

February, 1984

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1st

The high today was thirty-five. There was a little fog at times.

Last night, after I went to bed, Mike went out and tried to pull the short half-inch pipe out of the three-quarter-inch pipe. It wouldn't come out, but it broke in two. No water came out. Since the distance from the end of the pipe to the building was so short, he covered the end with gunnysacks and poured hot water on them. To his surprise the ice in the pipe came spurting out followed by good stream of water. Thus the problem of getting rid of the water in the back is solved for the time being.

Mike has been working at shoring up the back room.

He walked down for the mail, and at the mailbox he met the two hikers. They had just come down off the mountain. They said that up there it was a beautiful sunny day. They got up as far as Wild Horse Lake.

I walked down to the head of the lower draw, and found that the road wasn't much improved from Saturday. Several Storkbills looked none the worse for the fifteen degree temperature last night.

The little snow birds came back today.

Tonight we transferred some apples from wooden boxes to cardboard ones. We will take them to Burns, and leave them at the Senior Center.

I would rather wait until the weather was warmer, but Mike is anxious to restock groceries. The eggs are down to less than one dozen.

Monday I started using milk in cooking, and had milk with my cereal. There was no sign of muscle cramps that night. Yesterday I continued using milk, but last night muscle cramps showed up. I took three 400 iu capsules of Vitamin E which stove off any more cramps.

2nd

We took off for Burns around nine this morning. At the county road we changed the wheels with chains for wheels without chains. It was nine-fifteen when we headed out on the county road.

The road was rough with ruts and many potholes. On the highway the pavement was bare all the way to Burns. The weather was cool and clear.

At Burns we went first to the Senior Center where we delivered the apples. A woman in the kitchen weight the apples. They weight sixty-five pounds. She told me to go to the front office to sign a paper saying that I donated the apples.

In the front office I found a woman going through a ledger, apparently doing some bookkeeping I walked across the large room,

and as I came closer, said, "Hello." She looked up. I said, "I brought some apples in for the center. The girl in the kitchen weighed them, and said that I should come to this office and sign a paper to show that I donated them."

She said, "Oh, yes. Here is the paper right here. Just sign on this line."

The place for the signature was in the center of the paper. There were blank spaces on each side. There was a row of names down the center. I said, "The apples weighed sixty-five pounds."

While I was signing she said, "We'll put the date and what was donated opposite your name."

She saw my name, and her face lit up with a smile. She said, "Oh. You are from the mine on the Steens. My two daughters visited you last summer."

From the Center we drove to the bank. From there we headed for the Safeway store, and on the way we stopped at the Chevron station for gas. The attendant spotted a hole in the right-hand headlight. He had a new one in stock, and offered it installed for six dollars and twenty-five cents. I told him to go ahead. It didn't take him long.

We did the shopping at Safeway, then drove to the library where I had my radio license copied. The renewal date is in May.

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We got back to the foot of the hill and changed wheels before dark. We made it all the way to the dugout without spinning out.

4th

The high yesterday was forty-three. It was calm and sunny most of the day.

Julie called from the Fields store to tell us that a UPS package had been left there for us. She was sending it up to us by some people coming this way.

Mike walked down with the pack board for the mail. There were two packages in the box each one had two tarps in it. He brought one package up, and left the other one down there.

The temperature got up to thirty-eight today.

Mike walked down for the other package this morning while the ground was still frozen. He should have gone earlier, because the road became muddy before he got back.

I made a batch of cookies using less shortening and more flour. I got the dough a little on the thick side, but they were all right.

The water in the dam is rising. We will need to splice a pipe onto the outlet in order to siphon it out faster.

5th

This morning John Scharff called to tell us that he saw the article in the Oregonian about us. He wanted to congratulate us . I told him we hadn't seen it, and thanked him for letting us know. He said the article was well done with many good pictures. He said, "You'll have to wear a white shirt all the time now to be ready for visitors."

Later in the day Dorathy Womac called to say that they saw our picture in the Oregonian. "We haven't read it all yet. We just got back from church and opened the paper, and were surprised to see the article."

I said, "They could have gotten a lot of good pictures of the scenery around here without having us in it."

She said, "Your pictures didn't hurt the scenery at all."

On the Oregon Emergency Net several hams remarked about the article. Frank gave a QST to inform the members about it. He said, "If you don't have the Oregonian try to get a hold of one. It's a good article."

I walked down to the county road while the ground was frozen. I wore my Nikes and made the round trip in one hour and ten minutes.

There was a heavy fog all day, and it is still out there now at ten o'clock. There was no wind, and the high today was twenty-five degrees.

I phoned George and told him about the article. He said he would call Bob in Portland to be sure to buy a paper for him.

Yesterday it was warm enough down there to take a dip in the pool, but today the temperature was down to sixty. Lois is still suffering with leg problems. She keeps hot pads on them and stays off her feet as much as possible.

After talking with George I checked the dam in the tunnel. The water was nearly over the top of it. We went down in the garden and dug a plastic pipe out of the snow and hooked it up to the outlet pipe. The end of this section of pipe reached below the apricot tree. This brought the water far enough down to make a strong siphon. It pulled the water out of the dam as fast as it came in.

Around eight-thirty I began to feel cold in the fifty-nine degree temperature that came about because there was no fire in the stove. To get warm, I made some cookies using the electric mixer to speed up the mixing, thus they were done in thirty minutes. I warmed up fine.

6th

The temperature got down to seventeen degrees last night, and up to forty-three today.

I was in hopes the night time temperatures would be going up, and was disappointed that they were going down. However, the warmer temperature today was encouraging.

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7

Last night Vance, W7VIF, contacted me on the Civil Emergency Net. We talked quite a while. Then Mac, WTCOD, broke in. He wondered if I ever heard from Channel two in Portland. They told him to write them another letter about our place here. He wrote them a letter and never got an answer back.

I told him about NBC coming out and taking pictures. The timing for Channel two seemed to be off.

This morning there were several stations that commented on the article in the paper. One station W7MEV, in Grants Pass asked the net what my call letters were. He couldn't find them in the article. Herb gave him my letters. Then someone wanted to know what kind of power I used to run my rig. Vance said, "Let's call Jim and get the answers first hand.

He called me, and I answered right away, making the excuse that I wasn't near the rig when I heard them talking about the article and asking questions. I told them about the power and how we pay for the line, it being included in our electric bill.

Tonight someone on the coast said that he enjoyed the piece in the paper. I said, "I'm glad you enjoyed it. I haven't seen it yet."

He said, "I'd better get busy and send you a copy."

This morning Mike was ready to change the connector on the pipeline from the pond in the water tunnel. To do this he pulled

the end of the line out of the pond so that no water would be coming through while we made the switch. By applying heat from the range-hot plate to the connectors we managed to get them onto the pipe.

The water didn't start running through the pipe until we opened the connection just outside the building. Even then it ran only in a trickle. We put the pipe back together hoping the water would continue on down the pipe and start a siphon going. Water did come out at the lower end. But the flow didn't increase.

We brought the end up above the bank leaving a loop on the garden-side of the fence. Using a funnel we poured water from a bucket into the pipe. It was a slow process, but one bucketful of water seemed to fill the pipe. Mike made a wooden plug to fit in the end. This kept the water from running out while we were moving the end down into the garden. Mike went into the garden, and I handed him the pipe.

When he removed the plug the water in the pipe ran out making a siphon that pulled out the airlocks. The water in the dam began to lower.

The songbirds were gone yesterday during the heavy fog that hung around all day. They must have gone up above the fog where the sun shown on the southern slopes.

7th

This morning I took a jog down the hill wearing my Nikes while the ground was still frozen.

Today I made biscuits out of all white flour, using the mixer. They turned out all right, but different than the ones I used to make by hand. I used vinegar and soda instead of baking powder.

This afternoon I made a round trip to the lower draw with my overshoes on. They feel heavy on my feet after wearing only the Nikes. The road is getting firm in places, and there are other places where the snow covers the whole road. Where the new spring appeared in the road the ground is firmer than I thought it could be with so much water.

There was no fog today, but the sun shown dimly through a thin-cloud cover.

Mike cut a supply of sagebrush large enough to make us feel that we could afford a fire in stove this evening. Thus we had the temperature in here up to sixty-two degrees.

I talked with Ellis on the radio tonight. He started out from near Death Valley, and was driving straight through to Hines. He expected to be home by ten o'clock.

8th

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There was heavy fog this morning. I called Hair's. Lavina answered. The fog extended to their place and beyond. They still have some snow on the ground. I also called Stella. There is fog there too. She said that Nellie is a changed person since she has the trailer house to live in. She thought that Nellie couldn't have lived through the winter if she had continued to live in the house with Pat and all the cats and dogs.

9th

At noon I took a short hike down the road wearing the overshoes because the road was wet.

Mike cut sagebrush again. We use it up as fast as he brings it in.

I made biscuits today, using the mixer. I doubled the amount of soda and vinegar. The texture was the same as before I doubled the amount.

I phoned Dora tonight. She has been having trouble with a lump on her neck. The doctor gave her some medicine for it. The medicine helped, and also helped cure a sore finger. The finger had been sore and inflamed for a long time.

10th

There was a light fall of snow last night, and again this morning. A strong wind made the walk down the hill and back cold and difficult.

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11

There were no copies of the N.W. Magazine in the mail. I called Robert Collins, and told him we were getting reports on the magazine, but we haven't seen it yet.

He said, "I'll send you a couple copies."

I said, "Could you make it four?"

He said, "Yes. I can do that." He said that the Nike Company were interested in using the pictures in their ads.

There was another magazine, a national type, that had accepted the article for publication.

He said that they might be out this way some time, and wanted to know if he could rent the cabin on the meadow, and how much.

I said, "You can use it without rent."

I got a letter from a woman in Washington, telling how much she enjoyed the article. She didn't have our address, but sent it to Jim and Mike Weston, Alvord Lake Road, Crane, Or.

11th

I baked whole-wheat biscuits, and fried a chicken today. In the biscuits I used one and a half cups of whole-wheat flour to one cup of white flour, two eggs instead of the usual one, two teaspoons of soda with two tablespoons of vinegar. The came less crumbly than before.

There was sprinkles of snow all day, and heavy winds at times.

I took a short walk down the road this afternoon, and found that there was enough snow on the soft ground to keep the mud from sticking to my shoes.

George called. He said that he received the Oregonian, and that the article was well done. He liked it a lot. Besides the pictures there was quite a bit of written material. He said it gave our life history from the time we were born.

Carolee must have given Tom quite a bit of information.

Well, we'll see what's in it next week.

That hike down the hill yesterday left its mark on me when I went to bed. The cold wind had chilled my throat so badly I thought I was coming down with a cold. It was almost time to get up before I felt comfortable.

The next time I have to walk against a cold wind, I'll make sure I have something to protect my neck and throat.

12th

There was a light covering of snow on the ground this morning. It was snowing when I came over to the dugout. By ten o'clock the snow had turned to a light rain. The high today was forty-seven, the same as it was last year on this date.

It quit raining by eleven o'clock. In the afternoon the snow melted fast. I walked down the road wearing the rain jacket with the hood up, because the wind was blowing hard and I thought the temperature would be colder.

Where the power line crosses the road, I saw a man and a woman walking up the hill toward me. A large dog came up a head of them, and a small pup tagged along behind.

When we met, I asked them, "Where you headed for?"

"We're just out for a walk." Dianne was from Corvallis, and Jim was from Pocatello.

We talked for a while. They had just driven up from Fields, and their pickup was parked down by the mailbox. Coming up the county road it was so muddy he had to put the truck into four-wheel drive.

The little-black-haired puppy began whimpering. The girl said that he was tired and wanted to go back to the truck. To me he looked and acted cold. The wet snow and cold wind must have been something he wasn't used to.

I said, "I'll walk down the hill a ways with you. I'm out for a walk too."

They've been coming over into this area since 1978. At the head of the lower draw, I bid them goodbye, and told them to come up some time in the summer. It would be better than in the winter because the roads would be dry.

I made biscuits today, and cooked squash, red beats, and carrots.

The little snow birds were around at times, and at other times none could be seen. One lone Robin sat in a plum tree for a while.

Ellis gave me a one ringer this morning. I called for him on thirty-nine eighty, and he answered right away. Yesterday he was talking with the manager of the Burns Times Herald about the article in the Oregonian. She handles the sales of that paper in Burns. There are always some that don't sell. Out of those she saved the North West Magazine Illustrated, so Ellis has sixteen to give us.

He has sent copies to his two boys, and one to Shirley. He said that one item in the article would interest her. It was story I told about a teacher from California who sat outside at night in the cold watching for meteors.

13th

The high yesterday was forty-seven, and it was forty-one when I got up this morning. There was a strong wind all day.

Around noon Mike from the Alvord Ranch came up with two friends. They wanted to know how much we wanted for the Chevrolet out at the point. They needed an old car to fix up as a project at school. Mike told them that he was once offered five-hundred dollars for it. It's in the category of classics. They didn't have that much money. They decided to go over to Henry Blair's to see if they could find one there.

When they were driving up, their wheels spun out down at the curve below the point. In backing up to get a second start, they got off the road into the mud. They said that they had a hard time getting back onto the gravel.

After they left I walked down the hill to see how they made out. In backing up they got off the road several times, first one side and then the other. They turned around just after the first-Indian Creek turnoff.

When Mike started down to get the mail, it was sprinkling lightly. I had told him earlier that he should wear the rain jacket. When he saw it was sprinkling, he decided to wear it.

It was a good thing he did because on his way back, it began to rain in earnest, and by the time he got halfway back, the rain turned to snow. Bucking the strong wind with snow made the going slower. He said he was plenty warm, and had plenty of go power even after he reached the point. He was soaked from the bottom of the rain jacket on down.

Still no North West Magazine with the article. We got a letter from a man in Myrtle Creek. He sent us a package of pea seed, and another of spinach. He said that we reminded of his father and uncle who had mined for gold.

He addressed the letter to us thus:- Mike & Jim Weston, Mosquito Creek - Alvord Desert Area. % Crane Post Office.

It quit snowing at five-thirty. There was only seventeen hundredths of an inch of precipitation.

I got a letter ready to mail to the F.C.C. in Portland asking for the #610 form.

14th

The rain yesterday evening froze into a sheet of ice all over everything. On my way over to my bedroom I slipped down once, much surprised, nothing hurt.

The temperature got down to twenty-six last night, and only up to thirty-five for a short time today. I had hoped for a few warm days.

I made drop cookies this morning, adding chopped raisins to the basic recipe. They were very good.

I walked down to the top of the hill above the gate. I wore the big coat without a jacket under it. The hood felt good, keeping my head shielded from the cold wind. The ice from last night hadn't melted much on the way to the point, but on down the hill water was running in the wheel tracks, and the road bed was soft.

Coming back up I stopped to rest several times, and removed the hood from my head to cool off.

Mike cut quite a bit of sagebrush, and we kept a fire going all day. The temperature in here got up to sixty-two.

I talked with Ellis on the radio tonight. Also spoke with Betty, W7CPV.

WA7GBX, Bill the net control on the first net, said that he enjoyed the article in the North West Magazine.

15th

There was two inches of new snow this morning. The low last night was twenty-six, the high today was forty, and at six o'clock tonight it was thirty-eight. The warmer temperatures seemed good.

I walked down to the hill above the gate as far as the tractor road. I didn't wear the big coat.

I fried a chicken today, and made another batch of drop cookies with chopped raisins. The first batch went fast, and it was I who ate the most of them.

We received four letters from people who read the article in the North West Magazine. That makes six. Then Margaret sent us a letter telling us about reading it. That makes seven.

Concerning the cracks in the ends of my fingers. They seem to appear for no reason at all, then again they are gone for no reason at all. All that use of sandpaper to thin down the thick skin, and all that use of medication may have helped to get rid of them. Now I cant see how the lack of some nutrient could have been the cause of them. Right now my fingers are smooth without cracks.

The last spell of hip, back, and trouble at the sight of the hernia operation gradually got better, and is giving no more trouble. The one pain tablet that I took did some good that night, but a tablet the next night seemed not to help at all. However, after that the troubles gradually eased up.

We haven't yet received any copies of the article.

16th

It was cold and snowing this morning with high winds. The snow drifted so much I couldn't find a place to make a good measurement. The rain gauge showed a precipitation of only three hundredths of an inch. Most of the snow must have blown passed the top of the rain gauge.

I didn't walk down the hill, but did walk out to the point.

I spent a lot of time on the phone using an eight-hundred number to find out if the chemical companies I wanted to contact had an eight hundred number. I wanted to find out the price of reagent quality mercury. I tried several companies, and finally got a price.

18th

Yesterday the phone was out of order. There was a sound on the line like an arc to ground.

I had intended to call a chemical company in Nevada to find out how large a sample of mercury was needed to make an analysis of the mercury. I was disappointed not to be able to call.

This morning I found that I could call the operator to report the trouble. She said that she couldn't hear me good because of the noise on the line. I said, "That's what I'm calling about. I want to report the trouble to the repair department"

She said, "I'll call you back to see if we can get a better line." When she called back, the same noise was there.

She said, "I'll notify the repair service for you."

Later George called, and I was surprised we could hear each other at all. Lois is still having trouble with her legs and back.

I told him about the possibility selling mercury at \$50 a pound.

The temperature last night got down to seventeen, and it was twenty-two at eight o'clock this morning. The high today was thirty-eight for a short time.

Before eating breakfast I took a hike down the hill passed the power line. I felt like I needed the workout. This afternoon I made another trip just for good measure.

I baked a batch of cookies, and two loaves of stone-ground-flour bread.

We planned to put the mercury through an acid bath. We started looking for the glass tube which we both thought would be in the cardboard cylinder that it came in from Charlie. It wasn't

in it, and we wondered why we hadn't put it back in when we put it away.

We looked a long time for it. Finally we found it hanging above the tool shelf. Then we knew why we hadn't put it in the tube. It was still fastened to the board that had held it to the outside wall of the furnace room.

All this time we had been using the board as a shelf to put things on, and had covered up the glass tube with paper sacks, and numerous items not used often.

19th

The low last night was sixteen, and the high today forty-one. Even with the lower temperature at night, the daytime temperature is higher.

Most winters we looked for warm spells, and got them. This winter we had a couple that didn't last long.

Mike has the glass tube in place ready to fill with the acid water to wash the mercury. That job shouldn't take long.

I walked down to the hill above the mailbox. It was a nice walk in the sunshine and no wind.

The temperature in here only got up to sixty today. The wet sagebrush doesn't make a hot fire. I should hook up the old oven element to keep it warmer in here.

20th

After overcoming some difficulties with leaking connections, I got the job of cleaning the mercury done. By this evening I had run the mercury through the acid bath one time.

Today the temperature only got up to thirty-five, but the snow melted faster than it has since last month.

Mike gathered more sagebrush, working hard most of the day.

Tonight he turned the ozone maker on, because of a developing cold and cough. I plugged in the oven element to warm the place up better. I think it has been too cold in here for healthy living.

I called the Alvord Ranch to tell Mike Davis that there were only two chrome out at the point. Loni answered the phone. Mike was out helping with the cattle. They were busy with the sheep lambing.

She had never heard that if the water got high enough on the desert it would, it would flow out by the Mickey Hot Springs. She would ask the boys if there was any water over that way now.

There none of that noise on the phone like we have had since Friday. Maybe I'll be able to phone the Geological Chemistry Corporation tomorrow.

There was no mail today because of Washington's birthday.

21st

It was stormy all day with a wet snow, and high winds. Mike said that he would go down for the mail tomorrow, and get today's mail and tomorrow's mail all in one trip.

I'll go down in the morning and get only today's mail. Thursday morning I'll get tomorrow's mail.

I ran the mercury through the acid bath for the second time. Now I'll run it through a bath of distilled water to rinse out the acid.

The pipe that drains the water from the back tunnel lost its prime today. I discovered it late tonight. I wouldn't let Mike help reprime the pipe, because I thought that being out in the cold would make his cough worse.

It took three tries to get the thing primed. The first time I hung the end of the pipe on the fence, and filled it from the upper side of the fence. I neglected to bring a plug with me, so had to let the pipe drop down below the fence, while I went back up the fill and around through the garden gate, and then move the end of the pipe farther down the hill. There wasn't enough water in the pipe to pull out the airlocks.

Next I tried filling the pipe below the fence. Thus when it was full I was already in position to move the end of the pipe down the hill as far as it would go. This time I had a plug to hold the water from running out before the end of the pipe was in

position. It didn't work so I decided to bring the end of the pipe to the top of the fill.

I had to maneuver on that rough steep fill covered with a crust of snow. It was tricky climbing around with a bucket of water, a flashlight, a dipper, and a funnel.

After climbing down to the fence, and lugging the end of the pipe to the top of the fill, I tied the end to a tree limb. Using the funnel and the dipper I managed to fill the pipe almost to the top. With the bucket empty I thought I should get some more water. It was getting late, and I decided to try with what was in the pipe.

I pushed the plug in tight, and got the pipe almost to the chicken house. When I was about to pull the plug, it popped out like a cork. Water came gushing out. It would stop occasionally while air came out. Finally there was a steady flow of water.

22nd

When I got up this morning, the temperature was twenty-six. At the weather station it was twenty-two. Usually there is a ten degree difference, but wind during the night must have circulated considerable air through the window.

There wasn't much wind this morning. The sun came out bright. Still the temperature only got up to thirty-four.

I wrote a letter to a man who wanted to buy triple distilled mercury for resale to dentists back east.

I walked down to the mailbox around noon. There was no copy of the article.

This afternoon I cleaned the mercury cleaning apparatus, and ran the mercury through distilled water. Now it is ready for bottling for sale.

Lavina called today saying she wanted to check on how we were doing. Carl and Beryl were doing a lot of welding on a manure spreader.

She said that Stella was ninety years old last spring.

We received a letter from Hawthorne. Their daughter sent them a copy of the article. Jean said that it was very good.

He sent a package of cactus seed. That makes four packages of seed from people who have read the article, peas, spinach, tobacco, and now cactus.

23rd

This morning I left at ten-thirty to go to the mailbox. The sky was almost completely overcast. There was no wind and the ground was frozen. I figured I could walk back up before the ground thawed out. But while I was taking the mail out of the box, Carl Hair drove over from the hot spring. He stopped to talk. Then Bill and his coworker came from the north, and stopped to say hello.

We discussed the road conditions, the flooding, and where the excess water would flow when it got higher. We thought it would run out passed Mickey Hot Springs, and on into the Snake River. We all agreed that it seemed to be going the wrong way. It would be closer to the ocean to go south. As it is it flows north a long way before it reaches the Snake, and the Snake goes north some more.

Bill said that he had solved the problem of too much water at the cattle guard. The water coming down the lower draw used to flow to the road on the other side of the ridge. Somehow it had made a new course on the other side of the ridge. Bill and his partner saw what had happened, and used the big grader to open the channel back the other way. Now the water can go under the road through a large culvert.

Thus time went by, and the ground was soft when I hiked back up.

In the mail there were no copies of the N.W. Magazine.

The phone is still out of order because of the noise on the line.

I can hear, but it is hard to tell what the other party is saying, and they would keep asking what I said.

So I'm unable to call the Geochemical Company to find out how large a sample was needed for a test on the quality of the mercury.

I again called the operator and asked for repair service. The first operator couldn't understand me. The second operator said she would report the trouble.

I feel like I'm coming down with a cold.

24th

It was overcast this morning, and almost calm. Around eight o'clock there was a small snow shower with some snow sticking, but it soon melted away. The high today was thirty-seven.

I found that the phone was working, so had a chance to locate a metallurgical laboratory that could make an analyses of our mercury.

Mike thinks it would be cheaper to just run the mercury through triple distillation, and not put an analytical I test on it.

I think I'll send in a sample anyway. It would be good to see how this mercury stacks up.

Concerning the process of finding the laboratory:- I first called the 800 number for information on who has 800 numbers. The Rocky Mountain Geochemical Corporation, didn't have an 800 number, but I called them anyway. They said that they made analysis only on ores. I could call the Bureau of Mines at the Nevada State College who would give the name of a place that could analyze the mercury.

I called them. They had a long list of places. I asked for the name of one, and got one in San Francisco, and their phone number. They didn't have an 800 number.

Thus I made three long distance calls. They need 3/4 of a pound, and it would cost sixty dollars.

Today I removed the glass tube and its support board from the post, and put them out in the furnace room.

25th

During the night high wind and drifting snow could be heard around my bedroom. Snow came through the window to the left of my bed. I could feel sprinklings of it on my face at times.

When I went over to the dugout, it took me about half an hour to shovel out the snow that had drifted in front of the door. After I got in, every fifteen minutes I would open the door, go outside, and shovel away the new accumulation of drifted snow. If we let it go too long, we wouldn't be able to open the door.

By ten-thirty the wind and snow slacked off, and the temperature began to melt the snow, so there was no more piling up in front of the door.

George called this morning. He said he talked with Sam and found that they were out of power only half an hour during the outage from the slide that destroyed the power plant on the

Feather River. Other places near by were out of power for as much as twelve hours.

He called up the Oregonian asking for some copies of the N.W. Magazine. They told him it would cost two dollars each for shipping them. He wrote them a letter saying that he wanted six copies for which he enclosed a check for twelve dollars. He told them what a good job the writer and the photographer did. He said in the letter, "I want the copies because those two are my kid brothers."

They sent him seven copies along with his letter on which they wrote, "Your check wasn't enclosed. We are sending you these seven copies, and we don't want your check."

George has been doing some work with a rake smoothing off a piece of ground making it ready to lay pieces of sod on it. That's the way they make a lawn out of special grass.

When he got through raking, he went in and took a shower, then lay down for a nap. When he woke up, and tried to sit up, he could hardly move. His hip was lame. After three days he went to a bone crusher who gave him a shot of cortisone. It may have helped him, but he doesn't know. He got better nevertheless.

In regards to the pain that he has all the time:- The crusher asked him, "Do you have that pain all the time?"

George told him that he did. The doctor said, "I didn't know. I thought it was only occasionally. I'll make you an appointment with another osteopath. Maybe he can help you. He is very good."

George doesn't have any faith in their ability to help him, but he is willing to let them try.

The way the snow was drifted around the door, I was sure there would be bug drifts down the road, so I didn't try to drive down for the mail. This afternoon I walked out to the point and part way down the first steep grade. The snow wasn't bad at all. A lot of it had already melted off.

It is cold tonight, so I'm sure I can drive down on frozen ground in the morning.

Mike's cough is a little better. Mine isn't getting either better or worse.

Today I made syrup and hotcakes, even though I felt it wasn't the best thing for me to eat. Well, I sure enjoyed them. Nothing else that I've been eating lately has given me such pleasure. I told Mike, "I've found the cure for my cold."

26th

The low last night was twenty. Thus the ground was frozen hard, putting the road in good shape for driving down to get the

mail. I waited until nine o'clock while the temperature warmed somewhat before going out to start the motor of the pickup.

There was no copies of the N.W. Magazine in the mail. I received the F.C.C. 610 form. It seemed like fast service, but on looking at the mailing dates I saw that the letters each took a week to reach their destination.

This morning Ellis contacted me on the radio. He wanted to tell me about the fine baked apples that were served for desert at the Senior Center. Mr. Night announced the names of the donors of the apples, namely Mike and Jim.

While we were talking, I mentioned that we hadn't received a copy of the N.W. Magazine, and told him the way George had gotten nine copies.

Later in the evening he called for me on the Oregon Emergency Net. He said that one of the Game Commission men was coming down this way tomorrow to repair some guzzlers on the other side of the desert from Andrews. He asked him to bring the copies of the magazine that he has been holding for us down and leave them in our mailbox.

I told him that we would go down Tuesday morning, and explained to him why we waited until the next day after the mail came to pick it up.

I have a flask of mercury packed in a box ready to ship by UPS to the place in San Francisco. If it wasn't for this cold I would go to Burns tomorrow. Maybe by Wednesday both Mike and I will feel like making the trip.

Carl Thomas came up this morning. He was riding a smaller motorcycle than he has been riding before.

He got the roof fixed on their house in Coos Bay. Oma's son-in-law is going to buy the place. We phoned Oma to let her know that Carl made it over here all right. Carl told her what a fine sunny day it was, and that everything was ship shape with the house at the edge of the desert.

I took two aspirin this afternoon, and two more at nine tonight. I hope they will help me get rid of this cold.

I hung a laundry on the line outside today. All of it didn't get dry before dark, so I brought it in, and will hang it up again tomorrow.

28th

My cold was bothering me so much yesterday I couldn't settle down to write anything in this account.

Two men from the Game Commission office came up yesterday with a bundle of the N.W. Magazine sent down by Ellis.

Being out of sorts with the flu, I was a poor host.

Last night when I went to bed, I got under the sleeping bag and lay on top of the blankets with the electric blanket under them. As a consequence I slept warmer and found that the spot between my shoulders, which always seems to be cold, gave no trouble at all. I felt better when I got up, but during the day I had rough coughing spells, and a fever of 99.6 all day. This was the worst day yet.

Mike drove down to get the mail before the frost went out of the ground. He seems to be on the mend, and is able to do more work.

The story in the magazine was written quite well. But Tom didn't have the facts straight. He had Dad moving out here to Oregon with the family including sister Mae. That made it easier for him to tell how we got to Oregon.

29th

I felt even worse today. There's a continual wheezing sound in my bronchial tubes.

Early this morning Mike drove down to get the mail. He had the days mixed up. He said, "There wasn't any mail, and it looks like the mail man never came by at all.."

I checked the calendar to make sure I was right before I said, "Yesterday was Tuesday. That's why there wasnt any mail."

Mike found some hex nuts to use on the bolts in place of the wing nuts. A socket wrench could then be used.

When we attempted to put the tank back on, we found that the wall had bulged inward, pressing a two-by-four against the tank. The pressure was what had caused the seal to leak. By trimming about an inch off the two-by, the tank went on okay. The seal now held.

The pipeline feeding the water to the tank had another problem. We didn't have the proper washer for the plastic fitting to the tank. We solved this problem by using a flat washer above the regular steel fitting washer. The combination made a seal for the connection.

Yesterday Carl brought up a couple of packages delivered by UPS. One box had a 14 inch electric-chain saw. This morning we spent an hour putting on the bar and chain. The design of the saw made this chore a difficult one. I said to Mike, "It looks like they think only of cutting down the cost of manufacturing at the inconvenience of the user. This looks more like Black and Decker piece of gear."

Mike had purchased this McCulloch thinking that it would be a good piece of equipment. He has been disappointed so many times with Black and Decker tools, he makes sure he doesn't buy any more.

On the packing box, in an inconspicuous place, a short line says, "McCulloch is a trade mark belonging to Black and Decker." That was a shocker.

I didn't take any Vitamin-E last night, and I had no leg cramps. The rainwater did the trick.

16th

This morning the ground was white with snow from .07 inches of precipitation. The low last night was 30. and the high today was 48.

At noon Mike drove the little pickup down to the head of the lower draw, then drove the big pickup over to the gravel pit for a load of gravel to put in the sump hole.

I threw out all the winter squash, and mopped the floor. Another day of cleaning will put the place in a more livable condition.

Tonight it started raining around eight-thirty. I put out a five-gallon can to catch rainwater from the roof of the ore bin. I brought it in full at ten-thirty. I then put out another five-gallon can, and will bring it in before I go to bed.

I wrote a letter to Arlis Bynum who was the first to write us after the story in the magazine.

Mike tried out the chain saw this morning. It worked fine. He thinks it is better than the first saw which is a twelve-inch one. This one is fourteen inches.

I have a tendency to feel depressed from the way things are deteriorating:- The bottom of the shaft full of water, the tramway partly destroyed, the glory hole opening up in the east tunnel, now a big cave in in the south tunnel.

This last glory hole is huge, and we were lucky to have enough lumber to build a frame to hold the tarps over the hole. Mike ordered the tarps several months ago, and they have been on hand for a couple of months now.

With the collapse of the tunnel, cracks appeared in the bathroom ceiling, the cold room door jammed, the toilet bowl sprang a leak.

A spring has come in the road, making it unpassable.

Altogether there is more work to be done, to get things into shape, than we can ever do. Even when we were at our best we couldn't have accomplished all that needs doing now.

17th

This morning there was about one-half inch of new snow on the ground from fifteen hundredths inches of precipitation.

The first thing wrong that I noticed was that the tarp was being blown up out of place around the top and both sides of the frame.

I went up to see what could be done about weighting it down again. I discovered that the ground had gaved in all the way to the antenna pole. This accounted for the loose tarp.

After breakfast we decided that the first thing to do was to take the antenna pole down, or to try to move the upper section to another place while it was standing up. We would have to put guy wires on it first. After that we could pull up the juniper post that held the upper section in place.

However, another chore presented itself. We would need the hemp rope which was being used to hold the planks in place on top of the tarp. Mike cut some two-by-twos to the right length to hold the planks spaced properly. Then we removed the hemp rope from each plank as we put the blocking into place.

Thereafter I crawled up from the dugout on the caved in dirt, and spent an hour freeing the coax cable which had become covered with a big pile of the earth.

Meanwhile Mike prepared a plank, and layed it on the tarp along the west side.

It was now after noon. The weather was like a blizzard with high winds and hail.

Mike said, "Do you think the antenna will stand up another day? It's too cold to work outside."

I said, "oh, yes. Maybe the weather will be better tomorrow."

After lunch Mike worked on the door of the cold room, putting seals around the edge.

18th

The low last night was 29, and the high today was 51. The day was mostly sunny. Mike worked on the shoring to be put on the side walls of the tunnel that caved in. He will put a beam across the tunnel to hold the shoring, and put pressure on them to prevent more from coming down.

I wheeled out dirt most of the day, then worked on the electrical junction box that I had removed, the one that Mike thought was the outlet for the power going to the refrigerator.

It was an onerous job, but I got the wires disconnected, and the back together. The only other wire from the box went to a light switch.

At news time Mike pushed the switch to turn on the TV nothing happened, then we found that the wires I had disconnected didn't go to the refrigerator, but to the TV. I used a plug-in jumper to put power to the TV.

Now we have no idea where the line to the refrigerator is connected. I will look some more to find the line.

Carl came up this afternoon, and called Oma on the phone. He told her how good the weather out here was. It was raining in Coos Bay as usual.

In order not to be come depressed, I look at the amount of work ahead as a challenge. I cant see that it raises my spirits much, though.

On the Beaver State Net tonight Alice said that she received the wedding invitation. "I presume you got one too."

I said, "No, not yet, but I know the date."

I heard chukars near by today.

19th

The low last night was 37. The high was 58. There was very little wind, and mostly sunshine.

Carl came up on his bike early saying that he would help Mike haul gravel to fill the sump and get the truck across it.

While they were gone I climbed up into the cave-in and pulled the piece of shoring out of the hole near the antenna pole. I was afraid more dirt would fall in and cover it up.

I then carried the other piece of shoring, that Mike had left by the closet door, up and placed it beside the first one. After that I placed a two-by-four between the ground and the top of the door, then used it to climb up on top of the door where I was able to staple the plastic sheet that had fallen down back up to the wall. Thus covering the holes in the wall that were letting the warm air out.

I ran a couple of sheets, a pillow case, and a towel through the washer, putting them through a cold water cycle first, then the regular detergent wash with warm water. This procedure makes for a cleaner wash. Some kinds of dirt seems to become set when the detergent is used at the start, especially oil.

When I had some vegetables out to get ready to cook, and a chicken thawing, Mike and Carl came in for a rest and a coffee break. They brought both trucks up, having gotten enough gravel in the sump hole to allow the big truck to come across.

It was too early for Carl to eat lunch, but he did have a cup of coffee and a slice of toast. Mike ate a good lunch of some food that was left over from breakfast.

They took off again at noon to get another load of gravel. I took the laundry off the line, and put the chicken on to fry.

They came back around two-thirty. By then the chicken was done. I didn't cook the onions, but fried the potatoes, and warmed up the frozen corn and peas. Carl didn't eat much, and headed down the hill for a bath in the hot springs.

Later when I was walking out to the point, planning to walk down the road, I heard someone walking behind me. Looking around I saw that it was one of the back packers that had gone up the mountain with his skis.

I said, "By golly, you're back down. How was it up there?"

He said, "It was beautiful up there, but we came down a day early. We didn't get all the way to Wild Horse Lake. There were avalanches, so we decided to come back down."

His partner was quite a ways behind. He said later that a bad knee slowed him down.

The first man saw that the trucks were up here and realized the road must be open, and he could bring their pickup up to the point. He started running down the road. I could see that it wouldn't be long before he was back with the pickup. The older man arrived soon after. He didn't have long to wait for the pickup, and they were off down the hill to take a hot bath.

20th

This first day of spring was the warmest day this year. There was warm air and sunshine. Insects are coming out in full force, and more birds have arrived. The low last night was forty, and the high today was sixty-two. In fact this is the warmest day since the thirtieth of October last year when it was sixty.

The cold-room door is out of kilter again. The hinge side of the door frame is sinking down. Apparently an underground-water course is on that side of the room. Two years ago water started coming up in places where we hadn't seen water before. This year already the cellar water is running a three-quarter-inch pipe full down to the lower-garden fence. The ditch water runs a one-half inch pipe full just as far. The three-quarter-inch pipe that drains the water tunnel is full. Water is coming up in the tunnel behind the back room. Of course those springs that came up in the road last year are much wetter this year.

While Mike was trimming on the cold room door so that it could be opened and closed. I made some hotcakes for daytime snacks. I washed the accumulated dirty dishes, and put five pairs of pants through the washer.

Now I always put the clothes through a cold-water wash without detergent. Then through a warm-water wash with detergent. The clothes come out much cleaner this way. I used gentle action with the pants, except on spin dry. Yesterday I did the same with the sheets. It sure makes a difference.

Mike's second project was to shore up the two sides of the tunnel at one small area. He used two four foot by four foot sheets of plywood, reinforced with two-by-fours one set on each wall. He then put a beam across the tunnel between the two. By a wedging action he got high pressure on the beam.

I thought he would take a rest after that job, but the next thing I knew he was loading old sagebrush onto the wheelbarrow. The brush had been lying near the trailer house all winter.

He brought the wheelbarrow load down to the tin building, and left it standing near the door. I didn't see him anywhere, but since I wanted to use the wheelbarrow to haul gravel to part of the trail to the draw, I unloaded the brush, piling it on some brush that was already in the tin building.

I brought the wheelbarrow back to the road where I could load on gravel from the truck.

I went into the dugout to get something. Mike came down from the direction of the draw, and began scraping mud from his shoes. He must have been checking on the dam. He came inside saying that he was going to take a rest.

I went out intending to go get the truck, but I saw a vehicle out at the point. At first I thought it was about to come to the dugout by the upper road. I went in and told Mike that someone was coming. Outside I looked for the vehicle, expecting to see it come down around the curve. It was nowhere in sight.

I walked out to the point, and saw two people walking out toward the cliff. I stopped at our pickup. They had a Volkswagen Bus parked nearby.

They finally came toward their bus. I greeted them. They were planning to hike up the mountain.

Later tonight I got one load of gravel over to the trail.

21st

I woke up during the night to feel snow swirling around my face. I discovered that the wind had blown the door open. The rugs on the floor were damp with snow, and felt cold on my bare feet. I nailed the door shut with sixteen penny nails.

When I came over to the dugout, I saw the damage the wind had done. It blew the TV antenna awry, and blew down my shortwave

antenna. The planks holding the tarp had fallen out of place, and the tarp was half off the cave in. Pieces of plywood were scattered here and there. About half an inch of snow covered the ground, and snow was plastered against the window, against the sides of the poles, and against the sides of the buildings.

Such was the duration of the spring weather of yesterday.

The couple at point said that they thought their bus would blow over. They left this morning.

I spent most of the morning getting the wires of the antenna untangled. I cut the short meter antenna away from the coax, and recoupled the eighty meter antenna, and got it stretched tight, using the broken piece of the tall horse to hold the end of the coax about six feet off the ground.

I had a good signal report when I checked into the Oregon Emergency Net.

Mike redid the roof for the tarp. This time using boards nailed to the planks to space them properly. He had to move the antenna pole which had fallen southeastward, and not toward the skylight.

Carl brought up the mail. We received the spectrographic report on the mercury. It was 99.999 percent pure. We got a letter from a man who wanted to buy cinnabar.

22nd

The low last night was 31, and the high was 43 with sunshine.

Mike put new roofing on the furnace building roof. Along one edge the big wind had removed one full width of the old paper. He also laid down planks over the end of the cave in, and put an eight foot by twelve foot tarp over them, then covered the tarp with dirt. It's not apt to blow away.

Carl came up this afternoon. He said that Lani Davis would like us to check the plumbing in an old mobile home on their place. The water wasn't drained from the pipes last fall, and they were damaged by the freezing weather.

I went down with Carl, and found several places with broken pipes. The building is in bad shape with rotten wood. After looking at the place, I met Lani and Ed. They are doubtful about fixing up the place. Four men from the Department of Mines want to rent it for the summer while they are prospecting. Lani thinks they might rent them some of the cabins.

I shoveled some gravel from the truck into the wheelbarrow, and wheeled it to the trail. Carl moved two loads over while I was shaving. After Carl and I left for the Alvord Ranch Mike wheeled one load over.

I baked cookies this morning.

Ed says that the wind did a lot of damage at their place. Up at the Juniper Lake School the wind completely demolished the trailer house.

The Davis' have a new cook again, and are using the cook-house. Lani had been cooking and feeding the crew at their house all winter.

I talked with Stella on the phone this morning. Apparently the wind didn't blow as hard down there as it did here. Stella's voice sounded strong on the phone. She asked about Margaret.

Today I fixed up a truss for the new hernia that came after the operation. At first I wasn't sure there was a rupture, but now that the truss is in place there is no problem using the shovel, or running the wheelbarrow. There's no problem while lifting either.

23rd

The temperatures are getting warmer again. The low last night was thirty-two, and the high today was fifty-nine. There were a few clouds, but the sun shown most of the time.

I hauled out dirt from the cave in most of the day.

24th

The temperatures were warmer today, but it didn't feel like it. I walked out to the point this morning intending to jog down the hill, but there was a Volkswagen Bus parked near the oil barrels. Two men were in it looking out over the desert.

When they saw me they got out. We greeted each other. One of them, who's name is Mike, introduced me to his friend. Mike said that he was here a couple years ago. They were planning to carry their skis up toward the top of the mountain.

I pointed out to them the way I thought was the best way to go up, and told them about the two who had gone up passed Straw-hat Pass last week.

I went back to the dugout without getting in my hike down the hill.

Yesterday Mike brought some gravel up. This morning he used the wheelbarrow to wheel some gravel over to the trail going to the draw. Near the corner of the tin building he put in a culvert to carry away the water that collects near the end of the building.

He still needs a small amount of gravel to cover all of the trail.

This afternoon I looked up at the power pole, and saw that the conduit pipe, that brings the wires into the dugout, was leaning out from the pole. Two clamps made from steel strapping had come loose on one side.

I got a ladder, and Mike put a new clamp half way up on the pipe. He had used sixteen-penny nails to hold the original clamp. This time he used twenty-penny nails.

He couldn't remember how he got up to the height of the original top clamp. We don't have a ladder that will reach that high, and a ladder placed on the ore bin wouldn't have worked.

The leaning pipe had cracked the fitting to the meter box. I used some of that electrical sealant to seal the crack.

Later I decided to go for a walk down the hill. Once again I was sidetracked. As I reached the point, one of the fellows, who had gone up the mountain with his skis, came down the upper road.

They had gone out toward Andrews on that bench to the south of the ridge. They did some skiing out there, then some more coming down on snow patches above the draw. Near the bottom of the last patch the snow was getting soft which was better for turning. Up above it wasn't so good because of the icy conditions.

The other fellow hadn't arrived yet after we talked about fifteen minutes. Two vehicles approached coming up the hill. When they got up close and stopped, six guys got out, and came over to talk. One of them said that they were looking for a good place to camp. I told them they could camp right there on the point. "But," I said, "There's a better place down by Indian Creek." and told them where the road turned off to go there.

One of them said that that road looked pretty muddy. I was surprised because the road looked dry the last time I was by there.

I lead them over to the cliff and pointed out the camping spot. From the edge of the cliff the road could be seen, and they saw that it was dry.

Later in the evening Mike went out and looked down. The two vehicles were there, and one man was building a fire.

I baked cookies this morning, and biscuits tonight.

25th

I went to bed an hour earlier last night, and got up an hour earlier this morning. The low was 28, and it got up to 45 today. It seemed much colder because of a fifteen mile an hour wind. The sun shown part of the time.

At ten o'clock I drove the truck in from the point. While I was out there, I saw the two vehicles with the six people, who had camped down by Indian Creek, parked on the road that comes up from Indian Creek. They were standing around the vehicles. Three people were standing apart from each other a short distance from the vehicles. The scene didn't make sense.

I drove on down to the front of the dugout, and removed all the stuff from behind the seat in order to see under the seat where I thought Mike's keys might be. There were no keys, but several items, that we had forgotten we owned, came to light.

Occasionally I looked out toward the point, and saw the gang looking over the old cars out there, then saw them start down this way. I met them out by the furnace room. We talked about the garden and the furnace. None of them mentioned reading the story about us in the paper. One of them said, "I heard someone say you were writing a book."

I said, "No. I'm not writing a book. There was a story about us in the Oregonian. Maybe you saw it."

They said they saw it, it was very interesting. One of them said that when he saw the front of the dugout he knew who we were.

One girl said that she had been in the Bangle Tree where she bought some pieces of jewelry.

They finally left.

Around noon I looked up at the sky, and from its appearance I knew a major storm was coming. Mike wanted to transfer the big box from the little pickup to the big one and get all the other stuff out of the little one.

I told him that there was a storm coming. At three o'clock I said, "We'd better go out and load the box into the big pickup before it starts to rain."

When we got to the point, I looked up Indian Creek I saw the snow starting to hide the mountain. With the box transferred Mike drove down to the dugout where he unloaded the planks and other pieces of lumber, then drove back out to the point and parked the truck.

At three-thirty a fine rain started coming down with a little wind. I walked out to the point and climbed into the cab of the big pickup. It was warm in there out of the wind. I sat there for about ten minutes enjoying the comfort.

The Volkswagen bus was parked at the Indian Creek turnoff. I presumed the two skiers had hiked up above the mine and over the ridge.

I got out and jogged down to the turn at the foot of the hill, then came back. It was still raining lightly. Later when the rain was heavy enough to cause water to run down the trail, I put a five-gallon can out to catch water from the roof of the ore bin. Now I have twenty-nine gallons on hand.

26st

There was two inches of wet snow on the ground this morning. The snow and the rain came to one and a half inches of precipitation since three-thirty yesterday. It snowed most of the day, and the total amount came to two and two hundredth inches.

The low last night was thirty-two, and the high today was forty-two.

Mike took off to get the mail around one-thirty. It was after four when he got back. The mailman was later than usual, and Mike gave up waiting, and started up the hill, but the mailman came before he got to the steep part of the hill. So he went back down. There was nothing in the mail except letters to Mike asking for donations.

I sent a letter to a man who is in prison in Salem. He had written to us asking questions about the quonset, and the land we set it up on.

I sent a copy of the article to Rea, and one to Jim Barnard.

I took a short hike down the road this evening, but didn't get as much exercise as I would like.

We didn't have a fire in here this afternoon, so I baked cookies to keep warm. The activity was enough to keep me from getting cold.

I talked with Lavina today. They had only nine tenths of an inch of precipitation last night and only one inch of snow. This morning they started out to go to Arizona. They got seven miles toward Fields, and turned back. The weather looked too bad.

Bill Stolz is having a hard time keeping the road passable. The heavy cattle and hay trucks make deep ruts in some places in the road. He has been putting rocks into these places, but they don't hold up. Now he is putting a fiberglass mesh under the rocks and gravel. He hopes the mesh will keep the rocks from

moving to one side or the other as the truck wheels pass over them.

Late in the evening water came into the dugout under the closet door from the caved-in tunnel. Mike took the fluorescent lantern up on top and worked at trying to stop the leak. He didn't have any luck.

Once I thought of opening the closet door to see if we could catch the water in a bucket, but since there was such a large amount of water I figured it wouldn't do much good. I thought that we might just as well let the water run across the floor and drain into the sump.

Mike kept trying to shovel the water into a bucket, but couldn't lower the pool that had formed in a low place.

He said, "You might just as well go to bed."

I thought it was hopeless to try to shovel up the water. He would have to be at it all night. I didn't like to leave him there contending with the water, but I finally went over to my bedroom. I might just as well have stayed, because I didn't go to sleep until after three-thirty.

This morning I was over here by seven-thirty. I found the floor dry and no new water flowing from the closet door. Mike was still sleeping.

Later I learned that he had put a tub under the leak, then put a bucket into the tub. The bucket filled quickly, and he was emptying buckets until the dripping stopped around three o'clock.

Today, as the temperature warmed, the dripping started again, but it was in a different place, and the bucket had to be moved. Mike went up on top and worked in the snowstorm.

He found one cause of the leak, and cured that. However, there was one small leak that continued. I put a bucket under it, and checked to see how much water was in it after an hour. There was very little.

Now there hasn't been any precipitation since five-thirty. We will have a respite tomorrow. The weather reports call for a fair day.

The Volkswagen bus is still parked at the Indian Creek turnoff. The two skiers must be up on the mountain.

27th

The low last night was twenty-seven, and it got up to forty-two today. A brisk wind made it seem colder. The sun shown most of the time. The road down the hill dried out a lot today.

Mike was busy early this morning, clearing snow off the trail to the fill, laying boards on the trail to keep the wheelbarrow wheel out of the mud after the frost went out of the ground. Around eight-thirty he started wheeling dirt out of the

cave in. When he brought the wheelbarrow back from dumping the first load, I started doing the shoveling. From then on until ten-thirty, I filled the wheelbarrow while he wheeled it out.

The sweep on the bottom of the front door was dragging harder than it should. Mike removed the screws that held the hinges in place, then raised it up using nails this time. He cut sagebrush and wood enough for two days of fire in the stove.

I found the keys he lost. They were in a pair of pants he had back by his desk. They were back there because he was going to do some sewing on them. At that time he overlooked the keys that were in a pocket.

I made biscuits today, leaving out the milk. They are better this way. I used half white and half stone-ground flour.

At three o'clock I jogged down passed the power-line crossing. The Volkswagen is still parked by the road. If those two guys are still up on the mountain, they must find the skying good because there must have been three feet of new snow from the recent storm.

28th

There was one half of an inch of new snow on the ground this morning. It was snowing lightly, and by ten o'clock the snow was melting rapidly and there was no snow falling. The sun started shining through holes in the clouds. I figured that by night

things would be drying out, and the road down the hill wouldn't be bad.

Early in the morning Mike said, "Here I planned to cut down that apricot tree today. It's too wet down there now." However, by noon the ground had dried enough so that he could get around and use the electric-chain saw.

At two o'clock Carl arrived with the mail. Mike said that he saw him at the point talking with the two skiers who had just come off the mountain. Mike had talked with them when they went by the garden. The weather had been quite rough up there. The snowstorm brought one foot of wet snow. We figured the snow would be dry and deeper.

I fried another chicken this afternoon, and mixed up some dough for piecrust, but didn't role it out. There were too many interruptions.

Mike got the tree all sawed into firewood, and praised the electric-chain saw for the speed it cut through the wood.

I talked with Dora on the phone this morning. Jimmy drove her over to Lakeview where the doctor made tests for diabetes. Why she never had these tests before seems strange. She showed the symptoms before coming out here from Kansas. Anyway the doctor gave her some pills to take, during the spells when her blood sugar was low. He told her to always have a candy bar with her.

She always has had candy around the house, and I have never seen her on a trip in the car without candy. She used to eat candy to get over those jittery spells, but lately I guess they have been getting worse.

29th

We had one-half inch of snow on the ground this morning. The low last night was twenty-seven, and the high today was forty-two. Strong winds during the day made it seem colder.

Mike started wheeling dirt out before I finished breakfast. After breakfast I shoveled while Mike handled the wheelbarrow. We worked until news time at eleven o'clock, then ate lunch. After lunch we wheeled out several more loads, then closed the closet door for the day.

Mike cut some wood. I boiled some potatoes and onions. About three-thirty I walked down the hill to the head of the lower draw. Water was coming up in all three soft places.

Half way back up I heard a vehicle coming behind me. Looking around I saw that it was farther than the sound indicated. I waited until they came up to me. Two fellows were in a van. They wanted to know where the road went, and if it was a private road.

I told them that the road ended where they could see the vehicles at the point. I thought that they might be wanting to go up the mountain skying like the others lately, but they were looking for a place to camp out of the wind.

I said, "The only place I know of is down by Indian Creek, but you might not be able to drive down there because of the mud."

I gave them directions on how to get there, and told them to check out the road before they headed off the gravel.

They drove on up the hill, and I continued walking. Later I saw them coming back. They had decided they couldn't make it to Indian Creek. They would camp down by the mailbox.

30th

The low last night was twenty-six, and the high today was fifty. There wasn't much wind.

Mike cut wood all morning. I wheeled out dirt from the cave in

Around one o'clock Mike went down the hill with the sixty-four pickup, intending to haul gravel. After he left I hauled out a few more loads of dirt, then began fixing a lunch for myself. Mike came in the door saying, "Well, I did it again."

Where the water is coming up in the road the truck had gone down in the mud to the bumpers. This particular place had been almost dry over the weekend, and several vehicles had been over it. Yesterday I walked down passed it, and saw that water was coming up in the tracks again. When Mike announced he would haul gravel on his trip for the mail, I said, "I don't know about that spot. It's wetter than it was over the weekend."

He said, "Well, all those vehicles have been going up and down the road all right."

I said, "Yes, but every time one goes across that spot it gets worse."

It took us several hours to get the truck out of the mud. Luckily Carl came up on his motorcycle with the mail, and gave us a hand which we welcomed heartily. Without his help it would have taken a lot longer.

We used four big planks, four short pieces of blocking, several two-by-fours, and other pieces of boards under the wheels on the left side. We had to use two jacks to get the stuff under them.

We hooked a line to the big pickup, and I towed it out.

31st

There was more precipitation early this morning, bringing seven hundredth of an inch. The low last night was thirty-two, and the high was forty-six.

We didn't wheel any dirt out today because of the wet weather. The clouds were close to the ground and seemed like a fog except that there were fine drops of rain and a few snowflakes.

I baked an apple pie, having yesterday prepared the dough for the crust. I'm not sure what caused the dough to be unruly. It may have been that the shortening was too cold, and didn't mix

with the flour as it should. It seemed to require more water than usual. Anyway, at the first try at rolling it out, it cracked at the edges as though it was too dry, yet it seemed wet enough.

I separated the crust into small with the thought of adding more water. However, there seemed to be need for more water. I was able to gather the pieces together, and make a coherent ball that rolled out with no cracking. Perhaps by then the dough was warmer.

The pie turned out fine except that there may have been too much sugar for these apples. They aren't very sour. The last apple pie I made were from green apples.

The crust must have broken on the bottom, because juice began boiling up between the crust and the glass pie late. I could see the juice at the bottom.

George called while I was baking the pie. Lois has been bringing Harry home lately. The nursing home used to keep him tied in a wheelchair so that he couldn't get up and walk around and perhaps fall down and get hurt. Lois wanted him to walk more, and prevailed on the home to let him do so. She had to sign a paper that absolved the home should he fall and break an arm or a leg, or become injured in any way.

George was amazed how Harry improved his walking ability. He would start down the hall and go faster and faster. He would lean

forward so far it appeared that his feet would have to go faster to keep him from falling on his face.

Once at the home, he got out a side door and ran across a lawn toward a lake. The nurses chased after him and he got going so fast he fell down and broke his glasses.

George took the broken glasses to a place to be repaired, but not many places repair glasses. This place didn't, but they gave him the addresses of a couple of places that would.

One address was the place where he had just purchased a pair of glasses. He went in there and asked if they repaired glasses at the same time showing the clerk the broken ones. The clerk asked, "How did they get broken?"

The clerk remembered George, and that he had been in for glasses a few weeks earlier. George said, "It doesn't make any difference how they were broken. Can you fix them. Anyway, they fell out of my pocket and a car ran over them."

The clerk said, "I can fix them. I will take a little while."

George let the clerk think the glasses were his own. He didn't want go through the story about Harry.

In about fifteen minutes, the clerk came back with the glasses looking like new. He set them on George's nose saying, "How are they?"

George said, "Boy! They are fine." He took them off immediately because he couldn't see anything. The clerk looked astounded to see him take off the glasses.

There was no charge and the clerk said, "If you have any more trouble come see us again."

Well, Lois is thinking of taking Harry out of the nursing home, and keeping him home with her. George and her friends advise her not to, because she isn't well enough herself to do the job even with someone to come in and help.

George thinks there is another reason that Lois wants Harry home, and that is finances. Her son Mike isn't doing so well in his new restaurant and resort business. He may lose the place and that means Lois will be out the fifty-five thousand dollars she loaned him.

If Harry comes home to stay, George feels that it will put too much work on him, and he will have to leave and come back to California. The real-estate dealer hasn't sold his place yet. He could move back in, and although all the furniture is gone, he would need only a bed and a table. The stove and refrigerator are still there.

I took a hike down the road this afternoon. At the sump hole I saw that it was just as bad as ever with water running from it on down the road passed the second hole. Out in the sagebrush on each side, pools of water stood everywhere.

When we got the little pickup out of the hole yesterday, Mike had tried to turn it around, but where he backed off the road the ground was soft and, although he got the rig headed back up hill, he spun out. Rather than taking the chance of getting the wheels dug in deeper, he had given up and road up the hill with me.

I looked the situation over trying to decide whether to go forward or backward to get back on the road. It seemed the best bet was to back up. I got in and started the motor, put the shift into the lowest gear, and tried moving forward. Not a chance. I put the gear in reverse and started moving, and was back on the road in no time. I drove up to the point, and parked it near the tractor.

The sun was shining, but there was a storm traveling from the north down the length of the desert. The wind a head of the storm was making good sized waves ripple along the shore. I decided to sit in the big pickup out of the wind and light sprinkle, to watch the weather.

The little storm had the appearance of a thunderstorm, but there was no thunder and lightening. The direction it was moving was unusual because generally they travel from South to North, or from Southwest to Northeast.

In a short time Mike came along, and I could see that he intended to walk down the road. I opened the window and called to him, "Where you headed for?"

He looked around, but couldn't see where my voice was coming from. I said, "I brought up the little pickup."

He said, "I wasn't expecting you here. I thought you would be way down the road so I didn't look over that way. I wasn't going down to get the pickup." He walked on down the road.

I closed the window and sat in the cab watching his progress. Some distance below the power-line crossing he left the road and walked through the sagebrush and walked toward the middle draw. He didn't go all the way to the draw, but cut back toward the road coming out at the sump hole. He crossed over to the north of the hole, then back to the road. I figured from his actions he didn't find a way to detour around the hole.

I watched him come back up the road, and when he got this side of the Indian Creek turnoff, I got out and came down to the dugout.

Later he said that there was water all out through the sagebrush. We had no choice but to use the road.

I talked with Ellis on the radio tonight, and told him about the water coming up in the road. He said that in a week or so with some good weather the road would be all dry.

I said, "The trouble is, the water coming up in the road is from the runoff higher up. When the weather gets warmer it will be worse."

He said, "I guess that's right. Maybe that's the trouble with the water in my basement. It's coming up through the floor from water that originates higher up on the hill."

After I signed off with him, a ham near San Jose called him. His name was Frank. Ellis didn't remember who he was at first, but it wasn't long before he did. It's been twenty years since they were in contact.

Later Ellis Derrell broke in. It turned out that Frank had given Derrell the examination for his ham license.

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1

There was no rain last night or today, but there were showers up on the mountain, and across the desert. They just missed us.

When I came over this morning, Mike was coming out the door with the wheelbarrow. He was headed for the point, and I guessed he was bent on loading rocks into the little pickup. He said that the rocks would go into the sump down the road.

After breakfast I decided that I would spend some time cleaning house. It was getting into worse shape all the time. With so much dirt spilling onto the floor from the wheelbarrow, and being tracked in on our shoes, the floor was covered with it. When we walked on it, dust was stirred up, and when we swept the floor more dust rose into the air.

The table top, desk, cabinet top, freezer top, and everywhere dust was becoming visibly thick..

I started mopping the floor, and it took a long time to finish it. The water in the bucket had to be changed several times, and the mop thoroughly rinsed out each time. Cleaning the carpet was a job by itself.

Around noon Mike came back with the wheelbarrow. He said he had a pretty good load of rocks. Next he was going pile a lot of sagebrush on top of the rocks. The brush would go into the hole first to make a mat that, he hoped, would keep the rocks from squashing out to the side of the wheels as we drove over them.

After lunch he brought the little pickup around the upper road, and parked it near the tin building. The sagebrush was across the draw.

I continued cleaning house, cooked some ground beef, cut up a fryer, and put it on to cook.

The pie I made yesterday lasted until this afternoon. Mike finished off the last piece. He ate more of it than I thought he would, since it was so sweet. I ate most of it, though. If I want to put a pie in the freezer, I'll have to make two at a time.

After the chicken was done, I put on the old pair of Nikes to wear inside of my overshoes, got into the little pickup, and drove down to see if I could help Mike.

He had gotten a ditch dug through which water ran from the hole. All the sagebrush was off the truck, and placed in the wheel tracks. He was still working at digging the ditch.

I took the pitch fork and arranged the brush more in line with the wheel tracks, and tramped it down into the mud.

Mike shoveled all the rocks off the truck, while I threw some and carried some others onto the brush. When he got the rocks unloaded, he said, "I'm ready to call it quits."

I continued moving rocks from the pile saying, "I'd like to get more rocks onto the brush in case the wind comes up tonight." In a short while the pile was down to nothing.

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3

I started up the hill with the big pickup, and Mike came along behind me with the little pickup. As I started up the last steep grade the motor quit, and it wouldn't start. Mike said that my exhaust had been putting out black smoke all the way.

I said, "You might as well walk up. I'll see if I can do anything to start the motor."

I didn't try to start the motor for several minutes, then without moving the gas peddle down at all cranked until the motor started. Still it flooded and would run without smoking only in the idle position.

I looked under the hood, and found a mouse nest that was keeping the vacuum break from operating. It took me quite a while to clear out the nest. Getting up to where I could reach it wasn't easy without the stool to stand on. With the trouble cured I came on up the hill.

2nd

The low last night was thirty-two, and the high today was forty-six. It was partly cloudy, but there were no showers.

Mike spent most of the morning cutting willow poles to place in the ditch that he dug across the road to drain off the water coming up in the road.

Around ten-thirty Carl showed up on his motorcycle. We were surprised to see him. He said that he came up to see if he could

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be of any help. Yesterday he had been up to the hole with a load of rocks. The ones he threw in disappeared in the mud.

Mike was ready to load rocks into the little pickup so Carl went with him. I continued with the house cleaning. They were loading rocks for about an hour, and I wondered if they might overload the pickup. They came back for a rest and a cup of coffee.

Around twelve o'clock they headed down to put more rocks on the sagebrush in the wheel tracks. I spent more time cleaning, and moving stuff that had accumulated in odd places, taking it out to the engine building, and the furnace room.

I also ran some clothes through the washer, and hung them on the line.

Mike came back alone at two o'clock for a for a rest and lunch. After lunch he went out to cut sagebrush.

I rolled out some pie crust, using shortening that was at room temperature. I measured out the same amount that I used the other day. It took less water, and the dough came together easier

It was mail time. I put the one letter I had ready into a sack, and started out the door. Mike was on his way in with a load of sagebrush. He said, "I was going to go down and go across the hole with the pickup. He paused, then said, "I can do that in the morning."

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I looked under the hood of the pickup to make sure no mouse had made a nest under the air cleaner.

At the hole I turned the pickup around to face back up the hill. Looking at the results of filling the wheel tracks with brush and rocks, I felt that I could drive over it with the big truck, but thought I might just as well let Mike try it with the little pickup in the morning.

The walk on down to the mailbox gave me needed exercise. The air was warm, but the sun and the exercise made me sweat.

It looked like the upper hole was ready to drive across. The center hole was in worse shape. Besides the increase of water, someone had been over it with a heavy vehicle, and made deep wheel tracks. They had slued around and made crooked tracks that would be more difficult fill with brush and rocks.

The lower hole also had deep wheel tracks. Carl had said to Mike that now he couldn't drive his truck across there.

Back at the dugout I started preparing apples for the pie, and was baking it while the news was on.

I checked into the Beaver State Net, and then into the Oregon Emergency Net. I took the pie out of the oven, and baked the extra rolled out crust.

When Ellis checked in, I made contact with him. I said, "Jean Hawthorne was supposed to come home around the last of

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March. Would you call Bob Latham in Burns and ask him If Jean had made it home all right." He called the number I gave him, but there was no answer. He said he would call again later and meet me in the morning on the weather net to let me know what he learned.

He asked me if I had the toll free number for Ham Radio Sales in California. I told him I would look it up. "But," I said, " I can give you an 800 number you can call to find out if a business you want to contact has an 800 number. I found the 800 number of a chemical company that way."

He said, "That will be fine to have on hand." I looked it up and gave it to him. He said that I could give him the 800 number for the Ham Radio Sales in the morning on the weather net.

I told him about the spring coming up not only in the road but all out through the sagebrush along the fault, and how it would probably get worse as the weather warmed and more runoff took place higher up.

The pie crust in the oven got baked very hard while I was talking with Ellis. It was too crumbly to suit Mike. He would like it more solid.

3rd

Carl was up here before eight o'clock. When I heard his motor as he was coming over the point, I thought Mike had started

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the little pickup, and was coming down to fill the gas tank. I thought, "Boy! He sure is getting out early this morning."

I got up and came over this way expecting to see the pickup in front of the gas house, but it wasn't there, then I saw Carl's Mazda in front of the dugout. I hadn't expected him to be able to come up the road, because two of those holes were still in bad shape.

He and Mike went out to the point in Carl's pickup, and then loaded rocks into the little pickup.

I made my breakfast, and after eating got busy with work around here. Cleaned out my bedroom, took out some pillows that were stored in plastic bags, and put them in the trailer house. The sacks had been sitting on the floor collecting dust and lint.

Around twelve o'clock Mike and Carl got back. They had unloaded the rocks, and then gone over to the gravel bed, and brought back a load of gravel. The pickup bogged down in the center hole. They managed to jack up the wheels and put planks under them, so got out without the need of a tow.

Mike mixed up his usual concoction for lunch. I fried some boiled potatoes, warmed up some peas and corn in the microwave oven, and put the cold pieces of chicken on a plate and got it all on the table for Carl. He didn't want any toast or bread. He said he was trying to cut down on the food. He did finish off with a piece of pie and a cup of coffee.

After lunch they went down after a load of gravel. I told them I would keep an eye on them in case they needed a tow.

Around three-thirty I decided it was time I looked down from the point with the field glasses to see how they were doing. Sure enough I saw the little pickup, but not the Mazda. At first I thought the little pickup was parked this side of the center hole, but soon I could see that it was coming this way. I watched to see if it would make it across the upper hole. Before reaching this end it came to a stop. Mike got out, he was alone, he went in front of the pickup, and looked at the right front wheel, then went back to the rear. I could see that he was too far to the right. I thought, "He seems to be in the same wheel tracks that he was in the last time he got stuck."

I lost no time driving down with the big pickup. When I got there, Mike was out of sight. I walked down passed the hole. He was all the way down to the lower hole, and coming this way carrying a heavy plank.

I went down to meet him, and offered to carry one end of the plank, but he said that it wasn't heavy. It was just the up hill going.

He said, "If I had known you were coming down, I wouldn't have gone after the plank, because there's some on the big pickup."

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Well, we spent about an hour and a half jacking up the wheels and moving first the front end over to better ground, then the rear end over, and towing it out of the hole.

Now Mike thinks it will take ten loads of gravel to make the road passable.

The region of the hernia operation is giving trouble again. I've been redesigning the truss trying to make it more comfortable. Also, I've decided to eat less roughage food to cut down on the formation of gas.

5th

Yesterday Carl was up here, and he and Mike went down to haul gravel again. Once I looked down there with the field glasses, and saw that they were using the jacks at the front of the pickup. I drove down there figuring they would need more planks.

As I neared the upper hole, I saw them walking this way at the side of the hole. They waited for me to turn around and back up toward the hole. I thought they were going to unload some planks. But it turned out that they were coming up to the dugout for lunch. It wasn't yet eleven o'clock. Mike had looked at his watch wrong, and thought it was nearly noon.

They had gotten the truck stuck with a full load of gravel, but not where I thought when I saw them using the jacks. Mike had driven off the road on the north side intending to turn around so

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that he could back the truck up to the center hole and unload the gravel. The ground was soft there, and he mired down.

We came up here. I fixed a lunch, mixing onions, flour, powdered milk, and an egg with ground beef. I fried it over fast heat to a good brown.

I thawed out some peas and corn, and boiled some potatoes and onions. By twelve o'clock we had eaten.

We went back down and worked at trying to jack the wheels up, and get the planks under them.

It was mail time, and I had brought the weather report to be mailed.

About three o'clock a heavy shower came up. Carl went down on his motorcycle, and brought up the mail sack. I dumped out the mail, and put the weather report into the sack. Carl said, "I'll see you in the morning if it doesn't rain.", and headed back down with it.

Mike and I came back up the hill, and were sorry to leave the little pickup still stuck.

At six I checked into the net, then there was a knock on the door. I went to the door, and saw Ann outside. She had walked up in the rain from the center hole where her truck had bogged down.

She had come over from the bird refuge by way of Frenchglen. On the way she had taken a hike up on a mesa. Now, after the walk up here, she was pretty tired.

I fixed a dinner for her, consisting of the leftover vegetables, and a ground-beef patty which I warmed up in the microwave oven. I fried some of the boiled potatoes. She ate a hearty, and finished it off with a bowl of Jell-o.

I asked if she was cold. She said, "A little."

Mike gave her one of his vests, and a jacket to put on. The coat she wore was wet. He gave her his white Nike shoes to wear, because her shoes were badly coated with mud. The Nikes fitted her just right.

We had a lot to tell her, and she gave us a rundown on what she had been doing.

I surmised she would like to go to bed early, and had put clean sheets on the cot by the window, and had the bed ready.

However, it was ten o'clock before I said, "I'll bet you'd like to go to bed. You've had a long day."

She said, "I'm sleeping back in my pickup."

I said, "You can sleep in the cot. It's all made up with clean sheets."

She asked, "Where is Mike going to sleep? Isn't that his bed?"

I told her that he slept in the back behind the partition. She would like to take a bath, and I got out a bath towel, a washrag, and a new bar of soap. She asked if we had a comb,

remarking that it might seem like an odd question to ask us, because we never use a comb.

I found a comb that came with the barber kit.

I left her to take her shower. Outside I could see some stars and a few clouds as I went to my bedroom.

This morning, before I came over here, I heard Carl's motorcycle. I spent twenty minutes redoing the truss, which I might just as well have left alone, because it didn't work as good as before. I'll have to work on it again.

Yesterday we got Ann's pickup out of the hole, and the little pickup out. Ann stayed around while we unloaded the gravel.

Around noon, she gave me a book about the greatest flood on earth. It was in the ares called the Scab Lands of Washington. Then she headed down the hill. Carl followed her.

Back up here Mike cut wood. I baked a couple loaves of bread.

Last night it was cold and windy with eight hundredths of an inch of rain. It was still cold this morning. Around one o'clock, Mike was ready to go down to get the mail, and intended to bring up a load of gravel.

The weather had turned warmer. Carl showed up on his motorcycle. So Mike had a helper after all.

I baked an apple pie, using a little less shortening than the last time. It turned out good, but I could have used even less shortening.

Mike didn't get stuck in any of the holes. They hauled up one load, and put it in the middle hole, then they went back down and shoveled on another load. Mike brought it up, and left the truck just below the middle hole. Carl didn't come up, but went on home.

This evening a cold wind came from the north. I hiked down to where Mike left the truck, jogging most of the way.

This morning I worked on the truss before coming over here, making it more compact. It works better.

7th

The low last night was twenty-seven, and it got up to fifty-six today.

I came over here at eight o'clock. The air was still cold. When I first got up, I heard Carl's motorcycle come but never heard any voices, or doors opening and closing. Yet when I came over here, the motorcycle was gone, and Mike was gone. Later I learned that Mike had finished his breakfast before they went down the hill.

After a breakfast of a slice of stone-ground-flour bread, a poached egg, and a cup of coffee, I continued my job of cleaning

up the place. I got all the odds and ends off the front half of the table. So now there is more room for the dishes of food, and a better place for Carl to eat.

I mopped and swept the floor, something that should be done every day, because we track in a lot of dirt.

At eleven o'clock I began preparing food for lunch, figuring that Carl and Mike would be here before noon. Thus when they arrived, lunch was soon on the table.

Mike complained about being tired. They had unloaded the gravel left in the pickup yesterday, and then hauled and emptied two more. After lunch, Mike said, "Well, I'm going to rest a while." He sat at the table talking. After some time, he went out and loaded some brush onto the pickup, then they took off down the hill.

By that time I had washed the dishes. I would have gone down to help with the gravel, but a lot of work needed to be done to make this place presentable to visitors.

I wanted to get some exercise, so opened the door to the back tunnel, and wheeled out dirt until three o'clock. It was beginning to rain. I expected Mike and maybe Carl to be here about that time. I had no more than gotten the door closed and the cracked under it plugged, and the wheelbarrow stashed outside, when Mike came walking down from the point.

They had gotten one load of gravel up and unloaded it, then another which they left on the truck, because it was beginning to rain, and also because the brakes weren't working.

The brake fluid was gone, so there must be a break in the line. We will check in the morning to find the leak, and try to repair it. From the way Mike talked about having me help him made me think that Carl wouldn't be up tomorrow.

After dinner tonight I baked another apple pie. There was only one and a half cups of white flour in the place, so I used it and a half cup of stone-ground flour for the crust. In the filling I used one tablespoon of cornstarch instead of two tablespoons of flour.

The rolled out crust tended to split at the edge, making it necessary paste some rolled out dough on the cracks. I knew that the patches worked all right, because the juice didn't run out.

I rolled out the excess dough, and in trying to overcome the cracks at the edge, and also to make the piece rounder, I folded the crust back onto itself around the periphery, then rolled some more. The dough stuck together and blended to make a smooth edge. Now the rounded piece can be lifted by hand, and it won't tear.

The next time I make a pie crust I'll try this procedure. That won't be until we can get to town, and get some flour.

We hope to have enough gravel in the holes to drive the pickups across by the middle of next week. But by then the roads to Burns may be closed, and we will have to go to Winnemucca.

8th

There was a sprinkle of rain this morning, when I got up at six-thirty. The low was twenty-nine, and the high was forty nine.

At seven o'clock we watched the efforts of the astronauts to retrieve a satellite, and were disappointed at their failure.

Later in the morning the rain turned into snow, and the wind got stronger. By noon it was a blizzard.

The first five-gallon can I set out to catch water filled quite readily, but the second can got only half full by the time the water stopped running from the pipe. The temperature turned cold. Also the snow took up the water from what snow did melt.

Around three-thirty the wind slacked off, but the snow kept coming down quite heavily. By four-thirty the wind dropped almost to a calm. It made the weather pleasant enough for a walk down the hill. I walked down to the turn at the bottom of the first steep grade. From there on I jogged to the power-line crossing before I turned back.

When I was halfway back I saw Mike coming toward me. He had decided to take a walk to stir up his blood.

I talked with Ellis on the radio tonight. He said that yesterday he drove out highway seventy-eight toward Crane, then down along a road that runs at the side of Malheur Lake. At the nine-mile slough, where the water had been running over the road a few days ago, the water had lowered in the slough. It doesn't come from the lake, but rather it runs into it from the ground to the northeast. The runoff from there lasts only a short time because the area isn't great, and the hills are low.

So the threat of the road closure to Burns isn't as great as we thought.

However, if this weather keeps up for a few days, it will delay our trip to town, because we won't be able to fix the brake line and haul gravel to make our road passable.

9th

The low last night was twenty-nine, and the high today was forty. The sky had started out with high-thin clouds, then by noon heavy clouds came in.

There was about three inches of snow on the ground with a total precipitation of forty-four hundredths of an inch.

We went down to the little pickup to look for the leak in the brake line. The snow was already melted around the pickup, and we had to work in the mud. I put some card board under the front, crawled under, and examined the line. It looked okay,

except in one spot where the flexible hose goes into the fitting that meets the steel tubing.

Mike gave a short push on the brake peddle while I kept my eye on the spot. Fluid came spurting out.

Mike had already gotten out the jack, so now we jacked the wheel up out of the mud to take it off. However, the lug wrench wasn't behind the seat in its usual place.

We tried to remove the hose without taking off the wheel, but the only wrench we had that would fit was a small crescent which didn't have enough leverage. Also we needed a large screwdriver to remove a keeper that holds the fitting to the frame.

We hiked back up to the dugout, and got some more tools, came back down, and removed the wheel which gave more room to work. Mike was able to take off the flexible hose.

Back up here we couldn't find a replacement, so will have to buy a new one in Burns.

I made a batch of biscuits using stone-ground flour with some cornstarch in it. They came out quite good.

At mail time I drove the big pickup down as far as the upper hole. I was hoping to turn it around, but after two tries gave up. Luckily, I didn't get bogged down off the road.

There was some snow falling, and it looked like a storm was approaching. That was the reason for going down in the pickup.

I jogged most of the way down to the mailbox. There was a doctor's heavy-reference book in the mail sack, also ten books about Reagan. I thought the weight would be troublesome climbing the hill, but it wasn't that heavy.

At the pickup I dumped the mail into the seat, got in, and backed up the hill, having in mind a place near the power-line crossing where I might be able to turn it around, but the wheels spun out before I could get that far.

I walked on up not feeling too tired from all the hiking. Now we have two pickups parked on the road.

After checking into the net tonight, I experimented in making pie dough with stone-ground flour and cornstarch. From the cookbook I learned that one tablespoon of cornstarch equaled one and three fourths tablespoons of flour.

I used these proportions in the pie dough. After cutting in the shortening I found that the dough would adhere together without any water. I added a tablespoon of water, then decided to see if the dough would roll out without any more.

I did get it rolled out, but it wouldn't hold together. I broke the rolled-out piece into small pieces, and added water tumbling the pieces with a fork. After adding four more tablespoons of water I tried rolling them again. This time the crust was a little better, but not satisfactory. I broke it into pieces

and added more water. It rolled out quite good, but it still was fragile, although I managed to line the pie plate with it.

I cut the second piece of dough into pieces, and added ten tablespoons of water. This would have been an excessive amount with ordinary pie dough. However it rolled out quite good. I had less trouble putting it over the apples than I usually do with regular dough.

The pie baked fine, and the crust I made from the dough left over was such that Mike said, "I thought you said you couldn't make pie crust out of stone-ground flour."

I told him about using cornstarch with the flour.

10th

The low last night was thirty-three, and the high today was forty-three. We had small hail and snow showers all day, but the temperature was warm enough not to let it accumulate on the ground.

Around nine o'clock Mike headed down the hill, I presumed, to put the left front wheel back on, and move the pickup off the road.

I put a frozen chicken into the sink with hot water which I have found to be the best way to thaw one out. Then prepared a pot of potatoes and onions to boil on the stove.

Mike had some beans cooking, and I watched to see that they didn't boil over, or burn.

I went out to the point a couple of times to see how Mike was doing. But even with the glasses I couldn't tell if he had the wheel on. I saw him moving around behind and around the side of the pickup. I thought he might be cutting sagebrush and putting in the road.

The second time I looked he was unloading the small amount of gravel that had been left in the truck.

Around eleven-thirty I heard a motorcycle outside, and saw Mike and Carl on it. While they were getting off, another motorcycle appeared, also a four-wheel mudrunner with big tires. A boy was riding it. The motor was in the center under the seat. Later I saw that it was started with a rope starter, the rope being pulled out from the side.

Altogether there were ten people besides Carl. They had seen the story in the Oregonian, and Carl brought them up to see the place first hand. They were camped out at Fog Springs. Carl had joined them in motorcycle trips, and on one trip they had visited Mickey Hot Springs.

Carl said that the BLM had improved the road that went passed the springs and on over the desert. The water from the Alvord Desert wasn't running out to the north yet. It would have to get a lot higher to go passed the springs.

After they had gone I put the chicken on to fry.

The showers continued, sometimes heavy so it was uncomfortable outside. I spent a lot of time reading in the Doctor's Reference Book, but learning very little about the pain tablets that were prescribed for me when I came out of the hospital. The term or letters APAP lacked a definition in the book. At least I couldn't find one. The nearest was Demoral APAP in which Demoral was two kinds of narcotics put together-- one Neperdine-- the other Acetammminophen. What APAP designated was not given.

There was a long dissertation on the hazards of the two drugs, and the danger of continued use which could lead to addiction.

This morning I made another modification to the truss, making it more comfortable, and it worked better.

Last night every time I woke I made it a practice to take a deep breaths. This seemed to make me sleep better, and I felt better when I got up.

11th

The low last night was twenty-five, and the high today was forty-eight. There was no rain or snow.

When I came over here this morning, Carl was outside with his pickup. I asked him how he got around our pickup. He said the ground was firm, and he drove right around it.

I said, "Well, I'd better go down now before the ground thaws out, and gets slick, and turn our pickup around, and bring it up here."

Carl said, "I think you can do that now with the ground frozen."

He and Mike were about to go after gravel. They intended to use the little pickup even though the brakes weren't working. I rode with them as far as the big pickup, and had no trouble turning it around and driving it up the hill.

The time was only seven-thirty. I listened to the news while getting breakfast, and was cleaning up the place by eight-fifteen.

Mike and Carl showed up. I said, "Boy! You sure got a load of gravel loaded and unloaded in a hurry."

Carl said, "We used my little pickup, and didn't get much of a load. Mike started the little pickup, and was going to use it, but when he went to shift gears, the motor stalled, and he couldn't get it into any gear. He had to drive it off the road to get it stopped. The wheels mired down.

Now they were planning to use the big pickup. I figured I would go with the, and do the driving, because Mike wasn't used to driving the big pickup.

Thus I missed checking into the morning net.

We drove across the holes without trouble, and hauled two loads. Mike and Carl shoveled up the first load. I worked with Carl on the second load. The first one went on the middle hole the second one on the upper hole.

Carl was ready to haul another load, but Mike and I thought we should quit at this point. I said, "Carl can get his pickup, and we'll go up and have lunch."

Carl said, "Jim hasn't been up there getting lunch. I'll go home. I've got a lot of food all cooked."

This afternoon we loaded the utility box onto the big truck, and got it ready to go to town tomorrow. Carl will come up here eight o'clock, and go with us.

I made an apple pie this afternoon. The crust wasn't up to par. I probably got too much flour for the amount of shortening. Mike seemed to like it, though"

12th

Carl was up here at seven-thirty, and we left for Burns at eight o'clock. The weather promised to be quite good. There was a hint of rain or snow from stormy looking clouds over the mountain. It made us wonder what was in store.

The low last night was forty, and it was forty-five when we left.

At the cattle guard Bill and his helper were getting ready to do some work on the road with their graders. They had already scraped at the road bed on each side of the cattle guard, making ridges of earth that made the going rough.

Up along the side of the mountain and to the north there was some precipitation which I called rain, and Mike called snow. There was no way to prove who was right, but all the way up passed the Juniper Ranch we ran into rain only.

At Mann Lake where it comes nearest to the road the water was about three feet below the road bed. One can surmise that when the big runoff comes next month, the water could be over the road.

There was very little traffic on the highway, and we were passed Crane before we encountered any vehicles.

Some distance north of Lawen water was running over the road, and right close to Lawen a truck was dumping gravel on the road where there was considerable water on the road. The lane we were in had stakes up to keep the traffic from getting out where the pavement was broken down.

We went slowly, but still the road felt rough under the water. The rest of the way there was lots of water out in the fields, but none on the road.

In town we did our shopping hurriedly. Carl got his hair cut, and saw the shoemaker to find out if he could put a zipper on his leather coat. The next time Carl comes to town he will take the coat in with him and have the zipper put on.

At the Safeway store Carl and I started shopping, while Mike went over to Napa Parts to get the flexible hose for the brake line. As time went by I began to wonder why it was taking Mike so long at the parts place. Finally I saw him coming up an aisle with a cart with only one item in it.

The reason he had been gone so long was that he had lost his pocket book. He found it out when he went to pay for the flexible hose.

He went all the way back to the Chevron station where he figured he had lost it in the men's room. He couldn't find it, and asked the attendant if it had been turned in. No such luck.

14th

Soon after we got home Thursday the service-station attendant called to tell Mike he found his pocket book.

We rested over Friday, and got an early start for Burns on this warm sunny morning. We were going in to get Mike's pocket book, and some other items that didn't have on our shopping lists.

The road going into town was drier than it was Thursday. There was less water running over the highway north of Lawen than there was Thursday, and at the worst place on Thursday the roadbed was dry.

We had only a few things to get, but drove around quite a bit to get them, so was around town for about two hours.

We got home around two-thirty. Mike did out two tubs full of laundry.

I took a walk down the hill as far as the lower hole. There is less water coming up in all the holes, which makes me think they will be dry in a few weeks.

While I was looking over the condition of the lower hole, I heard a motorcycle coming up the hill, also other motorcycles down on the county road. Carl drove up on his small motorcycle. He wanted me to see me about writing a letter to Oma telling her to put in for sheep tags and antelope tags for him. He gave me his permanent license to get the number to send Oma.

While we were talking, three guys came up on motorcycles.

16th

Yesterday we started the motor on the tractor by towing the tractor with the pickup. It ran until Mike swung out into the sagebrush, after going down over the brow of the hill. There didn't seem to be any reason for it quoting. The starter couldn't get it going again.

The position of the tractor was such that we couldn't tow it from the front, but had to tow it backward up the hill.

Then we hooked onto the front, gave it a short tow, and it started quickly. Mike drove it up the hill into the sagebrush to see if it had any power, and to see if it would keep running when it was pulling hard. It seemed to do just fine.

He backed into the old parking place where we could hook onto it should it need a tow.

He wanted to finish the work he was doing on the bed of the little pickup. I thought he would be through the job in a couple of hours, but it turned out to be an all afternoon job.

I put the battery charger on the batteries of the compressor, planning to run it later in the evening.

Around four o'clock I decided to try starting the tractor before it cooled off too much, although it was too late already. It wouldn't start, so I put the charger on it for about five minutes. With the battery still on I cranked the motor. It started right away, but didn't run smoothly. I figured that the idle jet needed adjusting, and walked over to the little pickup for a screwdriver. The engine quit before I could get back to it.

I tried starting the tractor engine again, but it wouldn't make one cough. I gave up and decided we would tow it again tomorrow.

I went over to the compressor to see if it would start. I let the starter crank for a short time, then let it rest for a few minutes. I gave it another try, but there wasn't enough juice in the batteries to turn it over once.

I gave that up, and put the charger on one battery, and would leave it over night.

17th

Yesterday morning I talked with Ellis on the radio. He said that quite a few were at the Bird-Refuge tour, mostly from Oregon, but a few from out of state.

There was so much water over the road going to the headquarters that they were turning back cars.

He met Betty Penland. She said that she was going to see her mother. He asked me what Betty's maiden name was. I didn't know, but thought that she was from this area.

Later I called Dora and asked her what Betty's maiden name was. She didn't know, but she said that Betty was a California girl, she and John Henry were married down there.

Today is Dora's birthday. She is seventy-eight the same age I am. She has two friends who have the same birthday, and every year they celebrate their birthdays together. This time one of them couldn't make on the seventeenth, so they will have it on the eighteenth.

This morning it began raining around eight-thirty. At nine o'clock I put a can under the drain pipe of the ore bin, and caught one half gallon of water before the rain quit at nine-thirty.

I made an apple pie, since the weather wasn't suitable for working outside.

I made a gasket for the replacement coil on the tractor in anticipation that the rain would stop, and the ground would be dry enough to work on the tractor.

Around noon I got the coil onto the tractor and turned the engine over a few times to see if it would start. It coughed once, and might have started, but I didn't have the gas turned on. The battery was run down quite a bit. I came down to the furnace room and got an extension cord and the charger. Before I could get the charger hooked up, Mike came out. I told him that the coil was on, and that when I cranked the motor the needle on the ammeter moved more than it had been lately.

He said, "Maybe it will start if we give it a tow." The chain was still hooked up, so Mike got on the tractor. I made half a turn around the power pole towing him, and the motor started up, but soon quit.

I remembered that the gas hadn't been turn on, and told Mike about it. After he turned on the gas, he used the starter, and the motor took right off.

Mike said, "It seems to be missing on one cylinder."

"Oh," I said, "I had a wire off one of the spark plugs."

I got a pair of pliers with insulated handles, and put the wire onto the plug. In the process a long blue arcs jumped from the were to the plug. It showed that the spark was much hotter than it was before.

Mike was ready to put on the blade, and make a pass down the road. While putting on the blade he shut off the engine. After the blade was on, the engine started readily. He drove down to the gas house, filled the tank, and again the engine started right off.

He went down the hill. The engine seemed to run fine. I got a bucket ready to put diesel oil in the compressor. I put the charger on one of the batteries. I spent some time looking for a funnel, which I didn't find, then it started raining.

Later over the microphone I heard Mike arrive at the point. The tractor engine sounded good.

18th

The low last night was thirty-four, and the high today was fifty-three. At six this evening it was forty-two. There were showers all day. Mike drove the little pickup down for the mail during a rain shower.

This morning Mike used the half-inch drill. The switch didn't work good, and he barely got the hole drilled. He said I might look at it if I had time.

I spent the whole morning on it. I found that it would run fine in reverse, but not in forward. We would need a new switch. At first it would work intermittently, so I was reluctant to take it apart, because we might be able to use it in an emergency. But when it quit altogether in the forward position, I figured I couldn't do any damage.

I drew a diagram, or a picture, of where the different colored wires went, then pulled the wires off. Next I pried up the clamps that held it together. I was prepared to catch any springs that might come flying out, and was surprised that there were no springs or loose parts to fall out.

Actually it turned out that I was removing only the part of the switch that reverses the drill. There was another section that contained the main switch with a spring. The moving poles of the switch were near the end of a plastic rod that fitted into a cylinder that held the stationary poles. It was constructed in such a manner that it would go into the cylinder in four different position. I decided to turn the contacts one-hundred and eighty degrees, and thus use the reversing contacts to run the motor in the forward direction.

April, 1984

33

When I finally got everything together, and the switch installed, I found that the drill would run fine in the forward and backward both. I had assumed that it wouldn't run in reverse, but it did. Also the position of the indicator for forward and reverse was normal.

We will send for a new switch using the number given in the parts manual.

I thought I heard Ellis check into the Oregon Emergency Net mobile in Reno. His signal was too weak for a QSO.

I called Dora tonight. Jimmy drove her to Burns yesterday. They brought Pat and Nellie home. The road was in fair condition, and the weather was fine.

I got a letter off to Oma telling her that Carl wanted her to put in for Sheep and Antelope tags, and to get two universal joints for the jeep.

19th

There were snow showers all day. The temperature got up to forty-two, so the snow melted as fast as it hit the ground. We stayed inside mostly because of the wind.

I made two pies this morning.

Around twelve-thirty Clinton H. Jenson, the Weather Bureau manager for the cooperative in this district, showed up. He gave me the fifteen-year award for weather service.

He visited for a while, and had a piece of apple pie.

Later the new manager for the BLM in the district knocked on the door. His name is Dean Durfee. He seemed like a neighborly man who wants to get acquainted with the people in his district. He ate a piece of the apple with a cup of coffee.

Tonight one pie and one piece out the other is gone.

20th

It was cold this morning with some wind. The sky was clear.

I couldn't hear the weather net. There were no signal anywhere on the eighty meter band.

Mike dug at the back of the furnace room to make enough room to allow the whole building to be pulled in that direction at the at the top. The building has been leaning more and more toward the front, because of the pressure of the earth behind it.

Around ten-thirty, while I was mopping the floor, some people showed up. One man said that he was up here last year, and now had his wife and son, and a friend with him. His wife, Fay, said that she had sent the story in the Oregonian to their son, Tom in Alaska. He and a friend, Debbie are geologists, and are down here on a visit.

Fay and Neil Smith live in Burns. We gave them the grand tour.

After they had gone Mike ate his lunch, then headed down the hill with the tractor to make a pass at the road with the blade.

talk about the peanut brittle, because that would be about business which wasn't allowed on amateur radio.

Vance was net control on the net tonight. I asked him if the weather net was on the air this morning. He answered that it was, but the members had a hard time hearing one another. I told him that I couldn't hear the net at all, but failed to mention that the whole eighty-meter band was dead.

21st

The low last night was thirty-three. This morning the sun came out bright, and the air was calm. It seemed like a Spring day. The temperature was up to forty-four by eight o'clock, at which time a breeze from the west made it seem cooler.

Mike went out early to remove earth from the back of the furnace room.

George called, and we talked for half an hour. Lois is in Lansing getting the house there ready for a renter. She is removing all the furniture, except some pieces that the leesor would like to use. A friend is hauling the furniture down to Florida for her.

George doesn't yet know whether or not Lois is going to bring Harry home.

I was busy inside until eleven o'clock. I fried some pork steaks, and left them on a platter to be eaten at any time.

I hiked up to the big rock on the hog back, going in my shirtsleeves. On the slope I saw a yellow flower that I decided was a Yellow Dwarf Yarrow, and thought I would bring it back with me on the way down.

From the big rock I could see the layout over toward Mickey Hot Springs. I could see no way for the water on the desert to run passed the springs. There was a small-dry-lake bed with what looked like water running across the center of it. Some people seeing this playa from the road a few miles away thought it was running water. A young couple observing it from a high point ten miles away thought it was a lake.

Later today I talked with Carl who has been up that way on his motorcycle. He said that there is no way for the desert water to drain out to the north. Maybe Stella is mistaken.

After lunch I went out to work on the tractor intending to set the timing a little faster according to Mike's idea that the engine heats up because the spark is too slow.

However, the engine wouldn't start. I came down to get the battery charger to put on the battery, then got to thinking that I should do something about the hard-to-move adjustment plate. I would have to remove the distributor again.

I put the charger on the battery, and removed the distributor. I found that the gasket had leaked oil onto the wires where

they were plugged into the cap. Maybe this had something to do with the hard starting.

Anyway, I cleaned the cap, removed the breaker plate, and cleaned and sanded the surface that had to move when adjusting the timing. I set the marks on the adjusting plate to the center mark before installing the distributor.

The installation took longer than it should have, because of the lack of room to work and maneuver the thing into place.

I did make a new gasket to replace the one that let oil get out.

Mike helped me. Once he held the distributor in place while I turned the rotor until it fitted in the slot properly. But I had to loosen the bolts and try again, because the rotor was binding when I tightened the bolts.

Carl came around and offered to help, but there was no room for two to work.

The fitting that went on the end of the wires wasn't up to par, and I spent time trying to put on a replacement. I needed a special crimper for the job, but I finally got all the wires connected to the cap.

I carefully checked everything, making sure the fan belt was on properly, and making sure there was nothing in the way of the fan before I started the engine. I started promptly without trouble.

Mike said he would drive down to Indian Creek, and give it a workout to see if it would get hot. Carl and I heard him when he got to the creek. We heard him for a long time, and wondered why he wasn't coming back up the hill. We went over to the cliff, and looked down. He was nowhere to be seen, although we could hear the tractor running.

Finally Carl spotted him at the top of the hill on the other side of the creek. He was coming back down. The engine sounded like it was running fine.

The mosquitoes were bothering us, so we got into the cab of the truck to wait for Mike. He came up to the point and stopped, saying that the tractor started boiling when he got part way up the hill.

Mike still thinks the timing is too slow. But Carl and I think that it may be that the water pump isn't working properly.

23rd

The day was cool with a brisk wind from the west. Mike worked digging the earth away from the back wall of the furnace room. He ran into a layer of hard pan which added to the difficulty of the job.

I worked on the tractor trying to adjust the governor. The rod going from the governor to the carburetor was too long. The only way to shorten it was by putting two bends in it.

To work on the linkage I removed the generator. Even with the rod shortened to the right length, the govener didn't work properly, and I couldn't see how to correct the trouble.

Last night the power went off at nine o'clock, so we went to bed early. The day had been warm so my bedroom was still warm. I didn't need the electric blanket.

Yesterday Carl was up, and helped me take the fan belt off the tractor. It was badly warn, and could have been slipping on the pulley.

Carl said, "I'm going to town tomorrow, and I'll get a new one."

This afternoon he came up with the belt, nine dollars and thirty-six cents. I put it on, and Mike drove it around across Indian Creek, and up the hill and back. He said, "It started boiling again."

He wasn't feeling good, and thought he was low on blood sugar. He headed back down to the dugout.

I set the timing control up a notch or two, and started the engine. It didn't start as readily as it did before.

Tomorrow we'll try it again. Carl went back home.

Tonight, since we didn't build a fire in the stove, I made some cookies to keep warm.

I called Dora to see if she knew what caused the power outage. She hadn't been able to find out.

I talked with Ellis on the radio tonight. He said that he would check on the road going to Bend to see if there really was eighteen inches of water on the road.

He will be down this way next week with a class from the Aloha High School. He has tentative plans of riding horseback up to the head of Pike Creek this week.

Sunday we gave Carl some pea, beet, and carrot seed. He planted them in the afternoon.

29th

John Scharff was in the hospital a few days. He had some chest pains, and went in for a checkup.

Mike has finished digging at the back of the furnace room, and has pulled the building back to a somewhat upright position.

29th

I got up at six-thirty this morning, which makes it two hours earlier than usual, because it is now daylight-saving time.

I spent all morning cleaning, and rearranging things in the room.

Around one o'clock I shaved, and changed my clothes to make myself presentable to the high-school class that Ellis is acting as a guide around the Steens Mountain.

They arrived just as I was about to wash a sink full of dirty dishes.

After a brief introduction, we slowly got around to giving them the grand tour, and a briefing on the mercury extraction process.

Most of them took pictures, especially of the bathroom.

I was wearing the blue vest that Mary made for me. One young man asked me, "Did you make that?" I told him about Mary making it. I took the vest off to let them examine it. One of them put it on to see how she liked it. Apparently the garment was not only unusual, but had a rich quality that appealed to them.

May, 1984

1

10th

Friday morning we headed for Bend. We stopped in Burns, and had lunch at the Senior Center with Ellis, John. and Dorathy.

When we got to Bend, we stopped near the jewelry store, and after a brief visit we drove out to their place six miles out of town.

We went to the wedding Saturday, and came home Sunday.

12th

I found that the diesel oil was leaking from the tank on the compressor. I put a bucket under the leak, using a cloth for a strainer. It rained that night, and in the morning water stood in a pool on top of the cloth, but the oil had gone on through. The bucket was nearly full.

I changed buckets in the rain. This morning the tank was empty, and the second bucket was a little over half full.

Today Mike used up used up the tube of Borer Kill on the apricot tree, and still needed more. He went down to Pat's, and brought home three tubes.

The temperature today got up to seventy degrees with mostly sunshine and no wind. This year the plum trees are blooming all at the same time. Bees, butterflies, and flies are working on the blossoms. Maybe the tree with the big plums will get pollinated for the first time.

May, 1984

2

George called today. A friend of Lois' moved a load of furniture down from Michigan ten days ago. He had a heart attack soon after he arrived. He is better now.

Ellis is camped out at the Dick Jenkins' place on the Cold Spring Summit. He will eat at the Alvord Ranch tomorrow, where he will leave his horse while he makes a trip south.

13th

The high today was eighty, the low last night was fifty, and six o'clock it was seventy-one. The sun shown most of the time. All the plum trees were blooming. If we don't have big crop of blue plums this year it won't be because conditions aren't right for the blossoms to get pollinized.

Mike wheeled out six loads of dirt, and applied Borer Kill to the holes in the apricot trees. He trimmed the edges off a sheet of hard board two inches thick that had become weathered and cracked along the edges. Now he has a piece six feet long by thirty-four inches wide good and solid. He will use it for a bench top.

John Christy drove up with his wife, her uncle and aunt, the Culps, who have something to with the fairgrounds. Mrs. Christy gave us a loaf of fruitcake.

The reason they were late was that they had gone on passed intending to go home by way of the White Horse Ranch, but the

road that way was washed out, and they had to come back this way. I guess they decided to come up here after all. We had a nice visit.

This evening I started for a long jog down the hill, but forgot to wear a scarf around my head to ward off the gnats and mosquitoes, so came back.

Later I started out again with a scarf, but the wind was stronger so the insects were no bother. I went only as far as the power-line crossing

Around ten o'clock Mike took off down the hill, being in need of a workout to use up excess blood sugar. The moon was nearly full so there was considerable light, although some clouds partially hid the moon.

Carl and Oma were up this morning. They are going to town tomorrow to get some garden seeds. Oma is going to plant string beans where in our garden where we grew corn last year.

When Ellis came up he said that the Big Alvord was out of its bank, and ready to run across the road, and he wondered if he would be able to get back to the ranch.

Later I talked to him on the radio. Mike had gone out with the bulldozer and routed the water away from the road.

Tomorrow Ellis will go down to the Fields' school and give a talk to the kids.

May, 1984

4

Today Ellis was a guide to the kids of the Fields' school, bringing them up here for a visit.

The weather turned cold after a rain that brought fifty-five hundredths inches of rain.

Last night I had vivid dreams on a subject that hasn't been in the news in a long time, to wit-- the exploration for oil in Alaska:- It seems that a large facility was blown up by terrorists. I was up there to get a news story. While I was waiting for a chance to interview someone in charge of the investigation, I noticed a young man standing near by. At first I hesitated about speaking to him, but I finally remarked, "It's strange that the security guards were so lax."

He agreed with me, and we talked about what happened. Especially concerning the great loss after the people had made so much effort for a new source of energy

We talked about the three settlement many miles apart, and how a railroad connected the three together. In discussing the ways of getting to the coast, he mentioned one could walk down the pipeline to the coast in three hours.

16th

Yesterday we voted at the school house in Andrews.

Loni Davis invited us to dinner at the ranch on the weekend of Memorial Day.

The low last night was thirty-two. After checking into the weather net, I listened to Verne talking to another ham who asked him how high tidal waves reached. Verne said, "I'm not sure, but the best I can remember they get up to eighty feet."

I thought I would look in the encyclopedia to see what it had to say. After considerable searching I found that seismic-sea waves reach a height of over one-hundred feet. One in particular in eighteen ninety three, in the East Indies, reached 114.84 feet. 36,000 people lost their lives.

By the time I got back to the radio, Verne had signed off. I figured to contact him tomorrow, but before I turned off the receiver, I heard him call for the ham he had been talking with. The other ham didn't answer, so I gave Verne a call telling him about the information I had found.

He said, "Well, I was quite a way off. Del will be glad to hear that."

Earlier Lyman had asked how it came about that GMT had been usurped by CUT. No one had a satisfactory answer. I checked in the encyclopedia and got no real good answer. But it seems ships use UT; air craft GMT; communications ZULU.

Actually Coordinated Universal Time started around 1972, when Atomic Clocks were coordinated with Sidereal Time.

20th

May, 1984

6

I took the diesel tank off the compressor, and patched the leak with hot glue, a large washer, and a screw. Yesterday I put it back on, but four bolts aren't yet in place.

I went up to the mine today, and used the single jack on a hole in the location I left off last fall.

Mike stayed down here doing some work around the place. He had two visitors looking for rocks and thunder eggs. They were from Bend.

I had trouble with the big-toe joint on my right foot when I was coming down the hill.

When I came up I drove the pickup across Indian Creek, but couldn't get passed a muddy place below the meadow, so backed down to a place where I could turn the pickup around, and left it there. Now I drove it back to the point.

After getting back I dug out an old pair of thongs and wore them during the evening. It took time to get used to the thong between the toes. I put plenty of Wondra on my feet rubbing it in good. I think it might help the joint some.

The exercise hiking up to the mine and back, and the work with the single jack made me feel a lot better.

21st

I felt good when I went to bed, and rested good during the night. I had much more energy this morning.

31st

We went to Burns today. Carl was with us. There's a detour at Mann Lake, because of water over the road. At nine-mile slough water is over the concrete rail, but the pavement in the center is dry. Water is over the road about a mile this side of Lawen.

It was a clear cool day, which made the trip more pleasant than if it was hot.

I couldn't find a fitting to make a replacement hose for the oil line that drains the diesel oil from engine of the compressor.

Stella is in a nursing home in Lakeview, where the nurses can make sure she gets her medicine properly. At home she couldn't remember if she took it or not, and probably took too much.

Oma went back to Coos Bay Monday.

Bruce came out last Friday, and left Tuesday morning. They found quite a few artifacts, including a fine-agate arrowhead.

June, 1984

1

1st

Leon Esperza called this morning saying that he and three other men would be up here at eight o'clock Monday morning. I told him we would have walk to the mine.

2nd

I called Dora yesterday. She said that the BLM wouldn't let Bill make a short detour around the water on the road at Mann Lake. That's why he used the old road, which makes a longer detour than necessary. He wants to put gravel on the detour, but the BLM frowns on it. She said that Pat wanted to know when we would be going to town again. I said, "In about a month."

The weather was quite cool this morning. I headed for the mine at twelve intending to work on the trail. The shovel was up at the tool house, and when I got up there, I decided to pry with the bar some of the rocks out of the vein. I made a little showing, but a thunderstorm came up at two o'clock.

I came down during the worst of it. I got soaked especially my shoes and my pant legs from the water on the grass.

It took me forty minutes to get to the toolshed from here. I came back down in twenty minutes during the rain. The sun came out about the time I got here.

A sample of dirt where I was digging had no cinnabar in it.

4th

June, 1984

2

The four people from the Department of Mines were here this morning. One was a woman, I think. I couldn't tell, because of the long hair, but the voice was more like a man's.

We didn't get to go up to the mine because it was raining. I showed them the information that I had on the mines around here.

About an hour later after they left, Carl brought a woman up. She is the cook at the Frenchglen Hotel, Eva Schmitt, a Swedish woman. They were for over an hour.

I collected rainwater, getting a good new supply. It rained quite hard at times.

Late in the afternoon a lone-black bull hung around the yard acting as a weed eater. He will need some help to get all the weeds and grass cleared away.

Yesterday I went up to the mine. I worked on the trail, and cut steps into the steep places. I removed some rocks from the fault where they had fallen, after I quit mining there.

5th

Mike took a hike down the road this morning, and got back just before a shower set in. We had light showers all day.

Carl attempted to ride his motorcycle up to the mine, but his bike mired down on the hill going up off the meadow. He walked the rest of the way, and inspected the fault above the shaft. He brought down some rock samples that had a red color

from iron stains. They were rocks that I had dug out ten years ago.

Carl's garden is doing pretty good considering the weather. His spuds got nipped by a frost the other night.

He thinks he has found the reason for the failure of the string beans. It wasn't from the soil being too alkaline, but from some tiny insect. He hopes to overcome the problem with some kind of insecticide.

6th

We had showers all night, and all day with forty-three hundredths of an inch of precipitation

I didn't walk down the road or get any other exercise today.

I talked with Ellis on the radio tonight. It's raining and cool in Burns the same as it is here.

I baked a batch of cookies, using chopped nuts and raisins.

7th

We had another rainy day bringing seventy-hundredths of an inch of precipitation. Most of the showers came during the night. During the day they came farther and farther apart and there were none after five-thirty.

There was snow on the south pinnacle this morning. It is clearing up, and there could be frost tonight.

June, 1984

4

The black bull stayed all night in the lee of the engine house. Mike saw him there this morning, but he was gone when I came over to the dugout at eight.

Once today between showers I walked up to the meadow, but the road was too muddy to continue, so I went out to the Shull claim, picked up a rock sample, and brought it back down here. It had a quartz streak through the center. The white contrasted vividly with the dark rock around it.

I have been drinking grass juice to keep the ends of my fingers from cracking. It definitely works, and my fingers are perfectly smooth. If we could keep lettuce on hand it might work, but I doubt that it would be as effective as grass juice.

The truss is working better now, so I can eat roughage without gas being blocked at the hernia.

9th

The low last night was thirty-six. When I got up at eight o'clock there was a light sprinkle. Light showers continued most of the day. Up until one o'clock sunshine predominated, but around two there was a heavy shower with hail and thunder.

I had some cloths on the line almost dry. After the shower the sun came out for about two hours. The cloths were nearly dry again, but another shower was approaching. I took the cloths down, and hung them in my bedroom. They will be dry by bedtime.

June, 1984

5

Carl came up on his motorcycle with six trout he had caught at Wild Horse Lake. He had another six for himself. He might have stayed up there longer, but it got too cold with showers of hail.

I fried the fish, thinking that Al, Susie, and the two girls would be here to enjoy them.

10th

Al and Susie haven't yet arrived. There was no rain during the night, and the temperature was warmer.

Several cattle were around this morning. When I came out of my bedroom, they took off.

By two o'clock the ground was dry enough to walk up to the mine.

I worked on the same seam, but this time on the end nearest the shaft. It seems to be between two types of rock. The mud is of the same consistency and color as some that had cinnabar in it. But this doesn't have any in it. If I go deeper maybe some will show up.

I got back here around five-fifty, just in time to check into the Beaver State Net. After dinner a lay down for a while, and had leg cramps when I got up.

There was no rain last night. The low was forty-one, and the high today was sixty.

June, 1984

6

At twelve o'clock I headed for the mine. I broke a large rock into small pieces, and uncovered part of the mud seam. The color of the mud ranges from light gray, yellow, brown, and red. It looks like the mud in the shaft that was full of cinnabar. But there was no cinnabar in this.

I felt stronger today, and wasn't tired when I got back at four-twenty.

Ellis contacted me on the Oregon Emergency Net. His brother-in-law, Paul, will visit him tomorrow. They will fly over the lake early in the morning, then in the afternoon they will make a trip down this way. If they make it all the way around, they will be here by three o'clock.

He says that the road crew has covered the road with gravel at Lawen which brings the roadbed above water.

Al and Susie haven't arrived.

The cattle seem to change their feeding ground from day to day. The Wild Horse cattle haven't been around today. The Alvord cattle didn't hang around the meadow today.

13th

Ellis got here around noon. They came by way of the Folly Farm. The road was in good shape. The detour at Mann Lake had one bad spot in it.

They went back to Burns around by Diamond. Paul went on over to the Valley that night.

June, 1984

7

After they left, I hiked up to the mine, and worked three hours on the vein.

Yesterday I walked up there again, and worked on the fault at the spot that I was exploring when Mike was in California building George's house.

This morning I fired up the forge, and used it to heat up the fittings on the oil-drain line of the compressor.

I intended to change the oil in the pickup, and drove it down to get the mail in order to have the oil hot when I drained it.

Near the mailbox I saw two pack packers coming up the road, and stopped to asked them if they were going to hike up the mountain. They were and had gone up the wrong road at first. They were up this way two years ago, and knew of our place. Our road was the one where they wanted to start their hike.

Carl came along while I was putting the mail into the cab. He thought there might be a letter from Oma, but there was none. He went on over to the hot springs to take a bath.

On the way back up, I saw the back packers sitting on the ground eating their lunch. I drove through the gate and stopped to close it, saying to the girls that I had to close the gate.

One of them said, "We'd better get on the other side of the gate."

I said, "If you want to you can ride on up to the place where you can start hiking on up the mountain." They put their packs into the truck. They were glad for the ride, because they had already walked eight miles.

When I let them off, a thunderstorm was approaching with a high wind. I said, "Maybe you'd better set up your tent pretty soon because of the storm coming."

They said that they had good rain cloths, and will be all right. It was at least a half hour before the rain and thunder set in.

15th

Yesterday we went to town. The road was in pretty good shape, except in places on the state highway where there were some bad potholes in the pavement.

Near Lawen they had put gravel on top of the pavement, so we didn't have to drive through water.

We renewed the insurance on the little pickup. At Al's Repair we had a hose put on the fittings for the oil drain. The mechanic brazed adapters to the old fittings. He used a special machine to crimp the adapters onto the new hose. We bought a new inner tube for the tire of the wheelbarrow.

I forgot to get a pair of neoprene gloves, although they were on the list.

There were no groceries for Pat at tillers, because the phone at the store was out of order all morning. Pat was disappointed when she couldn't call her order in.

This morning I worked at the compressor trying to get the new hose screwed into the oil pan. I found that the fuel tank would have be lowered, because the adapters were too long. There wasn't enough room between the tank and the hole in the oil pan.

I took the two front bolts out and with blocks and the jacks lowered the fuel tank, not enough, though, because something was hindering the tank from moving far enough.

Thunder caps were in the making, so I decided on going up to the mine, and do some work before it rained.

I left here at ten, and was at the toolshed by eleven. I worked where I had left of sixteen years ago. I had to remove a large amount of rock and dirt before I reached any unworked surface.

I got down to a seam of iron colored clay and water. I couldn't see any sign of cinnabar.

The thunderstorm came close, but only a sprinkle at the mine.

I got back down here at four. Counting hiking up there and back, I got in six hours of work.

June, 1984

10

I went out to the compressor after dinner, and managed to get the hose attached to the oil pan, and the fuel tank back in place.

I received a letter from Susie saying that she meant to say that they would be here in July instead of June.

16th

I left for the mine at ten, and got back at two. That made four hours of hard work in the hot sun.

17TH

I left for the mine at nine-thirty. I took a pint of water slightly salted, and a peanut butter sandwich. The iron oxide has no cinnabar in it. Tomorrow I'll go above the cut I am in now, and remove the topsoil from the vein. Otherwise it would fall, or be pulled down into the cut where shoveling it out would be hard work.

19th

I didn't go to the mine Monday, but worked on the compressor tightening the oil-drain hose. It was difficult to do, because there wasn't room to maneuver the wrench. I put in six quarts of Mobile-1 oil into the compressor engine which brought the oil level slightly above the low mark. There was no leak at the drain-hose connection.

21st

There was a thunderstorm yesterday. I collected two and a

half gallons of rainwater.

I put the battery charger onto the batteries of the compressor engine.

Today I primed the fuel line, and tried to start the engine with no success.

Yesterday Carl brought Oma's granddaughter and her friend up to see the place. We were surprised that Oma was back.

When we got back from town Thursday, I noticed that the scales were set at 163 pounds, and wondered who it was that weighed themselves. They were up here that day we went to town. It was Carl that weighed the 163 pounds.

22nd

I tried twice to start the compressor engine today without success.

24th

Mike installed an air valve in the bung of the diesel barrel yesterday. We were going to pump air into the barrel to force the diesel up to the jets.

However the starter stuck in the flywheel, so we couldn't turn the engine over.

Today I removed the starter. The Bendix wasn't working properly. I cleaned it so now it slides all right. But sometimes it sticks pretty hard in the full out position.

I cant see what the cause could be, except that the gear may have too much play on the shaft which causes it to bind.

Mud daubers had filled the brush compartment with mud, but it didn't interfere with the working of the brushes.

Oma left for Coos Bay today, so Carl is alone again.

Yesterday the Bureau of Mines men went up to the mine, gathered samples, then went over to Stevenson's mine and took samples there. They didn't stop here.

Beryl called today. He said that he was over to see Stella last Wednesday. She isn't looking good at all, and Beryl thinks she will never get back home.

A man by the name of John Ranier was here today. He knows Ellis. He used to live in Oregon, and had a 7 call. He moved to California some time ago, because his wife couldn't stand the climate her. It made her asthma worse. Now he has a 6 call.

He saw Ellis in Burns Friday, and Ellis told him about our place here, and that I also was a ham.

John and his wife travel most of the time, and are at their home in San Jose only for a few weeks during the winter season.

25th

I got the starter back onto the diesel engine, and put a little pressure into the fuel tank. I opened the fuel line at the far side, and saw that the fuel had reached that far.

June, 1984

13

I tried twice to start the engine with no luck. If there was any oil pressure I couldn't tell, because by the time I got around to see the gauge after the starter stopped the pressure was already down to Zero.

26th

Yesterday Carl rode his motorcycle up passed the mine, and around up Tuffy Creek, and crossed Indian Creek over to the road coming down the draw and on down the bulldozer road and up to here. He only saw two deer and a couple of Chukars.

Today I removed the return line to the fuel tank , and put a plug in the fitting of the tank, and left the return line open.

One problem of putting pressure in the fuel tank to force the diesel up to the jets was that the fuel line received the pressure also and bucked the oil coming up.

Now, with the return line free, the oil reached the jets quickly when I cranked the motor. The motor started readily, and I had to hurry around the compressor, and shut off the fuel, because it was pouring out the return line with great force.

I reconnected the return line, and started the motor again. I let it run for about twenty-five minutes.

I talked with Ellis this morning on the radio. His grandson Scot was there.

27th

The weather was clear and calm all day, except at six when I walked down the road and back. On the way back there was enough wind to keep the gnats and mosquitoes off.

Last night mosquitoes and gnats came into my bedroom, keeping me awake until around one o'clock. By that time I had swatted most of the mosquitoes. The last one that I heard was buzzing around my ear. After I swatted him I never heard any more.

I didn't do much today. I put a batch of cloths through the washer, and fried a chicken. Mike adjusted the clutch on the little pickup, and worked in the garden.

I heard Ellis check into both the morning net and the evening net, but his signal was too weak for a contact.

28th

This morning it looked like it would be a hot day, but at nine-thirty I headed for the mine anyway figuring I would take it easy climbing the hill so as not to get too warm.

There was no wind while I was climbing, but when I stopped for a rest a slight current of air from an up draft would help cool me a little.

It took me an hour to reach the tool shed. By the time I started working a welcome breeze came from the east. Then after an hour a strong wind came from the west, and I had to tie my

hat down with the shirt I used to keep off the gnats and mosquitoes.

At twelve-thirty I went back to the tool shed, and ate the peanut butter sandwich, and drank a pint of slightly salted water. I gave myself a half hours rest.

The men from the Bureau of Mines flew back and forth along the side of the mountain in a helicopter, going directly overhead a couple of times.

I got back here after five hours and twenty minutes. I was pretty well dehydrated. My voice gave away how tired I was.

Mike had made some grass juice from oats that were growing in the garden. I mixed some of it with orange juice and extra water with a dash of salt.

I ate a dish of ice cream. Later I decided to try eating squash again. I found two jars spoiled and one all right. I ate a good helping with the hopes that it would help prevent cramps. I took some Vitamin-E also.

The high today was ninety-five.

My voice returned to normal by six o'clock.

30th

Yesterday it was cooler. The high was eighty-nine.

I left for the mine at eleven, and came back down around four-thirty. I was quite tired, and it took me all night to get rested enough to feel comfortable.

I rested good after eight, and got up at nine.

I left for the mine at eleven-fifty-two, and was working by twelve-forty-three. I didn't take any lunch with me, and started back at three-twelve. Thus put in a short day.

The high today was seventy-six. I didn't feel tired.

Carl brought up two fish today, and I cooked them tonight.

I called Dora, and got Stella's address in Lakeview.

I told her we would be going to town Monday. She said that she would meet us at our mailbox to give us her lawn mower to have fixed in town.

I talked with George this morning.

July, 1984

1

I headed for the mine around ten-thirty this morning. The temperature was a little warmer than yesterday. I didn't have as much go power.

When I was climbing the zig-zag trail I looked toward the desert, and saw a pickup parked where the geothermal-well drillers put down a test hole on the ridge above the meadow. I was amazed to see it there because it couldn't have come up our road, and I had heard that the Alvord road was impassible.

I didn't see anyone around until I had been working about an hour. Then I heard a hammer repeatedly hitting a rock. A short time later a man appeared out of some rock outcrops along the ridge. He walked over to the truck, then back to the rocks. He came back to the truck, then disappeared over the ridge toward the Stevenson mine.

About two-thirty he was back again, then, a little later, I heard voices. Apparently one of them had been over on the other side of the ridge all the time I had been watching.

They finally drove down the Alvord road. I figured that they must be the Bureau of Mines people, and wondered why they took extra interest of that ridge after flying over it with a helicopter a few days before.

Later I saw them driving up to our place.

I had just found that I could auger a hole under a large rock in the center of the fault. I would have continued working

July, 1984

2

on the hole, but I wanted to meet the two, so left some of the tools behind, and put the shovel and large bar into the tool shed, and hurried down the hill.

At the dugout I learned that this was the first time they had gone over that ridge on foot. Also they weren't the ones who had flown over with the helicopter.

3rd

We went to town yesterday, We took Dora's lawn mower in for repairs. We picked up a big order of groceries for Pat at Tiller's. I mailed the weather report, and a letter to Margaret.

Among our groceries there were two cases of frying chicken at sixty-eight cents a pound. We got eight half-gallons cartons of ice cream.

This morning we took Pat's groceries to her, and delivered a set of dishes to Dora. She had purchased them with coupons.

By ten o'clock I was at the Alvord Ranch to check the refrigerator in the kitchen. Apparently it was low on freon. I decided first to clean the dust out of the fins of the condenser. After getting most of the dust out with the vacuum cleaner, I thought of removing the cover to the fan, and clean the fan. I didn't have the right size hex-head socket for the holding screws. Ed wasn't there, but would be back at two. I decided to go home for the wrenches, and be back by two.

When I got back at two, Ed still wasn't there. I started putting gas into the system. It was a slow process, because I was cautious about it, fearing that the high side would get too much pressure.

Finally I saw bubbles in the sight glass disappear after using nearly all of one can of gas. Ed came in as I was taking the manifold off.

It was after four, so I left it up to Ed to adjust the regulator.

Loni brought out some lamb chops, and a neck roast for me.

The high today was eighty-five. I was too warm while I was working in the kitchen.

I took a walk down the road after the sun went behind the mountain.

5th

I went up to the mine early yesterday, and spent six hours and fifteen minutes counting travel time. The temperature got up to eighty-seven, but it seemed hotter, because there was no wind.

The rock, that was above the auger, hole broke up when I battered it with a heavy hammer. Thus the auger hole was made useless, and I was able to remove the mud with a pick.

I reached a point where it seemed hopeless to continue digging in that spot, so I decided to start removing the overburden from the fault line farther up the hill.

July, 1984

4

Last night it took me a long time to begin to rest, and I was still tired at noon today.

I did out a laundry, and spend a lot of time trying to open the sewer line. The water from the washing machine didn't drain out down the sewer, but filled the sinks full plus some water in the dishwasher.

By two o'clock I felt rested enough to make an attempt to climb up to the mine, and do a little work. It was the hottest part of the day, and I later found that the high was ninety-three.

A breeze of about ten miles an hour helped to keep me from getting too warm. I got back down here by five-thirty, having uncovered a small section of the fault without finding any improvement in the prospect.

Cumulus clouds were forming as I came down the hill, and I had the benefit of one small bit of shade. At six o'clock it was ninety degrees.

After eight there was the sound of distance thunder, and there was a few drops of rain.

Roy Hair was here around seven. I didn't recognize him, although I felt that I knew him from somewhere. After talking with him for an hour, I asked him his name. When he said, "Roy Hair," I remembered him.

8TH

Saturday I worked on the sewer line. I took the traps out under the sink. One of them was plugged at the elbow that goes to the main sewer line. It was plugged by some cloth that came off an old quilt that Mike had tried to wash. It had gone to pieces and plugged the line. I got the trap cleaned out, then discovered there was a leak in at the bottom of the trap.

This morning I tried to stop the leak by using hot caulking compound. Mike scrounged around in the furnace room, and found a good trap, so I finished the job this morning.

I needed two days rest from working in the heat at the mine.

Late this afternoon I thought I would walk up to the mine, and stay a short time. I left here at two-thirty. There was a scattering of clouds, and a breeze. The high today was eighty-four. I didn't have much push going up, but I didn't get too warm.

I checked the outcropping above the place where I had been digging, so didn't do much work on the fault.

I felt quite fresh when I started down, and wasn't tired when I came in at six-thirty. A cloud gave me shade most of the way down. That with a breeze helped a lot.

Al and Susie haven't arrived yet. Doc. Storm was here yesterday with three of his youngest children. There was friend also, a young girl named Patty.

I have more energy this evening than I've had in days.

19th

Al and Susie arrived on the evening of the ninth. They left the next day around one-thirty.

Last week after Al and Susie were here, I came upon quartz that had cinnabar dispersed through it. I'm progressing slowly up the fault, and the amount of cinnabar is increasing in the pieces of quartz. Right now I would estimate the ore would go thirty four pounds of mercury to the ton.

The overburden is getting deeper over the fault.

Carl helped me one day removing a three foot stretch of overburden. It was a great help, and gave me a chance to uncover more of the quartz on the side wall, and dig out the better chunks of quartz that were scattered across the width of the fault.

The men from the Bureau of Mines stopped by to look at the quarts. They had made an appointment for three o'clock Tuesday, and got here at three-thirty.

Leon Esparza said that the yellow clay was the gouge which is formed where faults move and grind the bracia into a fine condition.

He took three samples to be analyzed for mercury and gold.

He said that these quartz veins aren't feasible for being worked on a commercial basis. It sounded like there wasn't enough

minerals in the area to keep it from being made into a wilderness area.

20th

Last week I went down to the Alvord Ranch and put some freon into the walk-in-locker system. It took a long time, because the gas wouldn't feed out of the little can very fast.

First I had to wait an hour for the compressor to start a cycle. It stopped just as the can of gas emptied. There was another wait of an hour and fifteen minutes.

I tried another little can of gas, but couldn't get it to flow at all. Ed had a large jug of R-12. I used it, and in five minutes the bubbles in the sight glass disappeared.

This morning I started for the mine at seven, and got back at two-thirty. The temperature got up to eighty-three, but working in the hot sun made it seem hotter. Still if it had been a hotter day, I wouldn't have stayed so long.

The overburden is getting harder to pick loose, except for the upper foot and a half. The other two feet and the gouge are quite hard.

I removed some overburden from the east wall, but didn't reach the wall. There is more work to be done to get to it.

In the center between the walls there is a spot of red clay with small rocks in it, but it doesn't show cinnabar in the pan. only a couple of the small rocks that I broke had any cinnabar.

July, 1984

8

I removed one large rock that was embedded in the gouge. It was rich in cinnabar. For the most part I didn't make much progress.

This evening Carl brought up three of Oma's relatives, Pete, Tina, and the next to oldest boy. They had been over on Trout Creek fishing, and gave us a mess of trout.

Ron, the power man, called this evening. He said that the compressor for cooling system of the walk in had burned out. They found another compressor that looked nearly new. Ron wanted me to come down Sunday to help install it.

21st

I left for the mine at six-thirty this morning. It was plenty warm climbing up the trail, but I didn't have to stop quite as many times as I did on those hot days. The high today was eighty-one.

I removed considerable overburden, and got out about thirty pounds of ore. I came down early, and got here at one-forty.

I talked with Ellis tonight. He is flying with Dick, K7ZYD, and his wife over this area. Then Monday they will drive down and pay us a visit.

I talked with Dora tonight. She said that Stella is better. It was discovered that she had a stomach problem. This after being in the hospital for such a long time. They thought she had been just stubborn, and wouldn't eat and take her medicine.

Ruth Cox, a friend, happened to be there when Stella threw up. She saw blood in the vomit. She said to the nurse, "That's blood."

23rd

Yesterday I went down to the Kueny Ranch to meet Ron at nine o'clock, but he got there around ten. Ron disconnected the tubing and the electrical circuit from the compressor.

We had the new compressor working by two o'clock.

28th

The ore at the mine is pretty scattered across the fault, so I'm not getting much out.

I've been getting up before five, and wasting no time before heading up to the mine. I put in five to six hours counting travel time.

Today I stayed down here, and did some welding on the blade of the tractor.

I also took the motor off the drill press. One wire was off on the reversing switch, and there was no continuity through the motor.

8th

I stayed home Monday, and cleaned house.

I started up to the mine early yesterday before the sun shown down the road going up out of Indian Creek. Even so the bright-morning sky made the visibility of the road poor, because the road was in shadow.

Carl arrived at the mine shortly after I did. He rode up toward the rocks on the east side as far as he could, then walked on up.

I was on the zig-zag trail, and got up to the diggings before he did.

He said that he wasn't sure I would be there, and brought his fishing tackle with him, so he could go on over to Wild Horse Creek and catch fish.

I used the pick while he shoveled. At first a light-up-draft of air carried the dust down hill. After an hour the current of air changed direction and carried the dust back at him.

I knew that he was set on going fishing, and to save him from the dirt blowing back, I said, "Well, I'll start digging for ore now. There'll not be much shoveling to do."

He went down, got on his motorcycle, and headed for the head of Pike and Indian Creeks.

I worked until nearly noon, at which time the sun felt hot, although it was only eighty-two.

This morning I got out even earlier, and was going up the hog back to the mine when the sun came up.

The temperature was warmer. The high was ninety. I came back down at noon, which made a six hour day. I didn't find any ore.

I seemed to be stronger.

When Carl came down in the afternoon, he had ten fish. He gave us five.

10th

Yesterday I left for the mine at five-thirty, and came back down at eleven thirty. I found no ore.

Today I left here at five-forty, and got back at eleven-forty.

I dug down through the gouge to see if the right-hand wall still extended across and under the left wall. I found rock that wasn't like the rhyolite that had been the makeup of the wall.

It may be altered rhyolite. The surface had been changed to a depth of five inches. It was mostly iron oxides of various colors mixed with a soft rock which the pick broke into fragments.

There appeared to be no seam between this and the wall on the left side.

The light-yellow-colored oxide looked like the kind that Leon said was associated with gold. He also said that some miners get excited by the darker brown oxide. I think it is like cinna-

bar, you can have a rock with cinnabar in one place, but the same kind of rock in another place will not necessarily have cinnabar.

Tomorrow I'll continue the search on up the fault. It is hard to chip a piece of quartz off the left wall.

Those that I did get off had no cinnabar in them.

Now it looks like there is a stretch of fault without cinnabar in it, so there is nothing to encourage the search.

11th

It was five-fifteen this morning when I got up. I was about one-half hour late, but I made fast time with breakfast and getting ready so I was up on the hog back near the mine to see the sun come up.

At the work site I put a board and a piece of plywood on top of the place I had dug out of the gouge to make a place to shovel off from after I had worked up above. As I dug on the next level above, dirt and rocks fell down onto the boards. Soon after I started work shoveling off the overburden, a rock that felt like it was solidly in place showed up. It was apparent that this rock was a wall across the fault. It was close to being a vertical wall.

Where it came near the left wall there was a five-inch crack that was filled in with rocks cemented in by hot solutions. There was no cinnabar.

I will stay down here tomorrow, and work around the place.

Monday I'll dig out the rest of the gouge in front of this new-rock face and check to see if the altered rock under the gouge is part of the unaltered rock that makes up the new face.

The rock wall has no gouge above it, which could mean that the fault was now in a place where the gouge has been weathered away.

I didn't go to the mine today. This morning I fused some of the iron oxide with sodium carbonate and made some tests for minerals. It looks like it is silica and iron.

I tried taking the lime out of Indian Creek water using crystals that Charlie sent us. They are supposed to leave the water as pure as triple distilled, but I didn't like the results I got. Maybe they are too old.

Around noon Cactus showed up with Ann.

13th

I mopped the floor this morning. It was easier than the last time, because we hadn't tracked much dirt in.

This afternoon I loaded the trash barrel and the small trash container into the truck. Mike helped me load on the barrel.

After unloading them at the trash dump, I went on down to Dora's, and gave her the battery that I had tested and recharged.

She had my pants ready. I stayed quite a while listening to her complaints. Before I left she asked me if I would go down to

Henry Blair's lower place and start up the gas refrigerator for the Mexicans that live there. Henry said that he would get it going for them when they moved in this spring, but he hasn't done it yet.

I went over to Pats to say hello. Ann was there talking with Pat. She is staying around a few more days, having been invited to help round up some of the Wild Horse cattle with Larry, Jim Watson, and Cactus.

On the way home I stopped at Carl Hair's place. We talked about the Olympics, and the sorry behavior of Henry Blair. Carl said that his apple trees were loaded down and needed thinning and would I like some green apples. I thought I could use a few for pie making.

As we started out the door, Marge with her daughter-in-law, and her granddaughter, showed up. They wanted to see the garden so we all went out there. Carl gave me a head of cabbage, an onion, about twenty apples, and four ears of corn.

When it came to looking at the squash vines, everyone was saying, "There are a lot of blossoms, but few squash."

I said, "Most of these blossoms are male blossoms," and proceeded to show them the difference.

Marge's daughter-in-law inspected the vines closely, and found a little squash with a blossom on the end. She said, "Here's an example."

August, 1984

7

Then to the watermelon vines. There were quite a few melons. I asked Carl if he knew how to tell when they were ripe. He said "No."

I said, "They are ripe when the curl dies."

They all wanted to know what the curl was. I looked for one to show them, and found a half dozen dead. I thought it was too early for the melons to be ripe. I said, "It seems strange. Maybe they've been eaten off by some insect."

Someone said, "Here's one that has a curl, but it's all dried up."

Carl said, "I'll plug it to see if it's ripe."

From Hair's I drove to the Thomas' place. Carl and Oma were home. We talked about Henry and the Mexican. I learned that the Mexican had been working for the Wild Horse Ranch, where he had a nice house, a cow to milk, and seemed to be doing very well.

Oma couldn't imagine why he would leave, and go to work for Henry. Oma Gave me a bunch of red beets.

So I got home with a supply of vegetables. I decided that if I did go down to start that gas refrigerator, I would call Henry first.

16th

Tuesday I mopped the floor, and repaired Don's TV set. I took the works out of the chassis, blew out the dust, soldered a

piece of shielding that had come loose at one place, then hooked a cheater cord to the set, and hooked up the antenna. It worked about the same as when I sold it to him.

However, when I got it back into the cabinet, it wouldn't work. After extensive checking out of the cord, I finally found an intermittent open in the plug. I found a cheater cord with a polarized plug, and spliced it into the TV cord. Now it works okay.

Later in the day I worked on the drill press motor, and found it unrepairable. We found another motor that could be used after some work on the mounting bracket. That work will be done some other day.

I haven't said that it was early Tuesday morning that I made a couple of apple pies. I had some trouble with the crust. Maybe because of the warm weather. The first one I had to roll it out six times.

Usually to reroll a pie crust I break the rolled out pie crust into many small pieces and add water to it the same way you would add water to the flour, then gather it into a ball, and roll it out.

I did this five times before there was enough water to make it handle all right. Even then it was touch and go.

For the second pie I added enough water to the flour, about twice the amount called for in the recipe. I think I can cut down on the shortening.

Wednesday I went down to Pat's and Dora's. I told Dora about my decision not to start the gas refrigerator at the Mexicans. I told her that it was Henry's business, that if he wanted them to use it, he would start it for them. I didn't want to get involved.

I delivered Don's TV set to him, and talked with Pat for a few minutes. I told her the same thing I told Dora about the refrigerator. She said something to the effect that Henry would never start it.

Pat believes in reincarnation. So I told her about the dream I had the other night about being a young man with wavy hair, and going to work on some kind of special government work.

She said, "That reminds me. I'll never forget about the dream Mike told me about riding behind the Devil on some kind of contraption."

Then added, "Maybe you did have a dream about the passed, or had a glimpse into the future."

23rd

Tuesday I worked about three hours up at the mine. I found nothing encouraging in the fault.

August, 1984

10

Wednesday we went to Burns, and ate dinner with Ellis at the Senior Center.

Today Carl came up and got another fifteen gallons of gas. He made out a check for twenty-five gallons, \$30.75. Mike gave him the bed frame that he replaced with a new one several years ago.

Last night I washed the new pair of pants that I wore in town, along with another pair, and the shirt I wore. I used the Arm & Hammer washing compound. It wasn't a good trial as to its effectiveness.

8th

The fault at the mine is now two inches wide at the surface of the ground. This crack goes on up to the outcropping farther up. The rock up there has a crack of the same width.

After the rain on the thirtieth and thirty-first of August, I went up and brought the tools down to the shed. It looks like I won't work at the mine again.

This week Larry Kribs showed with an Oliver tractor. He is planning to stake out the place where he found the thunder eggs. He will work on the road for a few days so he can get up there with his pickup.

Yesterday when he was clearing out the shale at the ore bin, he broke the blade mounting. He brought the mounting down, and this morning did some welding on it.

Back at the ore bin he cleared out the shale, and started working on up the road. He came down about noon to get some bolts and an easy out. Some bolts had broken and oil was leaking out. He has been working on the repairs up there since one-thirty. I never heard him start the bulldozer, and it is nearly seven o'clock. He has probably gone back to his camp by the gate, where Ginny would have a dinner waiting for him.

I've been baking apple and pumpkin pies lately. In spite of eating an unusual amount of pie, I have lost weight. Maybe the

pie satisfies my appetite, and keeps me from eating a lot of other stuff.

The reports on Stella are better. She is eating now, although it is only because she doesn't want that tube put down her nose.

Larry came down around seven-thirty. He got all the bolts out after long tedious work. He now has another welding job to do. Something about a bearing that was welded into place, and was now broken loose.

Tonight I took a hike down to the head of the lower draw.

This afternoon I saw some hikers coming down the road on the other side of Indian Creek. They were scattered out. The men without shirts, and a couple of girls with bare legs and arms looking very red from here.

Since Stella is getting better, Jim came home to the ranch for a few days of rest and catch up on his paper work. Two women are taking his place. Dora say the cost of staying there is enormous.

Stella is well enough to realize how much the cost is, and is anxious to get out of there. It may give her some incentive to build up her strength. However, I think it will take a lot of doing for her to get up and walk.

9th

Larry got the welding done on the bearing this morning, and had the bulldozer going by eleven. He went down for lunch at noon, then stopped here to borrow the pruning shears. He needed to cut back some willows.

Tonight he stopped in to say that the main mount for the blade was broken. He said that it would take all day for him to bring the dozer down here for a job of welding.

He said that he thinks he can drive the pickup over to the geode bed from where he left the dozer.

I worked on the switch of the big drill. I made a contact point for one that was broken. It works okay, but other contact points are giving trouble. Before I put the switch back into the handle it worked fine on a test with the V.O.M., after I put it back into the handle, it would work only intermittently.

Getting the switch in and out of the handle is very difficult, and tries my patients.

I'll tear into it again tomorrow and see if I can make a replacement for another faulty contact point.

Oma came up this evening. She said she had been down to see Pat. Pat now has some pigeons, and has a small pen for them beside the kitchen door.

The grass juice seems to have vitamins and minerals that are missing in our diet, especially since we don't have lettuce very

often. But it gives us more essential nutrients than lettuce does. It does wonders for my feet and hands. The dry-skin lotion helps too.

11th

Yesterday Larry worked on his bulldozer during the morning. He parked it off the road on the switch back near the juniper tree. Around eleven he stopped in here saying that he was bringing his wife up, and they would work on the road by hand. There were a few places where the water had crossed the road and washed it out. He again borrowed the pruning shears.

During the afternoon we watched them working. He used a shovel a lot, and carried rocks to fill in the washes. Ginny climbed up onto the inner bank, and rolled rocks down onto the road for Larry to carry to the washes. At one place it looked like he built a rock wall.

When I got the mail, there was a letter for Oma. I drove on down to their place. We talked for a while. I told them about the trouble Larry had with the bulldozer etc. I said, "I think you can see them from here with your spotting scope."

Carl got out the scope, but couldn't see them. We figured they must be out of sight behind the ridge. I looked through the scope and swung it farther to the east from where Carl was looking. I could see them clearly. They were over on the second

ridge. Carl looked again and saw them. Later he used Oma's binoculars, and could see them with it.

Oma loaded me down with corn, red beets, cucumbers, tomatoes, carrots, and a head of cabbage.

I cooked the corn last night, the beets and beet greens, and carrots this morning. I made a salad of cabbage, cucumbers, and tomatoes last night.

I put the charger onto the battery of the compressor, and added diesel to the tank.

This morning I worked on the drill switch again. Last night I used crazy glue on the terminal I had made in hopes it would hold the terminal solid so that the contact would stay in place when pressure was put on it.

This morning I put the switch back together, and it works fine. Mike was able to drill holes in the angle irons that he was using to make braces for the bulldozer that would hold the blade at an angle.

Larry and Ginny drove up the road toward the mine this morning. We didn't see them come back down. However, it would only be a chance if we did see them.

Yesterday. when Larry was here, he said that there was a quartz outcropping near the geode bed. The quartz looks like the piece we brought down from the tunnel.

September, 1984

6

Yesterday afternoon my right knee was lame, and as I started on my jog down the hill I had to go back to a slow walk. At first I thought I would have turn back, but after a while I was able to jog. By the time I got back the lameness was gone.

13th

Yesterday I saw Larry going up toward the geode bed. I happened to look across Indian Creek at the right time. I didn't see them come back down, but two visitors, Karen and Tom, were here before dark. They said that Larry's pickup was at their camp by the gate.

Karen said that she and her son Pete were here five years ago. I made tea for them, and Kern brought in some cheese cake.

Tom and Karen stayed in the cabin last night.

Early in the morning I switched the charger onto the second battery. It drew three amps at the start, and never drew any higher all day. I couldn't imagine that it was still fully charged.

I made an apple pie. and timed the process. Over all it took one hour and fifty-five minutes. Thirty two minutes on the pie crust, twenty-eight minutes on the apples, and fifty minutes in the oven.

I got a letter off to Margaret.

September, 1984

7

Around ten-thirty Larry rode his motorcycle up to the mine, then walked on up to his bulldozer, started it , and drove it down to where the road turns off to Indian Creek. He went back up to the mine in his pickup to get his motorcycle.

He must have gone down for lunch, because later he came up with the trailer for the bulldozer behind the pickup.

I went out to the point give a second try at starting the diesel motor on the compressor. I had made one try earlier, but the batteries wouldn't hold up long enough. I had given each battery an hour of charging. Now I turned the motor for a short time, then gave the batteries a rest. On the next try the motor turned over slowly. I was ready to give up, and just as I releast the switch, the motor started. I came back down to the dugout to tell Mike that Larry was loading his bulldozer onto the trailer.

We decided that one of us should go down to see how he was doing and find out if they were leaving today. Mike took off, and after a short time I thought about the quartz outcropping, and wondered if they had brought a sample down. So I walked down there.

Mike was talking with Larry and Ginni. As I approached Ginny saw me coming. I said, "I thought I would come down to see you before you left for home."

She said, "We'll be around a few days longer."

I said, "Did you get some samples of that quartz?"

She said, "Yes. We brought some down."

I said, "It would be a good idea to have it checked for gold."

She said, "Yes. Larry will give it a preliminary test when we get home."

Then Larry saw me, "We wouldn't leave without saying good-bye. I'll take the bulldozer to Burns tomorrow, and get some welding done on it, and use it later up at Buchanan."

They said that they would be up later this evening.

Later, after lunch, Tom and Karen stopped in. I had them put their names in the guest book. Thus I got their names straight. She goes by her family name instead of Tom's. Her name is Henell, and Tom's is Burke.

She kept her family name because she is the only one left.

22nd

We went to Burns Thursday. Ward's didn't have the switch that we ordered for the half-inch drill. Thus we'll have to continue using the old one that I repaired. It doesn't work in reverse, but I may fix that later.

Ellis contacted me on the Oregon Emergency Net Thursday night. He said he was mobile close to our turnoff, and he would be up in about twenty minutes. After twenty minutes he called me again. He was down by the gate, and because it was raining so

September, 1984

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hard he thought he would wait until morning to come up. He had his bed right there in the van and was comfortable. He had eaten already.

While were talking a pickup passed by headed up the hill. Two men were in it. They had a couple of motorcycles in the back.

I told him I would call him back later in case I found out where they went. I watched the road across Indian Creek, and saw them drive up to the meadow. I was surprised that they had no trouble with the wet road, but the didn't spin their wheels at all.

I called Ellis and told him where they went. He said, "Mike will be mad if they tore up his road."

I said, "Well, I doubt that the road was very soft with such a small amount of rain."

He remarked about how hard it was raining, and that there was thunder and lightening all around.

I jugged ten gallon of rainwater from the rain Wednesday evening and Thursday evening.

After the last rain on August thirty-first, I told Mike it would have to rain by the nineteenth of September, because then we'll be out of drinking water. He thought that there wasn't any chance. "It wont rain just because you want it to."

This morning Channel two called. Naucner said that a crew of three would be here around eleven Friday October fifth. The director's name is David Gillon. The other two are a camera man, and a sound man. They will be here for about three hours.

She said that they had a camera that was faster than a Sony.

Judy called from the store. The compressor for the walk-in refrigerator wouldn't start. It would try for ten seconds and then turn off.

I told her that it could be that the motor was stuck, and said, "Rod has a good volt-ohm meter that would be good for testing it."

She said that Rod was over on the other side of the Folly Farm. He would be at the store this evening. If he didn't show up she would call me again.

Mike worked on the drainage pipe in the ditch.

I dug some spuds, then Mike came down and helped me, so we got them all dug. One bucket full.

The temperature last night was thirty-one. The high today was forty-eight.

Yesterday it was about the same, and with a brisk wind it seemed like winter.

Friday Ellis came up after breakfast. We had a good visit, and I checked him into the Oregon Emergency Net.

September, 1984

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While he was here Brad Van Euery stopped in. He was with a group that wanted to camp up on the meadow. The group was some kind of ecology class. His sister was the teacher. They were waiting down at the county road to find out if he got permission to camp up there.

October, 1984

1

2nd

Oma's son-in-law, Bruce, had a drawing for a four pointer up on the Steens Mountain. His wife, Darlene, and his little boy was with him. They were staying down at Carl's and Oma's place. On two different days they all came up and picked peaches, and got quite a few boxes full. The peaches were a little on the green side, but they will get ripe fast enough to keep them canning.

One evening Bruce helped Mike take out the transmission of the little pickup. It was a great help for Mike, because he was having trouble using his arms, because of arthritis.

Yesterday we went to Burns and got the parts for the clutch, and are hoping Bruce will have time to help put the transmission back in place, before he goes home.

3rd

Yesterday David Gillin called from Burns to say that the TV crew would like to come down here a day earlier. So they will be here in the morning around eleven.

This morning Pat called and asked when we would be going to Burns again. She is out of canned milk for her cats. She said that she couldn't get anyone to deliver groceries for her.

I told her it would be another month.

This afternoon she called again, and asked if we would haul grain for her before it starts raining.

I told her that Mike was trying to fix up the little pickup, and that we couldn't do it right now, and I didn't give her any encouragement as to when we could.

The coyotes killed all her old guinea hens. She has some new young ones now. I asked her what she wanted guinea hens for.

She said, "Oh, just for live stock."

She has a pair of pigeons, and wants to raise squabs.

Before she said good night, she said that she would have to find someone to haul grain, and would try to catch someone going to town and have them bring back some canned milk

On the radio I checked into the Beaver State Net at five-fifty-five. Steve said that K7TYD was looking for me. He said, "Give him a call." I did, but there was no answer. Someone broke in, saying that TYD was down on 3.875. I went down and contacted him.

I said, "Don said to tell you he got a big buck up on the mountain, but I'll tell that it's a fib."

4th

The crew of three were here today. They spent about three hours taking TV pictures, and interviewing us.

I didn't care much for some of the questions, because they were irrelevant to the kind of story I would like to see about us.

October, 1984

3

Bruce will be up in the morning to help put in the clutch and transmission.

5th

The weather is still warm and dry. It is in the sixties and seventies in the day time, and in the forties and fifties at night.

Around ten I went out to help Mike with the work on the little pickup. He had the bolts back into the motor mounts.

Since I couldn't help him there, I started working on the hood. In a short time I had it closing so that there was a tight fit at the fire wall.

We came back down to listen to the news at eleven.

Bruce hadn't shown up yet. In the afternoon we went out again. Mike tried to put in the clutch and pressure plate, but had no success.

I got under the pickup to try my luck. There was no way that I could see how to hold the pressure plate in place while the clutch was being shoved into place.

As I was trying to figure a way, Bruce came up the hill.

14th

Yesterday I made a peach pie, and today another one.

Today I picked the rest of the peaches. Probably enough to make twelve pies.

Oma has her shelves full of canned peaches.

Dora gave Jim eight quarts of canned peaches. She has fifteen pints for herself. Besides she made several peach pies. I gave Pat quite a few peaches, and some to Bill Stolz.

So the peach crop turned out pretty good after all.

Bruce stuck the clutch and transmission back into the pickup. Mike finished the job, and installed the gas tank. Mike had patched a leak in the tank. He had also cut a piece of carpet to cover the floor under the seat.

This afternoon Dugger and Don came up to get the concrete mixer. The big-old motor that we used to run it with had burned out. I changed the wires on a little one-horse power motor to make it run in reverse. Otherwise the mixer would run backwards.

Mike made a mount for it.

Jean Hawthorne called last week. He and Catherine will be out on the nineteenth. They will drive their motor home to Bob and Genies' place in Burns. Then come down here in their little car.

They will stay over night in our trailer house.

After they visit us they will go back to Metoleous, then head for Death Valley for part of the winter, then to Arizona for the remainder.

Duke, the carpet man, called to find out how the chukar population was holding out. He wanted to know if anyone was using the trailer house.

I gave him a rundown on how scarce the chukars were, and added that he could stay in the trailer house. He said that he might come after deer season was over, and would call to let us know.

I got birthday cards from Carolee and Bruce, Fred and Betsy, Jean and Catherine, and Dorathy and Leonard.

16th

There was three inches of snow yesterday. It was nearly all gone by ten-thirty this morning. Another inch fell between eleven and six.

Now at eight-forty-five it is snowing hard, and the temperature is about thirty, The forecast calls for snow over the next three days.

This morning I tried to get a laundry out before it rained or snowed. When I was ready to hang it up, Don Hanson from Eugene showed up on a motorcycle. He and his wife, Betty, were here last summer. Now he was chukar hunting, and stopped in to say hello.

We talked for about two hours, long enough to keep me from hanging out the cloths. Anyway it started snowing, and it hasn't let up. I'll put them in the drier.

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6

This afternoon I checked the trailer house to see what was needed to be done to have it ready for Jean and Catherine.

19th

I tested to see how well the small heater would warm the trailer house. The temperature got up to sixty-six during the day, but by evening it was down to forty-six.

I figured it would be too cold for Catherine. A heavier wire would be needed going out to the trailer house.

There has been snow as predicted, and today it snowed all day. It was rather wet, and the six inches this morning went down to one inch. There was only twenty-nine hundredth of a inch in the rain gage.

Tonight Ellis put a phone patch through to the Latham's, and I talked with Jean. He and Bob will drive down Sunday morning, and go back the same day. Catherine will stay in Burns.

Today around noon Anthony, the Burns postmaster, brought two men up from the Eugene Register Guard.

One interviewed us. The other took pictures. I was annoyed with the poses they put us in, and was further vexed, after they left, to find that there was food particles on my chin and above my upper lip. This, on top of the fact I hadn't shaved for a couple of days. Also the front of my jacket was streaked with something that looked like food spilled on it.

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7

20th

The low last night was thirty-two, and there must have been a light fall of snow most of the night. I could hear the eaves dripping every time I woke up. There was about three inches of snow on the ground this morning. By night it was nearly all gone, and there was a light rain this afternoon.

This afternoon Ulys J. Stapleton and Keith Ward stopped in. They were here a couple years ago. Ulys gave us a jar of wild-plum syrup from his mother.

They talked quite a while, and then went out hunting chukars. I heard them shoot several times.

21st

There was a trace of precipitation last night. The low was thirty-two. There was considerable fog, but you could see that the sun was shining above it. It cleared out by noon.

By nine-thirty Jean hadn't called. The phone rang. I thought it would be Jean, but it was George. The weather down there was warm with sunshine. They swam in the pool it being such a fine day.

Lois is feeling better. However, if she eats any fats or oils, she has severe pains in the region of her stomach. There must be something wrong with her gall bladder or bile ducts.

A half hour later after George hung up, Jean called. He said that they had just gotten up. He and Catherine would be down in the morning, then drive back to Burns in the afternoon. That will be a short visit, but at least we will see them before they go to Death Valley and on to Arizona.

I made three peach pies today using up the last of the peaches. I used up all the dough in the third which was smaller than the first two. We ate all of the small pie by seven-thirty.

We listened to the Reagan-Mondale debate, and I was pleased with Reagan's performance. Mondale looked worn, and he stumbled in his speaking. The bags under his eyes were very prominent.

I walked down the hill after dark wearing the heavy overcoat because of the cold wind.

When I was talking with George, I mentioned that Mike was going to Portland to get some new contact lenses. He said, "While he is there why cant he take a plane down here for a visit? I'll send him a round-trip ticket."

22nd

This morning the weather was clear and calm.

I was up in time to hear some of the comments about the debate yesterday. Reagan was given good grades.

I called up the Register Guard, and talked with Bob Keefer, telling him about the crumbs on my chin and lip, and the thought

I had about the poor impression I probably made, and that, since I have many friends in amateur radio who haven't seen me, I didn't like the idea of them getting an unflattering impression of me.

He said that he would talk with Larry May, telling him to check the pictures out good before putting any in the paper. However, he wouldn't be able to let me see them before they were printed.

Jean and Catherine got here around eleven. It was good to hear their voices. They are genuine friends. They left at three-thirty.

Carl Thomas brought the mail up before they left. He said he would be up later to get the box of apples. When he came back with Oma and the pickup, he was surprised that Jean and Catherine had left. He wanted to talk with Jean, and was disappointed that he had gone.

I should mention that an hour after Jean and Catherine arrived, I got a one ringer from Ellis. I fired up the radio and contacted him to tell him that they were here after a good trip.

Later I said to Catherine, "See how I answer the phone? Ellis gives me a one ringer to let me know that he wants me on the air."

When they got back to Burns they had him contact me to let me know that they had a good trip.

October, 1984

10

Catherine liked the apple pie, and I gave her two frozen ones to take back.

23rd

The low last night was thirty-one, and the high today was forty-six. It was cloudy early in the morning, but it clouded over during the day.

There were no visitors today.

I didn't accomplish much today. I sealed the hole above the hood on the gas stove in the trailer house, hoping to keep the flies out. Made some grass juice, since grass is available again with the snow gone.

I made two trips to Indian Creek for water. I jogged down the hill this afternoon, taking twenty-five minutes for the round trip.

24th

It was a warm day. The high was fifty-six.

When I got the mail, I went on down to the Thomas' place. There was no mail for them, but I gave Oma the message that Roy wanted her to call him.

I came home with red beets, and cabbage.

We have decided to go to town on Friday instead of tomorrow.

I talked with Ellis on the radio this morning. Bill Yee, WA7IFU, was in the shack. He has a novice license, and works for the State highway department.

25th

The low last night was thirty-five, and the high today was sixty-one. At six this evening it was fifty-five. With the sun shining, the sixty-one made it feel like a warm day.

It would have been a good day for a trip to Burns, but it was also a good day for getting ready.

I drove the truck out to the point where there was a good spot of dry gravel to be lying on while working under the truck.

I removed the plastic guard at the front end of the gas tank to see where the gas was leaking.

I couldn't see the spot even after the tank was full and the truck headed down hill. With the tank sloping toward the front, gas ran out in almost a stream. It came from the top of the tank. There was no way to look over the frame to see the top. The tank will have to be lowered, or removed. I'll let the service station do that.

28th

We went to town Friday. Before we left here there were several showers, and another came up just as we were leaving. I thought of postponing the trip, because it looked so threatening. But then I thought, "Next week it may be even worse."

All the way to the Folly Farm it rained hard, which banished from our minds any thought that we could dodge around between showers while in Burns.

As we neared the lower end of Cold Spring Summit on the Burns side we could see clearing skys a head. We did our shopping in nice weather.

At Safeway's we met Bill Stolz. He had driven in the rain-storm about the same time we did.

At the power company's office the clerk showed us the reason for the credit they had given us. Our check of sixty-five-ninety for the month of May was forty-six-seventy-one more than the bill. Later at home Mike found the canceled check.

At Tillers we ran onto Oma and Carl. They were on their way to hunt elk.

Outside Carl spotted one of our tires almost flat. We went to Les Schwab's where we bought two new tires.

29th

Yesterday I called Dora. She was canning beets. She said that Stella is about the same. She cant walk by herself. Also that Jim has back pains around the area of his kidneys. He is going to Winnemucca this week. She wants to go with him, because she needs a chiropractic adjustment on her spine.

Dugger has the roof on Nellie's trailer house finished.

I made three apple pies yesterday. I had a little trouble with the crust because of too much water.

Last week I picked the last of the peaches. There was about a dozen on the tree near the squash vines. Some weren't quite ripe. I've been eating them, and there's two left.

30th

I've been walking down the hill nearly every day. Twice I went as far as the top of the hill above the gate. Today I went as far as the top of the hill above the mailbox. Now it seems I have to walk until I get part way down the first steep grade, then I jog for a ways. Then walk a short distance, and jog again. When I get to the head of the lower draw, my legs seem to get their strength, and I could jog from there on.

Geese are flying south. I've heard them for several days.

I put one apple pie into the freezer. The other two are almost gone. I'll have to make some more tomorrow.

Ellis may drive down the west side of the Steens this week, and stop in here on his way back to Hines.

31st

It was colder and dry this morning. Mike raked weeds off the west side of the dugout, smoothing the earth in order to put a plastic tarp over it. When he gets it in place, he will cover it with dirt to hold it down.

I made hotcakes this morning. They were all gone by this evening, so I made another batch tonight.

October, 1984

14

I went down to the mailbox jogging most of the way. I made the round trip in a fifteen minute shorter time than yesterday. I felt stronger than yesterday.

There were some good articles in the Scientific American. One on cholesterol and atherosclerosis. Another on modern baking technology.

Carl Hair and Lavina were up. They brought back the peach box, and also brought up eight onions in a little bucket.

November, 1984

1

2nd

Ellis got here yesterday evening. He ate his dinner down the road, but did accept a piece of apple pie with ice cream.

We checked into the first session of the Oregon Emergency Net, but couldn't hear the second session at all not even check-ins or relays.

He slept in his van which is rigged up for living quarters, a heater, cook stove, refrigerator etc.

I was up before seven this morning. I wanted to be sure to have the hotcakes ready before Ellis came in. He came in the door around seven-thirty. I thought he would want bacon and eggs besides the hotcakes, but all he ate was four of those small cakes with no butter only syrup.

We prepared to check into the weather net, and heard some early checkins, but before the control got very far into the roll call, the power went off.

It had gone off while I was cooking the hotcakes. I even transferred the griddle to the wood-cook stove, then back to the electric stove when the power came back on.

The power went off and on intermittently after the first outage. Even while we were listening for the net it was going off and on at short intervals. Finally it stayed off.

Ellis took off for home around nine o'clock. I wondered if that van would be able to stand up in the wind gusts.

November, 1984

2

It started raining about the time he left, and it continued all day. There was thirty-nine hundredths of an inch of precipitation for the day.

Around two-thirty , while I was preparing the weather reports heard Ellis call for me on 3.980. I had been expecting the call.

He asked, "How does my mobile rig sound now?"

I said, "By golly, you got home. The rig sounds good. How was the wind?"

He said that there was less wind in Hines than there was when he left down here.

Then he told what happened on the Cold-Spring Summit:-

Dee Fowler passed him going up the grade, then as he was following her near the summit, he saw a camper on top of which there was a boat, not far a head of her.

The boat was suddenly blown off the camper , and fell onto the front end of her pickup, and bent the right front fender down onto the tire. They were lucky no one was hurt.

5th

The weather has been better these last three days. There was no wind today.

10th

We went to Burns yesterday, because of the wet weather Wednesday, I thought there would be more of the same, and even expected snow showers.

I wore my overshoes in case the streets in Burns were covered with snow.

However, there were only a few wet spots on the gravel road, and the paved road was dry most of the way. Construction work on the road at Lawen held us up for about fifteen minutes.

We went to the bank first, then to the Safeway and shopped, then to the bus depot. No one was inside. Mike left his two suitcases on the bench in front of the door, came back, and sat in the cab to wait.

Around noon a woman drove up to the back door, and went in. Mike went around to the front door, thinking she would open up, but she didn't pay any attention to him.

He came back to the pickup and said, "She is behind the counter and doesn't look out the window."

I said, "Why not go over and knock on the door?"

He went back and tried the door again. It was still locked. He stood for a while in front, looking in the window, then came back. He said, "She wrote on a piece of paper, and held it up so I could read it. 'Will be open at two o'clock'"

It was one thirty. As I was watching the minute hand on my watch come up to two o'clock, a van drove up in front. A man

stepped out and walked into the station. I said, "Well it sure is open now. A guy just walked in."

Mike walked over, picked up his luggage, and went inside. I thought he would come back out as soon as his luggage was taken care of, and he had his ticket.

After waiting fifteen minutes, I went in. Mike got up off a bench and came over to meet me. He said, "I thought you would be gone by now."

I said, "I decided to wait until you got your ticket. You might want to sit in the cab. It'll be a long wait."

He said, "Oh, no. I can sit in the station. You better get headed back. It's a long drive."

I drove over to the service station, and had eight gallon of gas put in the tank. Then asked if they had any Dextron #two transmission oil. The service man showed a can of Dexron. I said the oil I'm looking for has a t in it.

11th

I slept on the cot in the dugout last night. I was more comfortable than the night before, because this time I had the electric blanket over me.

It started raining some time before daylight, and rained

November, 1984

5

until twelve-thirty. There was sixty-five hundredths of an inch of precipitation. The high today was forty-six. The snow line was above six thousand feet. It was a relief not to have snow on the ground.

Around two I put on my heavy overcoat and jogged down to the head of the lower draw. The exercise did help me out, and I was warmer inside the dugout thereafter. The temperature in here without the heat lamps is around sixty-two, which is too low for comfort unless I keep active like walking back and forth and chinning myself on the bar.

Yesterday I called the store in Bend. Betsy answered. She said that Mike didn't get to the store before they closed. He hiked over to Margaret's, and stayed there last night.

I told her about being delayed for an hour on my way home on this side of the Cold Springs Summit, also about the four inches of snow Saturday. She said that they had six inches Friday. So I guess Mike had to walk to Margaret's in the snow.

Today I called Jean and told him that Mike was in bend. He said that he would look him up. Jean and Catherine will leave for Death Valley next week. Apparently Jean passed his physical all right

The Little Brown-Fox-Sparrows are hanging around. They are quite tame. There are no Oregon Junncos around.

13th

I drove down for the mail, and came back with a big bunch of mail for Mike all asking for donations. I don't know how many donations of 10, 20, or more dollars he gives out to political-action groups and others.

And to think that he is reluctant to use the electric heater to help keep it warm in here, but tries to do it by burning sagebrush in the cook stove. The stove doesn't have enough draft to make a hot enough fire to go around the oven. He doesn't like to keep the draft on the chimney because then the wood burns away too fast.

This morning I was listening to the Deep Sea Net. When W7BVH had his turn, He announced to the net that K7ZYP would be featured on Channel 2, Portland, at seven on the thirteenth. Chuck told them that he had been out here, and that we mined gold and mercury. "They get out a lot of mercury," he said.

At six tonight on the Oregon Emergency Net Ellis told about K7ZYP being on TV, and that they should be sure to see it.

I baked an apple pie and an eight-inch pie shell. Today I made a Caramel filling for the shell. Instead of using a double boiler I used the micro-wave oven.

I walked down as far as the Indian-Creek turnoff this evening. The road had dried out a good deal. Probably because of the high wind.

After four days without heat, the temperature in here is down to sixty. It's a little too cold to sit here and write.

It started snowing around eight o'clock, and is still at it, although rather lightly. The moon is shining dimly through the clouds now at eleven.

Sleeping in the dugout gives me a chance to watch the early news programs, even though I'm not ready to get up for the day. This morning I watched the astronauts recover the second satellite.

This time they were better prepared to get it into the cargo bay because of their experience with the first one.

I did out a laundry today, and drove down for the mail. There were only two letters asking for donations, and one add from the IGA store.

This morning when Chuck gave his weather report, he said for my benefit, "I saw you on Faces and Places last night. It was a good program."

I made an apple pie this morning, and with the extra crust made a custard pie.

I jogged down to the head of the lower draw. The road was nearly dry. The temperature was about thirty-eight, but without wind it didn't feel so bad.

Yesterday I called Hair's to find out if they had seen the Thomases. Lavina answered the phone. Carl was sleeping. They hadn't seen Carl or Oma, but Roy came back last Tuesday so he could vote.

Roy said that Carl and Oma were staying through the second hunt or until they get an Elk.

She said that they met Mike in the Safeway store Friday, and he told them that he was going to Portland. "So you're all by yourself now."

I said, "Mike will be in Bend for a while. It takes a little time to get an appointment with the Veteran's Hospital, and he may have to make more than one trip to Portland.

Carl and Lavina started back from Burns before I did, and just this side of Princeton the Davis boys, coming toward them, had their lights flashing. They stopped to see what they wanted.

The boys told them that the highway was blocked by a wreck, and it would be best to go home by the way of Diamond. That's the way they came home, and arrived home around four-forty-five the same time we got home.

There was no mail yesterday because of Veterans Day. There was no rain yesterday, but this morning we had another nine-hundredth of an inch. The high today was forty-nine, but it felt much colder because of the strong wind.

November, 1984

9

The Oregon Junncos are feeding out in front along with the Fox Sparrows. However, I looked through the bird book and decided that Lark Bunting is the right name for them.

Sunday I cut grass from the tub we brought and filled it with dirt, and planted it with cheetgrass seed before Mike left. I made enough grass to last five days. I cut only half the grass in the tub.

15th

I got up in time to watch the early morning news.

I heard that the shuttle could be in danger of an explosion if the gas from the two satellites leaked into the cargo bay, then on landing, if oxygen came in contact with the hydrogen, it would explode.

The speaker said that if the shuttle was delayed one day, those satellites would have to be cast out and fall into the atmosphere to be destroyed.

I talked with Ellis and Chuck on the radio this morning. Ellis said that the TV show on Faces and Places was better than the one on the Todays Show.

Chuck said that he was disappointed that they didn't show the back rooms and the furnace.

Today I set out to fix an air jet on the smokestack of the cook stove, but couldn't find the blower that I wanted to use.

I made two trips to Indian Creek for water. Now I have eleven gallons on hand.

I was reading in magazine World and News Report, and forgot about the net tonight.

16th

This morning I saw the news coverage of the landing of the shuttle. It got the satellites back safe.

Baby Fae died last night.

The temperature was down to fifty-eight in here today. It was quite uncomfortable even though I kept active. At seven I broke down and built a fire in the cook stove, and turned on the electric heater. Now at eight-forty the temperature is up to sixty-three, and it feels comfortable. Actually it seems warm.

I drove down to get the mail. When I stopped, I saw a car coming from the direction of Burns. As it went by two people waved. I think they were Carl and Lavina.

There was no money certificate in the mail. I called Princeton. The woman who answered said that she had nothing to do with the mail. Martin or Bob Maupin handled it. I'll call Martin tomorrow.

The wood stove isn't smoking but pieces of dirt and slivers of wood on the stove gives off a scorched odor that makes my nose run. When Mike was here keeping a fire in the stove, I often had trouble with a runny nose.

I went for a week without a fire, and during that time I had no trouble with a runny nose, then I started a fire, and the trouble with scorched-wood odor came on again. I'll have to make sure the top of the stove is free of chips of wood.

The low last night was twenty-three, and the high was forty-two. At six this evening it was forty-one. It looks like it won't be so cold during the night.

At nine-thirty I let the fire go out in the stove, but left the electric heater on. At ten the temperature was sixty-four.

17th

It was clear and calm most of the day, The temperature got up to forty-nine.

It felt warmer in here when I got up, but by ten-thirty I began to feel cold. I decided to build a fire. first I cleaned the top of the stove, then cleaned the soot from the oven flues. It was so full of soot there was no draft around the oven when the oven damper was completely closed. That was why we had been leaving the damper partially off the oven to get the fire to burn at all.

I built a fire in the stove, and closed the oven door. By splitting the pieces of boards, that Mike ad brought in, I kept a hot fire going. The oven got up to two-hundred degrees in about two hours. The wood was nearly all burnt up by then. I let the fire go out, planning to cut some more wood in the afternoon.

Using the radial-arm saw, I cut up scrap pieces of old lumber, and brought a bucket full into the dugout. I went back out, and when I was picking up some pieces off the floor in front of the saw, I looked under the bench, hoping I would find the small blower I had been looking for. The light was better than at other times when I looked there. Now being able to see better I spotted the blower.

I spent some time cleaning the cobwebs and saw dust out of the squirrel cage, and brought it into the dugout.

Carl Thomas showed up around one-thirty. They got home yesterday evening. He came up to get the mail and ten gallons of gas.

On their hunting trip they didn't see any Elk. The snow was heavy and wet, making it hard to get around. The truck ran good and they had no trouble getting around in the snow without chains.

After Carl left I cut three buckets full of wood, half of it was sagebrush.

This evening I started another fire in the stove, and by nine the temperature was up to sixty-six. Now, at eleven it is sixty-four.

Around ten I heard drops of rain on the roof via the microphone. It has been sprinkling most of the time since.

20th

I called Martin this morning. He said he couldn't get my mail mixed up with Watson's, because when he forwards mail to him at his new address, he has to cross out the name Wild Horse Ranch and its number, and in doing so couldn't mistake my name and box number. Watson is in Prineville.

Yesterday I cut a good supply of wood and walked to the mailbox and back. At the mail box there were several packages and a small plastic tub. I carried the mail up, but left the packages, then drove the pickup down for the packages.

There were two eighteen by twenty-four-foot tarps, a set of vice grips, a set of screwdrivers, and the tub. I don't know who left the tub, but it seems to me that we used to have one like it.

Last night there was a long skip on the airways. I tried to check in six or more times, but never heard anyone relay me in. The loudest-relay stations were two out of state, one in Utah, KA7FUL, and Vic, W7CRN in Arizona. Both complained of high interference from the fours. The noise level was below zero. I heard Ellis faintly. Some one relayed him in.

This morning when I checked in with Vance on the weather net, he said that he heard me last night so I was in.

Ellis called me this morning. Duane is with him, and is waiting for his visa papers which were to be mailed to him in

Hines. He is scheduled to leave for Australia Friday. He is worried that the papers will not arrive in time.

Tonight there was a short skip. Oregon stations were loud. Some stations that I couldn't hear last night had a signal of 20 over S-9.

Today I didn't go for a walk down the road. For a while it looked like the road would be dry, but by the time I was ready to take off, it started raining with wind. Later in the evening, I decided to put on my overshoes, and walk down the hill with the big overcoat for protection from the rain.

But I decided to file my toenails first. But it was dark before I realized it. It sure gets dark early now.

21st

The low last night was thirty-two. There was eight-hundredths of an inch of precipitation, partly snow. The snow was gone by nine.

Around ten I heard the sound of a motor over the microphone. I stepped outside and looked toward the point just in time to see a vehicle disappear. I could hear a motor running, and the sound seemed to move down the road.

I came in to get my jacket, then walked to the point. By that time the vehicle had gone out of sight passed the lower draw. Wheel tracks circled the power pole, but I could see no foot tracks near the tracks.

I baked some drop cookies this afternoon. I put on my over-shoes and jogged a ways down the hill.

I drove down for the mail. There was no mail for Oma and Carl. Carl hasn't been up since the day after they got back from hunting. I think Oma put the little yellow tub into the mailbox, because they were on their way to Coos Bay with the truck and trailer, and didn't want to drive up here with the outfit.

Shirley called tonight. The weather is almost as cold and wet as it is here. She wanted me to tell Ellis the next time I talk with him , that the California-Tax Board wanted a copy of her tax form for 1983. Ellis made out their joint-tax return for Oregon. Oregon then sent her half to California. Now, I guess, California wants the papers covering her taxes.

It's quite a mixup when the husband is in one state and the wife is in another. California and Oregon seem to be at odds as to how the state taxes should be handled.

Once this evening there was a strong odor of skunk. It was strongest in the middle of the room. Maybe it comes from under the floor where their is water.

Earlier there was the sound, over the mic, of deer hoofs near the skylight.

When I was talking with Shirley, I told her that Mike wasn't here, that he was in Bend to get contact lenses. She asked, "What are you having for dinner tomorrow?"

I said, "Apple pie and some kind of meat."

She said, "Where did you get the apple Pie?"

I said, "There are six apple pies in the freezer."

"Well, I've got two apple pies in the oven Now."

She will go to San Diego Thursday, and will be back home Saturday and Sunday. Ellis can call her on those two days.

22nd

Thursday is Thanksgiving Day.

The weather is normal for this time of year. The low last night was thirty-three, and the high was thirty-six. There was no wind and it was overcast all day. There was no rain.

This morning I found the source of the skunk odor. Two spotted skunks were at the bottom of the barrel in the engine house.

Ordinarily when a skunk gets into a place like that where it cant get out, it will not stink the place up, because even though it is his own chemical weapon it is disagreeable to him.

Maybe this time it was because there were two of them.

I am waiting another day before letting them out, hoping the odor will thin out.

I spent considerable time reading today. I jogged almost down to the head of the lower draw. I carried four jugs of water up from Indian Creek.

Oma's son, Roy, called to find out if Oma and Carl had left yet. I told him that I thought they left yesterday. He said that he was expecting them home today, and wondered if they might have had trouble driving over the mountains.

Around five I heard a motor, via the microphone. I went out and looked toward the point, and saw Carl's pickup coming down from the point. Sure enough it was Oma and Carl. I said, "I thought you would be in Coos Bay by now," and I told them that Roy had called.

She said, "We wouldn't leave without saying goodbye to you. We've been out scouting around looking for rocks and arrowheads."

They came in. Oma called Roy and told him they would be home Saturday or Sunday, depending how the snow was on the pass.

She is afraid of going over the mountains when there is snow on the road.

Yesterday Larry and Cactus had dinner with them. She and Carl had intended to make a meal out of left over scraps, but she went a head and made a regular dinner.

The small-yellow tub belongs to Oma. She had left it at the Davis' place on the way back from their hunting trip. She had taken the tub full of peaches with them on their hunting trip and there was a lot of them left. The mailman brought it down from the Davis' and left it in the box for Oma.

It was getting dark, Carl would have to back his pickup out to the point, and he didn't have a bright-backup light. We went outside. Oma said, "You all come down tomorrow."

I said, "I'll come down when I get the mail."

She heard a noise, "What's that?"

I listened, and heard the skunks scratching at the sides of the barrel, and told her what it was.

"Aren't you going to let them out? They must be hungry."

"I thought I'd wait until the odor went down."

23rd

Carl had a little trouble backing out. He got too close to the inner bank.

After they left, I checked into the evening net. The skip wasn't bad at the start of the net, but by the time Lyon called Andrews he was getting much weaker. I got in all right, though.

Later during the next hour W6REP in Sacramento, and W7RAX in Cauldville Washington relayed a good many stations in to Lyon.

At eight-thirty I began making an apple pie. I used the beaters to cut in the lard, then used the dough hooks when adding the water. Ten tablespoons of water was just right. I made the crusts in less time than before.

Oma says that she and Carl get bored with not enough to do. Of course, in Coos Bay, Oma has all her children and grandchil-

dren to keep her busy, and then there is her mother who isn't well.

24th

The low last night was twenty-seven, and today the high was forty-six. There was a heavy fog early, but it cleared away before noon. Tonight around eight it started raining. At six the temperature was forty.

Carl came up early. He needed some slats to nail up the sheet plastic on the kitchen windows. In the furnace room I found some that would work fine.

Not long after he left Gene Anderson and his son arrived. I was cooking some pie filler for the pie shell that I made last night. The microphone was on, and I heard someone calling. I expected, whoever it was, would come to the door. So kept stirring the filling. No one showed up, and the calls continued. I set the pot off the fire and went outside.

Up near the trailer house two men were standing beside a small car. Seeing me, they called, "Hi there." I answered back.

They came down to where I was in front of the furnace room. Gene said that the reason they hadn't come right on down was that they wanted to be sure someone was here before intruding too far into the area.

We stood outside. He said that they were here about fifteen years ago when his son was ten years old.

The boy couldn't remember much about what cinnabar looked like. I could see that they weren't dressed for the cold. I told them to come on inside, and I showed them a sample of cinnabar. We talked about Ham radio. Gene knew Wally, K7SEG, in Gold Beach. He said he would have Wally contact me when they got back .

Next a man that was here last summer showed up. I haven't found out what kind of work he does. He is up and down this area stopping in Denio and other places.

He wanted to hike up Indian Creek and wondered which was the best way to go.

I pointed out the best way, and asked him if he was prospecting. He said that was just looking for critters.

I said, "Well let me know if you see any wolves or wolverines."

He left going back out toward the point. Soon I heard voices coming in over the microphone. I went out to check where the sound was coming from, because the mic isn't directional. I could see a man, but the girl that he was talking with was out of sight. From the sound of her voice I thought it was Ann.

I came inside thinking that soon Ann would be at the door, but it was quite a while before she knocked on the door. With her she had the puppy that Larry gave her last summer. It was much

larger, and I didn't recognize it.

I thought that she was probably hungry, so I fixed a lunch, of corn, peas, squash, and fried potatoes.

Before I got it ready I showed her the skunks in the barrel. She noticed that one was dead and that the other one was eating on it.

When we came back in, I said, "I guess seeing the skunk and smelling the odor, you won't be able eat now."

She said, "Actually I wasn't hungry before, but I am now."

It started raining around eight o'clock last night. I don't think it rained all night, but before daylight it was snowing lightly, and continued until ten. The low last night was thirty, and the high was forty-three. There was three-tenths of an inch of precipitation for the day.

Before Breakfast, I put on my overshoes and walked and jogged down to the head of the lower draw. I needed the exercise because I was getting sluggish.

When I got back, I proceeded to carry out the fifty-gallon drum that the skunks were in.

I started to reach for the rim of the top where I could get a good handhold, but I saw the live skunk turn his tail up. I dodged back.

I found a piece of tin, not too large, and put it over the top, then put a hand on each side of the middle of the drum, and carried it half way to the draw. There I put it down to rest my arms. The awkward way of carrying the drum tired my arms quickly.

I picked it up again, and got it out near the burning barrel, then tipped it on its side and let the tin fall away. I moved back quickly, and looking passed the drum, saw the skunk hastily making its way through the dead grass and weeds.

I went back into the house, and made a breakfast of one hotcake and a slice of toast.

Ann finished the vegetables, and I cut a piece of apple pie that I intended to serve with ice cream.

Bob came in view from the direction of the mountain. It looked like he would go right on by, but stopped for a drink at the hydrant. Then he came to the door, and I called, "Come on in. You're just in time for a piece of apple pie."

Ann said, "Give him the piece you cut for me, and cut me one half that size."

That I did, and added a good sized helping of ice cream on his, and a smaller helping on her's."

I had made a cup of tea for Ann. Bob wanted only water.

I never thought to ask her where she was going to sleep tonight. They both left around one-thirty.

I shaved and got ready to go down for the mail. I put what was left of the pie into a paper sack, and carried it out to the pickup. I would go to Carl's since they would be leaving in the morning.

When I got there, Carl was hooking the utility trailer up to the pickup. I gave Oma the pie. She slipped it out of the pie plate without breaking the pie at all.

25th

I read the power meter this morning. The electric bill came to fifty-one dollars after the twenty percent discount.

The temperature in here was sixty. I turned the electric element on for a short time, then built a fire in the stove. The wood on hand went pretty fast, so I went out and cut some more. By one o'clock the temperature was up to sixty-eight. Thus the stove did better than I thought it would. However, I had to keep stuffing wood into the fire box.

Around noon I hiked down to the head of the lower draw, which is about one mile. I wore the overshoes and the big army coat. The road was still mostly frozen so it wasn't very wet.

I read a lot, and reread the article on the deep-well drilling in Russia. The depths of the wells are given in meters. In order to get a feeling as to how deep they are, I converted the meters into miles. One well was about seven and a half miles deep.

Tonight I checked into the six o'clock session of the Oregon Emergency Net. Not long after someone asked for me. I couldn't hear the station. Herb in Washington relayed, giving me the call letters. I was to go up frequency and give him a call. I couldn't find a good clear spot, but called through the QRM anyway. There was no answer.

26th

There was three inches of fluffy snow this morning. The precipitation in the rain gauge showed how dry the snow was.

I turned on the electric element for a short time, then built a fire in the stove, and turned off the heater. I cut some more wood to keep the fire going until six. The temperature got up to sixty-six in here.

The low last night was twenty-six, and the high today was thirty-three.

When I swept a path to the tin building, I saw that a small creature had made tracks in the snow, and had come out of the door of the tin building. The tracks were quite close together, and parallel going forward. The animal plowed through the snow, so it was quite close to the ground. It was a skunk for sure.

The tracks went around through the plum trees, then up the rock wall at the right of the dugout. It disappeared under the roof of the skylight.

I'm afraid it will lay in wait for our little cottontail that gets under the roof for protection from the weather. He also finds shelter in the tin building.

I walked and jogged down the road the usual mile. Although the air was colder than yesterday, I didn't wear the heavy-army coat, and was comfortable. There was no chill factor from a wind.

Later I went down for the mail, and sent out the payment for the electric bill.

On the hill above the gate someone had spun out, turned around, and drove back down the hill. They had turned onto our road from the south, then turned north onto the county road when they got back down.

I had no trouble on the road going or coming. The wheels had good traction all the way.

I got a letter from George. It contained a map of Fairway Village where he and Lois live. The people there pay rent for the pieces of land their houses are on. The village was up for sale, and a new owner would raise the rents. So the people formed an association to buy the village. Thus they forestalled rate hikes.

He also sent two clippings from a newspaper that had two interesting articles. One about a sun cooker. The other about Cellular Phone Systems.

I also got a letter from Mike. He has an appointment to be in Portland on the thirtieth.

He does a seven-mile walk every day either to town or from town. He has checked the price on two snowblowers, one for eight-ninety eight, the other for eleven twenty.

He found a filler neck for the tank on the little pickup.

I enjoyed both letters. It seemed good to hear from them. Mike wrote a well organized letter.

I read the News and World Report all the way through tonight.

I talked with Ellis on the radio tonight. He heard from Shirley.

When he came home over the pass, chains weren't required. So I guess Carl and Oma had no trouble getting over the mountain.

27th

There was about three inches of damp snow this morning, making about twenty-nine hundredths of an inch in the rain gauge.

I listened to the brief news on Good Morning America, then turned off the set.

I listened to the Deep Sea Net on 3.3940, and checked into the weather net at eight-forty-five. There was a lot of rain and warm winds along the coast. The warm air arrived here starting in the morning. The temperature, from a low of twenty-four, got up to forty-nine. It was forty at six.

Around nine in the evening there was a short shower.

I had the heating element on for about three hours, then cut wood and built a fire in the stove, and pulled the plug on the element. The temperature went up from sixty to sixty-five. There is enough wood left over for a fire in the morning.

I walked and jogged the usual mile down the road. The three inches of snow made the going harder.

This morning Dora called. The lead-in wire to her TV set broke. Someone spliced it together, but it came apart again. They complained about the antenna being too high. Dora said that Bill said it could be a lot lower. I agreed with him. I told her that I would be down tomorrow with a length of lead in wire, and see what I could do.

The skunk made tracks in the new snow last night or this morning early. They followed in almost the identical route as yesterday, but they didn't enter the tin building. They went passed the plum trees toward the garden.

The tracks of the cottontail were around, so as of this morning the skunk hasn't nailed him.

29th

Yesterday the wind blew in heavy gusts, and there were snow showers one after another. The snow was melting as fast as it hit the ground. But each snow shower got heavier, and one around two-

thirty, was like a blizzard. The snow began sticking, so that there was nearly an inch of snow on top of the old.

I called Dora to tell her I would walk down for the mail, because I didn't think I could drive the pickup back up the hill without chains.

I suggested that maybe she could get someone to lower the antenna. The nail holding the mast high up on the pole could be pulled out. Then they could reach the lead in and splice it together. She said that she could splice the lead in if the antenna was lowered.

I thought Bill might lower the antenna for her. She said, "Bill may have to work over the weekend. Maybe I can get Carl Hair to do it for me."

In the evening I called Mike, and told him I received his letter. I asked if either of those snowblowers could pull themselves up the hill. He said, "I bought the John Deer. Jewed them down to nine ninety-five. Cash is a good bargaining chip. It is geared down so there will be plenty of power to come up the hill on its own."

This morning I saw the cotton tail on the trail. Also I spotted a porcupine in one of the plum trees. With a shot in the head it fell to the ground and never moved.

I got a letter from Dorathy yesterday. Katy's last baby died from Spinal Meningitis. She was born premature and weighed four pounds six ounces. She weighed seven pounds when she died.

She cant have any more children. They have a little girl, Mary Ann.

I've been reading the meter every day to see how much juice I use. It is now averaging thirty-two K.W.H. a day.

Today I cut a larger supply of wood so will have enough to warm the place somewhat in the morning.

The stove, by itself, doesn't raise the temperature above sixty-four. Sometimes I plug in the heating element for an hour or so. This afternoon I had it on for half an hour

This afternoon I put on the army overcoat, and walked down nearly to the gate. It was snowing lightly and the wind was blowing about twenty-five miles an hour. I was comfortable in the coat and could stop and stand in the cold and look across the desert without getting chilled.

I baked two pumpkin pies this evening, using margarine in the crust. It worked fine.

The snowfall today came to two hundredths of an inch of precipitation. Tonight it started snowing again, but it quit after an inch covered the old snow. It is keeping the accumulated snow about three inches deep.

I didn't check into the morning net, but got into both nets tonight.

30th

The high yesterday was forty, and the low last night was thirty. It was thirty-two at six. There was seventeen hundredths of an inch of precipitation in the form of wet snow, so the accumulation is still about three inches.

After breakfast I started a fire in the stove, and went to the tin building, and cut enough wood to keep the fire going all day. I turned on the element for half an hour to help raise the temperature up to sixty-six degrees.

I called Dora. Carl Hair fixed her antenna so she has TV again.

I drove down to the gate, and walked the rest of the way to the mailbox. At the head of the lower draw, the snow is all gone, and from there on the road isn't very wet.

The snow that fell today came in showers that were like small blizzards. Just to look out at the blowing snow discouraged the thought of walking down the hill, and I was thankful to have the pickup to drive for the mail. In the cab I was protected from the wind and snow, and it wasn't long before the heater made it real comfortable.

When I parked the pickup at the gate, it wasn't snowing, and the air was warmer than it was up here. I wore the rain jacket over the suede jacket so the wind was blocked out, and I didn't get cold going to the mailbox and back.

I talked with Ellis this morning on the radio. He said that Dick, K7ZYD, wanted a copy of the article in the Oregonian to send to a friend back east.

I put two copies in a package, and mailed them to Dick in Eugene.

I had trouble with my back when I got up. I think it was caused by the hernia, although it didn't seem to be out. There was pain at the hernia sight, though.

It got better as the day went along, and activity helped get rid of gas pockets in the intestines, especially at the sight of the hernia.

The total precipitation as of to date is thirty-six hundredths of an inch less than it was last year at this time. Last year December had ten and forty-six hundredths of an inch. So to equal last year's precipitation we need ten and eighty-two hundredths of an inch in December this year.

December, 1984

1

1st

Last night was the coldest this fall. It makes it seem like it will really be winter on the twenty-first. The low last night was twenty-three, and it was down to twenty six at six o'clock tonight. At twelve-thirty I ate a breakfast consisting of a big helping of long-grain-brown rice. Then tonight I had a dinner of boiled-whole-grain wheat, some canned tuna with mayonnaise, and a slice of bread.

George called this morning. We talked for an hour. He still has the hip and back pains. The pain pills he has been taking doesn't help his hip and back, but does help the bursitis in his shoulder.

Lois has lots of trouble, especially with Medicare, Blue Cross etc. They tell her to come back for more tests and treatments.

Watching out for Harry in the nursing home is a chore, and makes it hard to collect the money he is required to put up for his father's care. Actually Harry is still on the company's payroll, which should give him enough money to pay for the cost of the nursing home.

I cut some wood today, and have had a fire in the stove since eleven o'clock. I've had the electric element on since six. I let the fire go out at seven. The element alone is holding the temperature at sixty-six degrees.

I saw three cottontails near the plum trees this morning. I heard some coyotes for the first time in a couple of months. They were quite close to the place, and their howls came in loud over the microphone.

I'm hoping that a good heavy rain will come along, one that will clean off the roof so that I can have good clean rainwater. I'm having leg cramps again, and rainwater will help, because the creek water has lots of calcium in it.

I checked into both nets tonight, and was surprised that the net controls heard me, because the conditions were so bad.

Ever since the ore at the mine gave out, I have been getting more and more depressed. Our situation is insecure, and I don't want to think of having to move out of here. After all the work we've put into this place, we have nothing of our own. There is no sales value for it. It isn't like having a place you can sell that would give you money to buy a new place.

To cope with the depression, I try to think of good things such as:- How good it is to have a reliable vehicle to drive, how lucky we are to have enough income to get by on, and being able to afford a few luxuries. That is to say that we aren't influenced by high prices. We buy the cheaper cuts of meat, regular ground beef, bargain pork chops, and fryers when on sale. Tomatoes and lettuce are too high.

We are being extravagant in buying a snowblower for nearly a thousand dollars that we'll use only a few times during the winter.

2nd

The high yesterday was thirty-five, and the low last night was seventeen. It was twenty at eight o'clock. There were high clouds and it was calm.

I turned on the electric element at seven-thirty. The temperature is slightly below sixty. It went up to sixty-four, and stayed there all day. I cut wood, then started a fire in the stove at two, and turned off the electric element.

I walked down to the top of the hill above the gate wearing the army overcoat. I felt better than yesterday, and my back is getting back to normal.

I saw deer tracks in the snow on the road down the hill. The presence of deer tracks near by, accounts for the coyotes. They follow the deer. It appears that the deer are coming down to where there is less snow.

While watching TV today, I switched back and forth between channels, and watched the programs on all three. The action was so slow on the programs, it seemed like I didn't miss anything.

The weather report said nothing about showers coming, but at nine there was a light snow shower here.

December, 1984

4

That snow shower lasted about three minutes, but the sky is over cast, and we may have more snow before morning.

I heard the controls on both nets tonight, but they didn't hear me. Their signals didn't move the needle on the S meter, but signals from Virginia and Tennessee were an S-9 and 10. They probably blocked my signal to the net controls.

Yesterday I added some baking soda to the drinking water to precipitate the calcium. I believe it did some good, because I wasn't troubled with leg cramps as much as before.

3rd

The high yesterday was twenty-six, and the low last night was twenty-four. There were no snow showers, so there was only a trace of new snow this morning.

Around nine-thirty I turned on the heater, and built a fire in the stove. I turned off the heater at ten.

The high today was thirty-one. It was overcast and calm, so there was no chill factor.

I cut some sagebrush, and had a fire in the stove until eighty-thirty. I plugged in the electric element, because the temperature dropped to sixty-two.

I wrote a letter to Dorothy and Leonard, and made out the weather report.

4th

The low last night was eighteen, and the high today was thirty. It was twenty-two at eight-thirty this morning.

I listened to the Dipsy net from eight o'clock until eight-thirty, then tuned onto the Oregon Emergency Net.

I built a fire in the stove, and plugged in the electric element at seven-thirty. I sized up the amount of wood on hand, and thought there was enough to keep the fire going for two hours.

For breakfast I had boiled-whole-grain wheat mixed with long-grain-brown rice. Then a helping of canned-tuna fish seasoned with mayonnaise.

I read some in the Grit, and some in the World and News Report.

Around ten-thirty I went out and cut some wood, and brought in an armful to keep the fire going. On my way in I noticed that I couldn't see the insulator on the west end of the antenna.

Later I went up and read the power meter, and found that I had used fifty KHW in twenty-four hours.

While up there I walked over to the antenna pole, and discovered that the west end of the antenna was down. What happened to it is a mystery, because there has been no wind for several days. The whole length of the guy wire and the antenna was down intact. I thought that it must have come loose from the sagebrush. The antenna section was on the down-hill side of the pine

tree, lying in loops clear to the to the dugout. It would have had to go all the way over the top pine tree to get there.

I guessed that it must have happened in the last wind, which would account for my not being heard by the net during the poor band conditions.

It took some time to get the antenna unraveled, and back up. I figured I would have better luck getting out from now on.

There was nothing from the bank that would show that the certificate was registered in the bank accounts. It must have gotten lost in the mail.

I didn't walk down the hill today.

The weather forecasts predict zero weather for Boise tonight. That means zero here tonight.

I cut enough wood to keep the fire going all day, and will have enough left to start out with a fire in the morning. I pulled the plug on the heater element around ten this morning.

The temperature had gotten up from fifty-eight to sixty-four.

I hiked down to the power-line crossing this morning.

I dumped the ashes and the garbage below the peach tree on the east side of the garden. I didn't see any dirt being pushed up through the snow by the gopher. I hope he isn't eating the roots off the trees.

December, 1984

7

The band was in poor condition for local reception. Stations in Florida and others back east were coming in louder than Oregon stations. Herb in Washington wasn't very strong, but Norm in Sacramento was quite good. Charlie was net control on the Beaver State Net. I could hardly hear him through the QRM. He could hear me all right. He said, "You're not very loud."

Dick, in Redmond, was on the first session of the Oregon Emergency Net. He had a loud signal, and he heard me without any trouble.

On the second session Norm, in White City, was the control. I don't know if he heard me, because Norm, in Sacramento, relayed me in.

There is another cold night coming up. It is clear and calm out now.

I let the fire go out, and the temperature is dropping below the sixty-four that has held steady all day.

Joan Rivers was on the Tonight's Show, so I turned the set to channel nine, and listened to Night Line, then the Bob Newhart show.

Yesterday morning I talked with Ellis on the radio. He is still waiting to settle the sale of the house in Bend before going south.

He said that he goofed up last week. He thought there was antifreeze in the radiator of the van, but there wasn't. He tried to start the van motor, but the pump wouldn't turn. The belt would squeal as it slid through the pulley.

I don't know how he got it down to the Game Commission shop. He must have driven it down without the pump working. After it thawed out in the warm shop, he couldn't find any leaks, and hopes there are no internal leaks.

5th

The low last night was thirteen, and it was twenty-two at eight-thirty.

I plugged in the heating element at seven-thirty, and cleaned out the flue around the oven. I got a fire going in the stove by nine, then turned off the heating element at nine-thirty. The temperature was above sixty from a low of fifty-eight. It was up to sixty-four at one-thirty.

I cut quite a lot of sagebrush from the pile that Mike built up this fall. I used the axe on small pieces, and used the radial-arm saw on the large ones.

The rip fence got broken from pieces of wood catching in the saw, and hitting the fence with such force as to break it in a couple of places. I was able to put the boards back in place.

The skill saw might be better to use, but there is no way to hold the wood in place while you cut it.

Mike used to use a special saw horse for timbers that were over eight inches in diameter. He would turn the timber over and make several cuts. He used a one-man-crosscut saw.

As daylight was breaking I heard a coyote howling close to the dugout.

There were two Christmas cards in the mail, one from Rea and one from Shirley.

Claire, KC7EY, could hear me all right on the Beaver State Net. On the first session of the Oregon Civil Defense Net, Del, N7FUR, heard me fine. However, toward the end of the first session Del and the relay stations faded almost out. I couldn't hear anything of the second session.

I put the last of the wood into the stove at eight o'clock, and plugged in the heater. The temperature was dropping below sixth-four in here.

In thinking about writing a Christmas card to the Frank Lake family, Frank wife's name escaped my memory. I started going through the alphabet in my mind. When I reached the letter V it came to me, Valerie.

6th

The high, low, and present temperatures were almost the duplicate of yesterday's. The air seemed to have more moisture in it, because there was a trace of frost on the pile of sagebrush.

I plugged in the heater at seven-thirty, but didn't start a fire in the stove, because I intended to clean out the soot in the bottom of the chimney.

I ate breakfast first, and didn't get started on the chimney until ten o'clock. I brought the ladder over, leaned it against the chimney, and pulled the elbow off the chimney. The passage into the chimney was perfectly clear. There was no need to clean it out.

There was enough wood on hand for one fire. I went out to cut some more wood. It was nearly time for the news. I figured there was enough wood to keep the fire going for another half hour.

As I passed the door of the tin building on my way to the pile of sagebrush, I glanced inside and saw that there was wood on the floor I hadn't carried into the dugout last night. This made a fairly-good-sized-armful. I wouldn't have to cut any more wood until after the news.

Right after the news, I started cutting wood, bringing in an armful as soon as it was cut. I kept the fire going until the temperature was up to sixty-two degrees. That was at ten o'clock, then I pulled the plug on the heater.

By two o'clock I had a pretty good sized pile of wood in the niche behind the stove. I stopped for a rest, and watched TV for an hour, then went back to cutting sagebrush.

This time I put the cut pieces into the wheelbarrow as soon as they were cut. By three-thirty the wheelbarrow was full. I brought it inside, and left it in front of the stove where I could pick wood off to feed the stove, then headed down the hill for the round trip of two miles. I would be late for the news at four-thirty. That wouldn't matter. I saw enough of the news, anyway.

I made good time down and back, and felt refreshed. The temperature at six was twenty-two. There was no wind.

Temperature in here at nine is sixty-six. It took constant feeding of wood into the stove to bring the temperature up to this point. At this temperature the draft along the floor isn't so uncomfortable on my ankles. The hot air from the stove goes along the high ceiling to the front, and down the cold windows and back across the floor. It would be warmer in here if I had blankets over the windows.

At the end of the news, Joan Rivers came on. I turned to the other two stations. Channel six had a basketball game on at B.S.U. Channel two had a rerun of Archie Bunker. That's the end of TV tonight. Maybe I can write a letter.

The band conditions for the local reception of the nets were:- Charlie on the Beaver State Net came in loud and clear. For Lyman on the first session of the Oregon Emergency Net his

signal registered an S-9. However, around six-thirty the band started to go out, and before nine I couldn't hear Lyman, and the relay stations in Washington and California were losing Lyman also. I couldn't hear Betty on the second session.

The relaying stations weren't hearing me. They were weak and I doubt that they were hearing Betty.

8th

I got one letter written that night, which made me feel good, because I had a head start on the mail. It was after midnight when I went to bed.

Friday morning I had both the electric heater turned on and a fire in the stove to heat the place up. The element was on for over two hours, still the temperature in here only got up to sixty-six.

The cold draft along the floor felt cold on my feet, and I was uncomfortable sitting at the table trying to write. I started to write a copy of the letter so I would have it on hand later for a reference as to what I had written. In doing so I changed some of the structure, and decided to send the revised version.

However, I never got it finished, because my reflexes were out of kilter causing me to make more mistakes than usual.

I got the payment for the phone bill, and the deposit for the checking account ready to mail.

I couldn't bring myself to sit down and write until late tonight. I blamed part of my trouble on the cold in here.

I drove down to get the mail. I didn't go for a walk for exercise, but used the time that it would take walking cutting sagebrush. Thus there was enough wood left over to keep a fire going this morning.

With the electric heater on and the fire in the stove this morning the temperature got up to sixty-eight. Still I didn't feel comfortable. The draft on my ankles gave the most trouble.

For breakfast I ate a large helping of rice-custard pudding. It weighed heavy on my stomach all day. It wasn't giving me any nourishment, and I felt weak after chopping sagebrush.

I made two trips to Indian Creek, and brought back two-gallon jugs the first time, and four jugs the second time. The pipe that I had used to fill them was plugged, so I had to hold the jugs under water to fill them. This required that I sit in a squatting position which my knees weren't used to, and once down it was hard to get up. I thought my knees would break.

When I got back each time, I was tired. I laid that to the undigested-rice custard in my stomach. That is probably why I felt cold in here today even though the temperature was up to sixty-eight. Now at eleven o'clock I am feeling comfortable without a jacket, and the temperature was down to sixty-six. I'm finally getting calories out of my food.

George called this morning. We talked for nearly an hour. The weather down there is cold and dry for this time of year. He said that he had to water the lawn. His low last night was thirty-six, and his high today was forty-five.

Mike called. His next appointment to the V.A. Hospital is for the twenty-seventh.

Bruce says he will bring Mike out with the snowblower after January the first. Mike wondered if I might come over and get the snowblower next week.

I said, "I'll see what the weather is like."

Actually I'm reluctant to make the long trip, because it would be difficult for me to lift a heavy wheel back into the pickup in case I have a flat tire. But if we need the snowblower this winter at all it could be before the end of this month.

Since Mike won't be back in time it will be up to me to get out the Christmas cards.

9th

The high today was forty-two, and the low last night was thirty-one. There were light winds and a cloudy sky.

The Beaver State Net was wiped out tonight, also the first session of the Emergency net. I turned the set off, then turned on again at seven-thirty to see if I could hear the second session. Len was loud and clear. However, he didn't asked for late or missed, or relays. He had Herb and Norm do that.

When Herb called for late or missed, I checked in and said, "Len is loud and clear in here." The other stations were reporting good signals from him.

Len said, "The band seems to be opening up. I'll call late or missed after this."

I got the temperature up to sixty-six in here. To overcome the draft from the front, I turned on the little heater with the fan aimed at my feet under the table. That made things more comfortable when it came to writing.

I carried the dead porcupine down the trail toward Indian Creek and dumped him on the south-facing slope. I can dig a hole for him when the ground thaws out.

I put freon gas into the cold-room system. I found a spot where the tubing could be leaking. It was at a solder joint. There was considerable oil around the joint. I wiped it clean, so if more oil should show up, I'll know for sure that the leak is there. It will be a tough one to resolder.

I hiked down passed the usual mile, trying to get some strength back. It made me feel better.

Today while I was cutting wood I felt weak at times, and tired easily.

I finished the letter to Shirley, and put it in an envelope with a Christmas card. That's one down and all the rest to go.

This morning Ellis gave me a one ringer, and I contacted him on the radio. He was ready to start his trip south. He said that he would check into the Oregon Emergency Net, and would work 14.320 on the twenty-meter band. Dick uses that frequency to contact hams in California. Ellis will keep in touch with Dick on that frequency. Dick monitors it from seven through the day. He also checks into the California Hawaiian net on 14.340.

10th

It started raining this morning before daylight, and continued most of the day mixed with snow. The precipitation for the day was six tenths of an inch. The low last night was thirty-five, and the high was thirty-eight.

I had a fire in the stove for a short time. I ran out of wood, but didn't go out to cut any, because I wanted to spend the time getting out Christmas cards.

I didn't plug in the heating element, but hooked up the little electric heater with a fan, and set it pointed at my feet as I sat at the table writing. I was comfortable, and was able to mail four letters with cards.

Band conditions were good for the morning net. Ray was the control. I told him that Ellis was on his way south.

Most of the morning I left the receiver on 14.320 to find out if I would hear Dick. There was a lot of QRM from stations

close to the frequency, also many tuner uppers. There were very few station that could be heard good.

One station came in loud and clear for a short time. He was calling for any station on the west coast to act as a relay station. He didn't get an answer. I was tempted to give him a call, but he gave up before I could call. I heard him tell a station I couldn't hear, "I guess they don't hear me out there. I'll have to get on earlier in the morning when the skip is better."

Tonight I heard Ellis check into the Oregon Emergency Net, but he was too weak for me to make contact. I couldn't hear the net control call Andrews. I checked in later when Herb called for late or missed. I couldn't hear Don on the second session.

I heard no out of state relay stations. Once in a while I heard a station check in, but all the signals were weak. The loudest signals came from Florida and Tennessee who were right on 3.980.

This afternoon I baked some biscuits. They weren't up to their usual quality, and I wondered if I had the wrong balance of soda and vinegar. It finally came to me that I hadn't used any milk. They weren't bad, though, just a different texture.

There wasn't much mail, only two Christmas cards, and less mail from begging political groups. They should be sending him money instead of him sending them money.

He scrimps on electricity, watches food prices, and acts like a Miser, then throws it away on those political-action groups. He cant resist buying tools from bargain catalogs. He has several duplicate sets of socket wrenches and screwdrivers. There is an assortment of vice grips, four large ones, and three small ones, one that opens wide so it can be used as a clamp. We are well stocked with tools, and there's more coming all the time.

The forecast from Idaho predicts clear weather for tomorrow. Here now there are frequent-small-snow showers. The moon shines bright through holes in the clouds. Maybe it will be cold and clear tomorrow, and there will probably be lots of slippery ice.

11th

It froze hard last night, so the paths around the yard are good for skating, but not for walking. The road out to the point was icy. Even the crust on the snow was slick.

I scattered ashes on the paths after taking a hard fall and picking myself up to find no damage.

I kept a fire going in the stove, and cut considerable sagebrush. I had the small heater going all day.

I talked with Lavina. They didn't have as much precipitation as we did here. Carl was working on his pickup. He was keeping the motor running to charge the battery so it won't freeze during the subzero weather expected in late December and early January. He plans to go down to see Don and Pat.

I called Dora. She is going to Ontario with Jim. He will be seeing a tax consultant. Dora will see a doctor about having cataracts removed from her left eye. She hopes that after the operation she will be able to drive. Later she will have the cataracts removed from her right eye.

I read in the Scientific American some articles:- How diesel engines were improving, and might be used in cars in the future, how gas was replacing coal for heating one-hundred year ago.

Because of the icy condition of the road I didn't even walk out to the point let alone down the hill. I think the lack of exercise made me feel sluggish. I didn't feel like writing Christmas letters.

This morning the net was noisy, but I could hear W7ICJ all right. The six o'clock net started out good. N7FFG in Redmond was loud and clear, but toward the end of the net I could hear hardly anyone.

On the Beaver State Net N7DUN, Larry in Lincoln City wasn't very loud.

I went to bed after the Carson show..

12th

I was up at seven-twenty. A light snow during the night laid down one and a half inches of snow on top of the ice and frozen snow.

I turned on the small heater, and built a fire in the stove. The sagebrush was damp, and didn't make a fast fire. The wood lasted only two hours. The temperature got up to sixty-four and stayed there most of the day. The temperature is now down to sixty-two.

The snow came down most of the day, quite heavily at times. There was five-tenths of an inch of precipitation in the gauge which indicates five inches of snow.

I didn't cut wood, but used the time writing Christmas cards. I only got six ready to mail.

This morning there was a high noise level on the weather net. Only the strongest stations could be read.

I cut my hair today. I believe it was a growth of two months.

When I got ready to drive down for the mail, I started the engine and let run five minutes while I was in the dugout. I put the rain jacket over the suede jacket. I put the overcoat in the seat in case I would have to walk back up against the wind and snow.

The cab was beginning to warm up as I started out. I thought, "If I can make it out to the point with the ice under the snow the way it is, I'm pretty sure I can make it back up without spinning out." There was no trouble at all going to the

Vance was the net control on the first session of the O.E.N. He was loud at the beginning, but started fading out by the time he got to Andrews. I told him that his signal was beginning to fade.

He said, "You're coming in here quite well."

Under mobiles Ellis checked in, and some relay station heard him. Apparently he didn't hear a confirmation. He called again, and I could hear him good enough to tell that he was calling for me. I broke in and told Vance that Ellis was calling for me. Vance said, "Go a head and see if you can pick him up."

I called for Ellis but got no response.

Later toward the end of the first session I heard Ellis loud and clear. He was saying, "K7ZYP, do you copy me?"

I called to Vance, "K7ZYP, contact."

Vance said, "Go a head, Jim."

I called Ellis and told him to go up frequency and call me. He said, "You call me."

Less than five kilocycles up there was a frequency completely clear. Ellis Found me right away. He was down in southern Utah where the temperature was fifty, a nice warm day. He said, "If you go into Burns some time soon, call the Game Commission office and tell them I'm doing fine, and will be in Tucson before Christmas."

He wanted to know if there was any snow in Burns. I told him I hadn't heard, also that I wouldn't be going into Burns until after New Years, and maybe even later, because Mike would be out with Bruce right after the first.

He said, "Well, it sure is good to be able to talk with you. The band was so bad at the first of the net I couldn't hear anybody. I guess I didn't get checked in."

I told him that Vance heard him all right, and that he was in right after six o'clock. He said it was strange that he couldn't hear anyone and they could hear him.

I made some Jell-O late this evening. I've been looking out the door to keep track of the snowfall. Since six there has been only about two inches.

13th

There was only one inch of snow this morning instead of the two I figured last night. There was nine hundredth of an inch of precipitation in the gauge.

I kept the wood stove going all day as well as the electric heater. The temperature got up to sixty-four which felt cold even when I was stirring around, I laid it to drafts of air circulating around in this large room.

I felt uncomfortable all day with a slight headache, and guessed I had been overeating. When I'm feeling like that I eat more, trying to find a food that will make me feel better. The only remedy is not to eat for a while, half a day at least.

Hoping that a long hike down the road would help, I got ready to go. There was a cold wind blowing, but I didn't wear the overcoat, which was a mistake. My face and ears didn't get frost-bitten, but they were aching, and back in the dugout they were a long time getting warm. I didn't go a full mile down the hill, but turned around at the first spring hole. The snow made the walking harder, which made up for the shorter distance.

I was able to check into both nets, although there was a long skip.

I went to bed before eight o'clock, still with a slight headache. I slept until twelve-thirty. I got up and located the November issue of the Scientific American, reread the article on Cholesterol and Atherosclerosis. It clarifies the role of certain cells that remove Cholesterol from the blood. It tells why it is that there is no set rule for everybody as to a low cholesterol diet.

I did stretching exercises in hopes of getting rid of the headache.

I went back to bed, and slept in catnaps.

I got up at seven-twenty. Even with the heater on all night the temperature went down to sixty. I turned on the heating element, and built a fire in the stove. There was enough wood to last about an hour.

The low last night was fifteen, and the high today was thirty-four.

For breakfast I had oatmeal without sugar or butter, a dish of Jell-O, and a piece of biscuit without butter.

With the two heaters going the temperature in here got up to sixty-eight. I felt comfortable while writing Christmas letters. I had five ready to mail by three o'clock.

I drove down for the mail, and when I got back, put on the overcoat hiked down to the lower draw. This time I wasn't bothered with the cold. The coat broke the wind so well I had to throw the hood back off my head, and open the front to cool down on the way back up.

I didn't eat much during the day, avoided sweets except some Jell-O. By night the headache was gone, and I had no more stuffed feeling.

With the two heaters going the temperature got up to seventy by eleven tonight. I pulled the plug on the large element, and left the small heater on, and went to bed.

15th

The sky was partly clear most of the night. When I got up at seventy-thirty, there were a few scattered clouds. The high yesterday was thirty-four, and the low last night was twenty-seven.

The temperature in here was down to sixty even though the small heater was on all night. I plugged in the element, and the temperature was up to sixty-six by noon. I didn't have any fire in the stove. Around ten the sky was completely overcast, and it began snowing and kept it up for about three hours. I walked out to the point but not down the hill.

I cut an armful of wood and dumped it behind the stove to dry out. I won't build another fire until I have a large supply of wood cut. That might not be before Mike gets back.

16th

Without a fire in the stove the last two days, the consumption of electricity has been over 100 KWH.

The high yesterday was thirty-seven, and the low last night was twelve.

Around seven last night I could see snow drifting, but I couldn't tell how much it was snowing. I doubt that there was much new snow, but it did a good job of drifting. Several times I shoveled the snow away from the front.

The last time, about ten-thirty, I had a hard time pushing the door open. The drift wasn't very deep, but a crust had formed which wouldn't give way easily.

After that there was no more drifting, because of the crust on the snow.

It cleared up during the night.

There was a strong wind all day, and the temperature didn't get above twenty-two. I went outside with my overcoat on, and the hood over my head. The chill factor was quite pronounced, which is why I didn't get out earlier.

The rock steps going up to the meter were covered with snow. I put ashes on them and had good traction for my feet.

While I was up there I went around and checked the corner of the west end of the shelter of the caved-in tunnel. There was a big hole on the very corner. The west wind blew straight into it.

I found a small tarp in the engine house that covered it amply. The few pieces of two-by-fours that I propped against it may not be enough to hold it down in a strong wind.

I walked out to the point and looked down the hill. There were no big drifts in the road, so maybe I can drive down for the mail tomorrow. If it will be as cold as it is today, I wouldn't relish walking back up against the wind.

I pulled the plug on the heater and the element at ten last night. The temperature was up to sixty-eight. By morning it was sixty. The small heaters help some. Otherwise the temperature would have gotten below fifty-eight.

Today the temperature got up to sixty-eight, and I pulled the plugs on the heaters at one o'clock. By three-thirty the temperature was down to sixty-five.

I talked with Dora today. She got back from Ontario Friday evening. They take all the tests that would be taken for a major operation. For a cataract operation the patient goes into the hospital the day before, and has the operation the next day.

They said the operation could be done the day after Christmas, but she didn't want to spend Christmas in the hospital. They made her an appointment for the middle of January.

Pat was called for jury duty. She tried calling to get out of the duty, and used the number they gave her to call if she wanted information. A machine answered, and told her to appear for duty Monday morning the seventeenth.

She wanted to tell them that she had no transportation, and it would be an extra hardship for her. Besides she has a heart condition, and Nellie needs her help.

I got the twelve dollar subscription to the Burns Times-Harold ready to mail, also a card to Myron and Nancy Fox. In the

card I got from him he said that he would have his station ready to work in the middle of January, and will call me at seven our time.

I asked him if he still had the call letters , KA7LOK.

After facing the prospect of a one-hundred dollar electric bill if I continued using the high-wattage element all day long every day, I succumbed to my miserly feelings and didn't turn the element back on. Now, at nine, the temperature is sixty-three. It seems colder, except when I exercise.

I haven't been using sugar on my oatmeal or strawberries. I cant tell if I'm losing weight or not. The big scales are out of order, clogged with snow and ice. Anyway, I feel fine so I'll stay on the diet.

Friday I made grass juice using up all the available grass in the tubs. From the way the grass is growing, it will be at least three weeks before any more is ready to cut.

17th

I got up at seven this morning. I turned on the large element, and left it on for two hours. When I pulled the plug, the temperature was up to only sixty-four.

I got three Christmas letters ready to mail. I plugged a small hole in the top end of the caved in tunnel.

Behind the closet door I nailed up a piece of plastic, hoping to cut down on the cold air coming in. I also plugged up holes above the shelves where hot air was escaping.

When I plugged in the element later in the day, I expected the temperature to rise faster than before. It went up two degrees in one hour, but after that the thermometer stayed at sixty-four.

I drove down for the mail. The wheels had good traction both ways. The van with the stovepipe was still parked in the area near the mailbox. The two guys were gathering sagebrush to fire up the stove inside. Smoke was coming out the pipe.

When I came back from the mailbox, one of them waved at me. I called over, "How's the weather?"

He called back, "It's great."

As I drove up the hill, I thought, "I wouldn't think of this cold weather as being great if I were camping out, or not camping out. Even Ellis heads for Arizona in the winter."

It was a nice day if you didn't mind the cold. The sun was shining most of the time, and there was no wind.

When I got back, I put on my overcoat and walked to the head of the lower draw. This time the footing was better in the wheel tracks than it was in the center of the road. I wasn't too warm when I got back.

The low last night was eight above, and the high was twenty-five. It was twenty-one at six.

I made a batch of biscuits this evening. I turned off the element at eight-thirty. Two hours later the temperature was still at sixty-four.

There were three Christmas cards today, one from Betsy, one from Bob, and one from George. Bob said that if Clarence moves to Washington next summer, he will come out to visit him, and stop by here for a visit.

George said, "I hope to see you next summer." I wonder if he means he will be out for a visit, or he expects us come down there.

It is quiet out, no wind, and there are scattered clouds. The temperature in here now is sixty-two.

18th

When I got up at seven-thirty, it was sixty in here. I turned on the large element. It was ten before the temperature got up to sixty-four.

I battened the door top and bottom to keep out some of the cold air. The low last night was nine above, and the high today was twenty-five. It was clear and calm.

I took a hike down the road during the warmest part of the day, around twelve-thirty. There was no wind, so the overcoat was a little too warm by the time I got back up the hill. I took it

took it off near the Indian Creek turnoff.

I took the garbage down into the garden. One set of deer tracks wandered through the garden. At one place it pawed the snow, probably looking for grass, which it didn't find.

Another set of tracks, that I believe were those of a bobcat. I couldn't tell because the paw prints were blurred from snow in them. They came in at the lower fence, went up along the east side, then to a place at the east gate where he tried to get through. He couldn't get through there, and went on up to the upper fence, and then back down to where he came in.

Last year I put a large galvanized tub over the shredder. It had blown off, and was lying bottom side up in the snow. I tried to get the tub out of the snow, but it was frozen in hard. Tomorrow I'll go down with a bucket of hot water, and thaw it out.

This evening I read the News and World Report all the way through at one session.

I've been wondering why it seemed colder in here than the thermometer indicated. There seemed to be more draft in here than would be caused by the cold windows.

I kept looking at the ventilator, wondering if cold air was coming in, or hot air was going out there. Mike had stuffed it full with a plastic sack full of packing material.

Finally I decided to check it out with smoke from a match to see if the smoke would be pulled up through it.

Standing on the sideboard I lit a match, let it burn a short time, then blew it out. The resulting smoke didn't go out through the ventilator, but came down and dispersed rapidly.

That is where the cold draft comes from. It was what made it so cold sitting here writing. The ventilator is almost directly above.

I think Mike tied a rope around the neck of the plastic sack, and then tied the rope to the top of the ventilator. Instead of being squashed in, it is hanging by the upper end. Over a period of time the sack stretched out, became thinner and let the air pass between the side of the ventilator and the sack.

Tomorrow I'll correct the situation.

From the weather reports in Idaho, I had expected it to snow before morning, but it stayed clear all night and all day, and is still clear now at eleven.

19th

The low last night was four above. The high today was fourteen, and it was ten at five-thirty.

I called the Hair's today. Lavina said that it got down to a minus three just after the sun came up.

This morning I went up and checked the ventilator from the top. The sack wasn't fastened by a rope to the top, but was free to slide down, which it was doing slowly.

I managed to push a pillow wrapped in a cloth up into the ventilator from below.

As to whether or not it helped there is no way to know, because the temperature outside is much colder. The temperature in here dropped even when the large element was on.

I was able to check into the Beaver State Net, and the first session of the Oregon Emergency Net, but by six-fifteen the skip lengthened out, and I couldn't hear anyone in Oregon.

I drove down for the mail. At the time the temperature was twelve. The van was still parked in the area near the mailbox. Smoke was coming out of the smokestack, but I saw no one around.

I got quite a few Christmas cards today, one from Bruce and Carolee. She said that they enjoyed having Mike there, and it was good to come home to a warm place. They are working late at night and part of Sundays. Business is better than last year, but not as good as several years ago.

We got a card from R.G. Dark, the dentist. He says he will be out again next summer to say hello.

We got a card from Bob and Virginia. She said she doubts they will ever get out here again. She is troubled with arthritis.

There was a card from Haynes. It's the first time I ever saw the name, but I figured it was Linda Fox and her new husband, Don. It was signed Linda and Don.

A card from Sam and Ethel. They miss George so far away.

A card from Phyllis and Ray White. They are doing good running the storage business.

A package from Dottie and Baird, full of fudge, Baird's famous fudge. I ate a large helping of it, so haven't needed any dinner.

I gave in to my aversion to the cold outside, so didn't walk down the road. It shows how one can go to pot in the winter. Unless you're forced to go out, you'll stay in the warm house.

The only card I got out today was to Carolee, Bruce, and Mike.

I figured that if I use 100 KWH a day until meter-reading time, the power bill will be sixty-eight dollars after discount.

The temperature in here today never got over sixty-four. It was fifty-eight this morning. Now at eleven fifteen it is sixty-two.

20th

The low last night was four above, and the high today was thirty-two. It was thirty at six o'clock. At two a five to ten mile an hour wind came up. So the extra cold weather has broken. Tomorrow is the first day of winter.

When I got up at seven-thirty, the temperature in here was fifty-eight. I plugged in the element, and by nine-thirty it was sixty-two. At twelve thirty it was sixty-four.

I read quite a bit in the Scientific American while lying on the cot to keep warm.

At twelve-thirty I heard voices outside and saw someone approaching the door. I got up quickly and went to the door, removed the caulking from around the door and opened it.

The bearded man, Mike, and his boy were outside. I told them to come on in. He said, "Did I wake you up?"

I told him I had been reading, then said, "I had to take these rags out before I could open the door."

They came in, and Mike closed the door, pushing the rags against the bottom of the door. Of course, he didn't know that the rags were used for caulking up higher between the door and the door jam.

He said, "I was up here last summer."

I said, "I know. Your name is Mac. Isn't it?"

He said, "No. It's Mike. Same as your brother, but I've forgotten your name."

"Jim," I said.

He said, "This is Gabriel."

I shook hands with the boy, and asked, "Did you walk up?"

"Yes. We're camped down by the mailbox. Was that you that drove down the other day?"

I told him I was down to get the mail. "I see you have a stove set up in your van."

"Yes. It works good. I use willows and sagebrush for wood."

They were here about an hour. I gave them some pieces of the fudge that Dottie sent over. Mike said to Gabriel. "What do you say? I'm saying, 'Thank you.'"

So Gabriel also said, "Thank you."

Mike said, "That sure is good." I could see by Gabriel's actions, he thought it was a treat. There was one piece left. He eyed it, and said to Mike, "Are you going to eat that one. If you don't, I will."

"I'm not going to eat it right now, but I will while we're walking down the hill."

Mike took a small radio out of his knapsack. He said, "Look how small this is. Yet it's an all-band radio.. Brings in stations from all over the world loud and clear."

We tried it out in here, but because of being underground it would only pick up stations near the window, or near the antenna lead in.

While we were talking about the radio, Gabriel was sitting in the big armchair. I noticed that one knee of his pants was worn through and his bare knee was showing through. I said, "Where is his long Johns?"

"He has them on, but I guess he didn't get the bottoms on." Then he felt around Gabriel's neck, "Here's the top part."

Before they left I gave the boy a couple apples. He put them in his pocket.

Several times Mike asked me if there was any work he could do for me. "Cut wood or something?"

I took it that he wanted to do me a favor, but later I wondered if he was seeking work for wages.

I had him sign the register. Last year he wouldn't say what his last name was. Now he signed, "Michael and Gabriel Eagle, Eugene." Seems like an unusual name.

After they left I went out and cut some sagebrush, bringing in an armful, and stacking it on top of the pile behind the stove.

I hiked down the hill wearing the overcoat. The temperature was about thirty, but the wind made it seem colder than the other day when it was ten.

Before I left I pulled the plug on the element. It was sixty-six in here. When I got back it was sixty-two, a very rapid cool down.

I plugged in the element at five-thirty, and now at nine-thirty the temperature is sixty-six. So the temperature outside being warmer is helping keep it warmer in here. I turned off the element at nine-thirty.

Michael Eagle never mentions anything about what he does for a living. What is he doing away from home with, presumably his little boy, at Christmas? Does the boy miss his mother? Michael says he lives in Eugene. Does he have a home, or is the van his home?

Well, tonight it started snowing at nine-thirty. Not heavily, but it seems to be increasing in strength. There is a noticeable coverage in front of the door.

The temperature in here, at eleven-thirty, has dropped to sixty-four.

26th

The snow last Thursday night was only a trace.

When I drove down for the mail Friday, the van with the smokestack was still there. Michael and Gabriel must have been inside. Smoke was coming out of the stovepipe.

From the mailbox I drove on down to the Thomas' place. I didn't have the keys with me so couldn't go inside. The only tracks around the place were made by rabbits.

When I came back, I went on up the hill without stopping to talk with the two Eagles.

Monday I mailed six cards, and received three more.

The Eagles had left. Michael left the book "Life and Energy." with another book "The Expanding Universe" in the mailbox.

Someone had driven up to the gate and turned around. I wondered if it had been Michael. Whoever it was must have seen the icy condition of the road a head, and thought better of trying to drive on up.

Today I mailed out the check for the electric bill, sixty-six dollars and twelve cents. It wasn't as much as I expected it to be.

During the first half of the month the consumption of electricity was thirty to fifty KWH. After the fourteenth it was between fifty and one hundred KWH.

The low last night was twenty-five, and the high today was forty. The sky was mostly overcast, with a wind west five to ten. I expected there would be rain or snow showers. At two thirty this afternoon there was a bit of blowing rain mixed with snow. It looked to be the beginning of a storm, but it stopped almost before it got started.

I haven't walked down the road for three days because of the icy conditions. Today I started walking down the trail to Indian Creek, but turned back because the trail was too slippery.

Tomorrow I'll tie rags around the overshoes and try again

I received a card from Clarence and Betty today.

I talked with Lavina on the phone. There was no snow left around their place. Carl and Beryl were over near Frenchglen

looking at a grader that was for sale. Carl would like one to smooth up the ground around the place.

For nearly a week I've had a lame back and sore abdomen. I've been blaming it on the hernia, because the sharp pains shoot through that location as well as through the lower back. The trouble comes when I start to straighten up after stooping over, and when getting up out of a sitting position.

I've been hanging by my hands from the chinning bar. It has helped, and I'm almost free of the trouble now.

Since eight-thirty I left the heater on all day. Now at ten-thirty tonight, it is seventy.

Yesterday I read *The Expanded Universe*, and was somewhat disappointed in the way it was written.

Tonight I began rereading *Life and Energy*, and see the writing in a different light than when I read it before.

27th

Today I wrapped cloth around my overshoes. In the passed I've found that cloth doesn't slip on ice.

I took two plastic jugs and a dipper, and headed for Indian Creek to get water. At one place before I reached the draw, I fell. One foot slipped a little when I stepped down. I thought, "Boy! Maybe this isn't going to work too good after all."

I walked carefully, keeping my eyes on the trail for the best places to step. Where I could I walked in the loose snow,

but there were places where it was necessary to step in the old icy tracts.

Just passed the bedroom it happened:- My right foot slipped when I put it down. I started to raise my left foot to regain my balance, but the right foot had slipped onto the piece of cloth that was on the left foot.

Now I was not only off balance but was being tripped. I was falling down with the steep embankment heading toward the draw before me. I thought, "Can you imagine it? This is what I was trying to avoid."

Involuntary reflexes took over. My feet struggled to get in front of me, but were held back by the rocks and brush. Anyway, i was pitching forward to fast for them to get under me. Another reflex twisted my body sideways, thus preventing me from falling flat on my face, and plowing head on into the brush and rocks. I landed on my right side, first my hip and then my shoulder, then my head thudded into the soft snow.

It took a little time to bring my feet forward so I could sit up.

Those reflexes saved me from a worse fall.

I carefully climbed back onto the trail, and went back to the dugout. Going for water was out of the question. I needed better traction for my feet.

Later I walked out to the point, but it was too slippery to go on down the hill. When I got back down here I went up to the power meter, then on up to the road above the dugout. The crust wasn't quite strong enough to hold my weight, so the walking was difficult, which was good. It made for a better exercise.

28th

My back trouble is all gone. Although hanging by my hands on the chinning bar seemed to be the exercise that cured the trouble, I can't be sure. Maybe I had some kind of a cold.

Mike called today. He got the contact lenses fitted, and they will be sent out here.

He said that I could come and get him any time now. Bruce would bring him out, but he was afraid Bruce wouldn't be able to make it up the hill.

I said, "Well, maybe I can come over there tomorrow." He thought that it would be all right. So I've been spending most of the afternoon getting ready.

After driving down for the mail, I left the motor running, and checked the transmission oil while the motor was hot. It was hard to tell where the oil level was on the stick. There was no definite line showing oil and no oil.

I figured that the oils must be low or it would show up better on the stick. I added half a quart, then tested it. There still was no good indication. So I added almost the whole quart.

After waiting ten minutes, a check showed the oil at the full mark. I hope I didn't put too much in.

The engine oil was low. So I added a quart.

I loaded on the extra wheel by leaning a two-by six against the tail gate, and sliding the wheel up the sloping board. I was glad my back was all right. Otherwise I might not have been able to get it up even that way.

I loaded on four sets of tire chains, although I doubt that we will need them.

I burned a lot of paper, and old magazines in the stove. It helped to heat the place up. The temperature got up to nearly seventy.

The high today was thirty-three. There was a trace of snow last night. We've been having quite a bit of wind lately, and that helps to keep it cooler in here.

In the morning I'll scatter ashes on the ice out to the pickup, and on the trail to the tin building. Also to the weather station.

signal registered an S-9. However, around six-thirty the band started to go out, and before nine I couldn't hear Lyman, and the relay stations in Washington and California were losing Lyman also. I couldn't hear Betty on the second session.

The relaying stations weren't hearing me. They were weak and I doubt that they were hearing Betty.

Vance was the net control on the first session of the O.E.N. He was loud at the beginning, but started fading out by the time he got to Andrews. I told him that his signal was beginning to fade.

He said, "You're coming in here quite well."

Under mobiles Ellis checked in, and some relay station heard him. Apparently he didn't hear a confirmation. He called again, and I could hear him good enough to tell that he was calling for me. I broke in and told Vance that Ellis was calling for me. Vance said, "Go a head and see if you can pick him up."

I called for Ellis but got no response.

Later toward the end of the first session I heard Ellis loud and clear. He was saying, "K7ZYP, do you copy me?"

I called to Vance, "K7ZYP, contact."

Vance said, "Go a head, Jim."

I called Ellis and told him to go up frequency and call me. He said, "You call me."

December, 1984

1730

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