

14th

Saturday afternoon Annie showed up. First I saw a dog outside. I said to Mike. "There's a dog out there." He didn't answer because he was listening to the news. I thought I had seen the dog before, then recognized Bell, Annie's dog.

I went outside and called to her. She seemed ready to run, but apparently remembered me and came over. I patted her on the head, and went farther out from the door to where I could look up the road. Annie was approaching the furnace room, walking carefully on the icy road. I called out, "What do you know, it's Annie."

She called back, "Hi. It's me."

I said, "I saw Bell, and knew you weren't far behind."

"Bell always announces my arrival."

I asked, "Where did you leave your pickup?"

"I left it at the gate, because I was afraid the road would be too soft to drive up."

We came inside. She took off her knapsack, and sat down in the rocking chair, telling Bell to lie down. She was tired, and told of having just gotten over the flu. She wasn't hungry, although all she had eaten was one hotcake for breakfast.

I fried a pork chop for her, and warmed up some carrots and corn in the microwave oven, toasted a slice of the stone-ground-

flour bread. She cleaned up her plate, and got away with a piece of pumpkin pie with ice cream. She thought the walk up the hill had given her a better appetite.

At the Leonard Creek Ranch, and another ranch she had helped with the calving. She made a trip to Boise, and had the flu, or maybe food poisoning.

She stayed here overnight.

I drove her down to the gate. It was then that I learned that she had a blister on her heel from walking up the hill.

Now I have her new address.

Yesterday we went to Burns. Carl went with us. He did not find the circuit breakers he needed.

I transferred \$600 from my savings account to my checking account. I bought a quartz clock for my bedroom. I got a hot-air-corn popper. I bought ten pounds of bananas for one dollar. I couldn't find a stove pipe.

There was sunshine part of the time, but none in our face coming home. The detour at Mann Lake had pot holes with ice, water, and mud.

We came up the hill without chains, although the road was soft and near the top it was covered with wet ice.

This morning Carl came up. He was having trouble with his circuit breakers. I went down with him, and checked with the volt-ohm meter. I found that the short in one circuit was back

again. The circuit breaker on the pole was defective 'on the side going to the trailer house.

I worked on the stuff until twelve-fifteen.

16th

I have been practicing on this computer keyboard, and making some progress.

17th

Carl came up this morning. He spun out in the mud before he got to the top of the hill. His power went out this morning. He thought it might be a defective circuit breaker. I thought that it was probably a power outage, because our phone was out of order, and there was a lot of noise on the line. He is on a different power line than ours.

I wanted to go down anyway. I wasn't satisfied with the way the circuit breakers were working when we finished up there the other day.

I got my tools ready and we walked out to his pickup. By the time we got there, I remembered the Volt-Ohm Meter. The ice on the road made the walking very difficult, and there was always the danger of falling down.

Carl tried to drive up on up to the top of the hill while I was gone.

When I got back to the dugout, I decided to put on Mike's tire-chain system that he rigged up to wear for non slippage.

This delayed my return to the pickup. Meantime Carl walked down here by way of the snow out in the sagebrush above the road. He said that the footing was better, but it was hard walking in the soft snow.

We finally got to the pickup which was still below the point. Carl backed it up to the curve. There he tried to turn around by backing off the road so he could head down the hill. The result was what I expected, he got stuck in the mud.

Carl thought of using our handyman jack to maneuver the front end of his pickup onto planks, but then he decided that his pumper was too fragile to use those jacks on.

We decided to change the wheels on the big pickup, putting on the ones with the chains. We could use the hand winch, and have the big truck for an anchor.

The work went smoothly, and in less than an hour Carl's pickup was back on the road.

I threw the shovel, hand winch, and logging chain into the back of the pickup, and started down the hill ahead of Carl. He was delayed, because the battery was too weak to start the motor. He had an extra battery along, and used it to start the motor. He had been complaining about the battery being too old. Later I found that the alternator was not putting out a charge. It started charging when Carl moved some of the wires coming from the alternator. He will have to locate the loose connection.

I parked the big pickup at the gate, and got into his pickup when he arrived. On the way to his place I took the chains and overshoes off. That would save some time, because I would have to take them off to get on the bed to work on the circuit breakers.

Inside the house, using the volt meter I found that there was no power coming from the pole. Two of the breakers in the trailer house were off. Carl found two breakers at the pole off.

The circuit breakers in the trailer house will not reset unless they are removed and held with the push button upright. I went through this process, getting them back on.

The other day I found and removed a shorted wire from an outlet. Carl said that he thought the wire went to an outlet on the other side of the door. Thus I thought the short circuit, that has been giving trouble, was eliminated, and the plug ins could be used. However, when Carl plugged in the refrigerator, it did not start.

We found that the breaker on the pole was arcing. We could hear the sound. It seemed not to have a good internal connection. This was the one Carl, several years ago, couldn't find a replacement for. The power man had taken it out and squirted a contact cleaner on it. We squirted some of the cleaner into the breaker, and after a while it worked. The outlets still did not work. Carl ran an extension cord from the refrigerator to another part of the house.

When I left I was not satisfied with the situation. Later I realized that the wire I had removed from the outlet did not go to an outlet on the other side of the door, but was actually a hot wire coming from the circuit breaker. There was no indication of a short in it at the time I tested. The short was an intermittent thing, and not always a direct short, probably only arcing across a gap at times. This was what caused the flickering lights, and the trouble with the breaker at the pole.

I went back, and proceeded to remove the wire from the circuit breaker. Carl turned on the breakers at the pole. The presumed defective breaker did not make a noise. Lights came on in the trailer house. They did not flicker or go dim.

I was satisfied with the power situation.

It was after eleven-thirty. The mail would not be along until one-thirty or two o'clock. Rather than go home first, and come back after the mail, I decided to stay there and wait for the mailman.

We did not have much to talk about:- the shuttle, Libya, satellite antennas, space probes, comets, and the newly discovered moons around Uranus. Carl told about some of his war-time experiences in World War Two.

The power man drove in. Carl went out and talked with him. The power outage was up near the Alvord Ranch. He came down to see if Carl's power was okay.

Shortly after one-thirty we drove up to my pickup. When he stopped, he shut off his motor. I said, "Aren't you going to keep it running?"

He said, "No. I want be stopped long. It should start all right."

I started down the hill in my pickup, and looking back in the rear-view mirror, I saw him preparing to use the jumpers from his spare battery.

I parked near the mailbox. The mailman had not arrived. Carl drove along beside me and parked, but he didn't turn off his motor. He raised the hood to inspect the battery. He said, "This bolt is loose. I need a small wrench."

While he was using the wrench, I got out the voltmeter. The bolt was not as loose as he thought. I tested the battery to see if the alternator was charging. The voltage seemed low, and it didn't increase when he revved the motor.

We checked around the alternator for any poor connections. We couldn't see any. Carl wiggled some of the wires. I went back and checked the battery voltage. It was up somewhat, then when he revved the motor, it went up higher.

Carl said he was going to the hot springs for a good bath. The mailman had come and gone. I got the mail, and headed up the hill, wondering if I could make it all the way to the top. If I

could, I would back down to the dugout so I wouldn't have walk on that slippery ice.

Going up the last steep grade I went as fast as I could in low gear so that the momentum would help me over the top. I couldn't tell if the wheels spun or not. I made it fine, and was down at the furnace in a short time.

I had to use the windshield wipers on the way up. The precipitation for the day was one tenth of an inch. The low last night was thirty-eight. The high today was fifty-two.

I felt better this morning, and walked with a lighter step than I have in a month. In three days I lost about three pounds. It was those three days that slowed me down.

The low last night was thirty-one. The rain storm that we expected did not come. There were heavy winds during the night. The ground was frozen.

I did not eat breakfast, but headed down the hill the first thing before the sun came up above some clouds in the east. I wore the overcoat with a sweater under it. The overshoes were not needed, because the mud was frozen, giving good footing for the tennis shoes.

I made good time to the head of the lower draw and back. It took me forty-five to make the round trip. I stopped to rest twice.

Before I left I checked my blood pressure. It was 150/75. When I got back it was 121/72. Thirty minutes later it was 116/68. There after the highest recording was 142/72.

Carl came up this morning to get some gasoline. He was thinking of going to Ontario for parts for his motorcycle, and some circuit breakers. He hasn't had any trouble with the power since I removed that one circuit from the breaker.

At twelve-thirty I ate a smaller breakfast than usual. I did eat a couple of apples during the morning.

At four-fifteen I headed down the road for a half-hour-round trip.

At five-thirty I ate a light meal of canned salmon, canned-sweet corn, a slice of stone-ground-flour bread, a piece of cake with ice cream, and coffee.

19th

Yesterday I made another banana cake, using the same recipe I used for the first one. This time I did a better job of mashing the bananas. The cake turned out with a smoother texture, but I'm not sure that the way I mashed the bananas made the difference, because I also used a lower temperature, 325 degrees instead of 150 degrees. Even then the cake was done in half the time the recipe called for.

The first cake scorched on the bottom and sides. This second one browned just right.

February, 1986

1

3rd

There was half an inch of snow on the ground this morning. Although the temperature was thirty-three degrees, the snow did not melt very fast.

I went into the dugout, put my flashlight up, and, seeing that Mike was still in bed, I went back outside for my hike down the hill. This time I went as far as the Indian Creek turnoff. I didn't jog, because of the danger of slipping in the snow. In about twenty minutes I was back in the dugout.

Mike was building a fire in the cook stove. I cooked a small portion of cream of wheat on the electric range, and toasted one slice of the home-made bread. This was my breakfast along with a cup of weak coffee.

I made out the weather report, and mailed it and a letter to Phil Grenon.

Today I put a laundry through the washer, and hung them on the line. They didn't get completely dry because of some light showers during the day. I finished drying them in the dryer.

I cooked a pot of beans in the crock pot.

7th

The weather has turned colder. The low last night was twenty-one, and the high today was thirty. We've had light showers for two days. The snow disappeared between showers. However, the

last one this evening, with the temperature at twenty-six, left the ground white.

I was over here by six-forty-five. Mike was up in the greenhouse, so I didn't see him before I started down the hill with my overshoes and the big coat on. I walked down passed the turn before starting to jog, and even walked some of the way after that. I didn't seem to have as much energy as in the past.

I went as far as the top of the lower draw.

Mike was watching TV when I got back. The news was over by then, so he went to his office. I shut off the TV.

I ate breakfast, made an apple pie, and then hiked down to the Indian Creek turnoff and back.

Carl showed up. I said, "You're early."

He said, "I got that circuit breaker, and I thought you would put it in for me." We talked Mike into going down to do it.

Mike and Carl brought the mail up with them. The slacks that Mike had ordered from the east came. The cloth was lighter than he expected. They should be fine for summer weather.

Before they went down to put in the breaker, Carl ate two pieces of pumpkin pie with a boiling hot cup of coffee. Now that they were back, Mike said, "How about a piece of pie?"

Carl said, "I don't mind if I do."

I asked, "You want a piece of apple pie this time?"

He said, "Yes. That looks good."

Dora called, and asked if Carl was here. She wanted me to tell him that she had the lining of his coat fixed. "He won't be able to tell it from new."

After Carl left, I jogged and walked down passed the power line and back, then after the news I checked into the Oregon Emergency Net.

Ellis called for me, and we talked for a while. He will be down this way soon to help capture some mountain sheep. They put tags on them, and move them to a different location. They will put netting up on posts that can be pushed over easily. When a sheep hits the netting, the posts will fall, and the sheep will become tangled in the net.

Ellis will camp at Pike Creek where he will be handy to walk up to the sheep range. He will help handle the sheep after they are caught.

Duane and Tadius will stay at Fields.

10th

Day before yesterday the low was fifteen. Last night it was twenty-one. The high today was thirty-nine. We welcomed the warming trend, also the bright sun.

Without coming into the dugout to put up the flashlight this morning, I headed down the hill at six-thirty-five for my usual hike. I enjoyed the warmth of the sweater, jacket, and overcoat.

Without the overshoes my feet felt light, and I moved right along. I was filled with a sense of wellbeing, and had plenty of energy, but I decided to cut the distance short to save time. When I reached the place where I could see the lower draw, I turned around.

As I neared the top of the hill, the reddish rays of the sun touched the top of the mountain, and soon showed up on the road ahead. It was five after seven when I reached the dugout.

I stopped at the scales. My weight was staying down. This was also indicated by the way I felt. At three pounds heavier I feel sluggish. You wouldn't think that three pounds would make much difference. Once I heard a ham on the air saying how much difference it made in the way he could get around.

I ate a breakfast of two small hotcakes with a little syrup, and a small bowl of cream of wheat. For the last few years I have noticed the effect my eating habits have on the way I feel. The best rule is a large variety of food in small amounts, and not too often. I can go without breakfast quite easily.

I made an applesauce cake today. I used to test a cake to see if it was done by running a knife down in the center. The last time Dorothy was here, she showed me how to make the test by tapping on the top of the cake with my finger. If the top bounced back, it was done. I used the method this time. The top bounced

back up. To make sure, I tapped a second time quite hard. I was surprised that it was done, because the baking time was short.

I took it out of the oven, and put it on a rack to cool. After a while I saw a low place starting to form in the center. I decided that the knife test was the best. Of course this was a thick cake.

While it was baking I washed all the utensils. Thus had a clean sink the rest of the day.

Around tow o'clock Carl arrived with the mail. Most of the mail was letters to Mike asking for donations to political causes. There was one letter for me. It was a chain letter saying that it sends me good luck. To win the luck I had to mail twenty copies to other people. There was no money involved. In four days I would receive the luck. If I did not send out twenty copies I would have bad luck at the end of four days.

I said to Carl, "Here, I'll give you one copy. You can give it to someone else."

He put in his pocket, saying, "I'll put it in the fire."

I put a cup of water in the microwave oven to heat, and asked, "How about a piece of cake?"

He said, "You've changed from baking pies to baking cakes. Don't mind if do have a piece."

Carl hasn't received a message on tape from Oma in a long time. I have a tape here of bird songs. One side starts with Coyote calls. I said to Carl, "I have a tape you could send her. Put your message on one side, and when she turns it over she'll get a surprise."

However, I couldn't find the tape. I looked everywhere I thought it could be, but did not find it. Carl figured he would get it the next time he came up. Later I found it under a sheet of writing paper.

11th

When I went to bed last night, the temperature was warmer than it was the night before. The low last night was about the same, twenty-two instead of twenty-one.

This morning there was a trace of snow on the ground, and we had light snow showers all morning. The sky was a broken overcast with both high clouds and low clouds. The wind was gusting from zero to fifteen. I figured that with these conditions, Ellis and his friends would not be down to trap sheep. It would not be a good time for a helicopter to fly along the side of the mountain.

On the weather net Vance was net control. I could hear him at first, but he gradually faded below the noise level. By the time he should have been to Harney County, I couldn't hear anybody.

The hike down the hill was about the same as yesterday. I was up fifteen minutes earlier. On the way back up the hill, as I neared the top at five after seven, the sun came up over a row of clouds along the horizon, then it shown through a slot in the clouds a few minutes.

For breakfast I had one small bowl of cream of wheat, and one fried egg. I ran a mop over the floor, and found that the heavy mop gave me a workout.

12th

I went through the usual routine this morning, except that I got up ten minutes earlier. In fact I started my hike down the hill at six-thirty. It was starting to snow. From the appearance of the sky, and the weather reports, it looked like a major storm was in progress. The low last night was twenty-eight, and it was thirty-two at eight-thirty. There was no wind.

Carl came up with the mail. He said that there were at least twenty men in the crew trapping sheep. He was up there watching them. They had a lot of expensive equipment besides a thousand feet of netting. The helicopter came down from Baker, but they didn't have any sheep to lift out.

However, later I learned that they used the helicopter to take the nets and posts to two locations, one near the Alvord Ranch, and the other up at the head of Pike Creek. Also they hauled men to these locations.

With so much stormy weather, (it rained this afternoon after the snow this morning) I thought they would go home. I talked with Duane on the radio after six. He said that Peter called him saying that they would be home Friday.

13th

It rained all night. The three inches of slush snow was nearly all gone. It continued raining until about eight o'clock. By ten o'clock the sun shown, and shown the rest of the day.

At six-thirty-five I started on my hike down the hill. It was raining lightly, and there were gusts of wind up to forty miles an hour. In my jacket and big coat I felt secure against the elements.

Because of the slick mud on the road, I didn't jog, but walked quite fast. Where the water had been running down the wheel tracks the mud was washed away from the gravel, leaving pretty good footing. I wouldn't trust it, though, because there could be patches of mud where my foot could slip.

Coming back up the hill the wind slowed my progress. The round trip took an hour and thirty-five minutes, going as far as the lower draw.

I ate a light breakfast, hoping it would put some pep into me, but it didn't.

February, 1986

9

The band conditions were so bad I could hardly hear anyone on the weather net. Near the end, Vance heard me, and relayed my weather in.

Band conditions were good this evening. I checked into the Beaver State Net, and into the Oregon Emergency Net. Ellis checked in from home. I called for a contact with him, and we moved up frequency. He said the weather had made them give up. They will be back Monday to try again. Ellis will not come back, because he is going to Bend with Duane who is leaving for Australia next week.

Lavina called today. They did not have as much snow down there as we did here, but it was very wet. She couldn't tell how much precipitation they had, because their rain gauge froze and broke in the early part of the winter.

The vibrator that Loni gave her seems to help her arthritis a little. I told her that fish oil helps some kinds of arthritis, and that I was eating canned salmon, and thought it did help me. She said, "We've been buying smelt for twenty-nine cents a pound. It is in season now, and it will be for several weeks.

Carl is doing okay, staying inside, because the weather is so bad.

14th

It rained again last night. I was awake when it started at two o'clock. The intensity on the roof indicated that it was raining pretty hard. Later toward morning there was no sound. I guessed that it had either quit or it was snowing.

When I opened the door to come over here, I found that there was two inches of slush snow on the ground.

19th

It's amazing how much rain we are getting, 3.9 inches in the last six days. The county road is washed out in several places. No one can get through, not even the mailman. The road crew cannot do much about it until the runoff goes down. The water washes away the gravel as fast as they can dump it on the places where the water is running across the road.

I got up at six o'clock, and the first thing I did was to hike down the road a half mile and back. At the time it was in between showers. There was never a better time the rest of the day.

During the last few days Mike has been scrounging sagebrush, and cutting it into fire wood. First he cuts the small branches off with the pruning shears, then runs the trunk through the radial-arm saw. It is soaking wet, but burns pretty good if I keep poking it into the stove along with other wood that is dry.

Night before last the power went off at nine-thirty, and came back on at ten thirty. The phone was out of order. I could

not reach anyone down the line even though it sounded like their phone was ringing after dialing their number.

An odd thing about the phone problem was that when someone called the Alvord Ranch from outside the 495 prefix, the call would come in on our phone. Early in the morning Mike answered the phone four times. Once Loni was trying to get Ed. She wondered where he was, then Ed called Loni and wondered where she was.

Later in the day I answered the phone. A man asked for Ed. I told him about the problem with the phones, and asked who was calling. He said that he was Ed's brother. He would call again later. The head of the county road-maintains-road crew called. I told him who I was, and asked if he had called the wrong number. I told him about the phone problem, and that I couldn't get anyone down the line. He said, "I know. I tried to reach the road crew. I finally got them on the radio. Ed wanted to know when they would have the road open, because he wanted to haul some hay. If you see him, tell him that the road will not be open until tomorrow."

Later another man called, and when I told him the situation, he said he would call again. I didn't get his name, and wondered if he might have been calling about the hay hauling.

We felt lost without the power, especially after dark. Once I said to Mike, "I bet you would be surprised if the power came on within the next five minutes."

He said, "I sure would. There's no way to find out, because there's no phone."

I said, "You'll be surprised if the power comes on before morning."

He said, "I sure will be surprised."

26th

Monday and Tuesday the high temperatures were sixty-six degrees, and the sun shown bright. The high today was fifty-nine with clouds most of the day. Monday I had a letter ready to mail to Phil. After addressing the envelope I put into it what I thought was the folded letter, but it was some other folded paper. What was in it I don't know.

Carl came up with the mail, and I stuck the stamped envelope into the sack. I had a paper sack of apples for him. Since he came up on his motorcycle he had no way to carry the apples. Mike and I were going down for water at Frog Springs, anyway, so we took the apples and his tape recorder down to his place.

He showed us the work he was doing on his garden, and asked us if we could judge which way the ground sloped. It looked like it was level. The best way to find out would be to run some water onto it and see which way it ran.

The picture on his TV wasn't coming in very good. He said, "It takes two to adjust the direction of the antenna. Some other day when you are down here, we can work on it."

We drove down to Frog Springs, filled thirty jugs with water, and came home. We left the mail sack in the box.

Later in the evening I found the letter, that should have been mailed, on my desk. I thought, "Phil will be puzzled when he opens the letter."

Today I did some editing on the letter, and printed the new version, then typed another letter explaining what had happened. I told him I would call him on twenty meters at ten o'clock Saturday morning. I hope he can make it.

The power bill came to \$485.92 this month after the discount. \$4.32 lower than January's bill.

Carl came up with the mail around two o'clock. I set out a piece of apple pie with a cup of coffee for him. He said, "I shouldn't eat that. I've gained five pounds in the last two weeks. I'd better watch it, or I'll get too heavy to work good." He ate it, anyway, then went up to inspect Mike's greenhouse.

Later he told me about the trip to town. Dora bought a dozen eggs for one cent with a coupon. She has chickens, and doesn't need the eggs, so she gave them to Carl. That wouldn't be much compensation for his driving her to town.

At the Ford garage the mechanic was putting some new shocks on her car. He noticed that her front tires were badly baled on the inside. He said, "I've got some bad news for you, Dora. You're going to need some new tires, and have the front end realigned."

She told Carl she would have to wait until next month when she had more money in the bank. The tires would get them home all right.

Carl bought some groceries at Safeway. At the checkout counter he found that he didn't have enough money to pay for them. The clerk said that they would put it on a tab for him, and he could pay the balance the next time he came in. He was surprised, because he didn't think they gave out credit.

Dora loaded down the car with groceries for Pat. There were several sacks of cat food.

I didn't hear if she got her glasses or not. That was her main reason for going to town. They didn't get home until after dark.

This afternoon I put grease into the fittings on the air compressor, and oil into the cups. I put a thirty amp fuse into the starter-solenoid circuit. For a while I thought I would never get the fuse into the circuit. Guess my fingers are not as strong as they used to be.

The engine started readily enough, and I ran the compressor for about twenty-five minutes.

27th

It was another fine morning. I took a short hike down the hill. I made it short, because I wanted to mop the floor before breakfast. The job took about an hour. I need to get a ringer for the mop. It would be good if the mop could be quickly taken off the handle and thrown into the washer. It could be cleaned, and come out damp dry.

Mike has been picking up cow chips out in the sagebrush to put on the garden. So far he has brought in many buckets full. Today he worked on the dam that holds the water for the sprinklers. It was filled with sand and gravel.

Earlier he was looking for the hoes, and couldn't find them. He said, "I've looked everywhere. Someone must have gotten away with them."

I said, "You always say that when you can't find something." I took a look around, and found them in the engine room, right where I thought they would be.

Bruce called today. He said he would be out Saturday to check on the computer. He thinks he will take it in to have the cord going from keyboard to the computer repaired. The dealer thinks that is the location of the trouble.

28th

It was another fine morning. It was clear and calm. The high temperature was forty-four.

I made the round trip to the lower draw the first thing, jogging part way down, and making good time walking back up.

I did out a laundry this morning, and hung it on the line where it was dry by late afternoon.

I did a grease job on the pickup, and changed the oil this afternoon.

Carl came up with the mail. There is still no word from Oma. Carl is having trouble with his right leg. A lameness started in his hip and moved down passed his knee. He couldn't think of any cause for it. Before he came up here he spent several hours picking up cow chips near the detour at Mann Lake. In spite of his lame leg he got a heavy load on his work trailer.

While I was hanging out the laundry, Bill Delepierre, KA7BAK, stopped in. He is a government trapper living in Burns. He was on his way to run his trap lines below Fields. He moved from Baker to Burns last August. I had heard that there was a new ham in Burns, but this is first time I knew who it was. He knows Carl's nephew who is a government trapper in Fossil.

I talked with Dora. She has her new glasses, but doesn't seem to be very happy with them. She had a headache today, and she wondered if the glasses were causing it. Her head aches most of the time, anyway, so it would be hard to know.

Bill doesn't get on the phone band much. He works CW, and does a lot of DX work. He has sixty certified contacts with hams in Russia, and is trying to get a hundred. He has over a hundred contacts, but getting them certified takes a long time. Probably most of them will never be certified.

He was here when I checked into the weather net. I told the net control that KA7BAK was in the shack, and mentioned where he was from. The weather net would like a station in Burns to send weather reports from there. Bill will be camping at the BLM facility near Fields, so will not be able to send in any reports. He does not have a mobile rig with him.

While I was walking up the hill this morning, the sun was behind me. It's red rays shown on the side of the mountain ahead of me. On the road before me, my shadow stretched out long in the places where the grade was less steep. It appeared to be about thirty feet tall, but it did not take steps any longer than mine. This just goes to show that we are mistaken when we think that tall people take longer steps than short people.

March, 1986

1

4th

Carolee and Bruce arrived here Sunday afternoon around three o'clock. They parked their pickup out in front.

Bruce immediately tried out the computer to see if the new disk would work. He found that he would have to take the computer in and have a new integrated circuit put in, what he called the DOS program.

It seems that he had that circuit changed in order to have it match his altered computer. If he puts it back the way it was at the start, then the Master WordStar could be copied and used.

As it is the Master diskette, WordStar 3.3 for Gemini 10X cannot be copied. Also the Diskette, CP/M and Perfect Writer could not be copied.

With the change I think the instructions in the books would work, such as, to copy a Master disk to a blank disk, and to format a blank disk.

Bruce disconnected the computer from the printer, and the keyboard, and attached the keyboard to the computer with a couple of latches to hold it in place. Thus the case could be carried by a handle.

Bruce took Duffy for a walk down the road, and looked for arrowheads. Carolee spent time reading a book.

Later, after dinner, they watched a play on TV that Carolee had seen twice before. They left around eight o'clock the next morning.

7th

I got up at five-thirty this morning, and headed down the hill right away. It was not raining, but after I passed the power line, it started sprinkling. I kept going until the sprinkle turned into rain. I was half way down to the lower draw when I turned around. By the time I reached the dugout, my cap and jacket were quite wet.

Yesterday we had .05 inches of rain, and today .35 inches.

Wednesday I sent an order for one-hundred strawberry plants, and a packet of squash seed. Mike sent for more mushroom spawn.

Wednesday I started the rototiller. To do so I sprayed the linkage on the carburetor with the patent rust remover and lubricant. I sprayed some into the sparkplug hole, then added some three in one oil, then some alcohol. A few pulls on the starter rope, and it took off.

I added gas to the tank, and oiled the wheels and pulleys etc. I filled the crankcase, and the gear box.

I was able to get a small patch of ground tilled before five o'clock, then stored the tiller in the old chicken house.

March, 1986

3

Yesterday morning I tilled for one hour, then came up for the news at eleven. I ate lunch, then took a nap. When I woke up it was raining. I rushed out to find a cover for the tiller. I carried a small piece of plywood down, but seeing the difficulty required to use it as a cover, I started the engine and brought the tiller up to the chicken house, and put it in there.

It was too wet to work in the garden today.

Carl brought up the mail. There was no tape from Oma.

I made a pie yesterday evening. There is one piece left now.

8th

I stayed up late last night checking records to see if I could find when it was that Mike got his last contact lenses. He seemed to think it was four years ago. He said that he wore them from Portland to Bend, and they made his eyes so sore, he took them out and never wore them again.

I thought he wore them after coming out here, and used a special cleaning fluid to clean them. I thought he tried them for a couple of weeks. They would gum up in a short time. He complained that since they were made of a porous plastic, the pores would become clogged.

The records in my bedroom did not bring anything to light. The only mention of his going to Bend was that he went in April. It concerned the sale Schuic made of the property Mike sold him.

March, 1986

4

This morning I looked through the old telephone bills, and found that the last calls I made to the VA office was on the fifth and sixth of June.

Another source of information was copies of letters I wrote to various people. In several of them I mentioned that Mike got his contacts lenses in June.

This morning I said to Mike, "You won't believe it, but you got your contacts last June."

He said, "No. I did not."

I told him about going to Bend on the ninth of November 1984. He stayed there and made three trips to Portland, the last on December twenty-seventh, and that I went to Bend on the twenty-ninth and brought him out here.

He didn't say anything, and I wondered if he remembered about it.

I told him how I called the VA several times to find out what happened to the lenses. He had expected them to be mailed out here.

I found a record of the last two calls in June they had the information we were seeking. The girl that answered said that Cathy was on vacation, but she herself would see about it. When I told her I was calling long distance, she said she would call me back.

It was quite a while before she called back. It appeared that Mike's name was not in the computer. She asked questions about his army service. The information I gave her went into the computer.

A week later he received a notice for an appointment to the VA office. He went down and got his contacts, and was back the same week.

Now he says he will have to go to Portland and get an appointment at the eye clinic. He could take a bus from Burns. However, since I'm going to Bend to pick up the computer, he will go with me. We will wait until the weather is better.

There was six inches of snow on the ground this morning. It was raining when I went to bed, so there was more precipitation than the snow alone would make. It quit snowing around eight-thirty. The sun came out, and the high was forty-six. The snow was melted completely off by six o'clock. There was .84 inches of precipitation in the gauge.

About eleven o'clock I walked down the road. The water was running in streams down the road. However, the footing was firm. I was wearing my leather shoes inside the overshoes. They were very comfortable.

The only birds I noticed were Meadow Larks. They were singing in the snow. Later I saw some small birds flying down toward

the desert. Their chirp called my attention to them as they flew overhead.

This morning I heard the sound of Says Phoebe. It's plaintive call made me wonder if it could find any food. The temperature was too cold for insects to be flying around. It must have spent most of the day down near the county road where there wasn't as much snow, and it could have been warmer.

I haven't gotten around to say that Bruce called yesterday. He said that the computer was ready, but he doesn't have time to bring it out. He and Carolee will be going to Portland, leaving Thursday and coming back Monday. That will be next week, and the following week. If I should drive out to get the computer, it would have to be Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday. He will be home those evenings, and show me how to program WordStar to send commands to the printer.

It seems to me that the copies of the Master Diskettes, such as WordStar and CP/M, should not have been modified. They have modified them in such a way that I cannot use the instructions in the tapes, or in the manuals. The tape tells how to set up the computer to copy a master diskette to a blank diskette. You put the Master CP/M disk in drive A and type copy. This is supposed to put it into the copy mode. You remove the CP/M diskette, and put the diskette you want to copy in drive A, and a blank diskette in drive B, then type copy.

The tape says, "Now copy all your Master diskettes."

To format a new diskette while in copy mode put CP/M in A and the new disk in B. I've forgotten the next step, but the way things were the system did not work.

9th

There was two inches of snow on the ground this morning. The low last night was thirty-three, and the high today was forty-six. There were a few light showers during the day, although the sun shown most of the time. There wasn't much wind.

I got up around six. I opened the door, saw the snow, so put on the overshoes over the leather shoes. Last night I was expecting it to snow this morning, so I carried the overshoes over here to put on this morning.

I decided to take a short walk, down the road. There was water running under the icy snow. The footing was firm. When I got half way down to the lower draw, there was less ice and more water. It appeared the ground would become soft. I turned around and started back. I had plenty of energy, which I laid to the meal of waffles and syrup I had late in the evening.

When I started out from the dugout, Says Phoebe greeted me with a few whistles. On down the road I heard no other birds. On my way back I was wondering if the Meadow Larks had gone down to the valley floor, then not far from the curve at the bottom of

the steep grade, the sound of Meadow Larks came from three different directions.

Mike was not up when I came into the dugout. Apparently he heard me stirring around, because before long he got up.

My breakfast consisted of one scrambled egg, a slice of toast, a bowl of oatmeal, and a cup of orange juice.

After breakfast I read the Word Plus manual all the way through. One bit of information will be of great help was, how to have spell check ignore the dot commands to the printer. When the prompt asks you if you want to ignore lines beginning with certain letters, type a period.

That was a long session of reading, and when I was through, I was ready to stir around. I washed up the few pots and pans, and dishes that had accumulated. I thought of making an apple pie, but only thought of it. I did get apples out of the cold room, and put them in hot water so that they would be a little warm when they went into the pie. This would shorten the cooking time. I mixed up the flour, cinnamon, and sugar to have ready.

Later I typed on the Vic 20 keyboard, putting messages in Morse code into the buffer. I was able to stay ahead of the fifteen words per minute for transmitting. I typed the days activity. I did not copy it in longhand off the screen, but let it go on out the terminal mode.

After going over the material, typing it onto the screen, makes it easier to write it in longhand. You change the wording, leave out some things, and add other things to it.

Around five I walked and jogged out to the point. The road was not too wet for my leather shoes. I would have gone on down the hill for a ways if I had worn the overshoes.

I jogged back and forth near the pickup where the gravel was fairly dry. This gave me enough exercise to get the blood stirring, and get rid of some of the excess calories. Staying in the house so much I tend to eat more than I should, and I always have a craving for something special, like the waffles last night.

The exercise seems to start up my metabolism, and it keeps going after I quit. Thus I will be warm for some time. The temperature has been around sixty-two all day, a little cool for sitting around. It seems cool even with a jacket on.

We watched a Hitchcock picture this evening. It was a typical Hitchcock.

11th

This morning I found that our quartz clock had stopped. It was trying to run. The second hand would move up and then drop back. I said to Mike, " The clock acts like it is a fly expiring from insect spray. It's kicking its last."

I could see that the long end of the second was heavier than the short end. Even though the short end was wider than the long end, it did not balance out.

I decided to take off the crystal, and add some weight to the short end. How to take off the crystal was a Chinese puzzle.

Careful examination revealed that a bezel held it on, and I could see a system of snap catches around the bezel. At first I tried to pull the bezel off by loosening the catches. It appeared to be fastened to the crystal. There is a small boss with a slot in it on the back of the clock used to hang the clock on a nail.

It was the only thing to hang onto for a leverage to remove the bezel. However, after several efforts I was able to remove it. I found that the crystal was one piece with the bezel.

The next problem was how to add weight to the short end of the second hand. I thought of using glue. I saw a glob of black electrical putty lying on the bench. I have been using the stuff to stick onto screwdriver blades to hold screws in place while I start them.

I stuck a small amount on the end of the second hand, and flattened it so that it would clear the crystal and the other hands.

On a trial run the long hand went up and dropped back. I could see that it was not yet balanced. I stuck a small piece of metal to the putty. Thereafter, the hand seemed to be well bal-

nced.

I let the clock run on the wall for a couple of hours without the crystal, than took it down and snapped on the crystal, a very simple procedure.

Frank and Darlene Crouch paid us a visit today. They are vacationing, and are staying in a trailer down by the hot springs. Each has a three-wheel-puddle jumper. They spend the time looking for arrowheads and pretty rocks. Carl told them they should visit us.

12th

There was two inches of snow on the ground this morning. It was wet snow. The low last night was thirty-two, and at eight-thirty it was thirty-six. There were snow flurries during the day, but the snow on the ground kept melting away.

I did not hike down the hill. I thought I would wait until later in the day.

I ate a light breakfast of one biscuit of shredded wheat with sugar and water, two slices of toast, two walnuts, and a cup of orange juice.

I spent some time writing a letter to Phil and Agnes. By starting it in the morning, I would be sure to have it ready for the mail in the afternoon. I finished it sooner than I expected.

At two o'clock I decided to drive down after the mail. Carl had not shown up yet. I thought he might be busy in his garden, or may have had trouble with his motorcycle.

After I passed the gate, I saw him on his motorcycle coming toward me. I stopped slightly off the road, and opened the window. I asked, "How are you doing?"

He said that he was late because the little motorcycle broke down, and he walked back to get the big one. He handed me the mail sack. There wasn't much in it.

I said, "I might just as well drive on down to the mailbox. I have to turn around, anyway."

Carl said, "I thought of driving the little pickup instead of the big motorcycle, then I could have loaded the little motorcycle into it to take it home. I was afraid the road up the hill would be too soft."

The little motorcycle was sitting at the intersection to the county road. I drove onto the county road so that the tail gate was in front of the motorcycle. I persuaded him that I might as well haul his motorcycle home for him.

The pickup is quite high for lifting a motorcycle into it. Carl spotted the two-by-four that we use to slide the small jack on under the axle. He said, "Here's just what we need. We can roll it up on this."

It took a little effort, because the rear wheel would not turn. We got it on okay.

I drove out while Carl was starting his motorcycle.

The motorcycle came off the truck with less trouble than it went on. For some reason the rear wheel turned, so we could wheel it down the two-by-four easily.

He said that he had the water line all buried in the garden. He will be able to run the rototiller above it. He has stand pipes along the line, so he can hook up sprinklers where they are needed.

Before I started up the hill, I put the pickup into four-wheel drive to make sure I could make it back up.

There was one letter. It was from Dorothy. She sent three photos. One of her five grandchildren, another of Len dressed in Santa's Suit, and Dorothy holding one of her grandchildren. The other was of birds at a feeder in the snow.

Len is not working overtime now. They have started a second shift.

I hiked a round trip to the gate after four o'clock. It took one and a half hours.

13th

The temperature got down to thirty-six last night. With the electric blanket under me, and plenty of blankets on top, I was

plenty warm. I remembered sleeping without the electric blanket with the temperature near zero, and still keeping warm enough.

I used special thermal underwear that I used especially to sleep in. Also a lot of blankets over me. The mattress was the old type without inner springs. It was warmer than the new inner spring type. I would add blanket under me on top of the mattress.

Even so, I would shiver until my body temperature warmed the bed.

There would be an area where my body lay that would be comfortably warm. If I moved my knees or feet away from that area, I would move them quickly back from the cold. Sometimes, though, I would get too warm and the cold edges around the central area would be a welcome place to put my feet and arms.

Now I turn on the electric about four hours before bed time. I can undress in the cold room without too much discomfort. My feet and bare skin would be cold, and this made the heated bed feel hot, and gave me a comfortable feeling.

The temperature was thirty-six when I got up this morning. My body was so warm I didn't mind the cold. As soon as I got up I turned off the blanket for the day.

I was out the door by six o'clock. I carried my overshoes over here. A snow shower was just beginning. A few flakes were sticking on the ground. By the time I got over here, it was

turning into a heavy snowfall. I left the flashlight and the overshoes near the furnace room and walked down the road a short distance. I would have gone farther, but the snowfall was becoming quite heavy.

I didn't want to get my leather shoes wet. They aren't protected against water and snow.

In the dugout I turned on the TV in order to hear the morning news at six-twenty-five and six-thirty-five. They have recovered the shuttles crew's cabin with the bodies. There was no news concerning the voice recorder.

The new government in the Philippines did not win by ballots. It was actually a revolution. Not a fierce one, though. Marco lost much of the support of the military.

I had a light breakfast.

There were snow showers all through the day. The first one in the morning brought two inches of snow by eight-thirty. When I gave my weather report to Lyman, I said by the way of remarks, "We had two inches of snow between six and eighty-thirty."

He said, "That's a pretty good snowfall."

After net, Ellis called me on the frequency. He wanted to know if I could get out on 160 meters. A ham wrote Duane a letter asking for a contact on 160. He is looking for an all-counties-contact record.

I told Ellis that my rig needed only a few wires hooked up to make it usable on that band. When I got the set, 160 meters was not yet open for amateurs. There were some other frequencies that would soon be opened. Some simple hookups would make this rig able to use them.

Duane is in Australia, or New Zealand, or in that part of the world somewhere.

14th

The low last night was twenty-six. There was two inches of new snow. It was twenty-seven at six o'clock. The sun warmed things up rapidly. It could get into the forties.

I didn't take a walk this morning. I hoped the snow would be gone this afternoon, and the road would be nearly dry. The footing would be better.

For breakfast I had one biscuit of shredded wheat, one slice of toast. one fourth of a waffle, a cup of grape-fruit juice, and one walnut.

Mike spent an hour and a half sweeping off the roof of the greenhouse.

The tomato plants there are in bloom. The leaves look ragged. There are millions of tiny flies hatching out of the ground, probably from the cow chips. They might be the little flies that bother cattle.

Carl brought up the mail around one-thirty. He rode his small motorcycle. He said that the trouble with it Wednesday was that the axle came off. The nut holding it came loose.

There was a tape from Oma. I won't know the news she sent until he comes up Monday.

I had just taken the applesauce cake out of the oven, so he had a cup of coffee and a piece of hot cake. He said that Hair had his satellite antenna tuned in on the satellites again, and feels better about the pictures. However, he complains about the TV companies scrambling the pictures. There are less and less channels he can watch.

At two-thirty Ellis and John Scharff showed up at the door. That was the reason Ellis didn't show up on the weather net this morning.

They each had a piece of cake and a cup of coffee. Mike dished up some of his pickled red beets. They seemed to like them all right.

Duane has Tadius with him in New Zealand. His wife is hooked on drugs, and has been associating with some drug dealers whom the police have been watching.

There is still some snow around the place here, but from the point on down the road it is all gone. I walked to the top of the hill above the gate. Below the power line the road is damp, but

not sticky. From the power line this way the mud with gravel stuck to my shoes. However, it does not weight my shoes down the way it did before we put the gravel on.

Ellis checked in late, so he was home before dark. His son asked for him, and they moved up frequency. I moved up and read the mail. They couldn't copy each other well. The decided to make another contact in the morning at eight-thirty.

Ellis thinks he will have to get a ride to Scio on the twenty-first. He wants the ride down so he can drive his car home. I don't know just why it was that he left it there.

The high temperature for the day was forty-three, which gives me a good grade on predicting the weather. Tonight at six it was thirty-seven. It may not freeze tonight.

Mike showed Ellis and John the greenhouse. Ellis said to John, "You don't see anyone in Burns picking lettuce out of their garden this time of year."

The birds are staying around in spite of the cold and snow. They must have some energy stored in fat to live on.

This morning I listened on twenty meters, but could hear only eights and nines.

15th

It did not snow during the night, but the temperature got down to twenty-six. I wore my overshoes over here, because there were some wet spots left over from Friday.

The surface of the ground was frozen making the footing good for a hike down the hill. I went a short distance passed the power-line crossing. It was quite early when I started. Says Phoebe greeted me as I passed the furnace room. I heard no other birds until I started back up the hill.

I was wondering about the birds. How were they going to survive with the weather too cold for insects to be out. The sky was overcast, so there was no evidence of the sunrise. I've been keeping track of the time the sun comes up. Thus when I heard the Meadow Larks starting to sing, I knew it was time for the sunrise. Did the birds know?

Were the birds joining in a chorus, thinking that if they all sang loud enough they could raise the temperature of the air? The Yellow Shafted Flicker was the noisy one. There was the sounds of Ravens, Black Birds, Robins, Rufus Sided Towhee, and other small birds, and, of course, Chukkers and Quail.

It was snowing by the time I got back, and by eight-thirty, when I checked into the weather net, the snow was half an inch deep. Intermittent snow showers lasted all day. The high temperature was thirty-seven. Thus not only did most of the new snow melt, but much of the old.

It was a gloomy day. TV programs on Saturday are mostly for kids. I turned on the set. "Galactics" was on one station. I left

it on. Mike came out to see what I had on. I said, "A science fiction picture. I remember when we would watch them."

He sat down in the big chair and watched it through. Then when a bowling program came on, he watched it too. Then next came some wrestling matches. Usually when such programs come on, Mike says, "Nuts." and leaves or turns off the set.

George called today. When I answered the phone, I said, "Happy Birthday."

He said, "Well, I made it another year."

The low down there was seventy, and was becoming cooler, and was starting to rain.

Yesterday he was at a picnic, called, The East Jordan Picnic. Quite few people from East Jordan live in that area, and have formed a club.

He said they had a potluck dinner. He was amazed at the variety of dishes of food. He took small samples from those that looked the most interesting to him.

While he was talking, I called to Mike, "Come out and wish George a Happy Birthday." I gave the phone to Mike. He said, "Happy Birthday."

George must have been confused. I heard Mike say, "This is me now. I'm Nike." then, "I couldn't sound like Jim. He was talking with you before."

I should have warned George that I was putting Mike on the

line.

This morning I hiked to top of the hill above the gate. Someone had driven up to the top of the draw where he turned around.

On the way back on this side of the power line Mike came down the hill toward me. I was carrying my jacket. He said, "Did you get too warm?"

I answered, "I sure did."

He kept on going, and I watched him. He was walking faster and better than he did a few weeks ago.

16th

I started out for my hike before six this morning. Says Phoebe was perched on the edge of the gas house roof, and gave me a greeting as I approached. The wheel tracks in the road going out to the point had a covering of thin ice. I could feel my feet slip a little at each step.

The ice wasn't so noticeable on the steep grate on the other side of the point.

A heavy fog covered the desert. The surface was hidden by the fog. Only one meadow lark sounded off when I rounded the turn below the first steep grade. It was twenty minutes before any other Larks broke in.

One peculiar thing that was different from other mornings, was that my legs didn't seem to have much power in them.

I thought that after a warmup period they would feel stronger. Anyway there was no arthritic problem. I made good time and walked down to the top of the hill above the gate. Coming back up there was no change.

From time to time I heard small rocks falling. The direction was to the right across Indian Creek. It could have been that rocks were being loosened by the freezing and thawing action of water. However, I thought a herd of deer could be traveling along the side of the hill. I would stop to listen, and look in the direction of the sound. Thus I had several rest stops.

After I started back the fog began rising, moving north west up Indian Creek Canyon. It became a cloud above the head of Indian Creek. By the time I got back to the dugout, snow was coming from it. A two mile an hour wind blowing southeast came with snow with it.

During its passage up Indian Creek, the birds quit singing.

I baked another apple pie today. I absentmindedly put the same mixture of spices in it that I used in the applesauce cake. When I ate a piece, I was puzzled with the flavor, until I realized what had happened. It tasted good for a change. It was a departure from the usual apple-pie flavor.

The few small snow showers did not add much moisture to the water from the patches of old snow. With the sun shining most of

the time, and some heavy wind, the old snow nearly all disappeared.

I made a hike down to the lower draw in my light tennis shoes. The road was dry from the point on down. A cold wind was blowing at my back, which spurred me to move right along, and, of course, it gave me a push. My legs had more go in them than they did this morning.

I left here at five minutes to five, and was back in time to check into the Beaver State Net.

Ellis did not check into the Oregon Emergency Net. Someone thought they heard him mobile, but no one was sure.

I had the alarm on the stove set for seven to make sure I would listen for Myron, KA5WVD. I didn't hear him.

The small amount of fire Mike had in the cook stove didn't warm the place much. It has been staying around fifty-eight in here. I am getting used to the low temperature.

17th

I was out of my bedroom by four-thirty this morning. I had been lying awake between tow-thirty and four, waiting for the time to go by. I did fall asleep for ten or fifteen minutes, a refreshing sleep.

There were two reasons for me to get up early:- one, since the weather forecasts predicted better days this week, we

planned to go to Bend, where Mike would take a bus to Portland to see about contact lenses, and I would pick up the computer. I wanted to do out a laundry so I would have clean clothes to take with me. It promised to be a good day for drying clothes on the line, and I thought of hanging them out early to make sure they would have time to dry.

The second reason:- there was only a few days left for viewing Haley's Comet, and I would like to be able to say, "I saw it." I was quite sure the sky would be clear, especially in the east.

I opened the door and looked at the sky to the east. Clouds obscured the horizon. I could see no stars. To the west over the mountain it was overcast. Not only that, it was starting to snow. Nevertheless, I gathered up the dirty clothes and came over here, and put one load into the washer. I went back outside, and looked at the skyline, and could see daylight visible through a slit in the clouds.

I finished the clothes in two more washer loads. The snow shower didn't amount to much, only putting a whitewash on the ground. By the time the clothes were ready to hang out, most of the trace of snow had melted and the sun shown part of the time.

Mike put his laundry in the washer as soon as mine was out.

When his laundry was finished, he started out the door with the basket full. I asked, "Where are you going to hang them?"

When I called at one o'clock, Carolee answered. She had just come in the door from their trip to Portland.

I told her we were coming over this week. She said, "Make it tomorrow. Bruce and I are going to Seattle Thursday."

I said, "Mike wants to go to Portland for some contact lenses. He will take the bus from here."

She started to say that he could ride with them, but remembered that they would fly from Redmond.

Here are some reports on their trips to Seattle, and concerning the outcome of the teaching classes. There was a conflict of interest between Carolee and the sponsor of the of the classes. On the second trip Betsy went with her. They lost money on the project. Traveling expenses must have been heavy. They lost time on work at the store.

Back to the computer. I have found that composing at the computer is made difficult, because of Mikes presence in the room. He disapproves of the computer. He often refers to the wasted time Bruce spends at the computer. This makes me uneasy working at it.

I would feel more free in a private room. It would be good to retire to my bedroom and work late at night. During these hours alone in my room there is more freedom of expression, and my imagination works better.

At one time when the weather was warm, I did some writing in bed before I going to sleep. Lately I read some of those pages. The writing seemed more spontaneous. The composition on the computer seems to show a stiffness, and reflects the uneasy environment.

21st

I was up before four-thirty, and saw the comet. It was above the furnace room as seen from the door of the dugout. I came inside and told Mike I could see the comet. He got up, put on some warm clothes, and came out for a look.

There were some outstanding landmarks below the dim and scarcely visible object when viewed by the naked eye. It had a tail which helped to identify it. I gave Mike instructions where to look. He wasn't able to find it. When he was ready to give up, some wispy clouds hid it, anyway.

It was not a spectacular sight, nothing compared to comet West that came around a number of years ago. Nevertheless, I can say that I saw it this second time around for me.

We had plenty of time to get ready for our trip to Bend. I wanted to stop in Burns to draw money out of my saving's account. The Bank does not open until ten. We were at the county road at six-fifty, and arrived in Burns shortly after nine. This gave us time to do some shopping.

First we stopped at the service station, and put ten gallons of gas into the tank. It was 99 cents a gallon. Then we went to Safeway.

Mike went into the store, and I went over to Napa Parts. I needed a heat activated valve that sits in the wall of the air cleaner. It keeps the vacuum from the rear vacuum brake until the air is warm. When the brake closes from the vacuum, it opens the choke full out. Our trouble was that the valve was open while the air in the cleaner was still cold, so we had to pump the throttle to start the motor.

The clerk at Napa Parts spent a long time looking for a listing of the valve in his catalogs, but could not find one. I had brought in the valve for a sample. There was a number on it, but it didn't help him.

I did not know it at the time, but Mike had carried his groceries over and put them in the coolers. Now he was waiting for me. We drove up town where I checked to see if the Desert Graphics had the paper cutter that I ordered last month. The girl said that the supplier still didn't have any on hand. She re-ordered. If they do not come this time, she will order the more expensive ones that the supplier does have on hand.

We drove over to the bank. There was ten minutes to wait. I expected to see a crowd waiting for the bank to open, but there was no one around.

I drew money out of my saving's account at the drive-in window.

We were in Bend before one o'clock. I got some clothes at the thrift store.

The only ones in the store were Betsy and the silversmith. Carolee and Bruce were not back from Portland.

The bus to Portland would leave at one A.M. Carolee was back, and drove Mike up there. She didn't wait to see if he got into the depot. He missed the bus, and walked all the way back. The next morning he took the seven o'clock bus. We had to stay two nights.

While there I went to Radio Shack to buy a tape recorder. The girl showed me two. One for \$199, the other for \$99. I bought the second one. When I got home I found I had purchased a tape deck, which requires an amplifier with speakers. I will have to take it back, and will do that when Mike goes to get the contacts fitted.

We had dinner at Betsy's the first night we were there. The second night I treated Carolee and Bruce to dinner at North's Chuck Wagon. Mike hadn't gotten back from Portland yet.

We got home around four o'clock yesterday. The weather was warm and sunny during the whole trip. Carl had been up with the mail Wednesday.

I missed out on getting three things that I wanted:- the paper cutter, the valve for the air cleaner, and the tape recorder.

We worked in the garden today. I was preparing a piece of ground for some strawberry plants that will arrive from Gurneys later in the Spring. Mike worked on another piece of ground in the upper section of the garden where he will transplant strawberry plants from our old patch.

26th

Monday was a gloomy day. It rained in the morning, which made the garden too wet to work in. Light showers kept us inside most of the day. Carl came up with the mail. There was a tape for him from Oma. He said he was going over to see his brother and Oma Saturday.

Yesterday I started working on the shredder. It was in a bad shape. Last winter the cover we had over it blew off in a heavy wind storm. Snow covered it before I discovered what had happened. The crank case was full of water, and water had gotten into the carburetor. I drained out the oil mixed with water, put in some new oil, put some gas in the gas tank, and was thinking of trying to start the motor only to see gas running from the bowl.

It was evident that the float valve wasn't closing. The only way to work on it was to remove the whole carburetor. This took all afternoon, but I did adjust the tang on the float, and had it ready to install this morning. That took the whole of the morning. The float valve did not close. This time I was able to remove the bowl and take out the float. I had noticed that the float didn't look right. Now I put it into a container of gas. It sank.

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1

2nd

The low last night was twenty-eight. The high yesterday was forty-nine. A cold wind blew all day, bringing rain mixed with snow. The precipitation was .49 inches. There was a trace of snow on the ground this morning. The wind was blowing in heavy gusts, but the sky was clear.

The weather in March had been so good, we expected April would be the same, but it played us an April Fool's Joke yesterday. It was more like winter than spring. I was so confident that the weather would be good early in the morning, I did out a laundry, and hung it on the line. Even after a light shower, I expected the weather to improve. I left the clothes on the line all day. I said to Mike, "Well, I guess they will damp dry." That's what they did, except that they were partly frozen. I put them through the dryer.

As to the float:- I experimented with gluing cork to it. The cork will hold the float up, but would gradually soak up some of the gas, and become too heavy. An application of ignition sealer kept gas out of the cork, but the sealer itself added too much weight.

Now I have one ordered from Sears.

By ten o'clock the wind became less violent. I put five pairs of pants through the washer, and hung them on the line.

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2

With a light wind, and sunshine, it took them a short time to dry.

Around noon, when I was brining in the pants, Beryl Hair drove up. He wanted to use the phone to contact the unemployment office in Burns. He had been drinking and had a bloody nose to which he paid little attention, although he got blood on his hand, on his pants, and on the phone.

He dialed the operator and asked for the employment office in Burns. After a considerable time she gave him the number of the office. He dialed that number and met with some confusion, because the operator kept asking for the number of the phone he was calling from, and he would keep telling her the number he was calling. I surmised what was happening, and told him to give her our number.

Now he was talking with a girl in the employment office, telling her that he had been to two places asking for work, but no one would hire him. He wanted to make sure that the office knew that he was trying to find work, because he had applied for unemployment pay.

He gave me a couple of dollars for the long-distance call. I told him that when the bill came in, I would give him any change that might be coming.

He had to back out from the place, because Mike had left the little pickup in the way, so he couldn't drive around the turn. I thought he wouldn't be able back out to the point. First he nearly backed into the furnace building. He drove forward, and tried again. He wove back and forth, coming close to going over the outer side, and then running into the upper bank, but he made it.

3rd

The low last night was thirty. At eight-thirty this morning it was forty. It looks like a warming trend.

In the mailbox yesterday there was a package of strawberry plants from Gurney via UPS, then another package of strawberry plants in the mail. The UPS package contained Quinault Everbearing which I had not ordered. The package in the mail contained the Streamliners Everbearers I had ordered. I asked Mike if he had ordered any strawberry plants. He said, "No."

The packing slip with the Quinault berries said, "Here are the plants you ordered last Fall. We are shipping them now at planting season." I realized Mike had ordered them and had forgotten.

The ground we planned for them is not ready yet. I heeled them in at the bottom of the patch. Mike has been transplanting more plants from the old patch into the ground he prepared last week.

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4

When I drove down to get the mail, I drove on over to Carl's place to see if he was home, but there was no sign of him. Mike drove down with the '64 pickup to gather cow chips near the mailbox. I separated out his mail, and gave it to him, then drove up with the rest of the mail. Later he came up with buckets of cow chips. He said, "Carl got back. He stopped to talk with me on his way home."

I asked, "Did you tell him that Dora wants him to drive her to Burns tomorrow?"

He said, "No. I forgot about that."

I drove down to Carl's. He was unloading his pickup. When I told him about Dora wanting him to drive her to Burns, he said that he probably could. He could get that tooth worked on while he was there.

Back up here I phoned Dora. She was glad to hear the news. Don would be going with them.

Later in the evening I went for a walk down the hill. As I neared the lower draw, a car came up the hill toward me. The car stopped, and a man and woman greeted me. They said that they had camped there at the head of the draw several years ago. I was supposed to have stopped and talked with them. I did not remember doing it. It might have been Mike.

They were going to stay at Fields, and were ready to go back down before it got any later. I asked them their names.

"Carnard." They said.

I asked if they had signed the register the last time they were here. No, but they would go up and sign it now. I said, "Fine. Mike is there."

I was near the point when they were going back down. They stopped to tell me that Mike couldn't find the book, so they will be back tomorrow. Later Mike said that they were in a hurry to get to Fields, because they were going to have dinner there. We wondered if they weren't already too late.

The only outside work I did today was heeling in those strawberry plants. I spent considerable time making out the daily report.

I wrote a letter to Phil and got it out in the mail.

I took a hike down the hill to the lower draw this evening. There was a slight pain in my left knee most of the way, but it was limbered up by the time I turned around. It goes to show that it takes the right amount of exercise to keep you in good shape.

Rather than take the time to make a pie this evening, I took a pie out of the freezer. Two are left in there.

4th

I was up before six this morning. The low last night was thirty-four, and at eight-thirty it was forty-seven. It was clear and calm.

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6

I haven't done much today. I baked a cake, and went down into the garden to see how the strawberry plants were doing. They looked okay, and seemed to be growing.

Mike is hauling earth from the willow patch to put on his strawberry ground. He brings buckets full over in the wheelbarrow

I'm waiting for the float to get the shredder going, so I can make mulch to put on the strawberry ground in the lower section.

Mike went down for the mail. There wasn't a notice that there was a package at Sears, so it looks like the float will not be here until next week. I did not feel like waiting, so I again attempted making a float out of cork.

5th

Last night I finished getting the cork cut out, and left the pieces under a flatiron to straighten out. I used cork from gasket material that had been kept in a roll. The pieces tended to curl up. This morning they were flat, and held their shape.

I used Crazy Glue to hold them together. I also used the glue to attach the tang assembly to the layers of cork, then I sprayed the whole with ignition sealer.

I was up before five-thirty this morning. The low last night was forty, and at eighty-thirty it was forty-nine. The high today was sixty-four, a continuing warming trend.

April, 1986

7

I put the new cork float up to dry while I checked into the weather net. Ellis checked in, and I called for a contact. We moved down frequency, and had a fine QSO. We were interrupted by the phone ringing. I told Ellis to stand by while I answered the phone.

It was George calling. The weather down there was warm again. I told him that Ellis was waiting for me on the radio, and that I would get Mike on. Mike asked, "Who's on the phone?"

I said, "George." Then I said in the phone, "Mike doesn't want to talk with everybody. Ha! Dora for one." Mike came over, and I went back to the radio.

Later I took the float down to try it for a fit on the carburetor. The tang and the hinge assembly did not appear to be square with the hole in the center. With the hinge in place the gas-outlet pipe rubbed against one side of the hole in the cork.

Up here I pried the assembly off, and reapplied Crazy Glue. This time I got the pieces easily aligned before the glue set up. There was no accurate way to check it, but it seemed okay. I applied Ignition Sealer around the assembly to make sure that gas would not get to the Crazy Glue.

I gave the Ignition Sealer a couple of hours to dry, then went down and installed it in the bowl. It worked fine, and I ran the engine for ten minutes while adjusting the idle and fast needle valves.

Around three o'clock Carl showed up. He said that he had the engine of Cactus Smith's pump, and was trying to fix the rope starter on it. The spring wasn't pulling the rope back. He had the rope-starter mechanism with him, and thought I could fix it.

I looked it over. Both ends of the spring had come loose from their anchors. A number of years ago I had repaired the spring on this starter. From that experience I knew how to go about putting the spring back into place. It wasn't long before I had the spring in place.

Then came the question of how to wind the spring. Here my memory played on me a trick. I said to Carl, "I remember taking the belt off the engine, and turning the engine backward by hand to wind the spring." However I had forgotten what happened. The system did not work. It tried to wind the spring the wrong way, and broke the tang off one end. I had reconstructed the tang. Altogether I spent hours on that starter.

The engine was down at Carl's place. We went down, and tried winding the spring as described above. The result was the same. To late I remembered the sequence of events. This time I had no stomach for going through all the trouble of repairing the starter.

11th

Sunday I found that the float did not work, because after installation, the gas loosened the Crazy Glue on the lower layer of the cork allowing it to fall away from the rest of the assembly. I glued the layer back on.

Monday I drove to Bend. I traded the Cassette Deck for an audio amplifier.

Gerald and Hazel had arrived from Arizona. Carolee prepared dinner at the house, and we had a fine visit.

Tuesday I came home. On the way I stopped in Burns, and ordered the paper cutter, and paid in advance. It should come in the mail Monday. I bought two one-half-gallon jugs of ready-to-use-weed and grass killer, with a sprayer.

I ordered the thermostatic switch at the AC parts supply. I will pick it up the next time I'm in town. I bought two-hundred feet of garden hose at the Farm Supply.

I got a good supply of groceries, because Carolee, Bruce, Gerald and Hazel will be here Wednesday.

A heavy rain moved ahead of me from the Juniper Ranch to the mailbox. I didn't get into any rain until I started up the hill. We got .50 inches of rain here today.

The four from Bend arrived around four o'clock Wednesday. They stayed two nights and left this morning. The first night they went down to the hot spring for a bath at eleven o'clock. On the second night they went down at ten.

Thursday they took a lunch with them, and were gone most of the day sightseeing, and looking for arrowheads. I cooked the two dinners, managing quite well with meat and canned vegetables. The first day we had angel-food cake with ice cream and strawberries., and cream whip. The cream whip they brought with them.

Carolee and Hazel had a great time talking about the old days when they visited out here with the Fox and Craighill families, and how they slept on the roofs, and having to come inside one night because of a big wind storm. Twenty people sleeping in here on the floor.

I showed them pictures taken by Frank Lake, and one of Rea's sons. There was a great deal of laughter while we were trying to figure out what was in some of the pictures. We could not come a consensus of opinion on one picture except that it was taken inside a car, a truck, or an airplane looking out the windshield. White cirrus clouds could be seen, then there was a windshield wiper and the dashboard. A mystery picture showed below these. Carolee said that she was satisfied with her concept of it. But the rest of us, except Bruce, thought her explanation did not fit what we saw.

Wednesday morning Dora called to say that if I saw Carl to tell him she wanted him to drive her to Burns if he was free. When he brought up the mail, I told him, but said, "Tomorrow." instead of Friday, the actual day she wanted to go.

Dora called while we were eating dinner, asking if I had seen Carl. "Did you tell him I wanted to go to town Friday?" I confessed that I had told him tomorrow.

After dinner Gerald and Bruce went with me to give this information to Carl.

Friday afternoon I put the cork float into the carburetor. When I put gas into the tank, the carburetor leaked at first, but after a few sharp taps on the bowl, the leak stopped. The engine started right up, and I ran some weeds and straw through the shredder.

I was using my hands to feed the stuff into the shoot, which is a difficult method. I turned off the engine and looked for a fork. I couldn't find any. It looked like it was going to rain within a few hours. I covered the shredder with the tub, and leaned a heavy tire against it to keep the wind from blowing it away.

It started raining around six o'clock, and there must have been showers all night. At eight-thirty this morning I reported .57 inches in the gauge. We had light rain showers all day, which brought only .01 inches for the day.

I looked for the fork over in the willow patch where Mike had been cutting brush and digging up leaf mold to put on the garden. Sure enough the one with four tines was there. The stack

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of weeds and grass was too wet, so I did not start the shredder, but did rake up some branches that lay under the fruit trees from the pruning.

Friday I washed out all the towels that our visitors had used when taking showers, and bathing at the hot spring. I was surprised at the number used, and was glad we had them in a cooler handy in the bathroom.

Friday afternoon four people showed up:- Earl and Helen Coulter from Prinville, and Bill and Sally Fullhart from Salem. Sally wrote down our names, address and phone number. She will send us a pollinizer tree for our plum trees that do not bear fruit. We have several pollinizer trees, but they have not been effective.

Sally is the Coulter's daughter, and Bill the son-in-law. Earl Coulter is seventy-seven.

This afternoon Ellis will bring three couples down from Burns. They are friends of John Scharff. John Scharff's Migratory-water-fowl festival is being celebrated this weekend. Scharff will be too busy to come down this way. He asked Ellis to bring them down here for him.

13th

It turned cold last night, twenty-eight degrees. There was about an inch of snow on the ground this morning. I thought it

was too wet to spade the garden, but Mike is down there turning over some soil.

Late yesterday while I was walking down the hill, George called. I did not get a chance to talk with him, and the only information I could get out of Mike was that Clarence was better.

Around one o'clock Ellis arrived with the three couples, Pete and Avon Smith from Corvallis, Julia and Hans Smith from Corvallis, and someone that I didn't get their name, and Jacquolin Crow from Portland.

They were all around Ellis' age. Pete and two others, who's names I have forgotten, graduated from the same class that Ellis was in at Corvallis.

They did not stay long, because their trip called for a visit to Fields, and then sightseeing on the west side of the mountain on their way to Burns.

Later in the day Carl came up with a tape to mail to Oma. I will wrap and address it for him tomorrow. He thought he would be going to Burns with Hair who wants to pick up his car that was in for repairs. Carl would drive the pickup back while Hair would drive the car.

14th

The low last night was thirty-three. The high today was fifty-two, and at six-thirty it was forty-seven.

I was in a depressed mood which partly stemmed from the fact the hernia was giving me trouble. The truss would not hold it in. I tried various adjustments to no avail. The last I added an extra thickness to the pad. It seemed to help a little, but still there was considerable discomfort when doing certain kinds of work. Splitting wood, hoeing and raking, and lifting. I was somewhat worried that I would have to go through another operation.

There was a problem with my left knee. Going down hill my left leg would go lame if I tried to jog, or even walk. The trouble came from the action of a tendon in the back of the knee. As the weight came onto the leg there would be a thudding sound similar to the heel hitting the ground. I would walk carefully and not too fast. I was wondering if I would go lame and would be unable to jog, or even walk down the hill. Walking up hill was all right.

I tried various ways of walking, and came up with a way that overcame the trouble. I would straighten out my leg before my heel hit the ground.

In the afternoon I went down and started the shredder, using the fork to feed the shoot. It wasn't long before the engine slowed down to a stop. Something had gotten stuck in the cutters.

It took considerable time to clear the blades. Besides some small rocks there was wet dirt and wet grass clogging the system.
16th

Yesterday was another gloomy day. I did not start the shredder, but used the fork to go through the stack of weeds and grass. I sifted out the wet sods, rocks, and pieces of wire. Thus I had a clean pile to work on today.

Yesterday Loni called to ask if I would be going to Dora's birthday party Thursday night. There will be cake and ice cream. They expect to have card games. A money tree for Dora will be set up. I told her that Mike and I would be there.

I ran the shredder today, putting almost all of the pile through. What's left I will burn. When I was ready to quit, the engine slowed down like it wasn't getting enough gas. It didn't seem to be overloaded. But it stopped. A snow shower was starting, so I put the tub over the machine, and stored the tools in the old chicken house.

I was thankful today that the hernia gave me no trouble. I split wood, and did a lot of stooping working with the shredder. I put in considerable energy hiking down the hill. The way I walk to keep the tendon from giving trouble is a limited goose step. After walking part of the way, I was able to run the rest of the mile without difficulty.

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16

Carl brought the mail. Mike got a package from General Supply. Two flashlights were in it. The one he got a few months ago, he gave to Carolee. Now he thinks he will give one of these to Dora for a birthday present.

Carl thinks he might go to the party, but, on the other hand, he may not, because he is sure Henry will be there. He is going to Burns with Hair tomorrow.

A card came from Sears, saying that a package for me had arrived. I will probably go to Bend next week and pick it up then.

17th

There was a trace of snow on the ground this morning. The low last night was thirty-three, and the temperature at five-thirty was thirty-three. There were scattered clouds. We expect showers today.

There was no trouble with the hernia this morning. The truss must be in the proper adjustment.

The weather was miserable all day with wind, snow showers, and some sunshine. There was only .03 inches of precipitation.

I took a hike down the hill for a good exercise. I stopped at the '64 pickup and looked for the fuse-holder rack. I saw no indication of a headlight fuse. Mike says that the holder that is broken is for the headlight fuse.

We went to Dora's birthday party at the schoolhouse. We picked up Carl on the way down.

I did not recognize many of the people, although quite a few knew me. We talked with Bill Stolz and Hair most of the evening.

We talked with Bill and Bonny Wetter at the teacherage when we first got there. Bill said that he wasn't feeling very good, and thought he wouldn't go to the party.

Loni was the only one from the Alvord Ranch.

Dollar bills were hung on the money tree.

I saw Henry and Linda Blair. One of their boys was with Linda. I supposed it was Shawn, and said, "Shawn sure has grown."

She said, "That's Shane." I was surprised, because I didn't know they had another boy after Shawn.

One woman asked about the greenhouse. She said that she was up here with two kids when we started building it. I don't know her name.

Loni drove out behind us. She had told Carl that she would leave early so as to be ahead of the Juniper-Ranch people. If she had a flat tire, they could help her.

We took Carl to his place, and coming back out to the road, we saw Loni coming down the hill from Serrano Point driving slowly. I let her pass before driving onto the county road.

We got home at nine-ten. We watched Johnny Carson's monologue.

20th

Don and Linda (Fox) Haynes arrived here yesterday around three o'clock. I did not recognize Linda, and had never seen her husband. She introduced me to Don, and said, "I'm Linda." At first the name did not ring a bell, but soon I realized it was Linda Fox. They had a little dog with them called Stripe. It looked like the dog in the advertisement, "His Master's Voice."

I gave them the grand tour. It had been such a long time since Linda was here, the shower bath, the cold room, and the back room were all new to her, let alone the greenhouse.

Linda and I fixed a satisfactory dinner. We had a fine visit. Long before nine o'clock I could see that Don was getting sleepy. Finally he said, "I've got to turn in. I'm dead for sleep."

They went out to their camper before the Carson show came on.

I was up before five-thirty this morning, mopped the floor, made some syrup, some pancake batter, and was preparing to fry bacon in the microwave oven when they came in. Linda had some eggs that she brought from home. While I was baking the hotcakes she fried eggs for herself and Don. I didn't want any, and Mike had already eaten.

After breakfast Linda asked if she could use the computer to write a letter to her mother. That was all right with me. I got the WordStar program on the screen, and helped her get started. She is a very good typist, and is familiar with computers, and word processors, so needed very little help.

22nd

The high yesterday was eighty. The low last night fifty-two, and at eight-thirty this morning it was seventy. It was the hottest day so far this year.

Today the temperature dropped, although it reached seventy-four around two o'clock. It was down to forty-five at seven this evening.

A wind storm went through this afternoon. It was blowing quite strong this morning, and grew stronger as the day progressed. I wanted to set out those strawberry plants I had heeled in. Thus I worked during the worst of the wind, and had a hard time just to stand. I got almost all of them into the ground.

I had intended to go to Bend today, but after getting up, I felt that I should wait until tomorrow. This gave me time to get better prepared to leave.

I did out a laundry, tied the spare tires down in the back of the pickup so that they would be out of the way, loaded the coolers and put a tarp over them, put the amplifier speaker into

the cab along with the old cassette-recorder player, and filled my suitcase with essentials.

Now I can get an early start in the morning. If I had gone today, there would have been a terrific headwind to drive against.

25th

I got up early as usual. The low was thirty-four, and the high was fifty-eight. At six o'clock this evening it was thirty-seven.

There were snow showers mixed with rain. The wet ground and showery weather were not conducive to working outside.

I made an apple grunt, and cooked a pot of beans.

Mike has nearly finished the trout Carl brought up last Tuesday. We will fry some kind of meat tomorrow.

Mike took it easy on account of the weather. While I was gone he ran an extension cord up into the willow patch where he is cutting willow limbs for fire wood. It was too wet today to work up there.

He hauled some blocks into the tin building, and split them in there. He cut the split pieces into short pieces for a better fit in the cook stove.

Late in the afternoon I took a hike down the hill.

In the evening I tried to use the word-processor program called Perfect Writer. I found the instructions hard to follow.

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It is not as good as WordStar. I gave up after a poor start.

26th

On Wednesday, the twenty-third, I left for Bend at seven o'clock. I arrive in Burns at nine-thirty. I gassed up at the Union station, then went to the bank where I cashed a check for \$100 at the drive-in window, then went to the A.C. Parts Supply and picked up the thermostatic switch. The price \$17.46.

I stopped at the rest area sixteen miles out of Burns. I ate a bite out of the bologna sandwich, and drank half a cup of coffee. I stopped at Hampton for a bite and coffee. Then at Brothers for bite of the sandwich with coffee.

At Bend I drove directly to Radio Shack. They will give me my money back. In the meantime they will send my old cassette recorder in for repairs, and will take the cost out of the money on the speaker amplifier.

Out at the place I called Carolee, and set a time for dinner at North's Chuck Wagon. I had a good rest. Fred and Betsy showed up. They were just back from a trip to Fossil where they had been helping a farmer build a fence. Fred was exchanging work for the privilege of hunting on the place. They decided to join us at dinner. Fred was tired, and needed a both, so they went home, and will join us at six.

We had a fine meal. The cost to me for the five of us was \$25.45.

Back at the house we watched TV, and went to bed at ten. Although Bruce and Carolee went to bed, I heard them talking until after midnight. I went to sleep around one o'clock.

In the morning I got up at five-thirty, let the dog out, packed my stuff, and was ready to leave. Bruce was up at six-thirty. I gave him the Commodore-64 book that Debby loaned me, and also the flier for the auction of a farm near Drewsey.

I took off before Carolee got up. I shaved at Brothers, and ate a liverwurst sandwich for my breakfast. On the way to the rest stop near Burns, I took note of the spelling of "Chickahominy Reservoir, also made sure how Riley was spelled.

At the Western Farm Supply I bought a splitting maul, \$27.27, and a wedge, \$11.50. I bought groceries at the Safeway store. The eight half gallon packages of ice cream that I got came to eight-nine cents each, because the girl at the checkout counter hunted up coupons that cut down the price. It saved me eight dollars.

I picked up the float at Sears. It came to \$3.50.

I gassed up at the Union Station. The gas was \$.989 a gallon.

I stopped at the tree for a snack and a drink of water.

This morning I mailed the Readers Digest Book back to them at no cost to me because it had never been opened. I mailed a

letter to Dorothy, and one to the insurance company with a check for the six months premium of the '80 pickup, \$55.30.

28th

Well, here it is nearly the end of the month. The weather is colder than it was the first day of the month. The high yesterday was fifty-six. The low last night was forty-one, and at six this evening it was fifty. It was clear and calm.

I spent some time this morning using the water sprayer to put some fertilizer on the strawberry patch, and on the apple trees. Then used the hand sprayer that came with the jug of ready-mixed weed and grass killer to spray over most of the garden. I hope to see some results after a week.

In the afternoon I worked on a light switch, and split a block of wood.

Yesterday the group from the Aloha High School got here around three o'clock. I showed them around on the usual tour. One young fellow teaches chemistry, and was glad to learn something about mercury and how it is recovered from the ore.

Before they left the teacher who was the head of the group, gave several young fellows permission to hunt for rocks and thunder eggs on the hill side below the pinnacles. They were allowed twenty minutes. They came down with a few small geodes. One of them rolled down a seventy-five pound geode. It appeared

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to be a good one. Getting those rocks was the highlight of the day for them.

Carl Thomas came up while they were here, and seemed to enjoy talking with them.

He had a tape for Oma. After the class left I put the tape into an envelope, and addressed it to Oma, and put two twenty-two cent stamps on it. By weight it should have been thirty-nine cents, but I didn't have an assortment of stamps to make that amount.

He seemed to like the apple grunt with ice cream and a cup of coffee I dished up for him.

Late in the evening I took a hike down the road.

I got a call from Radio Shack in Bend. The cassette recorder cannot be repaired. There are no parts for it. It is too old.

A call from the Environmental Protection Agency wanted to know if I knew of any uranium mines in the Steens. I told them about the Solar-X mine run by Arnold. And that it was closed down twenty years ago. There is a new law about such old mines that are closed. They must be plugged so that radon gas cannot escape into the atmosphere.

I guess they would like to find the former owner, and have him plug up the holes.

29th

The high yesterday was fifty-nine, and the low last night was thirty-three. There were a few clouds.

I am getting up earlier in the mornings trying to catch up with daylight savings time.

Mike got out before seven-thirty to get a load of rocks, and was back by nine o'clock.

I started beans cooking in the Crock Pot at eight.

Mike got his rocks unloaded by eleven. He said the would go after another load at one o'clock.

At noon Ellis showed up with Leonard Knight. We showed Leonard around the place. We took him into the garden, and even into the willow patch where Mike has been cutting willows with the electric-chain saw. The bark at the lower old trunks looks like black elm.

They stayed for a couple of hours. Leonard is retired form the S.P. Railroad. He repaired their electric equipment.

After they left Mike took off for a load of rocks. I went to work on the computer trying to catch up on the log of the days. I work better when no one is around.

At three-thirty I started peeling apples for an apple grunt. I had it baked by the time Mike got back with a larger load of rocks than usual, which showed why it took him longer this time.

There is not the least sign that the weed killer applied yesterday is having any results. The literature on the jug says it will be a week or more for results show up.

I fried some pork chops today. I found a new device to keep the grease from spattering over the stove-- two halves of an egg carton. Unlike a newspaper it does not bend down, and needs no support. It also lets more steam escape. No water accumulates in the pan. The chops fry better.

I split one block of wood tonight, and since we have had less fire in the stove, there is plenty of wood on hand for tomorrow.

30th

I was up at six-thirty. The temperature was lower last night than I thought it would be. The low was thirty-two. It warmed up in the afternoon, and the high was sixty-eight. At six it was sixty-three.

I talked with Ellis on the radio this morning. He and Leonard had a fine trip home, arriving just as it was getting dark.

Ellis asked for information on how the borax was recovered at the borax works, and would like more information on the history of the place. When he has a guest on tour, and visits the Borax Works, he would like to have more to tell about it.

I told him I would talk to Pat.

While Mike was gone for a load of rocks this morning I sprayed the three apple trees, the three peach trees, and the two cherry trees. I kept up wind from the spray, wore a cloth over my nose, and wore waterproof gloves. Thus did not have a runny nose when I got through.

This sprayer uses water from the hose to make the spray. The solution goes into the bottle at full strength. The sprayer is attached to the bottle, and the high pressure water goes out a sprayer nozzle, and draws the solution out of the bottle. A dial can be set to measure out the number of tablespoons of solution per gallon that is recommended. For apple trees you set the dial at number one which represents one tablespoon per gallon.

Hair brought his grader up to the mailbox. Carl Thomas drove Hair's little car so Hair could go back home to get the loader. Hair drove the loader to the gravel with Carl coming along with the car, then Hair went home again to get the dump truck.

Hair brought one load of gravel, and dumped it on the hill above the gate. After lunch at home, he started hauling again. I drove down, and we met at the gate. I parked the pickup and got into the dump truck. Thus I could show him where to dump the load.

We hauled eight loads altogether. That put enough gravel on that part of the road.

April, 1986

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Hair parked his truck beside the grader at the mailbox, and I took him back to the gravel pit where he got on the loader. I drove back to the mailbox and on up home. Hair would drive the loader and park it near the grader. Then drive the dump truck home.

Two men were camping near the grader. I talked with them for a short time. They said that they were from Santa Cruz.

Later they drove up here to see what we had. I had the transmitter on, and had just checked into the Oregon Emergency Net. I invited them in, and explained that I had been monitoring the net. The older of the men said that he was a Novice.

1st

Hair went over the road with the grader this morning. I met him at the point, and asked him how much we owed him. He was slow giving an answer, and came up with an amount far less than I had expected, \$160 for eight loads. I wrote out a check.

In the afternoon Mike went down the hill in the '64 pickup.

While he was gone I made an applesauce cake with raisins, and chocolate morsels. It turned out good, and I liked it fine.

When Mike came back, he left the pickup out at the point. I asked, "Don't you have a load of rock in it?"

He said, "No. Only a few to give me weight for traction coming up in that loose gravel."

It turned out that he had gone to Hair's. I think he intended to pay for the hauling of the gravel, because his check book was showing in his back pocket when he left.

I had expected him sooner with a load of rock. Since he had complained about the big rocks left by the grader, I walked down the hill and threw some out. I thought he might come before I got back up, but it was an hour later.

2nd

Today Mike ran a sprinkler in the fence row at the lower end of the garden, as well as one at the upper end near the vetch. The one at the lower end covered part of my strawberry patch

which I didn't want watered yet, because excessive water causes the roots to go shallow. They should get a good soaking not more than once a week.

I turned off the sprinkler early in the evening.

Mike spent considerable time uncovering the pipeline from the cellar so that he could pull the pipe toward the hole. There was a kink in the pipe where it goes over edge at the entrance to the air duct. He was able to relieve the pressure at that point, and straighten the pipe.

Also he uncovered the electric wire that goes to the outlets in the garden. He checked for poor connections, but could find none. There is a switch inside the dugout where the power to the outlets in the garden can be turned on and off. I had checked the switch and found it all right.

The open circuit would have to be in the line going out, then I realized that I had placed the voltage probe on the head of the screw that holds the wires. I said, "Maybe the output wire isn't making contact with at the screw."

Mike took the switch box apart, and there was no wire on the screw at all. It had been removed and the end taped, and the wire bent out of the way.

I must have done that a number of years ago when a short occurred in the outgoing line. I'm not sure that I did it or Mike did.

5th

Considering the power line going to the garden:- We put the wire back onto the switch. We found the short that was in the line the week before, and fixed that. Now we can turn the bug light on and off with the wall switch in here.

Bruce and Carolee arrived here Saturday afternoon, right after some heavy showers.

They slept in their pickup. Bruce got up quite early, but Carolee stayed in bed until eleven o'clock.

Some of the applesauce cake was left from Thursday. Bruce tried a piece and said, "That's good cake." Carolee didn't want any, but she must have sampled it later, because she gave it a good rating.

Sunday, before noon, I started making another cake. While it was being mixed, I thought it didn't look right. Then when I was pouring it into the pan, it still did not look the way it should. I took a taste, and found I had left out the sugar.

Back into the bowl it went for sugar and more mixing. I said to Carolee, "The sugar should have been blended into the shorting at the start. It may not turn out like the other. The way it is put together can make a difference."

Half way through the baking, lumps formed on the surface, something I had never seen before.

Bruce and Carolee left for Bend around one o'clock. There were snow showers all day with no snow sticking.

The cake turned out good, but not the same as the first one. It seemed that the raisins and chocolate morsels had gathered in clumps. The sugar should be blended with the shortening before the other ingredients are added. The sugar seems to aid in the mixing.

I wheeled out a few barrow loads of dirt today. I quit when water dripped into the tunnel, making the earth muddy.

Mike worked on the door latch which was sticking and not latching good. Finally he gave up on it, deciding it was worn out. He put the knobs back without the latch. He filled in the edge of the frame with a strip of wood. This gave the door a squeeze fit to hold it closed.

Snow showers made it miserable outside, and kept the drip going in the tunnel.

I drove down to get the mail around one o'clock. Carl's Luv pickup was parked at the hot springs. After putting the mail into the pickup, I thought of going over to make sure it was his pickup. By that time he drove down toward me.

He stopped to talk. He has been sick for a couple of days. He thought it was something he ate at Larry's place. After a bath in the spring, he was feeling a little better, and thought he would be able to help Dora in a couple of days.

Later I called Larry and asked him how he was doing. He said that he was fine. Apparently he wasn't made sick on some food. Maybe Carl had the flu.

I called Hair to tell him about Carl, and that he would be up and around in a couple of days.

Hair had been under the house to inspect a water leak. The pipes along with electrical wires are in a trough. He has turned off the water hoping it will dry up under the house. They can draw domestic water from a tank outside.

Later I called Dora to let her know that it would be a few days before Carl could work on her car, and haul some trash out of her yard.

6th

The ground was frozen hard when I came over here this morning at six. The low last night was twenty-eight degrees. It was cold enough to freeze the corn, and it could have knocked out some of the fruit. Mike thought all the fruit was gone, but I'm sure most of the apricots and peaches survived. The apples are not far enough along to show the effect of the freeze.

This morning Mike worked on a pipeline that comes into the dugout where there is a connector that was leaking. He turned off the water at the stop and waste valve. I opened the faucet at the sink, which let some of the water out of the line. However, Mike

opened one of the faucets on the other side of the stop and waste valve. A hose ran from the faucet out to the plum trees so the running water wasn't evident, but it used up all the water coming down the line.

The clamp on the connector loosened readily, but he had to cut the pipe to get it off. Teflon tape wrapped around the connector before it was pushed back onto the pipe made it go on easier. With the clamp on again there was no leak.

I made an applesauce cake today.

After the news Mike headed for Frog Springs to get jugs of water. I dumped three loads into the hole. Then split some wood.

I lay down for a rest, but soon Carl showed up. He felt a little better. He wanted me to call Hair to let him know that he would be down in the morning, although not very early.

Carl said that the freeze down at his place took out the corn, but not the peas, carrots, or potatoes.

I dished him up a piece of cake. He said, "I haven't been eating much. Maybe the cake will give me some energy." He ate it with a cup of coffee.

Mike came with the jugs of water, and Carl helped him unload them. He said, "A little exercise might be good for me."

Later after Reagan had his press conference in Tokyo, I went out and split some wood. Mike dumped two loads of dirt into the hole.

May, 1986

7

I called Hair and told him that Carl would be down late in the morning. Hair said, "I found the leak, and will go to town tomorrow to get a plastic fitting. The old one cracked which caused the leak. Those plastic fittings don't seem to last."

He will stop at Carl's on his way to town.

7th

I'm glad to say that it did not freeze last night. The low was thirty-three, and it was forty-four at eight-thirty. The high yesterday was forty-nine. We could get showers according to the Idaho forecast.

Mike dumped a number of loads of dirt into the hole today. I dumped two.

I spent a lot of time looking for the sales slips on the Amplifier Speaker that I got from Radio Shack. I will need them when I turn it in for a refund.

I checked my suitcase twice without finding them. I went back a third time and sorted everything, and found them hidden by the clothing.

I went down to get the mail. At the top of the hill above the gate I saw the mail truck going south, then when I got in sight of the mailbox, I saw Carl taking the mail sack out of the box. I drove up beside his pickup. He gave me the mail sack. He said, I want to go up, anyway. Roy and I are going fishing Friday, so I thought I should have a supply of worms."

I drove on up ahead of him. Mike had a big bucket with leaf mold and worms in it. He told Carl to take the bucket down to his place. Carl ate a couple pieces of cake with coffee.

I split one block today. It was the toughest one yet. It gave me a good workout.

This afternoon I brought out the coolers, and put them into the pickup with a tarp over them. I cleaned off the windshield and changed the oil.

I went for a walk this evening, but got only as far as the Indian Creek turnoff. I heard a vehicle coming up the road. A slight rise in the road hid it from view. When it came into sight, I could see that it was Carl's pickup. I decided to give up my walk, and ride up with him. After I got in, he said, "I talked with Hair after he got back from town. He got copper fittings instead of the plastic ones, but he forgot to get some teflon tape. I told him I would get some from you."

We went on up, and I gave him a roll of the tape, and he went back down.

Now I have a lunch ready, a list made out, and the check book in a folder ready to go to town.

The news tells of a tidal wave coming down the Canadian coast and down to southern California. It is due hit Astoria at five after nine.

An earthquake on Kodiak Island took place this afternoon. It was 7.8 on the Richter Scale.

8th

I was up early. The low last night was thirty-four, and the high yesterday was fifty-nine. At six yesterday evening it was fifty-one. The barometer was 29.98.

There was a strong west wind off the mountain. We headed for Burns around seven-thirty. The sky was mostly clear. Clouds hung close to the ground on the mountain. I suppose it could be called fog. It appeared to be pouring over from the west side.

We gassed up at the Burns Chevron station, then drove to the bank. Mike cashed a check or two from his army pension. I cashed my social security check taking it all in cash. I had in mind to deposit some into my checking account, but since I'm going to Bend next week, I could use the cash.

From the bank we went to the Safeway store. We did not hurry the shopping, and got everything that was on the list, including pinto beans, and a twenty-five pound sack of sugar. Mike also bought a sack of sugar. He has been using a lot of sugar lately. I will be making some jelly with the fruit juices on hand.

Mike went over to Napa Parts and ordered a fuse rack for the '64 pickup.

We went back up town from the store. I wanted to get a hat and a pair of shoes. Mike was looking for some masking tape, and hose clamps. He got them at Nyleen's. I could not find a suitable hat. The only kind of hats they sell here are cowboy hats.

I did find a pair of shoes at Folks I.D. store. The way they sell shoes in that store, you cannot put on a shoe, and walk around to see how they fit. The shoes are tied together. However, I put on one shoe, and it seemed to fit quite well.

We got home at three o'clock. After a short rest, Mike started moving dirt into the hole. I went out and split some wood. I checked into the Beaver State Net, and the Oregon Emergency Net, then took a walk down the hill in the new shoes. They worked really well.

We had one fire in the stove, which did not warm the place much. We've gotten along without heat, although the temperature has been around sixty-three degrees this evening.

The tidal wave turned out to be only a ripple.

Dora called this evening. Carl and Hair had finished with the water pipe repair early in the morning, and Carl installed the part on the carburetor.

After he left she tried to start the car without success. She will have Bill check out the trouble.

May, 1986

11

He said that two of the plugs didn't work. I tried to picture some kind of plug for the phone. I finally got it straight. I told him I would be down this afternoon with my voltmeter.

Around one o'clock I told Mike I was going down to Hair's, and asked if he would like to go along. He said he would, which surprised me, because usually he doesn't want to go anywhere.

At Hair's I checked the circuit breakers, and found one open. There was a white button on it, and a note said, "Press to test." I closed the breaker, then there was voltage on the outlets in question. I pushed the white button. The breaker opened. I closed it again. Hair tried the outlets by plugging a vibrator into them.

10th

I received a letter from Joyce Ruegg, 1651 S.E. Lava Dr. Milwauke, Or. 97222. She sent two pictures of the three of us, herself, Mike, and me, standing in front of the dugout. One was a regular size, the other an enlargement. She was here with LeRoy Parris, W70US, Portland Or. On February twenty-third this year. LeRoy took the pictures.

At one time, while they were here, Mike was showing Joyce some rocks outside. I offered him a cup of coffee, and a piece of apple pie. He accepted the offer, and was eating when Joyce came in. She would have a piece of the pie, but no coffee. She seemed

to be more interested in the place than LeRoy. It looked like he would have a hard time getting her to leave.

Her letter went like this:-

"Here are the pictures I promised.

How I envy your simple peaceful way of life on the beautiful Steens Mountain. It was a joy to meet you.

Your apple pie was the best I ever ate,
Jim.

Hope to see you again."

There was twelve-hundredths of an inch of precipitation between six and eleven o'clock last night. The high was fifty-one degrees, and the low last night was thirty-six. At six this evening it was thirty-nine. The wind blew hard all day, and there were snow showers, but they did not add any moisture to the gauge.

Mike has the hole almost completely filled. He took time off this morning to tar the roof near the skylight, and to adjust the trough under the eave of the skylight roof.

I was in a depressed mood.

George called this morning. They are back in Florida. It took them two and a half days to drive to Bellaire. There were fifty people at the funeral service. They all had dinner at Mike Barnard's restaurant.

Mike is doing very well with his resort, and is enlarging the dining facility, and increasing the number of rooms. He is good at the construction work, and has all the latest power tools for carpentry.

Lois' other son, Jim, runs a research lab that has developed a special-high-speed-cutting steel for making drill bits and other cutting tools. A one-inch bit will go through a twelve-inch-piece of tool steel in thirty seconds.

The radar buster that George installed in his car works really good. He went ahead of the other traffic. When the buster gave the alarm he would slow down and move to the right-hand lane. All the others would slow down behind him.

I was up at six this morning. The high yesterday was fifty-one, and today it was fifty-one. The low last night was twenty-nine, and at six this evening it was forty-five. The sun shown all day, and there wasn't much wind. The afternoon was the best part of the day.

Mike took time off this morning to shave, and cut his hair. I did a little work with the computer.

The dishwasher was in the way when Mike went to level off the earth that now fills the hole. We moved it outside, then checked under the sink to see where the leak was coming from. It was in the faucet that was used to connect the dishwasher to the hot water.

Mike went out to find a wrench, I think. While he was gone, I found one that fit the adapter between the plastic pipe and the faucet. There wasn't much room to maneuver the wrench so it took time to remove the faucet.

We weren't of the same mind as to just where the faucet leaked. I thought it was around the packing gland, but Mike thought it was the adapter that leaked. We ended up discarding the faucet. In its place we put a cap on the adapter.

After overcoming the problem of the leak, we carried the two large pieces of plywood, that were used to cover the hole, out to the plywood pile near the engine house.

Then Mike was ready to go ahead with leveling the dirt. Between times he used the hose on the old piece of carpet that had been on top of the plywood.

I split up a good supply of wood this afternoon. We have eaten one of the two banana cakes I made yesterday

I took a walk down the hill this evening. Later Mike took a short walk.

I talked with Ellis on the radio this morning. He said that he was going through a series of physical examinations. The doctors are trying to find the cause of a pain in his stomach.

I got up around six o'clock. The low last night was thirty-six. The high yesterday was fifty-nine, and at six this morning

it was fifty-one. There was no precipitation. There was a broken overcast. It seemed like a gloomy day. I didn't feel like doing anything. Mike felt the same way.

I took a tour through the garden. The strawberry plants are growing, but not very fast. The ground did not need any water. I saw where more of the weeds were being destroyed by the herbicide. They seem to be slow to give up. I can see that the best use of the herbicide would be in the fence row. The wild morning glory is coming back, so apparently it takes more spraying than you would think.

Ann arrived at noon. She stayed at Cactus' last night. He was not at home, but she climbed in through a small window. She was dog tired from the long drive from Washington.

She said that she wasn't hungry, but I fixed her a lunch, and she ate like she was famished.

She graduated from college, but she wasn't happy with the way the graduation went. However, she is glad to be through with it. What bugged her the most was her unsuccessful study of the Townsend's solitaire. She was unable to write a theses about it. However, they accepted a report on her study, although reluctantly.

Her dog, Bell, came with her, and her part-Siamese cat came along. When she stopped out at the point, she let the cat out

while she walked down here. Later she went out to bring her truck down here. The cat was under the pickup, and came out when she called to it. She brought it down here in her pickup.

The cat did not like it inside the dugout, and hid behind boxes under the counter. At night she left it outside. This morning it was at the point under the our truck.

In the afternoon she practiced Morse Code with the computer. She tired of it quickly.

For dinner I cooked some ground-beef patties, and warmed up some creamed corn in the microwave oven. This with a slice of toast and cottage cheese with strawberries, filled her up pretty good. She ate two of the patties.

I made up the cot with clean sheets, and three blankets go over her. She brought in her sleeping bag to make sure she would be warm enough. However, she didn't need it during the night.

16th

This morning the temperatures were about the same as yesterday, but the sky was clear, and the barometer was higher.

I cooked Ann a breakfast of, four slices of bacon, two fried eggs over hard, oatmeal, toast, and orange juice.

She brought in her combination AM FM radio, and tape recorder. I gave her some old tapes to play. A couple of them Clarence recorded from an FM radio. There was one that I recorded

here in the dugout. It was of Debby and her boy friend singing and playing a guitar. She listened to the whole tape, and said, "They did good."

At nine-thirty she went out to dig up wildflowers to press.

I washed the dishes, and did out a laundry.

In the afternoon she sat on the floor checking through the book to identify the flowers she had brought in. It was a long tedious job. She kept Bell close to her. She said, "Bell would wander through the house if I didn't make him lay down."

By three o'clock she had seven flowers identified, and placed in a press to dry.

She then began unloading her pickup so she could sleep in it when she was over in Jordan Valley at the rodeo. She brought in wheelbarrow loads of stuff and stored some under the bed, but the most of it went into the back room near the ladder going up into the greenhouse. She said that, when she got back, she would take most of it to the thrift store near Hines.

An end table she put beside the big chair. It is a good looking piece of furniture, and will make a place to leave magazines.

I fixed a dinner, cooking two large pork steaks. I thought that one would be more than she could eat. We had three side dishes, corn, yams, and ice cream with strawberries.

She ate the whole steak. The other one I cut off a small piece for myself, and left the rest on the plate in case Mike would eat it. He did, and cleaned the bone good.

We watched the Johnny Carson show. I didn't wait for the end, but went to bed leaving her watching it.

18th

Now we have summer weather. The low last night was fifty-six, and the high yesterday was eighty. It was sixty-six at eight-thirty this morning. It was clear and calm.

The cat was in the house this morning. I called to her, and finally she answered, and came out of her hiding place. I put a helping of canned cat food on top of the cheap dog food in her dish. I stepped back out of the way. She made a roundabout circuit, looking this way and that as though she thought something would jump out at her. She started eating, raising her head and looking toward the door. After the cat food was gone, she ate some of the cheap dog food.

When she was through eating she jumped up on the cot, and looked out the window, then got down on the floor. I opened the door and stood back. She slowly approached the door, and looked out. Seeing that there was no apparent danger, she went out and slunk along the path and disappeared in the brush amount the plum trees.

She didn't act like a domesticated house cat.

I washed out the two sheets from the cot, worked in the garden, putting mulch around the strawberry plants, and burning some brush.

Carl came up on his motorcycle to find out what was in a letter from Oma. It was a notice that he should have the enclosed document notarized. It was a form to show that he was receiving his pension check every month. He has to do that once a year.

Carl said, "I thought that was it." He said that he met Mike driving down the hill. Mike told him that he was going down to Dora's to try to start her car for her. I had no idea that he had left.

Later Mike said that Bill Stolz came over to Dora's and checked out the distributor. The points weren't opening properly.

Because it wasn't necessary for Mike to work on the car, he went over to Pat's and talked with her. He said they had a big go round arguing about almost everything. Pat's theories are at odds with Mike's.

In the evening the cat came to the door. The same procedure took place to let her in. I opened the door and moved to the back of the room. She came in with great caution, and dodged behind boxes under the shelves along the wall.

I got a can of cat food out of the refrigerator and put some in her dish on top of some of the cheap dog food. She meowed in

her weak voice, then angled her way to the food. After eating the cat food and some of the cheap dog food, she jumped up onto the cot and looked out the window. This time instead of getting down, she curled up at the head of the cot.

About fifteen minutes later Mike came out from the back room. She jumped down from the cot and started mewling. I was sitting at the table having a bite to eat. I told Mike that she wanted out. He opened the door and stepped back out of the way. She went out the door in her usual careful way, and again disappeared in the brush among the plum trees.

I took a short hike down the road, wearing a cloth over my head to keep the mosquitoes and gnats off.

19th

I was up by six-thirty. The low last night was fifty-five, and at eight-thirty it was sixty-five. There were light cirrus clouds, and it was calm with bright sunshine.

Mike said that the cat was at the door at four o'clock asking to get in. When he opened the door, she scooted in past his legs without hanging back.

The man from the Environmental Protection Agency called again this morning. He said that he had been looking at some maps of this area. He could find only ranch that would be affected by Radon Gas from the Solar-X mine. He was amazed at the scarcity of the population here. He said he would hunt up the address of the

Alvord Ranch in order to contact them as to how they felt about having the BLM seal off the openings of the Solar-X mine. They should have a chance for an input.

20th

Carl Thomas was up this morning. He was going fishing, and asked me to go with him. I told him I wasn't a fisherman. Actually I thought I had too much to do here.

He was back before noon with thirteen trout of a good size. The first one he hooked was the biggest, but it got away. He gave us eight of the fish, and kept five for himself. Before he left he had some cake and coffee.

Mike went outside while he was here. He was gone a long time. I walked out to the point, and saw that the little pickup was gone. I guessed he had gone after a load of rocks. Meantime, I set up a sprinkler to water the lower patch of strawberries. The mulch that I put over the whole plot worked fine to keep the mud from splashing onto the leaves.

When Mike came back, he said that Lone invited us to a crab barbecue next Saturday. I asked, "Did you meet you down the road?"

He said, "She was on the election board."

I said, "Oh, you went to vote. I could have gone with you."

"I didn't think you wanted to vote."

Later in the day I drove down and voted. Loni told me about the crab dinner. Don Williams would bring the crabs from Coos Bay. There will be chicken and beef also. Although, I'm not eager to go, I told her we would be down.

She said that they had things set up so that they could move into the barn if it rains like it did last year. We did not go down there last year. Don Williams came up to visit us, though.

This afternoon I made up my bed, and left several blankets off because of the warmer weather.

21st

It started raining last night just after six o'clock. I had already turned off the sprinklers.

The weather turned cold. The low last night was thirty-four. A strong wind pushed the cold air into my bedroom. I could feel the cold on the top side, but the electric blanket underneath the bottom side roasted me.

When I got up there was snow on the ground, and we had intermittent snow showers all day. The high temperature today was forty-two, and it was thirty-nine at six-thirty.

The cat did not show up this morning. Around noon I found her in the ore bin. She had found a sheltered place there out of the storm. I tried to pick her up, but she struggled so much I could hardly hang onto her. I got down to the dugout door where she got away. She scratched my hand a little.

Later I placed her food dish outside. I found her under the edge of the skylight roof. After considerable coaxing, she came down to the food. I thought it just as well that she ate outside. I wouldn't have to be letting her in and out of the dugout.

I drove down to get the mail.

After checking into the nets, I hiked down passed the power-line crossing. There a threatening snow squall turned me back. I nearly got wet. The exercise perked me up considerable.

Late in the evening Mike let the cat in. She was mewling, and I talked to her. She seemed to be restless, which made me think she wanted outside. I opened the door, but she didn't go out. Apparently she didn't like the idea of getting her feet wet. She was still restless. The next time I opened the door, she dashed out while I was still near the door.

22nd

Last night I put one of the blankets back on the bed, and slept a little warmer. The low last night was twenty-nine. The temperature did not go up much until three o'clock, when it was fifty-four.

The low temperature nipped the corn, but I think it will recover.

Carl came up this morning. He said that they had a good trip to Burns. He was able to get his social security number from the

bank where he had the paper concerning his company pension notarized. He will leave for Cottage Grove in the morning.

I made an applesauce cake today.

I spent some time checking in the cyclopedia to see if I could identify Ann's cat. Mike says it is a special breed of Siamese cat. However, it fits the description of a Burmese cat more than anything else. The color of the body and the yellow eyes are right, as far as I can tell by the description in the book.

Mike took off with the little pickup this afternoon. I didn't know he had gone, and thought he was out at the point working on the tractor getting it ready to start.

When I was splitting some wood, he drove down around the curve. He had bottles of water from Frog Springs. He used the wheelbarrow to haul in one load. I carried the rest in while he was unloading the wheelbarrow.

The strawberries showed good growth during the warm days, but during the last few days of cold weather, they seemed to stand still. The weather forecasts predicts a warming trend. I believe they are right.

Mike let the cat in, and fed it early this morning. When I came over, I let it out.

This evening it came to the door, but did not touch the food that I had placed outside. It let me get close, and we talked, but it was shy of being touched. It ran and hid when Mike started the little pickup.

I took a hike down the hill to the lower draw. I didn't feel tired when I got back.

Mike wheeled out several loads of dirt this evening.

Tonight before dark the cat came and ate the food in the bowl outside. She didn't ask to come in. After eating she cautiously made her way toward the furnace building and disappeared.

Ann calls he Schole after the brown color of chewing tobacco. It turns out that she meant or snush or snuff.

23rd

It was warmer this morning. The low last night was thirty-eight, and at eight-thirty it was forty-five. It was overcast with no wind.

I picked blossoms, that had turned brown from the freeze Wednesday night, off the strawberry plants. The effect of the freeze on the corn shows up more this morning.

The cat, Schole, came and sat on the sill outside the window this morning. She looked in to see if we noticed her. Her meow isn't very loud, but it is loud enough to let us know she wants

something to eat. I went up to the window and talked to her through the glass. It gave me a chance to study her coloring better. The book mentions a cream colored patch on lips and chin of the Abyssinian cat. On this one the cream patch is only on the left side of the upper lip.

Her coat does not seem glossy or dark enough to meet the description of the Abyssinian cat.

Before I brought out some canned-cat food to put in her bowl, she disappeared, but came soon after I started calling her. She keeps a watchful eye while eating, turning her head in every direction. Immediately after finishing her breakfast, she slunk off down the trail. I'm sure she was hoping to catch one of those birds that are all around the place.

Later I noticed her moving to various places, where she would wait a while for something to pounce onto.

Mike wasn't very active today. He didn't wheel out any dirt. He spent a little time in the garden, inspecting the damage to the corn from the freeze Wednesday night. He cleaned the spark plugs on the tractor, and oiled the cylinders through the spark plug holes.

If it is a warm day tomorrow, it might start.

I went down for the mail early, but the mailman was late. He came by at two-forty-five.

While I was waiting the man, I call the mystery man, stopped and asked if I had seen Ann lately. I gave him the latest information I had on her. He wouldn't be surprised if she would get a jog on a ranch.

He said that he had just driven up from Denio. He thought he would camp up on Willow Creek for a while where he could meet some of the others. I have no idea who the others are.

Like Mike I wasn't very industrious today. We cant lay it onto the weather, because it was a fine day, but Mike isn't feeling good. I can see that, but there is no excuse for me. I guess I'm just lazy.

After checking into the nets, I took a hike down the road. It was a warm evening, and I didn't wear a jacket. I had to wear a cloth over my head to keep off the mosquitoes and gnats.

Johnny Carson had a home movie of humming birds. It showed the mother feeding the newly hatched birds, and one of the little ones trying out his wings, getting ready to fly off the nest. He said that when the leave the nest they never come back.

24th

There was bright sunshine and no wind this morning. The low last night was forty-three, and at eight-thirty it was fifty-seven. The barometer was 30.19.

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Schole was sitting on the window ledge when I came over. She jumped down and started to run away. I spoke to her and she stopped. I emptied the can of cat food into her bowl. She ate it and took off to the plum trees.

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1

6th

Jim Barnard and his family arrived a week early. Jim phoned from Burns around noon. They were shopping in the Safeway Store and would be leaving shortly to come down here. He asked once more for instructions on the route to take. He said, "To refresh my memory." He thought it would be close to three o'clock by the time they got here.

I had already started clearing out the old mattresses from the turntable where I wanted to store the boxes that the computer stuff came in. With the news that they would be here so early, Mike began to help put things ship shape. I got all those boxes out from under the table and stored away into the new place.

I had all the books and other stuff cleared off the top of the table, the floor mopped, and the dishes washed by two-forty-five. I was in the process of shaving when someone knocked on the door. I called, "Come on in. I'll be right out."

They were a little slow getting the door open. I suppose it was because of the awkward way it opens. I was out to meet them by the time the first one came in the door. Jill, June, and Jennifer were the first in. Jill was carrying Josiah. I took Jennifer by the hand and said, "Hello. Jennifer.." Then June and Jill in turn. I couldn't remember the boys name, but said, "And this must be?"

Jill answered the question by saying, "Josiah." Someone said, "He remembered which was which after all."

July, 1986

2

Jim came in last. Later I learned why he was behind the rest. He was taking pictures with his TV camera. When the pictures were shown on the TV, we could see them getting out of the van, going up to the door and knocking. Then there was the picture of us shaking hands. Then we could hear me calling Mike, who was in the back room. The picture then showed June and Jennifer going down the back room to where Mike was. There was plenty of light for the camera, although there was only one bulb burning. It was by Mike's desk.

I was somewhat befuddled about getting dinner. I wondered if they would like the canned cream corn, the canned string beans, and the pinto beans I had cooked. The cold-fried trout I had cooked in the morning didn't look very good. Jill decided to have sandwiches using the lettuce they brought with them. They ate some of the corn, and the pinto beans. Jim said he had to go easy on the beans because they upset his stomach.

I thawed out a cherry pie. June would have a small piece without ice cream. Jennifer would have a regular piece with ice cream. Jill cut in half the piece I dished up for Jim. She said it would be enough for both of them. Josiah ate some of Jill's ice cream, but turned up his nose at the pie. Later Jim came back for a large piece of pie, which surprised Jill.

Jill took the lead at the dish washing. They were done up in a hurry.

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3

Jim hooked up his VCR to the TV set, and showed scenes he had taken in Michigan. One was taken of his brother Mike's resort, (hotel and restaurant). The pictures did not do justice to George's word description of the place. There were pictures of Rea, and Lee Thomas; of Jim's brother Mike, his wife and little daughter. Mike looked different from the way I had pictured him in my mind.

There was a picture of the boat and dock where the boy James had drowned. The lake water was almost even with the top of the dock. Jim said the dock was two feet above the water when he put it in. The water in the great lakes is rising, and the reason seems to be a mystery.

It was getting late, and a cold wind was coming up. I got the power hooked up to the trailer house, and plugged in a small heater. They planned to sleep there in the two beds.

In the meantime the kids brought out their fireworks, and we all went out to the point to set them off. Jim set up his new telescope on the tailgate of the pickup. There was a bright star in the east that seemed to be an interesting target. He was unable to get the telescope lined up with the star.

He took time out to help set off the fireworks. The girls gave Jim what they called rockets. There was a stick at the bottom of the rocket that would hold it upright in a jar. Jim tried igniting the rocket. Although something burned for a short time, the rocket did not take off. With

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the wind blowing so hard the matches were almost useless. After several tries we decided that maybe they were not rockets but some kind of a flare. Jim got the fuzzy bits of paper at the top to burn briefly, but nothing else happened. We did get some sparklers lighted, but they did not amount to much.

We were getting cold. Jill took Josiah back to the trailer house. Mike went back to the dugout. Jim again tried to line up the telescope. June and Jennifer wanted to know where the north star was. I told them to locate the two stars at the front end of the big dipper. Then look the way they pointed. Not far out they would see a bright star among a lot of other stars. It was the brightest star of them all.

They wanted to know where the little dipper was. I had forgotten how to find it.

The cold wind got too much for us. Jim gathered his stuff together, and we headed for the trailer house. The little heater had warmed it up nicely inside. I didn't know what arrangements they would make for sleeping, but figured they would do all right. I went off to my bedroom, and to bed.

7th

This morning, Saturday, we all got up late. Mike and I had eaten our breakfast by the time Jim came to the door. I was wondering what kind of breakfast I should get them, and was thinking about hotcakes with bacon and eggs.

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When Jill and the rest came in, it turned out that all they wanted was dry cereal and milk. Jim didn't eat much at all because he was having trouble with his digestion. I thought it may have been the beans, but didn't ask.

Jim spent most of the morning rearranging things in the van. It is fixed up like a small-motor home. They can cook and sleep in it. A friend of theirs loaned it to them for the trip.

June and Jennifer played some tunes on their musical instruments. Jennifer played a flute and June a saxophone. The live music sounded better than the music coming from a radio or a cassette recorder.

June wrote four letters on the computer. They were to the following:- Brunetts, Gramps, Miranda, and Shana. She didn't want any editing or spelling checks, so I printed them "as is."

June wanted hash-brown potatoes for dinner. Jill boiled some spuds, then cut them up and browned them in a big skillet. With other vegetables and the smoked turkey they went good. We had cherry pie and ice cream again. Jim didn't eat much of anything, and none of the cherry pie and ice cream.

Before we ate Jim had us hold hands in a circle, and he gave a little prayer. After the "Amen" and, as we started to sit down, Josiah said "Amen" two more times.

They packed up their things and left for California at two o'clock.

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I should mention that they showed some pictures they took here in 1983. One picture was a scene looking down the road from the point showing Mike, James, and Jennifer with their backs to the camera, walking down the road. Mike was holding James' left hand and Jennifer holding James' right hand.

Someone, who is an art critic back in Michigan, told Jim and Jill that it should be hung in the National Art Gallery. Jim intends to send an enlargement to the gallery someday. The associated scenery of the Alvord Desert, the road curving out of sight, the whole expanse devoid of human habitation, and the dark blue sky with a few fleecy clouds brought this caption to mind:- "THE OLD LEADING THE YOUNG INTO THE UNKNOWN FUTURE."

17TH

The last three days have seen record lows at night, and cool daytime temperatures. Mike hasn't picked any strawberries in over a week. They are beginning to bloom again, but the berries are growing very slowly. We sure need the hot weather back.

The berries in the new-lower patch are coming along slowly. Five plants have blossoms coming. Two have berries forming, but there's not much progress in their growth. The cold weather must be the reason, although there could be too much nitrogen fertilizer in the ground. There are plenty of runners and they grow fast.

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Where the ends of the runners begin to form leaves I anchor them into the ground. It is not long before a runner starts growing from there. I pinch these runners off, hoping to save nutrients for greater growth in the new plant. By keeping the runners down to one per plant, I hope more blossom stem will come out.

A while ago I started an account of Jim's visit, and then lost the file. I started over again, and found I could do a better job having had, you might say, a practice session with it.

The bright star in the east, that I thought was too bright for Mars, was Mars after all. The national-weather man on Channel 9 said that it was closer to earth than it has ever been, 27 million miles away. No wonder it is unusually bright. It's too bad Jim couldn't get his telescope lined up on it.

I talked with Ellis this morning. He is back from his camp out at Fish Lake. They had an inch of snow yesterday which must have given them more incentive to leave. In Hines the temperature was down to 30. That was 12 degrees colder than here.

Tomorrow he is going up there again with a small group. He will act as a guide. There is an eighty-year-old-Catholic Priest in the party. Ellis said the priest wouldn't want to do much walking at that high altitude.

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This morning I wanted to order an oven element for the range. I had the number of the Monarch Range Co. in Wisconsin. First I called information to see if they had an 800 number. The call went through fast. The girl said that they weren't listed for an 800 number. I used the old number I had on hand. After a delay an operator asked what number I was calling. I told her. Then a machine came on with a message that the number had been changed. It gave the new number and said, "Take note". It gave the number again once more which gave me time to make sure.

A girl at the Monarch Range Co. answered and turned me over to the parts department. The service was fast. They would send the element out by UPS, and bill me. The price with shipping charges was \$36.10. I was glad they would send it right away.

Carl Thomas came up this morning. He needed some spray to knock out several nests of Tent Caterpillars. Oma had just arrived yesterday. When she saw that he was going to try burning them, she wouldn't let him for fear the tree would burn up. They have a new sprayer. All they needed was the insecticide.

We have a gallon jug and a quart bottle of the stuff. I said, "I don't like to use it because every time I do my nose runs for days. It affects you the most when you get it on your skin."

He said, "It wont bother me. The nozzle has a good guard to keep the spray from coming back onto you."

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I asked him how Oma was. He said, "She's cleaning house. I didn't keep it clean enough to suit her."

I worked in the garden a short time this morning. In the afternoon I came up to cool off, and, while I was lying on the cot, two people came to the door. I could see them through the glass door. The couple appeared to be retired. At first I thought they might belong to Jehovah's Witnesses. The woman had a notebook with something folded in it.

By the time they knocked I was up and opened the door. I asked them in. They were both tall and slender. She was Ollie Heide from Veneta. He was Crawford Lyle from Eugene. They were retired and have been coming over here for several years dragging a trailer house, and living in comfort wherever they stopped. They had heard about us, but had never stopped in because they didn't want to bother us. This time they were talking with Ralph at the Field's store. He told them that we welcomed visitors. Ollie showed me the piece of paper that was folded in the notebook. It was the article about us in the Register Guard. She said, "That's what really brought us up here."

Ollie was interested in gardening, while Crawford was an amateur geologist. I showed Ollie the garden, and Mike gave Crawford a lecture on rocks. Ollie has a five-acre garden that keeps her busy. The warm weather came early over there just as it did here. The corn will be ready to pick when she gets back.

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After visiting about an hour and a half, they said it was time to go. They were very interesting and likable people.

Carl came up in the evening, bringing back the bottle of Diazinon Spray. He used only one tablespoon of it. He used goggles and a breathing mask, and felt no ill effects. The stuff knocked out the tent caterpillars, but did not affect the aphids.

20th

In the streamliner-strawberry patch six plants have blossom buds starting up out of their crowns. Three other plants are in bloom and have a few strawberries forming. The small size of this patch gives me a chance to see how strawberries grow.

This is the first year I have had any idea of what the fertilizer for strawberries should be. On one package of 20-20-20 soluble fertilizer it says about strawberries:- "Apply when the first fruit buds appear in the crown. Fruit color and maturity may be delayed by a nitrogen application. Do not use Lilly Miller 20-20-20 within 60 days of ripening.

Figuring from that then it will be 60 days from the time the buds appear in the crown to the time the fruit ripens. I was surprised it would be so long. I have been watching for buds lately, and can detect them when they first start up. Before I only watched for blossoms. Now I will watch the new buds to see how long it is before they

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bloom. Then I will keep track of how long it is before they are ripe. At the rate these new berries are growing I can well believe it will be 60 days.

A week ago a rat moved into the attic of my bedroom. Three days ago I closed up all the holes I could find where he could get in. The next day I opened up one hole and put some poison at the entrance. It must have been a hole he couldn't reach because he never took the poison. Last night he made a lot of noise going around the attic and in the walls of the bedroom. All at once he quit making any noise.

This morning I guessed he had gotten out. I proceeded closing up the hole. When I was finishing I heard a car coasting down the road from the point. Since George and Lois would be arriving any day, I was quite sure it was them. The car stopped near the furnace building. Two people were in the car. They got out, and I could hear them talking.

They came on down to the dugout. One of them saw me and called out, "High!" She looked too young to be Lois. I would soon be out of sight behind the tin building, so I called that I would be right over.

When I got around to her she introduced herself, "I'm Danna Hunt, and this is Shirley Warren." She told about buying the Finley place. Her husband had come up to see me once, but she had not. Her husband died and now she lives in Klamath Falls.

They were here about an hour. We talked about the usual things:- wolves, coyotes, acid rain, and etc. I didn't learn if they were working, and were now on a vacation, or what. They were driving a four-wheel-drive car. She said that the wheels didn't spin going up the hill around the horseshoe bend.

Carl came up while they were here to ask them if they had left a pair of glasses at the hot spring. They had not.

21st

Sunday morning Stan Thomas, Carl's nephew, called wanting Carl to call him in the evening. I told him I would get in touch with Carl and let him know.

After checking into the nets that night I drove down. Carl had the yard gate open for me when I arrived. He had seen me on the county road before I turned off. Skeeter barked at me when I got out of the pickup, but soon quieted down, probably recognizing me.

Oma was sitting in a rocking chair under the porch roof. I sat down at a table a few feet away near the wall. After I gave Carl the message. We sat and talked for about half an hour. He said, "Stan must have gotten an elk tag, and wants me to go hunting with him."

About ten minutes after I got home Carl and Oma came up. It took quiet a while to get Stan on the phone. The line was busy, and Carl thought that some of the kids were using the phone. It turned out that Stan wondered if Carl would be

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interested in buying the thirty acres in Idaho near the Canadian border. Stan couldn't keep up the payments and wanted to sell it.

At one time Carl had thought it would be an interesting place to own, but now, with two homes on his hands, he couldn't afford it.

Oma had plenty to talk about, so they stayed until after dark. She said that they would be up the next day.

22nd

Oma and Carl didn't show up today. I wasn't surprised, because the visit last night would hold us for a while.

During the night I heard the rat run up the outside wall. I thought I heard him go through a hole to the inside, but he made no more noise. Shortly after I heard a sound like a trap going off over in the tin building. I got up, put my shoes on, and went over there. The trap hadn't been sprung.

In the mail today there was a letter from Phil Grenon. He said that he had been listening on 20 meters every day hoping for a call from me. He has trouble with a sort of paralysis. They found that plaque had partially blocked the flow of blood going to his brain. They operated on one side of his neck, and will operate on the other side in 3 weeks.

He thinks he will put up an eighty-meter antenna after he gets over the operations.

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23rd

Last night I called the Rosbergs. Zelda answered the phone. Jay was still in Astoria with his boat. He had caught four large fish, and was canning them. His doctor wants to join him when the time is ripe. I didn't understand what she meant by that. This doctor has operated on Jay's arm twice. He can use the arm more now, but still cannot lift too much. I didn't ask what the trouble was with his arm.

She told me about how they bought the Sukoozy. They looked all over Boise and other towns trying to get a good price. Some places wanted as much as \$8,000 for one like they finally bought. The price was \$200. I cant imagine how there could such a difference in the price. It is made of porcelain, with four jets, and holes in the bottom to spray message your legs. Jay uses it a lot, along with a steam bath in a small room.

The low last night was 65, and it was 76 at eight-thirty. I mopped the floor this morning and cleaned the bathroom. Put the sewing machine away, and have the table cleared off. We are expecting Sue, Bob, Rea, and Rea's granddaughter tomorrow night. Thus the housecleaning.

More blossom buds are appearing in the crowns of the strawberry plants, thirteen altogether. That includes five blossoms with strawberries growing.

I started to call Sam this morning, but the phone had no dial tone. I thought the trouble was caused by a twenty

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minute power outage earlier. On the net I asked for someone to notify the phone company. Vance said he would.

This afternoon John Wilson and his partner Mark of the phone company came to the door. John asked, "Did you know that a small airplane cut your telephone line with the tip of its wing?"

I said, "No. When did that happen?"

"Sunday, I guess."

I didn't try to use the phone Sunday or Monday, and thought it went out this morning. John saw the Kenwood transceiver, and went over to look at it. He said, "I haven't been on the air in a long time."

I told him that I bought it three years ago, and it hadn't given any trouble. "It does everything the adds said it would do."

I demonstrated the memories and other features. He asked, "Does it have tube finals?" He looked astonished when I told him they were solid state. He wondered how they kept cool. I told him about the two fans, and how the output was cut down automatically if the antenna wasn't tuned to a low-impedance match.

25th

Yesterday about noon Bob, Sue, Rea, and Lee-Ann arrived. I was in the garden side dressing the strawberries with Fresh Start, a detergent rich in phosphorus. I heard the car stop, and heard voices. I was sure it was Bob and his

crew. Looking up the road I saw them walking toward the dugout, three women and one man talking all the time. Before they went out of sight behind a peach tree, one of them called, "Hi." and waved. I waved back. By the time I got up to the dugout they were inside talking with Mike. After the greetings, including an introduction to Lee-Ann, we discussed their trip.

They passed the Bonneville Salt Flats. Bob said, "That's where the land speed record was set at 612 miles an hour." I told them about the speed record for women set by the deaf woman down here on the Alvord Desert.

They got into Winnemucca early. Bob played the slot machines, and lost some money. They rested, and washed out some clothes at a laundromat. It was a fine break from the long trip.

Thus they were a day late on their schedule getting here. Bob brought the car down here so they could unload their stuff.

We fixed up a makeshift lunch. Everyone seemed to have a different choice of what they wanted to eat. With all the stuff they brought added to a little from our refrigerator there was plenty to choose from.

While Rea, Mike and I were talking Bob dozed off in his chair, and Lee-Ann slept on the cot. We had dinner late. Putting their food and ours together there was a good variety, and everyone picked out what they wanted.

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Sue and Rea went out to the little trailer house, and opened the windows to air it out. I had intended to do that the day before. It was decided that Lee-Ann would sleep on the big chair that opened into a bed. Rea would sleep on the cot, and Sue and Bob in the trailer house. I could see that Rea was tired and sleepy so I turned in earlier than usual.

26th

This morning the sky was cloudy, which fooled me as to the time. The sunshine didn't come into the bedroom. Instead of looking like six-thirty it looked like five-thirty. However I took a hike down the road before I came into the dugout.

The high today was 80, and the low last night was 66. There was .02 inches of rain from a sprinkle in the afternoon.

I went down for the mail. There was a letter for Oma. I didn't take it to her, but brought it up here. Mike had a check for the power company to mail. I said to him, "Just leave it on the table. There may be more letters to go."

Lee-Ann was writing a letter on the computer. She was getting some postcards ready to mail. I looked for the letter to the power company, and the letter for Oma, but they were gone. Mike had driven down with the '64 pickup.

I got to thinking that it would be a good time for the gang to visit the Thomas' place. I said to Bob, It's a unique place since it's on the shore of the Alvord desert. No other place will ever be built on that shore.

We put the mail into the sack at the mailbox, and drove to Carl's place. I introduced the Thomases to the Thomases, and the Dyes to the Thomases. The women carried on a good conversation discussing names, especially how many names in their families had "Lee" attached to them. Bob talked with Carl asking many questions. Thus obtaining a lot of information in a hurry.

A thunderstorm seemed imminent. Bob said, "We better take off up the hill before it gets wet."

When we had been leaving the dugout, going by the upper road, Mike was walking down from the point on the lower road. Also we saw the '64 pickup at the point, so we knew he was back.

The thunderstorm brought only .02 inches of rain. The air was cool and pleasant the rest of the evening. We had a fine dinner topped off with watermelon. Bob helped the girls with the dishes. We were all in bed by eight-thirty.

27th

The low last night was 60. I was up at 5:15, and was ready to hike down the road by 5:30. Mike and Rea were up. When I went out the door to take my walk, Rea came with me. I guess she came out to visit. Finally I said, "Well, I'm going for a walk down the hill."

She said, "I'd go with you but you would walk too fast for me." I nodded my head and started walking to the point. From there I jogged to the head of the lower draw.

After breakfast we decided that Bob should drive out onto the desert. It would be a good experience for them all, especially for Lee-Ann. Bob agreed and they started out. Mike went with them.

I stayed here; mopped the floor; made dough for a pie crust and put it in the refrigerator; and did some writing. At eleven I began to worry about their being gone so long, and thought of driving down to see if I could find them. Then decided that they may have driven to Fields.

Around one o'clock Carl came down around the turn driving his little pickup, and stopped in front. Mike and the girls were with him.

From Carl and Bob I learned what happened. Bob and his passengers were doing fine, cruising along the dry clay floor of the desert. They went several miles close to the shore at the south end. Mike said, "I think we better turn around and go back. It could bet wet up ahead." He thought Bob would turn around close to the shore, but instead he turned away from the shore. He swung too far and got into wet clay. The surface looked dry enough, but underneath it was soft. The wheels went down, and they were stuck.

Mike got out immediately and started walking. In a short time he was on a place where the surface of the clay was wet and slick. He slipped and slithered until he fell on his face. Bob saw him struggling and went to help him up. Clay was all over Mikes face, and down his clothes. His

thick glasses were covered with the clay. Bob scraped as much of the clay off as he could. They didn't have any water to clean them good.

They walked toward the shore where they had come down onto the desert. Mike couldn't see good at all. Bob had to lead him. Mike kept telling Bob that there was water just over a hill to the left of the way they were going. (At that time Bob thought something else must have happened to Mike besides flipping and falling, because there was no hill there, it was difficult for Bob to get Mike to go toward the willow patch.)

Bob led him all the way. When they got to the water Bob washed Mike's glasses off. Then they headed for Carl Thomas' place. (Here there was a discrepancy in Carl's account and Bob's. Bob's story wasn't clear as to how they reached Carl's place. Carl said, "The first I knew that something was wrong I saw Mike running down the road toward the place.") From what Bob had said I gathered that he was leading Mike all the way, but maybe he meant just to the spring.

They got into Carl's pickup. Mike was still covered with clay. Carl kept close to the shore, and, when they got near the place where the car was stuck, they saw the girls sitting under umbrellas on folding stools. They had walked out to the shore to a mound of earth. It was lucky that they

had those things in the car, otherwise the sun would have cooked them.

Bob stayed in the car while the girls were brought back to the dugout.

I tried to get Mike to change his clothes, but he wouldn't think of it. He said, "I'll get all covered with clay anyway."

He gathered up some planks, pieces of plywood, and two coils of cable and loaded them into the '64 pickup. As he was starting to leave I got into the big pickup. He asked, "Are you going with the big pickup too?"

I said, "I sure am."

Carl had driven to his place to get more planks. Mike didn't stop there but went on down onto the desert. I drove to Carl's place. He put the planks into my pickup, and we drove to the desert. I stayed close to the shore watching to see Bob's car. Finally I saw sunlight reflected off a shiny object. It was a long way off. "That must be Bob's car." I thought.

It turned out to be the '64 pickup. Carl and I conjectured whether or not Mike had gotten stuck. I stayed close to the shore, and, when we were opposite the little pickup, we could see Mike using the jack. Carl got off and went out to help. I drove on up the edge of the shore. When I got as near to Bob's car as I thought it was safe I stopped and walked over. Bob got out to meet me. I asked him how he was doing.

He said, "Fine. No problem at all." I told him I had a jug of tea and a sandwich in the pickup for him. He said that he wasn't the least bit thirsty. I told him about Mike being stuck, and that I was going back to help get him out. He got back into the car, and I drove off.

About a quarter of a mile from the little pickup I stopped, got the handy-man jack out, and started to walk over there. I stopped when I saw what a hard time they were having trying to get the wheels up with the one jack. I put the jack back into the pickup intending to walk over there and tell them that we should get the car out first. Then I saw them coming toward me. Carl was carrying the two coils of cable, and Mike was walking behind.

I kept walking toward them and, when I came up to Carl, I took one of the cables, the smaller one, and we raced to the big pickup. I say "raced" because at first Carl was ahead. Then I gained on him and passed him. I had the lighter cable. I thought Bob might be watching us with his binoculars, and, since he liked to watch horse races, he might liken us to race horses. (Later I asked him if he saw us racing. He said that we were too far away to see what was going on. He was wondering if all the vehicles were stuck.) Carl and Mike got into the cab. On the flat surface of the desert it was hard to judge distances. You guessed by how well you could see an object and how large it looked. I presume it was at least two miles back to the car. When I

got there I drove out as near as I dared. Then walked out testing the surface to find the best place to station the pickup. It was about 500 feet from the car.

It was a late model Pontiac with no place handy to hook a cable. Finally Carl found a place where the cable would go over the frame in front of the right-rear wheel. Mike had some cable clamps with him so they were able to make a good-sure hookup.

The two cables spliced together with a clamp were long enough to reach the trailer hitch on the bumper of the pickup with some room to spare. Another clamp was used to make a loop to go around the hitch. I pulled straight forward at first, then turned slightly toward shore until the wheels started spinning and sinking down. We had moved a good distance.

I couldn't back up, even with Mike pulling upon the taut cable. Carl and Bob came over and pushed on the pickup to no avail. Mike and I told them to take hold of the cable with Mike and pull sideways. With the other end of the cable anchored to the car they would have extra leverage. This worked fine. I started moving back right away. Mike went sprawling on the ground. The other two scrambled out of the way.

I saw that Mike was in the clear. Still backing up I turned the pickup toward the left where we had determined that the surface was firm. Mike and Carl removed the clamp

from the loop at the end of the cable and made another loop about three-fourth of the way from the car. I maneuvered the pickup farther toward the shore to a point where they could hook the new loop to the hitch. When I started towing again I swung to the right, and was headed nearly directly toward the shore, then I got the signal to stop. The car was out on firm clay.

It was no easy task for Carl to get the clamp off the cable at the car, and then pull the cable from the frame. All this work was time consuming, and it was getting late. As soon as the cable was loose Bob took off in a circle to the safe passage along the shoreline. He kept going off the desert, and on to the dugout.

Mike started rolling up the large cable while I started on the small one. This took up more time, so we decided to leave the '64 pickup where it was and come back the next day to get it. The surface would be drier by then.

27th

This morning I was up quite early. When I came into the dugout Rea was already up. She said, "Mike has started walking down to the desert. He had a dream this morning that a wall of water was coming from the Trout-Creek Mountains. He wants to get the little pickup off the desert before the water reaches it."

I couldn't believe it was possible that he would think of walking down there. I had a twinge of fear that Mike's

mind wasn't working right anymore. He doesn't like to drive the big pickup, but he could have waited for help. Besides there was no wall of water coming.

Rea continued, "I talked him into eating a breakfast before he left. You better go after him."

I went out and drove after him. He hadn't gotten very far, just passed the turn at the foot of the first hill. What astonished me the most was that he was carrying a heavy plank holding it in front of him with both hands, and he was walking really fast. Most of the time this year he has been walking around slowly, and seemed not to have much strength. He heard me coming and got out of the way.

I stopped after I passed him. He put the plank into the back and climbed into the cab. I said, "Mike, there's no hurry go get the pickup off the desert. In another day it will be dry enough to let us drive it off without any trouble."

"No." he said, "I'm going now."

I said, "Mike, you're out of your mind. There's no wall of water coming."

Those were the wrong words to use because he must have been out of his mind. I thought I would drive to Carl's place. Maybe Dma could talk him out of being in such a hurry and wait until Carl and I could go with him and help. When I got to Carl's turnoff I slowed down. Mike said, "I don't want to stop here."

I said, "I want to stop here. Maybe Carl can help."

Carl came out to meet us. Oma wasn't up yet. I told him about Mike wanting to go out and get the little pickup right away, and that I was going back to let the others know how long I would be gone. He said, "After Oma gets up I'll drive Mike out there."

Mike pulled the plank out of the pickup saying, "I'm not waiting. I'll walk." Sure enough he started walking out through the sagebrush carrying the plank with both hands. It was about eight miles to the pickup.

Carl said, "As soon as Oma gets up I'll go around by the road and catch him, and drive him out to the pickup."

I drove back to the dugout, told the others what was happening, ate a light breakfast, and was ready to leave. Carl with Mike came down around the loop in his little Wankle. They had gotten the wheels of the little pickup jacked up out of the clay and had put plywood under them. Mike didn't have the ignition key with him.

They came up to get the key. While Mike was looking for it, I told Bob we would probably be gone around four hours. Mike found the key and they drove off. A little later I drove onto the desert. I parked in a safe place some distance from the little pickup. I walked over toward it to test the surface for firmness. While doing so I traced the tracks Carl had made. At one place his wheels had sunk down into the clay. They had jacked them up and put plywood under them before they could get going again. Thus I knew it wasn't safe to park near the little pickup.

However, this time Carl went right over close. Rea was with them. Later I learned that Carl had asked her if she wanted to go along. She had said, "I sure do. I'm glad you asked."

Well, with the plywood under the wheels Mike got a good start. He drove straight instead of circling toward the shore. I would guess he went about two miles, then stopped. we couldn't tell if he was stuck or not.

Now when Carl attempted to drive out, his wheels spun and sank into the clay. He used his little bumper jack to raise the wheels, but it didn't work right and would slip off the bumper. Rea was standing watching, and was uncomfortable because the sun was burning the back of her neck. I said, "I'm going back to the big pickup to get the handy-man jack. You might just as well come along and sit in the cab out of the sun."

While we were there we could see Mike walking toward Carl. At that distance he looked small and seemed to be going slow. I put my hand up to my right eye and made a hole between my index finger and thumb. This makes a fresnel lens that clears up the vision under conditions of glare such as this that was caused by the flat surface of the desert clay and the water beyond.

Rea asked, "What are you doing? Pretending to have a telescope?" I explained to her what the lens does. She tried it and was amazed at the results. She said, "I thought you were pretending, but I can see them much better now."

I took the handy-man jack out to help Carl. Mike was there by this time. It didn't take long to raise the wheels of the Mazda and shove plywood under them. Carl drove out passed the big pickup to where there was solid ground. Mike and I each carried a piece of plywood to the big pickup. Then all three of us carried the remainder over to the pickup.

Now when I started to drive the big pickup out the wheels began to spin and sank into the clay. Carl said, "Well, it just happens to be your turn."

We were trained experts by now and made fast work getting the wheels onto the plywood. I drove out onto solid ground, and we again carried plywood to the pickup.

We started off, Mike riding with Carl and Rea with me. I kept closer to the edge of the desert than Carl did and got ahead of him. Soon he moved in behind me, and we raced toward the area where the little pickup was stuck. As we were getting close Carl swung toward the wet area and stopped south of the marooned pickup.

I drove farther north, then turned in closer, but went only as far as I was sure it was safe. I could see that Carl and Mike were having trouble with the handy-man jack that was in the pickup. I got out and started walking over. Shortly I was getting into wet clay, even on the surface. I thought of calling to them that we should wait until the desert dried out some more. I did call to them, but they

July, 1986

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were too far away to hear me. Apparently they gave up because they started walking toward Carl's pickup.

I walked back to the big pickup with clay on my shoes. Rea and I sat in the cab waiting to see what Carl and Mike were going to do. They came down and stopped near us. Carl said he talked Mike into waiting a couple of days until the desert was drier. Mike got into the cab with me because Carl would want to go straight home.

28th

Today Mike must have been reconciled to leaving the pickup out there on the desert, because he never mentioned going after it.

Carl came up this morning and told us that a bunch of young fellows were camped at the willow patch. They told him that they had a winch and could pull the pickup off the wet clay if we had a cable long enough. I said, "We don't have one that long."

In the afternoon around 3:30 I was watching the sky and saw that a shower was brewing. A strong wind was blowing and it had clouded up. I thought it would be a good time to rescue the pickup. At least it would be cool without the sun shining down on us. Mike came up from the garden. I said, "It looks like rain. Maybe we should go out there and see what we can do about the pickup." He agreed. So we took off.

At the willow patch where we turn off to go onto the desert we saw the tents the young fellows had put up. Some

body had a tent out on the desert about one-hundred feet from shore. We wondered what was going happen to it if the wind got any worse.

We were able to get quite close to the pickup. It was hard to believe how much the clay had dried. It wasn't slippery around the pickup at all, and in a short time we had the wheels up on plywood, and Mike drove it out near the big pickup. Carrying the plywood in the wind was tricky business, but we got it all into the big pickup in two trips.

We met Carl near his turnoff, and stopped to talk. He said, "I see you got the pickup out, and I wasn't even there to help you." He was glad that we had succeeded.

I should add that by the time we started off the desert the wind was blowing hard, and it was beginning to rain. The tent that had been set up off shore was down and flopping in the wind. A couple of ropes tied to stakes was all that was keeping it from blowing away completely.

Bob and his crew had left early in the morning for Portland. Thus ended the episode in the desert.

August, 1986

1

21st

The temperature was cooler last night, down to 58. Between 10 p.m. and midnight .22 inches of rain fell, the first this month.

Today I dissolved a tablet of compost maker in a gallon of water, then added some sulfuric acid to bring the solution down to 5.5 Ph. In another I added a teaspoon full of "Chem Fertilizer". This mixture had a Ph. of 5.5 of its own.

I put half a cup of one mixture on a strawberry plant, and half a cup of the other mixture on another plant. They are in a conspicuous so I will be able watch them for any results.

Mike is beginning to add sugar to his strawberries and to his tea. I hope he doesn't over do the sugar as he did before.

Had a call from Jean Hawthorne this morning. He has been home since April. All this time I thought he was in Alaska, and I was wondering if he would come out here this summer. He sounded as though he would be content to stay home this year and not even go south with the snow birds.

Carl came up early this morning to have me make out his check for him. He will cash it in Ontario instead of stopping in Burns. That way he can turn off highway 78 at the Malheur-Cave road, thus cutting off quite a few miles. It will be shorter than going by Jordan Valley. He brought up half a dozen ears of sweet corn. When he was ready to leave the starter wouldn't crank the motor. I towed him to the

August, 1986

2

point where he could coast down the hill. The car moved only a short distance to start the motor. He will be riding his big motorcycle to Ontario.

Mike is draining the gas tank of the little pickup in order to repair a gas line. Now he will have to wait until Carl gets back because Carl was going to bring a couple gas cans to put the gas in.

Yesterday I made out an ad to put into the Prospector's Advertising Service. I made it quite simple, not adding many details. If anyone wants a compressor they can call me. I had our phone number in it but not our address.

I had the envelope sealed and stamped ready to mail. At the mailbox I suddenly realized that the check was not in it. I thought I would wait until Friday to get another envelope ready instead of making an extra trip. Later I got it ready and made the extra trip.

25th

Today I sent to Burgess for growing aids for the strawberries, and the fruit trees.

31st

This morning Larry Kribs and his wife Virginia stopped in with their new-one-ton-Ford pickup. They have a mineral claim on the other side of our mine. They've hauled about 12 tons of thunder eggs out of there in the passed four years. The thunder eggs paid the cost of the operation plus those of the gold claim in Nevada.

August, 1986

3

The truck is rough riding and gets eight miles to the gallon.

Carl Thomas drove up on his motorcycle a while ago. He was headed up the mountain on the old-mine road looking for deer. The season opens in a few weeks. He is getting them located ahead of time.

He stopped to tell us to expect company later. He saw Annie with her father and mother down at Fields. They will be up here later. Annie is the head wrangler where she works, while the boss is off to the county fair.

.PNI

September, 1986

1

3rd

Annie and her parents did come up later. Jay and Sylvia Evett, Monmouth, Or. Just as Carl said they seemed young. But that is because we are so much older. The evening was cool and we spent a little time down in the garden talking and enjoying the fresh air.

Annie is not a wrangler and is not herding the cattle around while the boss is at the county fair. She is building fence, a job that will last through the fall. She says the cat likes her new home.

Sunday night when I tried to tune up on the CW band to meet the schedule with Myron, the receiver portion of the transceiver would not work. Also, although the antenna tuner would tune in the antenna for a good standing-wave ratio, the ratio would not remain in place, but would drift to a high ratio. The meter would show normal power output at first, but would decrease in a few minutes. I could not tell if I was getting out.

I got out the original shipping carton and packed the thing in it. I tried to call the C-Comm place in Seattle on the 800 number. All I got was a busy signal. I tried several times before I realized it was a holiday. Tuesday I called again and got an immediate answer. I wanted to make sure they were taking transceivers in for repair. They said, "Yes."

This morning we got off to Burns at a quarter to seven. Thus it wasn't too hot going in. We were at the UPS place

before nine. They were not open yet and a notice said that they were open from nine to ten a.m.. It was lucky we went in early. The cost for shipping was \$19.68, including insurance.

I bought a sprinkler can at the Ranch Supply. Mike bought some weed killer and a bottle of Seven.

We got a good supply of groceries at Safeway, and started for home at 11:30. I was following a car and wanted to stop at the tree. It stopped at the tree. Mike said, "Let's not stop here but go farther on to stop."

I said, "Oh, no. I'll stop behind them. They won't stay long. To me the car looked familiar. Two dogs were in the car and four people. I said to Mike, "I think those are the people who went crossways of the ditch the last time we came home from Burns."

He didn't think so. When the man got out of the car and let the dogs out, he waved and smiled. I waved back at the same time. He took the dogs for a short walk. Soon the dogs were back at the car and ready to get in, even seemed eager to get in. The two boys got out and put some trash into the can. Shortly they were on their way.

I drove to the shade of the tree where it was more comfortable while we had a bite to eat.

We arrived at the mail box at 1:30. The mail was not there. I said to Mike, "Maybe Carl got the mail. Let's drive on up and make believe he did." The prospect of waiting in

September, 1986

3

the heat for the mailman to show up wasn't inviting. We went on up. Unloaded the groceries, ate a snack, and then took a nap. My sleep was very sound, and I felt as though I had passed out. I awoke much refreshed, and was surprised I had been so tired.

I went down into the garden, picked ten good berries, and scattered some of the liquid earwig and slug bait under the trees and over most of the garden. The liquid is thick and goes a long way.

Just as it was getting dark I drove down for the mail. I didn't need lights on the way down, but needed them when I started back.

I had hooked up the B&W transmitter which now would only transmit on AM. I was using the Drake C-2 with an outboard oscillator to bring in the single-side band. I checked into the DEN. Frank didn't mention any distortion in my signal. Later I checked into the second net and told Betty, the net control, that I was using AM. She said, "There's a hum on your signal. It sounds like a bullhorn."

4th

It was after seven when I got up this morning. I walked and jogged to the head of the lower draw. It was quite warm, and I had to wear a cloth over my head to keep the gnats off.

I checked into the weather net early this morning because I wanted to get a report on the AM signal. Lyman

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5

I was depressed and did not get up until 6:40.

Yesterday morning Mike went to town with Carl. He was gone before I got over here at 6:30. I thought he was out picking up cow chips. By ten o'clock I guessed he had gone with Carl. At some time or other he had driven the big pickup. It may have been the evening before or in the morning early. I hadn't heard the truck running at any time.

When I talk with Carl again I'll find out when Mike let him know he wanted to go to town with him. Mike got a full set of gaskets for the little pickup, and bought a few groceries, one yam, a case of canned milk, and eight cans of Jack Mackerel. The gaskets came to over \$19.

They got back at 1:30, so must have traveled pretty fast. Carl didn't have a chance to mail the tape to Oma. There was a parade on Broadway that blocked the way to the post office. I put it into the mail sack when I got the mail. It will go out from here.

Mike still has the keys to the pickup. I will ask for them later, but now I'm waiting for him to give them to me without my asking. He thinks I put sand in the oil of the little pickup and it ruined the motor. I doubt that he would believe me if I told him the trouble with the motor was caused by the Mobil-1 oil he started using when he was in Bend. It broke the carbon loose and the particles in the oil feel like sand. With the carbon out of the ring slots the exhaust gas was blowing into the crank case.

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6

He is using a lot of sugar again, and I am sure he isn't testing for sugar in his blood or in his urine. I hope he doesn't have the trouble he had before.

The impossibility of not being able to talk with him about the pickup and other serious matters, and the occasional strange statements he makes is what has gotten me into a depressed mood. I have idle thoughts of buying a van and leaving here to drive around the country to live at campsites. I could go south in the winter and come back north in the summer. A lot of retired people are doing that. Of course many of them have expensive motor homes and really live in comfort.

I talked with Ellis on the B&W SSB this morning. He said, "Is this you Jim or is someone pulling my leg? It doesn't sound like you."

I told him that I guessed we weren't on the same frequency, and turned the gain a little higher. He said that he could copy all right, but my voice wasn't the same. I said I was using a different microphone, which I was, but I didn't tell him I was using a different transmitter. I thought he might worry if he knew I had sent my 930 in for repairs.

He has been traveling around with John Scharff. John shipped two truck and trailer loads of lambs. Coyotes are not bothering the sheep. Mike has been saying that there won't be many sheep left by winter.

September, 1986

7

I started picking the Red Baron apples today. Mike came to help when I was on the second bucket. The ladder wouldn't work because of the steep ground. I climbed onto the limbs and reached the higher ones. The picker was of no help because it would get stuck in the twigs, and knock off more apples than those I could pick. It came in handy to put apples in the bucket while he held it up within easy reach. Thus I could use both hands using one to pull the limbs toward me and picking with the other.

Altogether there was less than one box of apples.

I made an apple cobbler today. I used $2\frac{1}{3}$ of a stick of butter in the crust. A little less might have been better. The crust wasn't bad though. It was kind of crunchy.

When the weather gets cooler I'll bake some pies, apple, pumpkin, and peach. I could make some applesauce cakes, and put some of the baked goods into the freezer.

7th

The high yesterday was 82. The low last night was 59. It is clear and calm.

Because of the cooler temperature I slept better last night, and felt better this morning. I headed down the hill while the air was still cool, and went as far as the lower draw. I was three-fourths of the way back before the sun came up.

Mike didn't work on the little pickup today. I couldn't tell from the looks of things what he did yesterday. The big kettle that we use to drain oil in was empty.

September, 1986

8

He spent considerable time cleaning and straightening things in the back room.

Yesterday evening the power was off from seven until nine. Sure brought things to a standstill. I couldn't run the computer, and was unable to check into the second net.

This evening we had a thunderstorm that brought .09 inches of rain. At one lightening flash the power went off for about ten seconds. After the storm, while I was working at the computer, the power went off for fifteen seconds. I was checking the contents of a file, but hadn't added anything to it yet, so nothing was lost. The disks were all right.

George called this morning. He said he got a big bang out of my letter. Like Ellis he was unfamiliar with the popularity of the Cabbage Patch Dolls, and couldn't imagine a Dude Ranch for them. Who would send a doll to a Dude Ranch.

His friend, who is a proof reader for his companies letters, read it and was amazed (as he was with the first letter) that I had typed without mistakes, and with correct spelling and punctuation.

Ellis is mobile in the Strawberry Mountains. His signal was weak here as well as in Lapine where the net control was Gary, W7DCR.

I didn't check into the second net because of the thunderstorm.

September, 1986

9

Carl came up this morning. He had an air nozzle that he thought would fit our air hose. The quick-fit on it would not go into ours. However, we can replace the fitting on it with one that works with our hose. Part of the nozzle is missing, and may not be useful for a blowing out the passages of the carburetor.

He said that Mike drove down Thursday evening to let him know he wanted to go to town. Friday morning Carl was driving up to get him, and half way up the hill he met Mike carrying a cooler.

8th

The high yesterday was 88. The low last night 63. I hiked down to the Indian-Creek turnoff. On the way back at the top of the hill I saw where Mike dumped the oil on the road and covered it with dirt.

I did some weeding in the strawberry patch this morning. I couldn't see any change in the blossoms I had marked. The petals are still on, although there is an indication that a berry is forming.

This afternoon a thunderstorm brought .25 inches of rain. Afterward I checked the strawberry patch and found the petals gone from the marked flower. If it takes forty-five days for the berry to ripen from this stage, I'm afraid the frost will get it first.

Those tennis shoes I bought a few weeks ago are not very good. They have a cloth lining including the insole.

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The insole became rough. I tore it out and made one out of milar-plastic sheeting. It is more comfortable than the cloth.

9th

The high yesterday was 77. The low last night was 46. I hiked down the road to the lower draw with my jacket on, and didn't get a sweat up. Mike had a hot fire in the stove when I came in. The temperature in here is 76. Six degrees warmer than I would like it, but eighty would suit Mike better.

I wrote a letter to Dorathy and Leonard. I wasn't satisfied with it, and made numerous revisions which didn't seem to improve it. I feel that it is a sort of dull letter.

I spaded some ground around the strawberry patch. Two large strawberries were almost ripe, and three small ones were ripe.

I filled out the questionnaire that the College of Forestry sent me. Seemed like a dumb bunch of questions.

Mike is hauling out all the earth in the greenhouse, and replacing it with all cow chips.

Carl brought up a zucchini squash and half a dozen tomatoes. Mike got out a quart of frozen strawberries for him to take home. I gave him several bunches of grapes.

Yesterday he and two other fellows rode their motorcycles up the Carlson-Creek road. They didn't see any birds or deer. They ran into a thunderstorm with a shower of hail.

September, 1986

11

Earlier, in the morning, he watered Cactus Smith's garden. It took him a long time because of the small flow of water from the pump.

Carolee called this evening asking how we were doing, and if Mike was watching his sugar input. I told her we were doing fine. Mike was doing lots of work and putting a large amount of strawberries into the freezer. I said I thought he was laying off the sugar. I didn't tell her my true thoughts, because she would worry if I told her he was eating too much sugar.

.pm1

October, 1986

1

11th

The high today was 54. The low last night was 36, and at 6 p.m. it was 43. There was a bright sun all day, and there wasn't a great deal of wind, but when it did blow it felt cold. Mike complained about the cold, and put on extra socks, and wore his jacket while outside.

I baked an apple pie this morning. I took it out of the oven at 9:30, right after talking with George. He said it was cool this morning, 69, which is cold for his location. A rain shower brought the temperature down early in the morning. Their daytime highs have been around 90 lately.

Lois had an operation last week, and is having a hard time sleeping, or resting at all. She is trying to lose weight which adds to her misery.

Carl Thomas and his group of hunters all filled their tags-- seven of them--3 five pointers, 2 three pointers, and 2 forked horns.

Carl had a mishap, and broke some ribs. He and Bruce were standing in the back of the pickup. Roy was driving. There was a knoll to go over. Roy stopped to shift gears. Carl thought he must have seen a deer. He let go of the handrail, and just as he was getting his rifle up to a ready position, Roy stepped on the gas to get over the knoll. Carl fell backward and landed across the tailgate breaking several ribs.

October, 1986

2

He and Oma were up here last evening. They had bound his chest with a sheet, but it didn't show any bulge under his jacket. He was holding his right side with his left hand most of the time he was here. He said he didn't sleep at all the night before. He was going to drive Oma to Cottage Grove today or tomorrow.

Oma and her daughter canned all the peaches we had given them. Oma will take what's left of the apples home with her. The crew of hunters had eaten most of them.

The Hairs canned the peaches we gave them. There were 32 quarts, and several pints of peach jam. They were here yesterday. I gave them two boxes of apples.

15th

The high today was 67. The low last night was 42 and at 6 p.m. it was 55.

I left this morning for Burns. Mike said that he had too much work on hand to go with me. The only things he wanted from town were sine Bic Razors, and a package of pickling spices.

At the Ford garage the mechanic put the truck on the rack and hoisted it up to get at the oil filter. He loosened the filter with seeming ease. The wrench he used was similar to mine, but it didn't mash the canister the way mine did. He asked me if I had a filter with me. I said, "No. I forgot to bring it with me."

He said, "You could buy one of ours. They are seven dollars." I probably looked a little startled, because he continued, "I can free this one and tighten it back up, and you can put yours on at home."

I said, "Wouldn't I have to drain the oil first?"

His answer was, "No. You'll only lose a quart of oil." This was good news for me. I had always thought that the oil would leak out if the filter wasn't in place. That must be only when the motor is running.

I said, "I never had one stick like this before. I was afraid the wrench would crack the canister and let the oil run out, and I wouldn't be able to drive to town to get expert help."

He said, "I've had them get stuck so hard I had to tear them all to pieces to get them off." He showed me a draw full of different kinds of oil-filter wrenches. He said, "Every time I see an unusual wrench I grab onto it. Then added, "Some day maybe they will come up with a good one."

I said, "There should be one made like a socket wrench so that the handle could be down clear of obstructions."

He showed me one like that and said, "The trouble is it slips."

What happened he said, "You tightened it too much and it froze."

I said, "That could be." I remembered that, when I put it on it was a cold March day with the wind blowing. I was

October, 1986

4

having trouble seeing how far to turn it after it first came up against the seal. I put the wrench on it to make the job easier, and thought I hadn't tightened it that much. He did not charge for loosening the filter.

One of those Aerostars was parked close by. I told him I had been looking at it while I was waiting, and asked him what the Privacy Glass was. He confirmed my thought that it was a one-way-see-through glass. He showed me the tire rack under the rear end. It looked handy to use. Another place for a spare was under the rear seat.

I mentioned that the dash in front of the driver seemed rather high. He told me to get into the seat and check it out. The seat seemed low, and of course, the back was too far from the steering wheel for me. He pushed it up against my back so that I could lean against it. If it could be raised it would help a lot. I'll have to get in again and check other things about the driver's position. I had the impression that you were sitting back from the windshield farther than usual. If so there would be less sun coming into your lap.

30th

The wind blew in heavy gusts last night. At times I thought the bedroom would blow over. While I had these thoughts in mind, a blast hit the building and I felt wind blow across my face. I thought, "Can it be the wind lifted the roof?"

I raised up and saw that the door was open. It seemed strange to see it lighter outside than inside.

The door had been secured with a large nail driven into the frame and then bent against the door. This had held the door closed tight through many heavy winds. I turned on the light and hurried to shut out the cold wind. It had subsided, but I knew this was a lull between gusts.

The power of the wind against the door had straightened out the nail. I located a sixteen-penny nail. It would be stronger than the original nail. I couldn't find the hammer. I would have to secure the door the way I used to from the outside by pushing the latch closed. I had never tried this on the inside, and I wasn't sure I could open the latch from the inside. If I couldn't I wondered how I would get out in the morning.

The latch closed readily enough, and then I accidentally found the hammer and drove the nail into the frame and bent it against the door making it doubly secure.

As usual, lately, I was awake for long stretches getting short snatches of sleep. When it was time to get up I considered trying to sleep a little more. Then thought about shipping the box of stone-ground flour to George via UPS. Their office is open only between 9 and 10 a.m. I wanted to be there in time, and that required an early start from here at the latest by seven o'clock.

I got up at 6:15, hurriedly dressed, and opened the latch without difficulty. When I got over here Mike appeared to be sleeping, and didn't wake up until I was nearly finished eating a light breakfast. As he passed me at the table, I said, "Boy! There sure were some terrific gusts of wind last night. Did you hear it blowing?"

He didn't answer, but kept on walking and went out the door, and around to the tin building. Soon he was back, and as he came the door said, "I sure did hear the wind blow."

I went into the bathroom and started shaving. Then, seeing that he was about to start a fire in the cook stove, I stepped out and said, "We don't need a fire. We'll leaving pretty soon."

He said, "I don't think so." I couldn't understand what he meant, but didn't press the point.

Later, when I came back from putting my lunch into the pickup, he was standing by the table eating the lunch he had made for the trip to Burns. I said, "Isn't that the lunch you made for Burns?"

He said, "Yes, but I'm not going."

I asked, "How come? You wanted to go last night."

He said, "I was up most of the night looking for my pocketbook, and my checkbook, looked everywhere but couldn't find them."

I told him that if all he needed was money to buy the three-inch pipes that he wanted, I had money he could use, but he wasn't in a hurry for the pipes.

Thus I drove to town by myself. It turned out to be a better day than I had expected, a little cloudy on the way in, and sunshine in Burns. Quite a few people were sending out packages at the UPS. I filled out the shipping slip and waited my turn.

When the girl weighed the box she said, "You've come a long way already this morning."

I said, "Yes. I started out early."

From there I went to the Safeway store, did some shopping, then went back up town to the bank. There I opened a checking account in my name. I didn't take the combination savings and checking account, thus left the savings account by itself.

Then to Teague Motor Co. where I got the shift cable replaced. The labor for .8 of an hour came to \$16. The cable cost \$3.45. It appears that they charge \$20 an hour. That is less than the Chevrolet garage in Bend charges.

I then went to the Ford garage where I talked with the salesman, John Lesser. He gave me a price on the 1986 Aero-star-five-passenger van, XL with 4 shifts-- 1, 2, drive, and automatic overdrive--cruise--tilt--AC and cassette deck. Base price \$13,036.00. Sales price \$12,250.00. Registration \$29. My price \$12,279.

He took me for a ride in it and offered to let me drive. I said it wasn't necessary because all I wanted to do was to see how it rode. I could feel the bumps in the pave-

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ment about the same as in the pickup, and on a gravel road where there was corduroy it was just as bad as with the pickup. The captains seat was all right. It can be tilted back all the way to the horizontal. I didn't get adjusted for the best comfort in riding, although straight up was OK.

He gave me EPA Gas Mileage Guides on both the '86 and '87 models. The '87 is 17/22. The '86 is 16/21.

Next week I will go to town and order a 1987 model. I would like Privacy Glass which the '86 doesn't have. I could do without the cassette deck.

Coming home I went through several rain showers. On the county road the gravel was nearly dry most of the way. At the mail box there wasn't much moisture on the ground, and it was quite dry up here. There were a few showers after I got home.

Mike said there was so much wind he didn't do much work today.

ipnl

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5th

The high yesterday was 61. The low last night was 48, and at 8:30 this morning it was 48. The weather forecasts for Idaho were predicting colder weather, but we didn't get it here.

The Blue-Blocker glasses didn't come last Monday so I called the AS&J company in Chicago and told them how long it had been since I ordered the glasses. The girl told me she would have to look up the trouble and call me back. She said, "It will be tomorrow." I didn't get a call yesterday or today.

Although the temperature got up to 61 today, a strong wind made it seem cold, and it got colder in the afternoon. At 6 p.m. it was 42, which was colder than the low last night. We didn't have a fire in the stove except for a short time in the morning. It was after six before Mike started a fire. I turned on the little electric heater. The fire and the heater brought the temperature in here up from 64 to 66 by eight-forty.

Yesterday morning Mike drained the water out of his waterbed because the heater wasn't keeping the water warm. I was able to help him. After he unplugged the heater I checked it for continuity with the ohmmeter. As far as the meter was concerned there was a direct short. I suspected that the element being cold there wasn't enough resistance to register. I plugged the heater back into the control

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unit. In a short time the pad got hot. I unplugged it right away because it could overheat without the mattress over it.

I told Mike that the thing was working. He said, "There must have been corrosion on the prongs and in the receptacle. Pulling the plug out and pushing it in again cleaned the contacts. If I had done that before draining the bed I would have saved myself a lot of work."

Mike had forgotten how the attachments for filling the waterbed worked. He only remembered the adapter that fitted the hose to the bed. He didn't recognize that the other adapter was for attaching the hose to a faucet at the sink. Thus we filled the bed with cold water when we could have used warm water. It took the bed over twenty-four hours to get up to the right temperature. He used a sleeping bag last night. He had been using the sleeping for over two weeks, and I wondered why, but I didn't ask. I thought he might be trying to get used to the cold weather. Tonight he will sleep warm.

The high today was 39. The low last night was 32, and at 8:30 it was 33. There was about 3 inches of snow on the ground. It was snowing and drifting with a 20 mile an hour wind. The impression was, "Winter is here."

I spent some time on the computer this morning, but didn't catch up much of the printing. I baked two loaves of stone-ground-flour bread. There was nothing interesting in the mail. The Blue-Blocker glasses didn't come, and there

wasn't a phone call from the company. Looks like I will have to call the Better-Business Bureau.

When the sky cleared around noon we could see that there was no snow on the other side of the desert. On the trip to the mailbox I found that the road was dry from the gate on down.

Today I asked Mike if he ever found his pocket book and his check book. He said, "No."

I said, "It's sure strange where it went to."

He came back with his usual answer when something is missing, "Someone took it."

I said, "There's nobody here to take it."

He said, "You've been here. You took it."

He was speaking in a low voice, and it was plain that he wasn't joking. I told him what an awful thing to be saying. What else I don't remember, but ended up with saying, "If you hold those kind of thoughts I'll have to move out of here."

He said, "Go ahead."

Thereafter I began thinking of what I would have to do. I could think of no place I could move to. Maybe I should buy a house in Burns instead of buying a van. Still I could buy a van and rent a house. The thought of moving was extremely depressing. I didn't want to leave Mike here alone. He's not well that's for sure. What other thoughts he has in his mind about me is anybody's guess. I had thought for a while he was getting better.

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Besides the diabetes he has a low blood count. Lots of people put things away for safekeeping and cant find them. I've looked for things where I thought I put them and found them only after several searches in the same place. They would be covered up with other articles.

A couple months ago Mike had a quantity of Bic Razors. One day he couldn't find them. He bought another ten pack. Last week, in my search for his pocket book, I checked a suitcase that was under his desk. There was no pocket book or check book in it, but the missing Bic Razors were.

11th

The low last night was 26, and the high yesterday was 39, at 8:30 it was 34. The air was calm and the sun shown through cirrus clouds. Now, at noon, it is 47.

I learned the reason for the girl at JS&A apparently not calling back. Our phone was out of order. I could call out but nobody could call in. When they did it sounded to them as though our phone was ringing although it wasn't. I found out when I called Dora. She said, "I've been trying to get you all week." She told me she could hear my phone ringing, but I never answered.

I called the phone company Friday. The phone was still out of order. Yesterday the repairman was at the little building where the relays are. Dora says he has the Alvord-Ranch phone working.

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I called the phone company this morning. The man who answered the phone said that since it is a holiday they couldn't get a crew down here to work on it. I'm not sure what all he said, but it sounded as though we wouldn't get the phone fixed until next week.

Well, concerning Mikes pocket book, I found it with his check book, and coin purse in one of the boxes he keeps clothes in. I'd looked in the same box previously, but didn't find them then. I don't know if I merely missed seeing them or he has put them there since. I suppose if I tell him where they are he will think I had them all the time. If he finds them he will probably think I put them there. No matter what, the atmosphere will be the same.

The reason Dora tried to call me last week was that she wanted Carl to drive her and Pat to Burns this Monday. I told her that Carl wasn't back from hunting. He probably went to Coos Bay after hunting season, and wouldn't be back here for some time. If she couldn't get someone else I would drive them in. She said that she would talk with Pat again to find out if she would be ready to go Monday. I said, "I'll call you Sunday to find out since you cant call me."

Saturday I called George because I knew he couldn't call me. He received the box of flour. It is finer than the flour he buys, and has large pieces of chaff in it. He adds bran and oatmeal to his batter. It makes the hotcakes thick, and he cooks them well done.

On November 3rd I spent a lot of time trying to learn how to type out a program. Following the instruction, the few I found, got me nowhere. I think the Commodore 128 would be better for me. I believe better books on programming come with it. Then too, many of the hams have the 128, and they talk about programming, and help each other.

That same day I made out the weather report, and mopped the floor. I couldn't settle down to writing letters.

On the second Mike put the stack on the chimney back up. It blew over the night of the big wind. I straightened up the antenna pole that the wind left leaning toward the east. All that was required was to move the anchor of the west guy wire north about fifteen degrees.

The wind blew the top off the old incubator. Pieces of plywood and boards were scattered everywhere.

Thursday, when I started to move the pickup out of the yard, I noticed that the indicator for the gear shift didn't move. I had to feel for the location of the gear-shift lever. I watched it pretty close, but did drive in 2nd gear for a while on the county road. I would have gone farther in 2nd gear if I hadn't started wondering as to which gear I was in.

I moved the stick into what should have been neutral, but it was still in gear. I moved the stick again and it went into neutral. Thereafter I made sure to move from low to 2nd, and then to drive. Thus I could tell which gear I was in.

Continuing with the 11th.

The day turned out fine. The high was 51, and there was no wind. Mike went out and split some of the wood blocks, getting a good quantity of wood in for the stove. I baked a couple loaves of bread. It was a good thing I watched the bread in the oven, because I noticed that the tops of the loaves were getting brown faster than they should have. I'd played a blooper by leaving the control on preheat. I caught the mistake just in time to keep the tops of the loaves from burning.

I fried a couple of pork steaks this afternoon. Mike ate one soon after.

At a quarter to four I went for a hike down the road, and went as far as the top of the steep grade coming up from the mailbox. I didn't feel tired when I got back. It seems I need to take longer walks.

This afternoon I suggested to Mike that we go to town tomorrow. He said, "I guess we can." I didn't know if he had found his checks. I thought it prudent not to ask him. He will surely come up with them one of these days.

I brought the truck down here and loaded on the coolers. I have the box with the Blue Blockers ready to mail back. I guess I haven't mentioned that they came in the mail yesterday. I found that they did nothing for my vision as advertised. I am asking for a full refund including the delivery of \$4, the return postage, and the cost of insurance they want on it.

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14th

We had a warm night, 39. The high today was 50, and at 6 p.m. it was 45. A strong wind blew most of the afternoon making it seem colder than it was.

I looked over several files on the A disk, and deleted several thus clearing them off the directory making room for more files.

I took a hike down to the lower draw this morning, and another hike half way down this afternoon. During the latter a strong wind with a sprinkle of rain made the big overcoat seem like a welcome protection against the cold.

I baked two apple pies today, both smaller than usual, one very small one on an aluminum-throw-away tin, and the other on an eight-inch-glass-pie plate. I used a batch and a half of pie-crust dough as compared with that used for the nine-inch pies. If I had four of the smaller tins I could make four pies with one batch of dough. It was a good experiment, but I think it would be better to make one big pie.

Mike drove down for the mail. He said that he was going to put some of that earth, which he thinks acts as a water sealer, on the road at places where the water softens the wheel tracks. He found that the cold wind made it impossible to do any work.

17th

Yesterday George called early in the morning. The weather there has cooled down a little. He isn't feeling very good. Lois is somewhat better.

I was telling him about Mike losing things because he changes the places where he normally keeps them. George told about a woman who was working in a hospital where Lois worked. This gal got really friendly with Lois and confided with her the trouble she was having with her husband. She wanted to get away from him and take her kids with her. Lois is great to want to be of help to people. She told the woman that she could move in with her and George, since they had plenty of room.

She did, and brought her three kids with her and stayed a couple of weeks. During that time her husband was seen in the area, which made George wonder if there might be trouble brewing for him and Lois. The woman finally went back to her husband.

Well, later George was looking for a coin collection they had, but couldn't find it. He told Lois that either she or he had put them in a new location, and as it often happens, they couldn't remember where the new place was. Time went by. Lois was cleaning out a dresser drawer one day and there she found several packages of the coins. However they were only the ones of little value.

George got to thinking, "That woman must have gone through the house with a fine-tooth comb looking for anything worthwhile. She probably sorted out the most valuable coins and gave them to her husband, who was in the area just for that purpose."

Yesterday I baked a couple loaves of bread, and a pumpkin pie. This kept me busy most of the morning. In the afternoon I made a big pot of vegetable soup.

Last night I took a book with me to my bedroom, and read until one a.m. I went to sleep readily enough after that, but woke up around three. Then was awake until five. Then slept lightly until six. I tried to go to asleep again, but couldn't make it. Thus I got up at six-thirty. Mike was not up yet when I came in.

Ellis gave me a one ringer shortly after nine. He said that he and June were going to make a trip around the mountain, and would be up to see us in the afternoon. He wanted to know if there was anything he could bring us. I couldn't think of anything.

I had planned to mop the floor today, so got started right away. While I was at it Bonny Wetter, the school teacher, called saying that she and Bill would like to come up to see the place. It was something they'd been wanting to do for years. Shawn Blair told them that if they wanted to come up here they should do it soon before the weather got bad. I told her we would be glad to see them.

I had plenty of time to shave, because it would be noon before they could get here. They brought their two school students with them, Shawn and Shannon Blair. Bill made comments about what an unique place we had, and was impressed with all the names we had in our register. He thought we were smart to get away from the hustle and bustle

of the rest of the world. I told him this was a poor place to get away from people, and if you wanted to be a hermit you could do better in the city.

Ellis and June arrived around three o'clock. Ellis sounded out K7ZYP with his horn to let me know he was here. I went out to meet them, and said to June, "Hi, Helen." Why I said Helen is a mystery. Later I made the correction.

They had stopped at the Borax Works where Ellis gathered up some borax along the edge of the hot lake. He asked what was the use of those pans they built fires under. I said that they filled them with the lake water and boiled it dry to obtain the borax. This was new to him. He had thought that they gathered up the borax from along the edge of the lake. He wondered if the borax he brought back could be used in place of the borax you buy in the store. I told him it could be, but it wouldn't be clean.

We had apple pie with ice cream and coffee. They were here about an hour, then left for home and got as far as the Folly Farm before dark. They were home by seven-thirty. This I learned later from a contact with Ellis on the radio.

18th

Last night before I went to bed I vowed that I wouldn't eat for at least twenty-four hours, because I was beginning to gain weight again. I didn't read in the book when I first went to bed because I was a little cold. I thought I would get warm before trying to read.

I went to sleep and woke up at twelve o'clock. I lay awake trying to go back to sleep. It seemed too cold to read with my arms out of the covers holding the book. By two o'clock I was fed up with all the thoughts running through my head. They were repeating themselves over and over which seemed a waste of energy. I got the book and began reading.

My arms were not too cold. I was quite comfortable. I read until 4:30 at which time I finished the story, an autobiography by Moss Hart. Thereafter, I was able to sleep in fits, and stayed in bed until 7:30.

Mike wasn't up when I came in. I wasn't hungry but felt fine. The low last night was 33, and at 8:30 it was 44. The sun was shining causing the temperature to rise quite fast. The air was calm early in the day, then a wind came up and blew hard the rest of the day. The high got up to 62, and it was comfortable in spite of the wind.

Mike got some buckets and started out to the pickup saying that he was going to drive up on the meadow to pick up cow chips. In a short time he was back. I thought maybe he couldn't find his keys. He didn't seem to look for them, and got busy cutting wood.

I cooked some tomatoes that I would add to the soup. Then seeing that Mike was slow about going up to the meadow, I asked him if he was going to use the pickup. He said, "No"

I said, "Well, then I'll go out and work on the choke;"

It turned out to be the best day I could choose for working on the pickup. The strong wind was compensated for by the 62 degree temperature. The choke hadn't been working properly since the cold weather came on. I thought that the linkage to the rear-vacuum break must have come off the valve. I was surprised that it was OK. I sprayed WD-40 on all the moving parts in case something was sticking. Then I adjusted the control on the front-vacuum break so that the valve wouldn't open so far when the vacuum break was actuated. Thereafter the choke seemed to work as it should. I will not know for sure until morning when the temperature is colder.

While working on the choke I discovered that the right-front tire was flat. It was up when I parked yesterday. Once, when I came down to the house for a tool, Mike said that a lot of tools were missing. I hadn't noticed any such thing, so asked, "What kind of wrench do you want?"

He said, "A seven-eighth-inch open end wrench.

I asked, "How about that roll of open-end wrenches there?"

He unrolled the pack and said, "There is one here."

As to the missing tools he said that he couldn't find one of the tool boxes. He must have been referring to the one that had been in the seat of the '64 pickup. I had noticed that it wasn't there anymore. I found it in the back of the pickup later. When I told Mike where I had found it,

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he said, "Yes. I know. I put it there." I guess he just suddenly remembered.

Of course, it was the flat tire that made him change his mind about going up onto the meadow. The fact that I hadn't eaten seemed to be an asset in getting around while changing the wheel. I thought I would have a hard time lifting the wheel, with the flat tire, up onto the bed of the pickup because of the hernia. I hoisted it up without trouble. In the past I have used a 2 x 6 leaning against the tailgate to slide the wheel up on.

The band was on a long skip tonight. I could hardly hear W7FQ on the Beaver State Net tonight. Emil, the control, could hear me good. On the OEN, Herb in Washington, relayed me in. On the second session of the OEN W7NUK, in Arizona, relayed me in. I relayed WB7UEK and WB7UEJ to W7NUK who then relayed them to Betty, the net control. I very seldom have a chance to relay, because there is always someone else doing the relaying. I would only add to the confusion as I have heard it happen with others. If no one else volunteers I will jump in and relay.

22nd

Yesterday was a cold day and the wind blew most of the time. I took a hike down the road in the afternoon. I met a couple of hunters in a diesel pickup with a canopy. They have been making trips out here for a number of years. They asked me if I had seen any changes since I have been here. I

told them that the biggest change was the decline in the population.

After I got back I lay on the cot for a rest. Mike was keeping a fire going in the cook stove. When he put wood into it, he would open the lid on the top without turning the damper off the oven. The smoke would pour out where the lid was off because the pipe didn't have enough draft to pull the smoke around the oven. Later I got up and opened the door to let the smoke out. Mike came along and asked, "What's the door open for.?"

I said, "I'm letting the smoke out." He cant understand why I'm so much against the smoke. It doesn't bother him at all.

He said, "Well, I won't build any more fire." I came back with some harsh words telling him he couldn't smell anything. I was very angry because there is no need to let the stove smoke while putting in the wood. The wood can go in through the door in the front. Then with the damper off the oven, there is enough draft to take the smoke up the chimney.

He said, "Why don't you go over to your bedroom where the smoke won't bother you?"

Later I noticed the electric heater was gone from where I keep it. I asked him where it was. He said that he had put it away because it used too much power. I was pretty upset. The stove cant heat the place by itself, but the two of them

together will bring the temperature up to 68 degrees. We are having a hard time scrounging up enough wood to have a good fire.

After I checked into the net I took a book over to my bedroom even though it was not yet seven. I felt guilty for leaving so early, and for letting my temper fly. It was cold in the bedroom, and I wasn't warm when I got there. I got into bed to warm up. I went to sleep and woke up around nine.

I tried to go back to sleep but couldn't. I felt that it was too cold to hold the book with my arms out of the covers. I tried it and got along fine. I read until finished one story. It was two o'clock.

I heard snow blowing against the window and wondered how much would be on the ground when I got up. I slept lightly the rest of the night. I was up by 6:45. Outside I found two inches of snow on the ground, and it was still snowing.

The low last night was 32, and at seven it was 33. There was .20 inches of precipitation in the rain gage.

Last night I wondered how Mike felt about my taking off to my bedroom so early, and I wondered how I would confront him about bringing out the electric heater. Apparently he had second thoughts. The heater was in its place when I came in. I said, "Well, you don't have to worry about the power bill. I'm going to pay it." He made no comment.

A fire was going in the stove and the temperature in the room was 64. I decided to bake a pumpkin pie. The oven would help keep the place warm. Mike worked up in the greenhouse and did not come down to add wood to the stove. I kept the fire going, not very hot though. After the pie was baked it was still 64 in here. Around noon I let the fire go out and turned on the electric heater. The temperature held up to 64 the rest of the day.

By afternoon the snow was nearly all gone, and there were no more light showers. This gave Mike a chance to work outside. He unloaded half of the cow chips off the pickup, taking most of them up to the greenhouse.

Yesterday, when I started the motor to drive down after the mail, the choke did not work. I had to pump the gas peddle. This afternoon, wearing the big overcoat against the discomfort of the wind, I worked on the choke. There seemed to be nothing wrong except that it was sticking partly open instead of closing completely. If I jarred the air-cleaner unit it would close. Sometimes it would close easily, and again it would stick. Guess I will have to open the hood and knock on the air cleaner when I start the motor on cold mornings.

Last Monday I called up the V.A. and asked for a form to apply for a pension. It came in the mail Wednesday. By Thursday I had it nearly filled out, but I felt that there was something not right about the form as to my situation. I

had received a pension from '75 to '80. I thought maybe I should have asked for a different form. Friday I called the V.A. again, and explained the circumstances. The man who answered the phone said that I should have a form for reapplication. He would mail it out right away.

I haven't gotten around to telling about our trip to Burns on the 12th of this month. We had been watching the weather predictions. This day would be as good a day as we would have. We got a fairly early start. I had all my papers together including the list of things to get.

This side of Burns we ran into fog. Mike said he could see three poles ahead. I could see only two. I think he was counting the pole that we were passing as the number one pole. I had the headlights on the rest of the way.

We went to the Safeway store first, because the bank wasn't open yet. While I was shopping I heard a loud speaker announce, "Someone left their lights on in the parking lot." I hurried out of the store to turn off our lights, hoping the battery wasn't too far run down.

Back to the shopping. I had liver on the list because Mike's blood count was low according to the doctor's report last August. There were some tubs of liver marked "One dollar off the price marked." It was a bargain. I took five tubs thinking it would be plenty. I took one cart of groceries out to the truck, then went back for ten jugs of distilled water and a package of chocolate pudding.

Mike came out later with his groceries. I was sampling the pudding by then. He stashed his stuff into the big box, and climbed into the cab. I tried to start the motor, but the battery was too low. I told Mike I would walk over to the Ford garage for help. He said he would go up town to the bank, and to the post office instead of waiting in the pickup.

I decided that the Chevron service station would be handier and quicker to respond so I went over there. Two men were in the office, apparently they had nothing to do. One of them jumped right up when I told him my trouble. He said, "I'll put jumpers onto your battery. Come on we'll get into my pickup and drive over." We had the pickup going in a short time. He drove on back to the station without telling me how much I owed him.

I went back to the station and drove up to the gas pumps. He was headed out to the street in his pickup. I got out and hailed him, "How much do I owe you?"

He called back, "See Ed. He knows how much it is." I asked Ed. It was five dollars. I made out a check for \$17.50 for it and the gas. I drove around and parked on a side street not far from the corner. Then hiked down to the Ford garage.

Inside the only person in sight was a girl at a desk. She looked up and asked if she could help me. I asked if

John was in. He was not. He had gone to a funeral and wouldn't be back until the afternoon. I said, "I would like to order an Aerostar wagon."

She perked up and called for Mr. Marshal who came out from another room. Approaching the counter where I was standing he asked if he could help me. I told him about wanting to order an Aerostar, and that I had a list of options I would like on it. I handed him the list. He started to read it, then said, "Let's go into my office."

He got out a sheet of yellow-ruled-tablet paper, wrote my name, the date and my telephone number in the right-hand corner. Then started a list of items in a column down the right side of the paper.

Aerostar wagon	\$10682.00
Freight	450.00
Five passenger
Auto	607.00
Air cond	846.00
Limited slip R/A	248.00
Privacy glass	409.00
Block heater	33.00
Speed control/tilt	296.00
Supper cool radiator
HD battery
Rdo	100.00
	13671.00
Les no trade dis.	971.00
	12700.00
One title and lic	29.00
	12790.00
Light chestnut pt	
AK Light chestnut interior vin	

He said that the order goes in by computer, and when it enters the system it wouldn't be long before information would come back telling when the vehicle would be delivered in Burns. I could pay any time I wanted to.

I told him I wanted to make the payment before the end of December, or as soon as possible. He wondered why. Was it for tax purposes? I told it wasn't, but didn't give my reason. It was strange that anyone would want to get rid of his money in such a hurry.

When I made out the check I made some mistakes and made out a second one, and tore the first one up. When I had finished I said, "It takes the whole line."

He said, "You don't make out a check that big very often." How true. It was the largest check I ever wrote. Now I have the feeling I would like to write even larger ones.

I said, "I'll go over to the bank and transfer some money from my savings account to my checking account, so the check will be good right away."

He said, "If anything happens to you before delivery you will get your money back."

I said, "I'll get my money back if I'm dead?"

He said, "Your heirs will."

I went back to the truck. Mike was sitting behind the wheel. He asked, "Where's the keys?"

I dug them out of my pocket, gave them to him, and asked, "Do you want to go anywhere else here in town?"

He said, "No. I want to get out of here." I told him that I still had to go to the bank, and to the post office to mail the package.

I went to the bank, and transferred \$13,000 from my savings account to my checking account. Then went to the post office where I found out how much the insurance and postage would be. I wrote on the return slip that I wanted a full refund including the delivery charge of \$4, also the cost of the insurance and the return postage. I put the slip into the box and taped it shut.

Back at the truck I asked Mike if he wanted to drive home. That he did. After we left the city limits I relaxed and enjoyed the ride. I wasn't tired when we got home, not like I used to be when I drove both ways.

Mike did fine until he got to the point. There he took the upper road instead of going straight in. I said, "You're going the wrong way." I should have told him to stop because the upper road would be too muddy. He kept going and skidded off the road just above the dugout. We left the truck there and packed the stuff down to the dugout.

The ground froze a little that night. I had in mind going up there and back the truck up onto the road, but procrastinated. Carl came up. It was the first time we had seen him since he went elk hunting. I told him about the truck sliding off the road. I said, "I thought Mike would have it back on the road by the time I got over here from my bedroom."

Mike said, "I forgot all about the truck." He went up and began using the handy-man jack to swing the front end

down the hill so that it would line up with the first turn around. Carl was ready to go hunt chukars up on the meadow, and started walking out toward the point where he had parked his pickup. He looked up and saw Mike working with the jack. He said, "Maybe I should go up and help him, but I guess he is doing all right." He continued walking.

I went up to see if I could help, and got into an argument as to the easiest way to get the truck onto the road. I saw how futile it was to argue, and let him keep at it his way. It wasn't an easy job, but he got it done, and came down around the trailer house. I didn't even hear him start the motor.

24th

This morning the sky was clear and there was no wind. The low last night was 43. The high today was 59. This afternoon clouds came over and the wind blew. It got up to about 20 miles an hour by one o'clock. I checked the tires for air. The spare that I had put on was down to 20 pounds.

Thereafter, I put 50 pounds in all the tires, filled the tank with gas, and at 1:45 drove down to get the mail. A letter from the VA came. The form to fill out was much simpler than the first one.

I made out a check for the power tonight. It was \$51.36. I made another check out for the insurance on the '64 pickup, \$65.20.

25th

Last night was the coldest night this fall, down to 24. The high today was 44. It was a sunny day with little wind.

Last night I lay in bed and read until after midnight. I could feel the cold in my bedroom this morning. I thought the thermometer read 44, but I must have read it wrong, because I kept thinking I must be more sensitive to the cold. It didn't seem that warm. I didn't lose time getting dressed.

Saturday I shook out the rugs, and used the vacuum cleaner on the floor of my bedroom.

George called. Lois had gone to see Harry because he was having trouble with one of his legs. She doesn't trust the nurses out there to take care of him properly. George says next summer he will fly out to Portland and have Carollee meet him at the airport. That would be better than making the long drive out here and back.

I have all the data ready for filling out the form to re-apply for a VA pension. It asks for the amount of income last year, then the amount for this year, and then the estimated amount for next year. I was careful in adding up the figures because it is easy for me to make mistakes. To make sure of my estimated income for next year, I called up the Social Security office and found that the increase in payments would amount to 1.5 percent.

I made a pot of soup, and baked two loaves of bread.

26th

When I went to bed last night I started to read a story, but found that it lacked action and suspense. I gave up and went to sleep without any trouble, and did not lay awake much during the night.

I was over here this morning before 7:30. Mike was just starting a fire in the cook stove. After taking off my heavy overcoat, I went out and weighed myself. I had decided to keep my weight at 128 pounds. I was four pounds over. Thus I came inside, put on my overcoat, fastened the hood over my head, and took a hike down the road before breakfast.

For breakfast, I ate two slices of the bread I baked yesterday. I didn't turn on the electric heater because I planned to bake a pumpkin pie, and that would help keep the place warm.

Ellis called for me on the weather net. He was in Scio, and had a good signal. He was wondering about our weather, and again asked how the borax was recovered from the hot lake. He said that he had heard so many versions he was confused. He wondered if I could get the straight dope from Pat. When he takes people down there he would like to have some accurate answers if they ask questions.

On his way over from Scio he stopped in Bend at the Ford dealer, and learned that they wanted \$3,000 more for the Bronco than here in Burns. He had been thinking that the price would higher in Burns than in the larger towns.

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26

I made the pumpkin pie. Then filled out the VA form. Mike walked to the mailbox with it. I think he himself had a letter to one of those fund raisers, whom I call racketeers. While he was gone I printed out two long files and deleted them from the directory, thus making more room for more files.

30th

The high today was 40. The low last night was 20, and at 6 p.m. it was 29. It looks as though tonight will be cold again, as well as low temperatures tomorrow.

I've been splitting wood a couple hours a day for several days, and I'm doing better at it than I thought I could. I have enough wood in the house to last probably three days. I have been stoking the stove heavier than Mike did, and running the little electric heater more. I didn't turn it off today at all. It got up to 70 in spite of the cold weather. When the really cold weather comes I doubt that we can get the temperature that high unless we hook up another electric heater.

Yesterday I called Dora in order to keep in touch with someone in the area. Her grandchildren bought her a bus ticket so she could go back to Kansas to a family reunion. She said that Lani Davis' folks are having her and Ed, and Ed's brother and his wife over to Hawaii for Christmas.

This morning I talked with Ellis on the radio. He got back from Scio yesterday after spending Thanksgiving with

his son and family. For Christmas he will be with his sister in Arizona. I told him about Dora going to Kansas for Christmas, and about Lani going to Hawaii. He asked, "Where are you and Mike going for Christmas?"

I said, "I think we will go home"

George called this afternoon. Jim and Jill and their kids were there for Thanksgiving. The kids all had colds, and George and Lois both caught a cold from them. He says the kids don't eat enough to keep them healthy. Jim and Jill encourage them not to eat much, saying that they would rather see them skinny than have them run the risk of a heart attack later in life.

George remarked about how wonderful it was to be able to talk with us so far away. It makes it seem as though we are right there with him.

I called the Hawthornes yesterday. Catherine answered the phone. She sounded glad to hear me. They haven't traveled much in their motor home this year. The last time they used it they came out here. She said that Jean was getting very slow, and is stooped way over. She missed going down to the beach with the motor home. She called Jean to the phone. He said that John was there for Thanksgiving. John is looking for work and will try to get a job in Texas.

I felt better after talking with them. Mike doesn't seem to like to get on the phone. I think it would do him good to talk with old friends once in a while. He is not

feeling good, and with this cold weather he doesn't do much work outside. Today he lay in bed quite a bit. He lost his good pair of bug-eye glasses and cant read very well with the pair he has left. I am sure he doesn't control his blood sugar, but there's nothing I can say to him about it.

Thanksgiving morning early, I took a hike down the road. Coming back I noticed how quiet it was. There were no sounds of birds, or coyotes, no sound of cattle down in the meadows, or water running in Indian Creek. There was no sound of cars down on the county road, or aircraft anywhere. Once in a while a light puff of wind would make a swooshing sound in the sage brush. The wind would make a rumbling sound as it passed around my ears. The only other sound was of my footsteps on the packed earth of the wheel tracks.

I wondered if the Lord was causing this quiet condition to prevail so that he could listen to the multitude of Thanksgiving prayers, and all the other prayers emanating into the ether. I couldn't hear any prayers, but I could imagine groups of people praying together, and solitary figures praying alone. I decided to stop and listen. As soon as I stopped (I take the liberty to say) "lo and behold" far to the south the sound of a raven timidly inserted itself into the silence. I could not see the bird but the sound drifted south-eastward toward the flats, becoming fainter and fainter until I could hear it no longer.

I wondered about what kind of a prayer I could make besides a thankful one, a prayer for the good of the world? Of course, he has plans for the world already made. Then a prayer for myself to let Him know I am here? I should give thanks for my good health and my well being, and ask for it to continue that way. I should ask for a purpose in life, a goal to reach, something to give to the world.

These are common-place prayers, the kind people make every day. In a prayer in the Bible it says, "Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven." It seems that here we are telling God what to do. As I think about this, I see that it is in the context of a prayer, and means we are asking.

God has many helpers so that he can attend to each individual's prayer. Those helpers are our subconscious minds. The subconscious knows itself as YOU. When you pray it believes you are asking it to do something for you and it goes about watching for ways to answer your prayer.

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2

Ellis is getting ready to go south next week. Whenever he thinks of something he might need with him, he puts it into the Toyota camper or makes a note to check with later. I have been calling the camper a mini-motor home but, it actually is a camper.

This evening Carolee called. Mike's bank in Bend called her to say that Mike notified them that he lost a check book. They are putting a stop on all the checks with the numbers in that book. I told her that Mike found the check book. She said that if he has written any checks in the book there will be some surprised people. Also the bank will make a \$5 charge for every check that is stopped. Mike says he hasn't made out any checks in that book. Carolee is going to the bank tomorrow and have them re-call the stop order.

I made a pot of vegetable soup today and added macaroni to it. I was planning to bake an apple pie but never got around to it. I also thought of baking some bread, but faltered on that score.

On the first net tonight I could hardly hear anyone, but did hear Lion, the net control, very faintly. I checked in under Andrews, but I don't think he heard me. Much later I heard Frank, W7GVD, tell Lion that I had checked in. I couldn't hear the second net at all.

18th

The fair days ended with heavy fog that froze over everything. If this keeps up we won't need snow for a while

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3

Christmas. The temperature got down to 13 above night before last, and down to 15 above last night. This afternoon, when I was coming back up the road on my walk, the fog turned into snow. By the time I reached the dugout the snow was one inch deep. It quit snowing at 5:30 leaving about two inches of loose dry snow. The rain gage showed .15 inches of precipitation. That seemed to be the end of the fog and snow.

The high today was 22, and at 6 p.m. it was 21. Now, at nine, the moon is shining through a hole in scattered clouds. I had a hot fire in the stove, and the electric heater going steady, but the temperature didn't get up to 66 until late in the afternoon. That was as warm as it got in here today.

19th

The high today was 32. The low last night was 19, and at 6 it was 26. When I came into the dugout it was 58 in here. With the electric heater on and a hot fire in the stove the temperature got up to 66 by eleven o'clock. Now at 7:30 it is 68. I turned off the electric heater, but am keeping a good fire going.

Shortly after I typed the above I went outside and found it was snowing. The temperature was back to 29.

On the fifth of this month we went to Burns and got a good supply of groceries. One of the clerks in Safeway said that they had fifty-pound sacks of bulk sugar at 38 cents a pound. I told him I would take two sacks. He went into the

back room to get them, and found that they were all out. He would have some the following week.

Over the weekend I thought about the sugar, and also about the planer ends that the mill had advertised for sale at \$22.50 a pallet. Monday morning I talked with Ellis on the radio. He was all ready to head south for the winter. I asked him if he knew if the mill still had the planer ends for sale. He didn't know, but he called the mill and found that they still had them.

Tuesday evening I told Mike I was going into town the next day for the bulk sugar and a load of wood at the mill. I was surprised that he would go with me, because it was such a short time since we had been in town. Wednesday morning, the 10th, we got an early start. It was a bright day, and we had to fight the sun in our eyes going down the hill and as far as the highway.

We stopped at the bank first where I cashed the \$73.32 check from the power company. Then went to the Safeway store. I laid my check book in a shopping cart reminding myself to keep my eye on it while shopping. I found a clerk and asked about the sugar. She would look to see if it was in. I had turned around to speak to her, and when I turned back to get the cart, it was gone.

I hadn't picked up any groceries yet so the cart was empty. I wondered if I had walked away from it farther than I thought. A search in two directions brought no results. I

told a clerk at the check-out counter about losing the cart with my checkbook. I went around through the store looking at shopping carts that customers were using but saw no sign of the checkbook.

I bought some bananas, a tube of Crazy glue, and a couple jugs of distilled water. I told the girl at the counter that I hadn't found the check book. It hadn't shown up at the office. She said, "Maybe you should put a stop payment on the checks in that book."

When I told Mike I was going to the bank to put a stop-payment order on the checks, He said, "Why? Did you have some blank checks signed in the book?"

I said, "You put a stop payment on the checks in the book you lost. Did you have blank checks signed in it?"

He said, "No."

At the bank I told the teller about losing my check-book. She asked, "What is your name?" I told her and she said, "A young couple brought it in just a while ago." They had already left. It was a relief to get the book back. I wondered why they hadn't turned it in at the Safeway office.

We drove out to the mill to see about the wood. We stopped at the building where the main office of the Hines Lumber Company used to be. A woman at a desk gave me directions on how to get to the place where I could apply for the wood. She said something about "The tarping area" which had no meaning to me.

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6

Remembering her instructions as best I could, I drove back toward town passed several roads that turned off toward the mill yard. I kept going, and began to wonder if I had passed up the road I should take. Finally I came to a paved road that went off to the right, and guessed it was the right one.

It is hard to describe the feeling while driving in an unfamiliar area trying to follow verbal instructions that had seemed so vague at the time they were given. It was like acting right off the top of your head without taking time to think.

Down this road about a half mile there was a turn to the right that headed us toward the mill yard. Another half mile brought us to a guard house at an intersection. I turned to the right because it brought us closer to the guard house. The guard came out, and I told him about wanting to get a pallet of wood. He said, "There's free wood over the other side of that fence." He pointed in the direction the other road went.

I could see that the wood consisted of long thin pieces and would be hard to load into the pickup and get a decent load. I said, "I would like to try out one of those pallets of wood."

Now I got another earful of directions telling me how to get to the office. I drove off in the direction he indicated, passing an area where pallets of wood were standing. Then went through a large vacant area where a big sign said,

"Tarping Area". I came to a section where cars were parked in small lots that were fenced off by logs lying along the sides. I parked in one of these lots, and started looking on foot for the building the office was in.

There were several large buildings around. I could hear the sound of machinery running in them. Here and there were small doors, and once in a while a large door that would be for trucks. There were no signs on any of them to indicate what was inside. I was heading in the direction I'd been told to go, and began to feel that I had gone too far.

I looked in all directions to spot someone who could tell me where the office was. Way back in the tarping area a couple guys were working on a hoister, otherwise there was no one in sight. Then I saw a man walking rapidly across an open space near by. I walked in a line to intercept his path, and when we got close, I asked him, "Do you know where the office is where you sign up for wood pallets?"

He turned and pointed in the direction I had come saying, "See that yellow building? Go in one of the doors and up a flight of stairs. The office is at the top. Go in and ask for--." He gave me a name which I immediately forgot.

There were several yellowish looking buildings back that way. I said, "That one passed the red tower?"

He said, "Yes. One of the doors is on the right side." It was quite a way over to it and I had go through some

and I had already counted it out and had it in my jacket pocket. I handed her the money and waited for a receipt or a piece of paper that would authorize me to take the wood out of the yard. All she said was, "Go out where the wood is stacked on pallets. I will send a man with a hoister to load one for you."

I went out to the pickup. Mike was eating his lunch. It didn't take long to drive over to the pallets. I parked on a corner of the road where I was out of the way of any big trucks traveling through the yard. We waited and waited. I decided that I would have to go back to the office and find out what had happened. I left Mike there with the truck and walked back.

The girl seemed surprised that the hoister hadn't loaded the wood for me. She called to one of the men sitting in the front, telling him to call George on the phone and see if he can get someone to load the pallet of wood. She said to me, "I guess he forgot to do it before."

While I was walking back to the truck, I saw a man in the distance moving around a hoister. I thought he was probably going to start it up. Back at the truck we didn't have to wait long before the hoister showed up. The man asked, "Which pallet do you want?"

I said, "I guess it doesn't make much difference. This one right here is handy." He hoisted that one up and maneuvered around into a position for loading it into the truck.

Another man was with him, and he watched the load as it entered the truck making sure it was between the wheel wells. He let the load down, but it was too far back. I couldn't even get the tailgate closed. I told him I would like to have it farther forward. He pushed it ahead. I was only interesting in being able to close the tailgate. In the end it wasn't as far toward the front as it should have been. Later Mike complained about the load being too far back. The spare wheels and the cooler were in front of the wood.

I stopped at the service station before we left town. The attendant ask where I got the wood. I told him, and how much it cost, and that I thought it was half a cord. He brought a tape measure out and measured the load. It was four by four by four. He said, "That's a good buy."

We made it home in good time. Mike was tired and lay down for a rest. After a bite to eat, I went out and using a hatchet cut the strapping that held the wood together. Then began unloading. Using the wheelbarrow I took the wood around to the tin building and started stacking it in front of the door. Mike came and helped, and then cut the two foot long pieces in two with the radial-arm saw. I was glad to start using it in the stove in order to burn out the soot made by the old creosoted ties. We finished unloading the next day.