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2nd

Friday the temperature got down to minus five. The high today was fourteen. There was sunshine, and no wind, which made it seem warmer.

Yesterday I loaded some extra weight into the back of the pickup. The motor took extra cranking to start it. I hadn't started it in ten days, and with the below zero weather the oil must have been pretty cold. I let it warm up until the rear-vacuum break closed, which is indicated when the motor slows, because the rear break opens the choke more than the front one does. The snow was cold and dry, so there was no problem with traction.

I did not drive all the way down to the county road, but turned around at the gate, and walked on down. This gave me enough exercise for the day.

Last night the temperature only got down to zero. Maybe there is a warming trend. However the morning did not warm up very much, and it was after noon before it got up to twenty. At one-thirty a snow shower came on, leaving one inch of new snow on top of the old six inches. It stopped at six-thirty.

Mike was waiting for the air to get warmer before going out to cut sagebrush. He started reading a book, then when it started snowing he gave up on the wood cutting. Now there is no extra supply of wood in the dugout.

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When I got up this morning in my ten degree bedroom, my nose started running. Usually the cold air doesn't bother me when I'm getting dressed. Maybe I got chilled sitting here in the dugout reading after the fire went out.

Anyway, I feel as though I have the beginning of a cold. Usually I stop it at this stage by concentrating on getting the lymph circulation to increase.

I was able to stop the runny nose, and get rid of most of the head-cold symptoms. But right now I don't feel completely free of them.

I baked a couple loaves of bread today. They turned out good.

I took a short hike down the road during the snowfall. I felt better out walking than I did here in the dugout.

The deer did not damage the electric fence last night. That's a change from passed nights.

Yesterday I tried to get George on the phone, but the line was busy each time I called. However, he called us later. He said he had been talking with Lois, who is having lots of problems. She is afraid she will have to put Harry into an institution in the near future. She may have to sell the house in Michigan or the one in Florida.

He said that he has a hard time getting much done. He did split some cedar for kindling, but had to bring out a chair so he could sit and rest about every five minutes. Now he has a good supply of kindling and oak wood piled on the porch.

He said that the next day he was lame all over, and lay in a full tube of hot water for an hour, and felt comfortable the whole time.

I talked with Dora yesterday. She, Pat, Nellie, and Don were over at the Kueny Ranch New Years Eve. Quite a few people were there. Lavina, Carl, and Beryl Hair, and others that I did not know. Dora said that she came home before Pat and Nellie did.

The county ran a road grader down their lane, and cleared the snow out, so they can drive in the lane, instead of going around through the field.

Mike has been saying that he thought this cold spell is a record low for us here. I looked through my records back to 1969, and found several winters that had lower temperatures. 1972 had one whole week when only one night had a low above zero. Two nights were down to a minus thirteen, and one night it was minus fifteen. One day had a high of minus three.

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3rd

It turned warm last night. It was thirty-seven when I got up. There was no precipitation.

For something to do that would give me some kind of a challenge, I opened up the receiver to see if I could overcome the trouble when switching to the higher bands.

This trouble has plagued the set ever since I got it. A two-way-slide switch seemed to be at fault. I had to remove it from the chassis to check it out. After taking it apart and cleaning the contacts, it still worked only intermittently.

I took it apart and tried various things to make it work. I had no success. I searched the junk box for a replacement switch. I couldn't find any. However, I had about one dozen slide switches the exact same size, but built for on and off only.

Since as best I could figure, it was the terminal part of the switch that was at fault, I decided to try to remove the terminal from one switch and attach it to another one, making it a single pole double throw switch. All the switches had a place to fit the extra terminal.

The first try at removing one, broke the terminal. On the next one I broke out the insulation around the terminal, thus freeing it intact. Then I carefully bent the crimped-over part out to a straight condition so that it could be inserted into the place prepared for it. It couldn't be just pushed into the slots,

but required holding the insulator on an anvil in such a manner that the terminal could be lightly tapped with a hammer.

I managed to get it into place, then crimped the short end down to hold it firmly in place. After putting the switch together, the first test with the ohmmeter gave the same results as before. I tightened the lugs that held the switch together and tried again. Now it worked all right.

I installed the switch with only one screw, because I lost the other one. I even swept the floor around the bench looking for it. Then soldered the wires to their respective terminals.

I turned on the power, and found that I could switch to the higher bands without any trouble.

I put the housing back on, and cleaned the top of the bench. I picked up the ohmmeter with the intention of hanging it onto the steel wall of the quonset by the magnet I had glued to the meter. I happened to glance at the magnet, and saw the lost screw standing on the magnet.

The temperature got up to thirty-nine. We let the fire go out, and didn't build another one until five-thirty.

I took a short hike down the hill after the sun had gone down behind the ridge. It was turning colder then, but I needed only a jacket.

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I cooked some macaroni and cheese this evening. It is one of Mike's favorite dishes, but he doesn't eat much of it because of his diabetes.

Yesterday I made contact with Ellis on the Oregon Emergency Net. I moved off frequency to call him, and found a clear spot near the top of the band, but apparently he couldn't find me. I went back to the net to see if he might have gone back down. He was there, and he said, "Call me up four K.Ces."

We were able to get together, but his signal was in the noise so I couldn't copy very well.

He said that his brother-in-law had had open-heart surgery, and was going back into the hospital for another operation Friday.

Later AZD contacted me saying that I had missed the part about the operation on Friday. Then Vern made contact asking if the brother-in-law's name was-- he gave me a name, but I don't remember what it was. Since the name was unfamiliar to me, I told him that I didn't know, but I thought one brother-in-law's name was Abracronby.

I assumed that Ellis was talking about a brother-in-law in Arizona, and the way my memory about names goes, the name escaped me.

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So with the poor reception from Ellis and the other contacts, each adding to the confusion, I began to wonder how badly my thinking apparatus was functioning.

The next morning I contacted Verne on the Oregon Emergency Net and we moved down frequency for a discussion on just who had the heart attack.

The result was that my thought that Ellis was talking about his brother-in-law in Arizona was right. Verne knew Pat, Ellis' sister and her husband, Walt. Their home is in Eugene, but they go to Arizona every winter. Verne tried to call Iris, Ellis' sister in Harrisburg, but her line was busy. He tried several times, then gave up.

He then called K7EXI, who makes a lot of phone patches between Iris and Ellis. EXI said that she had talked with Ellis on twenty meters the day before. The good reception on that band was missing, and she didn't know if Walt had a heart attack or a stroke.

5th

The high yesterday was forty-seven. There was considerable wind, so the snow and ice on the road melted rapidly. Where the wheel tracks were filled with packed snow and ice it was slow to disappear.

The low last night was forty, but early in the morning, before daylight, it was up to fifty. By noon it was fifty-two. In the wheel tracks the ice is still hanging on. The frost is coming up out of the ground helping to keep the ice from melting.

It will probably take another forty-eight hours of this kind of weather to thaw out the ground. By then it will be colder, and there could be new snow.

Mike is dragging in more sagebrush, even though the ground is wet and soggy with mud.

Yesterday I walked down for the mail. I didn't jog, because I thought I should take it a little easier. My heart has been, seemingly, missing every other beat at times, when I am resting. When I would feel my pulse, I could count only thirty beats a minute, even when standing.

I felt heavy beats in my chest. That is why I started checking my pulse. I guess it doesn't do any harm, although, at times I feel uncomfortable.

Now at two o'clock I am cooking some Red Snapper. I put it in a pot still frozen, started cooking it in the oven at four-hundred degrees. When it thawed out, I added chopped garlic, horseradish, and salt and pepper. I turned the temperature down to three-fifty. I took it out of the oven at three o'clock. It doesn't taste too bad.

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The twenty-meter band was in good shape this afternoon. I listened in on several QSO's. One man told about his experience with the TS930 S. He said it worked fine, and he liked the automatic tuning, but the power supply didn't last very long. He took one look at it, and saw that it was poorly built, so shipped the rig back, and told them to keep it.

I've heard several hams say that they like the rig very much. Wally says he doesn't like one control that has three knobs in one, but he can put up with it because of all the other good features.

A letter came from Myron and Nancy came yesterday. They had a nice Christmas at their folk's place. He says the twenty-meter band is good in the daytime, but goes out in the evening. He was going to look for me at two o'clock our time Sunday at 21.1 to 21.2. That would have been the second of January, 1983.

6th

The high today was forty-nine, four degrees cooler than yesterday. There were strong winds blowing all day. Around six it started raining, and continued until eight o'clock. Then the wind died down.

I hiked down for the mail after one o'clock. I wore one jacket under the rain jacket. I wasn't a bit too warm going down, although I jogged most of the way. The road was still soggy and soft.

As I started down the hill below the gate, I saw a pickup coming from the Andrews direction. It slowed as it neared the mailbox. I wondered if someone was planning to drive up our road. I hoped it wouldn't, because the wheels would make ruts in some places.

I thought it looked like Beryl's pickup, and I was sure when he drove toward me. He stopped before he got to the steep part of the road. He got out as I approached.

We greeted each other. He asked how the road was. He would give me a ride back if it wasn't too bad. I told him it was soft in some places, because the frost was coming out of the ground. I thanked him for the offer of the ride up. He said he drove up this way just to be going somewhere. Thought he would take a bath at the hot springs.

He backed out onto the county road, and drove across the cattle guard over to the hot springs.

I got the mail, and came up the hill. I took the rain jacket off on the first steep grade. I could feel the cold, and was tempted to put it back on to keep out the wind.

8th

From the way I have been feeling:- a slight headache, irregular heart beat, and lack of ambition, I decided to quit eating so much. I would cut down on rich foods, and lay off the liquids. I figured I had been drinking too much water.

It seemed that to overcome discomfort, I had been searching for a food that would make me feel better, also I would drink water or weak coffee when I really had no need for it.

This morning I did not eat breakfast until ten o'clock. I had one egg, one slice of bread, and one prune. I then took a short walk down the road. It was a short walk, because I intended to walk down for the mail later on, and that would be enough exercise for the day.

After I got back a snow storm seemed imminent. It started snowing, and there were no breaks in the clouds the way it would be if it was just a shower. A strong wind was blowing.

I decided to drive down for the mail, not wanting to be out in such a storm. There were some soft spots in the road, so I made a few more ruts in the wheel tracks.

The snow shower lasted about an hour. There was four-hundredths of an inch of precipitation. The snow soon melted, and by night the road was drier than in the morning.

Later in the evening I began to feel the good effects of the dieting, and the exercise. The disagreeable light headache, and the bodily discomfort were gone. I felt fine.

9th

I got up this morning feeling my old self. I took a walk down the hill before breakfast. A small bowl of oatmeal, one

prune, and a slice of toast at nine-thirty kept me from being famished.

We plan to go to Burns in the morning, if the weather is all right. We made sure the tanks were full of gas. We found the right front tire with forty-two pounds. Six pounds less than the left one. I got the compressor out, but it wouldn't run because of the cold. I brought inside to warm it up. I will put air in the tire in the morning. The other tires are all right.

12th

On the tenth my antenna was cutting in and out. I went up and lowered it, checking the connections to the dipole, and securing them better. When I raised the antenna back up the rope broke. Now there was no rope in the pulley, and the only way to replace the rope was to let the mast down.

Later I used the binoculars to get a good look at the pulley. I saw that it might be possible to flip the rope to line it up into the groove of the pulley. A few tries and it was lined up.

Some people from Burns Junction showed up. They were in hopes of getting a look at some mountain sheep, but did not want to walk up Pike Creek to see them.

With the antenna back up, I started tuning the transmitter with the standing-wave meter in the line. There was not a strong enough signal to make a definite reading. One of the rectifier tubes was dead. I found two tubes that matched each other, but still there wasn't enough signal for a tuneup.

A third rectifier tube that is in the audio power supply, and supplies voltage to the regulator tube for the one-hundred and fifty volts to the oscillator and multiplier tubes, had very low emission.

There were no replacements around. I took one of the tubes that work in parallel, and used it. Now there was not enough current available in the high-voltage section to run the finals, except in the tune position. The regulator tube was all right.

15th

Now, with only one rectifier in the high voltage circuit, I can transmit only in the tune position. Otherwise there is too much loading on the one tube.

I made a connection to the antenna, and put coax fittings on the cable and the box. This makes a good positive connection that is not apt to be broken in the wind.

I called George this morning. He is planning to come up here Monday, depending on the weather. He wants to get up here before he goes to Florida in February.

Morrie died, and Betty sold all his equipment for \$600. He had put about \$3,000 into it.

19th

I rained during the night, and started snowing around five. It was a very wet snow that drifted only a small amount in the strong wind.

The low last night was thirty, and it hung onto that temperature until late in the morning. The high today was thirty-nine.

I managed to write a letter to Dorothy, and one to Myron and Nancy.

Mike said he would drive the small pickup down for the mail. I figured the road would be wet, and even have some snow on it. Mike had walked out to the point to take a look, and said that he could see no snow and it didn't look wet. I thought he should take the big pickup.

When he left the wind was blowing hard and driving the heavy snow ahead of it.

The storm got worse. I hoped that he had changed his mind when he got to the point, and decided to use the big pickup. I walked out to the point, and saw that the little pickup was still there.

I jogged down to the foot of the first steep grade, and walked up against the wind and snow. At the top, I stood for some

time watching for him to appear at the lower end of the lower draw. It seemed a long time before he came into view. It was difficult to make out the pickup through the snow. It was noticeable only because it was moving. Now I was sure he would make it to the top.

Tonight I spent a considerable time listening to hams on the radio. Their talk follows two patterns:- In one they talk about their rigs. In the other they talk back and forth in short phrases. The latter is made possible with the use of vox. There is no such thing as "over" , or "now I'll turn it to Bill." Now it goes like this:- "I never heard George with such a weak signal." "That's his new rig." "Send it back." "What did he say?" There is nothing wrong with George's signal. They are ribbing him because his new rig cost a pile.

Well, anyway, I have lost interest in making new contacts with hams.

21st

Today I called the 800 number for the Radio Outlet store. The TS 930S is on sale for \$1550. The price is lower than I expected. The microphone is \$75 extra. I asked about the impedance of the coax needed. It is fifty ohms. I would have to buy a new coax, or find some way to use the 75 ohm I have now.

Yesterday my lowers got broken square in the middle. The last time they had broken, I went down to George's so that I could have them repaired at Campbell's in Sacramento. I had expected that the doctor would make a new lower plate.

I did not have to wait long to see him. He took the broken pieces, and said to come back in a couple of hours. When I saw him again, he had the plate ready. It fit fine. The cost was only \$25.

Now I could picture myself making another trip, but when would it be possible?

I took the Crazy Glue out of the refrigerator. I sat at the table making dry runs at holding the two halves together, and lined up at the right angle. I knew there would be no time to change the alignment once they made contact with the glue on them. After several tries, I thought I had the knack as good as possible.

I put some glue on the broken surface of each half, then slid them together. As they touched they seemed to pull together into the proper alignment. I held them in that position for several minutes not being sure that the glue would stick instantly on this type of material.

When I let go, they didn't fall apart. I waited several hours before trying them out. They fit fine, and I used Fixodent

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to hold them firm while I ate breakfast. They are as good as new. Hurrah, for the Japanese! They came out with the Crazy Glue.

28th

Tuesday I called the Oreogon Ham sales for information on the TS-930 S. They had no information on hand, but would have it in a few days.

I ordered tubes for the rig. The list price for the set, not including the 6146's, was \$173. They would let me have them for \$99.55, a reduction of forty-two percent. They would ship them as soon as my check arrived. Postage and insurance was \$2.50, and \$3.00 was extra.

I had the check ready to go north with Martin on his return trip Wednesday evening. It will lay over in Princeton, going to Burns Thursday. It will probably reach Albany, and be delivered to the store Monday. The tubes may be here next Friday.

Monday Tod called from the Alvord Ranch. The refrigerator had quit again. I went down to put gas into it. When I plugged in the compressor, it wouldn't start. I figured that a contact switch wasn't coming back on, or there might be an open spot in the wiring. I didn't have my ohmmeter with me. I told Tod that I would come back the next day with one.

On my way I began to realize that the system for cut-out, and cut-in was unlike most refrigerators. Instead of a tempera-

ture-controlled thermostat it used a pressure-controlled thermostat. It was obvious that the pressure was below the cut-in range.

The next morning I went down, and added gas to the low side before even plugging in the compressor. I heard the thermostat click. When I plugged in the compressor, it started all right.

I added gas a little at a time. When the evaporator coil began to show moisture at the lower end, I decided not to put in any more gas. I was leery of putting in too much and having to let some out. The supply in the bottle was getting low, anyway.

Tod put a glass of water into the refrigerator to check if it would freeze over night.

The next morning I called. She said that the refrigerator was cold, but the water did not freeze. It seemed to be running all right.

In the afternoon she called and said that it was running steady, and was getting hot. I told her I would be down in the morning.

This time I added gas at closer intervals, watching the pressure go up to thirty-two pounds, then leaving it run, the pressure went down, after a while, to eighteen pounds. Ice was forming on the coil near the exit from the box.

With the extra gas the compressor was not quite so noisy, and bubbles in the sight glass were not quite so numerous. Still I wasn't satisfied that there was enough gas in the system. I gave it one more good dose. It sounded better, and there were still less bubbles.

The pressure was down to sixteen pounds. With it that low, it should cut out. I turned the control counter clockwise to the stop. At that point it did cut out. I turned the control back slightly so that there would be some room for further adjusting.

The compressor remained off for about three minutes. It had no difficulty in starting so the pressure differential between the high and low sides must not have been too great.

Now frost appeared on the coil right down to the service valve. I was worried that I might have to let out too much gas. I was of the opinion, though, that this frosting was caused by an accumulation of liquid freon at a low place in the suction line. Almost immediately it began defrosting back to the box.

I decided it was time to close the service valve, and let the system cycle. Before I got all my tools together, it cut out, then started in about three minutes. I was in hopes that it would stay off longer as time passed.

I said goodbye to Tod, saying, "Watch to see if it gets too cold."

The next morning I called her around ten o'clock. She said that it was cycling fine and was not too cold, just about right. It was staying off longer when it cycled than it did the night before.

29th

Thursday afternoon Stella called. She was getting very poor reception on the TV , and wanted to know much I would charge to come down and look at her antenna. I hadn't looked at it in several years.

I didn't like the idea of charging anything, and yet I had been out some cash of my own in putting in the cable, besides time and the cost of gas going and coming. I didn't say a thing about charging, because I couldn't decide on what would be fair. I told her I would be down the next morning.

Mike said he would go with me. The big ladder would be hard to handle by one person. We had to nail two-bys to it for braces since the TV mast would not support the ladder.

Yesterday turned out to be a better day than we expected. There was no snow or rain, and not much wind. It was after ten when we arrived. I stopped near the gate. Although it is possible to drive around the side of the hill right to the antenna, I remembered the flat tire we had Thursday morning, I felt safer keeping off that rough-rocky hillside.

Jim was out for a walk, and seeing us, he came slowly up the road. He was recovering from a severe operation. He said, "You can drive up to the antenna if you go around the back side." I knew that, of course, because we had driven up that way several times before.

I said, "Well, we will just carry the ladder and tools up."

Mike said, "Shall we go up and take a look before we take the ladder up?"

I said, "Well, we might just as well carry the ladder up now."

At the antenna a quick inspection showed what the main trouble was. The rope that held the antenna oriented toward the translator was broken, and the antenna was pointing toward the left of the right direction.

A minor trouble was that half of one element was broken off. Mrs. Holloway had been up there Thursday and found the broken half, and brought it down to the house.

Now we saw that there was no need for the ladder. We unfastened one guy wire, and let the antenna down. Two pieces of two-by-sixes nailed together with one nail through them at one end forming an adjustable prop, was lying handy. We put it under the mast to keep the elements from resting on the ground. The prop was one we used several years ago when we last worked on the antenna.

We had expected to see much more damage from the wind over the years. The plastic fixture that had held the element had broken. That and the broken rope was the only damage.

We went down to the house to take a look at the broken element. The piece of plastic that had broken off was not with it.

I went back up the hill, and looked around over the ground, and in clumps of sagebrush on the chance I would see it, but without much hope. Finally I saw it half buried in the dirt under the branches of a sagebrush. The bright orange color helped to attract my attention. It was a small piece with not much showing out of the dirt.

We decided that Crazy Glue might hold it in place.

We went back up and raised the antenna. We attached a new rope to hold it oriented toward the antenna.

Back at the house Stella had a lunch nearly ready. I turned on the TV set. The channels were not properly tuned. Seven was on twelve, but not coming in good. I turned the selector to thirteen, and turned the fine-tuning knob a long way in one direction until seven came in quite good. I then tuned the other channels. Channel two on eleven where it should be, and six on nine.

I could get a picture and sound on all three.

Jim said that seven came in as good as it ever did, or maybe even better.

Lunch consisted of, clam chowder, rice, a macaroni dish, a mixture of corn and peas, canned peaches, and cake.

We did not stay long after lunch. Stella wrote out a check for twenty dollars.

30th

Yesterday morning it started snowing around five o'clock. By ten o'clock there was about one and a half inches of snow on the ground. We thought that there would be a major storm, but there was no more snow.

I called Stella to find out how much snow there was down there. There was over two inches at the time. She wondered if we would be down. I told her that the Crazy Glue couldn't be used at temperatures below fifty degrees. We would have to wait for warmer weather.

I called Dora. She had been over at Pat's when we stopped at her place to leave the squash, one whole one, and a package with half a squash cut into pieces. She said she would cook the cut up squash right away. What she didn't eat, she would put in the freezer, and make squash pie later.

Beryl Hair was up Friday morning, and stayed until we were ready to go to Stella's. Carl and Lavina Hair had gone to Burns, their usual trip on Friday's.

Beryl pulled his traps last week. He wasn't catching anything anyway. Bill Stolz shot one last week and gave it to Beryl to skin. He thought it would bring thirty-five dollars. I thought it wasn't enough for the trouble.

George called yesterday morning before I got over here. Mike was talking with him when I arrived. He didn't say anything more about our grand nephew, Lee, coming up in February.

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6th

Last Monday the box of tubes from Oregon Ham Sales came in the mail. They were not much help in the operation of the transmitter.

Friday I found two resistors burned out in the screen-grid circuit. The nearest replacement I could find was a one-hundred and twenty ohm resistor for the one-hundred-ohm resistor required.

They improved the output only slightly. The output on the Matchmaster showed twenty watts. However, the plate-current meter showed one-hundred and fifty ma. The voltage on the plates is six-hundred and fifteen volts. That would give ninety watts input.

The two 6146's are on their way, and will probably be here tomorrow.

Last week Tod called, saying that the refrigerator was warm, and the compressor ran all the time.

I went down and put in about the right amount of gas, as far as I could tell. It seemed to be cycling good when I left. However, in a couple of days Tod called. The thing was warm again, and running steady.

I thought that maybe I hadn't gotten as much in as I had figured. This time I made sure the frost came down below the box.

In a few days it was on the Fritz again. It was nearly out of gas. I thought that maybe I hadn't gotten the plug in tight enough at the service valve. Getting a pan of soapy water, I tested the plug. There was no leak. Some of the soapy splashed onto the fitting where the gas returns to the low side, bubbles appeared, showing a husky leak.

I told Tod that I would come back the next day with some teflon ribbon, and the vacuum pump. I would have to let all the gas out, remove the fitting, apply the teflon ribbon to the threads and replace it, or a new fitting might be needed.

She said that Ed would be home the next day. That was good, because he could get the fitting if it was needed.

In the morning I called to see if Ed would be around. He would be around, but he would probably get up late because he got home late the night before.

Mike helped me load the pump into the truck. Tod was alone in the kitchen when I got there. She wanted to know if she should call Ed. I said, "No. I'll let the gas out first."

With the gas out, I tried to remove the fitting. Two wrenches were needed, because there was an adapter between the service valve and the fitting. It was the adapter that was leaking. It turned slightly when I tried to remove the flare fitting. I did not have the strength to budge it. Loni had come in and was going back to the house. Tod said to her, "Tell Ed he is needed."

When Ed came in, I told him the trouble. He got down and tried without success. Jim Stolz came in, and was standing as close to Ed as I was. Ed said, "Jim, get hold of this wrench and pull while I hold the other one."

I thought he meant me, and moved to comply. Ed said, "I mean Jim Stolz." Stolz was already moving, so I got out of the way.

There wasn't much room for two to work. Jim could use only one arm. For a while it looked like they wouldn't be able to make it. Finally Jim gave an extra hard pull, and it broke loose. He said, "We didn't pull hard enough."

Ed removed the adapter. An examination of the threads showed them to be in poor condition. Jim said, "It looks like they have been started cross threaded at one time."

He thought he might have another one in the shop. We spent nearly an hour looking through his collection of fittings, which he said belonged to his father.

Finally Ed suggested that we try the old fitting with teflon tape. I wound a layer of tape onto the threads. Ed started it into the service valve. He said, "I turned it quite a ways, so it must not be cross threaded." He tightened it with the wrench.

I began putting in gas, but there was only enough in the container to bring the pressure up to sixteen pounds.

7th

I baked an apple pie Saturday. After peeling and coring the apples, I put them on the stove to warm up before putting them in the pie, adding the sugar, flour, and seasoning. I left them on longer than I intended to, so they were pretty well cooked when I dumped them into the pie crust.

It took the pie only about twenty-five minutes to bake. The precooking certainly speeded up the baking, but I think the would be better if the apples weren't precooked quite so much.

The 6146's came in the mail this afternoon. I have them installed and the transmitter in operation. At 3.9 mcs, the output is above maximum, so the loading has to be tuned, but at 3.990 mcs. the loading only gets to 200 ma., somewhat less than the 300 ma. called for at maximum loading.

I will check into the Oregon Emergency Net in the morning, then I will pull out the chassis, and see what I can do about retuning the multipliers for eighty meters. I'll cut a forty meter antenna, and try tuning the multipliers for that band.

9th

The higher frequencies would not tune up in the multiplier section. To find out where the signals are lost I would need to go through the stages with a signal tracer.

The eighty-meter band works quite well, but is lower in power than normal. The plate current reaches only two-hundred ma. it should go up to at least three-hundred ma.

Yesterday morning I checked into the weather net. I did not have the rig ready to check into the Oregon Emergency Net.

This morning I heard Ellis mobile near Lakeview. Verne was net control, and relayed to me some of what Ellis said.

Tonight I contacted Ellis at home. He had a lot of work to do to get the place shipshape. There was about a foot of snow on his roof. He had a huge sack of mail waiting for him at the Post Office.

There is about a foot of snow on the ground here.

I wrote a letter to Margaret, and one to the Oregon Ham Sales with a check for the tubes.

10th

It rained during the night, then turned colder, and this morning there was ice all over the paths. The low last night was thirty-five, and the high today was forty-five.

I walked down to the head of the lower draw, and back. It took me forty-five minutes. At the draw there was very little snow left, whereas up here there was about two inches of icy snow.

I washed out eight pairs of pants. They were nearly dry when I took them off the line just as it was starting to rain lightly.

I checked into the weather net when they called Andrews.

In tuning up the transmitter, I found that it doesn't work as it is supposed to. You are supposed to adjust the amplifier tuning for a dip in the current, then set the exciter current for twenty-five ma., and load the plates to three-hundred ma. However, when I dipped the plate current, then set the exciter current and rechecked the plate current and dipped it again, the exciter current would change. The loading would also change the exciter and the dip.

I got out the one hundred-fifty watt lamp and used it as a dummy load. Thus I could tune the transmitter to the brightest condition of the light. I found that the greatest power output came when the dip control was set slightly above the lowest point of the dip.

Tuning up with the dummy load seems to work all right. There is no need to retune on the antenna load.

When I tuned up for the Beaver State Net, I was able to get the full three-hundred ma. load, and Claire said I had a good signal tonight.

I could get only one-hundred and fifty ma, when tuning for the Oregon Emergency Net on the antenna, and two-hundred ma. on the dummy load. It looks like I will have to do some more experimenting to see if I can get as much power out on the dummy load at any frequency on the dial.

As to the refrigerator at the Alvord Ranch, they got six cans of R12 at the auto parts place in Burns, and the next day I filled the system. The frost line came nearly down to the service valve. I hope it doesn't lose any more gas.

13th

Friday Loni called. The refrigerator was getting warm again. I went down and found that it was low on refrigerant. I told Ed about using carbon dioxide gas to check for leaks. Since Jim was going to a basketball game at Crane, Ed had him stop at Burns for a bottle of CO₂.

Ed told Tod that the food in the refrigerator could be put into the walk-in cooler. She said, "The refrigeration there doesn't work. I told you that several months ago."

Ed didn't remember.

I said, "Well, let's take a look. Maybe we can put some refrigerant into it." We checked it out. The system was nearly empty. Running the compressor for some time brought no liquid into the sight glass.

I put about one and a half cans of R12 into it, which brought some liquid with bubbles into the glass, and frost at the expansion valve. Ed was watching the sight glass. Suddenly he said, "I think there is a leak at the glass. It looks like moisture at the bottom of the glass."

He got some soapy water, and applied it to the glass. Sure enough there was a leak. He tried other places with the water, but found no more leaks.

I was sure we wouldn't have enough R12 to refill the system after we let all the R12 out.

Ed said he would call Caldwell and order a Dryer, a sight glass, and some refrigerant. Jim could pick it up and bring it back with the CO/2 Saturday.

I suggested that we remove the old dryer and sight glass to check on the size we needed, and what size male-flare fitting it should have.

Before noon Saturday Ed called. Jim was back with the supplies, including a thirty-pound tank of R12.

I had all the things I needed on the truck, especially the adapter for the CO/2 bottle.

14th

There had been a little snow and rain during the night, but it seemed to be clearing up when I got up Saturday. By the time I was ready to leave, there was about one inch of wet snow on the ground. Going down the hill I found the wheel tracks full of water and wet snow. The road was soft as I started down. At the turn it was slightly slippery. I thought that if it was as bad on the way back, I might not make it to the top. I thought, "Maybe it was a mistake to go."

It was raining at the county road, and at the ranch. I had just unloaded the compressor as Nick came running up, saying, "I saw you unloading that, but couldn't get down here in time to help you. You should have given me a shout."

"That's all right. It's good for me to lift things."

After I had the CO₂ ready to put into the system of the refrigerator, Nick was there to help move it away from the wall. While I was feeding the gas in, he checked for leaks in the back. He said, "I can hear gas escaping, but I cant locate where it is." Finally he came around the cabinet.

"Oh! It's over here."

Then I noticed the leak myself as I moved my hands over the fitting on the gas bottle. I hadn't tightened them up. So once again I was reminded that I could not hear in the higher range of sounds, as where air is escaping from a small hole in a tire. This deficiency in hearing probably make it difficult for me to catch the ham calls on the air. Others have the same problem, and it is the custom to use phonetics when call letters are hard to catch.

We tightened the fittings, and again checked for leaks. We could find none, and went over all the connections several times. I concentrated on the one that had been leaking before. I jarred the tube at the connection, then bubbles appeared at the flange fitting.

15th

Yesterday Clarence called. He, Lee, and Lee's wife Gene would be here late in the afternoon today. He would call us when he got to Fields.

I doubted that he could drive all the way up here, because of the deep ruts I had made. I was sure his little car would high center.

I told him that I would meet them at the mailbox with the truck and bring them up here.

He was worried about leaving the car down there. He said, "Where will I leave the car.?"

I said, "Down by the mailbox."

"Would it be safe there?"

"Oh, yes. Sometimes people will leave a car there for a month." Of course where he lives it would be unthinkable to leave a car in such a place.

Later George called. He had just gotten home from Sam's. He left Susie with Ethel. When I told him that Clarence was driving up in one day, he said he would call Clarence, and warn him about the muddy road here, and that he should probably stop over in Winnemucca, because it would be after dark by the time they got here. I'll call you in the morning to let you know what they will do.

But he called again last night. They were still figuring to come up in one day.

Mike and I got the place shipshape today. I baked bread, and made two pumpkin pies.

18th

About one-thirty Clarence called from Reno. It was taking them longer than they had figured. Lee was checking places to set up broker boards, so they were making quite a few stops. They would stay in Winnemucca over night, and come up here the next morning. Clarence would call us at Fields.

This gave us more time to prepare for their arrival. The bread and pies would be done by four o'clock, and I doubted that they could have gotten here before five at best, anyway.

The next morning he called from Fields around eight o'clock. He said they were driving slow on account of the rough road. He thought it would take him forty minutes to drive to our mailbox. "We'll be there around eight-forty, so don't rush down the hill. I don't want you to be waiting for us."

I planned to be down there sooner, because I was sure it wouldn't take him forty minutes. I don't remember what time it was when I drove up beside his car. They were waiting for me. Clarence introduced us. Lee was stocky built rather than the slender fellow I had pictured him to be.

I didn't have any preconceived picture of Gene. Apparently she has no trouble with weight control, because I never heard her complain about trying to stay on a diet.

I was disappointed to see all three of them smoking. Later I told Gene how I felt. I said, "At least you look like you ought to know better."

She said, "I've tried to quit, but could never make it."

We all got into the cab. I wondered about seating four in it. There seemed to be plenty of room.

I drove straight in, instead of turning around and backing in, then stopped at the ditch so they could get out on the concrete. There wasn't much to bring into the dugout. All we brought from the car were some groceries. They would be leaving early in the morning. Drive to Winnemucca where they would stay overnight again.

Clarence had purchased the kind of groceries he figured we would not have on hand. Grapefruit and oranges, bananas, doughnuts, a loaf of white bread, a loaf of wheat bread, some sliced cheese, a jar of coffee, and a small can of baked ham.

As noon approached, I said to Gene, "I've some steaks in the freezer. We can fry them."

Clarence said, "Oh, no. You keep the steaks. We can always get them in a restaurant. We'll open the can of ham, and have ham and cheese sandwiches."

We gave them the usual grand tour. They asked questions, and took pictures.

Lee said that he had been wanting to see us for years. When they were planning this trip which was partly a business trip, he told Clarence, "I wish there was a way I could make a trip up to that place."

Clarence said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take two weeks off and drive you up."

The weather was a problem, because it seemed like storms were predicted for almost every day. Actually it was good that they stopped in Winnemucca one night. That gave the road time to almost dry out.

Today turned out to be warm and sunny. Lee kept looking up at the mine, and suggesting to Gene that they take a walk up there. Gene thought they should eat lunch after they got back. She said, "You're not supposed to exercise on a full stomach."

They were anticipating that walking up to the mine would be a hard workout. Of course, Clarence warned them about the high altitude that they weren't used to.

I saw that they were in earnest about going, so I put on the little wool shirt over my other shirt, in lieu of a jacket. I thought the jacket would be too warm. The wool shirt would be cool at first, but warm enough after we started climbing. Lee was glad that I was going with them.

We took over an hour going up, stopping frequently. Lee was somewhat overweight, and he smoked, and he's not used to the altitude, so he needed a breather every once in a while. Gene seemed to be doing better.

It was a fine day. Lee said, "What a perfect day!"

He took pictures and asked questions about the desert, about the mine etc.

I think we spent about two hours on the trip. When we got back, I took the ham out of the oven. I put it in before we left, and wasn't worried that it would burn, because I knew the oven wouldn't get very hot.

Mike sliced some slices off the bread I had made. Gene made a ham and cheese sandwich for herself, then Lee made one, then Clarence made one with half a slice of bread. I made one with half a slice.

When Gene was half way through her sandwich, she said, "mmm. That's good bread."

Lee said, "It sure is. I'm going to have another sandwich."

Clarence had another half sandwich.

Of course, they all had coffee. I said, "How about some pumpkin pie?"

Lee said, "You bet." with enthusiasm.

I cut a regular size piece for him. Gene wanted a small piece, also Clarence. I cut one for myself, not too big.

Lee said, "I like pumpkin pie, but it gives me indigestion.

Gene said, "That's good pumpkin pie. It isn't overloaded with spices."

Lee said, "That pie is too good. I'm going to have another piece. Shoot the indigestion to me."

Clarence and Gene came back for another helping.

I would have given the other pie to take home with them if I could have gotten it out of the glass-pie pan in one piece.

Clarence did not refuse the loaf of whole-wheat bread. He said, "I'll bring it home for Betty."

I drove them down to the car around four-thirty. After they were all in the car, and we were saying our goodbyes. I said, "Tell Betty hello for me."

Clarence said something that I didn't catch, then I heard him say, "You sure write a super letter." I knew he was revering to my last letter in which I told about Fred's curls, and the Jim Crow.

At the time we were leaving for the mine, Carl Thomas arrived on his bike. I introduced him. His name was the same as Rea's, but no relation. Later when I got back from the mine, Mike told me that Carl wanted us to phone Oma that he had gotten out here all right. Oma was taking care of her mother, and we didn't have her mother's phone number.

20th

Friday's mail had no brochure of the TS930-S.

The power was off for eleven and a half hours Friday. After dark we were reading and writing by candle light.

I was planning to sleep over here, because the power was not back by ten-thirty, and my bed would be pretty cold without the electric blanket. Soon after ten-thirty the power came on. Mike was in bed. Now he got up, turned off the light in his office, and put fresh water in his percolator.

I stayed here for another hour to make sure my bed would be warm.

During the night I reached over to turn up the control on the electric blanket, because the bed felt a little cool. I didn't hear the switch click. I wondered why, then noticed the indicator light didn't show. I was slow in comprehending that the power was off again. Later I began to think that I should put on some underwear. However, I went to sleep and woke up when the light came on.

Saturday morning the phone was out of order.

Around ten-thirty Nolan, Nick, Mike and another fellow showed up from the Alvord Ranch. They had tried to phone, but all they got was a busy signal.

20th

Nick said that the refrigerator was running hot again, and the motor for the compressor to the walk-in locker wouldn't run. Apparently, when the power was off, some current past through the motor heating it up. Since there wasn't enough current to make it run, it overheated.

The power being off had nothing to do with the refrigerator.

I went down with all the tools necessary to service the refrigerator. I found that there wasn't even enough gas on the low side to keep the compressor running. It would start and then stop immediately.

I let out what little R2 was left in, and charged the system to two-hundred pounds of CO₂. I could find no leaks below the cabinet. Removing both the lower and upper panels to the evaporator, I inspected for leaks. I could hear gas going through the expansion valve, indicating a leak on the low side. I applied soapy water to all the joints, even the soldered ones. No bubbles showed.

Tod is on vacation. Two young women came in, and started doing some cooking. I asked if either of them could hear a high pitched sound like air escaping. They seemed little baffled as to why I should ask.

I said, "Maybe you could hear the leak in this cabinet."

One of them came over and stuck her head into the cabinet. I said, "I can hear gas going through this valve." pointing at the expansion valve.

She said, "Going from the high side to the low side. I don't know much about refrigeration, but I know the fundamentals."

She listened for the sound. Then felt with her hands for escaping gas. I said, "There must be a leak somewhere in the low side."

She was able to get into a cramped place to inspect with one finger the first turn in the evaporator coil. She said, "There is a leak there. I can feel it." I was astounded, because my fingers hadn't felt a leak at that spot. She asked Mike to get a flashlight for her, so that she could see bubbles when she applied the soapy water.

The fluorescent lantern was handy, so I gave it to her. She tried to hold it above the place pointing it down. I saw that it was awkward for her to hold it with one hand while soaping the spot. I managed to hold the light for her, then she had both hands to work with.

One coating with the brush brought out big bubbles. It was strange that bubbles didn't show when I soaped that same place earlier.

She asked, "Do you think that is enough leakage?" Meaning enough to account for the sound going through the valve.

I said, "Oh yes. that should be plenty."

Now I wondered how best to overcome the leak. First I thought of brazing, because this was hard copper. I showed Mike how we would remove the coil from the cabinet.

23rd

Yesterday the little flycatcher, Says Phoebe, arrived. It seems early for him, and I will always remember the date, it being Washington's birthday.

The weather has been like spring. The high in the daytime around fifty-four, and the lows at night around thirty-five. Last night, through the microphone on the roof, I heard a frog croaking, not a deep voiced one, but a high pitched one. At first I thought my ears were playing me tricks. Tonight there is a chorus of them out there. Where these little frogs hide I do not know. I have never seen one, but their croaking is a continuous sound at night throughout the warm weather.

This afternoon a lizard scooted out of my way when I opened the door. That's another sign of spring.

The phone has been out of order since Friday noon at the time of our first power outage that day. It lasted about half an hour. The next one nine hours, and the last two hours. The phone never came back on.

I was thinking that the service man would have corrected whatever damage was done by the power line falling across the phone line by Monday morning.

Monday was the altered Washington's birthday, so nothing was done. Tuesday went by still no phone.

I contacted Ellis on the radio, and had him call the Harney County operator to report our phone out. He called information and got a number to call. On his first call to the number, it was answered by a recording which wasn't clear because of the noise. The second call was answered in Seattle. The girl then connected him to Yakima. He put me on a patch to her, and I gave her the information she needed. She said it would be taken care of right away.

I had him try again this morning using another number. He got Yakima this time. The girl said that the repairmen had tried to get up to our place, but the road was so bad they couldn't make it. They would try today with two trucks and a winch.

I thought Ellis was kidding, but he wasn't. I told him our road was in good shape. We couldn't figure what the repairmen were doing, unless they were trying to get up to the antennas on the mountain. We doubted that they get up there except with snowmobiles.

It seemed strange that Yakima would answer our calls for repair service. I got an idea. For repair service we should call

our operator.

Ellis is under a different phone company. I had him call his operator, and have her call the operator for Harney County. This he did, and got Yakima again. He asked the girl why his call for repair service went to Yakima. She said that all such calls in Washington, Oregon, and Idaho went to Yakima.

Carl Thomas was up this morning to get ten gallons of gas. He said that he saw Loni taking her kids to school.

Since the ranch cant reach me by phone, she could always drive up here, and let me know if they had the stuff for the refrigerator repair.

Mike planted lettuce and carrots in the cold frame today.

When I was talking with Ellis, Chuck broke in. He said that they have had above normal rain in the Gorge already this year.

He has a TS-130S, and is very pleased with its performance. He said that to get a low standing-wave ratio with the fifty ohm output he uses a ballun, and an antenna tuner. With the tuner he can use one antenna for all bands.

24th

Nick came up this morning to tell me that Ed had brought back from Bend some solder and soldering paste for stopping the leak in the evaporator coil.

Around ten-fifteen I went down. Ed said that the refrigerator mechanics he talked with did not know of an epoxy for plugging holes in refrigerator tubing. They recommended applying solder to the leak without pulling apart the connection.

I tried this procedure, and it seemed to work. Under pressure it did not leak.

I then drew a vacuum, running the pump about an hour. Then injected the Freon 12 into the system. The time seemed so long, I tried to hurry up the process, and got too much in, and had to let some out. When there was too much gas, there were no bubbles in the sight glass. By the time I had released enough to keep the frost line back from the service valve, bubbles were showing.

I finally left at three-forty-five. Ed asked me to stay for dinner, but I told him I had too much to do at home.

When I got back, I found the phone working. Mike was in when the repairmen called. They had been working at the little building all this time. The power outage had done a lot of damage to the equipment.

George called this evening from Florida. He had a fine trip by plane. Things were fine down there. The weather was good.

25th

It was cooler this morning, and the high only got up to forty-three.

I called Stella today. They are getting a satellite antenna. She also has a new TV set. It brings in a good signal from the antenna on the hill. I have always thought that if she had a good TV set, the antenna we put up there would deliver a good picture.

She will put the old TV into the bunkhouse so the men can watch sports. Thus she will watch other programs from the satellite reception.

I couldn't raise Dora on the phone until tonight. She was working at the store today.

She is still without heat. The switches she ordered were on their way via UPS, but got delivered to the wrong place. Dora had been at the veterinarians'. She had them call the UPS, and tell Bill that she would be at the US bank at a certain time, and he could deliver the package to her there. The message had gotten changed, so Bill left the package at the Vets while Dora was waiting at the bank.

Someone is coming down from Burns tomorrow, and will bring the package with them. The man who is supposed to install the switches will not be around until next week. It will be some time before her furnace is working. Luckily the weather has not been too cold.

John Wilson told her that he couldn't get up our hill, because the road was too slick. That is why he didn't fix our

phone. That is a strange story, because he didn't have to come up here to put our phone into operation. All the work is done at the little building by the dish antenna.

26th

I was up until midnight watching a late movie. I got up a little earlier than usual. Mike had the coolers outside ready to put into the truck. Yesterday we had talked about going to Burns today, I had decided not to go, because Dora told us that the road north was in terrible shape, and it looked like there would be stormy weather today. I thought Mike had agreed with me.

The sun was out with only a few scattered clouds. Seeing that Mike was set on going to town, I went on a high lope getting the tools cleared out of the cab, and with Mike's help putting the big box back on the pickup.

I hurriedly shaved, cooked some oatmeal for a lunch, put some coffee into the thermos bottle, checked my list, and made sure everything we needed was in the truck.

I tried to get Dora on the phone to tell Pat we were going to town. I didn't get an answer.

We left at eight-forty-five. The road as far as the Juniper Ranch wasn't bad, but from there on pot holes and ruts were plentiful, but not hazardous to negotiate.

In Burns the shopping went smoothly. I bought a pair of Nike shoes, and a set of rechargeable batteries at Radio Shack for my calculator.

We bought a good supply of groceries at Safeway's. As we were loading it into the truck, it began to snow. We still had to go to Les Schwab's for the tire-repair job.

I ate my lunch while the tire was being fixed. The man put some air pressure into the tire to find the leak. He found a puncture made by a small rock. The job cost \$5.50.

It was snowing hard when we left Les Schwab's. It was still snowing out passed Lawen. Then it didn't rain until we got to the Cold Spring Summit. Then it didn't let up until we were passed the Alvord Ranch. Before reaching the mailbox the sun was shining weakly. There was evidence that a good shower had gone through.

Some vehicles had gone up the hill after the shower, and had come back down. At the dugout we found on the table a paper towel with "John Rossberg" written on it. A plastic bag of smoked smelt lay beside it.

The rain gauge showed sixteen hundredths of an inch of precipitation in it. So things did not get very wet after all.

I called Rossberg's home. Zelda answered the phone. John was down at Stella's. I called down there. Jim put John on the phone.

I toll him that we found the fish. He asked me if I had seen the picture that Pat gets from her Satellite antenna.

I said, "No. I haven't seen it."

"You should go down there and look at it. You guys ought to get one of those things. There's a hundred channels."

I said, "We don't watch that much TV."

I figured that John was a salesman for the Satellite outfit in Burns. He was the instigator of Pat's and Stella's decision to have one. His visit up here was for the purpose of selling us one. He is a good salesman no doubt about that. However, Zelda says he doesn't get any kind of commission. He just likes to go out with the man who is selling them. He introduces the man to people John knows.

Now the cycling became closer to normal, but still did not stay on long enough. However, I added as much as one pound of R12 without the frost line coming down to the compressor. So the sensor was properly controlling the expansion valve.

10th

The compressor control switch had been set at:- cutout fifteen pounds, cut in at thirty-eight pounds. While the gauge was hooked up to the service valve we let the pressure get down to fifteen pounds. The temperature went down to twenty-eight. We figured that now we could control the temperature. But when we hooked the compressor switch in, the compressor did not start.

Ed went home for lunch.

After an hours time I disconnected the pressure switch and put on the gauge. The pressure was about twenty-four pounds.

Ed came back soon thereafter. We discussed the problem. Maybe there was too much R12 in the system. The literature described something about Super Heat. I got a slight understanding of it, but by now the pressure was reaching the point of cut in. I did let out a small amount of gas.

Ed suggested that we hook up the pressure switch, and if it was necessary to let out gas, we could loosen the fitting.

The compressor ran a short time, not long enough to bring the cabinet temperature down below fifty degrees.

It finally dawned on us that the fifteen pounds cutout setting did not mean that the pressure on the low side was fifteen pounds, but that there was a differential pressure of fifteen pounds between the cut in and the cutout.

5th

Wednesday night Ed called. He brought back from Idaho a whole new unit, compressor, condenser, evaporator, and tubing.

Thursday morning I went down early. Ed and Jim had already modified the box to accommodate the new unit. Ed and I worked all day, cutting tubing, silver soldering, and putting on flange fittings. Before dinner we had put in one charge of R12 into the system. When I shut down the compressor to see how far the pressure on the low side would go up, I was dumbfounded to see the gauge register a vacuum.

It was late, and since we were sort of stumped, I left for home. I thought of the service valve on the high side, "Maybe that has been closed all the time. I'll check it in the morning."

The next morning I got down there early, and went straight to the valve. It was closed. As soon as I opened it, the pressure on the gauge, came up to seventy pounds.

Thereafter, on two attempts to run the refrigerator, we found two leaks. One under pressure using R12, and once under one-hundred and fifty pounds of CO₂.

With all the leaks apparently behind us, we tried adjusting for cycling, and temperature. It would run one minute, and be off three minutes. The temperature in the box would fluctuate. Sometimes down to thirty-six degrees, then down to forty degrees. It would go up to forty, or fifty, nothing steady.

That meant, that if the actual pressure at cut in was thirty-eight pounds, then the actual pressure at cutout was twenty-three pounds. To lower the pressure at cutout we would need to increase the differential. First we tried twenty pounds differential. This brought the temperature in the box down below thirty-two. Next, while the compressor was running, and the temperature in the box was thirty-four, Ed turned the control enough to stop the compressor. Now the setting appeared to be right back at fifteen pounds.

Now it looked like the system was working all right. The temperature of the box could be controlled. I said, "I might just as well go home now."

Ed said, "I can do the adjusting while I'm sitting around here."

The next morning I called. Tod answered the phone, and said, "It's still hanging in there."

Sunday I went down to Dora's, and installed the new safety switches. The furnace worked all right, but the blower would not

turn off when the temperature of the furnace had cooled. Dora wouldn't keep the furnace on, because the blower causes too much cold air to circulate, which made her shoulders cold. She said, "Also the fire will not come back up again after the thermostat turns down the oil flow."

The next day I went down to see if I could do something about the anti-flood device, and the blower.

I accomplished nothing, except to find out that the schematic Dora had was not for this furnace. Also I was able to show Dora that the furnace would come on and off even if the blower did not stop. She could at least keep the rooms warm.

I doubt that she will use the furnace, but will use the small-electric heaters.

Tuesday she went to Winnemucca with Jim. She had a vertebrae in her back poked into place. Wednesday she said she felt better.

Yesterday Mike drove the big pickup down to get the mail. He didn't come back as soon as he normally would. I thought of driving the little pickup down to see if he needed help. But thought that the mail was late, or he might be talking with someone.

I cut sagebrush while waiting. I was in the dugout when he got back. I said, "Boy! You took so long I was thinking of driving down."

He said, "I sure wish you did. I ran out of gas."

I said, "The second tank was full."

"I tried it, but there was no gas in it." I asked him where he got the gas to drive up. He didn't get any gas, but walked.

We went down with a five-gallon can of gas. Put about half of it into the right-hand tank. Mike suggested we prime the carburetor. This we did, which was a mistake, because the motor was already flooded. After cranking the motor for what seemed like a long time, with the accelerator wide open, I got it going.

It was still running ragged when I started up the hill. Part way up the first steep grade, it slowed so much I stopped. The motor stopped also. Cranking again with the throttle open it started. With it still running poorly, I went part way up the next steep grade. It ran pretty good, but then slowed and quit.

Another cranking with the throttle open started it. This time it was running smoothly when I started up, and from there on it ran normally. I was astounded that it would take so long to get over the flooded state.

At the gas tank, thinking that Mike was right about being out of gas, I put the nozzle into the left-hand tank and opened the valve. The tank was already full.

I knew what had happened. Mike had started from here with a cold engine. It was still cold when he got to the mailbox. It

stalled. Then when he tried to start it to come back up the hill, from force of habit he pumped the throttle, flooding the motor. He thought the tank was empty, and switched to the other tank. But it still would not start. He was afraid of running down the battery, so walked up the hill.

I had gotten used to the way the motor acted on cold mornings, and had put off adjusting the rear vacuum break to overcome the trouble.

11th

Yesterday morning the weather was fine. The sky was nearly clear. The temperatures in the fifties. There was no wind.

I went right to work adjusting the rear vacuum break, also the fast idle. Now there should be no trouble.

I should say that on really cold mornings the front break opens the choke the right amount in ten seconds. After one minute the rear break comes into play. It opens the choke too much, and the motor dies. I would compensate by holding the throttle partly open and running the motor until it got warm.

There is a heat switch in the wall of the air-cleaner canister that does not allow the rear vacuum break actuate until the temperature gets up to one-hundred degrees.

This afternoon I started the air compressor. The oil pressure came up to only twenty pounds. I shut it down, and added

three quarts which brought the level up to the low mark on the dipstick. I started the compressor again anyway. The pressure came up to fifty pounds. I ran it forty-five minutes.

The low last night was thirty-seven. A strong wind was blowing this morning, and there was no rise in the temperature.

I jogged down the hill in my new Nikes which are very comfortable. The wind was cold, but I needed the exercise.

By eleven o'clock a snow shower came up, lasting until one o'clock. Mike was sorry he didn't get out early for some exercise.

13th

There was a warm rain last night. Then another shower this morning, and one this afternoon. Between the last two showers the sun came out. The temperature got up to fifty-one.

Mike took a hike down the road. I worked on the truck, changing the gas filter, and adjusting the front vacuum break. Last week I had adjusted it to open the choke more than it had been, and it was too much, so now I set it to open a less amount.

Tomorrow morning I will find out how it works. If it was just myself starting and driving the truck it would be all right just as it is, but I want it to start without giving Mike any trouble.

There was one and one-hundredth of an inch of precipitation in the rain gauge. That brings the total for March to two and fifty-nine hundredths inches. That is ninety-four hundredths of an inch above the average for the month. There is plenty of time left to give us a record precipitation for March, since I started keeping records here. Nineteen fifty-seven was the greatest. There was two-hundred and sixty-eight hundredths of an inch.

The rectifier for the microwave oven was left at the Fields store by the UPS. Bill called to let us know it was there. I suggested to Mike that he drive down to get it in the big pickup. He grumbled, "I'd rather take the little pickup." But he agreed to take the big one.

He hasn't studied the instructions about starting the motor. I noticed his trouble. He uses the same method as with the little pickup. He doesn't think out the procedure, but relies on automatic reflexes.

Today I cut into another squash. It was in the best condition of any I've opened up lately. There were no bad spots. There wasn't much flavor, but it was sweet.

I wrote a letter to Carolee with a check for twenty-two dollars to pay for the rectifier.

14th

George called yesterday morning. He said that the weather in Florida has been colder than normal. The small heat pump doesn't keep the house warm enough to suit him.

Lois and Harry each have a three-wheel bike. George and Harry went for a ride on them yesterday. Lois was out shopping. They live in a neighborhood where there is little traffic, and the streets are level. It makes a good place for bike riding.

He has been looking for a doctor to check on his back. He spoke to Lois about finding a doctor, but she doesn't want to bother about looking for one. George thinks that since she is a nurse she would know a good doctor. She knew a doctor in Michigan who said he was so busy he could hardly squeeze George into his schedule. As it turned out the doctor is a fake, and did nothing for his back.

George had gone back to Michigan to get the same treatment on his back that Rea had. Lois talked him into going to her doctor friend which was a mistake.

I think it is a mistake for him to go down to Florida. Lois needs his help to take care of Harry. If George has an operation on his back, he thinks Lois will look after him after he gets out of the hospital. But Lois is not well, and Harry alone is too much for her.

Rea was in the hospital ten days. I don't know how long she was convalescent at home.

I called Dora yesterday morning. She said that her yard was covered with water, so I guess they had as much rain as we did.

She had been out looking after some new-born lambs. She could not get one pair of twins to nurse. Another little lamb wouldn't stay with its mother. She and Don rounded it up once, but it got out of the pen, and they couldn't find it again.

She isn't using her oil furnace, and is depending on those small electric heaters to keep the house warm. She thinks she is saving on oil. The federal government gave her two-hundred and fifty dollars for heating oil. She doesn't consider the cost of electricity, mainly because Pat will be paying for half of it.

I also called the Alvord Ranch. Tod said that the refrigerator is doing a fine job.

We had flurries of snow all day, none of it is sticking for any length of time. It is mostly a nuisance, keeping the ground wet. The low last night was thirty, and the high today was forty-three.

I fried one of the stewing chickens for six hours. It came out tender, and better than if stewed.

Mike drove the big pickup down for the mail. He does not yet have the proper starting procedure.

15th

There was a light coating of snow on the ground this morning. For the first time in several months, tracks in the snow gave evidence of a cottontail being around.

I called George to wish him a happy birthday. He seemed to have forgotten it was his birthday. He said that the weather there was horrible. There was a record rainfall. Mike was going by, so I had him talk with George. Mike said, "Happy birthday, George." After a few more words he said, "Goodbye."

Usually we talk longer, but usually I manage to call during night rates. There was no answer when I called early in the morning. Thus I had to call on the daytime rates.

17th

Tuesday Mike set up a piece of wood in the drill press to drill a hole in it. The motor wouldn't start.

I removed it from the press, brought it into the house, took it apart, applied WD-40 onto the starting switch to clean the contacts, and checked with the meter to see if it would work. The WD-40 did the job.

Finding the trouble was more complicated than the above description, but there is no need to describe the details.

Today he drilled the hole. He is making a lamp out of a knobby piece of juniper.

Yesterday Dora called. She said that the power was off in one section of her house. She had replaced the fuse for that section without results, even trying six fuses.

Late in the evening we drove down. After considerable investigation with the meter, I saw that there was juice at the fuse receptacle.

Mike had gone out to the pole, and switched the breaker off and on to check that breaker there. There was no trouble there.

We came to the conclusion that the fuses were too short. Dora found some small washer. I put them into the receptacle, then tightened a fuse into the receptacle. The power came on.

Dora gave us a loaf of banana bread. We drove home after dark.

It was a good thing we went down last evening, because there was about two inches of wet snow this morning. It had all melted by eleven o'clock, making the road sloppy. There were showers most of the day. There wasn't much precipitation, but enough to keep the road from drying out.

The other day we saw five mountain sheep below the pinnacles on this side of Indian Creek. They fed along the side of the hill for about three hours, then disappeared into the draw that goes by the place here.

18th

A little more snow last night, and a few light snow showers today gave a total precipitation of four-hundredths of an inch in the rain gauge. The ground and the road got quite wet.

Mike drive down for the mail this afternoon. When he got back up to the point, he started backing down to the dugout. He got off the gravel, and bogged down on the soft shoulder.

I was in the furnace room, and saw his difficulty. When he came into the dugout, he said nothing about getting stuck. After a while he told of how wet the road was, making the steering different from when the road was dry. I said, "You didn't have it in four-wheel drive. Did you?"

He said, "I sure did."

"Did you lock the hubs?"

"No. They were already in.", then he remembered that we had come up in two-wheel drive the last time. He said, "It wasn't in four-wheel drive then. I forgot about coming up in two-wheel drive."

I started mixing batter for whole-wheat biscuits. After looking over the mail a short time, he went outside. I expected him to go out to the truck, but he went toward the tin building. Soon, though, he came back carrying some gunny sacks. I knew that he would use them to put in front of the wheels to give them traction.

I felt that with all four wheels working, it wouldn't take him long to put the truck back onto the road. Time went by and he didn't show up. I took a look up the road, and saw that he had jacked up the rear wheels and was carrying rocks to put under them.

I thought, "It's getting to be quite a job. I'd better go out and help him." It had been my intention not to say anything at first, so as not to make him feel bad.

As I went passed the trailer house, I picked up a board that lay in front of the door. When I placed it in front of the rear wheel, he said, "That board won't hold the wheel. It will split right in two." It looked and felt solid enough to me.

While he was gone after more sagebrush, I put the board back under, got in, started the motor, and drove back onto the road.

As I was backing toward the dugout, I stopped to asked him if he wanted a ride.

He asked, "Did you put the jack into the truck?"

"No. I didn't."

He saw it lying on the bank. "There it is. Go ahead. It belongs to the little pickup."

19th

The low last night was twenty-two. It was clear and calm this morning. During the day the dry air evaporated the moisture

from the ground so fast it acted like a refrigerant making it seem colder than normal. At forty-four and the sun shining it seemed like a very cold day.

I spent considerable time hunting for a three-eighth inch coupling to hook the air compressor up to the little tank and pressure regulator. I couldn't find one.

I worked on the junction box that would enable me to switch the antenna from one transmitter to the other. When I drilled the hole for the toggle switch, I started with a small drill bit first. I thought it was a sharp bit, but it drilled so poorly, I changed my mind. I said to myself, "That bit must be awful dull." It went through the light, thin aluminum, but made a heavy burr on the other side. Then as I applied a large-dull bit for the final hole, I noticed it did not cut as well as I expected it to. Then I saw that it was turning backward. Still it had started making a hole. I reversed the motor, and finished the job with better results than with the first small hole.

During the first part of last week, I had fixed the starting switch on the motor. In the process I had put the switch in the reverse position. When Mike drilled the hole in the burl, the drill ran in reverse. We did not notice it, because then it was going down through the wood. We did think it acted strange, bringing out only dust. If he had been trying to drill hard

metal, he would have known something was wrong, and would have discovered the trouble.

After I got the junction box ready, I hooked it up to the transmitter. The switch worked fine. I transmitted through the box during the Oregon Emergency Net.

I checked the switch to see how well it put the reception to the receiver. It did all right, but if I moved the box, the reception would cut in and out like there was a loose connection somewhere. The switch checked okay. I finally found the trouble in one connector on a short piece of coax. To make sure I used another short piece of coax in its place. It worked fine, then I could concentrate on that one connector.

Now when the new transmitter comes, I can hook it up without disturbing the old transmitter and receiver.

20th

This is the second day of sunshine. The high today was forty-eight.

I found enough fittings today to get the compressor going. It took most of the morning.

Last evening Pat called to tell us that Don couldn't get the tractor started. It wouldn't even make a pop. He thought it was a valve.

After lunch we went down there. Mike drove. Don had the tractor out in a field where he had been feeding the sheep. Mike said, "He hauled that hay out there this morning."

I said, "He wasn't supposed to be able to start the tractor."

Don came out. I said, "You got it started."

"Oh. It starts all right, but it misses."

Mike checked the spark on the plugs, finding that the front one wasn't firing. There was plenty of spark. We took the plug out, and cleaned it. I say we, because we each took a turn at using the combination of sparkplug wrench and end wrench. There wasn't enough room between the plug and the gas tank to use a socket wrench handle on the sparkplug wrench.

With the clean plug back in, the engine ran smoothly for a couple of minutes, then began missing. We cleaned the plug a second time, with the same results.

Mike asked Don, "When did you change the oil last?"

"It's been a long time. The weather has been so cold."

He then said, "Pat has plenty of oil. Some guy got her several cases at a bargain."

Mike and I figured that it was the oil fouling up the plugs. It was probably a cheap oil. Don didn't remember the brand.

There wasn't anything we could do to help him. Changing the oil would most likely solve the problem.

23rd

We went to town Monday. It turned out to be a good day. We stopped at Tiller's to pick up Pat's groceries. However, as we learned later, she wasn't able to call in the order, because Dora's phone was out of order.

We did get the lamb nipples that she had asked me to get over the phone.

We came home and ate dinner before going down to Pat's with the nipples.

Don was outside ready to meet us when he saw us coming. He said, "The tractor won't start at all." He had tried to remove the condenser, and had lost a screw down inside the distributor.

He would be going to Burns Tuesday. I told him we would come down, and take off the distributor, find the screw, and at the same time check the points.

Tuesday we were unable to leave here, because we had to spend the day putting in a pipeline from the back tunnel out through the length of the quonset, and through a hole in the front wall out to the plum trees. This was for the purpose of draining the water from a spring that suddenly come up at the end of the tunnel.

24th

We have more wet weather. It snowed all morning, and until about four in the afternoon. It melted about as fast as it came down. Around two o'clock it got heavier, and when it stopped, there was one and half inches on the ground. The temperature went down below thirty-two. There is a hard-frozen crust on the paths.

Jim Leeman stopped in today.

25th

There was one and a half inches of snow on the ground this morning. It was after noon before it was all melted. A cold wind blew most of the day. It wasn't an enjoyable day to be outside.

I cleared off the desk, making it ready for the new transceiver that I think will come Wednesday.

Dora called. She said that the new switches for the furnace had arrived. Jim put them on. The blower still comes on when the furnace is cold. The oil will not flow, so I will have to go down there tomorrow.

26th

Roy Hair and his wife, Delores was up today. They wanted to see the place, having heard so much about it.

When they were ready to leave, Roy asked if we had a set of jumpers. The motor had stopped on him out at the point, and the battery wouldn't turn it over.

We checked the terminals, and found one not quite tight. We took the bolt out of the clamp, and filed the ends of the clamp,

so that it would have more room to tighten on the battery post, then we applied the jumpers, and started the motor.

After I took the jumpers off, Roy said that the ammeter showed a charging rate of thirty amps at first, then dropped back to twenty amps in a short time. It was evident that prior to getting the cable tight on the terminal, the battery wasn't being charged.

Delores had her eye on artifacts among the accessories of her old retort that Wood left there. One was a heavy iron pot with a handle, the other was a large spoked wheel. She asked, "Can have those?"

I couldn't refuse. Roy helped her carry the pot over to the pickup. Then they rolled the wheel over.

There was another large wheel still on a large blower. "Can I have that one too?"

I said, "It would be pretty hard to get off."

She said, "Probably so. Roy and I can come over next summer and work on it."

I said, "Oh, sure. Anyway, if they ever want them, we will know where they are."

When Roy drove around the power pole to head back down the hill, the rear wheels spun quite a bit in the soft gravel and mud.

After lunch we drove down to see what we could do about Don's tractor, and also to help Dora with her furnace.

The screw that Don thought fell inside the distributor was not in it. It must have fallen on the ground. The points on the distributor were in such a bad condition it is no wonder the engine had been running so poorly, and finally wouldn't run at all.

Don said that he would have Pat order new points, and also a new cap from Ontario.

At Dora's the air circulating blower still came on which it should not have done when the furnace was cold. Also no oil flowed to the burner. The furnace troubles are increasing.

31st

Yesterday the new transceiver arrived via UPS at Fields. I drove down and picked it up at ten passed three. The package weighed about fifty pounds.

At home after unpacking it and the microphone, and the instruction manual. I studied the manual, checking all the controls. I was in no hurry to plug it into the power.

Before going down to Fields, I set up set up the carbide grinding wheel with a system to let water drip onto it, and began grinding the rock bit. I spent too much time, so did not get down to Fields while Bill was still there.

March, 1983

23

Today I hooked a ground to the transceiver, and hooked the antenna coax to it. I plugged in the power and turned on the set. For the most part of the day, I worked with the receiving controls, learning how to tune in the different bands. The eight memories are useful, making it possible to bring in different stations instantly.

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5th

I used the TS-930S to check into the Beaver State Net on the first. I have been using it for all transmissions since then.

On the third, using C.W. on the eighty meter band, I contacted KK5K in Pontotoc Mississippi.

6th

I fixed Dora's toaster this morning. There was nothing wrong with it, but there was a piece of bread stuck in the starting mechanism.

Her clock with dolls in a swing for a pendulum required taking apart, and the works cleaned. It is running fine now.

I haven't done anything with the grand farther's clock. I had too many others thing to do.

I started drilling a hole at the end of one of the cracks in the windshield using water for a lubricant. Almost immediately the crack went out farther. After two more such things happening, I started another hole beyond the end of the crack using no water. Without the water the crack didn't go any farther.

13th

Mike left for Bend yesterday. He doesn't know how long it will take to get the new contact lenses. He will try the Veterans' Hospital where they gave him a better fitting than they did in Bend.

He may come back here if he has to wait long for an appointment, then make a second trip. He has plans to get quite a load of two-by-fours, barrels, and fiberglass panels.

I took the two clocks and the toaster down to Dora's Monday.

Carolee sent us a one-eighth-inch-diamond drill. I had already finished drilling the holes with the carbide bit. I tried out the diamond bit on a piece of glass, using the little-high-speed drill. It made a clean hole in a short time.

Sunday we found the water pressure low. I climbed up to the spring. A small stream of water was coming from the spring, and running down the hill. This is the first time there was an overflow of water from the spring since we put in the pipeline.

The short piece of pipe, that I had attached to a tee near the spring to allow air to enter the line, was sticking almost straight up spouting water. The plug that I had put in the end was out. I had left it lying up hill on the ground with a pile of rocks to hold it down, and conceal it from casual observation. It looked as though someone had removed the rocks, and stood the pipe up leaning slightly down hill.

There was some water leaking from the tee joint. I did not try to pull the pipeline from the tee, because I was sure I would not be able to get it back on. I figured to come up the next day with a torch and some clamps.

Monday we both climbed the mountain side. I let Mike take the lead, because my hip was lame, and I could not climb with my former speed. At the spring we uncovered the pipeline for several feet to give us a chance to separate the line from the tee. We found that there was no water going down the pipeline from there, although the line was open at that end.

We started looking for the place where the line had gotten plugged once before. Mike swore that the place was one-hundred yards down the line. I thought it was much closer to the spring.

We uncovered the line one-hundred yards down, and found that at that place there was a one-half-inch pipe, and it had no water in it. Somewhere between that spot and the spring was the stoppage. It would most likely be where the three-quarter-inch pipe was connected to the half-inch pipe. However, I still wanted to find the place that we had worked on it before.

Walking along the line, watching carefully for any sign that would indicate the place, a damp bit of ground or whatever. I found a place where a lot of grass came up in a clump. It was healthier than any other grass around. I dug down, and almost at the surface of the ground, I came upon the splice we had put in.

The line was leaking at the lower end of the connector. Not enough, though, to wet the ground to the surface. The pipe had split where it went onto the connector. We had a piece of three-

quarter inch pipe, and some clamps with us, so proceeded to re-splice the line.

Grass was growing out of the cracked line, but no roots were plugging the pipe at that point. We could see that the roots had broken off and gone on down the line to get stuck probably where the one-half inch and the three-quarter-inch lines were connected.

We uncovered the pipeline in several places. After going back and forth, digging down to the pipeline, we finally came to the place. The connector here consisted of a combination of one-half-inch-steel nipple with an adapter to the half-inch-plastic pipe. We uncovered about eight feet of the three-quarter-inch plastic pipe. I used the torch to heat the nipple while Mike pulled. Finally a little water showed on the nipple, so we knew that the plug was not above us. When the nipple came out of the pipe, water gushed out. The plug of roots were stuck at the end of the nipple. I pulled it out in a hurry, thinking it might dislodge and go on down the line. It all came out in one bunch.

Now came the struggle to put the nipple back into the three-quarter-inch pipe. With the water running through it, it was useless to try to heat the pipe. Mike could not get it back on as far as it had been. We put on a clamp, but it still leaked a little. We figured that we would have come back with a longer nipple.

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Mike started down the hill. I went back to the spring, put the plug into the pipe at the tee, laid the pipe down on the ground, and covered it with rocks. Thus I was quite a ways behind Mike on the way down. I left the shovel up there, thinking we would be back up the next day.

But it was time Mike got off to Bend, if he was to go this spring. He was reluctant to go, because there was spading that he wanted to get done. He said, "I would like to spade that place where the wheat grew last year."

I figured it was a hint that maybe I would do the spading while he was gone.

15th

Yesterday I went down and got the carburetor off Don's tractor, and cleaned it late last night.

This morning I spent most of the time cleaning, and mopping the floor.

Carl Thomas showed up just as I was ready to leave to put the carburetor back on the tractor. He went down with me. The tractor ran, but not good. I figured that the centrifugal-spark advance was not working. I told Don I would be back in a few days to check it out.

Back up here Carl and I brought the shredder up out of the garden, worked on the engine for about two hours. We finally got it started.

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Carl will be back tomorrow to haul it down to his place. He has some corn stalks to shred.

I got a letter from Myron and Nancy. He has applied for call letters for his new location. As soon as he gets it he will let me know, so we can arrange a schedule. He said that twenty meters would be the best band at seven in the evening my time.

Tonight I checked the frequency. It was dead, not a signal on it.

The twenty meter band, and those up higher are good in the daytime, and the forty and eighty are good at night.

For over a week now I have been troubled with a lame hip. I find it difficult to walk down the hill, let alone jog. I find, that if I force myself to go as fast as possible, the hip gets worse. Now I cannot get the exercise I need to keep in good shape. I'm slowed down in everything I do, even walking around inside.

I feel sure, though, that this is only temporary, and I'll be going strong soon.

Mike left here on the eleventh. It doesn't seem like he has been gone two weeks. I talked with him once last week. At that time he said he would be another week in Bend. I guess that means he might be back some time this week.

Ellis was here, and stayed overnight, sleeping in his van. Saturday morning, while we were eating breakfast, Carl drove up on his motor bike.

I'm getting ahead of things. At the time Ellis arrived, I had the new transmitter tuned to the Oregon Emergency Net, and had checked in. I put boxes in front of the transmitter hiding it from view. I turned on the old transmitter, so it appeared that I was using it.

Ellis had run into bad weather up around Juniper Lake. He had intended to camp somewhere before he got to the Alvord Ranch, but because of the rain he drove on down to the Alvord Ranch. He had dinner, then contacted me on the radio, and said that he would come on up here for the night.

Tod is no longer at the ranch. Loni is doing the cooking. Ellis said the only help he saw were the two Japanese, Jim Stolz, and Nick. He said the Ball Room was rundown badly, and the pool table was in tatters, and the room in a mess.

I asked him, "Have you noticed any difference in my signal lately?"

He said, "No. You have your usual good signal. Why? Have you done something drastic to your transmitter."

I said, "I sure have. Look, I can move the dial of the receiver without it changing frequency. It stays right on the Oregon Emergency Net."

He asked, "How come? Why does it do that?"

I said, "I'll show you why." and proceeded to remove the boxes in front of the new transmitter.

He exclaimed, "My gosh! What have we got here? That looks mighty fancy."

He asked if I had had it long, and when I said, "Since about the first of the month." He expressed amazement that I hadn't told anyone.

He said, "If I bought something like that, I would be wanting to let everybody know."

He was surprised that it took in the broadcast band, or for that matter that it had a general-coverage receiver. The memories and other methods of changing frequency were new to him. All and all he was favorably impressed with the rig, and he said that he was glad I had gone this route. "It will last you the rest of your life."

As I said before, Carl showed up while we were eating breakfast. He saw the new transceiver, and was amazed that I had kept it hidden all this time.

As to the garden:- Carl brought up his rototiller for me to use, because he had heard me remark that mine would be difficult to start. He borrowed the shredder, and brought it back the same day. All he had to shred were the corn stalks.

Over parts of several days I tilled the garden, and got most of it done. I brought up and stored it in the furnace room to keep it out of the showers that threatened every day.

I decided to go over the engine of our tiller, and try to start it. After about three hours work I got it running. It is harder to handle than Carl's. However, I have gotten some more ground tilled up. I keep it in the chicken house out of the rain and snow.

Well, Ellis and Carl left Saturday morning. Later Carl said that Ellis first went up Pike Creek, and later saw him going south passed his place.

Ellis had said that he would check into the Oregon Emergency Net that night, but I did not hear him. I wondered if he may have gotten stuck out there in the desert where he intended to ride his motor bike. I could picture him walking back to his van.

Sunday night he checked into the Oregon Emergency Net from home. It turned out that he had to walk three miles back to his van. The sparkplug on his bike broke, and he had no spare. I forgot to ask him if he pushed the bike out.

Saturday I planted tomato and squash seeds in pots.

Yesterday the weather turned colder with snow showers, and today it was colder with wind and heavier hail and snow showers. Still we had only twenty-five hundredths of an inch of pricipita-

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tion in three days. If there isn't much precipitation during the next few days, the precipitation will be a record low.

Yesterday a couple from Idaho stopped in. They walked up from the county road. Their name were, Eric Lee Mendell, and Joan Robinson.

27th

One tomato plant was up this morning. It took only four days to come up.

I hiked down to the lower draw twice yesterday, once in the morning, and once in the afternoon. I guess I overdid my hip, because I was uncomfortable most of the night. By the time I would normally have gotten up, I was resting good, so got up after eight o'clock.

It was cold yesterday with strong winds. The temperature in here was around sixty-four. I didn't realize how low my body temperature was until I went to bed. Then it took me a long time to get warm. Some situps helped.

Today I kept a fire going until two-thirty, bringing the temperature up to sixty-eight. I've had no fire since then, and the temperature is down to sixty-five.

I had a phone call from Bert Medley of the Today Show. He asked when it would be the best time to come out with his crew. I told him that July would be a good time. He said that they had a schedule to be out west in July, and might be able to come up

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here.

This afternoon I answered the phone. A woman asked if I was James Weston. When I said, "Yes." she said, "Your package from (some place) is here."

I said, "A package? What package is that?"

"The package with the contact lenses that you ordered."

I gave her the phone number in Bend where she could reach Mike. She said, "I'm sorry. I got the wrong Weston. It's Marion."

If those lenses are all right, Mike will probably be back tomorrow or Friday.

May, 1983

1

5th

Sunday a class from the Aloha Highs School in Beaverton arrived. John Scharff had written that they were coming. John couldn't come, because he was getting over a bout of pneumonia.

Mike arrived from Bend Tuesday. Yesterday we got the truck unloaded. There were some two-by-fours, a dozen sheets of fiber glass, three sheets of fiber board, a few blocks of wood, and two barrels.

Yesterday morning Dora called to tell us that Pat couldn't get the pump to start. It was late so we told her we would be down today.

It was cold and windy with light showers this morning. I called Dora to check on the condition of the pump, hoping we would not need to go down there. She said that Pat had turned on the pump this morning, and it ran all right, but she still wanted us to come down and check a switch on the pump control.

We went down, and found that there was nothing we could, because there was no indication as to what caused the breaker to throw out. If there was not an actual overload then the breaker could be faulty.

I went over to Dora's and worked on the antenna. After the wind had pulled out the nails that held the mast to the post, she had gotten some twine over one end of it, and was able align it with in the direction of the translator. It wasn't quite lined up

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2

properly, so I moved it a little. This didn't improve the reception which was quite poor.

Then I noticed that the antenna was backward. I turned it around, heading it in the right direction. This brought the picture in as good as it ever was. I drilled a large hole in the mast, and drove a large spike through it into the wooden post that supported it.

7th

Meantime, Mike was trying replace the circuit breaker for Dora's place at the pole. After a great deal of trouble, and effort, he decided it didn't fit, although it looked all right.

I gathered up my tools and went to the pickup. I thought Mike was in the house at Pat's, since it never occurred to me that he would still be working on the circuit breaker. I blew the horn three times.

Cactus Smith came out of Pat's house, and headed my way. His pickup was parked in the lane near Dora's not far from me. He stopped to talk. Mike did not come. Cactus got into the cab where we could talk better.

He said he would like to fix up a small windmill that would run an alternator that could furnish him with lights in the house. He didn't want to go to the expense of hooking up to the REA. All he wanted was enough power for a few lights.

May, 1983

3

He thought we could tell him how to do it. I told him how unreliable wind power was, and how expensive it was to keep up the batteries.

While we were talking, Ellis drove up along side of us. At first I didn't know who it was, and was surprised to see him. Duane, his wife, and Tadius were in the car.

Ellis asked me, "Where were you when we drove up to your place?"

I said, "Right here."

He had gone into the dugout to give Carol and Tadius the grand tour." He said, "We never touched your new transceiver." 8th

Yesterday the weather was pretty good. I tilled a piece of the garden. I did not run the tiller back into the chicken house, because the weather looked like there would be no precipitation for the next twenty-four hours.

Ellis was to be down with Dave and Judy Baker and their three kids, Mike, Vicky, and Gertrude. He said on the radio, "We'll be there around two-thirty."

Around three o'clock a man came to the door, saying that he had been here two years ago with a group of students. He now had another group and wondered if he could bring them in. I told him it would be all right. He left to bring them. He came back with three people. It seemed that the others had gone somewhere else.

May, 1983

4

I showed them around. While we were talking another man came to the door. He had on cowboy gear. He had come over from the Wild Horse Ranch. His boss, Jim Watson, had told him to stop in here after closing the gate at the top of the draw, which was the reason for his being over here.

With the four people and the cowboy, quite a bit of time was taken up. I was beginning to think that Ellis wasn't going to get here, and after the people left, I walked out to the point and started to walk down the hill for some exercise. I had gone a short distance, then saw a car coming up the hill. I hurriedly went back up and stood by the little pickup.

Ellis opened the door on my side and said, "We need your advice." Then said, "Were you going somewhere?"

I said, "I was starting to look for you."

He asked, "Where were you at two o'clock? That's when we ran into trouble."

The long and the short of it is:- the key wouldn't start the motor. It could be turned to any position, but nothing happened. The shift lever could be moved to any position, but it wouldn't actuate the shifting.

They had started the motor by bypassing the key, and had put it into drive by getting under the car, and moving the shift from there.

As to the advice, I said, "You don't need any advice. You've done everything possible."

Ellis shut off the motor by disconnection the bypass wire. Then while Dave kept his foot on the break, he got under the car and took it out of drive. There was no way to put it into park, so they blocked the wheels with rocks.

Little Mike asked me, "Can I see your cave?"

I told him, "Sure."

At the dugout, I asked him, "Does this look like a cave?" He didn't say anything.

They would not stay for dinner, but wanted to eat at Fields. I called the store to find out how late the restaurant would be open. It closes at seven. They said that it was too late for them to get there in time, but they would make some hamburgers with french fries to take out.

This morning I gave Ellis a one ringer, and he got on the radio. He said that they had made it to his place all right. They had gotten plenty to eat at Fields.

Dave was going to wait until they got home before working on the key problem.

It was starting to snow in Burns, as well as here.

I wondered what kind of weather they would run into on their way over to the valley.

Tonight Ellis reported that they had gotten home all right.

We had snow showers all day long that brought twenty-eight inches of precipitation. Strong winds kept the snow company.

Around five-fifteen Mike headed down the road for a walk. A heavy snow storm came up when he was leaving. It kept it up all the time he was gone, along with the high wind.

Later, as the shower slacked off, I started down the hill hoping to get a good walk in between showers. I walked to the hill above the gate. Coming back I had to buck the wind, but no show showers developed. There was a little snow, but not much.

Carl came up this afternoon to see how we were doing, and to ask if Oma had called.

14th

This week we climbed up to the spring, taking with us equipment to repair the pipeline. We found a place where the flow was hampered by a rock lodged in a small connector.

Mike had more energy than usual, but I had less than usual. I think it is on account of my mixing tap water with the distilled water. I had been trying to stretch out the supply of distilled water by adding tap water. I was thinking that a little tap water wouldn't make any difference, but I was mistaken.

After we got back down, we worked on the sewer line problem. We poured battery acid down the sewer, hoping it would kill the roots getting into the line.

We had taken the traps off at the kitchen sink. I put caps onto the nipples that the traps went into. Then tightened the discharge hose from the washing machine, so that it would not leak from the pressure of the washers pump.

Thus water from the machine was forced down the sewer before it would back up into the sinks and flow down by gravity only.

When I put the traps back on, one of the pot metal nuts broke. I got a replacement from old trap parts. Then had a struggle lining up the pipes, because I couldn't get the threads to start. Meantime, I discovered that the bottom of the nut holding the tail pipe to the sink was broken out and the tail pipe fell out.

After considerable struggling I got the broken nut, with Mikes help, off and found a replacement for it. Now with the tail pipe in place, I proceeded to re-install the traps. It seemed that I couldn't line the pipe up to get the nut started straight onto the threads.

Finally I gave those threads a close scrutiny. They were the wrong threads, being finer than those on the male part. I had never suspected that tail-pipe fittings for one and a half inch traps would come in various size threads.

No other coarse-thread nuts could be found, except one of plastic. The hole in it was for a larger pipe. I managed to find

a rubber washer that would close the extra gap. I was relieved to get the trap hooked up.

I ran water into the sink for a leak test. All the connections were fine, but there was a hole in the bottom of the trap, and water slowly dripped out.

In order to patch the leak, I would have to either take the trap apart again, or wait until the trap drained dry. I was reluctant to do the first option, because I was afraid the rubber washer might not work a second time.

I opted for the latter. Meantime, I went down and ran the rototiller.

George called today. He is home now. He will get the place ready to sell, and put it up for sale in the hands of a realtor. Then go back to live with our niece Lois.

This morning I got the trap patched, and will give the glue a chance to dry overnight. I'll try it in the morning.

June, 1983

1

6th

Carolee got me an appointment with a doctor in Bend for two-thirty this afternoon. He will arrange for a hernia operation with another doctor.

I will drive the big truck over, and I am all packed ready to go.

Carolee is in the hospital recovering from a sickness she contracted on her trip to Mexico. The report was that she had the flu with pneumonia, and malaria. She was out of the hospital for a short time, then went back in for more tests.

George is selling or giving away all the things in his house. He is trying to fix up the house, making it ready to sell. He is having a hard time getting anyone to work around the place.

July, 1983

1

5th

I was operated on Tuesday evening, from five-thirty to seven-thirty. I got out of the hospital Thursday morning. I stayed at Carolee's until Bruce had time to escort me home. I drove ahead of him. We wanted him to follow me, so he could help me if I had a flat tire.

I didn't have any flat tires, and I arrived home three weeks after getting out of the hospital.

I stopped in Bend on my way home, and took the pickup to the Chevrolet dealership where a 1979-used-gas tank was installed on the right hand side. They put in a new gas gauge also.

They put in a new gas gauge into the left-hand tank also. That tank is rusting badly also.

The old gauges were badly rusted and broken. The gas tank, gauges and labor came to \$182.20.

When I got home I found a letter dated June, 7th from the BLM in Portland. It said that our claims were considered abandoned, because we had not filed the assessment work for 1979.

I did not read it accurately, but thought that they meant that we did not have our claim recorded in 1979.

I got out our records for the recording in 1979, and was prepared to send copies in an appeal of the decision. We drove to Burns where we could get the letter certified.

However, we decided to speak to someone at the BLM office in Burns before sending in the appeal, because I wasn't sure I could follow the steps in the procedure for filing an appeal.

A girl at the office said that George, who handled claims, wouldn't be in until Tuesday. She made copies of our receipt and the check we sent in. She would have George call us Tuesday.

July, 1983

3

Saturday George called to ask what we needed. He said the copies I left for him were useless for an appeal, because they had nothing to do with assessment work.

I read the instructions I had received. These said that the assessment work should be filed the next year.

I told him about this, and asked if could see him Tuesday morning, so he could let me know if I had followed the right procedure.

He said that he was going somewhere Tuesday, but would wait for me in the morning.

However, after a night of anxious thoughts, I decided not to file the appeal. I would relocate the claims. This time in Bruce's name. So, this morning I called the BLM office. George was not in. The girl took my message which was that I would not be in Burns this morning.

18th

A camera crew of the Today's show came up Thursday morning. It consisted of two directors, a camera man, and a sound man. I did not get their names written down. One of the directors, a black man, gave us his business card with the name, Bert Medley, on it. Thus we know his name. The other director was a blond who did most of the directing.

The camera man's name was Jim. I remember his name, because the blond spoke his name so many times.

July, 1983

4

The sound man was a tall young fellow.

They spent all day shooting scenes in the dugout, and outside. We made a trip to the mine where they took shots of a scene where Mike and I chipped at rock in the tunnel. Then a scene where Mike worded on the tram, and I worked on the winch.

Back at the dugout they took a shot after dark, through the window, of a scene of Mike and I sitting at the end of the table. I was weighing some mercury.

The next day they came back and from Fields and took some more pictures outside. They took scenes of Mike jogging down the road.

Altogether about eighteen hours of work with the camera will be put together for a four minute sketch on TV.

This morning we saw the sketch "The American Dream" on the Today's show.

It appeared that in these sketches there is more commentary by someone describing the story than there is of any talking by the people in it.

August, 1983

1

12th

All the apricots are picked, and Mike has half of them dried.

We thinned out the apples on the trees, but they are still overloaded.

The squash are setting good on the vines. The tomatoes on the plants by the big rock are setting good, but the plants at the top of the garden have only a few tomatoes.

Mike is hilling up the onions to see if that will make better bulbs. I had talked with Dora about onions dividing in the bulb. She had never experienced this condition. She always buried the set deep, and then hilled the onions as they grew. This kept them from sunburning, and made it possible to break the tops down toward the end of the season.

Rod obtained a rebuilt compressor for the freezer at the Fields' store, and finally received the capacitors and the relay.

I finally got the right amount of R-12 into the system, and it is working good. Yesterday I went down to settle up, figuring the tank of gas that they put into the pickup and \$20 would be enough.

I put a new cord and plug on Stella's electric oven. She wrote out a check for five dollars.

Pat bought a small-second-hand trailer from Chas Dugger, her second husband. She wanted it for Nellie to live in.

She paid \$4,000 for it including the installation.

13th

I stopped in at Pat's expecting to find Nellie moved into the trailer home, but they were waiting for the water to be piped in, the electricity brought in, and the sewer hooked up. Chas Dugger had gone to Washington to haul posts on a job he had contracted to do.

23rd

Gary and Frank Lake arrived by plane on Thursday, the eighteenth. They landed on the road, and parked it near the hot springs. They left Saturday, the twentieth.

I phoned Jean and Catherine. They will be out on the sixteenth of September.

Friday while I was carrying a five-gallon can of water from the furnace room to the dugout, I strained the hernia operation at the groin. I couldn't put any weight on my left leg. I stood in the rain, hoping it would get better. Finally Frank and Gary came out and carried me into the dugout.

Later I could get around on two crutches, then, as I worked around getting dinner, I needed only one crutch.

In the morning I did not need the one crutch, but I was lame. Sunday I was still lame. Monday I was much better. Today I walked down to the head of the lower draw with very little trouble.

August, 1983

3

Concerning the work I did on the freezer at the Fields' store:- Julie wasn't there when I stopped in. Ralph filled the almost empty tank with gas. I will let that be enough payment, because I don't want to drive all the way down there again to collect anything more.

From the way the site of the hernia operation feels now, I think I will be able to jog down the road soon, and get back to working like I used to.

28th

Mike has the brick work on the little retort nearly done. Tomorrow may see it finished,

Yesterday I boiled five gallons of apples, quartered without being peeled. Today I strained out the juice, and bottled half a gallon of it. The five cups left over made ten cups of jelly.

Since the twenty-fifth I've been jogging down the hill feeling all right, but I'm leery of lifting extra heavy loads.

31st

Mike now has the brick work finished on the small retort, and has the form ready to pour the cement for the slope of the walls at the top.

We are still thinning apples on the large tree, also picking ripe apples from the June Apple tree.

10th

Bruce and Carolee were over the Labor-Day weekend. They seemed to enjoy their stay. They went over to the Mickey Hot Springs, and were gone all day.

On Monday they spent some time below Serrano Point.

I received the bottle of Freon gas that Carolee sent from Bend. I put some in the cooling system of the cold room, and now it is working all right.

We hauled a load of wheat for Pat last Friday. There was no one at the place to help us unload the 3,410 pounds of grain. Mike ran out of energy and had to sit down to rest from time to time. I was shoveling into the buckets while Mike carried them into the sheep shed where we were making a pile.

Both of my groins gave me trouble from the shoveling, making it necessary to rest often.

When the truck was nearly empty, Mike got up and shoveled while I emptied the buckets. The bucket work was easier on me than the shovel work.

Before we finished, Mike went over to the house to get a broom to sweep out the truck. He said I could rest while he was gone after the broom.

After he got back, and while I was carrying the buckets, what appeared to be a bumblebee, flew threateningly around my

head, and sometimes Mike's. He said, "If you don't pay any attention to them, they won't sting."

However, this one was so persistent, I started swatting it with the broom, and succeeded knocking it to the ground once. It didn't show up for a while, then came back and was as bad as before.

I gave it a big swat, but missed, and only succeeded in breaking the broom. Thereafter I used the handle for my weapon, weaving it back and forth, and round and round in the path of its flight. I managed to hit it a good whack and it fell to the floor where I finished it off with my foot.

Then I saw that it was not a bee but a deer fly. I told Mike that I was glad I had gotten rid of it before it could bite us. These flies are carriers of the Tuleramia fever.

11th

The real estate man and his wife, Karen, were here today.

Each rode there own motorcycle. A dog rode in a basket behind Karen on the motorcycle.

We were working on the little retort. Harry took a keen interest in our work. He noticed the tools, the welder, and the drill press. He said that since he has been retired, he has been fixing up a workshop. He has both electric and gas welding equipment.

I told him that gas was easier for me to use, because I could see better with it than I could with the arc welder. The light coming in behind the hood reflects into my eyes from my glasses, making it impossible to see the puddle and the place I need to weld.

He said that a friend of his, who has a welding shop, fixed him with some kind of special glass for his helmet, making it possible for him to see without trouble.

He said he would send me an outfit like it. I decided to let him send it over, and gave him our address.

When they left they went across Indian Creek and up toward the mine.

We loaded the retort with ore, and sealed it up, using silicon cement that Mike bought the last time we went to town. A trial with air pressure showed a leak at the lower end of the tube. We took the cover off and tried sealing it again. I'll check it for leaks in the morning.

The people, who are neighbors of Lois in Florida, phoned from Carson City, telling us that they would be up here Monday morning. They will drive to Winnemucca today, and will stay there overnight. Then drive here in the morning, and go back to Winnemucca in the afternoon. Their names are Howard and Evelyn.

September, 1983

4

I called George this morning. He said that it is hot and humid down there. Lois is having severe headaches, and went to a doctor four times last week. The doctor prescribes pain pill, but they do not help much.

He says that Howard and Evelyn's last name is too hard to pronounce, so he doesn't try to remember it.

The outlet receptacle for the range burned out last week. I called the Ownbey's Friday morning, Betsy answered. She said she would send one right out.

I've been using the propane camp burner to cook on.

12th

I checked for leaks in the retort this morning. At thirty pounds pressure a leak showed up at the weld at the upper end of the tube.

I got things ready to reweld the tube. The temperature was eighty-one, so I thought I would wait until late in the day after the sun was behind the mountain.

At eleven-thirty Howard and Evelyn arrived. They appeared to be around our age, but not used to doing much exercise. They were like us in not being able to remember names.

They left around three o'clock.

This evening I did the welding, and we hooked the tube back up to the retort. After the weld has hardened overnight, I'll try it for leaks.

September, 1983

5

18th

Loni Williams flew over in his light plane, and landed on the desert near Carl's place. Charlotte was with him. Jim got off the plane in Burns, and then drove the pickup down to the desert, picked up Loni and Charlotte, and drove up here. Then they drove up to the cabin on the meadow. They put new paper on the end of the cabin.

23rd

Last Monday Bert Medley called to tell us the pictures they took here would be on the Today's show Friday, the twenty-third. Yesterday morning he called again to say it had been canceled, and he would call again to let us know when the next schedule would be.

I called Clarence, George, and Carolee to tell them about the change.

Ellis was on a trip to the Hell's Canyon area, so I wouldn't be able to tell him that the show was canceled, and to have him let the people he had told to watch for the show, that it had been canceled.

We had told Carl Thomas that it would be Friday. I thought he would spread the word, but I did not drive to his place to tell him about the change.

Today I talked with Dora on the phone. She said that she learned from Carl that it would be Friday.

September, 1983

6

The TV program came on Tuesday at the start of the second hour of the show. Clarence recorded the whole two hours of the show.

Yesterday morning we had a call from The Western Magazine. They wanted to write an article about us. The Nike company wanted us in advertising their shoes. I told the man I would talk to Mike about it, and that he could call around five o'clock. He did not call.

I talked to Clarence on the phone about the Magazine, and asked if he knew if we should expect any kind of money out of it. He said we should get something in writing that would keep our address out so we could have freedom of privacy. He talked to his daughter, Jan. Her husband would call his father in Portland, who is a lawyer, and ask him what was best to do.

October, 1983

1

12th

We fired up the little retort before the end of September.

Frank and Gary were here and put the head onto motor of the small pickup.

Jean and Catherine were here on the first. Catherine brought a cake and we celebrated Jean and my birthday, a week ahead for mine, and two weeks ahead for Jean's. She brought a nice card for me, and some nick knacks, and a can of Planter's assorted nuts.

Jean helped with the retort, thus having a chance to see how it works.

Saturday morning the writer, who wants to do an article about us for the Northwest Magazine arrived with Tim Adams (an agent for the magazine and the Nike shoes) and their camera man.

They spent all day taking pictures in and out of the dugout. They had Mike and I jogging while took picture after picture. They took pictures of Mike and I standing at the edge of the cliff at the point. They took pictures at the mine. They took pictures of a jar of mercury.

Tim Adams said that if Nike uses our pictures, for world advertising, it will mean a good sum of money for him as well as for us. It would mean a turning point in his life.

We enjoyed their stay here. Bob, the camera man, was suffering from a cold, and was nearly done at the end of the day.

13th

October, 1983

2

Two days this week we got up to the mine. Mike worked on the track trying to straighten it, and to anchor it from falling down the slope where the shale is being carried away by the winter rains and runoff.

I worked on the trail, and yesterday tested the upper end of the fault to see if I could drill a hole for a charge of dynamite. I found the rocks very hard. A sample of dirt from a crack showed cinnabar present. A sample of rock had only iron in it.

Today there was a light drizzly rain, so we didn't go up there. I picked a couple buckets of apples from the upper tree. There are still more to pick.

John Scharff came up this afternoon with Florence and their friend Jean Scribner from John Day.

John wanted to know if we had our claim patented. When I told him about our trouble with the BLM about the filing of the assessment work, and the threat of trouble they would give us if we tried to get patent proceedings started, he said we should have gotten a patent lawyer.

He and Florence saw the sketch of us on the Today's show. They said that it was well done.

Last week I took Pat's washing machine to a repair place north of Burns.

Mike stayed home, because of all the hunters around. Tiny, Pete, and party hung three deer in the cold room.

October, 1983

3

14th

Yesterday Oma came up to pay for the gas Carl got the day before. We gave her some apples, peaches, and tomatoes. Thus we got a bunch of ripe tomatoes off our hands, and won't have to can them.

This morning we discovered a large number of them ripe on the vines. So I am back to canning,

This evening Ellis called up the repair place north of Burns, and learned that Pat's washing machine would be ready tonight. I could go after it tomorrow, but since the banks will be closed, I'll wait until next week.

Tonight I talked again to Ellis on the radio, and told him I wouldn't be in Burns until next week.

He said that he has the new timing chain on the motor of his van.

The weather was mostly sunny today, but a cold wind blew, making it slightly uncomfortable. I worked inside most of the time. I baked an apple cobbler, and cooked some squash.

Mike picked two buckets of apples from the upper tree. He said that there were three more buckets on the tree.

I wrote a letter to Jean and Catherine, and another to Harry Lanphear with a check for \$9.50 to pay for the gold lens and magnifying lens that goes into the welding hood.

October, 1983

4

We got the retort loaded, and I fired it up at four-fifteen, and turned the fire off at nine fifteen.

Frank Lake sent us a valve and seat for the carburetor on the tractor.

A letter from Jean and Catherine came Wednesday. Catherine said that they were having another birthday party for Jean on the sixteenth. Bob and Jeannie and the girls will be there.

I have been unable to reach Dora or Stella on the phone. Dora called this afternoon. She said that when people called her it sounded to them that the phone was ringing, but it wasn't actually ringing. Stella was having the same trouble.

15th

We didn't reload the retort this morning. We spent a lot of time getting the little pickup back onto the road. We did pick some more apples.

16th

George phoned today. We had a long talk. Lois is having trouble with a sore mouth. After three days she went to a doctor, and got some relief using a medication.

He says that the weather seems cold after all the heat. At eighty-eight degrees, it seems cold in the house.

I still haven't been able to get Dora on the phone to let Pat know that we are going to Burns Monday. We are sure Pat would like to have us bring back groceries from Tillers

There are lots of Chukker hunters around, but not many birds.

Ellis is on his way to the Valley to deliver to Ellis Darrell the beds he made for his grandchildren.

Yesterday after a slow start in the morning, we got some housework done, picked some apples, and fired up the retort.

Around two-thirty Mike was backing the little pickup out toward the point. The sun blinded him. He was wearing his bug-eye glasses and no sun glasses. He got the right-hand wheels over the shoulder.

By the time I saw he was in trouble, he had jacked the front up and onto blocks, and was jacking up the rear end. I starting helping him, and began looking for needed blocking. We eyed two six foot by four inch planks that were lying beside the road near the furnace room. It seemed a good idea to cut each into three equal parts, thus providing us with some handy-sized blocking.

No sooner thought than done.

We got the rear wheels up on blocks to the level of the road. Then started jacking the front end up, using two jacks, in preparation to throw the front end over onto the road. We soon had the pickup onto the road.

October, 1983

6

19th

All the apples are now picked.

We ran the retort today, and turned off the fire at seven o'clock.

We cleaned up the mercury from the last run. It came to 4.9 ounces.

We checked the carburetor on the tractor. It still floods.

We went to Burns Monday, and got Pat's washing machine at the repair place.

We took it down to Pat's yesterday. She gave Mike a check for \$100. That covers two trips to the repair place, and the hauling of a load of grain.

21st

Yesterday we recovered 3.1 ounces of mercury. We recharged the retort and fired it up at one-thirty. We turned the fire off at six-thirty.

We went up to the mine around two o'clock. While Mike worked on the track, I started drilling a hole on a mud seam at the upper end of the fault. We came down at four-thirty.

We fired up the retort at eleven-thirty this morning. We recovered only about three ounces of mercury.

We went up to the mine at one-thirty, Again Mike worked on the track. I worked on the drill hole, using water in the hole this time. Also used the auger part of the time.

October, 1983

7

The seam between the walls is closing as the hole goes down. It is hardly wide enough for the drill steel. I am now down about twelve inches. There's not enough room for the auger, but I am making the hole wider lengthwise of the seam.

Tomorrow I will bring a rod with a small diameter to see if I can drive it down passed the bottom of the hole.

Someone is staying at the cabin, but we haven't met them yet. We don't know who they are, or if they know we own the cabin.

We passed them on the road coming down, but we were in too big a hurry to get to the mailbox, so did not stop to speak to them. It looked like there were five in the vehicle.

We received a letter from Al and Susie. They saw us on TV, and said that they were glad to see us. Everything looked good.

26th

At getting-up time, now, it is still dark, so I have changed the time to later in the morning.

Thus this morning it was some time after daybreak that I got up. The sun was shining. There were no clouds in the sky. The air was still. The temperature was forty-seven degrees. We are in a comparatively warm spell.

I checked into the weather net that starts at eight-thirty, calling the role by counties. Then after breakfast I began open-

ing up the retort. Mike arrived from his jog down the hill, and started taking off the closure at the lower end.

I removed the water and the mercury from the condenser. Then cleaned the mercury with lime, and poured the mercury into a jar.

The inaccurate scales showed one ounce, a lot less than I expected. Sometimes we have gotten from four to eight ounces.

Meantime, Mike had cleaned out the cooked ore, and buttoned up the lower end. He said, "You can load the cannon now."

It took me took me fifteen to twenty minutes, and immediately I came in and told him he could button up the retort.

He uses a mixture of clay and plaster of Paris between the flanges that hold the condenser and the ore tube. Without the plaster of Paris the clay shrinks, leaving cracks for leaks.

In a short time he hollers, "You can fire when ready, Griddly."

28th

Today I did not work on the hole I started Wednesday. Yesterday I cleared out all the broken rock left by the dynamite blast. Now I decided to help Mike oil the tramway before a change in the weather brings a spell of rain.

I didn't have much energy, but I mopped the floor and helped Mike unload the heavy slabs of concrete from the truck. We loaded and fired up the retort, then, after lunch, headed up to the mine with five gallons of old oil.

At the mine I carried two gallons of oil, a small bucket, and a brush up to the top section of the tramway, and began applying oil where Mike left off yesterday. Mike started at the lower end.

I was bothered with a pain in my left side as though there was a hernia giving me trouble. I figured it was a gas pocket. I had to stop and straighten up at times to get relief.

29th

We finished oiling the tramway today. I still had trouble with my abdomen and back. We were glad to get the job done. Mike had less trouble than I did.

A package from Carolee came in the mail yesterday. It contained the diabetes-herb medicine that Bruce had gotten in Mexico. It cured Bruce, and Mike is happy to get it. He has high hopes that he will be normal again.

We loaded the retort again this morning. We think there are about five more loads in the box in the ditch.

30th

Mike worked on a clamp to use in reinforcing the tramway.

I worked on the tractor and got it started. Tomorrow I will find a way to set the timing of the spark.

Yesterday while we were oiling the tramway, Carl and Lavina Hair were here, and left an apple box at the door.

George called yesterday. Lois is better now. She found that she was allergic to a grass in the community, and is getting shots for it.

Mike is taking the herb medicine now, and thinks there are results already.

Last night before going to bed, I did a series of stretching exercises, bending backward, forward, twisting side to side, not in rapid movements, but rather holding each position for twenty seconds to several minutes. Sometimes I would have to bend backward before bending forward again to touch the floor with my fingers.

After getting the gas to move around, and my back limbered, I went to bed and was soon asleep. About an hour later I woke up feeling uncomfortable. I got up and went through the exercises again, finding that my back was as stiff as it was before. After fifteen or twenty minutes of this exercise, I went back to bed and slept again.

31st

Because of the wind this morning we did not load the retort. Also, I did not work on the tractor until late this evening. I see no way to check when the piston is at dead center because they are not directly under the sparkplug hole. It requires a gauge that will extent at an angle over the piston.

I removed all the sparkplugs but one. There is an obstruction just above the sparkplug that prevents the use of a sparkplug wrench. I made the mistake of using a socket wrench to unscrew the sparkplug. It came out a little, but the obstruction was in the way, and I had to tighten the plug before I could remove the wrench. We always used an open-end wrench before.

Tomorrow I will try to bend the obstruction out of the way.

We caught three mice in the tin-box trap last night. Already tonight there is another one in it. The trap that I placed by my bedroom was set off, but there was nothing in it. Not much of the cheese was gone, so I guess a mouse got a whack and stayed clear of it, or else it was caught, and something, perhaps an owl, removed it.

I did the routine of stretching exercises three times last night, and had another good night's rest. One period of sleep must have lasted two hours.

I talked with Ellis on the radio this morning. He enjoyed his trip to the top of the Steens. He went all the way to the top. There were quite a few people up there.

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1

2nd

Before going to bed I did the stretching exercises. I slept good for about two hours, then got up and went through them again. I slept another three hours. Thereafter catnapped, but rested good. I could have gotten up earlier, but felt like trying to sleep some more.

When I came over here to the dugout, Mike had hung up the clothes I put to soak last night, and had done out a washing of his own. He seems to be ready to get up early.

After doing some cleaning inside, I went out to the tractor where I worked on the timing of the spark. I used a bent piece of wire to check when the piston came up to dead center. This method was not very sensitive, so I'm not sure how far the piston is off the dead-center position. One trouble is that after the engine starts to turn, it goes passed the desired position before it can be stopped.

Mike emptied the retort, and had it ready to load by eleven o'clock. I gave up on the tractor work, and after listening to the news, I went down into the ditch where I got a sample of dust from the apron. A test showed that it contained considerable mercury.

I loaded the retort with this dust. There may be one of two more loads.

Mike finished washing the potatoes, then dug up most of the onions, and washed them.

A sprinkling of rain came up. I put the tools away at the tractor, thus delaying the tune-up job.

The clothes on the line were dry before the rain started, and we had them off the line in time.

Mike dumped out the mouse caught in the box trap last night, and brought it inside to see if we can catch the mouse I saw in here last night. It did not touch the traps we set with cheese.

3rd

We had the retort loaded by ten o'clock. I worked on the tractor timing, using a piece of wire to check the piston when it came to dead center. I couldn't get an accurate estimate, because at a point near dead center, the motor was hard to turn, and when I could move it at all, it would go passed dead center. When I could move it back it would go too far that way.

I gave up, and set the timing adjustment on the distributor at the center mark.

Now, when I cranked the motor to start it, the battery soon ran down. although the charger had been on it for several hours.

Later in the afternoon I washed the windshield and the windows on the big pickup, then cleaned out the bed, and had it ready for the trip to Burns tomorrow.

I tried several times to get Dora on the phone. Finally I called Lavina asking her if she knew if Dora was home or not. She didn't know, but she thought she might be at the store in Fields. I told Lavina about wanting Dora to tell Pat we were going to Burns tomorrow. She thought I might call the store,

A couple hours later I picked up the phone to try calling Dora again. There was no dial tone. Several more tries during the next three hours I found no dial tone.

Around eight-thirty there was a dial tone, and I called Dora. I was surprised when she answered on the third ring. Usually she was lying down that late in the evening, and it took her longer to get to the phone. When I told her we were going to Burns in the morning, she said, "That's what I heard."

I said, "I guess Lavina called you."

"No. I called her. I had something to tell her. She told me you had been trying to reach me. After that I called you about five times, but always got a busy signal."

"The Mann Lake must have had a receiver off the hook. They have some kids up there."

She said, "I've got three people here checking out the furnace, Chas, Dorothy, and Jim. Dorothy said that the wiring checked with the diagram. She checked every wire and they were in the right place."

I said, "I checked the wires with the diagram, and they seemed all right, but I couldn't get the right voltages in various places, so I figured that the diagram didn't work with your furnace."

"She says it does."

"Well, I'd better let you go back to supervising your crew. Tell Pat to phone in her order, if she has one."

"I called her on the intercom right away. I don't know if she has an order or not. She said, 'Oh, fine!' I'll call her in the morning again, to make sure she gets over to call in her order."

4th

We had a good trip to Burns. The weather was threatening showers, but we ran into only a few light ones on the way in. There was no rain in Burns at all.

We stopped at the Senior Center first, and went into the kitchen, and I told a woman that I had some apples to donate. She said that I should go to the front office. Up front there were several offices, so I went over to a girl who was in charge of the book that people signed for dinner. When I told her about being directed to go to the front office concerning the apples, she seemed a little puzzled, but finally said, "See that woman in that office.", pointing to the office.

In the office I approached the woman, she was concentrating on some book-keeping work. She didn't notice me until I spoke. I told her of my purpose, she said, "Go down to the kitchen. They will take care of it."

"I was in the kitchen, and was told to go to the front office."

She said, "That's strange. Wait here. She went out the door into the dining room. Soon she came back and said, "I see him down there. I'll call him on the phone." After talking on the phone, she had me go with her into the dining room. Pointing down to the kitchen, she said, "See that man standing in the doorway? Go see him. He will help you."

I came up to the man. He was much taller than myself, of average height, not overweight. His age could have been between forty-five and fifty-five. Repeating my apple story, I said, "I'm Jim Weston."

We shook hands. He said, "I'm Jack Knight." He showed me the door to use to bring in the apples.

I went out to where Mike was waiting in the truck, then drove around the building to the door. Jack came out with a younger man, slender and as tall as Jack. The young man carried in the apples and then one squash, and Mike carried in the other two squash.

We were in a kind of storage room. Our two boxes were stacked beside a box of very small apples. Jack said, "Those apples are pretty small. We'll have to make applesauce out of them, I guess.

Mike mentioned that we needed to take the apple boxes back with us. Jack said that boxes like that are hard to come by. He and the young fellow started transferring the apples to other containers. A woman came over and began helping. She was so fast the two men might just as well have gotten out of way. I presume she was under fifty.

Jack showed us some other squash that had been donated. They were the same shape as ours, but much smaller. He asked if they were the same kind. We said that they probably were. He wanted to know how to cook them. We told him that they could be baked or boiled, but we didn't tell him how to cut them up.

It had never occurred to me that anyone cooking in a place like that wouldn't know how to cook squash be it Hubbard, acorn, butternut, banana, or any other.

From there we headed for the bank where I was supposed to renew my six month-money certificate. On the way I remembered that I didn't have the certificate with me. I thought that it might be possible to get it renewed anyway.

In the bank I went to the desk where this is usually done. The girl was busy with a customer. I stood to one side waiting

until she had time for me. After a while a woman approached me asking if she could help me. I told her about the money certificate being due for renewal, but that I had left it home. I said, "Would I need the certificate with me to get it renewed?"

She asked, "Is it the old kind, or is the new one?"

"Well, it was made six months ago."

She said, "I think we can make it without it. What is your name?"

I told her my name. She said that she would look in the files. She found the record right away, then she went to another section to get the number of my savings account, since the monthly payments were deposited in that account.

In a short time I had a new certificate. It was a relief not to have to make another trip.

The Owl Drugstore did not have the kit for checking the blood-sugar level. That was a disappointment for Mike, because now that he is taking the herb medicine, he would like to know whether his blood sugar is high or low.

We got Pat's groceries at Tillers. At the Farm Supply we bought a six volt battery for the tractor. We went to several places before we could find medium-sized-fence nail for Pat.

We bought a quartz clock at Nyleen's Western store. They remarked that we hadn't been in for a long time. They had passed by our place coming home from Reno, and wondered if we were still living up here.

We ran into a few showers on the way home, but on this side of the Mann Lake Ranch the road was dry. It started getting wet before we got the groceries unloaded.

5th

The weather was nice this morning. Mike worked on that clamp for the tramway. I gassed up the truck and drove it out to the point. There I set the new battery on the ground near the tractor and put the charger on it, then started taking out the old battery.

Mike came back from his walk and began helping with the old battery.

We finally got the new battery installed, and put the charger on it.

After lunch we drove down to Pat's and delivered her groceries, mostly cat food. The only groceries for herself were two bottles of salad oil, and two boxes of spoon-size-shredded wheat. We didn't stay long. At Dora's we gave her the squash we brought down for her.

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9

We stopped at Carl Hair's for a visit. They didn't miss the little bucket that they had left here, because they had so many of them. Carl showed us all the vegetables they had stored in their root cellar. I think it may be a little damp in there for the squash.

After we got home, I tried to start the tractor, but the new battery acted just like the old one. It didn't turn the motor over fast enough, and it didn't hold up any longer. I tested resistance between the battery terminal and the ground on the starter. It was .2 of an ohm. At twenty amps that would make a loss of four volts in the ground lead. With some loss in the high side, that wouldn't leave much power for turning the motor.

Once in the morning, when I was in here to get something, the phone rang, but it was a one ringer. I turned on the transceiver. Sure enough it was Ellis calling me.

He has been sick with a fever for several days. He saw a doctor who couldn't find anything wrong with him except that his prostate gland was enlarged. He thought I had a prostate operation instead of a hernia operation. He wondered what the operation was like. I told him that the hernia operation wasn't too bad.

8th

Sunday morning we got the truck ready to haul a load of grain for Pat. However, by the time we intended to leave a shower came up, so we decided not to go.

We loaded the retort, and I worked some on the tractor. There was plenty of things to do anyway.

Monday there were more rain showers, but this morning the sky was clear, and there was no indication of wet weather coming, so we decided that it would be a good day to haul the wheat.

We left here at ten o'clock, arrived at Herb's at eleven-forty. We were loaded up and started back at twelve-thirty, and were down at Pat's at two-thirty.

I had a piece of pie with ice cream while Don and Mike were unloading the truck. Dora came in while I was eating the pie.

She said that Rod had straightened out the wires on her furnace. He told her they had all been moved around to wrong connections. There was one that shouldn't be there at all. It had shorted out the high-heat cutout.

We got home before four o'clock.

Pat says that Nellie is very sick. The roof, that Dugger built over Nellie's trailer house, blew off. He was rebuilding it when we were there.

Ellis is up at Sheep Mountain hunting Elk. At six o'clock this evening it was twenty-two degrees there.

9th

There was some snow on the ground this morning. The low last night was thirty-one. It was thirty-seven at eight o'clock this morning. There was a sprinkling of snow and rain all morning. There was .20 inches of precipitation by three o'clock. It is warmer tonight, but there are no stars.

Mike cleared out pieces of old boards and trash below the clothesline, so that he could straighten the electric wire going to my bedroom. He was able to get enough extra wire to reach under the edge of the tin building to make a connection on the inside for the power to the saw etc. He wore the raincoat so did not get wet.

After that he cut enough wood to keep a fire going in here all day. He cooked a pot of beans on the wood stove.

I didn't do much today. The weather was depressing. I read some, and made some apple fritters.

I checked into the nets. I called Dora intending to ask her how Nellie was, but, after remarks about how the weather was, and talk concerning Old Blue, that she is laying every other day, and her offspring are laying blue eggs, and that they are the only chickens laying eggs (the others are molting) she suddenly said that the banana bread was ready to come out of the oven. I didn't get a chance to ask about Nellie.

I called Loni tonight to find out if Don Williams had stopped down there. He was there for two and a half days, and left for home this morning. I contacted Jim Williams on the Beaver State net this evening and gave him the scoop about his brother Don.

Later, on the Oregon Emergency Net, I talked with Ellis. He said that he had spotted several Elk, and had walked about fifteen miles over ridges through the snow. A member of the game commission gave him a ride back to camp. I doubt that he wanted to get an Elk, but that he was up there just for the outing.

The weather up there is so bad he is coming home tomorrow.

Carl Thomas came up with the mail sack. He was expecting to get a letter from a friend who had borrowed ten dollars from him during hunting season. He says he isn't worried about not getting paid back. The guy has a good job. But he is sure watching the mail.

We haven't opened the retort since cooking the last load, because of the poor weather. The weather is also putting a crimp in getting the tractor started.

Lately I haven't had much enthusiasm,
10th

The weather has turned warmer. The low last night was thirty-four. The high today was fifty-one. There was a small shower early in the morning.

It was a fine day. Mike covered the beets and carrots to keep them from freezing. Thus we can have them fresh all winter. He also cut some wood, and even though it was a warm day, we had a fire in the cook stove most of the day.

We went out to the tractor, and gave it a tow with the big pickup. We decided against towing it down the road, because in that direction we wouldn't be able to turn it around because of the mud when we were off the gravel. We came on down toward the dugout with it. It wouldn't start. Mike thought it wasn't getting enough gas.

To get the tractor back to the point, we used the small pickup to tow it backward. When we were about to hook the big pickup up to the front of the tractor for another try, Oma came up the hill in her Luv pickup. We put off trying to start the tractor to visit with her.

She stayed about an hour talking with us in the dugout. Carl stayed home, because he had some things to do. When she saw the squash under the table, she remarked on what a big pile we had. Her squash weren't good. She said that they were kind of watery. I told her that they hadn't gotten ripe. I gave her one of ours.

She and Carl will be going to Coos Bay next week where she will stay for the winter. Carl intends to go to Arizona for the winter.

Around four o'clock, after Mike had rested from the work in the garden, we went out to try starting the tractor. We didn't like the idea of having to tow back out from the dugout. Looking at the options, it seemed possible to go in a circle around the power pole, and be able to start it on the gravel. We did this making several turns around without success.

I had already checked the carburetor to see that gas was flowing through the choke valve. The next thing to do was to check the timing of the spark. There was no accurate way to make this adjustment. With a large screwdriver I could pry the adjustment upward to adjust the spark. The trouble was that the thing was hard to budge, and, when it started to move, there was no way to control the amount of movement. The mark on the adjustment appeared to be too far toward the advance position. I left it there and tightened the screw.

This time, when we started towing, the motor took off almost immediately. After disconnecting the tow chain, I drove the pickup out of the way, and Mike ran the tractor over to the parking place.

11th

Mike spent considerable time sawing old pieces of boards in the tin building.

Some rain showers kept the ground wet most of the day. I got the battery charger hooked up to one of the batteries on the air compressor. Every cell in the battery needed water, and I used rainwater to fill them.

In the afternoon a Jehovah's Witness Minister knocked on the door. I let him in and he introduced himself, John Pioneer. There was a girl, maybe ten years old, with him. At first he made idle talk taking up time before announcing his mission. I thought he was a witness, and doubted he was any other kind of salesman. I let him talk, not having the heart to brush him off abruptly.

A boy came into sight headed toward the dugout, then a smaller boy. Now John introduced the three of them, the girl, Jennifer, the larger boy, Jack. I've forgotten the small boy's name. Jennifer spotted the latest rock Mike brought down from the mine. I gave her the rock to take home, then gave the boys a rock each.

The kids were interested in all the rocks in here. I explained to them about the ore sample from the McDurmit mine. I showed them cinnabar samples, and the mercury in the jar. Jack was fascinated with the cinnabar and the mercury.

He asked his dad, "Dad. Where can we get some rocks like that to get mercury out of?"

John said, "Well, I wouldn't know. Around about in the mountain, I guess."

John got back to his ministry, talking about war and peace. Mike came in with two buckets full of wood. John said to him, "I heard a saw running when I came near." Mike stacked the wood beside the cook stove. Then hearing the mention of war and peace, he came forward with his usual statement about how wars get started, namely:- "A country that doesn't stay strong invites invasion. At the start of world war two, our armaments were low and obsolete. After Pearl Harbor Japan could have landed on the coast and walked right across the country. We had no good defenses."

When Mike learned that John was a witness, he went back to his office.

I had John sign the register, and I noticed later that he had not included the names of his kids.

Somehow I got him to feel that he had taken up enough of my time, but not before he asked if I would like him to come around every two weeks for a talk. I told him that I wasn't interested. He started to fish a book out of his case. I said, "The last witness that was here gave me a book."

He put back the book that he had started to take out.

After they had gone, I tried to call Dora to ask her about the mail. There was no answer. I called the store. Julie answered. I asked her if there would be any mail today. She said, "No. Martin made the round trip yesterday."

I said, "Boy! We didn't have our sack down there. I guess we won't get any mail Monday."

She said, "It's too bad you didn't know about it."

I drove down and got the mail that came yesterday. I thought that if the mail didn't come today, it would come tomorrow.

I checked into the three nets today. I heard Ellis check into the morning net, but I didn't make contact with him.

14th

Saturday morning I got up with a bad backache. Stretching exercises did not relieve it. However, there was no problem getting around. I took my usual jog down the hill. Between showers I changed the charger to the other battery.

In the afternoon Mike dug out and old sheet of window glass. While he was breaking the glass out of the damaged window, I washed the good piece of window glass, but I guess I didn't get it clean enough, because it broke unevenly along the line made by the glass cutter. The damage was done only to the waste part of the glass. In the end we got a piece the right size nearly perfect.

The glass lay on the table all day Sunday, because the weather was too bad to work outside.

Saturday night I spent the whole time trying to find a position in bed that would give relief from the pain in my left

hip and the left side of the sacrum. I could not lay on my back or left side, and only a short time on my right side. The pain included the site of the hernia operation.

Time and again I got up trying to do some stretching exercises. I could bend forward with effort, but could not bend backward at all. I got a little sleep after four o'clock.

All day Sunday I was lame and walked with difficulty. I walked out to the compressor and disconnected the charger from the battery, wound up the extension cord, and brought the charger and extension cord back to the furnace room.

I was in so much pain I decided to take some aspirin, but first I took one of those capsules of ampicillin that Doctor Sykes prescribed for me when I had a bout of fever. I figured that one capsule would not react to the allergy that I thought that I had for it. I thought it might help if there was some kind of infection causing my trouble.

Around noon I took two aspirins dissolved in a cup of water, then a normal strength cup of coffee.

On the cot in the dugout I took a short nap in the afternoon. The lameness went away, and I could lie on my back in comfort.

Before going to bed, at ten o'clock, I took two aspirins dissolved in water, and drank a cup of coffee. This time the

aspirin tended to make me nauseated, but only got to the stage of excessive saliva.

During the night I rested good, and could lie on both the left and right sides for a longer period of time than the night before.

In the morning my hip was not lame. I walked and jogged down to the head of the lower draw without any sign of lameness. I could even do the stretching exercises, although bending backwards let me know I wasn't out of the woods yet.

15th

I didn't take any aspirin Monday, not even before going to bed. I wanted to see if I was back to normal, and, if not, learn how affective the aspirin is in giving relief.

As a consequence I spent a miserable night without much sleep, but the discomfort was not as extreme as it was before the night I took the aspirin.

In spite of the bad night I was not lame in the morning, and walked down the hill before breakfast. I got along pretty well today.

We went up to the mine and loaded two of those concrete post onto the pickup, using the tall horse that Mike built this morning, and the hand winch. It took us two hours to go up and back and get them unloaded down here.

I cleaned up all the accumulated dirty dishes today.

Oma and Carl came up to say goodbye. They are leaving for Coos Bay in the morning. They will come out for a short stay in December. Glen and Phoebe will come with them.

16th

I took two aspirins last night, and they helped, giving me a good night's sleep. However, this morning my left hip and sacrum were so lame it was hard to bend enough to put on my left shoe.

There were scattered clouds most of the day, and fifteen to twenty miles an hour winds. There were no showers until after seven o'clock.

I intended to take only one aspirin before going to bed tonight, but found that there were no more in the bottle. There was a bottle of Doan's Pills on the shelf. The directions called for four pills a day. I took two, hoping they would be enough. Later I took two more.

17th

I spent a bad night again, although the aches were a little more bearable. Maybe the Doan's Pills helped. However, when I went to put on my socks, it took me a long time to bend enough. The region of the hernia operation, and the left side of the sacrum gave the most trouble. I spent half an hour putting on my shoes and socks. I wasn't lame, though, when walking.

It seems that the aspirin gives temporary relief, but does not cure the cause of the trouble.

It was rainy and cold this morning. There were showers all day, with sunshine in between.

Mike worked on the inside door which was sagging and hard to close. He put some steel strapping across the upper portion after squeezing the cracks together with wedges.

25th

The weather has been stormy nearly every day for the passed week. There was five inches of snow one night. The rain the next day melted it down. Last night the tracks we had made in the wet snow froze solid, so when walking on the paths we had to be careful.

I missed getting my walk one day, because it was too wet.

I got a letter off to Frank Lake last Friday, and one each to Margaret and Dorothy Monday.

I talked with Stella on the phone one day. She is doing quite well considering that she fell and broke a rib.

The day before Thanksgiving Dora called to tell us that Pat wanted to know if we would be down for dinner. I told her that Mike was expecting Bruce and Carolee if the weather wasn't too bad.

She said that the squash we gave her made four pies plus some she gave to Pat, and she had some left over to eat.

Well, the trouble with the hip, back, and the site of the hernia operation, wasn't helped by Doan's pills. I decided to try one of those pain tablets prescribed by the doctor after the hernia operation. The tablet is marked with the number 3, so I think they must be the ones called "Take 3" in the add on TV. The directions call for one or two tablets four times a day for pain.

I took one at two o'clock in the afternoon, and was feeling fine when I went to bed. I slept good all night, being able to lie in any position.

In the morning I had only slight trouble putting my shoes and socks. I took one more tablet the next night, then went one day without any, and felt the discomfort coming back, so took one more. Now I have been two days without any, and am getting along quite well. I can lie in bed in any position in bed without too much discomfort.

Mike got lame in his right leg. It started when he got up one morning. I mentioned that aspirin might help. He said that he took six at one time, and they didn't help.

The next day I had him try one of the "Take 3" tablets. After a couple of hours, he said, "They didn't do any good." So I gave him another one, having in mind that he is used to taking large doses of aspirin, it would take more of the 3 to do the job. The next day he asked for more, and again the next day. So I guess they do help.

1st

By mail time there was nine inches of snow on the ground, and it was snowing hard. The pickup was parked in front of the furnace room. After clearing the snow off the windshield, I got in and warmed up the motor. The snow began covering the windshield. The wipers cleaned it away immediately, and I figured they wouldn't need to be on all the time so turned them off. By the time I started moving forward, the windshield needed cleaning again. It took more time than usual to find the wiper switch. I thought I could see well enough, but the grass that stood up above the snow along the edge of the road fooled me into thinking I was far from the edge. The grass was actually growing below the edge. The truck began sliding over the edge, and I couldn't bring it back up.

I stopped where the road from the ditch joins the upper road, a good spot because the rear wheels were on the lower road.

3rd

At first I decided to start immediately walking down the hill to get the mail, partly in order to get the empty mail sack into the return box before the mailman came back toward Princeton, partly in order to get back up here before dark.

I went back into the house and told Mike how far I had gotten. He suggested that we try to put the truck up onto the

road. If I could drive down for the mail, it would make it easier for me even if I had to walk most of the way back up.

Well, the upshot of it was that we did get the truck onto the road, and I drove it out to the point. However, it was very difficult to see where the wheel tracks were, and I was skeptical that I could stay in the road. It was snowing and the daylight was dim because of the heavy overcast. I didn't like the idea of becoming stuck down the road and having to leave the truck down there when there was the threat of deep snow in the next few days.

I shouted to Mike that I would walk down.

I did, and it took me three hours for the round trip, walking in the falling snow, and in complete darkness on the way back. I stopped to rest many times.

As I neared the dugout, Mike showed up coming toward me. He had become worried and was headed out toward the point to see if there was any sign of me. At about fifteen feet I saw his shadowy figure against the glow of the snow lighted by the windows of the dugout. I asked, "Is that you?"

He said, "I thought I heard something up ahead."

Later we decided to go down for the mail on Saturday instead of Friday. Thus we would have plenty of time while it was daylight.

4th

Friday afternoon Mike went out to the truck and began clearing the snow away so that he could put the wheels with chains onto the truck. I was out there in time to help him jack up the wheels.

Yesterday morning, about ten o'clock, we decided to drive the truck down. I didn't like the idea, because of the danger of getting off the road and having to leave the truck where it might have to stay a week or more since it was snowing and could keep it up for a long time.

We drove down to the mailbox without mishap. At the county road Mike went over to get the mail. He stumbled and fell down at the edge of the road. The grader had left a ridge when it plowed the snow. He wasn't hurt and went on and got the mail sack.

We couldn't get up the lower steep grade on the first try. I backed down six times before going over the top. We made the second steep grade straight through.

The rocky knoll by the power-line crossing gave trouble. I backed down a couple times, but couldn't make it over the top. Then slid into the ditch on the left side, and in trying to get out I backed across the road and got hung up on the high ground there.

We walked up to the dugout, and after a lunch, and a bit of rest, carried three boards and a bucket of sawdust down, jacked up the rear wheels and put a board under each one, cleared out the snow under the truck where the differentials were dragging. One try at pulling it out was a failure. I was for trying some more, but we would have to go up and get a couple if boards to put under the wheels.

5th

The truck is still where we left it Saturday.

There was more snow yesterday with wind. I walked down the road as far as the Indian Creek turnoff. The wind had drifted the wheel tracks full making it hard to follow them. Because of the tough going and the blowing I took a short rest before starting back. It took twenty minutes for the return trip. I had to rest often.

There was more snow and wind today. At noon I carried a board under my arm and went down to the truck. The snow was deeper and the going harder than before. There was no sign of the wheel tracks. I tried to keep in the center of the road. By taking short steps and walking slow, and resting often, I wasn't too awfully tired when I reached the truck.

I put the board into the back and got into the cab, started the motor and ran it until the cab was quite warm. Thus I had a good rest before started hiking back up the hill.

Tomorrow, if the weather isn't too bad, I'll walk down for the mail. The truck will make a good resting place both ways. I have a feeling it will take me more than three hours, maybe four.
6th

There was four inches of new snow at eight o'clock. It continued snowing lightly all morning. Heavy wind was drifting the snow. Early in the morning I told Mike I wasn't going to walk down for the mail. But around ten-thirty the temperature started warming up, and the snow began to settle. Mike was out shoveling a path to the point. He was gone quite a while. Finally he came in. He said that he had walked down to the truck, and made the round trip in one hour. "It wasn't so bad," he said.

I began to think that with the level of the snow going down, it wouldn't be too much to walk down for the mail. I wasn't very enthusiastic about it, though. The wind was blowing hard from the west, and it would be difficult to buck coming back up the road.

I wore my vest, jacket, and rain jacket. It rained all the way, and, when I got back, I was soaked from the hips down. The exercise had kept me warm enough. But at one place I wished I hadn't started out. That was when I was going down the last grade toward the mailbox. There the rain got heavier and the wind stronger. I was tired, and the thought of walking back up against

the wind and rain gave me qualms. For a moment I had the wish that I could catch a ride down to Dora's where I could call Mike and tell him I wouldn't be back up until the next day.

Anyway, the going was slow, but I felt better by the time I got to the gate. I stopped at the truck, got in and started the motor. Thus I rested and kept warm. I figured I would rest fifteen minutes. The wiper kept the windshield clear. I kept my eye on the point. At the end of ten minutes I saw Mike appear at the power pole. I thought he might be looking down to see if I was coming. I got out and started up the hill, thinking I would see him again.

11th

When I got back with the mail, I told Mike I wouldn't go for the mail in that kind of weather again.

Wednesday I carried another board down to the truck. The snow had melted down quite a bit, and the walking was easier. The weather was pretty good, no wind, and the sun came out at times. I jacked up the wheel on the right rear side, then walked back up the hill.

Thursday I walked down for the mail. This time the snow level was down considerable, and from the truck on down the road was bare but soggy. I made the round trip in two hours.

Friday we got an early start in the morning while the weather was good, and had the truck up here by noon.

December, 1983

7

Saturday, with misgivings concerning the weather, we made the trip to Burns and back. The weather wasn't bad, there was only one shower this side of Princeton. The highway had clear pavement all the way. There were a few muddy places on the gravel road.

The Senior Center wasn't open, so we left the apples and the squash with the Sharffs. Florence tried to contact Leonard Knight on the phone but no one answered the call.

We were unable to get the chicken wire for Pat. There were no groceries at Tillers ready for her.

It was around four o'clock when we got to the mailbox. We put on the chains and drove up the road as far as the Bulldozer road. There the front wheel on the right side dug into the mud.

We left the truck there and walked up the hill carrying the cooler full of ice cream.

12th

After eating dinner and resting a while, we walked back down and packed a few groceries up to the dugout.

There was about three inches of snow Saturday night. Quite early Sunday morning Mike went down with an axe and the pruning shears to cut sagebrush to put in the muddy rut. I wasn't far behind him. I let some air out of the tires, and helped fill the ruts backing the truck a few feet so that we could fill the hole that the right-front wheel had made.

For a stretch of about thirty feet we had the ruts filled with sagebrush. When I tried to drive forward, the right front wheel spun on the sagebrush. The tread was full of hard mud, so the tire appeared bald.

We set to work putting new chains on the front wheels. The place was so muddy and wet, we thought it best to remove the wheels in order to get the chains on without having to lay down in the water and mud.

After loading on the tools, planks, and blocks, Mike said he would watch me get started. The truck moved ahead slowly. The front wheels spun quite a bit, but did take hold.

I stopped at the top of the hill, and waited for Mike. When he got close, he said, "You might as well drive on in"

I said, "I think so too. You can get in and ride down." He came toward the truck, and found a tire chain in the snow. It had come off the right-front wheel.

We were glad to have the trucked parked by the furnace room. We decided that it might stay there until Spring.

13th

Whoever was staying in the cabin on the meadow, must have pulled out Sunday evening. We didn't hear them doing any shooting, or making any other sounds.

I walked down the hill around one o'clock Monday, and saw tracks of other hunters. The wheel tracks came almost up to where we left the truck Saturday. Foot tracks came up to the power pole on the point.

These bird hunters backed the vehicle down the Indian-Creek turnoff where they turned around and parked there while they were hunting. Their foot tracks showed that they had stood around before heading out into the sagebrush.

The snow that came Sunday night almost hid the sagebrush that we had put in the wheel tracks where we were stuck Saturday.

There was three inches of snow Sunday night, but by ten this morning there was enough warm air and rain to melt it down almost to the old snow.

I called Dora to see how she made out going to Burns yesterday. The girl from the Kueny Ranch drove Dora's car, and they had a good trip. She signed up for her winter fuel getting two-hundred and sixty dollars worth. From surplus foods she got ten pounds of cheese. She bought some groceries at bargain prices. The roads and the weather weren't bad.

While I was talking, Carl Thomas showed up at the door with the mail sack. He came up to make a phone call to Oma, and pay for the gas he got Saturday while we were on our trip to Burns.

We tried several times to call Oma without success.

Carl had come part way up in the Volks Wagen. It spun out near the place where we left our truck last week. He said he would back down to the gate to turn around. He took our mail sack back with him.

Later in the day I walked down to the steep grade above the gate. Carl had turned around at the head of the lower draw. I myself would never try to turn around there, because of the danger of getting stuck in the mud.

Mike took a walk down the road too, and I met him on my way back while he was going down. He walks fast now, and made good time on his round trip. That Mexican herb medicine must have helped him.

There was seventy-two hundredth inches of precipitation today, making a total of three and nine-tenths of an inch for the month already

14th

Twenty-four hours of rain brought two and thirty-nine hundredths more inches of rain making a total of six and twenty-nine hundredths total so far for December. The old snow is still two inches deep, mostly water and ice.

18th

Today we went down to the schoolhouse at getting the blocked sewer open. After removing one of the toilet bowls we tried

running the sewer auger down into the sewer. It would go down only a short distance, then Mike crawled under the schoolhouse where he found a clean-out plug. I got a wrench for him, but he couldn't budge it.

We decided to come back the next day with a torch with which we could loosen the threads by heating the metal.

19th

Carl drove up early this morning in his small truck. He needed ten gallons of gas.

We were nearly ready to go to the schoolhouse. Carl said he would be glad to go with us. So we took off without waiting to fill his two five-gallon cans with gas.

He was of great help:- in taking off the tire chains at the county road-- in working on the plug-- in digging with the shovel etc.

The one small torch was unable to heat the plug. Carl and I went back to his place for one of his torches. The two torches were ineffective.

Mike noticed water dripping from the sewer higher up. He said, "The plugged place must be in this tee."

I said, "You could drill a hole in it and find out."

We decided that I should drive down to Hairs and borrow a drill. I went down there, and came back with a half-inch drill and a three-eighth inch bit.

Meantime, they had broken a hole at the clean-out plug, and had run the sewer auger through the hole. It stopped at a distance that indicated it was outside the building. Now we knew the sewer would have to be dug up from there.

However, Carl and Mike proceeded to drill a hole in the tee to check for leakage above the main sewer line. With the hole drilled we looked for a strong piece of wire to use as a probe. The wire that I had seen in a coil in the kitchen proved to be copper instead of steel. No good. I called through the hole that they went through to get under the house, "Try the small end of the sewer auger."

Mike said, "It's too big for the hole."

I couldn't believe it, and urged them to try anyway. After some grunts, I heard Mike say. "The hole is too small." Then, "No. It goes in but it's a tight fit."

They found no blockage in the upper section of the sewer system.

We went around to the side of the building, located a place that seemed a likely place for the sewer to emerge. Carl and Mike started digging.

I took the drill to the pickup, and drove down to Hairs. He came out, and invited me in. Inside I told him that the drill had worked fine, and that we would have to dig up the sewer.

He drew a map of the sewer layout, with the septic tank and the sewer line west of the house instead east as Mike had declared it would be.

Back at the school I found that they had dug out from the house to where the sewer made a turn. They had discovered a stand pipe attached to an elbow at one end of a tee. The other end of the tee led to the septic tank. I helped clear the ground away from the stand pipe.

At the elbow the pipe was loose. A piece on one side of the elbow was broken. We pulled the stand pipe out. A root had grown through the cracked place. The main sewer was completely plugged with hair roots.

Carl and Mike both tried to pull out the hair roots, but succeeded in getting only part of them out.

We gave up for the day. Packed up our tools and headed for home. At the mailbox Carl helped change the wheels.

After carrying the two cans of gas out to his truck, he stayed for dinner.

I called Linda and told her the story about the sewer. She said she would talk to the school board to see what they would do, and asked me, "Do you want the job?"

I said, "No. We don't want the job. But since it is so hard to find someone to do it, we'll go ahead and finish it. The main part is already done."

She said, "Any parts you need charge them to the school."

I told her I would call her in the morning before we went to the schoolhouse.

Later I called Hair to see if he would use his back hoe to dig up the sewer line. He said that he would, and probably could do it tomorrow afternoon. But he thought that Watson might want to do the digging with his back hoe.

20th

This morning I tried to get Linda on the phone. On the first try there was no answer, but on the second one Henry answered. He said that Hoyt Wilson was supposed to call me this morning and tell me what the board had decided.

I said, "Maybe he called when we were outside."

He said he would call Hoyt and remind him about making the call.

Mike had been up early and was anxious to get going to the school house. I wasn't in a hurry, because I wanted to learn if they were going to have someone with a back hoe do the digging.

About nine-thirty Hoyt phoned. He said that he didn't know our phone number, but luckily had dialed the right one. We are on the same party line and each of us has a special number for calling each other. At the Mann Lake Ranch there are four phones, and have special numbers to dial from one to the other. Hoyt was

familiar with these numbers and knew somewhere near what mine would be. It turns out that he dials six one four to call me. I would dial six four one to call him.

He said that Hair would be at the school house at one o'clock to do the digging.

The news put Mike at ease. He said, "Well, we won't have to go down so early."

Around ten-thirty Carl Thomas arrived on his motorcycle with the mail.

Before eleven o'clock we drove off down the hill Carl leading the way on his bike. At the county road we changed wheels, Carl helping a lot. He left his bike near the fence and rode with us to the school house.

Mike crawled under the house with the saber saw, extension cord, light, torch, and glue. We intended to cover the hole in the broken plug with a piece of plastic using the glue to hold it in place. I helped him get the necessary things into the entrance hole. Then went to the other side of the house to find out what Carl Thomas was doing.

He had started digging from the clean-out pipe toward the septic tank. I mentioned that all the shoveling we needed to do was around the elbow of the clean-out pipe.

He said, "Well, I thought I would mark off the ground to guide Hair with his back hoe."

He started shoveling around the elbow. I crawled back under the house to help Mike even though I knew he didn't want any help.

When I got to where he was working, he was trying to make a cut with the saber saw hoping to loosen up the plug and get it completely out of the hole. The saw wasn't cutting the way he had thought it would. He decided to give up and put the plastic on anyway.

I believe he couldn't see the surface around the hole very good, because he started applying the glue on the surface that, to me, was a poor place. It wasn't clean. The glue didn't stick to the surface because it was dirty. The plastic patch came right off after the glue had cooled.

Then I said, "I would put the glue onto a different surface." I showed him that the plug had a cleaner and smoother surface for the glue. Also that we could scrape it which would help make the glue stick.

He did a good job of scraping. I held the torch while he applied the glue. I would heat the metal and he would follow behind with the glue stick. It was tedious job and we stopped a little too soon. We should have had a thicker application, especially near the bottom of the hole.

We applied the patch heating it with the torch and holding it in place with a stick. Then we let it cool. The edges tended to spring away from the surface as they cooled. I would have to press them down going around the circle. Finally the piece became cold enough to stay put, all except a spot near the bottom. I applied the torch to it again and applied more glue.

In the meantime we heard Carl working on the sewer outside. The sound of the auger being pushed down the sewer pipe indicated that he must have cleared out the roots. With the roots out we wouldn't have to dig up the sewer. We went out to see how he was doing. Hair's back hoe was there, but Hair was gone. We got a glimpse of Hair's truck with the two Carls in it leaving the school yard.

21ST

It snowed all night bringing seven inches of new snow. There was no wind so there were no drifts. The temperature was sixteen in my bedroom when I got up. The low outside was four degrees. It was overcast and snowing, but by eight o'clock the overcast began breaking up, and it quit snowing.

I called Hair to tell him I was sorry I caused him a wild goose chase up to the school house with his back hoe. He said that he was glad it turned out the way it did. He had a job to do at Andrews anyway, so he wasn't out much travel time.

I asked him about how and when I should send a bill for the work. I said, "I don't want to charge for it, anyway."

He said, "Well, you did a lot of work, and was out money for gas. You should charge. They have the money. Make out the bill to school district number twenty-nine in care of Linda Blair."

Later, after I had figured the bill, I phoned Linda, and told her what it came to. She said, "Make it out to school district twenty-nine, and make sure to put on it contract work. Otherwise we would have to pay into Social Security."

Tonight at six o'clock the temperature was plus one degree.

23rd

The high yesterday was eight degrees, and the low was four.

Carl came up in the morning with the mail and the Jeep battery. He thought it had run down. We hooked it up to the charger out at the point. At first the charging rate went up to nine amps, but quickly dropped back to one amp. To me this indicated that either there was something wrong with the battery, or it had a full charge already.

Carl had driven his Volks Wagen bus with chains on the rear wheels. He thought he probably wouldn't have made it without the chains. He didn't stay long. He wanted to get back to keep the fire going in the stove.

Today was calm and clear. I hiked down the hill to the top of the lower draw. When I got back, I found that Mike had plugged the old-oven element into the 220 outlet. Now the wood stove backed up with electric heat began to raise the temperature faster. By bedtime the thermometer was up to sixty-seven degrees.

When I went to bed the temperature in my bedroom was ten degrees. I slept much better than I had expected, although the hernia operation and my hip gave me trouble.

I got up at eight-thirty. The temperature was six degrees in my bedroom.

The weather station showed a low of minus six degrees. During the day it got up to zero. However at seven o'clock in the evening it was one above.

Around noon I used the wheelbarrow to bring Carl's battery and our charger down from the point. A voltage check showed that without the charger hooked up to it the voltage was fourteen volts. With the charger hooked up it was sixteen volts. Carl's trouble must have been caused by high resistance at terminals.

I anticipated warmer temperatures and snow before night. It was still zero degrees when the snow started coming down at one-thirty. I walked down the hill as far as Indian turnoff. Mike had said that he would walk down for the mail. The experience of my short trip convinced me that it wouldn't be wise to hike down for the mail.

Later I told Mike we would drive down.

About two o'clock he went out and inspected the radiator of the sixty-four pickup. There was ice in it. He spent over an hour collecting pieces of carpet and putting them over the motor and radiator. He hooked up a drop light, and placed it where it would warm the radiator.

We started down the hill with the big pickup around three o'clock. By then the snow had covered the old wheel tracks enough to make it hard to tell just where to drive.

We made the trip in fine shape, though. We parked the truck out at the point where, as Mike said, "If we needed to go down the hill, it would be in a better place to get a start."

We were glad to have the mail up here today, instead of waiting until tomorrow when the snow might be too deep to drive down, and to walk would be very difficult.

Already, now at eleven o'clock, there is five inches of new snow.

24th

It was eight degrees in my bedroom when I went to bed last night, and ten degrees when I got up this morning. At the weather station the low last night was a minus two degrees, and it was four degrees at eight this morning. There was six and a half inches of new snow, bringing the total up to fourteen inches.

So the warming trend has begun. The high today was eight degrees, and it was six degrees at six o'clock.

The little snow birds flock into the engine house where Mike has made some grain available for them. I still haven't discovered where they sleep at night. Apparently not in any of the buildings.

We saw two mountain sheep negotiating the deep snow on the hillside across Indian Creek.

George called this evening. He and Lois went to a Christmas party at the home of one of Harry's relatives. He said the crowd ranged in age from young kids to one man ninety-two. He and Lois enjoyed the evening. The weather was quite cool. The temperature was around forty. Thus they were able to have a fire in the fireplace. It was a treat for the kids. George hadn't seen a fireplace down there before.

They will have Christmas dinner with Harry tomorrow.

25th

We had four inches of new snow overnight. The snow on the ground is now sixteen inches. The low last night was six degrees. The high today was eighteen, and at six o'clock it was seventeen.

I spent a bad night. The sight of the hernia operation, the lower intestine, the right hip joint, and even my stomach gave trouble. I ate a small breakfast because of the stomach trouble.

I took one aspirin hoping it would help. I walked out to the point in the sixteen-inches of snow. It was hard walking which made me think of what it would be like on the round trip for the mail come Tuesday. It would take about four hours. That would be as much time as running a marathon. I wondered if I could exercise that hard for that length of time.

Mike thinks we can drive down and back with the pickup. Maybe we could, but I wouldn't like the idea of leaving the pickup down the road somewhere. There's no telling when we could bring it back up.

This evening I was feeling better after taking a second aspirin. I started making some apple jelly during the Oregon Emergency Net. Howard was the net control, and the band seemed good for the short skip. When I was measuring out the juice, a station checked in that couldn't hear Howard although Howard could hear him. He asked for a relay to tell the guy he was checked in. I went over to the transmitter and relayed for him. Thereafter I relayed a few more times, then I couldn't hear Howard anymore.

When I poured the finished jelly into jars, I found that there was more jelly than the recipe indicated. The batch should have made nine cups, but there was thirteen cups. I knew there was something wrong, and on checking the recipe, I saw that I had used nine cups instead of seven. The jelly came out too thin.

There was another inch of new snow this morning.

Today a flock of winter Starlings showed up. I first saw two in the plum trees, and used the book to identify them. Later I saw the flock in the willows.

An hour later I saw a much larger flock that I thought were Starlings until I noticed that they didn't fly the way Starlings do. Some of them landed in the plum trees, and I saw that they were Robins.

All of them both the Starlings and the Robins appeared to fly away before dark.

When it was just dusk, I saw two snow birds fly from the engine house in the direction of the junipers. I couldn't tell where they went, because the view through the window covered only their flight from the engine house.

The two aspirin seemed to do so much good, I just now took one more before going to bed.

I called both Stella and Dora today.

I heard the sound of Chukers on the other side of Indian Creek today. It's the first time I have heard them since October.

26th

It was thirty-two degrees in my bedroom when I went to bed. I woke up at one-thirty and looked at the thermometer. It was thirty-eight degrees.

The three aspirin I took yesterday did fine, but around three-thirty I took another. My hip was giving me trouble. Thereafter I rested better.

Around five-thirty I heard the eaves dripping, and gusts of wind drove either rain or snow pellets against the side of the building. I was sure it was rain. However, at eight o'clock the temperature in the room had dropped to thirty-four degrees, and outside, after opening the door, I saw that it was snowing lightly.

The weather station showed a low of fifteen degrees, and at eight o'clock was thirty-two. It quit snowing for several hours, and started in again this afternoon. The large flock of Robins were around until the snow started. I didn't see any Starlings. The snow birds did their eating in the engine house. I heard Chukers several times during the day. Tonight I heard a Screech Owl for the first time since early in November.

Late this afternoon I shoveled a path to my bedroom. The snow was wet and came up in chunks which slid off the shovel without sticking.

Before dark I stood out in the falling snow watching for snow birds that might be flying to a place to roost. One flew up under the upper roof of the furnace building where it stayed a little while. Then it flew on up into the ore bin. I'm sure it must have been using that place in which to roost.

Another bird flew up the draw toward some willows. I didn't see it, but heard it flying.

Tonight I boiled the batch of juice that didn't jell. When it boiled down to where a drop coming off a spoon would thicken enough, I poured it into pint jars. The color turned out a darker than the green-apple jelly I made before. That was due to some grape juice that I added to the apple juice.

An hour ago I took another aspirin in hopes that the continued use would cure the trouble in the region of the hernia operation.

27th

I slept good last night. Although I woke up several times before four o'clock, I didn't lay awake as I usually do. When I did wake up to look at the time, one hand of the watch was at twelve, and the other was at four. I read it as twelve-twenty, and wasn't surprised that such a short time had passed since going to bed. Then looking at it closer I saw that it was actually four o'clock. Now I was surprised that I had slept so long. It was hard for me to get my eyes open, which reminded me of when I was a kid how hard it was sometimes to wake up.

The rest of the night I was awake quite often, and my left hip gave me trouble. I took an aspirin, saying to myself, "Since I took only one yesterday, one now won't hurt."

It was thirty-two in the room when I went to bed. I was hoping it would get warmer before morning, but it didn't. It got colder, and was twenty-eight when I got up.

It had been snowing at bed time, and was still snowing at eight o'clock, and continued snowing until ten o'clock. There was only three inches of new snow, though.

Mike shoveled snow, and cut wood.

There was nothing on the TV. I checked the power going to the antenna. It was okay. I called Dora. She said that she couldn't get anything except once in a while the flash of a picture and sound. She thought that if Bill Stolz ever had time, he would go up to the translator and check on it.

Later I called Hair's. Lavina said that she heard on the radio that the Boise TV stations were off the air because of power problems.

I spent some time trying to find a Boise radio station that would have news about the TV stations. The KABOY frequency had no sound, but there was a carrier present. I left the radio on that frequency. Finally KABOY came on and told about the power outage that had put the TV stations and the radio stations off the air.

27th

Yesterday was a national holiday so there was no mail. I wondered if the road would be too bad for the mail to come through today. Dora said that highway seventy-eight was closed.

After three o'clock I called Hair's. Lavina said that the mailman had just gone by their place.

Because of the deep snow we may have to walk down to get the mail. Mike thinks we can drive down. But I wonder. Last year I walked down in bad weather. Once it took me three hours for the round trip. This year I don't seem to have as much strength or stamina as last year. Besides, considering the deep snow, I think it would take four hours of strenuous exercise.

We decided not to go down for the mail, but wait until tomorrow.

The sky is clear tonight and the temperature is still going down. This afternoon I shoveled the snow out of the path to my bedroom. This time I widened the path.

The snow birds kept close to the buildings today. Only one Robin hung around.

There is a mouse in the dugout. After dark I went out to the tin building and got the mouse trap that was there. A bird started flying around in the building. It could have been the Robin. It was too large for a snow bird.

This evening I made two loaves of bread. This time I used less liquid with the potatoes, not intentionally. Into the potato yeast I put two cups of white flour. Then, after the first rising, I added three cups of whole-wheat flour. There was no need for more flour, so it ended up with more whole-wheat flour than white. The result after baking was a better flavor.

28th

I took one aspirin before going to bed, and slept good. The temperature in the bedroom was eighteen and remained the same all night.

The sky was clear all night, so the path I had shoveled out was still free of snow.

Around ten o'clock I was sitting at the table drinking a cup of coffee. A noise near the TV set attracted my attention. I looked over there and saw a snow bird trying to perch on the loose edge of a cardboard box. It seemed to have suddenly appeared. How it got into the dugout is a mystery. He couldn't have come in the door when I came in this morning, and the door hadn't been opened since.

The bird flew around, landing here and there, and pecking as though he found food. He did pick up pieces off the floor. I opened the door, and stood back, and let him go out at his leisure. He was pecking at things going this way and that. Then

looking for food went hopping along out the door, still pecking here and there along the icy path.

I was planning to go down the hill to break in a trail as far as I could go in an hour's time. Mike had the same idea, and was out half an hour ahead of me. However, he intended tramp a path instead of merely making tracks.

When I got out there, he was half way down the first steep grade. I caught up with him and said, "I'll go on ahead and just make tracks. If you step in the same tracks coming back it makes the walking easier."

It was surprising how hard it was walking in the partially crusted snow, which came nearly to my knees. Actually I didn't walk. I would lift my foot up to the top of the snow, then push down hard with my foot through the crust packing the snow. This made a firm place to stand on while I lifted the other foot to repeat the maneuver. It was slow hard work.

I timed myself so that I would turn around and start back up and get to the dugout by two o'clock.

Mike gave up trying to make a solid path. I met him coming down. He didn't get back to the dugout until three o'clock. He said that he went one-hundred yards farther than I did.

At four o'clock I made another trip down the hill. The distance Mike had gone passed where I had turned around was far

from one-hundred yards. I don't know how much farther I went, but put in fifteen minutes going farther on. I was back up here as darkness closed in.

I phoned Hair's telling them that Oma had called asking about Carl, and that Carl's brother had called. Lavina said that Carl had been at their place Sunday.

"By the way," she said, "the mail won't come through today, but will come Friday. The road that you said had been closed was seventy-eight all right. It was between Crane and Princeton."

I said, "Well, then the mail didn't get to Princeton from Burns."

"Well, they brought it around by Sod House."

29th

There was three more inches of new snow last night.

Before going to bed I crushed one aspirin tablet, mixed some vitamin E and rubbing alcohol with it. This I applied to the cracked skin on the end of my index finger, which wouldn't heal, then put a band aid around the finger. This morning the crack was much better.

This evening I removed the band aid.

30th

This morning Mike walked down and got the mail. I walked down to the head of the lower draw for exercise. Mike made the

round trip in three hours and fifteen minutes. The temperature was around forty degrees, and there had been rain during the night. The snow level had gone down about six inches. This made the walking easier. There was water under the snow. Otherwise the going would have been even better.

Mike got down there before the mailman came by, and he didn't wait for him. So he only got the mail that came Tuesday.

Last night it turned cold. The foot tracks down the hill froze into icy holes. Mike started out at nine-thirty to get the mail. I figured it would take him at least three hours.

I had a laundry to do out, and started it going. I would go for a walk down the hill later.

At ten-fifteen Mike with Carl Thomas showed up outside. Carl had gotten halfway up here with the mail when they met. At first I thought Carl had driven up, but he had walked.

We tried to call Oma on the phone, but there was no answer. Carl took the mail sack back down with him.

Around noon I walked down passed the rocky knoll. Every step had to be watched carefully, because the icy foot tracks were holes sometimes deep and sometimes shallow. Because of the uneven spacing I would sometimes step between the holes. Here the snow was packed and frozen at a higher level. Between the holes and no-holes one step would be high and the next one low. It made the walking very awkward.

This evening I made some drop cookies from a basic-drop-cookie recipe.

Yesterday I thawed out a package of the red snapper. It turned out to be better than either the salmon or the tuna. It didn't have such a rank fishy odor, and it tasted much better. There was so much in the package it will take several days before we can eat it all.

31st

George called tonight. The cold spell froze the shrubs around their place. It was a record cold down there.

Lois' son, Mike, told her that there was too much snow at his place in Michigan. A little snow helps the tourist trade, but four feet of snow hinders people from getting to the resort area. Instead of the big business he expected for this time of year, there was a big slump.