

January, 1982

1

1st

It was hard to guess the amount of snow that fell last night, because there was so much drifting. Three and four foot drifts around the place. A high wind kept the snow drifting all day.

The amount of precipitation that got into the gauge was only .07 of an inch. Because of the wind there is no telling how much passed over the top of it.

2nd

Today there was more snow with heavy wind, and cold temperatures.

When I prepared to walk down for the mail, I put on an extra jacket. Thus I had on two jackets besides the rain jacket.

Going down, the hard packed drifts made the going slow. It took me an hour to reach the mailbox. The mail had already arrived, so I didn't have to wait in the cold wind and drifting snow.

I was surprised to see a bird hunter come down off the hill north of the road. A vehicle came up from the south and picked him up. I saw another vehicle down the road about half a mile. It appeared to be crossways of the road, but as I watched, it gradually showed movement, then I could see that it was turning around. It headed toward Andrews.

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2

Coming back up I followed my tracks out in the sagebrush where I had gone to avoid the poor footing on the road. On the steep part there was ice under the snow, besides the ruts and holes that were hidden by the snow.

Daylight was nearly all gone by the time I got half way back up, but a first-quarter moon shown through a hole in the clouds to give plenty of light. The wind blowing and drifting the old snow chilled my lips and parts of my face that were not protected by the hood of the rain jacket. However, there seemed to be no danger of being frostbitten.

About three fourths the way up I saw Mike up ahead. The wind had dropped to a calm, for which I was grateful. I called out, "Hi, Mike, There you are."

He called back, "Is that you?"

I said, "Yes. I'm fine. You might just as well start back." That he did. I was surprised to see him, because he knew I would be late.

Later I caught up with him when he stopped to wait for me. The wind had started up again. He said, "I thought I would come down and break trail for you."

The round trip took two and a half hours.

7th

The temperatures have been dropping since the second. Night before last it was three above, and last night it was two above.

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3

Yesterday I walked down for the mail dressed warmer than ever before. There was a light wind blowing and the temperature was five above. I reached the mailbox at three-thirty-five. There was no mail. I waited half an hour before starting back up the hill. The UPS truck went by while I was waiting, so I knew the road was open between here and Burns.

In spite of all the clothing I was cold by the time I reached the dugout. I called the Fields' store. The mail man had not arrived. Someone at the Alvord Ranch was going out to look for him.

Today I called the store, and learned that the mail man had gotten to Fields around six-thirty last night. So at noon I hiked down dressed warm again, although the sun was shining and there was no wind. The footing was rough with holes and lumps made by the frozen foot prints in the snow. At times I could feel a twitch of strain on my ankles as I stepped into a hole onto a lump. Luckily my ankles are strong and flexible, and not prone to sprain like they used to be.

Coming back up the hill I shed the rain jacket, rolled it up, and put it into the mail sack. I removed the suede jacket and carried it. Where the sun shone on my left side I was extra warm, and on the right side, that was in the shade, it was cool.

8th

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4

Today we took the rear wheels off the pickup and put chains on them. The new chains were too short, so Mike spliced them with pieces from an old chain. We used the big bolt cutter that Mike bought at an auction years ago, to cut the links in two.

Of course we had the wheels inside, because it took time to fit the chains.

I walked down to get the mail while Mike was working on the second wheel. I did not wear the rain pants, and wore only the one jacket under the rain jacket. The temperature was around twenty-eight, and I was comfortable both going and coming. There was no mail. It used to be that when the mail man did not pick up our sack for some reason or other, he used another sack even if it belonged to someone else, to bring our mail. Lately he has not done this, and today once again I didn't have an extra sack.

When I got back Mike had the second wheel with the chain back on.

Down on the hill this side of the mailbox someone had tried to come up the hill. They spun out before they got to the steep part, they hardly got off the level. It made me wonder how we would fare on our attempt to drive down and back tomorrow.

I called Carl Hair and asked him if Carl Thomas was back. He said he hadn't seen any evidence that Carl was home.

I've been doubtful that our phone rings when someone calls. At the other end it may sound like it was, and we did not answer. I asked Carl to call back for a check to see if it did ring. He called back. The phone rang twice before I lifted the receiver. I asked him how many times did it sound like it rang. He said, "Twice."

9th

This morning we removed the spare tire from the hanger beneath the pickup. It is the same size as the new tire, so they are a match. The old tires would be the same if they weren't worn down. It is hard to believe that the tread is worn that much. The spare wheel with its new tire stands at least an inch higher than the old ones.

We intend to keep the spare in the bed of the pickup, so we removed the hanger except for one bolt. To remove this bolt we will have to take one bumper bracket off. I started removing one bolt on the bracket, but after working fifteen minutes on it with little progress, I saw that it might take an hour. By then it would be after twelve o'clock. I gave up, and said to Mike, "We'd better leave the bolt there, and go down the hill now. It will be late enough when we get back."

We threw the spares in, with two shovels, and a plank in case we needed them. I backed out to the point, turned around,

and started down the hill. The drift along the first steep grade did not hold us back. By keeping near the edge of the road I avoided the deepest part of the drift.

The one drift that I figured would give us trouble stopped us when we were two thirds through it. The crust was hard enough for us to stand on, but the pickup sank down to where the axles were pushing against the snow.

Half an hour of shoveling cleared the way, and we drove on down to the county road. Some bird hunters were shooting birds on the knoll north of the road. They had tried driving up the road, but had been stopped by a drift part way up the steep grade above the gate. Of course since we were going down hill we were able to plow through it.

When we turned around, we saw a bird hunter on foot come off the county road. We didn't stop to talk with him, but drove right back up the hill. There was no trouble all the way, although the rear wheels seemed to be spinning at times.

I called Carolee, and told her we had been down to the county road and back. I said, "Betsy and Fred can come out now if they want to."

She said, "I'll call Betsy and tell her. I'm sure she will want to leave right away. The snow is melting here. It is quite warm."

Not long after we hung up Carolee called back, saying, "Betsy and Fred will be out tomorrow."

Later I called Dora, but I didn't get a chance to talk with her. She said, "Maybe you can hear me, but I cant hear you. My phone is out of order. I cant hear anyone, but sometimes people can hear me. The phone won't be fixed until Monday." She hung up.

Later I called Jim McDade. I told him what was wrong with Dora's phone. He said, "I heard that there was something wrong, but didn't get the straight of it"

I asked him about the weather. It got up to forty-five down there today. Quite a difference from our thirty-one here.

I told him that they must have worked on the translators today, because eleven and nine were coming in now. He said that maybe he would be able to watch some sports again. He hadn't turned on his set today.

Since we didn't get to let Pat know that we were going to Burns Monday, we may wait until Tuesday. Dora's phone will be working Monday, so we can get word to Pat, then.

1th

Betsy and Fred arrived before noon today. They came up the hill without chains except the last steep grade where Fred put chains on one wheel, the outside one.

I fixed a lunch for them, and after eating, they went out to try out their coyote call. They stayed out a couple of hours without any luck.

This afternoon I fried a chicken, that with fried potatoes, squash, macaroni and tomatoes, but no coffee or tea, just plain water.

Betsy wanted to watch the James Bond show. It came on at seven and ran until nine-thirty. However, Betsy and Fred couldn't wait for the end. They headed for bed in the trailer house. They had turned on the propane light to warm up the place. I hope they sleep warm.

Carolee called at nine-thirty. I had intended to have Myron call her, but he didn't get on the radio.

12th

We didn't go to Burns Monday. We put it off, because we wanted to hear from Pat whether or not she wanted anything from Burns. There was no way to call Dora, because her phone was still out of order. It was supposed to be fixed Monday. Monday night it was still not working.

Jim McDade went over to Pat's for us, and then called me after he got home. He gave me a list of things that Pat wanted. I told him that we would go to Burns Tuesday.

However, Betsy and Fred spun off the road coming back from the hot spring. They were in our way if we were going to town. Mike went out to help Fred, and seeing that one wheel was over the shoulder where it would be impossible to get it back up onto the road, he advised Fred to back down through the sagebrush and on down to the road below.

I didn't go out there right away, because I had some food on cooking. When I did go I found that their truck was stalled in the deep snow and brush below the road.

13th

The result was that since we did not get their truck back onto the road that night, we decided to spend Tuesday morning getting it out of the deep snow. It turned out that Fred and Betsy had it back on the road by nine o'clock, but we thought it was too late to start for Burns.

Fred decided not to stay over until Thursday. Mike and I got off this morning at eight o'clock. Betsy and Fred were about ready to leave also, but I thought it would be an hour before they would start.

We had our wheels changed at the county road by eight-twenty, and were on our way.

27th

We got back before dark, and brought all of Pat's groceries into the dugout in case some of her things might be damaged by the freezing temperature outside.

The next day we drove down to Pat's with her things. We carried the plywood over to the barn, and stood it up under the roof. Next spring Mike may get around to nailing it up as a wall on the west side.

Carl, Oma, Glen, and Phoebe got back from Coos Bay soon after we got back from town.

One day, Oma invited us to dinner. We told her that we would be down if the weather was cold, allowing the road to be passable, so with the cold weather we went down, but found no one at home. We waited until three-forty-five, then came home.

Not long after we got home Carl knocked on the door. He said they locked the door when they left, and didn't have any spare keys with them. I gave him the set of keys we had. At least I thought they were the ones. After a while he was here again. He said, "These are the old keys for the door before we changed the lock."

Then I saw the new door key hanging on the nail that had held the old ones.

Later in the week I was waiting for the mail man at the mailbox. Oma and Phoebe stopped on their way back from the hot spring. They had little Skeeter wrapped in a blanket. They had

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given her a bath and she was shivering from the cold.

I mentioned that I had forgotten about the new key. I said, "Anyway, when Mike and I were down there, the door wasn't locked. I cant remember locking it when we left. I might have done it automatically out of habit."

Last week we had another snow storm with big drifts. It came during the night, then there was a misty rain, and the drifts began shrinking, and by night the four-foot drifts were down to two feet, although rain quit shortly after daylight.

The temperature got up to forty-nine a couple of days, with freezing at night. The trails are icy and treacherous to walk on.

Yesterday someone knocked on the door, and when I let him in, I asked, "Where are you headed for?"

He said, "Right here. We got our truck almost to the top of the hill, and slipped half off the road. We were checking the power line."

I should say that the power was off. Mike spoke up quickly, "Is our power line down?"

He said, "No. But we thought we would check before going up toward Mann Lake."

Well, we couldn't pull their truck back up onto the road using our truck, even with the chains on.

I drove Earl over to the Alvord Ranch while the other two power men stayed with Mike. It was snowing, and drifting lightly at our place, but by the time we reached the ranch, it was snowing hard. As I drove into the yard, I asked Earl where I should stop. He said, "At the kitchen might be all right." Then, "Well, I'll check the bunk house."

There were no light anywhere. I sat in the pickup waiting for Earl. In about fifteen minutes the cab door opened, and Mike Davis climbed in. He said, "Hi. How are things up at your place? Are you doing any mining now?"

I told him that we couldn't do any mining in the winter. He asked, "Do you want a lamb?"

I said, "Oh, no." Then wondering if he wanted to trade one for some mercury, I asked, "Do you want some mercury.?"

"No. Say, can you take me back to where those lights are?"

I looked back and saw a house with lighted windows. I hadn't noticed them before. Probably they had come on after I looked that way. I said, "Sure, but where is Earl?"

"He is up there at the hose with the lights."

29th

Well, the bulldozer got the power truck back on the road, and an hour later our power came back on.

Wednesday I walked down for the mail. The weather was cool, but I was warm enough with only one jacket.

When I was half way up, a pickup came up behind me. I got off the road, and it stopped opposite me.

There were a man, and a woman, and a big dog in the cab. They said they had come up the road, but couldn't find a place to turn around. I told them that the only place to turn around safely was up at the point at our place. Art the driver insisted that I get in and ride up with them. He put the dog into the back.

He did a good job driving up the bad stretch where the power company's pickup had gotten off the road. He kept out of the deep ruts that had been made close to the inner bank. From my experience I knew how ticklish it was to stay out of them and still not get too close to the outside edge of the road.

At the top I got out and introduced myself. They told me their names, and I remembered Arts name only. They live in Bend, and art's wife bought a pair of earrings at the Bangle Tree.

I watched them drive down the hill to see if they made it okay.

Yesterday we drove down to the Thomas' for dinner. As we neared the house we came upon Cactus Smith's truck with a tow chain attached to the front bumper. I thought, "I guess they have had to pull him out of a hole."

I drove around to the corner of the garden and pulled to right into the sagebrush so that I could back up to turn around ready to drive out after dinner. When I tried to back up, the wheels just spun, and the rear ones started sinking in. I did not have the truck in four-wheel drive.

Carl and Glen came out, and they hooked a come-a-long to the rear bumper of Glens truck and to ours. We put our truck into four-wheel drive, but even with Glen pulling the truck didn't budge. Carl shoveled dirt from the front of the right rear wheel which was the deepest. Then with another try we got back onto the road.

I was headed back out. Carl said, "Well, as long you are back on the road, you might give cactus a tow. He's bogged down."

The chain was already hooked onto Cactus' truck. I drove up passed it, and Carl hooked the chain to our bumper. After several tries we gave up.

Cactus's rear wheels were down so deep the differential was on the ground. We got our handyman jack, and Cactus got out his. We jacked up the rear end, and tried to slide it out of the holes, but couldn't raise it high enough to clear them. We got a board under one wheel, and some sagebrush under the other. Another try and he moved out onto the road.

I drove up to and off the road where there was solid ground, so Cactus could go by on his way home. We had a good dinner.

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1

5th

Last night the temperature got down to one above. It was clear and calm yesterday and today.

This morning there was no water pressure. Mike thought the pipeline was frozen where it crosses the draw. I figured it could be almost anywhere, and the only way to find out was to go up the pipeline

Around noon I went up the draw with a shovel. There was a foot or more of heavily crusted snow. To keep from slipping I cut notches in the crust to get traction. At the crossing of the draw, water ran over the metal cover of the pipeline. It was coming from the overflow pipe above the draw. I went up to the source. There was a good stream of water coming from the pipe. I couldn't locate the pipe for our water supply.

At the crossing it appeared that at the lower end there might be a frozen place. I considered getting a length of pipe, and attach it to the overflow and bring the water to the frozen place to thaw it out.

Mike helped me, then after further examination of the crossing, and removing some ice from the metal cover, we saw that the ground was not frozen under the ice. Mike swore that the frozen place would be at the center of the cover where there was an air space that would allow cold air to reach the pipe.

I didn't think that this was the case, because water had been running over the cover at the center.

It was my belief and still is that the freeze up is out in front where the cut-off valves are located.

Later Mike went back up to the crossing. I don't knew what he did, but he might have lifted up the cover. Anyway, when he came back down, he said, "I wonder if it might be frozen out here by the hydrant.

I said, "I've been thinking of it."

I went out and took the fifteen-gallon drum off the hydrant. The gunny sacks under the drum were frozen stiff, and were frozen to the base so I could not remove them. But I could try turning the faucet through the sacks. It would not budge. I noticed that there was no cover on the stop-and-waste-valve-stand pipe. Cold air could have gotten to the pipes through it.

Since writing the above, I convinced Mike that this was the trouble, and mentioned that we might thaw out the pipes by pouring hot water down the stand pipe. He was for doing it tonight. So we have about five gallons of water getting hot. We got the water running before bed time.

This morning I brought the compressor into the dugout to give it a chance to warm up. I then installed a new motor, and found a belt to go with it. This is a small motor, although it is

supposed to develop one and a quarter horse power. I shown a heat lamp onto the compressor to speed up the warming process.

When I plugged in the motor it started without hesitation, running the compressor fine.

The reason for getting the compressor running again was that the cold room compressor has stopped, and before I let the gas out of the freezing system, I want to be able to put a vacuum on it when I re-gas it.

6th

I got up at seven this morning. I was busy all morning cooking chicken, meat patties, squash, onions and celery, and even made hotcakes.

I put the fan to work blowing cold air into the cold room. I let some gas out of the refrigerator system, which had no affect on the compressor. It still would not start.

Mike prepared the small truck for his trip to Burns. He cut a supply of wood hoping it would last while he was gone.

I called George this morning. The temperature there was thirty degrees. That's quite a difference from our zero last night. The high today was twenty-four.

10th

Mike got back Monday around three-thirty. The case that was on the docket for this week was settled out of court before a jury was called. He will go back this Sunday.

The weather has remained cold. It was down to zero one night, as I mentioned above. Since then the lowest at night has been seven above. Fourteen has been the highest low. Today the high was thirty-two, the highest since the fourth when it was thirty-three.

I've been driving down for the mail, because of the cold weather. I changed wheels Monday, because there is no need for the chains.

Since the compressor for the cold room has quit, we will have to get a new one, unless we can use the window-air conditioner that we have no use for. To use it we will need to obtain a service valve of some kind. I got the impression that the clerks were unwilling to sell supplies to anyone that is not in the business of servicing cooling equipment. There are no suppliers in Burns, and probably not in Bend.

I talked with Myron on the radio Sunday. He is cutting wood, and helping Gary Lake build the extra bedroom on Gary's house.

Yesterday I hiked down the road for exercise. Before I got to the rocky ledge below the Indian Creek turnoff, I saw a deer hung up on the fence a hundred yards north of the road. I came back up to get the fence pliers to cut the wires to free her.

Up here I told Mike about the deer, and asked him if he wanted to go with me to cut her loose. He said, "Yes." and went

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into the tin building and brought out the pliers. We drove down in the pickup. When we got to the spot where I had seen the deer, we found that she had freed herself. We were relieved that she was off the fence.

14th

On the eleventh the temperature got above freezing, forty-one degrees. The next day it was forty-seven, also yesterday and today. For the last two nights the low has been above freezing, thirty-six and forty-four degrees. .34 inches of rain helped the snow melt, although there are patches of snow one to two feet deep along the draw, and along the north slopes. On the south slopes the ground is bare.

I haven't heard any Quail or Chukkers around lately. The long cold spell may have done them in, unless they are down in the lowland.

Mike will be going to Burns Tuesday. That means the court won't open until Wednesday. He has been cutting sagebrush whenever the weather was not too wet.

Before the rains came with the warm temperatures, I heard some song birds in the mornings, but after that I didn't hear them. They must have been passing through here on their way north.

16th

We did not get as much rain from this last storm as we had expected from the predictions and the amount of rain to the west. The reports of flooding led us to expect more rain here.

Mike left for Burns around one-fifteen. The road down the hill was nearly dry. It appeared that the weather would be good, although I presume he would have a head wind all the way.

About three o'clock the phone rang. It had a tingle in it like it was static causing it to ring. I waited until it rang three times until I was sure it was a bona fide ring. A woman asked if I was Mr. Weston. I said, "Yes."

There was considerable noise on the line like a wire was shorting across the line. She started telling me something, then asked, "Can you hear me?"

I said, "Yes."

"Through all that noise?"

"Yes. I can."

Then she said, "I didn't realize how far you had to come to serve on the jury. We will excuse you from the service. Can you hear me through that noise?"

I said, "Yes, I can hear you, however I'm his brother. He has left for Burns already."

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"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't call sooner. Because of the distance, and his age, I thought he should be excused. I'll talk to him tomorrow."

I checked into the Beaver State Net. It closed a little early. So I was able to tune in on the Oregon Emergency Net in time to check in when Andrews was called. Ellis broke in for a short contact. He said that Mike had arrived around five-thirty. I told him about the phone call, and that the woman would talk with Mike tomorrow.

Yesterday the arm band for checking blood pressure sprung a leak. I put a patch on the leak, but other leaks appeared, and as I patched one after another, more leaks showed up. The thing was unrepairable. Today I ordered another one from Sears. It doesn't need a stethoscope. I picked this one out, because the description said nothing about it being imported, as was the case of the others.

17th

The weather was windy with a few light showers, bringing the precipitation to .14 inches.

I drove down to the gate, and then walked the rest of the way on down for the mail.

I contacted Ellis on the first net. Mike got on a jury today, and is through already. He will be driving home in the morning.

Ellis will be leaving for Scio at five-thirty in the morning. Mike will be there after Ellis leaves, because he will want to wait for the stores to open.

Today I put an extension on the chimney, a large heavy cone-shaped pipe. It is fourteen inches in diameter at the bottom with a flange with holes to bolt it down to a base. It is tapered toward the top up about five feet where it is about eight inches in diameter.

In lifting it up to stand on the chimney, I thought I wouldn't be able to lift it up that high and set it upright without something to stand on, but I told myself, "You can do it. Take it slow and easy, and just watch your balance." I got the edge of the bottom up, then proceeded to tip the top end up. It seemed like I was using the limit of my strength in the position of my arms. The base was resting on the chimney, and was about even with my head. The top was going up as I pushed upward.

As it approached the upright position, my hands were not far above the base, so I had very little fulcrum. I thought, "How can I keep it from falling on over, when it rocks into the upright position?" I balanced it on the edge of the base for a moment, then let it fall into the standing position. I tried to hang onto it, but there wasn't much I could do. It plopped over onto the base, and sat firmly, and it was centered over the hole just right.

Later in the day strong gusts of wind came up. I wondered if the wind would blow it over, and I looked at it whenever I was outside. It seemed to stick there like it was cemented down.

I considered ways to anchor it, but seeing how well it stood up in the strong gusts, I began to think it needed no guy wires.

I really cant tell if the draft has been improved. I baked an applesauce cake in the oven, keeping it at an even temperature while it was baking.

I checked the thermometer in the oven door for accuracy with a candy thermometer inside the oven. At 2 on the oven thermometer, the candy thermometer registered 300. At 3 on the oven, the candy said 350. That was the temperature I used for baking the cake.

The oven bakes a litter hotter toward the back and toward the fire box. The next time I use it for baking, I will remember to turn the cake around once.

I have found a way to use the transmitter for code practice. By accident I found that the VFO is putting out a signal when the VFO switch is in the CW position with the high voltage off.

The RF gain has to be turned all the way up, as well as the audio. If there isn't any loud signals or noise coming in from the antenna, I can hear it with the CW key down. Otherwise I have to turn the antenna off.

I did considerable practicing to see if I could do better with Myron Sunday. But I didn't hear him Sunday night. He may have a job. Of course there are any number of reasons that could have made him miss our schedule.

I listened to the news on the Burns radio at noon thinking that there might be something about the court, but there was nothing.

19th

I was up at seven. It was a dark morning, caused by a heavy overcast. The temperature was forty-five, up from a low of forty.

During the early part of the morning a fine rain came up, but dispersed by ten o'clock. Mike got out and dragged up some brush, and cut some for the stove.

I baked an applesauce cake in the wood stove, turning it around once and got an even bake on all sides.

I went out and cut some sagebrush for the stove, then at three-ten I jogged down the road for the mail. I wore the suede jacket. Before I reached the top of the lower draw I took off the jacket and laid it on a sagebrush. Without the jacket I was still plenty warm. On the way back I picked up the jacket.

Going and coming I kept my eye out for any animals on either side of the road. I saw no sign of rabbit, deer, or birds. Come to think of it I haven't seen any cottontails around the place lately.

To pass the time while walking, I recounted my progress in Mores Code in my head.

20th

The other day Clarence called from San Jose and put George and Jan on the line. Jan is compiling a family tree, and wanted to know my wife's name and Mike's wife's name. What my mother's maiden name was, and her grandmother's maiden name was, also grandmother Weston's maiden name.

Neither Mike nor I knew the birthdays of Susie's and Hazel's kids. I am writing Susie for the information, and if she sends it to me I will relay it to Jan.

21st

I talked with George Saturday, and asked him how far back in Al's and Gerald's family should Susie try to go. He said, "Not far."

Mike dragged in brush, and cut it up for wood. He cut some boards up using the radial-arm saw. I cut some brush also. We have a large supply in the house.

This afternoon rain showers showed up, and there was one flash of lightening accompanied with thunder.

I was glad I hiked down the hill before the showers came. The wind is strong, and I wonder about the stack I put on the chimney.

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There are no guy wires only the heavy base holds it up, and possibly the cone shape.

I talked with Myron on schedule tonight. He said that rain is holding up the construction of the new room. He said that he has five cords of wood ready to sell.

After our QSO, N7DMZ called me. I couldn't tell if he was a novice or not. The N prefix in the passed indicated a novice. Now there are extra class calls with N prefixes.

I think, though, that he is a novice. He is trying for all counties, and was glad to contact me from Harney which a hard one to get. His qth is Samules, Idaho five miles from the Canadian border. His name is Ron. After the contact with Ron, his friend Rodney made contact. He will send a QSL card along with Ron's.

They were probably using the same rig.

This is the first time I have contacted a strange station. I may have been anticipating such an event during the last week, because I have been reviewing the procedures of contacts such as the rig, the antenna, qth (location of station), and first of all the rst.

22nd

The temperature turned cold last night. The low was down to twenty-seven. Today it got up to thirty-three. About one half inch of snow fell by ten o'clock.

I fried a chicken this morning, and that was all the cooking I did.

I jogged down for the mail wearing the overshoes, which made my feet heavier, and actually caused the time on the round trip to be longer.

This time, because there was a skiff of snow on the ground, I could tell if there had been any animals around. There were no tracks on the snow, not of any animal.

We haven't seen or heard any birds around since the last snow, not even an owl, but tonight when I checked the weather station, I heard a Robin, and once today several Oregon Juncos showed up. I doubt that they will stay around.

23rd

There was another half inch of snow this morning. Mike saw rabbit tracks in the garden. He thought there might be two or three coming through the fence at the lower end of the garden.

I saw no Juncos today. The robin did not make an appearance either.

Mike dragged in more sagebrush, and cut some of it for wood. I went out and cut few pieces also.

I jogged down the hill as far as the top of the lower draw. I saw no animals or birds, and no tracks in the new snow.

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14

I looked through my old radio logs tonight, and saw that I had sent quite a few radio grams to Charlie. I sent other radio grams by CW to other places. One went to Jerry Alvy's wife, saying, Leaving tomorrow at ten AM xx One buck and lots of birds x All is okay x see you late Tuesday night x Jerry.

That was October twenty-fourth 1965.

I got my license December ninth 1963. Another year and a half I will have it twenty years. A lot of changes have been made in amateur radio during those years. Single Side Band has superseded AM entirely, except for a few old timers who still have their old sets.

Tube equipment is going out fast. Solid state equipment is in all the new stuff.

24th

This morning after breakfast I jogged half way down the hill. I thought I would start my metabolism working toward burning up some energy, and hoping it would continue working at it the rest of the day. Maybe it did, because I was busy all morning.

About one-thirty I heard someone calling, "Is there anyone home?"

I called out, "There sure is someone home." A man came into view, and approached the door. I opened the door, and asked him to come in. He introduced himself, Steve Austin.

"Do you know so-and-so who is with Rohds holding the claim up Pike Creek?"

I said, "I don't know him. He was here with Rohds once."

"Well, he told me that if I was ever down this way that I should come and pay you a visit."

He sat in the rocking chair, and remarked about the TV which was turned on without sound. "You have everything even a microwave oven. I don't have that, and I live in town."

Mike came in, and talked his usual line about the BLM and the environmentalists. I was uncomfortable with the talk, but didn't try to change the subject.

Steve said, "Do you mind if I had a cup of instant coffee. I Just had a hot bath at the spring, and I'm as thirsty as all get out."

I put a cup of water in the oven to heat, thinking of how we are not hospitable any more. We never offer a visitor a drink of coffee, or tea, or a bit to eat. We never think of it.

After a while Mike went out with Steve to show him the furnace etc. They were gone a long time. I turned on the microphone, but I could not hear them talking.

Thursday Don called. He said that he put a new starter on the tractor, but it didn't work, just run the battery down. I told him I would be down the next morning.

So yesterday, while Mike was visiting with Pat, I ran some checks with the volt-ohm meter, and decided that we should remove the starter since it did not budge when the button was pushed. When we got it out, on trying to turn the shaft by hand, it proved to be free to move.

I noticed that the new Bendix looked different from the old one. I figured that the new Bendix didn't fit right, and was somehow stuck. We easily removed the old Bendix intending to exchange them. However, we were unable to remove the new one. Mike came out to give a hand. The pin that we were trying to take out wouldn't budge.

We brought the starter home where we have drill bits the right size to drill out the pin.

This morning I decided that, if the Bendix didn't work properly on the old starter, there was no use exchanging it for the one on the new starter.

I cleaned the old Bendix, and took it down to Frazier's. It didn't take Don long to put it on. When he started the tractor, I didn't hear any clicking noise such as he had described. Don started to turn off the motor. I said, "Let it run a while."

I went into the house to tell Pat I would be leaving right away. I told her that the best thing for her to do was to take the old starter with her to Ontario so that she could get a starter with the right kind of Bendix.

Don came in, saying, "It's making that clicking noise now."

I went out. The motor wasn't running. Don pushed the starter button. There was a sound caused by the starter gear trying to mesh with the flywheel teeth. Don said, "Hear that clicking sound?"

"Oh, that's the gears trying to mesh." They did mesh right away, and the motor started.

Now I saw that I hadn't understood what he had meant by the clicking sound. I had presumed that the noise was made after the motor started, and continued while the motor was running. For it to do that I had figured that the Bendix wasn't backing away from the flywheel.

It is too far down there to check on these things. Actually it appears that Don has caused a great deal of expense for Pat. There was nothing wrong with the old starter.

Mike ran the blade over the road today. I'm not sure it did any good.

Jean and Catherine called this evening. Bob and Jeannie are moving to Hines. Bob has been transferred to that district.

Catherine was quite excited about it. They will come out this spring, driving the little car, and not using the motor home. They can sleep in the little trailer.

This morning George called. Mike answered the phone. He told George that the Cube arrived, and that he has been able to get one side a solid color, but hasn't been able to get two sides a solid color.

I also talked with George. He said that he called Lois. Harry is home after twenty-four days in the hospital. Lois is worn out from being at the hospital so much. She became sick, and doesn't have anyone at home to help her with Harry.

They operated on his head, and has a tube draining fluid from his head. The tube runs under his skin into his stomach.

Rea is going back to Michigan Thursday. George talked with her on the phone. She is homesick already, although she hasn't been in California very long.

28th

The weather has been overcast and calm all day. The high was forty-nine, and at ten tonight it is forty-eight.

I made some muffins, using yeast. I put some powdered milk in them this time.

I fried another chicken. That makes one every other day.

February, 1982

19

I took a jog down the hill to the end of the gravel. It seems that you need to keep at it every day, or your condition begins to deteriorate.

March, 1982

1

3rd

There were snow showers today. The high was forty-two, but only for a short time.

At mail time I drove down for the mail, because Mike wanted to go down and measure the supports for the mailbox. He has a new box about ready to replace the old one.

We drove on down to the Thomas' place. Everything was in good order there. We plugged in the batteries of the TV set so that they will charge up again. They haven't been on charge for several months. I will go down there Friday to unplug them.

The temperatures are warmer than last month, but we seem to feel the cold more. Maybe it is because of the warm weather a week ago.

Jeff Vice, down by Fields, phoned the other day. He is having trouble with his C.B. station. He cannot make contact with his truck when it is five miles away. From his description his antenna and rig, I have no idea what his trouble is. I will go down there in a few days. An on sight inspection may reveal the trouble.

I fixed another batch of pork liver today. It is so strong we can hardly eat it. The first batch was all right. When this was thawed out, it looked different from the first, and it smelled strong.

March, 1982

2

There was a Screech Owl in the tin building yesterday, but he wasn't there today. The song bird and the Robin must have moved on. I don't hear them around any more.

Last week Jim McDade went to the hospital in Lakeview for a check up before having an operation for a double hernia. Dora drove over there, saying that she was sick. She thought Jim would have the operation that week. It turned out that he will go back for the operation on the tenth of March.

While she was there she had her blood pressure checked. She said that it was higher than the doctor liked to see it, 150/80. That is a lot lower than it was at one time, 180/100.

The new blood pressure testing set came last week. It is made in Japan after all, although the specs did not say it was an imported item.

When I first used it, I thought there was something wrong with it. It showed that my blood pressure was 120/60. Before the other arm band went bad, the pressure would be 150/80, or sometimes 145/70, and once 120/60.

I rigged up an adapter to use the new arm band with the mercury gauge, and ran several tests. They all agreed with the new equipment, 120/60.

Now at different times there variations in the readings, but not as drastic as before. Now they range from 115/58 to 135/65.

March, 1982

3

4th

This morning when I came out of my bedroom there was three inches of snow on the ground. It was snowing and drifting. A three foot drift blocked the door of the dugout. There was no shovel handy at the door, but a broom leaned against the wall. The snow was light and dry, so the broom was all I needed to brush it away.

We had snow showers all day. The temperature got warm enough to melt some of the snow, thirty-nine degrees. Now at nine o'clock the wind has quit.

After checking into the Oregon Emergency Net, I moved down to the C.W. band, thinking I might hear Ron, M7DMZ, and find out if he got my address right. I did hear him in QSO with WB7SYA, Nick in Wyoming, Montesano. When they QRT, I called Ron and learned that he was waiting for his QSL cards which were still at the printer's. Also that the roads were so bad he couldn't get to town. He has my address and will send me a card as soon as he gets them.

Well, I've put on about four pounds, which has brought my blood pressure into a higher range, 150/75, so maybe the high pressure registered when I was using the old arm band was not faulty after all.

5th

March, 1982

4

The snow that fell yesterday became quite wet, then last night it froze, but not enough to hold my weight. The tracks of a cottontail were scattered over a large area. These are the first tracks in a long time, and the rabbit must have been doing a lot of exploring.

I didn't do much today. Mike is using sagebrush making hot pads to use on the table. He slices off slabs about one inch thick, then sands them off with the power sander. He will put about six of them on a base. They are about two or three inches across in an uneven diameter.

I drove down to the Thomas' place, and took the TV batteries off charge. I drove in two wheel drive, except coming up the last steep grade. I would have tried to come all the way up, but on the first grade from the mailbox the rear wheels spun quite a bit. I figured that if they would spin there, they would be worse on this grade, because there is more water up here.

6th

I got up late this morning, about nine-fifteen. I had been uncomfortable all night and since yesterday afternoon. I had a sort of headache, and thought it was caused by eating too much. It seemed that I had kept eating on this or that trying to find something that would make me feel better, when I should have been laying off the food.

March, 1982

5

I didn't eat anything until after one o'clock, at which time I was beginning to feel better.

Shortly after I got up, I saw the flycatcher that I heard yesterday. I had thought it was Says Phoebe, and now I was sure. It seems early for it to show up. Usually the swallows arrive around three weeks after it does. If I remember right they do not arrive until May.

I jogged down to the head of the lower draw, and walked back up. Thus getting some good exercise to help use up the energy from overeating. I wore my overshoes, although the road was nearly dry.

Mike cut sagebrush for a long stretch, and brought in a wheelbarrow full. It doesn't make very good wood for keeping the place warm. It seems to just melt away.

I got all the dishes washed, and put clean fruit jars into a box. They have been accumulating on the table.

I phoned Lavina, and learned that Dora and Jim went over to Idaho to see Stella.

7th

George called yesterday. Mike answered the phone, because I hadn't gotten over here yet. I called him later, because I wanted to find out if Clarence still lived on Millpond drive. He does, but Jan has a place of her own. He doesn't know what Jan's last name is. I will write to her in care of Clarence.

March, 1982

6

George says that the satellite receiver and antenna will cost Sam \$4,000. This includes an indoor control to move the antenna from one satellite to another, and to change channels. There are seven satellites to reach. They are in a row east and west at an angle of forty degrees. The price includes the installation. Sam is pouring the foundation.

I called Dora today. She and Jim had a good visit with Stella in Boise. Going over they ran into a lot of rain and snow showers, and heavy winds.

Stella is quite comfortable in the first class nursing home. She has a room mate who has arthritis very bad, and needs lots of help getting around. She spends most of the day time in a wheel chair. Dora says that she can do some things that Stella cant do. Stella can do things that she cant do, so they help each other.

The first eye that Stella had operated on is doing quite well. She can see to read and write. Jim says he has to watch her, and check on her check writing.

I talked with Jim on the phone also. He is going to Lakeview for more examinations prior to the operation on the hernia. Apparently there is something else wrong besides the hernia. He thinks they will operate next Wednesday.

I talked with Myron on schedule tonight. He and Gary have the roof on the new room nearly finished.

March, 1982

7

Myron fixed a seat on the tractor so gramps can ride. Nancy drove him around the farm for three hours today, and the old man really enjoyed it.

There are lots of flowers in bloom over there, which is quite a contrast with this location, where flowers haven't started to come up.

Today I removed the gas filter in the line that we installed last summer. I could see no way to put it into the line where it would fit properly. The way it was, the end of the filter was pressing against the rubber tubing in such a way as to interfere with the flow of gas. The rubber tube had to make a sharp bend at that point. Tomorrow I will find out if the flow of gas has improved.

I have decided to go down to Jeff Vice's place to help him locate the trouble with his CB rig and antenna. I called Dora, and told her I would stop at her place on the way, and try the Sphygmomanometer on her. I wanted to see if it will register low readings for her like it does for me.

I cannot believe the 115/60 and 110/60 and 95/58 the pressure it shows is correct. Sometimes after drinking coffee it has shown a reading of 135/70.

Yesterday I left here about eleven-thirty to visit Dora, Cactus, Pat with Nellie and Don, and Jeff Vice.

March, 1982

8

The first stop was at Cactus' place. He was glad to see me, because there was a piece of pipe in the bathroom that he wanted to get out. He couldn't do it himself. Bill Stolz had told him that the corner where it was located was too small for him to get into. Cactus thought I was small enough to reach the pipe. Then also the gas engine for the water pump was unusable, because the starter rope was tangled around the shaft.

Well, I checked on the pipe first, and found that it would be no trouble to reach the nut that held it onto the pipe that goes to the faucet in the sink. He didn't have a wrench handy. I showed him how to reach the nut, and when he saw how easy it could be done, he said that he would do it some other day.

Then we went out to the gas engine. Cactus had already removed the bolts that held the starter-rope mechanism in place, but hadn't removed it. Apparently he wasn't sure how to do it. It did not come off easily. However, with some twisting and pulling, it came off.

We removed the tangled rope from the shaft. When I tried to wind the rope onto the pulley, it would not set down into the groove to allow more than one turn of the rope. It was evident that the pulley would have to be removed. Upon doing this, I found that the spring for rewinding the rope was detached at the hub end. I tried to hook it into the slot that was made to hold

it, but it would not stay. Further examination showed that the spring was broken at the end, so that it would not hold.

The end was supposed to pass through the slot by tilting the spring on edge, then, when it was through a short distance, by tilting it back flat, notches on each edge of the spring would keep it from slipping out as the spring was being wound.

I told him that we would have to grind new notches in the spring. He said, "I don't have a grinder, and Bill doesn't either. He has one on order from the catalog. I've got a file, though."

I said, "I don't think you can file the spring. It is too hard."

We tried, anyway, after he finally found a file. The file wouldn't touch it. I said, "If you want, I'll take it home and grind it."

The other end had the same kind of notches. I said, "See, this is the way it should be."

He said, "Could we change ends?"

I showed him why we couldn't. Anyway, notches were needed in both ends.

He said, "That would be fine if you would. There is no hurry. I have to get the water pipe installed yet. I can carry water from the ditch."

I mentioned to him that I saw on TV Bill Madden talking about his book of the Great Northwest which was out.

Cactus said that someone over on Trout Creek received the book, but he nor the Alvord Ranch, or anyone else had received the book. "We were supposed to get one when they came out.

"I haven't received one yet either. I wonder why."

I took off for Dora's. She was planting seeds in some little pots.

I checked her blood pressure. It was 135/70, which was lower than when she had it taken in Lakeview, 152/80. However, she had taken a diuretic last night which probably brought the pressure down. Mine was 125/65. I still thought that the sphygmomanometer was reading lower than it should.

From Dora's I drove over to Pat's. Cactus was already there. He usually has lunch with them. Pat asked if I would have some cake and coffee.

I said, "No thanks. I've been eating too much lately."

When I asked Don if the tractor was starting all right, He said, "Yes. It starts right off."

"How is the clicking sound?"

"It's not bad. Sometimes it doesn't click at all. Just starts right off."

I said, "I think it could be caused by the switch not making good contact. That's what it sounds like. It makes contact, the

Bendix moves forward, then the contact breaks, and the Bendix moves back, then the contact makes again. It sometimes does this several times before it holds long enough to start the engine."

Don said, "I think that's probably the trouble."

The reason I stopped there was to tell Don about the switch. Now I was ready to leave. I said, "Well, I'm going down to see Jeff and try to help him find the trouble with his CB rigs. I'd better be getting down there."

Pat said, "It's hello and goodbye."

I said, "That's right." Then I thought of Nellie who was in the other room. I called to her, "Hello, Nellie."

She came out and said, "Hello." Seeing that I was ready to go, she said, "And goodbye, I suppose."

I was about ready to get into the truck. Pat came to the door, and called for me to wait a minute. "If you ever have time to visit a spell, I would like find out what it takes to get a ham license."

11th

Yesterday we went to Burns, and did our shopping in a short time. We spent more time looking for a compressor unit for the cold room. Burns Electric had new ones. They had no used refrigerators, or freezers on hand at all.

We went to Bud's. He had none either, and advised us to try Harney Propane. He called someone on the phone, and inquired if they had a used compressor the size we needed. Whoever he was talking with must have had a small one, because Bud said, "Well, that wouldn't be big enough."

We drove down to Wards where Mike went in to get a catalog. They have been out of them for a month.

We passed up Harney Propane having decided to get a new one, and bring the old one into town so they would know what to get.

At Safeway's when I was putting frozen fryers into plastic bags, Mike came up at the same time a clerk was adding frozen fryers to those already in the case. Mike asked the clerk, "You wouldn't have a case of those things, would you?"

The clerk said, "Sure." He brought a case of twelve fryers, and marked the price on the case. They were sixty-nine cents each. I put the chickens that I had stuffed into the plastic bags back into the case.

It was a nice day, and we got back home as a shower came up. If we'd have had to pick up groceries for Pat, we would have been much later getting home.

This morning the weather was pretty good, but this afternoon there was a snow with heavy winds. The stack blew down, and smoke

March, 1982

13

came pouring out of the stove. I built a hot fire in the stove so the wind would have less chance to blow smoke back down.

Before dark the wind let up and the sky cleared. We went up and stood the stack back up. Tomorrow we will put guy wires on it, ready for the next hard wind.

13th

The weather was pretty good this morning. Mike cut up pieces of old lumber for fire wood. We didn't keep a fire going in the stove all day the way we usually do.

I planted tomato and squash seeds in pots using soil from the vetch patch. Before putting the soil into the pots, I placed a plastic bowl of it in the microwave oven for thirty minutes, hoping it was long enough to kill any bugs in the soil, and also destroy weeds that had already sprouted.

I drove the pickup down in front of the furnace room, and added some fluid to the power-steering reservoir. Checked the oil level of the engine. It was okay. I intended to check the level of the transmission oil, but since the engine needed to be hot at the time of checking, I decided to gas up and drive out to the point where there was a good level spot, and there let it idle until the engine was hot.

Before doing this I came in and ate a lunch. Then when I went out again, it had started to sprinkle, and there appeared to be a good rain coming.

The sprinkle did not increase, so I jogged down the hill for a half hours exercise. Thus I was back in time for the three-thirty news. The sky over the mountain was overcast, and it was raining along the peaks. The appearance of the clouds indicated a general rain.

At five-thirty I built a fire in the stove, putting in some small pieces of wood so as to get a hot fire going quickly, because I would make some biscuits. By the time I had the biscuit dough mixed, the oven was hot. I used a blend of vegetable oil and lecithin to make a non stick surface for the bake pan.

While the biscuits were baking, I checked into the Beaver State Net. To get the biscuits to bake evenly, I turned the pan around once. They came out browned just right.

I called George at seven-thirty this morning. He said that Sam hasn't received the bolts to put in the concrete base for the Earth-Satellite receiver yet.

He called Lois yesterday, but she wasn't home yet. He will try to reach her at the hospital.

Dora says that Jim has been moved to the Medical Center in Klamath Falls. She talked with him today. He expects to be operated on for the obstruction in his intestine today. They will not operate on the hernia at this time.

14th

I was up at a quarter to seven this morning. Mike was still in bed when I came in. He asked, "Is it cloudy out?" I guess that was because the daylight was so dim.

I said, "There is a misty rain and the sky is overcast. Actually the clouds are low not much above the mine. A new snow has come down almost to the meadow."

It was a gloomy morning, and it's been that way all day.

I didn't do much today. I read some in a TV handbook on Earth-Satellite-Receiver stations. I watched an episode of Star Trek, and watched Meet the Press. I took a short jog down the hill between showers.

George called this morning. He said that Lois has to stay with Harry all day to keep him quiet. She reads to him a lot. If she is not there, he gets up and walks around, which the doctors do not want him to do. The drainage tube from his head to his stomach became plugged up for a while.

Harry cant understand why his hair has been shaved off. His short memory span has not improved.

The dealer who sold Sam the Earth-Satellite Receiver, has two more sold, but cannot get delivery, because of the big demand.

I talked with Myron on schedule tonight. He and Nancy worked on the barn, making a stall for a horse that Nancy hopes to own some day.

March, 1982

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Gary and Myron have the roof finished on the bedroom. Gary says that when they are through, they'll go flying.

15th

I called George this morning to wish him a happy birthday. I tried to get Mike to sing the birthday song, but he refused, so I sang it myself, and told George it was Mike.

I said, "Well, you are seventy-eight today."

He said, "When people ask how old I am on my next birthday I tell them I'm ninety-two, then they ask me, 'Seventy-five?' and I say, 'Yes.'"

The low last night was twenty-nine. The high today was thirty-four. It is getting colder already, and it will be colder tonight than it was last night.

The new-rip-saw blade that Mike bought arrived around the last part of January. Two weeks ago Mike wanted to use it for the first time, but couldn't find it. We figured that he put it away somewhere where he could find it easily. From experience we have found it is the best way to lose something, so we thought Mike just couldn't remember where he put it. It is true he couldn't remember, but the saw should have been found after all the searching.

Now we have decided that someone was here while we were away, and walked off with it.

March, 1982

17

I tried calling Dora tonight, but she doesn't answer the phone. I think she has gone over to Klamath Falls to visit Jim in the hospital. She wants to be there after his surgery. There is no else around to visit him.

I jogged down the road a ways this morning, even though a cold wind was blowing. It seemed that my legs were stronger than most other times. I thought that it may have been because I was eating more high calorie food lately.

It was three-thirty before I started writing Dorothy a letter, and I didn't finish until four o'clock. Since it was getting late I drove down to get the mail.

We got a letter from Catherine Hawthorne today. Jeannie and Bob went to Burns to find a place to live on Bob's new assignment. They saw forty places, but none they wanted to buy. They will rent a place to start with.

Jean is itching to work on the garden so he can plant some peas.

16th

The sky was mostly overcast when I came over here at seven-thirty. At eight-thirty it started snowing lightly, and continued until ten o'clock. There was only .01 inches of precipitation. The low last night was twenty-eight. The temperature remained below thirty-five until late in the afternoon when it go up to forty-six. There was no wind.

March, 1982

18

I talked with Ellis this morning. He was going to ride horseback with the Game Commission people on their game count, but decided not to, because of the cold weather. He said that Jim Beemas was going to camp at Pike with his wife, May, and their four kids.

Al Poland is bringing the horses down. Ellis had put shoes on the horses.

They might stop in here today, or sometime next week.

Ellis will be making a trip to the Colorado River with John and Dorothy soon, and will be gone around a month.

The last time I talked with him before this, he was afraid his income papers would hold him up, because some of Shirley's income statements did not arrive until last month.

I phoned Lavina today, thinking that she might have some information about Jim. She said that Dora, Pat, and Nellie went over to Klamath Falls Monday.

Carl has his garden tilled, and ready for planting when the weather is right. They can plant earlier down there than we can up here.

I got a good workout making a round trip to the head of the lower draw. I made good time, and didn't feel over tired.

17th

April, 1982

1

1st

Again the weather was cold with wind, and light snow showers, but there was not enough snow to wet the ground when it melted.

Mike built a ladder to put on the windmill tower near the top.

I brazed the top on the stop-and-waste valve, and learned something about brazing. It was the first brazing I ever did. I found that the piece to be brazed should be at a cherry-red heat before applying the brazing rod. Otherwise, the rod melts too soon, and only piles metal up on the work.

Don phoned this morning. He said the tractor had a flat tire, and he wondered when we would be going to Burns. I told him it would be next week. He said he would have it ready to load on when we came down to get it.

He said that Pat and Nellie will go to town today. He was going next week, and probably wouldn't be there when we came down.

2nd

There were high winds again today. It seems that March did not go out like a Lion, but is roaring right on into April.

I baked two loaves of bread today, using stone-ground flour, no white flour, milk, or eggs. Just yeast, salt, chicken fat, and two tablespoons of sugar.

I made a batter about as thick as hotcake batter, and set the beater at #8 to beat thirty minutes, at which time the batter was clinging to the mixing hooks, and breaking away from the sides of the bowl. I added one and a half more cups of flour, and continued the mixing at speed #3 for another twenty-five minutes. Then dumped the dough out onto the floured pie-crust cloth, and divided it into equal halves by weight.

The dough was quite soft. I put the two halves into bread pans, and let them set for thirty minutes. I baked them in the wood stove at a moderate temperature, probably 375 degrees.

The bread turned out fine. As I had hoped, the long beating brought out the gluten thus making the bread hold together instead of being crumbly.

We ate all of one loaf this afternoon.

This evening the stack on the chimney blew over once more, making another hole in the roof. We stood the stack up again, and hooked up three guy wires this time instead of the one to the west. Mike had thought it would be enough, because the wind usually comes from that direction. We got the stack guyed up before dark.

Luckily the temperature was around forty degrees. If it had been down to thirty, the high wind would have made it mighty cold.

April, 1982

3

In climbing around on the side hill, I felt very light on my feet. I seemed to move around without effort, running back and forth to get hammer and nails etc.

When it came time to eat, I thought, "Maybe I shouldn't eat any more tonight since I feel so good." However, I felt like I had to eat, probably out of habit. I had one fired potato and a slice of the new bread.

I called Dora. She said that Mrs. Pendland's funeral will be tomorrow at two o'clock at the Andrews cemetery. I thought that we might go. Bessy would be there, and I could talk to her about the clock, she wanted fixed.

We could go down to Pat's and load on the tractor wheel.

Dora and Don are going to Burns tomorrow. Pat and Nellie went to Burns today.

7th

Well, here it is at a time when I should be sleeping, but I'm wide awake. Since the temperature in here is about fifty-four, I think I can sit up in bed and write to pass the time.

George arrived Tuesday quite early as I had expected, because he had done so before and caught us by surprise.

After getting the compressor started for its periodic running to keep it in good condition, I had come down to the dugout, and was frying a chicken, when he showed up. Mike was on the

April, 1982

4

other side of Indian Creek installing a culvert in the road going to the meadow.

We went through the usual greeting. He told about the trip up here. He left home around five this morning, and was here before two-thirty. The traffic on the highway was fast, seventy and eighty. The cars were traveling faster than the trucks for a change.

I said, "Where were the cops?"

"Never saw one anywhere. They were all out of sight."

Yesterday we went to Burns in George's car. Mike and George in the front, and the dog Susie and I in the back. It was a sunny day without wind. The temperature was around sixty. I wasn't as comfortable riding in the car as I was driving the truck.

Our first stop was at the bank parking lot. I went into the bank, while Mike went over to Bud's to see about the compressor for the refrigerator. Frank couldn't find a second hand one so he is buying a new one for \$135.

From the bank we went to the Farm Supply to get a pressure switch for Pat's pump. The girl at the counter was busy with a customer, which gave me a time to look around, and I spotted the switch that was needed.

When the girl at the counter had time to wait on me, I inquired about the switch. She said that I would have see the

pump man, that it was his was his responsibility. I told her that I knew where the switch was that I wanted.

She went around with me to the shelf of switches. Back at the counter she said, "I don't know what the price is on this switch."

I said, "Well, it is for Mrs. Frazier. She has an account here. Make out a bill for it, and fill in the price later. I'll sign for it."

She made out the bill, after finding Pat's account number. I signed it.

Pat had been in there the week before, and the girl told her that she would have to see the pump man. Anyway, Pat had asked for a pressure valve. It would have been impossible for the girl to find what Pat wanted.

We then went to Safeway's. I bought a case of frozen chickens at fifty-nine cents a pound. Among the other items I bought was six half gallon cartons of ice cream, and five cans of frozen orange juice. My groceries came to \$43.45. I don't know what Mike's cart-load came to.

George couldn't stay with us all the time in the store. His legs gave out, and he went out to sit in the car.

Mike went over to the Coast to Coast store, and got a gas filter for the '64 pickup, also a thermostat for the radiator, and a needle nozzle for the grease gun.

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I went over there too, and found a polarized extension cord for Carl. At the counter I said to the clerk, "This is just what I want."

He told me how much, and said, "How's that for price?"

I said, "The price is right." Actually I was surprised at the low price.

Shopping done we drove across the street to the Castle for lunch. We each had a hamburger sandwich. Mike had a cup of coffee, and George and I had orange juice.

It was twelve-thirty, and the place was crowded.

When we were about finished eating, the cook from the Alvord Ranch came over and said hello. A woman that was with her turned out to be working at the Burns Times Herald. The cook, whose name is Tod, said, "I have the book from the Geographic. I'd like you to autograph it for me."

I said, "I'll sure do that." I wrote my name in the book under where my picture was.

I asked her, "How is the refrigerator running?"

She said, "It's freezing everything up."

I said, "Well, tell Mike to let out some more gas."

The woman from paper said that the book was in the Book Review of the Herald. "You should see it."

I said, "We get the paper on Fridays."

She said that Cactus Smith didn't like the picture of himself in the book. It makes him look old.

I said, "There is some inaccuracies in the account about us, but I figure if that's the way they see us it's all right."

After stopping at the Home Drug Store to get a battery for Carl's watch, we were off for home.

Luckily at the Bulk Plant, George was hesitating about which road to take. Mike said, "You go straight ahead."

Seeing the gas tanks, I said, "George was thinking of getting gas." Then I realized that we did need to fill up before we left town. I told George about it.

George said, "That's right. It's a good thing we didn't get farther out of town. We've got to go back to a service station."

We arrived at the mailbox around four o'clock. There was no mail sack. We waited there for a while. George took a look at the bullet holes in the new mailbox, and we told him that Mike was going to put armor plate on the south side and on the door.

We hadn't seen the mailman on the road coming down. We could have missed him if he was in at the Alvord Ranch when we passed. It seemed like we had waited long enough for him to come from the ranch, so we drove on up to the dugout.

At first I tried to call Dora, but there was no answer. About five o'clock I called the store. He hadn't arrived there yet.

I called the Alvord Ranch. Tod said that he had been there at three-thirty. Now we were sure he had forgotten to leave our sack.

Another call to Dora. She said that the mailman went by there around four o'clock.

Mike said, "There is no use going down there now. He's forgotten to leave the sack."

I reflected a bit, "Well, maybe both the ranch and Dora are off on the time. You might just as well go down and see if the sack is there."

They drove down in George's car, and were gone a long time, but finally came back up with the mail. The sun had delayed them in coming up the hill. It shown in their eyes on the hill above the gate. They waited until the sun went down behind the ridge.

11th

We went to the funeral Saturday, a week ago. A cold wind with rain, cut the service short.

I met Cactus. He has used the gas engine to pump water. He said, "I knew you could do it."

John Henry Pendland came up to me and shook my hand. I didn't recognize him at first. When I did, I said, "Oh, John! How are you? You're looking good."

There was a half inch of snow on the ground this morning. The Screech Owl was roosting in the tin building. I always look in to see if he is there. Sometimes he is not there, and I wonder where he roosts on those days.

Al and Jim did not show up yesterday or today.

I talked with Ellis on the radio this morning. He said that he caught a finger in a saw, and cut off the end.

The doctor sewed it back on. He said that it is very painful. Holding his arm above his head helps. He is afraid that because of his finger he will not be able to go with John and Dorothy on their trip.

Chuck, W7BVH, broke in and talked with us. He says he doesn't try to start a garden early any more. The weather stays cold so long things don't grow good. If he waits until the weather is warmer, they do better.

He told about getting a finger cut off one time and having it sewed back on. Now in cold weather it gets cold when the rest of his hand is warm.

Today Mike tore out the fence that was around the little chicken park. He also pruned some trees.

I did a lot of cleaning and straightening in the dugout. I jogged all the way to the mailbox and walked back. It took me one hour and two minutes without trying too hard.

18th

At four o'clock this morning I looked out the window of my bedroom, and in the light of my flashlight, I saw the sagebrush loaded down with snow. When I got up at eight-fifteen. the snow was four inches deep on the trail over here. I shoveled the snow away from the door so I could open it.

The snow continued until four o'clock. There were from two to four foot drifts.

The tomato plants are coming up, four out of the twenty-five seeds I planted. I put the pots under the grow light, and they turned green in a short time.

One of the squash seeds have sprouted. I can see it down in the crack it has made in the dirt. It will finish coming to the surface tomorrow.

Before it completely quit snowing, and while the wind was blowing, I put on my suede jacket and the cap with the ear muffs, and jogged down the road nearly to the lower draw. The road was bare of snow nearly all the way. The wind had swept it clean, and most of what was left had melted.

I put extra effort into the jogging, and my legs did not tire. When I got back I wasn't tired. Lately I have found that my heart has a steady beat while I am resting. Perhaps that is because I have quit using milk and dairy products in my diet. Also I have been eating less meat for some time, and now none at

Later after it quit snowing, and the wind had gone down, Mike took a hike down the road. He had to remove his hooded jacket coming back up the hill. Without the wind the thirty-two degrees did not feel cold.

Dora called tonight. She is back from Klamath Falls. Jim will be in the hospital for some time. They removed nine inches of his intestine. They haven't gotten the report back from the lab as to what kind of tumor it was.

Once I called Hair's place to see if they had heard how Jim was. Beryl answered the phone. He hadn't heard anything. I had tried to call Dora on the phone, but there was no answer. I thought Lavina might have had some word.

Dora said that she got home yesterday, but I couldn't get her on the phone yesterday or today, and assumed she was still in Klamath Falls.

Anyway, now I can tell Margaret the news about Jim, and give her his room number at the hospital. She will probably send him a get-well card.

19th

There was new snow on the ground when I got up, about two more inches. During the night I had heard pellets of snow hitting the sides of my bedroom, so I wasn't surprised to see the snow. I even thought it would be deeper. There wasn't as much snow to

shovel away from the door as there was yesterday morning. The low last night was twenty-seven, and at eight o'clock it was twenty-nine.

It seemed like I was busy most of the time today, but didn't get much done. I thawed out some ground beef that was fortified with protein from soy beans, called meat patties. I mixed a little powdered milk, chopped onions, and a couple of eggs with it, and fried it slowly. That should last Mike a couple of days.

I made a batch of biscuits using one and a half cups of stone-ground flour with one half cup of white flour.

I called Hair's number Beryl answered. I told him that Dora was back from Klamath Falls, and that Jim was operated on Monday, and that he will be in the hospital for a long time.

I asked him if Carl was out running the grader. He said that Carl took the snow plow up toward the Folly Farm where there was more snow than there was down this way.

I went down to get the mail walking part of the time and jogging part of the time. When I started out, I felt rather sluggish, so walked as far as the Indian Creek turnoff. Then broke into a jog to the top of the lower draw, walking from there on. Coming back up I was slow.

When I got back up as far as the Indian Creek turnoff, I began to feel stronger, and from there on I made pretty good time.

The round trip took me one hour and twenty minutes.

I will say that I had an excuse for walking down the last two steep grades at the lower end of the road. I had to watch my step, because the road was slippery.

20th

Spring arrived today, but I couldn't tell it from Winter. However, there was no new snow in the last twenty-four hours, so the road is drying out.

I jogged down to the lower draw, and felt strong this time.

I baked a couple loaves of bread, using margarine for shortening, half stone-ground flour, and half white flour. I used milk in it also. It is a rich bread.

I ate some with butter, and I believe it brought my blood pressure up. It measured 145/70. That's quite a difference from 115/62.

George called this morning. He said that Sam was pouring the concrete for the Earth-Satellite-Receiving antenna.

Bob and his son-in-law came down from Portland for a visit. Bob's son-in-law has done very little traveling on the ground in this country, but has traveled in Europe. He is not much up on geography. He didn't care for it in school. He thought California was mostly a flat country, and was surprised to see so much mountainous terrain. He was fascinated with the country around

West Point. Bob brought him down especially to see what it was like.

They were there most of the week, and they talked and talked which was great for George.

The day they came, there was a foot of snow. George figured they couldn't drive up to the place around the turn. He asked Mrs. Rapier to break in some wheel tracks with her four-wheel drive. However, before she got around to it, around nine-thirty, he heard a noise outside, and on looking out, he saw their car parked in front of the garage door.

He couldn't believe it. Anyway, he hadn't expected them until in the afternoon. They said they had to make a second try for it.

Dora called, mainly I think, to see if I would bring the tiller down and work her garden.

21st

The sky was nearly clear this morning, and no new snow came during the night. The low last night was twenty-three. During the day it seemed quite warm, because the sun was bright, and much higher in the sky.

I did the usual chores around the dugout, and washed out a batch of clothes. I took a jog down to the end of the gravel putting extra effort into it. In a couple places I jogged up

hill. I felt fine and strong, and was not overtired when I got back.

I fussed around with the tomato and squash plants, watering, and changing their location several times, on the oven door to warm up the pots, out in the sunshine by the engine room, into the back room where the grow light is located, then out to water and set on the oven door, and back again under the grow light.

The grow light seems to harden them pretty good. If the sun shines tomorrow, I will leave them out longer. A forty-five minute stay in the sun didn't faze them.

The weather man in Idaho predicts rain showers, and cool weather, and the temperature probably the same as today.

Mike worked on the new mailbox he is building. He painted it green. He still has to put a sliding door on it, and build a new base to set it on beside the road.

Myron wasn't on tonight, at least I did not hear him.

Yesterday was a clear Spring day, although the temperature only got up to forty-three, the sun made it seem a lot warmer. I jogged down for the mail in my shirtsleeves. On the way down a southeast wind felt cold. I was plenty warm when I reached the mailbox.

Some people were camped near the mailbox, and they asked me if I would like a piece of squash bread. I stopped and talked for

a while. They were from Boise Idaho, two men and a woman. The woman wrapped a piece of bread in aluminum foil, and gave it to me, saying, "I baked it just yesterday."

In spite of the delay, I made the round trip in one hour and three minutes, and was not tired when I got up here.

I put a pot of soil in the microwave oven for forty minutes to make sure it killed all the bugs and weeds in it. I have cooked three more pots of soil enough to repot five squash hills. I repotted one yesterday, and it is growing with no evidence of being disturbed.

I called Dora this morning. She said that Jim is out of the hospital, and in a motel in Lakeview. He is now eating food, and he says he is feeling a lot better.

One of Dora's little pullets is starting to set. Old Blue laid a blue egg yesterday, so Dora is not putting eggs under her for a few days so that she will have several blue eggs among them.

I had intended to go down that way today. For one thing, to put the rewind spring into the rope starter on the gas engine that Cactus uses to pump water. However I didn't get around to it, because I spent considerable time fixing potting soil, and repotting the squash hills.

I made the usual trip down the road and back for exercise. The weather was clear and the temperature got up to fifty-one, but there was a west wind blowing that made it seem cool.

Dora called tonight, saying that Jim seems to be doing real well. She called the motel where Jim is staying. The manager said that she rang his room, but got no answer. She thought he must have been out to dinner.

Some one at the Klamath Falls hospital drove Jim over to Lakeview in Jim's car. He had a friend drive his car over so he had it to drive back to Klamath Falls.

There was a lone horse feeding below the pinnacles today. That's the nearest we have come to seeing a wild horse in a long time. It seemed strange to see a horse all by itself. It makes me think that it is a rancher's horse that has strayed away.

The little Screech Owl hasn't roosted in the tin building since Mike put up a box for him to use. I've heard of people putting up boxes for barn owls. I would be surprised if the Screech Owl uses this one.

Last night I went to bed around twelve o'clock. I slept good, and got up at six-thirty.

24th

I planted a pot with Cold Set tomato seed. These tomatoes should mature earlier than the Big Boy which I planted on the thirteenth.

Around noon I was ready to drive down to Cactus Smith's, and then on down to Dora's and Pat's. Mike came in and said, "Someone just parked out at the point." I waited to see if anyone came on down here. In a few minutes a man showed up wearing an camouflaged army jacket.

I left the man and Mike talking, and drove down to Cactus' place. He had a visitor. They were about eat lunch. I told Cactus that I would go out and put in the spring while he was eating lunch. I didn't see the woman visitor.

Putting in the spring was not easy, because there was no flange to hold it in place while I was winding it. I wound it holding it in place with my fingers until I could tie a piece of wire around it so that it wouldn't unwind when I let go. Thus I was able to maneuver the outer end into the slot that was made for it, and which held it from unwinding.

Getting the wire off the spring was not easy, because now the spring and the wire were underneath the plate. By tilting the plate enough to allow my fingers to untie the wire, and still not tilt is so much that it would let the spring unwind, was difficult.

25th

There were clouds around this morning, and the temperature was a little cooler than yesterday. The light breeze that was blowing was not uncomfortable.

The little owl was roosting on a rafter under the fiberglass skylight, when I passed the tin building.

Today I changed the gas filter in the '80 pickup. It doesn't seem possible that the gas could have so much dirt in it. I never saw a filter clog up as fast as it does on this truck.

There is something going on that I don't understand. A black dirt gathers on the wall of the input beyond the filter. It is more than a film. It is gritty and hard to clean off. WD-40 did facilitate the job of cleaning.

I fried a chicken, and boiled some vegetables this afternoon.

I didn't keep a fire going all day, let it go out around nine, and started a new one around four, when I started cooking.

The squash are growing so fast I can see change by the hour. The tomatoes seem to stand still.

Mike painted the words U.S. Mail Box #1 on the new mailbox. After he applied silicon spray to the slides, the door moves like it was on rollers.

I took the usual jaunt down the hill and back.

Yesterday I received a QSL card from N7DMZ and N7DNA, "The Twins", a very nice looking card which would look fine on any Ham Shack's wall.

Now I'll have to make a card to send them.

26th

I got up late this morning, but was in time to check into the Beaver State Net.

There wasn't much doing today. I started the motor of the '80 pickup to see if the starting had improved after being idle over night. It started fine. There was no need to pump the throttle.

I drove it down to the gate and back in order to warm up the transmission so I could check the oil level. I couldn't tell where the oil came up on the dip stick. By the time the dip stick was out to where I could see the end, the oil had run down leaving a film at the add mark and the full mark. Thus there was no definite indication. I thought that, if the film was at the full mark, the oil level must be okay.

I made a QSL card out of a photo taken at the point looking out over the Alvord Desert. I sent it off as a post card with all the QSL data on it. I hope the twins will be satisfied with it.

Mike found a couple of barrels that had been welded together. He is going to use them, after cutting one half in two, for a foundation for the new mailbox. Full of rocks the wind won't be able to blow them over.

Dora called. She said that a package had been left at the Fields' store by the mailman. The store will have the mailman bring it back to our box in the morning. She said that Stella had

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been home for a couple of days. A letter for me from Dorothy Fox was left in Stella's mail sack. Stella will put it in her sack, and it will go to Burns tomorrow. I will probably get the letter Wednesday of next week.

Dora got a letter for the Wild Horse Ranch in her sack today. I also got one for the Wild Horse Ranch in our sack today.

The mailman must be having some troubles that are worrying him. With a worried mind, I guess he cant do his work efficiently.

28th

Yesterday I went down to Fields to pick up the package. It turned out that the UPS had given it to the mailman to bring down here, because it was the only package coming down this way. Our name had been spelled wrong. Someone had missed th S key on the typewriter and hit the A key, making the name Wheaton instead of Weston. Dora was in the store, and saw that the package was for us, because of the box #1 in the address.

I said to the woman at the store, "There sure was a mixup in the mail yesterday. Did Martin drive the stage yesterday?"

She said, "No. It was (she gave me a name, but I don't remember it) the mail is sorted at Princeton."

I asked, "By the postmaster there?"

She said, "Yes."

The mail used to be sorted by the driver. The postmaster was a new man, and was not familiar with the names on the route. That was one reason for the mixup.

On my way down I stopped at Pat's to give her the antenna catalog. I intended to leave right away, but she wanted me to sit down and talk for a while. I knew why she wanted to talk. She would get around to mentioning the stop-and-drain valve that was leaking a stream of water.

Sure enough, after the usual complaints about the world, she saw that I was ready to leave, she said, "I've got to get that valve fixed, but I don't want to dig down until there is someone here ready to fix it."

I said, "Well, I'll talk to Mike and find out when he can come down. It wouldn't hurt to dig it out, though. It wouldn't leak any more than it does now."

She said, "I'm sure it would."

I left for Fields after telling her I would let her know when Mike could get down.

On my way back from Fields I stopped at Cactus Smith's, and worked on putting the spring back into the rope-starting mechanism. I had ground the notches into the end, and had drawn the temper at that point so the end was less apt to break.

To wind the spring enough to get into place I used a jar lid to wind it into, and tied a piece of electric dynamite wire around the spring so that when I removed the spring it would not unwind. It took a couple of tries to put the spring in place, and at the same time get the full amount of rope on the pulley.

All the while a strong wind blew directly on me. There was nothing to protect me from it, so I was uncomfortable.

Finally I got the starter together. There seemed to be the right amount of rope, but it did not rewind very good.

I had loaded into the pickup all the tools that I knew I would need in case Cactus wasn't there. Along with the tools was a can of WD-40.

I sprayed the pulley and the rope with the WD-40, and tried the rope again. It wound back up with a zip. I figured that Cactus would be glad with the way it worked. I had noticed that he would poke the rope into the hole going to the pulley, trying to get it to rewind more, so he was used to it not rewinding properly. Now he wouldn't have to poke the rope.

29th

We had intended going to Burns today, but the weather was so bad Sunday, and it looked like it would be the same today, we decided not to go to town.

It was a cold morning with strong winds. However, the sun broke through the clouds at times, so I figured it would be a good day to go down to Pat's and dig down to the stop-and-waste valve where water was leaking out making a small stream running across the yard.

We took the '64 pickup, and left here after twelve. As we turned into the county road, we could see dust boiling up at the south end of the desert. When we got around the gap at Serrano Point, we saw a snow shower over Pat's place. The wind was blowing a cloud of dust along the road toward Andrews. It sure looked like it would be a cold and miserable day to dig out the valve, but I figured that the snow shower would pass by the time we got to Pat's place.

When we drove into the yard the wind was blowing, but only a few flakes of snow were coming down. We got out the shovels and pick, and went directly to work. It was hard digging, because the ground had grown up to heavy grass, the roots of which had wrapped around pieces of boards that had been laid around the hydrant, I suppose, to walk on.

The digging kept us warm. The ground below the grass and boards, was full of rocks, and even some pieces of plastic which made the digging more difficult. I complained about people burring pipe three feet in the ground.

I said, "Whoever filled in the hole must have known that they wouldn't ever have to dig it out again."

We finally got near the bottom, then bailed out some water which was leaking out the pipe, even though the valve at the pump house had been turned off. We dug a place where we could stand down lower in the hole one on each side. This made it easier to lift the dirt and mud out.

We found that the leak was from an elbow, not from the stop-and-waste valve. We removed the pipe holding the faucet, and then were able to remove the elbow. To remove the stop-and-waste valve we had to use a hacksaw to cut off the long handle of the lever that turns the valve, because the screw that held the handle in place broke off when we tried to loosen it.

Meantime, we examined the two new stop-and-waste valves, and found that they were defective, so we couldn't use them. After taking out the old one, we put a cap on the end of the pipe. This made it possible to turn on the water. Pat had been in the process of doing out a laundry. Now she could finish before dark.

She is going to Burns tomorrow, and will return the valves to Bud.

When we drove out to the county road, we saw a vehicle coming down from the north. I stopped at the county road to let it pass, but it slowed down instead of going on by. Seeing that

he was waiting for me to go out onto the road ahead of him, I drove out. We saw that it was the mailman. He waved and had a big grin on his face.

Later I said to Mike, "Oh, I know why he was grinning. It was because of the new mailbox."

30th

I found the rip saw that we thought was lost for good. It was under a canister in the back room.

31st

March went out a lion today. The wind blew, and there were showers of rain and snow. The temperature was around thirty-five, but with the wind it seemed like zero.

I worked on trying to rejuvenate the stop-and-waste valve. The screw that we thought was holding the rod for turning the valve was not for that purpose. It was actually for a stop to keep the valve either open or shut.

The rod was solid in the valve. How it got so solid is a mystery. It as though it was welded in.

The Scientific American went over to the Wild Horse Ranch instead of here. The ranch had written, "Look. Weston, Box 1." to alert the mail sorter to the correct address.

After the service Don, Mike, and I drove down to Pat's and loaded on the tractor wheel, then drove to the schoolhouse where there was a potluck lunch. Don got out, but Mike and I came on home, because it appeared that the road up the hill would get wet if we waited too long.

I did not get to talk with Bessy, but Mike did. He said that she would have the clocks in our mailbox Sunday.

I drove down Sunday evening, but the clocks were not there.

Bessy called from the Alvord Ranch Monday morning, saying that she had left the clocks in the box with the door, that morning. That evening I drove down for the mail. The two travel alarms were there.

They needed cleaning only. One was so dirty I had to take it apart to clean it. The other one was only stuck with dried oil in the bearings. WD-40 loosened the pivots so I didn't have to take it apart. I did remove the hands and face to get at the pivots on the front.

Thursday Don called. He said that the pump would not run. We went down and found a capacitor burned out. We had gone down prepared to pull the motor, so had it out and loaded into the trunk of Dora's car before we came home. Mike would go to Caldwell with her, while I would go to Burns with the tractor wheel.

Friday was a clear day, and the temperature was cool when I was walking around in shirtsleeves in Burns.

I left the tractor wheel at Les Schwab's, then went on to Bessy's to give her the clocks. She showed me the seven rooms, and others, including a card room. The upstairs is for the guests of the Hines Lumber Company.

Bessy's living quarters are downstairs, a large kitchen and living room, and a bedroom. I stayed longer than I had expected to. She told me all about her mother's last years, which was filled with suffering from arthritis. Pearl Pendland lived a long life, and was asking the Lord to let her go. She asked Bessy why she had to linger on. Bessy consoled her by saying. "You are kept here for a purpose, and will be kept here until that purpose is fulfilled."

Pearl died in her sleep. Bessy said that her breathing got slower and slower. John was there when she died. He told Bessy, "She gave a big sigh, and then was still."

Bessy said that she was asleep, and woke up suddenly and knew that her mother was gone.

I went back to Schwab's. The tire was nearly ready to be filled with calcium chloride. I backed up to where the man could load it in, and he filled it on the truck.

From there I drove to Bud's.

16th

The low last night was twenty-six. It was clear and calm this morning. The temperature got up to fifty, but only for a

short time.

I put the plants outside around nine-thirty. This gave them about fifty minutes in the sun before the shadow of the building protected them. I figured they could take the sun that long, then they would be in the shade the rest of the day, getting used to the dry air.

Mike spent quite a bit of time cleaning out the fence around the garden, and spreading out motor oil along it. We hope to control the bagworms with old motor oil.

Yesterday I tried spraying the oil with the garden sprayer. It didn't work very good. Today Mike used a large paintbrush, dipping it into the oil and letting it dribble from the brush.

When Frazier's pump quit last Thursday, Dora shut off her water heater. After we started the pump on Saturday, she turned the heater on, but it did not work. Today I went down to find the trouble.

The first thing I did was to check the fuse for continuity. It was okay. Then I checked to see if juice was getting to the tank. There was none. Next I checked for voltage at the fuse socket. It was there indicating that the circuit was good. The only thing possibly wrong was that the fuse did not make contact. I noticed that the fuse turned hard as it neared the bottom of the threads, and I used considerable force to get it to seat all the way down.

I tried several other fuses that she had on hand, but without doing any good.

I thought that maybe the bottom end of the fuse might be corroded somewhat. I cleaned it with the blade of my pocket knife, thinking that, if it did not help, I would pull the main fuse and pry up the tab contact at the bottom of the socket.

This time, when I screwed it in, it made contact. I don't know if scraping the bottom did any good, or it was because I got it screwed in farther did the trick.

Dora asked, "How much do I owe you?"

I said, "A hundred dollars."

She said, "It didn't cost that much for gas."

I said, "Well, at \$25 an hour counting travel time, it counts up. Well, you don't owe me anything. The government pays me. Besides the main reason I came down here was to see you."

She brightened up at those last words, and seemed no longer worried that she might owe me something. It made me realize how much people like to have someone notice them.

When I got home I found the plants had wilted down. The tomato plants were nearly flat. I knew it wasn't for lack of water, because I had watered them before I left.

I brought them inside. After about three hours they had recovered. I said to Mike, "I guess plants get hypothermia like people. I didn't know you had to protect them from the cold except in freezing weather." The temperature was forty-six at the time.

Today I began working the ground on the east side of the big rock. I will plant tomato seed there in hills and put covers over them at night, probably putting a light bulb inside to help keep them warm. I am thinking of making a box with a top that can be removed in the daytime to let the sun shine in, and perhaps an extra plastic top for cold days, like a small hothouse.

21st

I now have two hills made of large tires. I am making plastic covers to put over them in the daytime.

To make an easily removable cover, I cut a length of three-quarter inch plastic pipe, bent it into a hoop, with the two ends held together with a short piece of half-inch pipe slipped into them. I then glues a sheet of plastic to the hoop, and placed clamps about eight inches apart around the hoop. These clamps were made from three-quarter inch pipe. I cut pieces one-half inch long from it, and split the pieces. They had just enough spring tension to hold them tight on the hoop. The slit, of course, made it possible to take the clamps on and off.

In the first one I planted Big Boy tomato seed on April seventeenth, and Cold Set tomatoes in the other on April the twentieth.

24th

None of the tomatoes have come up yet. I may have gotten too much motor oil in the Big Boy hill.

I now have three of the squash vines set out in hills with tires like those for the tomatoes. The weather was so warm there was no need for the plastic top. Tonight I covered them with cardboard from packing cartons.

Yesterday I went down to the Alvord Ranch, and put Freon gas into the big refrigerator in the kitchen. After filling the system, we pulled the plug to let it cycle. When we plugged it in again, the fan pulling air through the condenser did not start.

Ed was helping me, and with the two of us we didn't have much trouble removing the fan, and drilling a hole in the sealed bearing, and filling it with WD-40. When we put the fan back in place it started okay.

This afternoon I called the ranch. Loni answered the phone. I asked her how the refrigerator was doing. She said it was making a lot of noise, but it was still working.

Later she called and said that it wasn't making a sound, and was hot. I told her to turn it off. It had probably turned itself

off because of overheating. That was why it was quiet at the time.

If the gas has leaked out this soon, there must be a new leak, different from the one that looses the gas during the space of a whole year, I should be able to locate the leak with soap bubbles.

Mike thinks one more days work will finish the job of cleaning out the fence row. Today he put in a full days work.

This afternoon I used the self-rising yeast to make some bread. I put some baking soda in the batter while I was beating it with dough hooks to bring out the gluten. The bread raises like any yeast bread, and doesn't need the soda for that purpose, but it will take out the sour taste, I hope. The bread is in the oven now at eleven-fifteen.

I called George this morning. He is back from his visit to Sam's. Sam's Earth-Satellite-Receiving Station is not working properly yet. George says it is too flimsy. However, another one not far from Sam's is bringing in good pictures, so they can probably solve the problem.

Today we headed for Pat's to put in the stop-and-waste valve. Before we got as far as the Thomas' place we came upon a car with the hood up. A girl in the car waved her hand out the window for us to stop. We did.

She said that she had stopped there and then couldn't start the motor, blaming the battery for the problem. She wanted a push, or jumpers to the battery.

I maneuvered around to give her a push, but our bumpers didn't meet properly. So we tried the jumpers. The solenoid clicked, but the starter did not turn over.

May, 1982

1

20th

George arrived here on the fourth, and left for home on the twelfth.

We received two copies of the Great Northwest. George liked the part about us, and took one of the books home with him.

Two weeks ago I worked on a refrigerator down at the Alvord Ranch. I put refrigerant into it after I found that it had all leaked out, which it does every year. There was a thirty-gallon tank on hand.

The refrigerator worked after that, but the fan on the condenser quit. We got it going again by drilling a hole in the sealed bearing, and putting WD-40 into it. However it quit again that night. The bearings were shot.

This morning I went down and put in the new one that they had finally purchased from Harney Propane.

June, 1982

1

1st

The power went off at one-thirty this morning. A power pole near the mailbox was struck by lightning. The telephone went out also. I tried calling Dunsmore, but couldn't get through.

The power came on around eleven-thirty, and the phone worked.

Carl Thomas is going with us to Burns tomorrow.

The wind blew hard all day, which made it uncomfortable out doors.

I cleaned the glass on the pickup for the first time this year.

I talked with Ellis this morning.

9th

Jean and Catherine arrived here in the Motor Home Sunday evening.

The next two days we dug a passage to the northwest wall of the cold room. Thus providing Jean with some good exercise.

Today Jean and I worked on the air conditioner, while Mike made a hole in the wall. We now have the air conditioner in place.

Jean and Catherine are going home tomorrow, driving their diesel V.W., leaving the Motor Home here. They will be back tomorrow.

June, 1982

2

Carl Thomas is going to Coos Bay tomorrow, and will be back in a couple of days.

The weather has finally turned warm. I'm not covering up the tomato plants at night.

On our shopping trip I bought some banana squash. It must have been from last year's crop, because it had no flavor. It was nearly as sweet as the sweet meat squash, and had the same texture. It did just as well as the sweet meat squash at preventing muscle cramps.

I have asked Jean to bring back twenty pounds of the squash.
20th

The ten pounds of squash that Jean brought back on the eleventh is about gone.

Jean and Catherine will be here a few more days

Bob and Jeannie with Chris and Jenny arrived Saturday afternoon. They liked the trailer house to sleep in. They used their own bedding. Jenny had two Teddy Bears with her. I suppose they made her feel more comfortable in a strange place.

They drove around on the desert, and enjoyed the trip.

Today we went up to the mine. Chris took an interest in the tunnel and the shaft. Jenny said the tunnel was neat.

Chris was the only one to go from the landing to the road by sliding on the shale. I went a little way to show him how to do it, then I went the rest of the way on the trail.

The garden is doing fine. There are a few bagworms on the strawberry plants, and I have seen quite a few above the garden. I haven't seen any earwigs since early in the spring, and then, only two. Maybe it is too early for the young to have grown enough to show up.

The tomatoes are starting to bloom, but I cant tell if they are going to make tomatoes or fall off.

The dwarf squash have had several squash start to grow, but all have died without getting fertilized.

The vetch is up to my hips. The carrots are up pretty good, but the beets aren't coming up good.

Jeannie, Bob, Chris, and Jenny left for their home in Burns. The kids enjoyed their trip to the mine more than Jean supposed they would. Jenny brought back a bunch of wild flowers, and pressed them in a magazine. Jean found their names in a flower book, and had her write them on the page next to each flower.

The wind came up this afternoon, threatening the awning of the Motor Home. Jean started to role up the awning, but the braces wouldn't slide into place. Catherine was calling for help. I heard her on the microphone. I went out and gave a hand holding the awning down, while Jean worked on the catch that was keeping the brace from sliding. After a long time, he got it nearly all the way into place. Then rolled up the awning. One end hooked

June, 1982

4

into place at the top, but the other end didn't. Jean said that before he drove out he would tie the top to hold it from flapping while he was driving along the road.

26th

Jean and Catherine took off down the road for home Wednesday morning. Before they got to the county road, he discovered a leak in the gas line. Catherine drove up here to get a piece of hose, but the ones Mike took down were not the right size.

So they drove to Burns and back in their V.W. diesel. Jean got the new hoses on, but needed one clamp, so Catherine drove up here again. Mike took the clamp down, driving the '64 pickup.

Catherine had the piece of sample hose when Mike left. She was anxious to get the piece of hose down there by the time Mike did, because she thought Jean would need it. Later I learned that he didn't need it.

I got into the V.W. to back it out to the point for her, but I couldn't shift it into reverse. Catherine then turned it around and drove out.

Mike came up in about an hour. They had left for Burns around seven.

Later I called Bob's place to let him know that Jean and Catherine would be late. Jenny answered the phone. She said that she was the only one home.

The next night I called Jean and Catherine in Metoleous. They had arrived without any trouble.

We went to Burns Tuesday. It was a cool day, so it wasn't bad driving.

We got our groceries, and some for Pat that she had ordered by phone.

I bought six cans of pumpkin. It is fine for preventing leg cramps.

Tuesday there were two male and one female blossoms on the dwarf squash vines. I used a small brush to gather pollen from the male blossoms, and apply it to the female blossoms. I went down a half hour later to see if there were any more. There were none.

The female blossom had a considerable amount of secretion on the stamen. I thought this might indicate that the blossom had set.

I measured the little squash the next night, and found that it had grown one-eighth of an inch in diameter. Now, on the fifth day, it is larger by five-eighth of an inch. That makes the growth one-eighth of an inch a day.

The tomatoes are putting out more blossoms, but there no signs of tomatoes, although none of the blossoms have fallen off and the stems have a good green color.

One of the squash hills, that we planted late, has a runner eighteen inches long.

Last night I started cutting the vetch in order to get rid of the milkweeds, and hollyhocks that grew in it. Today I got nearly half of it cut. The hay makes a good cover for the paths and also a cover around the squash vines, keeping the water from the sprinklers from splattering mud on the leaves.

27th

George called. He said that his car wouldn't start one morning. He had a young man come down from West Point to check it. He said that the trouble was in the distributor. He took it apart, and said he would order some new parts, and be back.

That evening he called his friend Bob in Portland who runs a Ford garage, and told him about the distributor.

Later Bob called back, and told George that because of the smog controls that were called for in that kind of distributor, the warrantee was good for 50,000 miles, or five years. George called the young man, and told him about the warrantee, and that he should tow the car to the dealer.

The boy said that he would have put it back together or the warrantee wouldn't be any good.

Before he got back the next day, George had it nearly back together.

June, 1982

8

wrinkle or bump in his shoes bothered him. I told him to eat some pumpkin.

After the first day, he said his feet felt better. We are now thinking of growing pumpkin as well as squash if we can keep them from cross pollinating.

July, 1982

1

2nd

Mike bought seventeen cans of pumpkins.

Since the twenty-eighth of June we have had 1.62 inches of rain. The weather has been cool and wet. Two squash bloomed during this weather. The first one was the most difficult to pollinate. Both male and female blossoms stayed open into the next day. Measurements show it is growing. The second one appeared easier to pollinate, because the male blossom gave out plenty of pollen. It also is growing.

There was a big leak in the ceiling. It has been plaguing us for a long time, but the rainfall has been so light it hasn't caused much trouble. This recent rain brought plenty of water through the ceiling. I figured the leak was under the bed on the roof. Mike moved the bed off, found the spot, and patched it. There was no more leak.

4th

Yesterday morning I called George. He said the weather is the same, cloudy and cool.

He is leaving for Michigan Monday morning. Lois decided not to fly out. George told her that it would be better to drive out in the big Cadillac rather than go in his small car. It would be more comfortable.

Susie seems to be a little better after the medicine, but not much. George says, "At least she isn't getting any worse."

Mike has been putting paneling on the ceiling around the skylight. He doesn't have enough to cover it all, but will get some more when he goes to Bend some time this summer. He put a sheet of plastic above the paneling. This will keep the dirt from filtering down. It was especially noticeable on the telephone desk.

I have been reading in the book called Five Acres. It tells about good gardening, and confirms my notion that left over debris on the garden is a breeding place for pests. Also that green manure requires considerable more nitrogen on the ground than would be needed without it. The green manure uses the nitrogen for decomposition by the bacteria. It does not give it back until it is completely rotted.

That is why a compost is desirable over putting everything imaginable in the soil where the plants are to grow. The compost heap will kill the larva of pests that might be in the stalks and leaves of the crops grown.

From the amount of fertilizer that the book recommends, I realized we have not used nearly enough on our garden. I can see that Mikes system of growing strawberries is the reason for our poor success with them.

July, 1982

3

I made a loaf of bread, using a cup and a half of pumpkin with the other ingredients. It turned out good. Mike thinks I could use more pumpkin in it.

He is sold on pumpkin for many benefits, such as:- helping his feet, and bringing back his sense of smell. He says, "There's no telling what other benefits we get from it. It contains something we need that other foods do not have."

Tonight I prepared the crust for the pumpkin pie I will make in the morning.

Ellis is back from his family get together in Missouri. He arrived in time to check into the Oregon Emergency Net. We talked for a short time.

Davy Wallace's son was here today. He came down from Washington for the Fourth of July weekend, and is camped out at Pike Creek.

5th

Two couples with two children were here this morning. They are with the group using the desert for a place to take off with their gliders. I was surprised that the desert was dry enough after the recent rain.

One of them did have a mishap with some mud. He was being towed to the east side, so he could be towed into the wind for the lift off. The truck hit a stretch of mud, and came to a stop.

July, 1982

4

The glider landed in the mud, and got plastered with it. The owner spent quite a bit of time getting the mud off.

This afternoon a couple came up. Mike was back in his office. I showed them around with the usual tour. They live in Vancouver on a small piece of land, and raise a garden.

I've been running the short sprinkler under the fruit trees in order to get more water under them so that the fertilizer will dissolve better.

The squash that I tried to pollinate when the weather was cold and wet, and the blossoms were full of water, doesn't look very strong. I think it may give up. The one I worked on a couple days later looks healthy.

Another one will bloom tomorrow.

A cherry tree is splitting apart. Today we drilled a hole through the two trunks, and will put a bolt through them to hold them together.

The motor we intend to use on the window-air conditioner has worn-sealed bearings. We may be able to buy some new ones.

I am watching the full eclipse of the moon tonight. Now, at eleven-fifteen it is half eclipsed. Some believe the volcanic dust from the recent eruption will reflect the light from the sun and will produce unusual colors.

Right now the dark part is beginning to show light from the earth. At eleven-forty the total eclipse is a red color brighter at the bottom, and darker at the top.

It is a clear night. The stars are bright. There is a west wind three miles an hour. The temperature is fifty-five. It feels cold out here.

13th

Yesterday I went to Burns with Carl. I found two ball bearings for the electric motor, and obtained a bar of brass stock to make a bearing for the squirrel-cage fan. I brought back a good supply of groceries for all the company we will have over the weekend.

Susie and Bob will arrive here on the sixteenth. Dorothy and Leonard will be here on the seventeenth.

Yesterday I discovered that the bronze bearing on the squirrel-cage fan fit tight instead of having a lot of side play. Mike had used a bolt to pound on to get it out of the hub. The pounding squashed the end, so when I tried to push the shaft through the bearing it was too tight.

I used some fine emery paper glued to a piece of doweling to remove some of the material so that the shaft would turn freely in the bearing. Thus it appears we will not have to make a bearing out of the brass stock.

July, 1982

6

Now instead of belt and pulleys to turn the fan, we intend to transfer the power from the motor by impact bosses on the motor shaft and on the fan shaft.

27th

I went down to the Alvord Ranch this morning, and added some freon gas to the refrigerator. I found that one hose lacked the nylon seal which made it leak. Ed could hear the leak from his chair some distance back. I couldn't hear it close up.

I stopped putting gas in when the suction line became cold at the compressor.

29th

I drove to Burns yesterday. I thought Carl would be up here early, but he thought we were going on Thursday. I drove down to his place to get him.

The sky was overcast, so the weather wasn't too hot, and we had a comfortable trip. We were able to get all the things we wanted, including the washer for the hose that was leaking when I filled the refrigerator with freon.

Pat's groceries filled the big box, with two cases of milk left outside.

When we got back, I drove to Carl's place first, then down to Pat's. The cool air gave me more energy than usual. Always before I would go down to Pat's the next day.

July, 1982

7

Today Carl came up quite early to put the power steering pump together. Mike was busy, and thought I was going to help Carl, but I took off to for the Alvord Ranch to check on the refrigerator. It was working fine, so I came right back.

Carl was gone. Mike was working in the garden all the time, so he didn't know whether or not Carl had gotten the pump back together.

Carl came back up, saying that he didn't have all the parts. The pulley and its key was on the table. However, it turned out that he ran into trouble. One part was stuck halfway into place. We tried to improvise a puller to get it back out. The puller was not a success, except that it loosened the part, and it came right out by hand.

I put the part in place, being sure it was aligned properly. We got it assembled, and Carl drove off down to his place.

The watch that Don gave me to fix had a new crystal put in some time ago. The second hand was rubbing on it. I bent the hand down on the end, but I'm not sure if that corrected the trouble, or by my putting the shim, that was supposed to be between the crystal and the dial, back in the right place. The shim fell out when I took the watch apart. I think it was next to the back instead under the dial.

Tomorrow I will go down to Pat's and repacked the pump.

30th

I went down to Pat's and repacked the pump. Travel time and work was three and a half hours. It is a miserable jog, because there is no room to work, and the only force that can be applied to push the packing down is by the thumb pushing on the end of a screwdriver. Even then the left hand does most of the work.

The temperature got up to ninety-seven today. In the morning the air was humid, but in the afternoon it turned dry.

I gave the watch to Don when I saw him at Pat's. He spent considerable time trying to put the spring bar back in place to secure the watch band. He had taken it out, and thought it would be easy to put back in.

After packing the pump, I put it back on for him. He said, "I saw those girls do it up town, and it looked easy, but I couldn't do it."

Pat has another job to be done. She needs a set of faucets on her bath tub. She has the faucets, but no one down there can put them on.

August, 1982

1

5th

Well, I went down and put the faucets on the next day.

The temperature over the weekend cooled down. One day it was seventy-seven with a low of fifty. Now it is warming up. It was eighty-four today.

Ellis Mason with John and Dorothy Womack, and their two granddaughters were here on the third. The girls, cousins, age thirteen and fourteen, asked a lot of questions about the place. They got a big kick out of the microphone on the roof. They went up there several times, and yelled into it. I cut the gain down so we could hear each other down here.

Dorothy was glad to take some cherries and apricots home with her.

I talked with Ellis on the radio this morning. He said that Dorothy made cherry pies the next day after they got home.

Carl went to town yesterday on his motorcycle. He bought some sixteen penny nails for himself. He stopped at Napa Parts, and picked up the pressure gauge, so it didn't have to come C.O.D. by UPS.

Yesterday we started pulling the uncooked ore out of the furnace. The fine dust held back at the apron. I had to poke the shoot several times to make the ore run. I finished running out the ore this morning.

August, 1982

2

A sample of the dust washed in the gold pan, showed that considerable mercury had condensed in the uncooked ore. We will have to build a small retort to recover the mercury from the dust as well as the dust from the condenser.

Mike opened the jacket at the front of the furnace. The insulation ran out onto the floor, making a pile. I put a dust mask on when I shoveled it into buckets. I took the mask off when I carried the full buckets up to the ore bin where we can keep the insulation in the open bin until we are ready to use it again.

Mike spent some time jacking up the roof above the furnace room roof in order to free the barrel around the inner insulation.

Duke and his wife stopped in for a short visit today. The carpet business is way down. Their boy has a fine job that he likes. It is with a photographic company, and he travels a lot.

A couple by the name of Cantrell was here with their boy, and a man they called Toby. Toby is tall, and is a little heavy in the middle. He seems to be retired. He says he is sixty-three. He lives out in the boondocks near Weed, California.

7th

Yesterday Hawthorne called. They are going to make a trip to the coast, and will stay there for two weeks. From there they

will drive to Burns, where Catherine will stay with Bob and Jeannie. Jean will drive down here for a weeks stay, and will help rebuild the furnace.

A deer went through the garden last night. It ate a hole in a squash, and nibbled on the lower leaves of the apple trees.

Today we added wire to the electric fence, bringing it around to the lower end of the garden and to the gate. The deer had come over the fence where it wasn't protected by the electric fence. We are hoping it doesn't get in again.

Mike has gotten a lot more done tearing down the sheet metal around the furnace. We have more of the diatomaceous earth hauled up to the ore bin.

8th

I called Rea this morning. She said the treatments on George's back didn't do any good. It will be several weeks before Lois, Harry, and George drive out here.

Dot's daughter wants to come out here in October.

This morning I worked on the blossoms of more than twelve squash, trying to pollinate them. Some of the blossoms were full of water. To get the water out I had to tip the vine as well as the blossom.

The tomatoes are setting in greater amounts now. I looks like there will be quite a few ripe ones before a frost, a hundred or more.

August, 1982

4

Carl took a couple of buckets of apricots off my hands. He said he would put them in the freezer.

Mike has all the sheet metal removed from the outer shell of the furnace, and all the insulation shoveled up.

Tomorrow we will cut a hole in the lower barrel, using a saber saw. Then we can let the fine insulation out from around the tile.

We haven't used up all the first squash that I picked. This is the eighth day, and there is enough left for five six more days.

Although the squash are a little green, it worked good on preventing muscle cramps. There will be plenty of squash that mature completely, and there will be a lot that will not.

Those that do not I will cook early and put into the freezer.

11th

Ellis and Shirley got down here from Hines by nine o'clock. We were down in the garden. Mike was picking up newspapers full of earwigs, and I was working on the squash blossoms. I had expected them to get here in the afternoon, and hadn't shaved yet, and I hadn't cleaned the house.

They came down into the garden. I showed them how to pollinate the squash blossoms.

At noon I made a lunch consisting of hamburgers, carrots, spuds, toast and raspberry jam. Ellis brought a watermelon from Tiller's. It was ripe, and we finished off half of it.

Mike has been working at tearing down the furnace steadily. I have helped him occasionally.

17th

I went to Burns yesterday. Mike stayed home to try to catch up on the work. Carl also had work to do. He wanted me to bring back some milk and bread for him.

Pat wanted some stuff also.

I stopped and gave Shirley a bulb of garlic. I stayed long enough to have some cake and ice cream.

At Tillers I had a cup of strong coffee. It was this that kept me awake on the way home. At the tree I made a strong cup of coffee. That kept me awake until after midnight.

I did not come straight up here, but went to Carl's, then to Pat's. She has a leak under the sink.

Today I went down to see what I could do about it. A new nut on the drain pipe is needed. I will order it from Bud's by phone in the morning.

Today Ann set out her ten traps for small rodents. She will sleep in the trailer house, and will look at the traps around midnight, then again at six.

August, 1982

6

She will take a course in geology next semester. She is majoring in zoology.

When I was in town I found a brand of slug bait that is also earwig bait. Today Mike filled his newspapers full of the bait.

19th

Ann arrived back from her trip with Cactus Smith to McDurmit. She said that she met some nice people, and they invited her to come for a stay.

I fixed her a breakfast, because she seemed to be inclined to go without eating when she needed food.

After setting her traps, she took off for McDurmit.

Today we ate the first ripe tomato. There are enough getting ripe to keep us in a steady supply.

The earwig bait appears to be working okay.

There was a thunderstorm this evening, bringing .07 inches of precipitation. The high today was eighty-nine. It has dropped down into the seventies.

I called Frank Lake. He said that the freezing unit wouldn't start. The owner was going to have a man check it out.

I gave Frank Bruce's phone number, so that Jim Lake can call him when he arrives in Bend with the freezer.

20th

About noon Jim Davis arrived with his two boys. The oldest one was so grown up I hardly recognized him. The youngest one was still small, but he had grown so much I hardly recognized him either. They are at the age of extreme change. I noticed the same thing with Mike, Gary Lake's boy, and also with Durant's boy.

Later in the afternoon three other people arrived. Craig Whisti, and Gene Nygrin with daughter Nancy. Gene had been here about ten years ago with Bud Jones.

Pat did not call to let me know that the nut for the tail pipe had arrived. I tried to get Dora on the phone yesterday, and today, but there was no answer. Tonight she answered her phone. Apparently she never heard me ask her to tell Pat to call me when the nut arrived. Dora had gotten it at the store Wednesday, and it was still on the kitchen table.

I will go down tomorrow, and work on the plumbing.

Mike has the flange cut out for the outlet of the little retort. Also a plate to cover the condenser. I will try to weld them tomorrow after dark.

I baked two loaves of whole-wheat bread today. They turned out fine. I also recooked the apple jelly, making apple butter out of it. The jelly from the green apple did not have much flavor, but by adding spices to it this apple butter goes good with the fresh bread.

The squash is lasting eight day, maybe nine. A ten-pound squash lasting nine days would indicate that forty squash this size should last us a whole year.

We are eating the tomatoes as fast as they get ripe.

24th

It did not take long to do the plumbing job at Pat's. The work went smoothly.

I stayed long enough to eat a piece of peach pie with ice cream.

When I got back, Mike was working on the fire box of the rotary retort, breaking out bricks to use in making the small retort.

Jim Davis got his antelope Saturday morning, and had it in the cold room by nine. They loaded it into their pickup Monday morning and headed for home.

25th

I used foam plastic to shield out the light from the back of the welding helmet. Now I can see the weld better, but still not good enough. The book says you should watch the puddle, but I get only a glimpse of it at times, so can only guess at what is going on. With the gas welding I could see the puddle fine.

26th

Carl came up today. He asked if we would be going to Burns soon. He wanted to get some preparation H., because his hemorrhoids flared up a several days ago. It is the first time he has had any trouble after an operation several years ago.

I called the Fields' store, and learned that they have the preparation on hand. I offered to drive down to get it, but he said that he would ride his motorcycle down later in the day when it was cooler.

After he left I got to thinking of how much discomfort he was in, so decided to drive down, anyway. I stopped at his place to make sure he hadn't gone to the store already. When I got there, he was coming out toward the road on his motorcycle.

He seemed relieved that I was going. I asked him if he needed anything else. He said, "No."

I told him I was getting some butter for myself, thinking that he would not feel so obligated as long as I was getting something also.

I practiced welding, finding that the light shielding at the back of the helmet made it possible to see the work much better. I haven't learned enough or become able enough to feel comfortable, or the least bit in charge of the process. The biggest problem is in not being able to see the puddle.

George called tonight. They will be, hopefully, leaving Michigan next Tuesday, and will take about six days to drive out. The doctors have given up on doing Harry any good, and say he will gradually get worse.

They have no trouble with him when they are traveling.

The weather there has been cool, but humid. Seventy-five is the usual temperature.

I fried the antelope heart tonight. It has a very strange flavor. I couldn't eat it, but Mike could.

28th

Mike has been picking rose hips, and has a good supply on hand.

I'm still practicing arc welding, which is now possible, because I can see the puddle. However, I cannot get the wavy look I see on most welding jobs. I don't see how they could get so much metal in one pass of the welding rod. The instructions that came with the welder are quite skimpy. It says that a steady movement along the weld is all that is needed. No weaving back and forth, or circular motions. "A steady motion makes a smooth weld, which is superior to a wavy one."

Still, in another place it shows a number of movements to be made under certain conditions. There are no instructions on how to fill in a hole.

August, 1982

11

I am getting better at striking an arc, and I am moving the rod back and forth across the weld. This way I produce a bigger puddle along the lap joint.

Mike picked all the plums on the small tree. I tried some out for making jam, adding pectin per directions. However, it looks like no pectin needs to be added. It came out very stiff, and the foam had no time to rise to the surface before the jelly set up.

I will try redoing the jam, and add more water to thin it down. There is enough tart to allow it to diluted quite a bit.

29th

Most of last week I jogged half a mile down the hill every morning, then a mile every evening. This morning I didn't, because I wanted to put in some practice with the welding.

Now, although I'm not satisfied with my skill, I have decided to start on the job on the retort.

I'm preparing the cap for the lower end of the condenser tube, grinding a bevel so that I can get deeper penetration with the molten metal.

I tried out making an edge weld, and found that without the V groove it was not very strong. If I had gone over the weld with a second pass it would have been stronger.

September, 1982

1

12th

Mike intended to leave early for Bend Saturday morning, but we found that the stop light, tail light, and the turn signals were not working. After working on them for about three hours, Mike said, "It's too late to go today, especially if we have to take the steering wheel off."

I said, "Well, you could take the big pickup." I was surprised when he agreed to take it, because he has always seemed reluctant to drive it.

I washed the windshield while Mike transferred his things from the little pickup to it. I had filled the gas tanks earlier, and had checked the tires. I had changed the oil a couple of days before. It was due for a grease job, but that could wait.

I called Carolee to let her know that Mike would be late. Gary would probably get there first. He was bringing the freezer unit over from Noti.

I called Carolee again around five o'clock. Gary got there first, and Bruce went out to the house with him to unload the unit, which weighed around three-hundred pounds. I guess Gary was in a hurry to leave for home.

Last week I had expected George, Lois, and Harry to arrive Monday or Tuesday of this week. So when pat called saying she needed grain for her chickens, and that Herb Davis had grain on

hand, and could I haul about four tons for her, I figured I would get one load Sunday before George came. But he called from Winnemucca. They would be here around nine Sunday morning. I decided to haul the grain after they got here.

George did not get here until eleven o'clock. I spent the extra time washing up the accumulated dirty dishes, and clearing off the table. I still didn't have things as shipshape as I wanted.

After forty years I would not have recognized Lois if I hadn't known that she was arriving with George. There was a resemblance to her mother and to Susie. Susie had been here earlier this year.

I told her that she had changed so much I didn't know her. She said, "There must be something wrong with your eyes. I haven't changed that much. You look almost the same as you used to."

Harry shook hands with Mike and me. He said, "I've heard a lot about you." If one didn't know that he couldn't remember things, one wouldn't think there was anything wrong with him. He can carry on a conversation, and makes jokes.

Lois said that he was better while he was here, and she had no problems with him. At home he was forever packing his suitcases getting ready to go somewhere, like going to see his mother who has been dead for some time.

I took them for a ride across the desert, Harry and Lois in the cab, and George in a chair behind the cab. Before we got to the desert, Harry said, "It's covered with water." It did have that appearance.

After we drove out onto it he wondered how hard the surface was, then he got a look at the mountain behind us and said, "We could get a good picture of the mountain from here."

Lois told him that George was taking pictures from the back of the truck.

At the far side I stopped near the larger mounds, and we all got out. The surface was real hard, and Harry tested it with the toe of his shoe. He said, "It is hard."

On the way back we stopped at the Thomas' place. Oma and Carl were there. Carl had been running a high fever for two days. He said that he thought it was tic fever, because something bit him when he was cutting grass at tule springs. He was getting the grass to thatch the roof of his root cellar. I noticed that he had put dirt on top of the grass, which is no way to thatch a roof. The grass will rot under the dirt.

The next morning I took them up to the mine. Looking down at our place, Harry said, "I know somebody who slept there last night."

These words were a big surprise to Lois, because he remembered that much for such a long time.

Back in the dugout I showed some pictures in our album. When Harry saw the picture of the desert where Betsy was standing by the wheel marks, he said, "That's where we were yesterday."

Lois was impressed, and said that maybe he was better. The doctors had told her that he would steadily get worse until she would have to put him into an institution. She said, "If he gets better, it will be a miracle."

They left for West Point Wednesday morning

Tuesday Oma came up alone. She had taken Carl to Burns. Doctor John told her that he had Tularemia fever. The bite was from a fly, not from a tick. Doctor John said that there have been several people come in over the years, with the fever. It is transmitted by flies, ticks, fleas, and mosquitoes. Carl had a room near the clinic, and had to walk to the clinic ever six hours to get his shots.

Yesterday morning Oma came up. The doctor has put him in a nursing home, because he is getting too weak to walk, and he needs to be where he will have care around the clock.

They have no insurance, and Carl isn't old enough for Medicare. If he was over at Coos Bay, he could go to the Veterans' Hospital.

Friday night some of the stuff in Oma's garden froze. Pat Frazier's froze down. Dora's garden was nipped in a few spots. I

noticed that a few squash leaves were nipped in our garden, although, the weather station registered a low of thirty-six.

It started raining last night, and rained lightly most of the day. There was .24 inches of rain.

To pass the time I made a couple of apple pies, using old bacon grease in the crust. The pie would have been fine, but the flavor of the grease in the crust spoiled it.

The sky is nearly clear now at eleven o'clock. A little breeze is coming from the northwest. There are a few clouds in the east, and some flashes of lightening from that direction. The temperature is forty-five. If the sky turns clear, and the wind goes down, it could freeze hard.

One year it froze here on the last day of September. Usually the first freeze comes in the middle of October.

14th

It did not freeze Sunday night, even though the sky turned clear, and the wind stopped blowing.

4th

We graveled the two hills in the second week of October, and ran the compressor on the eleventh.

We went to Burns on the eleventh of October. Clarence arrived on the twelfth, and left on the thirteenth.

Ellis and June were here on the sixteenth of October. June had expected to see some deer, and antelope, and game birds, and maybe some mountain sheep, but saw none. She said that, when people asked her where to go hunting, she will know better than to tell them to come down here.

On November the first, Frank and Gary Lake arrived around noon. By night they had four barrels welded together, and ready to splice into the stack.

The next morning Frank cut a section of four barrels out of the stack, and welded in the four new ones. By night we had the stack standing, and the ladder up.

They gathered up all the tools.

Mike and I went down to vote. When we got back, the were hauling dirt out of the back room with the wheelbarrow, and had the whole pile removed by the time dinner was ready. The last load was after dark.

This morning they checked on the electrical problem with the little pickup, and may have solved it.

They worked on the problem of the poorly operating choke on the new pickup. They found some things wrong, but there is still trouble. The choke closes when the motor is cranked, but it doesn't open immediately the amount it should, and the motor floods until it is warm enough for the thermostat to open it up fully.

Anyway, after the motor is warm it runs fine.

Yesterday, while they were on a hike up the mountain, I put in a new gas filter, although the old one had been in the line only a couple thousand miles. I then tried to adjust the choke without success. When Frank heard about the trouble, he said he would check it out, which he did this morning.

They left here about nine-thirty. They would stop at the Malheur Caves.

I baked two roasting pans full of squash today.

Carl is back from his Elk hunt. He had no luck himself, but the party of six he was with, got three Elk.

Tonight Ellis checked into the net seventy miles north of Burns. He will probably hunt in the same area that Carl did.

George is home and is ready to take a vacation from traveling.

We are going to town tomorrow. The weather has been clear and calm for several days.

Baird and Dottie were here for four hours a couple of weeks ago. I don't know the exact date. They have been spending some time on their opal claim, and drove up here in their little jeep.

Mr. Wilson, who owns the opal mine, got a patent on it this year. Dottie said that it cost a lot of money, but didn't say how much.

5th

We had a good day for the trip to Burns. When we arrived we parked in the bank parking lot. Mike went into the bank, and cashed his check. I went to the Burns Times Herald office to get some claim papers.

The girl said that they did not have them anymore. I should try the office supply store, or at the printing shop just beyond the Burns Department Store.

I tried the office supply store. There weren't any there. I went up the street and found the print shop, one door passed the UPS receiving location. A girl came out to wait on me. I asked her if she had any mining claim forms, and showed her the sample I had with me. She read the form number at the top, then went to a filing cabinet and found them. She asked, "How many do you want?"

I said, "Six would be fine."

They came to \$2.10.

November, 1982

4

From there I crossed the street over to the bank, and to the parking lot. Mike was waiting in the pickup. He had finished eating his lunch.

The pickup was facing the drive-in window. I saw the cashier behind the window. It was Rosie. There were no customers in front. She waved to me, and I waved back. She made some other motions with her hands, but I couldn't see her very well, because of reflections in the window glass.

Later I thought that maybe she was making hand signs to let me know that I should go into the bank, because she had been given my savings deposit book.

We went to Womack's with the squash. They were not home. I left the squash on the back step, figuring they would enter the back door when they got home. Later when we were coming home, I got to thinking, "Suppose Dorothy comes in the front door, then, if she went out the back door, she might step down onto the squash before she had time to see it, since she would be ready to step down as soon as she opened the door. It might cause her a nasty fall.

6th

I worked on the trouble with the choke of the eighty pickup. I found a way to get at the fast-idle screw.

Carl and Oma came up today.

Anthony, the Burns Postmaster, came up with Herald Reed, a high school teacher in Burns.

George called. I called Dora. Mike wheeled out dirt, and got in some wood. I talked with Ellis on the radio. He was seventy miles north of Burns. It was cloudy this morning, but it is clear tonight.

Well, concerning the choke:- I decided that the reason that the choke didn't open a given amount as soon as the motor started was that the fast idle was too slow so that there was not enough vacuum to actuate the vacuum brake to open the choke valve slightly.

Last year I wanted to adjust the fast idle, but could see no way to reach the screw, and in fact could not locate it precisely.

Now, after extensive perusal of the drawings of the carburetor and the adjusting procedures, I located the screw. The only way to reach it was to remove the front brake vacuum. This only required removing two mounting screws, and pulling off the vacuum hose. The thing then could be swung aside, revealing the adjusting screw.

Actually to get this far, I had to figure out what the vacuum brakes did. At first thought I believed they had something to do with the wheel brakes. The rod that hooks into the rear

brake fits into a slot and could slide back and forth. I wondered what the slot was for. I discovered that by moving the rod I could open and close the choke valve.

It began to occur to me that the slot was for the purpose of allowing the rod to move in response to the thermostatic spring to open the valve farther after the vacuum brake gave it an initial slight opening. The front vacuum brake opened the air valve at the back section of the carburetor.

I backed out the screw about three-quarters of a turn. Then mounted the vacuum brake, and attached the vacuum hose, then replaced the air cleaner, and connected any vacuum hoses that had come loose.

I started the motor, and it ran fine without any flooding.

I forgot to tell of one other adjustment:- I bent the rod that goes to the rear vacuum brake so that it would meet the end of the slot sooner when the brake shaft retracted as the vacuum developed.

Now that the motor was running smoothly under no load, I decided to try it under a load, so backed up to the gas tank. It still ran smoothly as I backed, but when I stopped and was not yet out of drive, it began flooding and running erratically.

By giving it little more gas with the foot throttle, the flooding cleared up. I guessed that I would have to turn the screw out a little more.

By now it was after three o'clock, and I felt the need for exercise. There was a cold wind blowing from the west. I put on two jackets, and jogged down the hill as far as the new gravel. I was a little warm walking back up the hill, but felt that the two jackets were necessary to keep my shoulders from becoming chilled in the cold wind.

When I was nearly to the top of the upper hill, Carl and Oma drove up behind me. I motioned Carl to keep going, but he stopped anyway. I told him to go ahead because I wanted the exercise.

He said, "You must have come quite a ways. We saw your tracks way down there."

When he started up, his wheels spun in the loose gravel.

I wasn't far behind when they went into the dugout.

7th

Late yesterday I turned the fast idle adjustment out a little more. The motor had to be cranked longer than normal before it started, but it did not flood, and it ran smoothly.

I found two letters that must have come with Friday's mail. They must have been on Mike's desk until he brought them out this morning.

8th

I started the motor of the pickup this morning. It flooded. I found one vacuum hose disconnected, the one to the front brake which activates the air valves.

This afternoon I started the motor again, and it flooded.
Wonder what?

I talked with Ellis on the radio last night. He said that the boys should write to the governor and make those John Day State Police send them those antlers.

10th

A letter from Clarence and Betty Friday, had two belts for the recorder. Instead of being round they had four flat sides, making them square. The ones that were made by the man at Radio Shack, were round and looked like they were made of O ring material.

Anyway, the tape runs at the proper speed now.

The pickup motor still doesn't run right when I first start it. It has to warm up before it runs smoothly.

Oma and Carl were here yesterday. They will leave for Coos Bay in the morning.

Two fellows stopped in Tuesday night after dark. They had Elk hunting permits for the Steens, and heard that we would know where to hunt. I told them I wasn't sure, but I thought that maybe they could get into the best Elk country from Diamond.

This morning I talked with Ellis on the radio. He said that the best Elk hunting would be out of Diamond.

He said that the story that the Game Commission puts extra tags to raise money for the department isn't true. They run on a budget of 70 million dollars. The tag money would be a drop in the bucket.

Ellis is sold on the virtues of the Alo Verdi for soothing burns. He spilt boiling water on his wrist Tuesday, and used the Alo juice on it and got relief from the burn right away.

17th

Mike was down at Pat's Monday and Tuesday. He worked on the water tanks, put some plywood on the old cow shed, and chopped the heads off twelve roosters.

A TVS switch in the rear vacuum brake line sticks so the brake doesn't open the choke. I found that the rod from the front vacuum brake is hooked to the air valves with a wrong fixture. It opens the air valves when there is a vacuum instead of closing them.

This has been the cause of the motor stalling when the pickup is coming to a stop, not always, but under certain conditions, such cold weather, or going down hill, or after first starting and coming to a stop.

I found a way to adjust the fast idle. I am planning to go to Burns tomorrow, hoping get the TVS and the special tool called CHOKE VALVE MEASURING GAUGE. Also a fuel filter and air conditioner kit, and washers for service hoses.

18th

The low last night was eighty-eight, and the high today was forty-six. We had .96 inches of rain.

Because of the rain I couldn't work on the carburetor so didn't go to town.

Late in the morning the rain quit for a while, so I got some work done on the carburetor. All the controls seem to be working all right, but the motor starts flooding as soon as it starts. This time I couldn't keep it running.

Of course, since the motor won't run long enough for me to get out and check the vacuum brakes, I cant tell what is going on.

There is one more adjustment that I would like to look into. That is something called, The relation of the fast idle cam adjustment. It has an action caused by the movement of the front vacuum brake.

This afternoon, when it was once more not raining, I had a chance to study by experimenting, what the relation might be. It is possible that, with the proper adjustment, the front brake might open the choke when the motor starts.

I don't know how it ever got of adjustment, if it is out.

I took a hike to the gate this afternoon, walking at first to get my joints warmed up before jogging. There is a brisk-cold wind from the west. I wore two jackets under mu rain jacket and

was comfortable going down the road, and a little warm coming back up.

It did not rain, and the weather seemed good enough to allow some work on the carburetor. I didn't have time to do much. It began to snow, and it was still snowing at six when I read the weather gauges.

Mike scrounged up some pieces of old boards and planks and cut them up for wood, using the radial-arm saw in the tin building. It's cold in there, but at least it's out of the wind and rain.

I remarked to Mike this afternoon, "This is the year for disruptions, the cold room compressor quit, the refrigerator quit, the stack fell down, the ceiling of the back room fell in at the back end, the signal lights on the old pickup are out of order, the new pickup won't start, and now the microwave oven quit, and, of course, the mine shaft has five feet of water at the bottom.

On the plus side, we had fine help in getting the stack back up, I'm learning a lot more the carburetor on the new pickup, we had a good garden, we saw Bog, Susie, Lois, Harry, Baird, Dottie, Clarence, Betty, Dorothy, Leonard, Jean, and Catherine Hawthorne. Frank and Gary were here, we bought a new refrigerator, and we have a used compressor for the cold room.

19th

There was only a small amount of precipitation last night, a trace of snow that melted by noon.

Heavy gusts of wind along with the cold and occasional sprinkling of wet snow, made it impossible to work on the carburetor.

I looked through the old books on the care of trucks, and learned that 1970 book gave better information on emission controls than the new book.

I wrote a letter to Dorothy and Leonard, and walked down to get the mail.

We got a letter from Clarence and Betty, Betty said that she woke up one night around midnight, and thought of the birthday letter that Charlie wrote for George. She had two copies, and decided to send us one.

I certainly enjoyed that sketch that Charlie wrote. It brings back the memory of Dad and the stories he told while Mike and I sat in his lap.

I miss the microwave oven for warming up cooked vegetables. Fried-boiled potatoes are fine, but other vegetables do not do so well. With the microwave oven you can put all the vegetables on a plate and heat them in the oven. They come out as though freshly cooked.

20th

There were light-intermittent sprinkles of snow all day, with only .02 inches of precipitation.

Today I got out the remote-control switch, thinking that I would start the motor while I was leaning over the carburetor ready to hold the choke open as soon as the motor started. I couldn't see how to get at the wire from the switch to the distributor, so I had to give it up.

I thought I could use the old tachometer, but found that it was not suitable for this type of distributor.

I finally had Mike get in and start the motor with the key. As soon as it started I pushed the choke about half open. The motor kept running and warmed up enough to allow the automatic-choke-thermostat coil to hold it open.

I was a little at the thought that maybe the motor wouldn't keep going and I wouldn't be able to go to town to get the parts that I needed.

Later in the afternoon I braved the cold and sprinkle of snow while I removed the rod that goes from the front vacuum break to the air valve. Then bent a piece of light welding rod that would go from the rear vacuum break to the air valve. There is a place for such a rod to connect to the rear break.

After I got it hooked up, I started the motor, and it started all right. I drove down to the county road and back without any stalling of the motor. The heat gauge in the dash registered cold at the start, but I suppose the motor was still warm enough to make it start easy. In the morning I will find out if I have done any good.

As far as I can see, the front break has never performed a worthwhile function. It was really operating the air valve in reverse.

21st

We had a light sprinkling of snow all day, then at four-thirty a good snow shower set in, and by six o'clock there was two inches of snow on the ground.

I tried to make a heavier rod to go from the rear vacuum break to the air valve, but did not succeed in getting it to work well, so put the light one back on.

I finished putting the air filter on, and closing the hood just as it started snowing.

Tonight a geologist for a Canadian company phoned. He wanted look at our mine, and take samples. He wanted know if we would mind. I told him we wouldn't mind. He said he was in Prinville, and would be over here tomorrow, and wondered if there was a motel at Andrews. I said, "There's one at Fields"

November, 1982

16

I told him we would stop by on our way to Bend if we take the motor there.

23rd

We went down to Pat's at ten-thirty and had the motor pulled from the pump by noon. Don helped a lot.

The weather was clear and calm and cold. It was warmer down there than it was up here.

We took the big box out of the truck to make room for wood that Mike plans to bring back from Bend.

We will stop at Latham's on the way, and also at Mason's where we will load on two beds to deliver to Duane.

I made two pumpkin pies this evening. I was out of practice, and made skimpy shells. There was not much of an edge to the crust.

We are taking four squash to pass out, and two paper sacks of apples .

26th

We started out for Bend Wednesday morning. We stopped at Bob and Jeannie Latham's, and talked with Jean and Catherine for about fifteen minutes. Bob and Jeannie were at work.

Then we went to Ellis Mason's where we loaded on a mattress, and two sets of springs.

We arrived in Bend at two-thirty. We went to the electric motor repair shop, and they put in four new capacitors, at a cost of \$83.00.

We went from there out to Duane's place. He was home. We unloaded the mattress and springs. We met his friend from Tasmania.

Then we went to the store to get the key to the house. Betsy had gone home to prepare dinner. So we didn't need the key. We drove out to the house. Betsy had some things cooking, and was vacuuming the floor.

28th

Saturday we got home. We unloaded the wood and two-by-fours off the truck, and drove down to Pat's where we installed the motor onto the pump without any trouble.

On the way back we stopped at the Thomas' place to check it out. Tracks down the power-line road indicated that someone had been there. The gate into the place was open, but we saw no vehicles except the old Jeep.

At the house a little dog ran out of a little dog house by the porch. It was quite frightened of us. Someone had moved in, and were gone at the time. We thought it must have been one of Oma's relatives, or a friend.

We were back home by twelve.

In the afternoon I put the rod onto the rear vacuum break. It was so easy, I wondered what was wrong with my head that I couldn't do it before.

A question runs through my mind, "Did I change that rod from the back to the front break when I worked on it last summer? If so, why?" It seems like it was not me, or at least I was not myself. What a muddled head I must have had!

Now I know that when I tackle such a job, I will read and study the book more thoroughly.

I have been studying the service books over and over, even the '56, '65, and '71 books. Some things are beginning to clear up in my mind, such as. "When the secondary-air valve open, and the secondary throttle valves open."

29th

George called yesterday. He said that Boots, her husband, and two kids were up for Thanksgiving. The day before he bought \$65 worth of groceries. The only turkey he could find was already stuffed. The stuffing wasn't bad.

He said that cooking for a bunch like that is getting to be too much for him.

We had .84 of an inch of rain last night. The morning started out pretty good without any rain, but before noon it was snowing. So most of the day was wet, ending up with .92 inches for the twenty-four-hour period.

The ceiling in the back room at the skylight has been giving way, especially at the corner of the skylight.

This morning we used the handyman jack to push the corner back up, then put two-by-four posts underneath to hold it permanently in place. There are three posts, one at the corner, and two at the first angle of the arch.

I called Dora, and told how well Boots was doing in electronics. She said that one of her granddaughters gets \$36,000 a year. The girl graduated from high school, and went to Los Angeles looking for work. Her first interview for a job was unsuccessful, because she had no experience.

She was ready to go home, but a couple of her girl friends induced her to stay with them a couple of days, and go out looking some more. She answered quite few adds with the same results when she was asked if she had any experience.

On the second day her girl friends picked out an add for her. At the interview she was asked all the usual questions, then came the, "Have you had any experience?"

The girl said, "No. And like all the others, that means I won't get the job."

The guy said, "On the contrary. You're just the girl I want. I want a girl I can train my way."

She is now in the escrow section of the real estate business.

30th

There was four inches of wet snow when I got up late at eight o'clock. It had quit snowing. The air was calm, but the sky was overcast.

Mike had also gotten up late. He was at his desk in the back room. When I looked back there to see if he was up, I noticed daylight reflected off a piece of plywood at the end of the room past his desk. More dirt had caved in. This time beyond the cover we had put over the glory hole. The hole was getting quite large.

Outside I shoveled a path to my bedroom.

Mike shoveled snow away from the hole, and moved a lot of pipe and iron out of the way, and covered the new portion of the opening. No daylight comes through, but I wonder how much water will come down when the snow melts, and it rains.

I made a pumpkin pie this afternoon.

The skin is cracking around my fingernails again. I've been trying to keep my hands out of water as much as possible. When I do get them wet, I dry them good, and apply mercurochrome on the cracks and around the nails, then rub Wondra skin lotion in, then some aloe juice, then PreSun lotion.

December, 1982

1

1st

The wind blew hard at times last night, drifting a small amount of new snow.

I cooked some of the red snapper this afternoon. An extra dose of salt and pepper made it palatable. It overcame the strong-fish taste.

I drove down to get the mail. The choke works fine now. I backed to the point before the motor warmed up. I had to put it into four-wheel drive, because of the wet snow.

2nd

This morning started with a broken overcast. The clouds closed in around ten-thirty, and it snowed the rest of the day, until five-thirty, when the temperature got up to thirty-seven, and the snow turned to a fine misty rain.

Early in the morning Mike started moving out dirt, then I began wheeling it out after he loaded the wheelbarrow. In between loads, I prepared potatoes, carrots, and onions, and cooked them.

Mike had all the dirt cleared off the floor by four o'clock.

This evening I baked two loaves of whole-wheat bread, using potatoes without the squash, and with less sugar. It turned out all right, but I like the bread, with the squash and potato mixture with a little more sugar, better.

I called Stella today. She said that it was snowing there, but there was only a couple of inches on the ground. Jim took Dora to Winnemucca yesterday where she had another treatment by the osteopath to put her vertebra back in place.

Stella said that the channel switch on her TV doesn't stay on the station. She asked, "What can be wrong with it?"

I told her that the chassis would have be pulled out of the cabinet and the switch checked.

She said that the Alvord Ranch was getting a satellite antenna. \$2,100 including the indoor controls.

I've found that Menon's stick deodorant does more to relive the soreness and cracks around the fingernails than anything else. I thought of using it, because it kills underarm bacteria.

3rd

The warm temperatures continued all last night, and today. The snow is all melted, and what is left is full of water.

Around noon I took a jog down the road nearly to the head of the lower draw. Someone had driven up to the Indian Creek turn-off, and had started toward Indian Creek, but apparently the soft road and a pool of water ahead in the road, had changed their mind. They turned around and went back down the hill.

Mike put some plastic flashing around the skylight at the entrance to the back room. He hopes to stop water from coming down the shaft.

He also put more covering over the glory hole at the end of the back room. The rain and thawing snow was making too much water for the first cover to handle.

I had decided to walk down for the mail, because I figured that the truck would make deep-wheel tracks in some places where the road was soft from the warm temperature and the extra water.

I planned to leave at two-forty-five. At two-thirty a friend of Roy Derst knocked on the door. He wanted to know if we had seen Roy. He said that Roy was to have met him on the hill. We told him that we hadn't seen him.

We talked for a while, then, as the time neared three o'clock, I said that I was going to walk down for the mail. He asked, "Do you want me to drive you down?"

I said, "No thanks. I'm going for the exercise."

He drove out toward the point before I got on my way. He thought he might be able to contact Roy on his C.B. rig.

I reached the point and looked down the hill. I saw two vehicles parked beside the road. When I got down there, I saw that Roy had come up the hill. We visited a short spell. Roy's boy, a novice-amateur-radio operator, was in the pickup. I asked him how his radio work was going. He said that he was still a novice. "I'll take the general class examination some time this winter."

On down the road there was less and less snow, but lots of water. The pickups had cut into the gravel in places. On the hill near the county road, someone had backed down, and gotten off the gravel and into the deep ditch on the east side. I couldn't imagine how they had gotten out. It must have been the pickup that came up earlier in the day.

When I got back to where Roy and his friend had parked, Roy had just entered the turnoff and was going toward Indian Creek. The other pickup was parked in the road, but there was no one in sight. As I came on up the hill, I saw Roy trying to make it onto the meadow at the last turn. After several attempts, he made it.

Before I got to the point, I heard the pickup below me start up. It went down to the Indian Creek turnoff, and headed for Indian Creek. By the time I got to the dugout, he was going onto the meadow without any hesitation at the turn. He had chains on while Roy did not.

4th

It was warm all night. Only .03 inches of rain fell between five-thirty and seven o'clock. The rest of the day was partly cloudy, and the sun shown most of the day. The high was forty-eight. The snow is nearly all gone.

Mike made a foot board for his bed.

I found a place in the chimney where the cement block had separated leaving a crack that air enter the chimney, thus cutting down the draft at the stove. I plugged most of it up with asbestos rope, but could not reach all of it. I believe the draft was better afterward. However, it could be better.

I walked down the hill to the Indian Creek turnoff, and saw that one of the pickups had gone down from the cabin. From the tracks I could tell that it was Roy's. Looking up at the cabin, I was unable to discern the other pickup which must have been still up there.

Later, after I found that I could get my new Nike's into the buckle overshoes, I made another trip down, taking the field glasses with me. I could see the other pickup at the cabin. A patch of snow blended with it obscuring recognition with the necked eye.

I talked with Ellis on the radio tonight. He may come down tomorrow, bringing a friend from Bend with him. The friend is anxious to hunt chukars.

7th

The weather turned cold last night. It got down to twenty degrees. The high today was thirty-three, but not for long. There was a skiff of snow on the ground this morning, and it is still there.

Ellis and his friend never got down here this afternoon.

I talked with him on the radio tonight. He said that they hunted in a couple of places. The last one near Five Cent Lake. They didn't see any Chukars, and got stuck in the mud, and had a hard time getting out. Having seen no Chukars, his friend said, "I wouldn't shoot one now if we saw some. They are so scarce."

They decided to go back to Hines, since it was already four o'clock, and would be dark soon. His friend did not stay in Hines, but drove to Bend after dark.

Carl Thomas showed up about noon. He arrived from Coos Bay this morning. Oma stayed behind.

Phoebe and her brother were out when Mike and I were on our trip to Bend. They came up here twice, and wondered what happened to us.

Carl said that they burned up a lot of wood while they were here. They told him the temperature got down to twenty below.

8th

The low last night was sixteen. It was clear and calm all night and today. The high was thirty-five.

Mike cut down the apricot tree that had poor fruit. He has been making wood out of the old-dead-peach tree.

He has been cutting more sagebrush also. It is rather wet, and doesn't make a hot fire.

There was considerable precipitation this month, and before Christmas an accumulation of snow came to nine inches with eighteen-inch drifts.

We did not try to drive down the hill to go to Pat's on Christmas day.

I walked down for the mail on the twenty-fourth.

On the twenty-seventh it was nineteen degrees. The mailman was late, and I didn't want to wait for him, because I didn't want to walk up the hill against the light wind with the temperature going down. I had carried the extra mail sack down with a letter in it. I put the sack into the return box, and started up the hill at three-thirty-two. The mailman stop at the mailbox when I was on the hill above the gate. I kept on toward the dugout, and by the time I got up here the temperature was down to twelve degrees.

The next day I walked down around noon. There was no wind, and the temperature was around nineteen. The sun made it seem warmer, though.

Some hunters were parked in a camper near the mailbox over the Christmas weekend. I heard them do some shooting on the Indian Creek Butte. I think they were shooting quail, because I never heard Chukars make a sound, which the generally do when hunters are after them.

Three hunters came up the road in two snowmobiles. They went up to the meadow, and probably went down the Alvord road to the county road.

Yesterday they came up with one snowmobile and a car. The car got to the steep grade just below the meadow. The one with the snowmobile hauled the other two up the rest of the way one at a time. They had a hard time getting started each time. By going back down the road and up a little grade, turning around and starting down that little grade they were able to get going with two on. With the momentum established on the little grade, they went up to the meadow like streak.

After disappearing onto the meadow, they were out of our sight for a long time, and we wondered where they had gone. We heard several shots, but as with the other hunters there were no sound of Chukars.

Late in the day I heard them calling back and forth. With the field glasses I spotted one man approaching the car. I looked farther up the road trying to locate the other two. When I looked back to see the car, it was gone. Even with the microphone on I hadn't heard it start.

I walked out to the point to see if it had gone down the road. There was no sign of it. When I got back to the dugout, I saw it headed toward the meadow from Indian Creek. The guy drove

the car passed the place where it had been parked, then backed into the former parking place. He got out, and started walking up the road toward the meadow.

Then I spotted the other two making their way down the steep slope toward road where it goes onto the meadow. One man wore a red jacket the other a yellow. Red jacket was making better time than Yellow jacket, then I saw that Yellow jacket had stopped. The man from the car was dressed in a gray outfit. Now Gray left the road and headed for Red. They finally met. Gray came back toward the car. Red climbed up toward Yellow.

I surmised what had happened. The snowmobile had run out of fuel. Gray had gotten down first, and then had driven the car all the way down to their camp near the mailbox, and then came back to deliver it to Red. He had made the trip in such a short time, I didn't realize where he had gone. Also the car had been so quiet I had not heard it.

Red laboriously climbed up to Yellow, then Yellow hiked up toward the switch back. Red remained standing where he had met Yellow. I saw Gray get into the car.

I watched the progress of Yellow, then looked back and saw that the car had disappeared again.

The sun went down behind the mountain, and the air turned colder. I thought of how cold Red might be getting standing

there. He had probably gotten wet with sweat, and was now feeling the cold.

I watched and listened for the snowmobile. Red started walking down toward the road. I figured it was about time he moved to keep warm.

When got to the road, I lost track of him when I searched the upper road for the snowmobile. Then I heard it, and expected to see it come off the meadow. But I never did see it. How it got down off the mountain without making enough noise for me to hear it, is a mystery. When I did hear it, it must have been starting after picking up Red. The sound didn't last long, and I never saw them go down into Indian Creek.

They were not around today, so I guess they had their fill of roughing it in such cold weather, near zero at night, and seventeen to twenty-two in the daytime.