screwdriver. These I would use to lower Dora's TV antenna, and tighten the boom on the mast so that the wind couldn't blow the boom out of line with the translator.

Walking over to Dora's, I had a feeling that we had been thrust out of winter right into summer. It was almost unreal. Up until now it seemed that the cold weather would never end.

18th

I was up at eight-thirty this morning. The low last night was forty-nine. It was sixty-two when I got up.

Don had already called and told Mike that the fitting that puts grease into the packing around the shaft was leaking water. Actually water was spurting out of it. Don didn't know what to do about it.

After breakfast we got ready to go to the rescue, making sure we had plenty of tools to do the job, and other repairs that might come up.

Dora wanted some potatoes, and she had some parsnips ready for us. I had the battery charger ready. We took it to make the trip more worthwhile.

When we got down there, Don was out at the pump house. Mike looked over the old John Deer tractor, and found a fitting that would fit. The ones we brought down were all too small. I checked the fitting to see if the ball moved freely. It did not. We found another one on the tractor in which the ball was visible and it moved freely. We put it on, and Mike went into the house to obtain measurements for a cabinet to build under the new sink in Pat's bedroom.

Don opened the valve from the pump to the tanks, and turned on the pump. The replacement fitting did not work. Grease came spurting out of it.

We looked over other old equipment for a zerk fitting that would work. None of those that we checked showed signs of a ball that would move. Finally I said to Don, "Let's try one of these anyway. Maybe the check is farther down in the fitting and we cant see it." We put one in and turned on the pump. Before we had time to see if it leaked, the pressure switch turned off the pump.

Mike came out to see what was keeping us. When we told him that the zerk fitting he had put in leaked, he went looking around for another one. He came back saying that he had found one with the ball visible in the hole. He needed a wrench to remove it. I said, "We've got one in there that might work. We are waiting for the pump to start up again to find out." The pressure went down in the tanks so slow that Don went over to a hydrant near the peach trees and turned it on. The pressure still took a long time to go down low enough to turn on the pump. There are two five-hundred gallon holding tanks.

Finally the pump started up. The fitting did not leak.

Mike wanted to load the lavatory sink onto the truck, and take it home where he could make a good fitting in the top of the

cabinet for it. I backed the truck over to the house and we loaded the sink on.

I gave Don his battery charger, then Drove over to Dora's to give her the potatoes.

Dora said that she was going to Fields in the afternoon. I said, "Why don't you go this morning? Then you could get us some lettuce and tomatoes.

"I'm taking some eggs down to sell. I'll be able to gather more later in the day. I can let you have a head of lettuce and a couple of tomatoes."

I was glad to get them. Lately we've been having a good salad every day. I make mine with lettuce, tomatoes, celery, and apple. Mike leaves out the celery, but puts some aloe juice in it.

Before we went down there, I had gotten out some canned cherries to give Pat. We found that they were fermenting, but not enough to loosen the lids. The fermentation had been slow, because they were in the cold room.

When we got back, I made a pie out of one jar of them. Meantime, Mike drove the tractor across Indian Creek, and worked on the road, using the scoop to move dirt to the bad spots.

The fermentation altered the flavor of the pie from normal, but not much. Later I dumped six jars of the cherries into a pot

and boiled them for about forty-five minutes. I cleaned and boiled the jars, and filled them, and put new lids on them. I think they will be all right this time. Mike had cold packed the jars, and put them through a boiling water process. Apparently he had not let them boil long enough to sterilize them, but long enough to have them seal good.

When Mike was coming back from Indian Creek, he met a couple of young fellows headed down to Indian Creek. They wanted to know if they could camp somewhere in the locality, and was this private land. Mike told them they could camp anywhere they wanted to. They made their camp on the grassy spot up the creek from the road.

Dora wants her tomato patch tilled, and I guess it's up to me, because Carl Hair cant get into the patch with his tiller that he pulls with a little tractor. Maybe tomorrow I will service our tiller, and call her up to let her know I will work on her tomato patch.

22nd

Yesterday it started raining before daylight. There was some snow mixed with it, but it did not stick, although the snow line was down below the mine. I got up at eight-thirty. By nine o'clock the rain had quit, and the sun came out shortly after. I worked on the tiller trying to find the trouble with the magneto.

I cleaned the contact to ground of the wire from the coil, but this did no good.

I hiked down for the mail. The road wasn't too wet, and I could have driven the pickup. The mail consisted of junk letters, the News and World Report, the Scientific American, and the Central Oregon Rancher. There were two letters for the Wild Horse Ranch, a copy of the News and World Report for Nellie, and two extra copies of the Central Oregon Rancher. I put these back into the mail sack.

I started out with the rain jacket, because Mike had been down for a walk, and said that the wind was cold. However, part way down the hill, I left the jacket beside the road, because I was warm enough without it. I took a careful note of where it was, and when I came back I didn't have to guess where it was.

In the afternoon today there was a heavy thunderstorm bringing a half inch of rain. I was glad it wasn't mail day.

I worked some more on the engine of the tiller, using the ohmmeter to trace the wiring. One wire that went from ground to the main engine case made no sense. When I removed the ground connection the resistance through the wire read as though there was a capacitor in it's circuit. If there was a capacitor, it would have to be inside the engine case.

23rd

The weather was nice after the rain of yesterday. I was up before six. I went to bed early, and rested very good. I attributed it to the fact that I ate less yesterday afternoon, and also that I ate three apples, some applesauce, and some lettuce and celery. Filling up on these things kept me from eating other food that was high in calories.

I checked the magneto on the tiller, but could find nothing to do to rectify whatever was wrong with it. I thought of doing as Mike suggested:-hook the pulley on the tiller to a pulley on an electric motor, and turn it until it started. I had another idea, and that was to heat the magneto coil to expel any moisture that might be in it.

I baked a cherry pie, and had it cooling on the table by one o'clock. Not long afterwards Agnes and Phil Grenon showed up at the door. I was surprised to see them. I said, "How far did you get up with your car? Was it pretty muddy walking?"

Phil said, "We got up as far as the curve at the foot of the last hill. Yes. We got mud on our shoes. We didn't think the road up here would be so bad, because the county road was dry with dust flying."

"Well, we had more rain up here than down there."

Phil said, "Now we've dug up your road."

Phil and Agnes were here last year while I was down in California. He is retired on disability pension. They are just getting bak feom a vacation trip to Florida. He said that they missed all the storms going and coming. The storms were always just behind them. It was a seven-thousand mile trip.

I served them tea, and a helping of cherry pie.

I told them the road down the hill would be dry by night, and they would be able to turn the car around then. Phil said that they had to be home by tomorrow.

I said, "You are retired now. Your time should be your own."

"We have to be back on account of the blueberries." I had forgotten that they were growing the berries, and I didn't know it had become such a big business.

Around two-thirty we went out to the point to check the road. It was nearly dry.

26th

I was up by six-thirty this morning. The weather was warm with no wind, and the sky was clear. I did not feel the usual spring in my step. I figured that it was caused by the lack of aerobic exercises. Thus before breakfast I jogged a mile down the hill, and walked back up. The gnats bothered me so much, I took off my shirt and draped it over my head. This helped a lot, especially in keeping them out of my ears.

When I got back, I unloaded the rototiller from the truck, and then came into the dugout to get my breakfast. I made hot-cakes, using whole-wheat flour, baking powder, egg, salt, and no milk or fat. Without the silver-stone skillet it would be impossible to make hotcakes without shortening either in the skillet or in the batter. With these no-stick pans shortening is not needed to fry spuds and other vegetables.

I washed up the pots and pans I used in canning the cherries yesterday. I put the jars of cherries into the cold room. I did out a laundry and hung it on the line.

I pushed the tiller out to the point and part way down the road to the garden. The ground became too soft for pushing, even though the road was down hill. I started the engine and let the tiller pull itself the rest of the way.

I made a short run with the tiller in the old potato patch. I found the lever, that controls the motion of the tines, needed adjustment so I could stop the tines from moving. The adjustment was much more than I could imagine just from the stretching of the belts. Then when I tilled the distance of about half a row, the lever became completely loose.

A pin, that goes through the lever, was about to fall out. Upon examination it appeared that a cotter key had come out of the end of the pin. When I got it back in and a new cotter key in

place, the adjustment for the motion of the tines had to be put back to the place where it was when I started working on it.

The engine wouldn't keep running. I would have to restart it using the choke from time to time. Also, I would screw the gas input adjustment all the way in and back out to the proper place for the gas flow, to get it to run very long at all. I figured that dirt was plugging up the jet, and hoped that by moving the flow adjustment, the dirt would flow on through. This was what it must have done, because the engine began to run steadily all the time.

I worked in the garden until six-thirty, getting more done than I had expected.

In the meantime Mike had been working on the doors for the cabinet to be put under wash bowl at Pat's place.

28th

We went to Burns today. The main reason for going was to put fluid into the tractor tire for Pat. Yesterday we went down there and loaded the tire into the truck. We took the electric-lawn mower over to Dora's and tried it out. She said it worked better than the her gas-lawn mower. We left it there for her.

She had some people helping her plant the garden, a couple by the name of Kirk who live below Fields.

April, 1980

31

We got an early start to Burns. The weather promised to be good, with only a threat of thunderstorms. We did all our shopping and had the tire filled by two o'clock. The fluid came to twenty pounds and cost twenty dollars.

We ran into a thunderstorm on this side of Burns on our way back.

May, 1980

1

14th

George arrived here a week ago Saturday. Mike was doing some work at Frazier's, and I was tilling Cactus Smith's garden. Mike had intended to pick me up and take me home from Cactus' place, but the work in the garden took longer than we expected it would. Mike went home by himself so as to be there when George came up the hill. However, George got here at three o'clock, and Mike got here after four.

When I got through, Cactus and I loaded the tiller into his truck, then he brought me home. It was after five when we got here.

George planned to head for Michigan last Saturday, but it rained hard, and the road was too wet for him to go down the hill until this Tuesday. He left early in the morning.

This morning he called from the other side of Salt Lake City. I wasn't up yet, and Mike talked with him. This morning he called from Pine Bluff Wyoming. I answered the phone. He has had good weather so far.

Last Thursday the drillers, who are drilling for geothermal hot water, set their rig up at the head of the lower draw. It is in the same spot they drilled last year, going down four-hundred feet. The temperature at the bottom of the hole was one-hundred-forty degrees. Now they are planning to go down 2,000 feet.

Last night we had twenty-seven-hundredths of an inch of precipitation here, but it probably rained harder down near the county road, because the well drillers drove up the hill, and near the top of the lower draw, spun out. The pickup ended sideways across the road, and the rear end was down in the deep ditch on the east side of the road.

Around noon some men on motorcycles stopped in here. They said that they had to go around the pickup.

This afternoon Mike and I drove the new pickup down to get the mail. It looked like a thunderstorm was coming, and we would need the four-wheel drive to come up the hill.

The well drillers had gotten the pickup out of the ditch and off the road.

The mailman was late, and we were worried about a rain shower coming toward us down over the mountain. Mike said, "We'll probably have to walk part way up. If the mailman wasn't late we could make it before the road got wet."

While we were parked beside the road, one of the well drillers showed up with a big truck loaded down with well casing and sacks of drilling mud.

When he went up the hill it sounded like he had the truck in its lowest gear.

We had intended to stop and watch the drilling operation, but because of the rain we didn't stop. We came back up the hill in four-wheel drive without any trouble.

In the drilling operation they are now using a much bigger crew. There were six or seven vehicles around the place, counting the big trucks. It made it look like the people were excited about the prospect of finding water hot enough for the production of power.

15th

I stayed in bed until nine this morning. For the first in what seems like ages, I felt depressed. All morning I moved around with no desire to accomplish anything in particular. I walked around in the garden looking at the fruit trees to see how the fruit was developing. There will be plenty of apples on the large tree. On the little apple tree there are some late blossoms coming on, so there could be more apples on it than the earlier indications showed. There will be only a few apples on the other small trees.

The cherry trees are loaded. The apricot trees do not have as many apricots as last year, but there will be plenty. There will not be as many peaches as last year, but there will be all we will need. Some of the three-year old seedlings are beginning to bear.

Volunteer potatoes are coming up. I think they are the yellow ones that I did not dig last fall.

The weather has been somewhat cool and wet, which is good weather for the grass.

Later I went out to the point, got into the back of the pickup, sat on a tire, and looked with the field glasses at the drilling operation. Six pickups and two heavy trucks were on the location. I could see some of the men moving around, but couldn't tell what they were doing.

I then came back down to the dugout, and started cleaning off the table. A lot of newspapers and magazines had accumulated, and were cluttering up the table. Most of them went into the wood box to be burned. Copies of the Astronomy and the Scientific American I put on a shelf in their proper place.

22nd

I went to town today. Mike stayed home because we thought that there might be someone coming around to see us, or look the place over.

I met Rhoads in Burns. He is still planning to work his gold claim, and intends to do the assessment work on his uranium claim.

Then I met John Scharff. He invited me to have coffee with him in a little lunch room I had never seen before. It was on a side street.

While we were having coffee, he said that he had some tomato plants he would like to give me. When he learned that I didn't have any cauliflower or egg plants, he said that he would go home and get the plants and bring them up town to me. I told him I would be at the Safeway store and he could meet me there.

At the store I had quite a few groceries in the cart, and was still shopping when he came along. We went out and transferred the plants from his truck to mine. He came back into the store with me, saying that he had to get some bananas.

31st

The weather turned cold and wet the day after I went to town. It wasn't until Tuesday this week that we were able to work at the mine. That day we put in about four and a half hours.

Mike spent some time trying to drill holes at the base of the boom on the ore bin, while I leveled off a place in front of the bin where we would place a piece of plywood for a base to shovel ore into the truck.

Mike didn't finish the two holes he was drilling. The auger was dull. He figured he would take over to the dugout, sharpen it, and make another try later. The place where he was working was unhandy. He had to lift the mast for the boom up and out of the way. I thought he would be ready to quit for the day, but he said that he was ready to climb up the trail and do some work in the shaft.

When we got to the top, I showed him how the pulley for the lift cable was rubbing on the bottom housing. It needed washers to take up the end thrust. He said we could bring up the hand winch the next day and take care of it. We were sure the pulley was the cause of the hard running of the lift.

Mike went down into the shaft, and I hooked the battery up to the winch. After we had lifted up seven loads, Mike said that he was getting tired. It was too cold in the shaft for him to stop and rest. I told him to come up on top, and I would go down and load the bucket.

When my load went up, I thought the battery sounded weak. The sound of it as the empty bucket came down, convinced me that it was really run down. I said as much to Mike, and he agreed. He said, "I'm ready to call it quits anyway."

We loaded some rocks, and the battery along with some tools into the car. Mike started walking down the trail, while I handled the brake. I had to pull on the cable to help keep the car moving, especially near the bottom where the track wasn't so steep.

3rd

We now have the pulley fixed so that it goes up and down the track easily compared to before.

The weather has been wet and cold. The low last night was thirty. I had the tomatoes, eggplants, and squash covered, so they were not harmed. Yesterday I made a cover of vinyl plastic for the squash to let the sunshine through like a small greenhouse.

It looks like the weather will continue cold for several more days. The little greenhouse will make the difference between squash and no squash this fall.

By three-thirty yesterday the ground dried out enough so that I could drive down to get the mail. After getting the mail, even though it was late, we drove up to the mine. The car was up at the top where it was the last time we were up there. The latch on the door would not work. Mike took it off once again, thinking he could do something to make it work better. After removing the mechanism, it seemed to work free. There appeared to be nothing wrong to be remedied. He put it back on.

We lifted four loads up out of the shaft, and hauled three of them out to the car. The car ran down the track fairly well. I had to hold it back with the brake most of the way, but several times something seemed to stick and hold it back, then, as it

neared the ore bin it slowed, and even my pulling on the cable did not give it enough momentum to pull the latch open when it hit the bumper.

When we got down there, an examination showed that, the chain that pulls the latch open, was too slack. Mike shoveled most of the ore out of the car.

It was after seven when we got down here. I checked into the Oregon Emergency when the control called for late or missed around seven-twenty.

This morning there was a complete overcast, and a sprinkling of rain all day. Late in the day some patches of blue sky showed up, but still there were light showers on and off.

I haven't heard the drill running since yesterday. The geologists' little trailer has been moved out. It looks like they are calling it quits at that place.

6th

We left for the mine at nine-thirty this morning. We got back here at two o'clock. We would have worked longer, but a heavy shower came up, and we were afraid the road would get too slick for us to drive down the hill.

We have four buckets of good rich ore, and another almost as rich. The latter came from the bottom of the hole. We are now digging where Harry left off.

The ore bin is three-fourths full of low grade ore. I have no idea of how much mercury is in the ore. The only thing I know is that I can pan cinnabar out of it. I am thinking of making a small retort, and determine the quantity in the ore.

George is home now after 6,000 miles of traveling. He didn't get to see Susie or Hazel in Arizona. Susie and her family were in Texas, and he couldn't raise Hazel on the phone.

The geothermal drill rig has moved up to the point. They will take a week off before starting to drill at this location.

A couple of back packers left their car at the point this afternoon. They were going to hike up the road passed the mine, and go up to the head of Indian Creek and Pike Creek. I saw them go as far as the meadow, but after that never saw them again. I wondered if they may have stopped at the cabin. It looked like they might run into showers up on the mountain.

The temperatures have been getting warmer at night. The low last night was thirty-eight, and the high today was fifty-eight.

Yesterday I took some potatoes down to Dora. While I was down there, I went over to Pat's and put a primer coat of varnish onto the cabinet that Mike had made. When I finished, I started to clean off the bottom of the varnish can. The can slipped out of my hand, and landed bottom side up on the floor. Thus I lost nearly a whole can of varnish. I used half a roll of paper towels to clean up the varnish.

9th

We got down to some richer ore, and decided to empty the ore bin of the low grade ore. It all went into one load in the truck. Mike wanted to wash the fine clay out, so we backed the little truck up to the back of the big truck. We were going to wash the ore in a wheelbarrow right in the big truck, and dumped the washed ore into the little truck. However, after washing two wheelbarrow loads, we saw that it would take too long.

We decided to dump the ore somewhere, so we could haul the higher grade ore down, and run it through the rotary screen to get it ready to cook out.

Now we had the problem of moving the jaw crusher out from the ore bin, and then moving the rotary screen into place. Then, of course, we had overhaul the gas engine to turn the screen.

12th

We now have the screen in place. We have a chip board bed to dump the low grade ore onto. While Mike was working on the mount for the engine, I overhauled the impact magneto, getting a good spark from it. Then Overhauled the carburetor, finding it pretty well clogged with dust. It was necessary to cut out a new gasket, because the old one was shrunken out of shape.

Today was showery and cold with considerable wind. It was a good day to work on the carburetor inside.

Last night I baked a rhubarb pie.

For the last couple of weeks I have been having headaches, and an uneasy feeling in my chest from uneven heart beats. I would feel better while exercising or working hard. While lying down I felt the worst. I have lowered my weight from 150 down to 144.

24th

Fred arrived here Sunday afternoon, the 22nd. He complained of his legs being so bad he could hardly walk. He wanted to be waited on for every little thing. He asked to have a cup of coffee poured for him. He would let a cup of water set in the microwave oven, and would make no effort to get up and take it out. He would say, "That water in the oven is getting cold." Meaning that someone should take it out for him.

How he manages at home is a mystery. However, when Mike got a quart of oil to put in Fred's car, Fred got up and hurried out to lift up the hood. I wondered if he had intended to stay here for the summer, and have us wait on him.

The Foxes, John, Dorothy, Jerry and Kathy arrived Monday evening. They brought in their usual large supply of groceries, moved in, and made themselves at home. I feel very comfortable with them here, because they settle in as though they were at home.

Jerry's wife seems to be a very intelligent girl. She has a health problem in that too much iron in food makes her sick. They are expecting a baby sometime this year.

Last Thursday Mike and I went to Burns doing a lot of shopping for ourselves and for Pat Frazier.

I found a new sediment cup for the gas engine we will use to run the rotary screen, also some rubber seals for the air chuck.

Mike bought a pair of shoes for \$55.00. He says new shoes always feel good on his feet.

Sunday Carl Thomas went up to the mine with us, and helped in bringing up some ore.

While we were working, four or five young fellows rode up on motorcycles. They rode above the mine, and walked down to the shaft. They watched our operation of the hoist, and the car on the tramway. I heard one say, "They should be on Real People."

The drillers went down five-hundred feet out at the point in three days. The ground was fairly cool until they got down to the 500 foot level.

The drillers are a father and two sons. Fred Anderson is the father. Today I talked with one of the boys. He said that his father would like to have that vibrating screen left here by Woods. I told Mike we should let them have for the scrap iron value.

Carl left for his home in Coos Bay Monday. Fred left for his home this morning.

John brought his Pet computer up here with him. This morning he played some music from it, and demonstrated some games. Jerry played a couple games of chess with it at the highest level, and won both games.

I made a spring for the governor of the gas engine, took off the input magneto, and made the spark gap smaller. Closing the gap of the points made the engine run better at slow speeds.

John helped me attach the spring to the governor. We got the engine running, and tightened the belt to the screen with the idler. A small amount of adjustment on the governor had the screen turning at the right speed.

We put a few rocks through the screen, and it seems to be working fine.

2nd

Yesterday we did a good job bleeding the hydraulic system on the brake. We thought it would overcome the trouble of the freezing and the dragging. There was a heavy load on the car, but before we turned it loose we took out some of the rocks to make sure the brake would hold up all right.

At first the brake seemed to work smoothly, then when the car moved as fast as I deemed it safe, I applied the brake a little harder. It froze up. By me pulling on the cable, and Mike tramping on the cable below the wheel, we got it going again.

Mike skated on the shale straight down to the to the car. There he lay on his back and pushed the car with his feet. Meantime, I found that I could use a long bolt on the wheel which gave me a fine lever for turning it. We moved the car slowly inches at a time.

The wind was blowing so hard it was almost impossible to make each other heard. I tried to let Mike know that I would go down to the barrel and take some of the rocks out of it. I couldn't hear what he said, but he seemed to be against the idea. Later he told me that he thought that taking some weight out of the barrel would make the brake set tighter.

I heard him holler, "We need to move the car back up."

I thought to myself, "We'll never be able pull the car back any." Still I applied the long bolt to the wheel and found that it turned quite readily in reverse. This immediately freed the brake, and I had to jump to the brake lever to hold down the speed of the car. It did slow down, but I was leery of applying the brake too hard because it might freeze up again.

The battery was in the car with the load of ore. If I had good braking control, I would have let the car reach the ore bin at just the right speed to trip the door latch to let the ore out. The car hit too hard and the battery went down with the ore.

The car came back up the track a ways before I reached to put on the brake.

After Mike got the car tied, I started down the trail. At the ore bin Mike already had the ladder down into the bin, and it didn't leave me much room to get down.

We could see the battery bottom side up, but it apparently wasn't broken.

After I was standing on the ore, Mike pulled the ladder out so there would be room to lift the battery out with the hand winch. This was done soon enough, then with the ladder back I squeezed through the hole.

With all the delay in getting the car down the track, and retrieving the battery, It was after seven-thirty when we got back to the dugout.

By now we were sure that a new hub was needed, so this morning I went out to the old Ford car, that Fred had wrecked, expecting to see both front brakes on it, but one had already been removed. I asked Mike if he had taken it off. He said, "I don't remember taking it off. That doesn't mean that I didn't, though, the way my memory is."

He came out to look at the car. We proceeded to remove the other brake. However, it started raining, so we put the tools away, and headed for the dugout.

It continued raining until two o'clock. Meanwhile I baked a cake, and fried some chicken thighs.

After the rain Mike went down into the garden to pick bagworms off the strawberry plants. I began removing the hub from the Ford. I had never removed one before, and found our how to do it as I went along.

Mike finally showed up to help. Using a heavy hammer we got the hub off. We brought it down from the point and put it on the bench in the furnace room. I headed down to get the mail while Mike started working on the brake.

Besides getting the mail I drove on down to the Thomas' place and turned off the sprinklers. A bunch of gliders were parked along the edge of the desert.

When I got back, Mike called me into the furnace room to look at the brake. He said, "This is like the one we have up there, but there is a spring on this one that is not on the one up there. That must be what is causing the trouble."

Thereafter we began to remember taking the other hub up there.

9th

We got the brake working all right, and have lowered eight or ten car loads down the track.

Yesterday when I was sending an extra-heavy carload down, the outer guardrail broke on the left side, and the wheels went off the track and stuck on a tie.

This morning we got the car back on the track and repaired the guardrail. Now we find that tires on the wheels are giving out. Mike has an order to send to Ward's for four new wheels.

We are now down to the bottom of the hole that Harry made. We have removed twenty or more feet of filled in rock and dirt. The filled debris is not a complete loss, because it contains enough cinnabar to make it worthwhile running through the screen. The lower half was richer, and near the bottom it was high grade ore.

The hole is quite small at the bottom, and there isn't much room to work. I doubt that there is much more than two carloads of loose ore to come out. From here on we will have to use dynamite.

Last week a man, who said he was from the Energy Commission, was taking samples of soil every four square miles around this part of the country. He took samples at the drill hole at the point, and even a sample from our ore bin.

He ran the dirt through a fine screen, saying that the commission only the fine stuff. He sends samples to the Commission, and doesn't know what they do with it.

10th

This morning the cool wind felt like fall, the same as it did yesterday morning. It really wasn't cold, though. The low last night was sixty-three, so I wondered how it could feel like fall. There must have been something about the atmosphere besides the cool air.

Mike said that he was feeling more draggy than ever. We postponed going to the mine in hopes he would feel better in the afternoon.

Yesterday we went up there before ten o'clock. He wasn't feeling strong then, but managed to keep going. At three o'clock when we started back down here, he said he felt better. It is

hard to tell if the exercise did any good, or his insulin balance had improved.

While I was waiting for Mike to feel better, I picked a small bucket of cherries. They weren't quite ripe, but I figured they would ripen up.

Now at two o'clock Mike is lying down again. Apparently his strength is not improving. He keeps saying he is not all here.

George called around eight o'clock. He had a fine trip to Portland. He stayed two days with Mary's son-in-law. He also stayed one night at Rex Kelly's. They went over to Fred's one morning.

Fred's place is worse than ever. His mind is slipping away. Rex has a nice wife and two children. George like them very much. She is afraid Fred will overdraw on his bank account. George told her not to worry, because he has been doing that all his life.

13th

Well, there wasn't two carloads of ore at the bottom of the hole. We ran into solid rock on each side of the vein, which was six inches wide and forty-four inches long. I probed down in the vein with a small auger, and did not hit solid rock. The clay-like substance is a light cream color, and is not rich in cinna-bar.

It is hard to pan the cinnabar out of it. The best way to check it is by heating it in a closed tube with lime. I haven't been able to make a quantitative analysis.

We brought the battery down with a couple buckets of rich ore, the gold pan, the rock hammer, and a shovel. From now on we will screening the ore, and getting to run the retort.

I screened one load of ore this afternoon, while Dora and Don were picking cherries.

Don looked at one of the richest samples of mud we had. He said, "That will go a flask to the ton."

We were hoping it would go more than a flask. If it goes only a flask, then there is only seven-tenths of a pound of mercury to a bucket. From the way it panned I thought it would go twenty pounds to a bucket.

I talked with Ellis on the radio tonight. He spent last week up at Fish Lake with his three grandchildren.

This morning I put a load of ore through the screen, then this afternoon I drove to the mine. Mike does not feel strong enough to work up there. He stays close to the dugout where he can come inside and rest, and test for sugar in his urine.

Yesterday he built a new ladder to use in the shaft. It is an eight foot ladder, but only one foot wide. He also removed the handle in the auger, and put in another one in that can be

moved back and forth through the eye, thus it can be used near the wall of the shaft.

At the mine, I first took a bucket and the ladder up to the shaft, and carried them down to the bottom. I placed the new ladder and the old one at the back of the side of the hole, then proceeded to gather up mud rich in cinnabar. There was only about fifteen pounds readily available.

I then used the drill steel with the chisel end to break up the rock lying along the vein on the south end of the hole. This rock seemed to be soft, and I was able to break some pieces off.

There is a little veinlet between this rock and the one just north of it. Rich colored mud came out of this place, also some rich colored stuff at the west side. From the sound, when I am hammering, it seems like there is mud under the rock.

I got about twenty pounds of mud into the bucket before I quit.

I figured that by the time I carried it down to the truck, and brought up another bucket and the auger, and did some drilling, it would be time to load the truck.

When I got to the truck with the bucket of ore, I was pretty warm, so rested a while in the shade under the entrance to the tunnel. I felt much cooler in a short time, so headed back up the trail with the second bucket and the auger.

Down in the hole I drilled into the south end of the vein. Here I got down only one foot. The mud that came up with the auger was a reddish color. I guessed that it was rich in cinnabar. I put a sample into a plastic bag.

I drilled into the center of the vein. Here the auger went down over three feet. The mud that came up with it was yellow. Later at the dugout when I tested the red mud, it was really rich. The yellow mud was not so rich.

Back at the truck I finished cleaning out the ore bin, and had a small load of mostly rock to bring over here.

When I got to the dugout, I noticed that the clock showed ten minutes to five. I said to myself, "I must have read my watch wrong up at the mine. I thought it was around six."

I started panning the sample, and as I was doing that, I heard the telephone give a tingle, and the freezer started up. The clock on the stove began to make a noise. I thought, "Oh, the power has been off. I looked at my watch right after all.

Mike came up out of the garden. He said, "I intended to listen to the news, but the power went off."

I took a good deal of water to separate the cinnabar from the clay mud in the samples. The water that I poured off in the panning still had cinnabar in it. I saved the water in a pot, and later carried it up to the ore bin and dumped it onto the dry ore. Considerable cinnabar had settled to the bottom of the pot.

I cooked a pork steak, putting a lot of fresh garlic on it, and added what was left of the chicken stuffing to the frying pan. I cooked it a long time like a Swiss steak. I couldn't see that the extra garlic and the stuffing did anything to enhance the flavor of the pork.

Later I made a batch of biscuits.

Mike said that he was going to do something about his diabetes' medicine. He thought for a while he was gaining, but now feels that he is going behind. Today he had stomach cramps. The medicine is not agreeing with him. He hopes to take a bus to Canada where he may be able to obtain DBI capsules.

Sunday Dora and Don came up to pick cherries. They picked a couple of buckets full. Dora said the cherries were too green, and that she and Don would come up Wednesday to pick some more.

While they were here I ran the first load of ore through the screen. The little gas engine and rotary screen worked fine. It's a wonder, after being out in the rain, snow, and sun for twelve years.

I finally learned the names of the last apple trees we set out in the garden. The one we thought was a Golden Delicious, is actually a cross between a Golden Delicious and a red apple. I knew it tasted better than the Golden Delicious apples we buy in the store. The name is Honey Gold.

The late apple tree, called the Red Baron, is a cross between a Red Delicious and a Red Duchess.

The other little is called Early June. It is supposed to be ripe in late June, but in this climate it doesn't get ripe late August or early September.

Don says the red looking mud should go a flask to the ton. I believe that when Harry cooked out this kind of ore in tubes, he lost a lot of mercury. The ore didn't get hot in the center of the tube.

12th

After two weeks in Bend Mike left for the VA Hospital in Portland. The doctor in Bend said that there was something wrong with his liver. The cost of further tests would be very high, and the VA Hospital has better equipment to check the cause of his liver problem.

I went to town with Dora Thursday. Don went with us.

I drove the little pickup down to the gate and parked it there, then walked down to the mailbox. I didn't have long to wait. When she drove up, she asked, "Do you want to drive?"

I said, "If you want me to, fine."

In driving her car, I noticed that the power steering was very touchy, not smooth like our pickup. I was thankful that Don didn't smoke.

I was thinking that the day would be hot, but the sky was almost completely overcast.

It was six-twenty when we left our mailbox, so we got into town early. We took Pat's grocery list to Tiller's the first thing. We figured that one of the clerks would have the groceries ready when we came back later after doing all our shopping.

Radio Shack didn't have the motor that I had ordered. Dave was on vacation, so I wouldn't be able to get the belts I needed for the recorder.

the others, I explained about the trouble with the phone here.

She said that about the only things she can do is eat good, and sleep good. She likes to go out to eat, and does no cooking for herself. She eats in the dining room which is just across the hall from her room.

I told her about eating a hamburger sandwich in Burns. I said, "It was almost more than I could eat. I eat such a small amount of food it is hard to keep from cooking too much, and the refrigerator gets full of leftovers."

She said, "I eat more than anybody else in this place. I like my eggs cooked in some kind of grease, and I want the yokes broken, and eggs done but hard."

I told her how I cooked them which is just the way she likes them. "I should be cooking for you."

"You sure should."

I gave her the news about Mike and George. She has tried to call George. It was while he was up at Sam's.

Tonight I called Dora. The fuse is still holding out in the water-heater circuit.

Stella, Jim, Nellie and Pat were there. I said, "Happy birthday to somebody." That was because they were all there for Jim's birthday last week, and I thought they were there for another birthday dinner.

She said, "No. No birthday today."

September, 1980

12

Carl Thomas came up yesterday. He drove up from Coos Bay by himself. He will stay a week, then go back to bring Oma out. He was surprised at the way things have been growing at the place. I could see that the trees were growing, but to me it is not so noticeable, because I see them all the time. To him the growth was spectacular.

Because of the wet road, I ran down to the mailbox and walked back up. I made slower time going down than I used to, but come back it was about the same as always.

Forest contacted me on the radio tonight. He asked about the camp sight at Frog Springs, if it was open or not, about the hot springs, and how the deer and Chukkers were. He is bringing his son with him this time.

I asked if McKiny was coming out with him. He said that he hadn't been able to get in touch with him,

This evening I talked with Ellis on the radio. Shirley has gone down to California to teach.

11th

The sky was clear this morning, and it was clear all day. I spent considerable time cleaning the floor. First, though, I dug out piece of plywood and put it over the section of floor that is sinking because the shoring on one side of the cellar has given way. It looks safer to walk on now.

I then swept the floor with a wet broom. I had all the chairs up on the table, and other obstacles off the floor. So had a clean sweep. This proves to be the best method of cleaning the floor without raising a cloud of dust. Afterward I went over the floor with a mop.

I even got the bathroom floor cleaned, using a wet broom on the rug.

Around noon Carl brought his TV set up. I hooked it up to my lead-in wire. It worked quite well, although on channel thirteen the switch would not work all the time.

I had just eaten two ears of corn which makes a big meal. We went down in the garden and got five more ears. I cooked two of them, and Carl ate them while we watched Star Trek.

We went down to his place with the extra antenna, and the other three ears of corn.

We went down to Frog Springs where Carl got four jugs of drinking water.

Down at the house it did not take long to mount the antenna. The reception was rather poor. There are no obstructions between his place and the translator, but reflected signals interfere with the forward signals. The sound is good so he can tell what is going on even though the picture is poor.

He brought me back up here in time for the six o'clock net. The net control was asking for the telephone numbers of the members. At the last business meeting they came up with the idea with having their telephone numbers on the roster in case someone wanted to get in touch with them.

Mike called tonight. He said that the doctors there haven't found what is wrong with his liver. The sonic scan did not show a cyst after all. Now he has had two biopsies of his liver without any sign of cancer. They want to open him up and make an exploration of his liver.

They had him in isolation for four days, because they thought he hepatitis. He has a high amount of certain enzymes in his blood, which they said occurs in hepatitis cases.

I suggested to him that he leave the hospital if he was feeling good. I am sure he doesn't like the idea of an exploratory operation. It seems to me with all the tests they have put him through, they should know what is wrong with him.

It looks more and more like the young doctors are using him for a subject to practice on, giving test just for the sake of practice.

They are giving him no medication. This seems odd, because Carolee once said that Mike's doctor in Bend said that he had a cyst on his liver. He had been in communication with the doctors

at the VA hospital. They said that they would try to get rid of the cyst using antibiotics.

I think Mike should come home and take a rest from the hospital where they are not helping him any.

I called Hawthorne and told him about the doctors wanting to cut Mike open for an exploration of his liver. He did not like the idea, and suggested that Mike should get out of there and go to a private doctor, I agreed with him. After all the tests without finding any of signs of cancer, why cut him open.

I talked with George, and he did not like the sound of it.

I called Mike Saturday morning and he agreed with me that he would refuse to have the operation. He says he is getting better all the time.

I called Carolee and we discussed the idea of the operation. She was against it. She said, "I never got over those operations I had. I still have pains. It is an awful drain on a person, especially at his age."

Well, my phone is out of order again, Now it rings, but when I pick up the receiver there is a loud sound with no indication of a voice in it. When I hang up the receiver, the phone starts ringing again, and does not stop until the person calling hangs up. Apparently to the caller the phone is ringing. They never hear me lift the receiver.

I contacted Mac, W7BU, on the radio and told him about it. He said he would call the service department. That was last night.

This morning early I discovered the phone was all right. I could hear a dial tone. I called George thinking he might have been trying to call me. However, he had not. When I told him about Mike's decision not to have the operation, he was relieved.

Around noon the phone rang and I found it was out of order again. The loud sound was on. I thought it might be Dottie trying to reach me.

At three-thirty I thought the road down the hill would be dry. So I loaded some junk into the pickup, and hauled it to the dump. I drove on down to Dora's, and called Wilson's number. Their daughter answered. She said that she would tell Dottie that the road up the hill was dry, but she doesn't know if Dottie tried to call me. She said, "I know that they are driving up to your place Monday,"

Dora had a shirt to give me. One that she bought at a rummage sale. It was size fifteen, a half size smaller than I wear. I tried it on. It fit all right.

I put a plug on her toaster cord for her.

I went over and visited with Pat for about an hour.

Carl left for their home in Coos Bay today. He will be back with Oma in a couple of weeks.

September, 1980

17

Baird and Dottie arrived yesterday afternoon. It was a fine day. We visited sitting around the table eating more than we should. Dottie brought a salad and a chocolate cake.

For dinner we had corn on the cob out of the garden, ice cream and cake, and the salad.

Dottie and Baird really enjoyed the programs on TV. Baird especially likes Star Trek. They both liked the Johnny Carson show. They even liked the movie that came on before the Carson show.

Today the Wilsons arrived. Wilson was impressed with the place, and the work we have done here.

They are in the process of getting a patent on their Opal claims, and think the process is going along all right. It will take about three years to finish it up. A lawyer is working on it for them, and there are huge stacks of forms and papers that have to be signed, and passed around the government offices.

Dottie stayed here while the rest of us went up to the mine. As we were about to start climbing up the winding trail, a jeep came up. A man and a woman were in it. They were not dove hunting but were looking over the country, mainly looking for coyotes. He introduced himself and his wife, the Longstroms. He said that he knew a man that comes over here from the valley. He gave the doctor's name, a dentist, who knows me. I said, "I would probably know him if I saw him."

They drove up the road that goes above the mine. We climbed the trail, and I showed how the car and the counterweight worked. They looked down the shaft, but did not feel like going down the ladder. Mrs. Wilson said, "It makes you dizzy just looking down there."

We came back and ate the dinner that Dottie had prepared.

By the time we had finished it was time for the Wilsons to leave. They had to pick their youngest daughter in Denio around three-thirty.

Baird and I found some peaches on the lower tree. I gave them the peaches. Later, when Baird and Dottie were to go, we had some ears of corn, and head of cabbage ready for them. Also enough apples to make a pie.

Yesterday Mac put a patch through to Margaret. Betsy had driven Mike over to see her, and she had called Mac to have him contact me on the radio. Mac told him about my phone being out of order. Thus Mike found out why I did not answer the phone.

Dottie talked with Margaret a short time, and told her that she and Baird would stop by on their way home. Margaret did not say how long Mike would stay in Bend before he came out here.

This afternoon I found that the phone was working, and called Dora. she had talked with the telephone repairmen. They said that they thought John had my phone working again.

September, 1980

19

She was preparing chickens for the freezer. Jim was helping her.

I am beginning to wonder if the phone is completely in order. Although I called out, I wonder if any calls are coming in. The phone has not rung since early this afternoon.

The Highlander Restaurant was closed for remodeling. We went to a restaurant across the street, where I had a hamburger sandwich, and a cup of coffee. Don had the same. Dora had a chicken burger. I was surprised that Dora paid the check.

Back at Tiller's the groceries were not ready. A clerk got busy running down the items. I helped out by ordering the slab of bacon at the meat department. There were some other items that I tracked down. The bacon and other items would have delayed the clerk in gathering the bulk of the groceries.

Our last stop was at the Safeway store. My grocery list wasn't large and they all went into the back seat with Don. Besides groceries I bought a pair of shoes for \$61.95. The same shoes two years ago cost \$40.95.

On the way home there was heavy rain from the Burns side of the Cold Spring Summit nearly to the Mann Lake Ranch.

Just after we came out of the rain, a left tire went flat. Don called my attention to it. The road was rough so I didn't feel it. Dora didn't either. When it went flat the car swerved a little, and I thought it was because I wasn't paying close attention to my steering.

The tire was ruined. Later Dora had Frank at the Fields' store inspect it. There was a big bulge on the side of tire. She bought it at Les Schwab's a month ago. She should get a rebate or a new tire.

As we neared the mailbox, Don said, "It looks like you will be able to drive up to your place all right."

I stopped at the mailbox and piled my stuff in the road going up to the hill. Dora said, "Looks like I will have to drive the rest of the way now." She was surprised that I didn't drive up to my pickup. I figured it would save her time if I walked up to the pickup. She had been complaining about not feeling well.

It was a good thing that I walked up. The road was a little wet. The car might not have made it.

After bringing the pickup down, and loading in my groceries, I drove up the hill, but got only part way up the hill above the gate. The road was slick, but that wasn't all my trouble. The motor quit. I backed down the hill, and started the motor. It wouldn't keep running. It appeared to be out of gas. I was amazed because I was sure there should have been gas in the tank.

I backed down below the gate still trying to get the motor going.

Finally I started walking up the hill. I figured that in a couple of hours the road would be dry enough to drive down with the big pickup bringing a can of gas, and some alcohol in case there was water in the tank.

It was warm and muggy, and mud stuck to my shoes.

August, 1980

687

When I got to the point, I saw a Jeep parked where we usually park the tractor. I knew then that Dottie and Baird had arrived.

16th

Dottie and Baird left for Virgin Valley Tuesday. I got a letter from them in which they gave us the name of a mining lawyer in Winnemucca, also a made showing how to get to their two claims at the Opal Mine.

Mike stayed at the VA Hospital, most of the time being examined to find the cause of his liver problem. Carolee waited for him and they went back to Bend that evening. He will go down Tuesday to find the results of the tests. Carolee says he will have to take the bus, because he will be staying at the hospital for a while.

The other day I brought two buckets of rich ore down from the mine. Yesterday I was ready to leave for the mine, but was delayed by a visit of George Wagner and his friend Jim. Thus it was after four when I left here. I got out one bucket, though.

Today I brought down two buckets.

Every once in a while it seems I cant knock any more rocks loose, but so far, after considerable searching, I have been able to find a spot where I can break some out.

As to the garden:- I got a few ears of sweet corn from the plants that came up volunteer. The corn that Mike planted is seven feet tall. The ears came out very late, and it will be nip and tuck if they are ready by freezing weather.

It looks like two or three squash will be ripe before winter. The strawberries are not doing well at all.

I picked the apples off the early tree. They are a little green, but the wasps are starting to eat them.

To lower the wasp population, I sprayed the few remaining apricots, some in the trees, and a lot on the ground, the boysenberries, the apple trees, the broccoli, the cabbage and the cauliflower with Seven Insect Spray. I went over them on two succeeding days, because the first spraying did not seem to have any effect.

Now I believe the wasps have thinned out. I also found there were no earwigs on the apples, Whereas previously I found as many as ten earwigs in one apple.

I've been trying to call George for several days, but always there has been no dial tone. This morning around ten o'clock the phone rang. I lifted the receiver. No one answered my, "Hello." It sounded like the phone was trying to ring, and when I put the receiver back, it continued to ring. When I picked up the receiver again, the sound of trying to ring was not there, and no one answered.

21st

George called a couple of times since I tried to call him. He got a painter to paint his house. The young man used what was supposed to be a high-power sprayer that cost him \$3,000. George says the guy was not a painter, but bought this outfit to make a lot of money fast. He had no experience in estimating the amount of paint needed, and told George he would need twenty gallons.

He used four gallons, so George has a lot of paint left over. On top of that the guy did a poor job.

George bought a new pump for the lower well, and had an outfit put it in for him. They hooked up the Lika switch wrong, so it does not work properly. The clock runs all the time instead of shutting off when the pressure switch turns off the pump.

George Wagner was here with his friend Jim Davis. George had an antelope tag. Without Jim's help he would not be able to get his Antelope. He can hardly walk and is very weak. Several strokes have left him in a bad shape.

Jim drove the Scout down the hill intending to go up the bulldozer road. They saw an Antelope below the hog back behind the dugout. The antelope took off up the draw, and Jim followed it, going up the bulldozer road all the way over to the mountain this side of Wild Horse Canyon. The antelope stopped to graze in a low spot. George got out and shot him.

Jim dressed it out, loaded it into the Scout, and brought it here where we hung it in the cold room.

They stayed in the cabin two nights. One before the season opened and one after they bagged the antelope.

I gave them a box of apricots which were pretty ripe, because they had been in the cold room about two weeks.

Ellis was here on the eighteenth. He brought a young couple with him, David and Judy Baker. They have a small farm over at Bellfontain, Oregon.

I gave them the rest of the apricots hoping they could use them before they spoiled.

I didn't intend to go to the mine today, because I wanted to run the ore already here through the screen. A couple of vehicles stopped at the mine. A bunch of people got out and disappeared for some time. They were probably inspecting the tunnel. When they came in sight again, one person climbed the tramway. The others went up the road in their vehicles.

I figured I should go up there, so took off in the pickup. By the time I got there the man who had walked up the tramway had gone out of sight toward the upper road where I presume he joined the others.

I went to work in the hole and loosened up some more rock, getting some good mud from the seams. The last thing I did was to

pry a big rock off the northwest wall. I got most of the mud scraped off it before I quit.

As I started down the trail with the bucket of ore, I saw the two vehicles coming down toward the mine. They were down to the meadow before I got to the truck.

I guessed they would not stop at their camp long. They were camped at the Indian Creek crossing where they had put up several tents.

As I started driving down, I saw one vehicle going up out of Indian Creek. They went on down toward the county road. I saw no one at their camp. I guessed they had all loaded into one vehicle.

After I got back and rested a while, I started up the screen and ran the ore through, after all. It was almost dark when I came into the dugout. The phone rang as I came in the door, but it stopped ringing before I could get to it.

Mike went to the VA Hospital Tuesday. They would have the results of the tests they made last week.

I called Carolee this morning. She has not heard from Mike.

22nd

I called Carolee again this morning. She has not yet heard from Mike.

This afternoon I called the VA Hospital. The call went through several people, and finally got to a person who said that he was making out reports, and that I should call back at five-thirty. I called at five-thirty. The girl that I finally got to said that the nurse was busy, and would call me back. I gave her my phone number. I never got a call.

I talked with Stella on the phone today. She is alone. Jim went to Boise with Dora. She broke her teeth and had an appointment with a doctor.

23rd

I called Carolee this morning, and learned she had talked with Mike. She said that he was feeling better. They were going to give a sonic scan of his liver today.

The way she reached Mike was by making a person to person call for him. The phone company did all the work getting in touch with him at the hospital.

She gave me a phone number that would reach him.

After the people at the camp left, I went up to the mine and used a twelve pound hammer on that big rock. A dozen heavy whacks left me believing that it would be impossible to break up the rock. I wasn't making any impression on it, then striking near one edge, I knocked off a few splinters. Two hours hammering on it brought it down to three pieces all about the same size. They could be lifted up by the winch.

However, tomorrow I will try to break it down to pieces small enough for me to lift them up to the upper ledge.

This time I brought down no ore, and found it strange coming down without a load.

27th

I went to Jerry Holloway's funeral today. After the burial ceremony there was a luncheon given at Larry Blair's place.

Many of the people have changed a great deal in the passed few years. This was noticeable to me, because I have been out of touch with them, especially Henry Blair's family, because Henry has avoided us since the controversy over the Thomas's property at the Land Planning Commission meeting.

Angie and Amie I scarcely recognized. The baby is now a boy. The old feeling of friendliness and belonging is missing.

Larry Blair is ill with a liver condition brought on by over drinking. Aside from being ill, he is not the same, anyway, because before he was never sober.

The water heater at grandma Penland's was out of order again. After lunch I went over there. I had presumed no one would be in the trailer house because they were all at lunch. However, as I entered the door, I heard voices. I called, "Is anyone home?"

"Yes. Come on in." It was Mrs. John Henry Penland.

I told her I had come to look at the water heater. She said to go ahead.

Larry was lying on the bed in the trailer house. His sister, Mrs. Pendland was, was talking to him.

I went about checking on the voltages on the hot-water-heating elements. I heard his sister say, "If you quit drinking, I'll quit smoking." She told of other things she would do to help him. Altogether sounding like a loving sister worried about her brother.

There was 240 volts on the upper element, and 120 on the lower element. Yet there was no hot water. The elements checked as having continuity. The 120 volts indicated something wrong with that element. I removed the wires on it and found that there was no voltage on the wires. With one wire hooked back up, there was 120 across the element. That meant that the element was grounded somewhere.

With the wire back on, I heard the tank begin to heat up.

This really made a conundrum. "Why didn't the upper element heat up with the 240 across it? Why did it start heating after I removed the wires from the lower one and put them back on?"

Larry was now up and sitting on the couch with his grandmother. His sister had gone. I told him that the trouble must be in the lower element. He seemed to be too ill to care.

Later I talked with Henry about it. He wondered what size element to get. I said, "Nowadays they are putting the same size in the bottom as in the top."

He thanked me for checking on the water heater.

I drove down to Dora's to check on her water heater problem.

At the time it quit, she had changed the fuses with no results. The fuse that she had put in was good. At the fuse box I checked to see if there was voltage going to the element. There was none. Now I would have take the cover off the tank to check the element there. The cover is hard to get at, but I have gotten used to removing it. I noticed that the switch on the outside of the tank was in the off position. A resistance measurement showed it was all right. I switched it on, then went back to the fuse box. Now there was voltage across the element. I put in the fuse, and noticed the lights dim a little. The water heater was working.

While I was putting the cover back on, Dora arrived. She went directly to the phone. I heard her say, "I left my coat and purse. Has Jim left yet?"

Then, "Well, I'll be up in the morning to get them."

She called another party and talked quite a while. She said into the phone, "Maybe you can look at my freezer. It runs all the time."

Whoever was on the other end seemed to be telling her that the trouble was in the thermostat switch.

I decided that I might just as well leave without saying anything to Dora. Jim had arrived. I met him outside. I said, "Dora is busy talking on the phone."

Dora finally showed up at the door. She had some things in the car that she wanted carried in. I helped them, then drove over to Pat's.

I visited with her for a couple of hours, then drove to the Thomas' place on the edge of the desert, changed the sprinklers, and drove home.

29th

The trip to Burns wasn't bad, but a great deal of the road was extremely rough. After the long dry spell, the county road had stretches like a washboard, and there were lots of chuck holes. The state highway had some stretches of pot holes, and there were some places where it was wavy, and I felt like I was on a carnival ride.

In Burns I got everything on my list. The motor and the belts for the recorder came to \$28.59. David was not able to make a belt exactly like the small one, but made one a little thicker. The large belt was a problem, because I did not have a sample. I showed him a pulley that it ran on, which gave him a good idea of

the thickness. I told him that the length should be five and a half inches when stretched out. He stretched it more than I had anticipated. It was too short when I tried it out. I had to stretch it a full inch to get it over the pulleys. It was so tight the motor would not start by itself. I tried lengthening it by pulling on it as hard as I could. I got an extra half inch by this method, enough to let the motor start.

The mechanism was arranged in such a way that the pulley was moved into position to turn the tape when the play button was pushed. A small coil spring was used for this purpose. The spring had to overcome the tension of the belt against the pulley. If the belt had been the right size, the spring could have done its job, but now it was too weak to move the pulley against the pressure of the belt.

I took a chance of removing the spring. It was in an awkward place to reach. I could barely get a pair of tweezers through all the obstructions. I wondered how I would be able to put another spring in the place, even if I found one the right size.

After considerable searching I found two long springs that I figured would be about the right strength. One I discarded because it was too soft. The other had a much larger diameter than the original one. I cut out a short segment and bent the ends in such a way that they could be hooked into place.

I spent a long time trying to get that spring hooked up. Sometimes I would get one end hooked on, but as I tried to hook the other end, the tweezers would lose their grip and spring would fly off at the other end.

I was constantly digging it out of odd corners where it had flown. A prudent man would have said that it was impossible to hook that spring into position, but I wouldn't give up.

Finally i said to myself, "If I was smart, or had any brains, I would take this end of the spring, and hook it to the lever." I proceeded to do it at the same time I was saying it, then I said, "I would then get hold of the other end with the tweezers and hook it onto the anchor place without any trouble." My hand carried out the deed exactly as I said, and the spring was in place.

What was that? Mind over matter?

I get ahead of myself. I had cut the spring to the size I thought was right, and had luckily hooked it up once before only to find that it was too weak to move the pulley. I had then removed it and cut out a couple of turns to make it shorter. It was the second try that gave me so much trouble.

Anyway, now the tension was just right. Not only did it move the pulley strongly, but it also moved the counter without any hesitation.

October, 1980

1

3rd

Jean and Catherine arrived on the seventeenth of September.

Bruce and Carolee brought Mike out on the Saturday the twentieth.

Thursday the eighteenth, Jean and I cleaned out the condenser, and on Friday we plugged up the openings to the system, and had the furnace ready to fire up.

We also ran ore through the rotatory screen.

18th

For a year or more I have been saying, "One of the days we will have our road up the hill completely graveled." I had no set plan for it. Now with a stretch of two tenths of a mile long graveled, we have the prospect of getting the rest graveled. It depends on Carl Hair. If he will be willing to haul forty-five more dump-truck loads up the hill, we can afford to pay the twenty dollars a load that he wanted for the first fifteen loads, Five of which he hauled as a favor to repay us for helping him get his truck off the desert.

I figure that he may want an extra five dollars for coming all the way up here. I would be willing to pay the extra money. It would be well worth it, because it would make it possible for us to get in and out at any time.

October, 1980

2

The furnace has been running for eight days. Now I am wondering if the condenser can hold much more dust, which turns to mud as the water vapor condenses, without reducing the draft for the fire. There is none too much draft, anyway.

Less draft will mean a reduced fire, and a longer time to cook out the ore. Already the flow of the ore has slowed from what it was at the start.

9th

We ran the furnace thirteen days altogether in two stretches. The first stretch lasted nine days, at which time we shut down for one day to clean out the condenser. It was so full of dust there was not enough draft for the fire.

From the nine-day run six pounds of mercury ran through the trap into the receiving container. There is probably twenty pounds in the dust. This we will work out later.

From the second stretch of four days, we obtained another six pounds, with another twenty pounds in the dust.

The ore on hand was depleted, but we would have to shut down anyway, because the condenser was again plugged with dust.

During the run there were a few rain showers, and some cold nights with wind. I managed quite well at night by wearing the big overcoat with the hood. I figured it was better to keep warm rather than fight the cold.

10th

Today we went to the mine for the first time since Mike got back. We planned to bring the battery-operated winch down to do some work on it, and also to roughen up the brake shoe on the brake to see if it would work better.

12th

Yesterday Carl hauled seven loads of gravel up the hill. Four loads were dumped down from the point. One load in the circle around the power pole. One in the thin place along the side hill, and one at the top of the hill above the gate.

We finished smoothing the gravel with the grader. We placed the concrete slab in front of the gas tank.

This afternoon we finally got up to the mine, putting two new wheels on the ore car, and roughed up the linkage on the brake.

The day was clear and nearly calm, but cold.

16th

Yesterday morning there was a skiff of snow on the ground. Actually the snow came before I went to bed, and after that there was no more. I stayed in bed late, because of the snow.

By noon it had all melted, and the ground was dry. We went up to the mine, and put a set of cups into the brake cylinder. They were off the other front wheel of the old Ford. After we got the brake together, we found that we did not have a hose to bleed the line. Therefore we came down sooner than we intended.

Last night the sky was clear with no wind, and it got down to twenty-one. This morning it was mostly overcast, although the sun shown through at times.

We left for the mine around eleven-thirty, figuring to be up there during the warmest part of the day. The high for the day turned out to be thirty-five.

We bled the lines, and tried the brake before putting the wheel on. After applying the brake and releasing it, it dragged. We took the drum off again and saw that the shoe on the right side did not come back into position. The spring did not seem strong enough. We had some extra springs from the other brake so we put two springs on that side.

We tried again without the wheel on and it ran free after being released. Now we tried braking loads down the track. The first load went down fairly smoothly, although at times the brake seemed to drag.

I watched the car as it started back up, and by the bumping motion it made, I realized it was off the track. Mike went down and put it back on. The brake worked quite well coming back up, but at one place it grabbed.

While Mike was coming back up, I threw rocks out of the pile to clear the way for shoveling the dirt that contained the cinnabar.

When he arrived, he said that the car must have come off the track immediately after it dumped the load.

When the second load went down, the brake grabbed a couple of times, but it loosened up without aid.

We had enough for the day, and left the car at the bottom so that, if we wanted to haul something up, it would be ready.

Although I was quite sure the brake would hold until Mike could tie the car fast at the bottom, to be on the safe side I stayed by the brake until Mike got down there and fastened the car.

Tomorrow we will put an extra spring on the other brake shoe. The Dodge brake we had before this Ford one, worked fine. Maybe we will have to get another one.

While we were working, we could hear a pickup trying to go up the bulldozer road toward the Wild Horse Ranch. It sounded like it was stuck, and the wheels were spinning. We heard loud voices. This went on for at least an hour. Later a dark pickup came down. It must have been the one that was stuck.

Another pickup came down later, but it was the one we had seen up there standing still. Later we saw a red pickup go up to the point, then come back down.

When we got home, the white one was parked on the upper road. The driver was out looking up the draw. He did not hear us coming. I stopped, then revved the motor, which made enough noise for him to hear. I figured it was better than blowing the horn.

Last night George called to tell us that Fred died the night before. Rex had not been over there for a couple of weeks. He went over to clean up the place, and found Fred dead.

17th

Saturday right after we got back from the mine, the gasoline truck came up to fill our tank. The tank had more gas in it than we had figured. He could put in only three-hundred and ninety-eight gallons. It was \$1.11 a gallon.

It was shortly after twelve. We invited him in for coffee. He came in, and I dished out some apple pie and ice cream to go with his coffee. He said, "That snack hit the spot. It's been a long time since breakfast."

This morning the temperature was up to thirty-five by eight o'clock. The sky was clear and there was no wind. We spent some time looking for another brake, but couldn't find one suitable.

Before we could get away, Glen came up to tell us that Phoebe would have dinner ready for us at two o'clock.

I said, " Well, we are going up to the mine. I don't think we can get down there before two-thirty."

He said, "That will be fine."

At the mine we put double springs for the spring on the retracting plate. We cleaned all surfaces where there were any moving parts, and put lubraplate on those places.

We left out the automatic-brake assembly. This gave the adjustment spring more tension to pull the lower end of the shoes inward after brake was applied and then released.

We did not have time to try the brake with a load. It was after two by the time we got back to the dugout. We changed clothes and were at the house on the edge of the desert by two fifty-five. Phoebe had dinner all ready.

There was a dish of with carrots, asparagus, and sweet potatoes, a dish of boiled potatoes, a plate of string beans, roast beef well done the way I like, bread and butter and jelly, and canned peaches.

After dinner while Glen and Mike were talking up a storm, Phoebe asked me, "Is there any way to shut off the pilot light on an oven? There is such a smell of gas at night, I get worried."

I said, "I'll take a look, but if the pilot light is turned off, you won' be able to use the oven."

After pulling the broiling pan out of the way, I lay down where I could look back into the broiler section where the pilot light was located. I saw that the adjustment for the pilot-light flame was a special screw. I adjusted it for a bigger flame, because she had said the light sometimes goes out.

I tried testing for leaks around the fittings by using liquid soap, but saw no indications. I tried with a lighted match to no avail. Still there was the odor of gas.

I loosened the adjusting screw some more without obtaining a larger flame. When put a lighted match to the adjusting screw, gas escaping around the screw ignited. I figured then that here was where the leak had been all along, but too small to detect.

I needed a piece of teflon ribbon to apply to the threads of the screw. Since Glen had none, I drove back up to our place, got the roll we have here. I picked up the mail on the way.

The teflon on the threads did the trick. At least I could smell no gas after I had adjusted the pilot light for a slightly larger flame than it had before.

This morning Mike complained of a headache. He says that a headache indicates low blood sugar, that is for him, but this one he figures couldn't be caused by low blood sugar.

After climbing up the trail to the mine, and working up there for a couple of hours, he said his headache was gone, but he still did not feel up to par.

Tonight he took a jaunt down the road to below the Indian Creek turnoff. He said he jogged some going down, and walked fast back up the hill, getting in some heavy breathing. He says he feels fine now at eight o'clock.

At nine thirty I took the same jaunt and made the round trip in fifteen minutes. With this breathing exercise late in the evening, I hope to sleep better. The moon was passed first quarter, which gave plenty of light for night jogging.

18th

We worked on the brake again to day. The one load of ore that went down the track convinced us that there was more work to be done on the brake. It grabbed both ways.

We through quite a few rocks over the side of the cliff into the waste pile. Thus clearing the way for shoveling the dirt, that contains the cinnabar, into the wheelbarrow.

When we arrived at the mine, I looked at the ridge to the east. A figure was coming toward us. I could not put a label on him. He wasn't a hunter because he had no gun. He was no pack-packer because he had no pack.

When he got over to us by the pickup. I said, "Hi, how are you doing?"

He said, " I'm doing pretty good. When I heard your motor, I thought my friends were coming to get me."

It seems he was on some kind of wilderness-servile program. He had been left up there to stay in a small area for three days. He had no matches, and the only food he had was three granola bars. He was glad to have someone to talk to.

When they left him there, he had asked them, "What is that up there?" indicating our mine. They had told him not to think about it, or investigate it, but stay in his area. He was not told anything about where he was. He did not know the name of the mountain he was on.

We told him what kind of mine we had. He wanted to see a sample of the ore. He walked with us up the trail to the shaft. He said, "You can get plenty of exercise climbing up here every day."

He was not supposed to talk with anyone, but as long as they did not find out, he was in the clear. Anyway, the three days were up. He had fulfilled his task. He was not a smoker, and that was another hardship for him. He left us to our work and walked back down the trail.

On our way home we dug some rocks out of the wheel tracks, hoping to make the ride up and down the hill less bumpy.

After lunch and some rest, I went out and sharpened an axe, and chopped some wood. This exercise limbered me up after the rest. While outside I saw the green pickup go up to get their the survival character. It was late and turning cold, and I imagined he was glad to see them coming at last.

I kept thinking about the trouble with the brake, and studied the section on brakes in the car manual. By studying it I could see that the trouble was caused by the mechanical assist system in this type of brake. One shoe would move with the rotation of the drum and force the other shoe against the drum thus aiding power to the braking. That might be all right when the brake was in good condition. Then it should not grab and then drag.

We plan to anchor the ends of the shoes so that they cannot be moved by the rotation of the drum.

There was some pie crust left over from the last pie I made. This evening I got it out of the refrigerator and made an apple pie using no sugar. I added a tablespoonful of Sugar Twin. I don't know if the Sugar Twin helped or not. But the pie was all right without sugar.

19th

I was up before eight o'clock. Glen was already here visiting with Mike when I came into the dugout. He had been hunting chukkers.

Yesterday my transmitter cut out when I tried to check into the Civil Defense Net. I cleaned the contacts on the microphone switch and it work all right. I checked into the Oregon Emergency Net without any trouble. This morning it cut out when I tried to check into the Civil Defense Net.

It worked all right tonight on the Oregon Emergency Net. When I had just started to eat breakfast, a young fellow came up to the door. I opened the door and invited him in. He was making a survey of the district to see if there was enough uranium here to keep it open for exploration. He had a map showing our claim, and uranium claims on the other side of Indian Creek.

I showed him how to get up to our mine, and on over to Tuffy Creek.

He took off to go up there. Glen hiked up the draw to hunt Chukkers. I finished my breakfast.

Shortly after that I said to Mike, "I would like to get up to the mine in time to show him the yellow clay in the bottom of the shaft." Mike agreed. All we were going to do up there was to dismantle the brake and bring the hub and shoes down here.

When we got up there Jim Dayucutt had gone up passed the shaft. Mike started painting onto the track while I worked on the brake. When I had nearly finished with the brake, I heard Mike talking with Jim. At first I thought Jim was headed for the truck, but Mike must have told him about the yellow mud at the bottom of the shaft, because he came up the trail with Mike.

The counter showed there was low radiation in the shaft. He took two samples of the ore in the vein, and a small sample of the yellow mud which we obtained by running an auger down into the vein.

20th

We worked on the brake making slow progress. The two anchors for the toes of the shoes are in place but seem to make the shoes too tight. We were using the brake drum from the other front wheel. We plan to bring the brake drum that we will be using down from the mine. It will fit better.

Al Craighill called today. He was wondering if we would be at the memorial service for Fred. I told him we had so much work to do before the rains came, we could not make it.

He said that he would try to take something out of the money that Fred had left to pay the four-hundred dollars that I had loaned Fred. I told hi to forget about it.

George called tonight. He said that Hazel might stop in to see him on their way back to Arizona. He sent her three-hundred dollars as a loan. Gerald is out of work. His union is on strike, and has been for about a month.

Robert is there, but George didn't know if he came up from Arizona with Susie or from somewhere in Oregon.

Dora called today and invited us down for a Thanksgiving dinner. I told her that Al and Susie might be here that day.

Al had said that he and Susie would come this way going to Texas if the weather was good.

22nd

Tuesday night Dora called to tell us that the drain pipes under Pat's sink were leaking so bad Pat was desperate. We promised to be down the next day. So Friday, even though it threatened to rain, we drove down there.

Mike had located the chain wrench so we would be able to tighten the fittings on the plastic pipe without fear of breaking

them. We thought we might have to use teflon ribbon on some of the threads.

We would have to find out what steel fittings and steel pipe we would need to replace the plastic ones Jim had installed. Pat was furious because Jim had put in plastic pipe. She said, "I hate plastic."

We got down there around one o'clock. Nellie was eating her breakfast. I said, "You're looking good, Nellie."

Pat said, "She isn't feeling good, though. She just got over a bad spell."

Pat said that she had gotten so mad at the plumbing under the sink she made up her mind to unscrew the fitting that was leaking the most, even if she wrecked the whole thing. She said, "I poked that pipe back into the thing as far as I could and tightened up the nut. I think I stopped the leak. I haven't been able to check it, because there's no water. The power has been off."

I looked under the sink and felt of the pipes. They were so loose I could move them in all directions. It was no wonder there were so many leaks.

Nellie said something that sent Pat into an hysterical tirade. It is a wonder she did not have a heart attack.

Mike came in with the chain-pipe wrench, and began tightening the numerous fittings. First I cleared all the jugs, bottles, and cans around the pipes.

Mike had most of the fittings tight, and stopped for a rest. I finished the job, and the pipes were quite solidly held together. The power had come on, and I ran some hot water into the sinks, and there were no leaks in the plumbing.

Pat said, "Well, I want steel pipes in there."

Mike told her we would have to get some parts in Burns. She said, "It doesn't matter how much it costs, just so I get rid of the plastic."

I said to Mike, "We'd better get back before it rains."

So we did not spent much time down there.

Early in the morning I had gone up to the mine, and brought down the brake drum to see how it would work on the remodeled brake system. The first trial was disappointing

It was too tight. Mike said we would have cut new pieces of metal, and drill anchor holes a little closer together

I removed the brake drum, removed the spring that pulled the toes of the shoes inward, loosened the bolt that held the steel strip in place, and rapped sharply on the steel strip, hoping to move it inward toward the hub. From the looks I could not tell any difference in the location of the toes of the shoes.

I tightened the hold-down bolt, and put the brake drum back on. It ran free. Mike came in about that time. I showed him the free-running drum. He said, "That's good. It saves us a lot of work."

23rd

I rained off and on during the night, and today rain showers continued. Water ran across the road in front of the dugout. There was only thirty-eight hundredths inches of rain, although from the way the water ran it seemed like more than yesterday when there was sixty-three hundredths of an inch of rain.

Oma's brother called late this afternoon to say that Glen's front door was found open, and he wanted Phoebe to call him and let him know what she wanted him to do, if she did not call soon he would call the sheriff. The person who found the door open closed it without entering. It locked when he closed it.

I backed the pickup out to the point and turned around. In turning, and getting started down the hill, I made deep tracks in the road where the gravel was thin. Most of the road down the hill was good. A slippery place was on the first hill above the mailbox.

Glen and Phoebe came back behind me in their truck. He turned around at the point where the gravel was better. I parked my pickup out there, then we walked down to the dugout.

Phoebe got her brother on the phone and told him to force the door open by prying the casing away from the latch, then call her if there was anything missing. He said that he would not call if everything was all right, but if something was missing he would.

In about an hour the phone rang. It was Woody. He told Phoebe that apparently no one had been inside. Phoebe thought that probably she had not gotten the door completely shut when she left.

Woody is not coming over. They have two elk and a goat to dress out.

Today I took a small sample of the dust that I could see no sign of mercury in, and tested it for mercury in a test tube.

It showed that there was plenty of mercury in the dust.

I talked with John tonight. Hazel and Gerald, Al and Susie are staying down there until after Thanksgiving. They are all coming by here on their way home. I do not know how many there will be. Nine were at the memorial. He said that two of the kids left for home today. It sounds like there will be seven.

It is snowing lightly tonight, but it looks like no heavy snow storm will transpire. The forecasts are for more storms after Tuesday.

As to the work on the brake, I drilled for another hold-down bolt, using three different drill bits. First a small one made of carbaloy, then a larger-carbaloy bit. The last one worked for a while, but the carbaloy tooth broke out of the steel.

I ended up using a regular bit sharpening it twice.

We have been keeping the place warm with a wood fire using sagebrush and bits of old-broken boards and some large blocks that Carl brought up.

26th

We left for Burns this morning around eight-forty-five. The sky was clear, and the temperature was thirty degrees.

We drove to Hines to give John Scharff a couple heads of cabbage. Mike had gotten directions from Dorothy Womac. I had a set of directions from Ellis. The two did not jibe except where we were to turn off the highway.

Mike said that we had to drive nearly up to the schoolhouse. He was so emphatic I did not argue further, but after driving passed the house that I thought must be his, we finally stopped at a house to ask someone. I rang the doorbell. A lady opened the door. I asked, "Do you know where John Scharff lives?"

She said, "I waited on you at the bank. When I saw you approaching, I thought to myself, 'Now what did I do wrong?'"

I said, "Yes. You did wait on me at the bank. I'm surprised to see you home so soon."

She directed me to Scharff's place. It was the house that I had decided was the place.

27th

We went down to Dora's today for dinner. Pat, Nellie, Stella, Cactus Smith, Don, and Jim were there.

Pat had cooked a turkey, and made two salads, one fruit and the other lettuce and other greens. She brought over a bowl of gravy, two dishes of olives, and two kinds of cranberry sauce. Dora had made pumpkin, mincemeat, and pecan pies.

I mashed the potatoes for Dora, and cut the turkey. Dora has a pot of corn and peas, a pan of hot rolls, and a pot of sweet potatoes. All in all it was a fine dinner.

Don and Cactus were the biggest eaters, but I think Cactus outdid Don. Stella and Nellie ate more than I thought they would. Mike and I ate enough, but did not stuff ourselves. We did not drink any of the mixed drinks, or the wine that was served.

On the way home we stopped to visit Glen and Phoebe. Phoebe has been catching mice in traps. They come into the house through some hole that cannot be seen, and it seems that they cannot find their way out.

They are leaving in the morning. Phoebe said that she would not leave any traps set, because a dead mouse would stink up the place. I told her that I would stop in from time to time and check the traps.

George called last Tuesday. He had been down to San Francisco on Monday for his appointment at the U, C. Hospital. The urologist gave him another examination. George told him about the pills giving him a headache and making him sick to his stomach. He said, "Besides they haven't done any good."

The doctor gave him a prescription for another antibiotic telling him if in two weeks time it doesn't do any good to quit taking it, but if it did help he would give him another prescription for the same medicine and continue with that for a while longer.

George told me that later when he got home he thought that both his groin and legs were better. He thought that maybe the first medicine had taken the full thirty days to show any results.

The doctor had decided that his trouble was a prostate infection. If George actually gets better, not just one of those days when he got along easier, the infection theory could be right.

I am eager to get a report from George after he gets home from Sam's where he is spending Thanksgiving.

Saturday he will be home preparing for the visit of Gerald and Hazel.

Tuesday I put some diesel into the tank of the compressor, and tried to start the engine. The batteries did not stand up very long. Some smoke came out of the exhaust pipe.

I put the charger onto the batteries, leaving it on until about ten o'clock. Then since we would be going to town the next day, I brought the charger down to the dugout.

Today would have been a good day to start the engine, because the temperature was up to fifty-six degrees. Now a storm seems to be on the way, so there is no telling when I can start it. The days are short.

28th

The weather has warmed. The temperature last night was thirty-seven. The high yesterday was fifty-six, and today the high was fifty-one. The sky was only partly cloudy.

I was up before eight. When I came into the dugout, Mike was eating breakfast. Before fixing mine I went out to the compressor and hooked the charger to the batteries.

After a breakfast of one egg, a slice of whole-wheat toast, and a cup of milk chocolate, I went out and fastened the hub with the brake onto the pack board, and put it into the pickup.

The thing weighed forty pounds, and I wondered if I should separate the hub and the drum and make two trips up the trail with them, but I decided I should be able to carry the forty pounds in one trip.

I gathered up the tools we would need, and put them in the bucket of parts.

Mike came out and asked what I was doing. I said, "I'm getting the stuff ready to go to the mine. I think I have everything. Don't we need something for the horse?"

He said, "Oh, Yes. We need a quarter-inch bolt for it. I'll get one." He found one, but we had to run a die over the threads they were so badly rusted. We found a new nut, and a toothed washer for it.

We were up at the mine before ten o'clock. Mike carried the two buckets and a board up the trail. The forty pounds on the pack board did not seem so heavy, but I stopped to catch my breath several times on the way up.

When I got to the top, Mike was working on the horse, and needed help to hold the cable down while he got the hanger in place and fastened to the cable holder with the quarter inch bolt. There were two bolts actually. One was already in the clamp. We were replacing one that had come loose and fallen away.

I was to pull down the cable while he put the hanger into position. It took nearly all my weight to pull the cable down far enough. Mike was having difficulty lining up the hanger, the clamp, and the cable. As time passed the strain on my arms began to tell. I thought about those men who had held onto a rope of an

airship when it broke loose from the mooring mast. They were pulled high into the air. They dropped off one by one as their arms and hands gave out.

I could see that Mike would take too long for me to hold on. I said, "We'll have to let the hanger down." He had the clamp over the cable, and now it took a while to remove it. By the time I let the cable go up, my hands would hardly let go.

Thereafter we ran a wire over the cable and pulled the cable down with it, and cinched the wire to the base of the horse. Now we had an easier time of it. I still had to pull down on the cable, but not with so much strain.

This vital job finished, we hiked up to the landing. I removed the brake from the pack board, and bolted it to the steel holder. With the wheel and the holder propped up at an angle so I could get at the bleeder valve, we easily bled the brake system.

There no ore handy to fill the car. We started gathering rocks from the vein that had been filled with low grade ore. After we had a wheelbarrow load of rocks, we figured that if we had some buckets, we could carry some dirt from the vein. We were thinking of the large buckets that we used before. Finally I decided that the small buckets that we were using for tool carriers would do just as well. I dumped the tools into one bucket, and began carrying dirt in the empty one.

Thus we continued working longer than we would have. Mike was running out of energy, but he stuck at it, resting only briefly.

The urge to try out the brake drove me on, and we finally had a car load. Mike released the chain from the car. I released the brake and found that it worked fine. I could slow the car down gradually without the brake grabbing.

However, as the car approached the ore bin, I slowed it too much so the door did not release when the trip hit the timber at the bin.

Mike went down and tied the car while I stayed at the top to make sure the brake held in case the ore dumped.

When I got down, two pickup loads of bird hunters were approaching. I put the tools into the truck, and backed out of their way, because they were apparently intended to go up passed the mine.

2nd

Al, Susie, and La Donna arrived Saturday afternoon. We had a good visit. They stayed overnight. La Donna and Susie slept on the cot, and Al on the chair.

Sunday morning Al and Susie were up early loading their luggage, and other things they salvaged from Fred's place. Everything went on top of the Pinto, because Al wanted room to stretch out in the back while Susie was driving.

Mike cooked some hotcakes made with whole-wheat, and cooked whole-grain-wheat cereal. Susie is diabetic, and controls it by dieting, although she takes one-half of a tablet of diabenese.

After breakfast Al said, "I'm going out and start the motor. Susie you will have thirty minutes to get ready. It will take that long to get the motor running good."

He had told me about the trouble with the motor:- In the morning, or any time it sat idle for a few hours, when it first started he would have to hold the throttle all the way down to keep it running, and then it would only run at a slow speed. After it warmed up it ran all right.

He had several ideas as to the cause of the trouble. A blow-by between the cylinders, a bad valve, and others. It was running all right when he left home.

However I think the trouble was there when he left, because he said he had tuned it up before leaving. He probably thought the tuneup had done some good. But was not running good before he started the tuneup, then by the time he was finished, the motor was warm, and was running pretty good.

Anyway, I went out and watched him start the motor. He had the top off the air cleaner, and a clothespin holding the choke partly open. He said, "I think it floods at first so I keep the choke from opening completely."

I looked across the filter at the air-intake duct. A section about eight inches long was missing. I could see into the end. There appeared to be some kind of control mechanism inside. A vacuum hose went to a gadget on top.

I said to Al, "There is a section missing in the air duct."

"I knew it was missing, but I didn't think it would make any difference."

"Maybe the control cut down on the amount of air to the carburetor when the motor was cold."

"Put your hand over the input."

We had already put the cover on the air filter. I put my hand over the input. The motor speeded up to normal running.

The missing section had been a flexible piece of material so that it could fit into the offset positions of the ends. After

checking on material for making the section, we finally cut one out of cardboard. We enlisted Mike's help, and between us Mike and I made a good fit.

I am sure, that on his way home, if the cardboard holds out, he will find that the motor has more power going up hill.

They left here at Nine-thirty.

Later in the day we loaded a six-inch-plastic pipe into the pickup. A pick and shovel were already in it. We drove down to the head of the lower draw, and put the pipe in for a culvert. We thought we did pretty good.

Yesterday we put in two four-inch culverts, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, besides hauling a load of gravel up from the gravel pit.

We had three inches of snow last night. It was melted by daylight, then it rained, but not much. There was three-hundredths of an inch of precipitation.

This afternoon I drove the small pickup down here and connected the wire to the heater, then deflated the tire that had a slow leak, then inflated it with a sealant from a can called, Seal 'n' Drive. Mike came out to help. We drove down to the gate and back, because the directions said to drive at least two or three miles

The road was a little soft at the point, and in some places on the first hill. We had no trouble coming back up, which we could not have done without the gravel on the road.

I called George. He said that Gerald and Hazel stayed there two nights.

4th

Yesterday we went down to Dora's to pick up a package that she brought up from Fields where the UPS had left it.

We checked at Pat's to see if the drain pipes were still holding up. They weren't leaking and seemed as solid as they were when we tightened them a few weeks ago.

We would have replaced the plastic pipe with steel then, but Pat was getting dinner, and did not want the water turned off at that time. We told her that we should go home, because more showers seemed to be on the way.

We drove to the gravel pit and shoveled on a load of gravel and hauled it up our road. We put it on the thin spots from the last turn up to the point.

Strong winds blew all last night.

The temperature was warm up until five this morning. I heard my eyes dripping between three and five. After that the thirty-two degree temperature stopped them.

When I got up at eight-fifteen there was a trace of snow on the ground, and it was thirty-two.

Around eleven o'clock the wind slackened, and then came in gusts.

The package from Unity contained the two crescent wrenches that Mike had ordered, plus an electric-chain saw. This morning after Mike had it assembled, and we had adjusted the chain to the proper tension, we went out and cut all the big pieces of wood on hand. This chain saw worked good, and was easier to handle than the gas chain saw, and quicker to get going.

After lunch we drove to the gravel pit, and got another load of gravel. We brought it all the way to the point, and filled in thin spots up there. The wind had come up somewhat again, and the temperature dropped to twenty-nine degrees from a high of forty-six. We were ready to call it a day.

Mike is getting stronger, and has more energy to work for longer periods. He doesn't seem to mind the cold so much, although he bundled up in extra clothing.

I felt cold all day.

I checked into the Civil Defense Net this morning. Ellis checked in right after I did and asked me to move down and give him a call for a qso.

It was colder in Hines than it was here.

He was tidying things up getting ready for a trip down south. He asked how the chukkers were, but it didn't sound like he would be down this way this year.

He said, "I heard Pat talking on a radio interview about the environmentalists trying to stop the drilling for geothermal power because of the chub fish in Lake Alvord lake. They want to keep all drilling at a distance from the lake by four miles. Pat and Stella owns the lake. By stopping any drilling near the lake, they would keep Stella and Pat from receiving any benefits from geothermal leases.

It seems a confiscation of property. If they make the lake a sanctuary for the fish, they should pay Pat and Stella for the privilege."

I agreed with him, and I thought it was a long speech he made. I wished him a good trip down south.

As for hauling gravel, we are both surprised that we get out in the cold wind and do as much as we do.

Bud Jones answered my letter. He said that he had already found another copy of the book I had lost. It cost him just half the amount I sent him. He sent me back one half of my check, the half with my signature.

I was up early enough to check into the Civil Defense Net. At the end of the net, Chuck, W7BVH, called for Ellis. Since Ellis did not answer, I called Chuck, and we had a short qso. When we finished, Alice called me. She had been, reading the mail, and wanted to know more about Mike being sick, and about the drilling for geothermal power.

I told her about Mike, and about the drilling. I said, "Apparently the oil company has postponed any more drilling until the environmentalists decided what laws they wanted passed regarding the drilling around Lake Alvord."

I told her about the loss of the drill bit and drill steel in the hole they drilled where they got artesian hot water with considerable pressure. The ecologist would not let them pull up the steel, and made them cap off the water, because they were afraid hot water would get into the lake and kill the chub fish.

She said, "With all the need we have for power, it seems strange those worthless fish could stop a power plant from being put up in that district, especially considering the distance power has to be brought in to there."

It was cold this morning, twenty-nine degrees. By ten-thirty it had warmed up a little so we went down and shoveled up a load of gravel. By one o'clock we had it shoveled off onto a thin place at the point. Mike worked really hard, and it hard for me to keep up with him.

After lunch at two o'clock we hauled up another load of gravel. Mike said he did not have as much steam as the last time, but he did very well. We had it unloaded by three-thirty.

Yesterday there was no dial tone on the phone. I was going to report it on the radio this morning, but checked the phone first.

The dial tone was back. I tried calling Dora several times but got no answer.

Later called her again. She left at eight o'clock this morning to go to the place on the flat to help Pearl tie a quilt. She did not get home until four tonight. She said it was a beautiful queen sized quilt. Pearl is sending it to her daughter for Christmas.

A few days ago Dora started keeping a light on in the hen house. Yesterday she got one egg, and today she got three. Dora said, "The hens saw the light."

We got a letter from George today. He enjoyed the visit with Gerald and Hazel. Hazel is researching her family tree. George helped her a little as far as the Weston family goes. Of course, the Weston line ends with Robert who has no progeny.

George talked with one of the officials of the West Point Water Department. The man said that he couldn't understand how the department overlooked the kind of gravel they were buying. They hauled it from the other side of Stockton. It was no good as a gravel, and was more like a clay.

6th

It was snowing when I got up at a quarter to eight this morning. There was about half an inch on the ground. It was a dry snow since the temperature was twenty-three degrees.

We stayed inside most of the day, because it continued snowing, and a strong wind was blowing.

I mixed up some whole-wheat flour with some cooked whole-grain wheat. I added some salt, oil, and yeast, and made a soft dough. After it had raised for an hour, I shaped up some muffin sized buns. After they had raised doubled in size, I put them in the oven at three-hundred and seventy-five degrees. They did not raise any more after going into the oven.

The crust came out rather hard, and I didn't think Mike could bite into them, but he did. He said they had a different flavor, which caused him to go back for more.

Around four o'clock we both went out with brooms and swept the snow from the paths. Mike cleared a path all the way to the point.

I swept over to my bedroom, and around the weather station. Considerable snow had blown into the furnace room, because both doors were open. Mike put up the door at the front. It was broken and left a gap where snow could blow in if it snowed some more.

He also partly closed the back door.

Tonight I pulled the refrigerator out from the wall, and tightened the hold-down bolts onto the rubber shocks. This stopped the refrigerator from making the loud noise when it was running. We had been putting up with the noise for quite a long time.

This morning when I came in, I said to Mike, "It's not snowing snow you know. It's snowing violets."

He said, "That's not the way it goes. It's raining violets, not snowing violets."

I said, "The same difference."

I got to thinking of how the wording of these things go:-
"It's raining rain. It's snowing snow. It's hailing hail"

Then you could say, "It's cats and dogging cats and dogs. It's violetting violets. It's pitchforking pitchforks."

7th

The low last night was fourteen, it was twenty-on in my bedroom. The high yesterday was twenty-six. There is about two inches of snow on the ground.

This morning I pulled the upright freezer away from the wall. I had to get help from Mike. Neither one of could move it alone. The source of the noise was from the tube that goes from the compressor to the condenser. It would vibrate against the other coils. By placing a cushion between it and the others, I was able to stop the noise.

The case here was different from the refrigerator where the hold-down bolts were loose. The freezer had no adjustments on the hold-down bolts.

This afternoon I walked out to the point intending to walk down the road. However, I saw a vehicle coming up the road. It

was below the Indian Creek turnoff. I figured that bird hunters were scouting around.

I walked back to the dugout, then looked back to the point. They had come up to the point and were turning around, then drove back down the hill.

Later I walked down the road passed the Indian Creek turn-off. Their tracks went down into Indian Creek, and they did not come back up. I heard voices that sounded to be by Stephenson's mine. I went back up the hill, rubbing my ears to warm them in the cold air.

At the point I went over to the cliff and looked down to Indian Creek. Their tracks went across the creek and up the hill on other side, but I could not see the vehicle anywhere. I heard some shots over towards Stephen's mine, but could see no one.

When I got into the dugout, I told Mike where they had gone. I told him about the rabbit that was using the first culvert for a shelter and a place to escape from the coyotes.

Mike walked out there later. Walking in the cold air is good for us. Getting our ears and hands nearly frozen helps our system adjust to the winter weather. If we remained comfortably warm all the time, we would not get used to the cold.

George called this morning. The temperatures a night have been around thirty. He called his friend that worked with him at Pearl Harbor. He does that every year on the seventh.

Mike had to be home in Bend on the twelfth, and Rod had to be home in California. Later I talked with Ellis. He said that they got seven birds at Stone-House Canyon. They stayed longer than they intended so were late getting home.

On the twelfth Benson and Volt from Klamath Falls stopped in. On the thirteenth Jim and Juanita Martin from Baker stopped in. On the same day Oldenburg from Sandy was here with Kuntz from Boring.

Yesterday four Japanese-agriculture trainees stopped in, two from the Alvord Ranch, one from Nampa, and one from Nyssa.

Also Roy Derst and son, and a friend arrived. Jim and Juanita were friends of theirs, and they all stayed in the cabin.

All the activity slowed the job of getting out Christmas cards.

Kuntz and Oldenburg slept in the dugout two nights. The first night the temperature was down to fifteen. The two dogs slept in the van and I heard one of them calling for help all night. Last night the temperature was only down to thirty-two, and I heard nothing out of the dogs.

Yesterday Kuntz and Oldenburg were out hunting for five hours. Oldenburg nearly over did himself, and, after lying on the cot for a while, found himself breaking out in chills.

They hunted for a while this morning, and got five more birds. They only got six on their long trek yesterday.

They left for home about two o'clock.

Mike has been bringing in sagebrush for kindling, using the exercise to get his aerobics.

Today we went down and shoveled up a load of gravel, and put it on the curve at the bottom of the first hill.

Some nice Christmas cards are coming in, and I have only sent our ten. I have two more ready to go.

The weather has been cold, dry, and calm for over a week. The snow, that fell on the night of the fifth, hasn't been melting very fast. There is still one inch on the ground. Of course, there are bare spots especially out at the point. The south slopes are bare.

Mae called. She is feeling fine, but is unable to write. One of her grandsons died recently. He was only twenty-one years old. I could not hear well enough on the noisy phone to catch just who it was.

I talked with George later. He had not heard about it, and could not imagine which one it was.

After we had shown the Japanese through the place, and shown them the workings of the furnace, one of them asked, "How long have you been here?"

I said, "Twenty-three years." Looking at one of them, asked, "How old are you?"

He said, "Twenty-three." We all smiled.

16th

I baked a chicken today, making a better stuffing than ever before, using the bread made with precooked-whole grain, celery, chopped onions, two eggs, poultry season, and sage.

I also made baking-powder biscuits with whole-wheat flour, and some of the precooked-whole grain. The precooked-whole grain gives a fine texture, no hard crust, and not too crumbly.

Mike spent some time preparing potting soil for the Christmas-tree seed that Harry and Lois sent us. He brought in some sagebrush for kindling. That was his exercise for the day. We did not haul gravel.

Roy and his party left for home about three o'clock. They will get home at about one in the morning. His son, Craig, gave me his novice call letters, and we made a schedule for Thursday at six o'clock that evening.

Roy checked the fire brick in the rotatory kiln. He said that they would probably break up and not be very good. They had been baked too much.

I talked with Dora. The hens laid ten eggs today. Nellie fell or got pushed over by one of the dogs there in the house. She has a bruise on her head, and a black eye.

23rd

The weather is still warm, and the snow is all gone.

Yesterday evening after dark we helped Paul Tanaka get his Datsun out of the well hole at the head of the lower draw. He had backed across it with the rear wheels, but one front wheel fell in. The hole around the pipe was about two feet deep. It took an hour and a half to get it out, using some planks and the handy-man jack.

We accepted some pieces of boar meat that he offered as payment. We did not want any money in payment, but felt that he would be more comfortable if he could give us something in return for our help.

26th

We made a quick trip to Burns on the seventeenth.

A tire on the little pickup had gone flat. Mike had tried to find the leak in the inner tube without success, so we took it to Burns with us, and had Les Schwab put a new one in. Otherwise there nothing special we needed in town.

I bought a pair of work pants.

Yesterday the road was quite wet from the night's rain. Dora called in the morning saying that she had no TV reception. Mike told her that we probably would not be able to get down the hill, because the road would be too wet.

It did not rain after seven o'clock. By one o'clock, we figured that the road was dry enough to navigate. We did not call Dora before we left. When we got there, to our surprise Stella and Nellie were just sitting down to a Christmas dinner. Don and Cactus had already eaten. Cactus was headed for Burns. Don had gone to his shack. Pat hadn't arrived from her house yet,

Dora said, "The TV antenna is fixed. I called the man down on the flat, and he came up, and connected the lead-in wire. It was broken about half way to the antenna."

I said, "Well, I won't have work on it. I can start in with Christmas dinner. I didn't think we would be here for dinner."

Stella said, "We were just saying that it was too bad that Jim and Mike aren't here." Now you are.

We stayed until five o'clock.

While we were there, Pat said that some birds were building nests under the eaves of her house. I presumed they were swallows. I went out to see what kind of birds were flying around Dora's place. They looked like Plain Titmouse.

31st

Yesterday I said to Mike, "I may have to go down to Pat's to install that steel plumbing while you are in Bend."

He said, "Maybe we should go down tomorrow and do it before I leave. We could call Dora and have her tell Pat that we will be there around eleven o'clock."

Today we were there on schedule, and took out the plastic pipe, which was holding up without a leak. We found that we did not have the proper fittings install in the steel pipe, and had to put the plastic pipe back. However, now we were unable to tighten the plastic fittings to stop a bad leak. Not only that, one of the plastic nuts broke allowing even more leakage.

We could do nothing more, and left Pat to suffer with a badly leaking drainage system from her sinks. On the way home, I said, "Well, we sure fixed Pat this time."

It was bad enough driving in the fog on the way down, but it was worse coming back after dark in the fog.

There was someone camped in the flat by the mailbox. They had an open fire going. I did not get a good look at the vehicle, but it seemed to have a number of small windows like a small bus. We thought that one of the wilderness classes had camped there. We didn't think it was a bunch of bird hunters, because we had not seen any around all day.

We are hoping that we can find some fittings and put in the steel plumbing tomorrow,

I had intended to replace the lead-in wire at Dora's, but we had no time for it.

George called last night. He spent nearly a week at Sam's. All the time he was there many of Sam's and Ethel's children and grandchildren kept dropping in so there was always a crowd.

It now turns out that George's prostate trouble cannot be cured even by an operation. It is caused by inflammation. The doctor said that he would have to live with it.

Some doctors at Stanford University are working on this trouble, which seems to be more prevalent than they thought. George said that our niece Lois's husband has the same trouble. He had an operation over a year ago, and it did no good.

George is going contact the Stanford Clinic to see if those doctors are on to anything that might give him some relief.

I mailed out forty Christmas cards this year. Sixteen were late going out.