

January, 1987

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3rd

On the 1st of the month we had 7 inches of snow giving us an accumulation of 9 inches. The 2nd was a warm day. It melted the snow down to 6 inches. This morning, from a low of 32 during the night, the temperature got up to 40 before daylight. That lowered the snow to 5 inches, and by seven this evening it was down to 4 inches.

Thursday afternoon I drove out to the point to break a track in the snow. I was thinking that if we had more snow it would be good if we had the wheel tracks started. Even then it was snowing, and I had to use the windshield wipers. The rear-view mirrors got wet making it hard to see the tracks I had made. I started backing down to the dugout and had to open the door and lean out to look behind, but still couldn't see the wheel tracks and had a hard time keeping on the road. I stopped several times to drive forward to get a new start.

Yesterday the paths were all filled with ice. I shoveled up buckets of sawdust and sprinkled sawdust on the paths. Also sprinkled the dust on the left-side-wheel track all the way to the point. The dark sawdust on the snow would enable me to see how to back the pickup down here when I came back with the mail.

In the afternoon I headed down for the mail wondering if the wheels would spin in the wet snow. I wouldn't mind walking part of the way back, but was worried about starting the motor in the morning if I had to leave the pickup on the hill. The motor has been hard to start on these cold morn-

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ings. It seems the choke isn't working right, or for some reason the gas isn't getting to the carburetor to begin with. That isn't the only trouble. The battery doesn't hold up under heavy cranking. I'm afraid it is getting too old. I've had to put the charger on it several times lately to get the motor started in the mornings.

The depth of the snow had lowered so much the going was quite good. Coming back up I had no trouble with the wheels slipping in the wet snow. The sawdust in the wheel track made it easy to see the road while backing down here.

I've been cutting wood every day keeping a good supply in the house. That first pallet is nearly all used up. I believe that by the time it is gone it will have supplied us with wood for 28 days. At that rate the other two pallets should last us into March. Then the weather should be pretty good and we can get another pallet.

Carl Thomas is back, and has been up several times. He borrowed a piece of TV-lead-in wire. He put up another antenna above the old one and then hooked the two together. It didn't help the reception.

7th

The high today was 30. The low last night was 15, and at 6 p.m. it was 21. The sky was clear most of the day, but it clouded up this afternoon. There was no wind.

Monday I started a letter to Phil, but didn't get it finished by mail time. Today I worked on it again and had it

finished by noon. The composition "The Night Before Christmas" that Linda sent me and I had copied onto a disk for more printouts, needed some typing errors corrected. When I had corrected the errors, I printed a copy to put into Phil's letter.

Around ten o'clock Dunsmore called and told us that the power would be off from one o'clock until two. The pickup motor was starting hard in the mornings. I went out to see if I could do something with the choke, and get the motor started before the power went off. I would probably need to use the battery charger.

I adjusted the front vacuum brake so that it wouldn't open the choke valve as far as it has been doing. I thought it might be opening too far before the motor got started. It didn't help I had to put the charger onto the battery. After the motor started it didn't idle good. I readjusted the vacuum brake, and it idled Okay.

The power came on before I went down for the mail. The wheel tracks were solid ice, but I had no trouble. I kept watch for Carl because he usually brought up the mail. While I was going down the last steep grade I saw the two graders stopped by the mailboxes. A pickup was parked at the exit to our road. I could see three men standing by the graders talking. I guessed that two of them were Bill and Pete. The other must have been from the pickup.

I stopped and got out with the letter to Phil. As I walked around the pickup that was parked there, I recognized that it was Carl Thomas' Luv-Chevrolet pickup. As I came near, Carl said, "Here's the TV man now. He gets good pictures up at his place. I guess it's because of the high elevation."

I knew then that they must have been talking about TV reception. I said, "Well, the trouble at Carl's place is that he gets reflections from the mountains at different angles. The echoes interfere with the signals coming from the translator. He can turn the antenna for good reception from one station, but the others have interference."

Bill was worried about one of the graders. When he was traveling along the road the transmission made a terrible noise in the intermediate speed. In the high speeds and low speeds it was all right. If the grader quit on them they would be greatly handicapped in the road work. The only time they used the intermediate range was when they were traveling without using the blade. Today they didn't have their truck with them so would be traveling home with the grader, and then they would shift through the sixth gear.

8th

The high yesterday was 30. The low last night was 10, and at eight this morning it was 16. There was heavy fog and no wind.

Today my Aerostar is supposed to arrive in Burns. They are going to call me when it get there, but I'm not holding my breath waiting for the call. I think it will be next week.

Last Monday, for the first day in a week, Mike got out doors. He cut some wood. I noticed he had more trouble with the saw getting stuck than I did. I had learned to control the saw so that it would not grab the stick. He is carrying the wood from the big pile into the tin building to be cut. This is new for him. He used to always put it into the wheelbarrow.

The cold air keeps him inside even when the wind isn't blowing. He wears extra socks with the insulated boots, but still his feet are cold. At the rate he is failing since last year at this time, I wonder how much longer we will be here. Maybe we would be better off renting a small place in Burns.

Once, when Mike came into the dugout, I asked, "Are your feet cold?"

He said, "No, but they're getting cold. My hands are like ice, and my nose is about to drop off."

9th

The low last night was 13. The high was 21, and at 6 p.m. it was 18. The air was calm, and there was fog most of the day.

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At mail time I planned to drive down for the mail, because I thought Carl would be helping Bill with the translator. I drove out to the point and was about to drive down the hill, but saw Carl getting out of his pickup a short distance down the road. His wheels had spun out. He walked up to where I was with the mail sack. I looked the mail over to see if he had some. There was none for him.

I said, "If you could get your wheels out of the icy wheel tracks and over into the snow. You could probably make it on up. He went down and tried a few times to move out of the wheel tracks, but the wheels would just spin. I believe he was reluctant to drive near the upper bank because there was a ditch there. He got out and walked along the edge of the bank to test the ground. The ditch was too shallow to be a problem. He got back into the truck and backed down the hill and was able to put the wheels where there was snow. Then came right up without any trouble. Up at the top he could turn around without getting stuck in the snow.

Still no letter from the VA in answer to my application for a pension. I had thought there would be a check for me at the first of the month. I don't know how long it was before the first check came after my application in December of '74. If I don't get a check by February, I'll call them.
10th

The high today was 27. The low last night was 13, and at 6 p.m. it was 18. There was fog this morning, and no wind. The sun came out around noon.

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At one o'clock I walked half way down the road. The wheel tracks were too slippery with solid ice to walk in them. I kept to the center of the road where the snow made easier walking. The old frozen foot prints made it a little rough. Coming back I could walk in the wheel tracks, because up hill your feet have less tendency to slip.

I would have walked farther but I wanted to get back before the fire went out. Mike was reading a book and wouldn't notice that the stove needed wood.

George called this evening. The temperature got up to 75 down there today. It was warmer than during the last week. He says that a neighbor has orange and lemon trees that have loads of fruit. The limbs are bending nearly to the ground. The neighbor says to George, "Pick all you want." With the type of juice maker that George has it doesn't take him long to fill a gallon jug full of orange juice.

As to when Dot and Grey were out to visit us here, George and Lois talked it over and remembered that they flew to California several year ago. Clarence drove them up here and they were here only a few hours. That is why I couldn't remember their visit.

Harry had quite a time last week. He was eating dinner and choked on a piece of meat. They had a struggle getting the meat dislodged. Then they called an ambulance to take him to a hospital. There it was found that he had pneumonia,

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and they kept him in bed for several days. If it hadn't been for the choking the pneumonia might not have been noticed until it was too late to save him.

George's greatest recreation is shopping in grocery stores. He goes from one to another looking for something special. He goes nearly every day.

Tonight on the OEN I heard Ellis check in. I called for a contact because I could hear him clearly. Most of the time since he went south I could make out his voice but not what he said. He is going to start traveling east through the south. I guess he won't be going very far east, because he said he thought he would be back up here in three or four weeks. He said that he ran into June down there. I didn't know that she was in the van with him until I heard her say, "Hello." Then Ellis said that if June's daughter should call me to get word to her mother I should get in contact with him and he would get in touch with June.

11th

The high today was 30. The low last night was 12, and the temperature at 6 p.m. was 21. The sun shown all day and there was no wind. It was a nice day. I walked down the road to the place where the tractor road cuts off toward the gate. I had to be careful about slipping the same as yesterday. I made the round trip in one hour and twenty minutes.

I kept the stove fired up and with the little electric heater running, the temperature got up to 69 degrees this evening.

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I did spelling checks on two files , and printed them the. Then deleted them from the directory to make room for more files. Before going for my walk I carried wood into the tin building from the big pile. Tomorrow I will saw some of it, and bring it into the dugout. Mike has remarked that the pile of wood in here is getting low, but thought it would last another day. I think it will last two at least.

12th

High 45, low 16. At 6 p.m. it was 39. There were scattered clouds most of the day, and strong winds this evening.

This morning, just after nine, the phone rang. I was sure it was the Ford garage and it was. Ted said that the Aerostar had arrived, and they were cleaning it. They would have it ready for me this afternoon. I told him I would be in later in the week.

I drove down to get the mail and met Carl on the hill above the gate coming up with it. He was riding his motorcycle. I looked the mail over. There was none for him. I asked him, "Are you ready to go to town tomorrow?"

He said, "Well, I guess I could be ready." Then I told him I would be getting a new vehicle, so would like to have him take me in his pickup. We agreed to meet at his place. I would drive down in the morning. If the road up the hill looked to be in too bad a shape for the Aerostar to make it, I would leave it at his place.

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Weather for the last four days.

Jan. 13, 39- 16 -26.

Jan. 14, 33- 20- 23, 0.13 inches of precip. 1.3 inches of new snow with 5" on the ground.

Jan. 15, 25- 7- 22, 5" on ground.

Jan. 16, 28- 9- 24, 5" on ground.

17th

High 35, Low 15, and at 8 a.m. 21, clear and calm.

During the low temperatures I kept the stove poked full of wood, and by one o'clock the temperature in here was up to 68. The wood pile was going down very fast. and it makes me wonder if it will last past the middle of February.

Well, on the 13t, early in the morning, I was ready to go to town. Mike didn't want to go because it was too cold for him. I drove down to Carl's, transferred the one cooler, I brought down, into his pickup, and rode to Burns with him. When I got in I was glad I was wearing my jacket. His heater didn't put out much heat, even on the high setting. Carl was dressed warm enough so that he turned the heater down to the low setting before we got to Mann Lake. He turned it up to high while we were going over the Cold-Spring Summit, then back down again on the other side.

At the time we started, snow showers were threatening. In places there was snow on the road. West of the summit there was lots of clear sky. In Burns it was cold with a little wind, but there was bright sunshine.

I had told Carl that I was planning to buy a new vehicle, and that I had my eye on the Ford Aerostar over other mini vans I had looked at. We stopped at the Ford garage the first thing. The display room looked bare because the Ranger

that had been sitting there was gone. They had a fire going in the big fireplace which was the only source of heat for the whole office section.

Ted was standing in front of the fire talking with some people. He saw me and came over to greet me. Shaking my hand he said, "We have your Aerostar back in the garage all ready to go. I'll bring it up front so you can look at it." Carl and I followed him toward the back of the garage. It was parked behind a pickup that Ted had to move out of the way. While he was doing that we looked the van over from the outside.

Carl said, "I like the color. It has nice lines. It's a good looking vehicle." The color was all right, but it wasn't what I had expected it to be. I thought I had picked out a silver grey. This had a yellowish sheen to it.

Later Ted said, "When you get out in the sagebrush country, you won't be able to see it, because the fields are the same color." He drove it up to the front. I opened the side-sliding door and got in. I tried out the back seat which seemed to be higher than the front seats. Then got down and sat in the drivers seat. A bell was ringing. Ted showed me how to take out the ignition key. With the door open the bell would ring as long as the key was in. That was to remind you not to leave the key in when you left the van.

The garage was so cold I was shivering and shaking all over. Ted wanted me to sign some papers. We went into the

lobby. I was able to control my shaking long enough to sign my name. Then went over and stood in front of the fire. One of the garage men came in with a couple of logs and threw them on the fire. I said, "That's a waste of wood."

He said, "It sure is. It goes up in smoke."

I asked, "You don't have any heat for the garage?"

He answered, "No. With it cold in there the men keep busy just to stay warm."

Carl and I discussed the need for regular sized spares. I thought I should have two, but Carl suggested one, which with the toy spare would be enough. Ted had one of the clerks order a regular spare. Ted said, "I'll take the van out and fill the tank. Then you'll be ready to go."

When he had filled the tank he called me out to show me the lever at the side of the driver's seat that opens the door to the gas cap. While I was out there I mentioned to him that I might want to install a two-meter transmitter, and wondered where to put the antenna. He suggested that it could go at the outer end of bumper where the tilt door would miss it when it was opened. He said, "The license plates and the spare wheel will be here in about two weeks."

I told him I would be back by then. I said to Carl, "I'll drive down to the Safeway store."

He said, "Okay. I'll follow you."

At Safeway's I got the two 50 lb. sacks of sugar, and enough other groceries to fill the cart. The girl at the

checkout counter said, "You finally came to get your sugar." I told her that I only come to town once a month. I put the groceries into the van. Then went back to get fifteen jugs of distilled water, and a few other items. Carl came around where I was getting some other groceries.

He said, "You must be getting a lot of groceries. This is your second time around. I told him that this time I was getting distilled water.

Out at the van again I had to move the sugar to make room for the water. There was plenty of space for everything. Carl said, "The door sure makes a big opening. I guess we're ready to go home now."

"There's one more thing. I have to get stamps at the post office." I parked near the post office and went in and got the stamps, then took off for home. We got out of town in good time, but I forgot to cash my Social Security check.

When we were out on the highway, I experimented with the cruise control. I set the speed for 57 miles an hour. It held that speed without a waver. I had expected the speedometer needle to move a little. The slightest touch on the brake peddle would cut the control out, and you would slow down. Touching the resume button would put it back in and you would go back to the set speed. Carl stayed far behind, which gave me time to try out different speeds. Before I got to the tree I set it at 50 to give Carl a chance to catch up before I stopped.

The first thing he said was, "Did it get hot?", and seemed surprised that it didn't. The gage showed the temperature quite cool. I was plenty warm though. I hadn't taken my jacket off, and the sun shining in the windshield made it warm. Later, after I had removed my jacket, I figured out how the heat control worked. When we got going again. I was able to adjust the temperature up or down as needed.

The ride was much smoother than the truck. Those wavy places in the pavement west of Crane were not felt. In those places the big truck would heave so much I would have to slow down. It smoothed out the bumps on the gravel road also. I can imagine what a beating the tires take. I set the cruise control at 50. However, next time on the gravel road I will set it at 45, the speed I try to maintain with the big truck.

At Carl's place we transferred the stuff from his pickup to mine, and I parked the van beside his Mazda. I said to Carl, "I'll see you tomorrow."

The road going up the hill was a little soft in some places, but not too bad. I made it up the steep grade near the top fine, even though the wheel tracks were solid ice.

I got all the stuff unloaded before I sat down to eat. I was pretty hungry because I hadn't eaten since morning. When I left this morning Mike was doing out a washing. Now he was hanging out clothes. He must have had several washes. I think he had tried to use the dryer, but couldn't make it

work. I always have to reach behind the dryer and give the belt a push at the same time hold down the start button. Some things had been removed from the top.

I was in a rather tense frame of mind, and didn't feel like working with the computer.

19th

The high today was 33. The low last night was 21. At 6 p.m. it was 20. The sky was clear all day, and there were heavy winds at times.

I took a walk this afternoon. The wind was blowing from the east. The temperature was 28, but seemed colder because of the wind. I wore my big overcoat on top of my jacket. With the hood up on the big coat I wasn't too warm. I walked out in the sagebrush where there wasn't any danger of slipping on the ice.

Thursday I baked an applesauce cake. It came out drier than I had expected. I decided that the next time I would use molasses besides sugar, and I would make the batter thinner.

Friday morning I baked two loaves of raisin bread. It turned out to be the kind that one slice calls for another.

I drove down for the mail in the afternoon, hoping I would get to the mailbox before Carl came up with the sack. I wanted to go over to his place and look at the van. He didn't show up at the mailbox, so I drove over to his place. All his vehicles were in the yard, but the place seemed

deserted. I thought he may have gone somewhere on his motorcycle, so I sat in the pickup reading a letter from Phil. After a while Carl came out. He said, "I thought I heard a vehicle drive up."

I said, "I didn't think you were home." I got out. We talked about the weather. I wanted to look at the van. I started over to it saying, "You mentioned that the valve stem in one of the wheels wasn't out where you could get to it. I'll tell them about it at the garage." The one he had mentioned was on the left front wheel. We looked at all the others. They were all right, then I looked at the one on the left front wheel. It was the same as the others.

Carl said, "I could swear it was down inside the hubcap where you couldn't reach it."

I said, "The way the snow is on the road now I think I might be able to drive it up the hill. I'll leave it here, and we can drive the pickup down here and leave it when we take the van to town."

He said, "Yes. You can leave the van here as long as you want to. I thought Carl Hair would drop by before now. I was going to tell him that this is my new Volks Wagen."

21st

High 37, low 18, and at 6 p.m. it was 28. It was clear all day and very little wind.

When I went to get the mail I drove to the top of the hill above the gate, turned the pickup around and parked it

in the road. I walked on down to the mailbox, thus getting my exercise walking on bare ground which was better than walking on the icy road at the upper end of the road.

As I walked down the last steep grade I could see someone at the hot spring. I thought it might be Carl, but the pickup parked near the fence didn't quite look like his, so I wasn't sure. The mailman hadn't arrived yet. In the mail sack that I brought down with me there was a catalog that should have gone to the schoolhouse. I put the sack into the box on this side of the road. Then walked up through the sagebrush looking for arrowheads.

I climbed up the side of the hill, and, seeing a good place to sit down next to a June-Berry bush, I decided to watch for the mailman from there. Whoever was at the hot spring was now out of sight.

In about ten minutes the mail truck showed up, stopped at the box, and then drove on. As I was climbing down the side hill, I heard the truck near the fence start up. I moved out toward the mailbox. Now I could get a good look at the truck and saw that it was Carl's. He took the mail sack out of the box, then backed up so that he could turn to come onto our road. I hurried to get to the road in time to intercept him.

He saw me, stopped and got out as I came up. He said, "It looks like you decided to walk down this time. I was over cleaning the tanks while I was waiting for the mail.

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18th

Then came over to this side of the road and sat watching for the truck." Apparently he hadn't seen me when I came down.

I said, "I walked down to get the exercise. I saw your truck, but wasn't sure it was yours." He handed me the mail sack. I found that it had nothing but a few pieces of junk mail. There was nothing for Carl.

I said, "I thought you were going to town today for a load of wood."

He, "Well, Hair decided to wait until tomorrow, because he wanted to see what was in the mail today."

I gave him directions on how to find the office where he could apply for the wood. He said that he thought he could find it all right. He said, "I'm going over to take a bath while the tanks are clean. Would you like me to drive you up the hill? I've plenty of time."

"No. I want the exercise." I said, but didn't tell him the pickup was parked partway down the hill, and I wouldn't have to walk the whole distance.

Back up here Mike was surprised that there was mail, and apparently didn't know I had gone. I said, "There's only a few pieces of junk mail."

He said, "That's good." He took the mail back to his office. It's the political stuff that he eats up.

22nd

High 31, low 17, and at 6 p.m. it was 27. The sun shown most of the morning. In the afternoon the clouds became

quite heavy, but not heavy enough to indicate snow or rain. I would like to see a warm rain to get rid of the ice.

Around one o'clock I drove the truck down to the head of the lower draw, turned it around and parked it in the road, then walked down passed the gate. Thus again I could hike without fear of slipping.

This brings up a good time to tell about why I am extra careful when it comes to slippery ice. Last week I started walking down the hill for my usual exercise. A trace of snow had fallen on the icy-wheel tracks. Such snow on top of ice usually gives better traction for your shoes. I had just gone over the brow of the hill, stepping out and feeling pretty safe. Then my feet slipped on the ice. I went down so fast I had no time to even think of catching my balance. The back of my head hit the solid ice so hard I thought I would pass out. I rolled up onto my left elbow, and rubbed the bruised spot on the back of my head until the pain subsided a little. It seemed as though I lay there about five minutes.

I was slow getting to my feet, because I felt lame all over. I carefully made my way to the dugout and lay on the cot for a while. I found that my neck muscles were sore, and there were other sore spots. One was a knee bone that I didn't feel until the next day. I decided I didn't want another fall like that.

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23rd

High 38, low 23, and at 6 p.m. it was 36. It began snowing lightly around 8:30. It soon quit so we got only a trace.

Monday I baked another apple-sauce cake increasing the ingredients by half a measure so that there would be enough batter to fill the large cake pan. Also doubled the amount of raisins. This time the cake was not dry, and the extra raisins improved the flavor. By Thursday it was all gone.

Tuesday I baked two loaves of raisin bread using four tablespoons of molasses and a larger amount of raisins. It turned out really good, but I think I could use less raisins. There is only one-fourth of a loaf left tonight.

I drove down early to get the mail because I wanted to be there before Carl came up with it. Going down the lower grade I saw Carl's pickup parked by the fence near the hot spring. I stopped back from the intersection. It was not yet one-thirty. In about ten minutes I heard Carl start his motor. He drove over onto our road and parked off the road in front of me. He got out and came over to sit in the cab of the pickup while we waited for the mail.

He and Carl Hair got the pallet of wood from the mill, but they had to load it by hand. They use the hoister to load the wood for you only on Tuesdays now. After he unloaded it at home he covered it with a tarp. He said it made a good sized pile.

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As soon as the mail came we drove over to his place. We got into the van. I especially wanted to see if I could turn the headlights back and forth from low beam to high beam. The other day I was able to turn on the high beam by pulling the lever toward me, but as soon as I released the lever it went back to low beam. I tried to get it to stay on high beam but couldn't do it. I did find that the bell would ring if I got out and closed the door with the lights on.

26th

The low last night was 38, but the ground froze. It must have been because the air was dry, and the evaporation of the water acted as a coolant. At eight o'clock the temperature was 41. The high today was 54. Three degrees higher than yesterday. There wasn't much water coming out of the snow. It was drying out nearly as fast as it melted. There was less water running down the wheel tracks than yesterday. There was bright sunshine all day with occasional gusts of wind.

I drove down early to get the mail. The mailman was late again. I parked up the road a short distance from the mailbox. Carl came up on his small motorcycle, and stopped by the pickup. Then came around and sat in the cab. After waiting half an hour, Carl decided to go home and wait for me there. It was another fifteen minutes before the mail arrived. There was a birthday card for Mike from George, and

a bunch of junk mail. There was no mail for Carl. I sent out the check for the power, and a tape to Oma from Carl.

At Carl's, I inspected the van and left some of the literature that came with it under the passenger seat. Carl had the little-utility trailer hooked up to the Luv pickup. The trailer looked too small to haul two pallets of wood. I asked him if he thought it would carry two pallets. He said, "I'm going to get only one, after all. With two the load would come out passed the tailgate."

I was about ready to come back up here, but Larry, and Cactus showed up. We talked for a while. Then Larry and Carl loaded some big chunks of wood that Carl couldn't split for cook-stove wood, into Larry's pickup. They would go into the big heater that Larry has.

Then Carl said to them, "Did you notice my new Volks-Wagen bus?" He pointed at the Aerostar.

Cactus asked, "Did you bring it up from Coos Bay?"

Carl said, "It's not mine. It's Jim's." They went over to look closer.

Cactus said, "That's new. It must have cost about \$8,000." I made no comment on the cost, but opened the sliding-side door, and then the back door.

Larry said, "There's lots of room in there. You could make a bed. It sure is a fine rig."

Last night the temperature got down to 32. A strong gusty wind blew, and there was a trace of snow on top of the ice this morning. I took a walk down the road in my big coat with the hood over my head and felt quite comfortable. The light snow was melting, and although the footing was good, mud collected on the soles of my shoes.

Back inside the dugout I started cleaning the mud off my shoes with a broom. The storm door swung open. I thought it strange because I thought I had closed it tight. Then I saw Carl pushing on the inside door. I stepped aside. He came in and asked, "Where did you get all the mud on your shoes?"

I said, "I took a walk down the road. The trace of snow melted and made the surface muddy. The ground underneath was still frozen."

He was looking for a small pulley to make a rope starter for a small AC generator. The ratchet mechanism on the old starter had worn out. We went out to the furnace room and searched for one, but we couldn't find any. He thought there might be one on an old washing machine at his place. I said, "I'll go down with you and drive the Aerostar back up. The road looks pretty good now.

At his place we looked at the washing machine. There was a pulley on it that he thought would work. I thought it was too large. The wind made it so cold and uncomfortable he decided to wait for a warmer day to work on it.

We went over and got into the Aerostar. I turned the key far enough to start the clock. It was about eleven minutes fast. Remembering the instructions in the book I set it with my watch which had the right time. Then I turned the key to start the motor. It started on the instant the key reached the start position. I released the key immediately. I think Carl wasn't sure the motor was running. He said, "It started good even after sitting here such a long time."

I let the motor run for a while, then said, "Well, I guess it's run long enough. I think I'll start for home."

He got out and said, "I'll see you at mail time."

On the county road I set the cruise control at 43 miles an hour, mainly for practice. It worked fine. Coming up the hill I left the gear shift in second which would give it the right amount of power for the hill. I parked out at the point near the tractor. Walking down from the point I could well believe the chill factor brought the temperature down to fifteen degrees.

Later I told Mike I thought I would go to town tomorrow. He couldn't think of anything we needed in town. Then asked, "What do you want to go to town after?"

I said, "That's a good question." Then, after a pause. "I want to get a wheel for that car."

He exclaimed, "What car?"

The one that's sitting out there on the point." He didn't say anything, but soon put on his cap and jacket and went out the door. I saw him head out toward the point.

When he came back he said nothing. I asked him, "Did you see it."

"Yes." He said. Then remarked, "Carl says there is nothing wrong with it except the motor doesn't run."

I wondered what made him think such a thing. Then I remembered Mike was sleeping when Carl came in. Carl had said that he couldn't start the motor on the AC generator because the rope starter was broken. Mike must have heard that part of our conversation.

March, 1987

1

1st

The low last night was forty, and it is forty-eight now at ten-thirty. There are some clouds, but there's mostly sunshine.

I woke up around twelve-thirty this morning and lay awake until after four-thirty. I was going through the same old rigmarole of thinking about the same thing over and over. Then began thinking about what I should write in my diary.

I came to this conclusion:- I have to face up to what lies ahead. I doubt that we will be here longer than two more years-- one, most likely. The prospect of putting in another winter leaves me apathetic. Mike's health is failing fast. I only judge from appearances. He walks at a slow pace. His heels scrape the floor at every step. His voice is weak sounding like a person who is sick. He is always cold, and bundles up in layers of winter underwear, and other insulating clothing.

You cannot carry on a conversation with him, and you have no idea about what he is thinking. An inkling of what goes through his mind came about from an incident at the bank:- one morning, while we were getting ready to go to Burns, I asked him if he had a list, and did he have his checks. He said, "No. I don't have a list, and I cant find my checks."

I asked, "Both of them?"

"Yes. Both of them."

March, 1987

2

I couldn't believe it. Two weeks earlier I had found one that had been lost since December. I thought he would put it with the rest of his checks. If he didn't know where they were, there was no use of me looking for them.

Carl went with us in the Aerostar. We got into town before the bank opened, but we could cash our checks at the drive-up window. Carl cashed his check first, then Mike cashed a VA check. (I was surprised to see him cashing a check after his saying that he couldn't fine them.) I was last. While the girl was counting out the three-hundred dollars, Mike climbed up on the concrete close to the window. After she put the money into the tray, Mike called out, "What's the name on that check?"

She was taken aback, but said, "Why do you want to know the name?"

He called out even louder, "I want to know the name on that check."

She didn't have to tell him, but, after a short hesitation, she said, "Jim Weston."

Mike still wasn't satisfied. I said to him, "You don't get three-hundred dollar checks. Your social-security checks go directly to the bank."

He said, "I could get a three-hundred dollar check. I'm not getting all my checks."

Later I said, "I wouldn't take your checks, Mike." He thinks I'm stealing his checks. I was upset, sorry, and somewhat ashamed to hear him talking this way.

March 1987

3

When he loses things, he will say, "Someone took it."

I would say, "Who would take it?"

"I know who took it."

"Who?"

"You."

4th

I had been planning to go to town for a load of wood. Yesterday morning I made contact with Ellis on the radio before eight o'clock; told him I would be in town and would be over to see him. Mike was eating breakfast at the table instead of in his office. Since he had been so emphatic about not going with me, I asked if there was anything special that he needed from Burns. He said, "Just hold your horses. I'm going with you."

I said, "There's plenty of time. I'll go out and start the motor." I carried my lunch, and my work jacket out to the pickup. The motor started readily enough. I thought of backing the pickup down to the dugout while waiting for Mike. He showed up sooner than I expected. I didn't ask him if he had his pocket book and his two VA checks, but I noticed he didn't have his usual jug of tea with him.

I said, "How about your jug of tea? I can run the pickup down there, and you could get it in a short time."

He said, "No. I don't need it."

It was ten after eight, which was a late start for us. Bill and Pete were out with their graders coming from where

March, 1987

4

they left off yesterday at the Juniper Ranch. They must have put in a couple hours of work already. They work ten hours a day in order to take Friday off.

We had a flat tire near the Cold Spring Summit. It was torn up before I could stop. With the spare on we started going again. There was a thumping sound that made us think the spare had a bulge in it. Mike said that we should stop and check it. We did but couldn't see anything wrong. At Mikes insistence we jacked up the wheel and turned it, but couldn't see anything that would make a thumping sound.

I said, "Let's get going. Maybe it was bumps in the pavement along that place." He put the jack and the lug wrench into the bed of the pickup instead of storing them behind the seat.

He said, "We may need them pretty soon." When we got going I didn't hear any bumping sound, and we had no problems the rest of the way.

Mike wanted to stop at the Safeway Store first. I bought a few groceries, and decided not to get everything until the pallet of wood was loaded. I intended to stop at Les Schwab's next to take care of those three ruined tires, (Two from the Aerostar, and one from the truck.) However, I went passed the tire place without seeing it, so kept on going over to Ellis' place. I thought that Mike wouldn't want to stop there, but he didn't complain.

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5

Ellis was working on his Blazer in his garage. He was installing a two-meter transmitter. We went into the house. Ellis dished up some ice cream, the last he had. He said he couldn't find a way to set the clock in the Blazer. We went out to see if I could. I thought it would be like the one in the Aerostar, but the controls were different. I couldn't see how to set it. He didn't have an owner's handbook.

We must have spent a half hour visiting Ellis. At the mill there was only one pallet of wood left in the yard. It consisted of one-by twelves two feet long, and pitch pine at that. I was reluctant to buy it, but decided to take it since we were already there.

On the way back, when I started to turn into Les Schwab's, Mike hollered, "I don't want to stop here."

I said, "That's a Les Schwab tire that went flat. They will give us a cash rebate on it."

I stopped anyway. An attendant came out, and I told him I needed a new tire, showing him the flat. He took it off the pickup. Mike yelled, "I don't want any more Les Schwab tires on this pickup. Their tires are no good. I didn't get that one here. I got it in Bend." He was like a wild man. To save a squabble I gave in, but I asked Mike if he didn't want a rebate.

He said, "No. Put the tire back in the pickup."

At first I considered going home without getting a new tire, but we needed the spares. I drove over to Bruneel's.

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We had to wait until the only tire man working there had finished his business with a woman customer. She looked to be in her fifties and rather dumpy from lack of exercise. Instead of tending to business, he asked her a lot of personal questions that kept her talking and delaying her departure.

After she left he had to talk to another customer who was waiting for the mechanic to come back and let him know how much a repair job cost.

Finally he got to us. He asked if we wanted a used tire. First I had him show me the best tire he had that would go on a fourteen-inch wheel. The one he brought looked just like one I saw at Les Schwab's. It seemed to stand up a little higher and looked wider, but I was guessing. If it was what it seemed it wouldn't be a match for the other new tires. I could use it as a spare until I could replace the other tire that came with the vehicle.

For the pickup, he showed us a tire that Mike said was OK.

He was slow putting the tires on the wheels, interrupting his work by asking questions. "Where do you live? Where is the Steens Mountain? How long have you lived there? Are you brothers? How old are you? I cant believe you're that old."

He was new in Burns having just come from Boise. He asked many other questions.

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7

When it came time to pay, Mike didn't have any money or his check book with him. The truck tire came to \$92. The small tire \$73.73, a high price for a small tire. Mike said, "Japanese tires are no good." If Mike hadn't been with me I would have gotten them at Les Schwab's and saved a lot of time.

At the store I offered Mike some money to buy whatever it was he wanted. He said that he didn't need it. So he didn't get what he came to town for.

When I came out of the store he was in the driver's seat and asked for the keys. On the highway he drove slower than he did on the gravel road. Still we got home at five-thirty.

After eating when we got home, Mike lay down for a short rest. Then went out and took the spare wheels off the truck, saying that it would give him a good start to unload the wood in the morning. He said that he wasn't a bit tired.

Well, he went all day without drinking any of his sweetened tea. He ate a small dish of ice cream at Ellis', and a sandwich that he brought from home. Maybe the lack of all the extra sugar and other sweets that he usually consumes during the day made him feel better.

This morning before breakfast I took a walk down the road going past the gate. I got back just in time to report my weather when they called Harney County. I contacted Ellis and let him know that we got home all right. He is going somewhere tomorrow, but I've forgotten where.

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8

After breakfast I went out to the point and sat in the Aerostar doing some writing. When I got back to the dugout, Mike was unloading the wood. After the news I went out and gave him a hand. We got it all piled up by four o'clock. I did no writing on the computer, but read the Word Plus manual.

I drove the Aerostar down to get the mail. The sun had warmed the interior so much I was too hot going down the hill. I turned on the air conditioning to maximum. I could feel the motor slow down, and I didn't have to use the brakes so much on the hill. The temperature inside barely cooled down to a comfortable level, although I had the AC on all the way down and back. I wonder how it will do on a hot sunny day.

My social security check came, but nothing from the VA. There was an envelope from the post office with a notice of twenty-two cents due for a letter that came without a stamp. I made another trip down with the money, but did not use the air conditioning. With the windows open it was cool enough.

5th

This morning I hiked all the way to the mailbox not jogging at all. The big joints of my big toes were quite sore until I got to the gate, then something about the circulation seemed to overcome the trouble. It took forty-five minutes to go down and the same length of time to walk back up.

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I checked into the weather net, ate breakfast, then went out to the Aerostar at the point to do some writing. At eleven o'clock a light sprinkle came up. I went down to the dugout to listen to the news. Mike came out from the back room. I said, "It's starting to rain." He made no comment.

After the news Mike made two trips to Indian Creek for his drinking water. The sprinkle never developed into a rain, but the sprinkling continued for several hours. Mike lay down and went to sleep. I typed a couple of paragraphs at the keyboard, but quit when Mike got up and sat down in the big chair right behind me.

All afternoon I stuffed the stove with wood because the weather had turned colder. It got up to only forty-five today, which doesn't follow the pattern around the rest of the Northwest. It was eighty-five in Bozeman Montana, and seventy-six in Boise. A strong wind from the south brought heavy dust over the desert. I thought it was raining down there when I started my walk, but the farther I got down the hill the clearer I could see that it was dust.

6th

It started raining around two o'clock this morning. I had expected it, and had treated my leather boots with Mink Oil last night. I put the shoe trees into them and placed them where the heat from the stove would help the oil penetrate the leather. I was in hopes the trees would stretch the leather around the toes giving more room for the bunions.

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I figured I would wear them when I went for a walk in the rain.

I did not go for a walk right away, because, as the morning progressed, there was a good indication that the rain would not last long. At ten after ten I started out wearing the leather boots. The mud in the road was slightly sticky. The shoes did not hurt my bunions when I first started, but was making them sore by the time I got to the gate.

It took me a half hour to walk to the mailbox, and fifty-five minutes to walk backup. The heavy shoes slow me down when going up hill. Yesterday the round trip took one and a half hours; today, one hour and twenty-five minutes. I felt relaxed and could rest good after this workout. I can see that it takes about one and a half hours of aerobics to make me feel good. I need to do it every day.

I did not write with the computer today, and only a small amount in long hand out here in the Aerostar this afternoon. I drove it down for the mail, which consisted of political junk. The Burns paper came, and the phone bill. It was in my name this time.

Mike sawed more wood, and cleared off the saw table, then started rebuilding the table. He seemed to do a lot of traipsing back and forth getting material.

I studied the CP/M owner's guide trying to see how a program could be written, but the instructions did not say anything about programming.

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19th

The low last night was 22, and it was 26 at 8 a.m. The high today was 36.

Mike wasn't up when I came in, but he had wood in the stove ready for a match. I started the fire, then hiked down the road as far as the Indian-Creek turnoff. The big overcoat with the jacket under it kept me warm enough. As for my shoes:- to keep the leather from rubbing on the blister on the ankle bone I placed two folded paper towels under the tongue above the ankle. With the laces pulled tight my foot did not slide forward. This kept the end of the big from pressing against the end of the shoe, also eased the pressure on the bunion.

I was back by 8:15. There was still fire in the stove, so all I had to do was add some more wood to keep it going.

I decided to go up to the break in the pipeline above the pressure-release barrel, and put in a splice where the bob cat had destroyed a section of the line. When I came back down Carl Thomas was here. He walked up this time; said he needed the exercise. He has had several visitors in the last few days. One was counting deer for the Game Commission, and had seen only fifteen deer. Yesterday Carl rode his motorcycle up Pike Creek without seeing any. He saw a few up the Little Alvord. Between the Big Alvord and the Little Alvord he saw 150 deer, and 25 antelope.

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He said that when he came down from the point he saw me working on the pipeline. "You seemed to be doing all right without any help, so I didn't go up there."

Around noon Mike made two trips to Indian Creek for his drinking water. The sun came out part of the time, but a strong wind made it uncomfortable outside. Mike spent some time cutting wood and bringing it into the house. Meantime I swept and mopped the floor. I called Lavina. She said that Carl was feeling better than he has in a long time.

At three-forty five I started for a walk down the hill, but got only as far as the point. I climbed into the Aero-star and sat there out of the wind. The sun had warmed the interior enough to make it almost comfortable. I came back down here in time for the news at four-thirty.

20th

We had a skiff of snow last night. The low was 25, and at eight-thirty it was 33.

I got up at seven-fifteen. When I came out of my bedroom I was glad to see that it had quit snowing. The sun was shining and it was calm. I knew that the snow would melt and be gone in a few hours leaving the road wet and muddy, so I decided to go for a walk the first thing. As I passed the dugout I heard the TV and knew that Mike was up.

Wearing the jacket under the big overcoat I was warm enough, and could have gone without the jacket. The light covering of snow on the ground made all the animal tracks

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strikingly clear. There were the big tracks of the old cottontails and the tiny tracks of the young ones. Mice tracks were confined to the trails they make. At the curve at the bottom of the first steep grade a bobcat had crossed the road. All the way chukker tracks crisscrossed the road. I was surprised to see a jackrabbit track. I hadn't seen any all winter.

Coming back up I could see the mountain standing out bright with the new snow, but gradually clouds started forming along the side, and in a few minutes I couldn't see the mountain at all. At one place the clouds made almost a complete ring around a patch of blue sky. It looked as though the two ends of the partial ring would come together and make a doughnut shape. Instead in a few minutes they began to thin out, and in another five minutes they were gone. Now I could see the mountain again. Several times I stopped to watch the behavior of the clouds. They were not stable indicating turbulent currents of air along the side of the mountain. It was probably these same conditions that caused the helicopter to crash last fall.

When I got back Mike was taking a nap. I ate breakfast and checked into the weather net. Ellis did not check in. He is down at Scio at his son's place.

In the afternoon I drove down and got the mail. It consisted mostly of junk mail; political letters for Mike. They all ask for donations to various causes. I have read a

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lot of them and get the impression that they are all written by the same outfit specializing in creating letters for fund raising. He gets the same kind of letters week after week. He has donated to almost every cause.

Carl met me at the mailbox. There was a tape for him from Oma. He said that Larry Blair is trying to sell his place to pay off a \$10,000 mortgage. The creditors will foreclose unless he comes up with the full amount next month.

He said that when he was up here Mike said, "Jim is up on the side hill fixing the pipeline. That Jim is getting crazier and crazier all the time.

Carl said, "He acts like he has Alzheimers disease."

When I got back down from the pipeline Mike was working in the tin building flattening out tin cans and throwing them into the draw among the thick willows. I complained about him throwing them in there. Maybe my complaining took effect because Friday I saw him carry out a paper back of cans, and bury them in the fill by the weather station.

21st

The high yesterday was 42. The low last night was 32, and at eight o'clock it was 37. The wind was from the east at 10.

I was up by 7:15, and started on my hike the first thing. As I passed the dugout seeing smoke coming out of the chimney I knew that Mike was up. Going down the hill I felt

March, 1987

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stronger than I did yesterday. The padding under the tongue of my left shoe protected the blister on my shin bone, and also kept the sock from crawling down into my shoe. I did not wear my overcoat, and was plenty warm with just the jacket. There was no snow on the frozen ground so the walking was good.

After checking into the weather net I looked at the clock and thought, "What a long time to go if I wait until noon to eat breakfast. I cant see how I can hold out that long. Well, I'll take it minute by minute. I'll get busy on projects.

The first project consisted of cleaning wheat to be ground. The wheat is fairly clean, but it does have a few small rocks that show up as fine grit after it goes through the grinder. I sit at the table and dump the grain in a pile in front of me. Using both hands I move the kernels toward me separating them so that I can see any small rocks or any other foreign material. Out of four cups of grain I might find two or three small rocks. After going through the grinder they would make enough grit to be noticed in hot-cakes or bread. Before I discovered the rocks in the grain I thought the fine grit came from the grinding stone.

I ate breakfast by eight-thirty. Thereafter I read an article in the Scientific American. It dwelt with antiviral therapy. Molecular trickery makes it possible to kill a virus but spare the vital processes of the host cell. The

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study and work in this line will produce new drugs to fight viral diseases in the future, even maybe a cure for Aids.

Next I baked a cake trying out a recipe that was new to me. It is called, "A Beaten Batter Cake." It came out good, but a little crumbly. I checked the cookbook for causes. There was a number of things listed:- 1. Too much sugar. 2. Too much leavening. 3. Too much shortening. 4. Under mixing. 5. Improper pan treatment, and 6. Improper cooling. Next time I'll use less shortening.

22nd

The high yesterday was 42. The low last night was 26, and at eight a.m. it was 37. It was clear and calm.

During the night I woke up with a dry mouth and a bitter taste. I wondered if it was caused by the baking powder in the biscuits and cake.

I got up at six-fifteen, and went for a hike the first thing. As I passed the dugout I saw smoke coming from the chimney. The road was in good shape, but a little rough for walking. The sun shown directly into my eyes so I kept my head down. I was cool enough until I got part way down the steep grade above the gate. There I took off my jacket and started back.

I did not feel as strong as yesterday, and I rested frequently. Maybe it was because of the extra distance, or maybe it was because of going without breakfast. Neither of these reasons seemed plausible. I checked my weight when I

March, 1987

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got back. It was the same as yesterday. I was hungry, but had resolved to wait until noon to eat breakfast.

Mike was sleeping when I got back. There was a little fire in the stove. I split some wood and put it in the stove without waking Mike. To keep from eating I lay down for a while. After resting I checked into the weather net early because I expected a telephone call from George.

When the phone rang it apparently rang at the Alvord Ranch also. Loni said, "Hello" at the same time I did. I asked George if he was on the line, but he didn't answer. Half an hour after we hung up George called. He said that he had called before and heard Loni and me talking, and tried to break in, but we never heard him.

Lois is not feeling good. The knee she bumped a couple weeks ago is still bothering her. Now she is scheduled for cataract operations in both eyes. She is getting so she cannot read, and her eyes are sore.

Our niece, Dot deForest and her family, were in Florida visiting various relatives. They drove down from Michigan in a motor home. One night George took them out to eat at a famous restaurant. George had never been there before. It is a huge place, and after they got inside it was a long walk to a table. Although the dinner was good he would never go there again. That's because he has trouble walking any distance.

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He told about the fine programs he gets on Public TV. There was one program about the grizzly bears on Kodiak Island. People can watch the bears catching fish on one of the rivers. They have to go with a guide, who takes them in groups. He went into a long description of the antics of the bears. The mothers teach their young how to fish. Each mother has her own style of fishing, and this is handed down to the next generation.

I read in the Scientific American an article on the prehistoric manufacture of tools. One observation the author made was that the proportion of right handed humanoids was the same as people today;- 90 out of 100 were right handed.

Dora called to see if Carl would drive her and Pat to Burns Tuesday. I'll see Carl tomorrow to find out.

23rd

The high yesterday was 47. The low last night was 32, and at 8 a.m. it was 32. The visibility was about two miles, and it was snowing. There had been .10 inches of precipitation with one inch of snow on the ground.

I got up at 6:45. The ground was white and it was snowing quite hard. When I got over to the dugout Mike had a fire going, and the TV on. I listened to the seven o'clock news, then, thinking about how wet the road would be later in the day, I put on the big overcoat and walked down the road as far as the power-line crossing. The snow was wet and bare ground showed through in places. The footing was good,

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and in such a short distance I moved right along both ways. I did not have to stop for to rest anywhere. It was seven thirty when I got back. I brought in the rain gauge and thawed the snow in it so I could measure the precipitation. I checked into the weather and reported my weather. I looked through the March 22nd issue of the World & News Report.

Around nine-thirty the phone rang. I could hardly hear the woman on the other end, and asked her to repeat what she said. I heard her this time, "Is this 495-2294?" This reminded me of the way people selling stuff by phone talked, so I was ready to tell her I wasn't interested.

I said, "Yes. This is 495-2294."

She said, "Is this the place where the two old men live?"

"Yes. This is Jim."

She said, "My name is Pat Siegner. I was up at your place a couple years ago with the children from the Fields school. Do you remember me?"

I did not catch the name at first, and asked her to spell it to get it straight. I said, "Oh, yes. I remember you and the children."

She said, "Some people from Lebanon are visiting me. Would it be all right if we came up today?"

I said, "We are having a heavy snowstorm. It's a wet snow, and you probably couldn't get up the hill. Near the top there is a steep grade where the wheels usually spin out in wet snow. Do you have much snow down there?"

She said, "We had a little. It's gone, and we're socked in with fog. We have a four-wheel drive."

I said, "It would be better if you came up when the weather wasn't so bad."

She said, "You wouldn't mind if we brought some people up.?"

I said, "No. We wouldn't mind at all." Actually I wasn't in the mood for visitors when it was snowing so hard. I was glad they weren't coming.

Around eleven o'clock, to kill time, I took a broom, the battery charger, and an extension cord out to the pickup at the point. I wanted to start the motor because, if it sets a few days without running, it takes a lot of cranking to get it started. It was still snowing and the wind was blowing about twenty-five miles an hour.

First I swept the snow off the windshield, then plugged the extension cord into the outlet, and ran it over to the truck. I set the battery charger on the ground next to the right front fender. I lifted the hood only far enough to connect the charger, because I wanted to keep as much snow as possible from blowing in onto the motor. I hung onto the hood in case a gust of wind tried to blow it off. When the charger was hooked up, I closed the hood to where it just latched.

I got in and cranked the motor several time while pumping the accelerator. In half a minute the battery was

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too low. I waited two minutes and tried again. It didn't start, so I waited another two minutes. On the third try it started. I had to keep the throttle depressed a little for several minutes before the motor would run with the throttle all the way back. (Later on I found that the fuel pump was defective.)

Leaving the motor running I got out, disconnected the charger, wound up the extension cord onto its reel, put the reel and the charger into the cab, then got back and ran the motor until the heat gauge showed that the motor was warm. By then the cab was warm also.

I came back down to the dugout with the broom. Listened to the eleven-thirty news, shaved, put Carl's tape to Oma and my election ballot into the mail sack. Then ate breakfast.

When I was ready to go after the mail, I went back to Mike's office and asked him if he wanted to mail his ballot today. He said, "I think I've mailed it already."

I said, "Oh, that's good." But I knew that he had not. There was no way he could have mailed it. Besides I saw the envelope for mailing the ballot still on his desk. I didn't say anything about it because I wasn't sure how he would react if I did.

It was snowing when I went out to the pickup. The temperature was thirty-nine degrees, and the ground at the point was almost bare. With the pickup in four-wheel drive I

March, 1987

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started down the hill. The snow was all gone and streams of water were running down the wheel tracks. In the afternoon eight people walked up from the county road. Ralph had told them that it was only three-quarters of a mile up here. They staid a couple of hours. They were seven teachers and one principal from Cresswell. I wasn't very happy with the intrusion into my day. I do not feel that being a tour guide through our house gives me anything of an uplift.

24th

I swept and mopped the floor, thinking that, since the schools were out for Spring Break, we would probably have visitors. Around one o'clock a plane flew over a couple of times. On the second time over I saw the wings dip. I waved back, and it went off toward the desert. I thought it might be Frank Lake, so I went out to the point with the field glasses, but could see nothing of the plane. I then drove the Aerostar down to the mail box and parked there for ten minutes. Two vehicles at the hot springs drove off one at a time.

At two-thirty Loni Williams and his girl friend came to the door. They had walked from Carl's place where they had parked their plane off the road by his mail box.

I fixed a dinner for them. Sharon took pictures of Loni, Mike and myself in front of the dugout. To get warm Loni split a tough block of wood with the splitting maul. I drove them down to Carl's place, and gave them the key to let themselves in.

March, 1987

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25th

The high today was 51. The low last night was 30, and at 8 a.m. it was 39. It was clear and calm most of the day. At times there was a little breeze.

I read the power meter and made out the bill. It was less than last month, \$47.04

To pass the time this morning I baked a cake using soda and vinegar instead of baking powder, and less shortening than the last time. It was not crumbly.

Carl brought Loni and Sharon up about noon. Loni and Carl had cake with coffee, and Sharon had a piece with water. They did not stay long. Loni's vacation was up and he had to be back to work today. I was out at the point around one o'clock and saw them fly over. They gave me a salute, then circled to go over the south end of the Steens.

In the mail there was a bank statement for Carl. I drove down to his place to give it to him. He was out behind the root cellar digging a hole to bury trash. He had covered the trash in the old hole. He told me how long it took him to fill the old hole, but I don't remember.

The sides of the hole he was digging was covered with white alkali. He said, "That's the stuff that kills the peach trees. It doesn't bother the apple and plum trees."

I am feeling more depressed than last month; haven't used the computer since I wrote a letter to Phil last week.

April, 1980

1

1st

A cold wind was blowing yesterday, and as I took a run down the hill, I felt the cold more than I did at any time last winter. It wasn't a bitter cold. My ears and face didn't feel frosted, but I felt chilly all over. Maybe the reason for this is that the pores of my skin did not close up to hold in the heat.

It was warmer today, but I still felt the cold, probable for the same reason. Yesterday I went out and sat in the cab, thinking that the sun would warm it up, but it did not. The strong wind found chinks in the seals around the windows that let some cold air in. Not much, but it could be felt. Today I sat in the cab and it was warm.

I looked down on the desert. It was about three quarters covered with water, which was low for this time of year. Several little birds were perched on the telephone line. From time to time they would fly down to the ground and then back up again. They must have been spotting bugs of some kind on the ground. I wondered what bugs would be around in the cold weather. But, of course the sun was making the ground warmer than the air. I did not get out to investigate, but a small mosquito-like insect flew onto the windshield. I figured there must be other insects out there.

April, 1980

2

I made some applesauce this morning, and baked an applesauce cake. I put most of it in the freezer to keep from eating too much. I'm thinking of making more cakes, and putting them in the freezer. I will have some handy in case we have company.

Last night I had a peculiar dream:- We were living in a house on level ground, with fields all around. About fifty yards from the house there was a piano. The sun was shining and the wind was blowing. Seated at the piano was Henry Blair. He was playing a tune that I thought was remarkable:- The notes of the melody came out loud and distinct and were not lost in the harmonic notes which were subdued. I thought, "Henry can sure play good." I woke up thinking of the beautiful music. I thought that maybe the TV was on. But, of course, there is no TV in my bedroom. Then I thought, "That was music I made up in my mind."

The census forms were supposed to be picked up today, but no one showed up for them. I called Dora and asked her if anyone had been around to get hers. She said that she had them ready, but no one had been there. "A couple of years ago I filled out some kind of census forms, not like these, and they were on the table several days before they were picked up."

I said, "We haven't made any out since the last census ten years ago. Maybe you dreamed about it, and now your dream is coming true."

"No. I remember it clearly. It wasn't the same as these."

May, 1987

1

2nd

The low last night was 34; the high yesterday was 50. There was .09 inches of rain in the gauge this morning. I haven't seen any peaches growing. Guess they did not make it through the early freeze, although the bees were working on the blossoms later on.

I tried to tell Mike about the trip to Ontario, but he didn't seem to hear me, and made no comments. Carl drove up this morning around eleven o'clock; ran out of gas just as he got to the point. He said something about Oma doing a cleaning job on the place. I said, "Oh, is oma back? I guess I missed part of what you said."

He said, "Yes. She's back. Didn't Mike tell you? She was up here yesterday."

I said, "Then she is the one who made the small vehicle tracks in the road."

He said, "That was her. It was a good thing she didn't have a flat tire coming over. I could hardly get the spare out of the rack under the rear. It was so badly worn it wouldn't have gone very far."

I said, "That rack is made for those toy wheels. The instructions warn about putting regular tires in it. A large tire could interfere with the running gear, and the tire could get a worn spot. Of course the truck is second hand, and probably the owner's instruction book did not come with it."

May, 1987

2

When we got outside getting the can of gas, Carl said, "Mike didn't seem to know Oma yesterday. She asked him, 'Where's Carl?'"

He said, 'Carl? Carl who?'

She said, 'Carl Thomas.'

He said, 'Oh. The school principle! He's teaching school in Eugene.'

Then she said, 'Where's Jim?'

He said, 'I got rid of him several days ago. If you see a little white cloud looking like a cookie drifting through the sky, that's him.' She felt a little frightened, thinking that something might have happened. But then thought that you must have gone somewhere because the van was gone."

5th

For several days the water coming down the pipeline has been getting less and less. Finally it quit completely. This morning I told Mike I was going to the upper spring to clean out hair roots that were plugging the pipeline. He was lying on his bed, and I couldn't tell if he was asleep or not. I wondered if he heard me.

I guess it took me over an hour to get up there and a half hour to get down. I had to do a lot of digging to get to the pipeline at the spring. Since it was getting late in the afternoon, I gave up. I was gone about four hours altogether. I came into the dugout, went back and looked around the partition to see how Mike was. He was lying on his back

May, 1987

3

and appeared to be asleep. I went back to close the door. Mike came out and said, "You don't need to close the door. You're going right back out."

I said, "Why?"

"Because I say so. I don't like you at all, and I don't want you in here."

I knew he wasn't in his right mind. I didn't argue with him. I went over to my bedroom, packed my suitcase, got into the Aerostar and drove to Hines to stay overnight with Ellis. I called up Carolee and told her about Mike. She said that she would be out the next day.

6th

Today I drove back, and stayed at Hair's to wait for Carolee to show up. Later she told me that she had been up to the dugout and had seen how bad off Mike was. She said that the sink was full of dirty dishes. She fixed something for him to eat, but he wouldn't eat much. She said, "We'll have to call the sheriff for an ambulance to take him to the hospital in Burns."

We made the call from Hair's, and the sheriff arrived late in the afternoon. Carl Thomas and I were waiting for him at the mail box. He said that the ambulance was behind him. When it got there, he told the driver to wait in the mail-box area while he went up the hill to get Mike.

Carl and I went up ahead of the sheriff. Carl knocked on the door. Mike did not answer. Carl went in and saw that

May, 1987

4

Mike was asleep in the big chair. Carl said that he looked so bad he didn't know if he was sleeping or dead. He touched him on the shoulder and said, "There's a man here to see you, Mike."

"Who is it?"

"It's the sheriff. He wants to talk to you."

"Why does he want to talk to me?"

The sheriff had come in by that time. He knelt down beside Mike and took hold of his wrist. Carl said that he talked to him four or five minutes. Carl couldn't hear what he was saying. I came in and stood back where Mike wouldn't see me. The sheriff got up, and said, "Would you like to come with me and let the medics check you?"

Mike said, "Yea. I'll go with you." They went out and got into the sheriff's car and started out. Carl and I drove down behind the sheriff. When the sheriff got down to the ambulance, he stopped and said something to the driver. Then he drove with Mike out onto the county road. This surprised me because I thought Mike would ride in the ambulance.

When the ambulance had gone, I drove Carl down to his place, and came back home. Later I guessed that during the time the Sheriff was kneeling down talking to Mike and holding on to his wrist he was giving him a shot of some kind. Carolee went back to Bend.

12th

They had him in the hospital for six days. Then Carolee came to Burns. I met her there and we went to the sheriff's

May, 1987

5

office and signed a form for a competence hearing. I stayed with Ellis over night to be at the hearing the next morning at seven a. m. Carolee slept in her van.

13th

The hearing was held in a room in the hospital. Judge White and his secretary, who was his wife, were there. Others, who were there, are as follows: Carolee, a doctor, a psychiatrist, the district attorney, a lawyer for Mike, and myself. There may have been someone else, but I don't remember.

The psychiatrist asked Mike questions. I suppose he could tell how Mike's mind worked from the answers. It seemed to me that Mike did quite well. The doctor who had examined Mike said that he was all right physically. I didn't see how he could come such a conclusion. All you had to do was look at Mike and you would know he wasn't well. (Later it turned out that he had cancer of the pancreas.) The doctors at the hospital hadn't checked to see if insulin shots would do him any good.

The cancer of the pancreas not only cuts off the insulin supply, but it also cuts off enzymes that helped to digest food in the small intestine. Thus he was dying from malnutrition. It seems strange that the doctor couldn't see this.

Well, they made him a ward of the state. They said that he had two choices: he could go to the Veteran's Hospital in

May, 1987

6

the valley, or to the State Hospital in Pendleton. Mike said that he would go to Pendleton.

I felt terribly depressed that we had to do this to Mike. I was sick at heart. The worst part was that he had turned against me. He once told Carl Thomas that George and I had beaten him out of ninety-thousand dollars. He thought I was stealing his Social Security checks.

21st

The long-distance glasses that I got from Mel Henry did not fit properly on my nose and behind my ears. Today I drove to Ontario to have him adjust the frames to fit better. He was able to make them feel comfortable. He wanted to know if I wanted reading glasses. I told him I would call him later to let him know.

22nd

I stayed in a motel down town, and drove home today. I have already decided I needed reading glasses so called Mel to go ahead and have the lenses ground. I said, "Put them in the same style of frames that you put the long distance lenses into."

29th

Today I drove with Carl to Pendleton to see Mike. We had a hard time finding the State Hospital. First we drove out the wrong way, and had to turn back. I stopped several times and asked how to get there. It was supposed to be on the highway going out of town. We tried the highway but must

May, 1987

7

have been on the wrong one. We got onto another highway and made inquiries. We were told it was about six blocks to the West, and just passed the State Prison. We went passed the prison, didn't see the hospital. We stopped at a service station and asked for directions. The guy said, "Go back one block and turn off to the right; follow that road and you will see the hospital over to your left."

We got down there on that road and watched to the left. We saw a high-link-wire fence with barbed wire along the top. Carl said, "That must be it, but how do we get in."

I said, "I don't think that is it. That's still the prison." Over to out right there was a building set in a grove of trees. There was no fence around it. I said, "That looks more like the hospital. We must have come down the wrong street."

I drove on down the road; turned right and came to the main entrance to the hospital. I parked in a parking lot, and we went in. At the reception window I told the girl we wanted to visit M. F. Weston. She gave us each a pass, and said, "Go down the hall and press the red button by the door to the left. A nurse will let you in."

We did this, and the nurse let us into another hall that was glass enclosed. She said, "Wait here. I'll bring Mr. Weston out to you, and you can go into a visitor's room with him."

May, 1987

8

I looked down the hall where she went and could see a group of young fellows wandering back and forth. They looked like normal people. She came back with Mike and we went into a room with overstuffed chairs. We sat in some chairs on one side of the room. Carl sat between Mike and me. Mike didn't seem to notice me, and talked with Carl just as though I wasn't there.

I remembered that I had brought Mike a letter from Carolee, and had left it in the Aerostar. I said, "I'm going back out to the car to get something."

At the exit door the nurse wanted my visitor's pass. I said, "I'm going out to the car to get something. I'll need the pass to get back in."

"OK," she said.

When I got back, I gave the letter to Mike. He took it, and acted as though he didn't know who I was. Later, when Carl and I were outside, Carl said that Mike had asked him, "Did Jim drive here with that Japanese piece of junk?" Mike knew me all right, but he didn't want to let on that he did.

I let Carl drive on the way home. He decided to go by the way of Ontario. I don't know why because it was shorter the way we came. It was late when we got to Burns, so we stayed over night with Ellis. I'll do the driving the rest of the way home in the morning.

June, 1987

1

4th

This morning I called Mel Henry to find out if my reading glasses were ready. He said that they were not ready. Later he called to say that he had been confused and had not ordered the reading glasses. Now he will get right on it. They will be ready in ten or twelve days. He will call me when they are ready.

I called Dr. Pitts' office. I was told that the cataract operation is scheduled for July fifteenth. I should be at the hospital at seven a.m. I'm to be at Dr. Pitts' office on the tenth at two p.m. for preliminary work needed before the operation. I don't know what that entails.

6th

Phoned Dorathy today. Celia answered the phone. Dorathy had just left. Celia has three kids now. The oldest is four.

I talked with Ellis on the radio this morning. He is getting ready for overnight guests because of the Field and Game dinner tonight.

Duke arrived around two p.m. I told him about Mike. Carl came up around three o'clock. He wanted me to make out his and Oma's application papers for permits to hunt on the Steens Mountain. I made out the applications. Then dished up some strawberries and ice cream. Carl left to attend to his sprinklers. Duke and I had a dinner of vegetables and ground beefsteak.

June, 1987

2

Duke had brought a strip of carpet from his shop in Boring. He laid it in front of the washing machine and the stove. I thought that I would move it later over in front of my transmitter and the computer.

We went down to the Alvord Ranch. Duke wanted to see the place. We visited with Loni and Ed in their living room. When Loni heard that Duke was a carpet layer, she said that her brother had given her a carpet, and thought it would go in the bedroom. He measured the bedroom, and told her she would need a carpet 14 by 16 to cover the floor. She said that the carpet she had was 10 by 12. He said, "You could leave a border of bare floor around the edges."

He asked her questions about the ranch. We left around nine p.m. Up here we again discussed theology. I finally began to understand that he was a fundamentalist. He believes that it is important to believe that Christ is God.

Duke got ready to sleep on the cot, and I came over to my bedroom.

7th

Got up at 7:30 this morning. Duke had been up since 5:30, and had gone for a walk up the side hill. He was reading when I came in. He started talking about End Times, but I thought he said enzymes. What he was saying didn't make any sense when it came to enzymes. Finally he said something that made me realize he was talking about end times, the end of the world.

He didn't eat any breakfast; left for Mann Lake around eleven o'clock.

I fixed a breakfast for myself, swept the floor, and moved the strip of carpet over in front of the transmitter and computer.

Ellis arrived around three o'clock with Ron Bartels Boyd Claggets. Boyd is retired from the Fish and Game Commission. Ron will be the new biologist for this area. Boyd had been here once when the windmill was still operating. They were here for about half an hour. I gave them the grand tour. They agreed that the greenhouse was too hot for tomatoes.

It rained most of the day bringing .13" of precipitation. I checked into the Beaver State Net, and the Oregon Emergency Net. Alice said that Carolee had told her that Mike was under the weather. When we signed off she said good night to him. Apparently she didn't know he was in Pendleton.

The cattle are not coming into the yard, so it looks as though the grass will not get cleaned out in the yard.

8th

This morning I set up a sprinkler in the east strawberry patch. The one I left running last night in the west patch quit running during the night. A coupling came apart in the pipe line.

June, 1987

4

I picked strawberries on one side of the east patch. Then started the sprinkler that stopped last night. I will change the sprinklers this evening.

At mail time I mailed the package to Oma, a subscription to the Scientific American, and forwarded a letter to Mike.

John Clemens, his wife, Vicky, and son, Kellen, showed up. John is the county appraiser. I showed them all through the place. They will be living in Fields during the time it takes to do the appraisal work in this area. It will probably be all summer.

The cattle seem to be afraid to come near the place so it looks as though the grass will be a fire hazard this summer.

The pipe line to the sprinklers came apart at the valve where it crosses the draw. I reconnected it, and changed the sprinklers on the strawberries.

I saw a cow coming down the road from the point, but it never got down this way very far.

I tried to call the hospital in Pendleton, but Ed was on the line so will try again in the morning.

9th

Carl Thomas came up early this morning. He was going to ride his motorcycle up one of the mountain roads looking for young chukars.

June, 1987

9

Between three-thirty and four-thirty there was a heavy thunder storm that brought only .03 inches of rain. I went for a hike late in the evening. As I neared the point I saw three critters below the road. They did not spook and run, but crossed the road to the upper side. Close to the point I saw a cow lying down. I stood still for a while, then walked on down the hill looking back to see what the cattle would do. At the power-line crossing I looked back with the field glasses and saw three blacks with the one that had been lying down and a tanned white face feeding along the slope above the road.

I walked and jogged to the top of the lower draw. Coming back, not using the field glasses, I watched the cattle feeding along the slope. I wondered if they would see me and run when I got near. Now I saw that the tanned cow had a black-face calf with her. They did not run, and I hoped they would come on up to eat in the yard.

Around 8:15 a thunderstorm with heavy winds came up. We got .02 inches of precipitation.

The plastic in one window tore out. That plastic doesn't last long when there no glass to protect it from the wind and sun.

The flashes of lightening would knock out the power for seconds at a time. I was surprised that there was no long blackout.

It was calm and nearly clear this morning. Cirrus clouds began moving in rapidly from the south. Then cumulus clouds and thunder heads began to show up. By nine o'clock it was becoming overcast and heavy surface winds came from the west.

They are driving cattle from the Kueny Ranch over to the Roaring Springs Ranch, and they needed someone to drive the truck over to bring the men back. Carl drove the truck over.

A thunderstorm came through around 10:15, and there was a downpour of rain with heavy winds. Thereafter the sun came out, but the wind continued. I uncoupled the pipe line thus stopping the sprinkler in the garden.

I found a roll of vinyl plastic in the back room. How Mike could have missed it is a mystery, unless it was some he was saving for another purpose.

When the wind slacks off I will put a piece in the place of the broken glass. Then I'll renew the old plastic in other parts of the window.

At ten-thirty this morning the barometer was down to 30.00. The temperature had dropped to 57. A second thunderstorm arrived bringing wind and rain. The first storm dumped .27 inches.

I drove the truck down for the mail after two o'clock. My reading glasses arrived, and a Father's Day card to Carl Thomas. I took it and some strawberries over to him.

I pulled all the staples out of the window frame so that the new plastic would rest on the wood better. I cut the plastic to size and stabled it into place, then to keep the plastic from slapping back and forth the full distance between the top and the bottom, I nailed a slat across the center. It is the slapping back and forth that gradually breaks it at the staples.

It is now ten minutes passed ten and it has been raining steadily since six o'clock, not hard but if it keeps up like this all night it should amount to a considerable by morning.

The second storm brought .38 inches of rain.

16th

There was .12 inches in the rain gage this morning. This brought the total for twenty-four hours to .65, which was the most reported on the weather net. The barometer was 30.31 at eight o'clock. Now at two-thirty it is 30.28 and going down.

The phone and power were both off this morning. Carl came up while it was off. He said that the power was on when he left home. He has all the circuits working except one.

Before he left to go back I said, "I'll be down as soon as the power comes on here."

It came on soon after he left. I put on my mew glasses, and carried the Volt-Ohm meter out to the pickup, and drove down to his place. There was an indication that it might rain.

At Carl's place I checked the circuit breakers in the trailer house. The one in the lower-left-hand corner was off and would not reset. Carl turned off the power at the power pole, and I removed the offending circuit breaker. When it was out it would reset. I remembered that, when I worked on those breakers before, one could be reset only when it was out of the box.

In the afternoon I went out to the point to close the windows of the two vehicles. A small green Ford was parked near the Aerostar. I figured that hikers had left it there while they hiked up the mountain.

This evening I walked down the road. The little car was gone. There were footprints coming up the hill, so I wondered which way they went for a hike.

There was .06 inches of precipitation today. I tried the phone around six fifteen and heard a dial tone so I called Dora. She answered on the fourth ring. She said that she tried to call me earlier but the line was busy. She said that Alice Clark is in the Bend hospital for a gall bladder operation. Charlotte will be there during the operation.

Mr. Clark went to the Burns hospital last month, and was sent from there to Bend where doctors found his trouble and were able to help him and he feels better than in a long time.

I feel very sad concerning Mike. They say that when you die you cant take anything with you. Now Mike cant take

anything with him and he isn't even dead. He has more tools and more money than he ever had.

Low 43, at seven a.m. 54, barometer 30.36. There were a few scattered clouds and it was calm.

A house wren made a lot of noise around and under the eaves of my bedroom. His wings seemed to beat as fast as a humming bird's. It was amazing how loud was the sound of his thumping and prying when he was looking for insects.

I was busy all day. I put a blower in the air outlet that Mike put in the top of the green house. It was 110 in there. The blower brought the temperature down to 100. However, it was a cool day and the sun shown only part of the time. To cool it down far enough it will take a large opening in the roof. The small blower cannot do the job.

I started down the hill to get the mail and met Carl coming up at the head of the draw. There was no mail for him, and only junk mail for Mike. Carl asked if I still intended to go to Ontario tomorrow.

I said, "Oh, yes. We'll have to get an early start. We should leave here by five." He would be at the gate to meet me at that time.

I made an extra trip to the mailbox because I remembered that I needed the form for the weather report. I should have sent for it at the end of last month.

Carl thought that the two coolers I had in the van would be enough. He wouldn't be buying many groceries. I put a third one in this evening.

June, 1987

14

I took out the suit case and left it in my bedroom. Then used the wist broom to clean the carpet in the van.

18th

I got up at three-thirty this morning, and was ready to leave at four-fifteen. As I was driving out to the point I wondered what I probably forgot. The only thing I could think of was the package of biscuits that I meant to have on hand if I got sleepy while driving.

I was down at the gate by four-thirty. Carl wasn't there yet, and I saw no headlights coming up the county road. Thinking that he may have parked near the mailbox, I drove down to where I could see the mailbox. He wasn't there.

I started backing up the hill and had just gotten above the gate when Carl arrived. It was warm enough in the van because the heater was putting out hot air by that time. I think the ambient temperature was about 47. I hadn't looked at the thermometer in the weather station.

Daylight was breaking which was a poor time to drive. I used the headlights up passed the Juniper Ranch and kept a close lookout for cattle along the road. Most of the ones we saw were off the road. We didn't have to drive into the sun because it was behind the eastern ridge. However, the bright sky was rather blinding while we were in the shadows. When it did come up from behind the last butte it was far enough to the right of us to be of no bother.

I wanted to gas up in Burns because the price was ten cents lower there than in Juntura, but there was nothing open in Burns. If we had gone straight to Buchanan from Crane we would have saved twenty-eight miles. We ran into a couple of rain showers before reaching Ontario.

In town I turned to the right off SW-4th Avenue as soon as it appeared feasible. Carl thought we shouldn't turn so soon. I had guessed that 1021 SW 5th Avenue would be west of the place I got the glasses. We entered on the twelve-hundred block and the numbers were lower toward the east. The building was on the corner. We went passed the entrance to the parking lot before seeing the number. It was on our left.

I turned around by backing into a driveway. There was only one parking space left and a car went into it before we got to the entrance. I was about to look for a parking place on the street, but remembered it was over an hour to my appointment. I said to Carl, "Let's find a place to eat. We've plenty of time."

It is hard to find a lunchroom in Ontario if you're not acquainted with the town. The one we did find had no conspicuous signs with a name. One sign said, "Drive in window." which caught my eye. It was hard to tell if the place was open or not. I managed to circle around into a parking space. We had to walk almost around the building to find a door that opened.

We went in. With my old glasses I couldn't read the menu that was on the wall behind the counter. It was too far back. Carl ordered a cheeseburger with everything on it. I ordered a plain hamburger. Coffee was forty cents. Carl's check came to \$1.49. Mine was \$1.29. They came wrapped in aluminum foil on a tray.

We sat at a table by the window. When I was half way through eating, Carl said, "What is the time of your appointment?"

I said, "Eleven o'clock."

He said, "I see by that clock it is eleven now. Was it Idaho time or Pacific time?"

Now I was stumped. I was sure I had recorded the appointment for our time. I wondered if I had made a mistake. Twelve o'clock seemed like an odd time. We decided we would just have be late.

I was half done with my sandwich, and decided to eat the rest in the van. I wrapped it back up in the foil, swallowed the rest of the coffee. I said to Carl, "We can eat the rest in the car." He gulped down the rest of his.

We had more trouble finding the place than the first time, but a parking place was open. Inside I found a service window with a girl behind it. I said, "I have an appointment for eleven o'clock." and gave my name.

She asked, "Which doctor was it with?"

I said, "Doctor Thornburg."

She said, "Oh, Doctor Thornfeldt. Go to the window in the next room."

I found the window, gave the girl my name and said, "Look's like I'm late for my appointment."

She looked through a file, "Well, no. Your appointment is for twelve."

I thought, "Well, I was right the first time."

She said, "You could make out these forms while you are waiting." She gave me a clipboard with the forms. I took them out to the van to fill out.

Most of the questions were for yes or no answers. One question I answered yes to was-- "Have you ever had an operation?" I was irritated with having to fill out the forms, but later realized it saved the doctor time. He didn't have to examine for blood pressure or anything.

The doctor saw me at eleven-thirty. He asked me what I thought my trouble was. I said, "I would like to have these pre-cancerous melanomas removed."

He asked, "How do you know they are pre-cancerous?"

I said, "From the descriptions I've read of them."

I then asked, "If you treat them, would I have to come back tomorrow and for several days? I live one-hundred miles south of Burns, and it's a long way to drive up here."

He asked, "Do you live in a small town?"

I said, "No. I live on a milsite claim on the Steens Mountain."

I forgot to say that Dr. Thornfeldt gave me a list of items to purchase at the Ontario Pharmacy. On the same list there were the names of the tumors and how they were treated.

Carl drove from there. We had a hard time locating the pharmacy. We had been told that it was right next to the hospital. We did not find it. I said, "Let's go over to the motel and get reservations for the fourteenth and fifteenth of July, and ask where the pharmacy is.

We got the reservations. The clerk looked in the phone-book, and found the address. It was 925 SW 3rd Ave. This gave us something solid to go by instead of, "to your left 3 blocks, then right two, and then next right to the hospital." It didn't take long to find the place. I must say, though, we left the van across the street from the motel, and found that it is hazardous to walk across the street. There are no stop and go signals or a distinct cross walk, unless you go to a cross street where there are signals. These are many blocks apart.

I said to Carl, "If you want to go somewhere in this town you should drive."

The list of items came to \$17.51.

Carl drove home. We gassed up in Juntura, and came back by way of Buchanan to Crane. The mileage was 22.5 miles per gallon.

Before leaving Ontario we shopped at Albertson's. All I bought was five gallons of Penzoil 10W-30 and three gallons of distilled water marked 73 cents per gallon. When I got home I saw that the girl had charged 83 cents a gallon.

At Princeton Carl was for getting an ice cream bar. There were several different kinds. I got one with a stick, 45 cents each.

19th

I tried out the skin lotion. It seems to be better than others I have used. The PreSun lotion doesn't have PABA. As recommended by the doctor, I got strength 29. You put it on in the morning and it lasts all day. I haven't used the soap yet, but will Saturday night.

I slept quite well last night, but was tired today. I sat and read in the Scientific American. I shaved before putting on the PreSun lotion.

I drove down for the mail. There was none for Carl, but I drove to his place with his jacket that he had left in the van. He was keeping the sprinklers going on his garden. He had gone fishing in the morning and caught a good mess of trout. He wanted to have some when his brother comes Saturday or Sunday. He said he slept sound last night, and that the trip to Ontario was more tiring than a hard day's work.

The Alvord people were rounding up some cattle and driving them north.

I hosed down the Aerostar, and brushed dead insects off the radiator.

July, 1987

1

1st

Carl and Lavina came up to pick cherries. He parked his car in front of the dugout. I went down with them, and started picking on the large tree. Carl was up on a limb of the small tree where he could reach large clusters of cherries. Lavina was picking from the limbs near the ground.

Before I could get my bucket completely full, they had enough and were ready to go. I went up with them and we went into the dugout where I turned on the fan so we could cool off.

2nd

Today I took two small buckets of cherries down to Dora. I also took several tap-and-die wrenches down to show Pat the ones we had, because she has been saying that Mike took one of her wrenches from her place. Also she thought he had taken some-large pipe wrenches. I couldn't find any old-large-pipe wrench here, only the new ones Mike had bought during the last few years.

I drove the Aerostar because it was too hot to drive the pickup. Thus it was a pleasure going down there. Dora was glad to get the cherries. She said there were enough to make several pies.

I went over to Pat's. She said that one of the die wrench looked like one Gallend used to have. Of course, you can see

pictures in catalogs of wrenches that look like these. Since she wasn't positive that it was her wrench, I decided to bring them all back with me.

I told her how Mike was taken to the hospital in Burns, and of his condition.

She said, "After what's happened to him, I think of how short the time is for me." Then she told of how much trouble she is having with things going to pot:- the septic tank is full, the toilet doesn't work, Nellie's septic tank has to be replaced, the pump had to be repaired. Then she said, "I hear you have half of that quonset steel lying up there in the sagebrush. I would like to have that put up here."

I told her that it would cost two-hundred dollars for bolts and nuts to put the steel together. She said, "That would be bad. There's so much to be done around here, and I cant get anyone to do it..

I said, "Well, maybe you should rent a place in town, and let the landlord worry about the plumbing and the like."

She said, "I wouldn't live in town for anything."

I was sorry I had gone over to see her. The stench of cats and chickens permeated the house. I stayed longer than I thought I could. To see the living conditions of the place was most depressing.

3rd

Yesterday on my way back from Dora's I stopped at Hair's. They had already canned nine quarts of cherries, and had enough left over to make a couple of pies. Lavina said that they use a cherry pitter to get the pits out. It worked good. I was surprised, because the one I have is just like it, and I thought it mashed the cherries too much.

I made a cherry pie today. The juice broke through the crust around the rim of the pie, and ran down between the glass side and the crust. This reminded me that I had forgotten the method I had used to make a good edge on a crust. The method was:- Make the flutes around the edge before cutting off the excess. In fact the way I did it there was no excess.

4th

I got up before seven this morning, and was busy all day doing small chores. I made another cherry pie, and baked a batch of muffins, using twice as much oatmeal than the last time, and four tablespoons of molasses instead of three. I had greased the pan with lard and baked it on in the oven, but it didn't keep the muffins from sticking.

This afternoon a truck stopped out in front. Three people got out. The man, who came to the door first, said his name was Tom Bell, and that he had been here before. The other two were

Don Hansen and his son Ronnie. They hadn't been here before. Don was impressed with amount of work we had done. He asked a lot of questions.

The boy had his arm in a sling. Before they left it came out that one of those three wheelers had gone out of control and injured his shoulder. He said, "I found out that it could happen to me."

I gave them the grand tour, and took them down into the garden to admire the big crop of cherries.

Later in the day a big cargo van stopped outside. Two fellows got out. They were here when Jim Barnard and his family were here. They were David Harris and David Coleman from Redding, Ca. Coleman was drinking. He carried a cup with some kind of liquor around with him. Harris was doing the driving and wasn't drinking. Coleman was very talkative. He said that they wanted to bring us something, but couldn't think what it could be because we didn't drink. Then he said, "Could you use a cantaloupe?"

I said, "I guess that I could use." He went out to the van, and brought one in. I said, "Oh, I thought you would bring it next time."

He does Vinyl lettering and graphics, and wanted to send me something. I told him about the QSL cards. He will make up some and send them to me. He said, "In exchange for that Globe on your phone stand." It seems he is collecting Globes.

They left here headed for the buffalo barbecue in Denio.

I picked a small bucket of cherries tonight. This time I picked them by pulling the stems off the branches. Thus I can wash them, and get all those old blossom petals off before running them through the pitter.

Yesterday I picked the cherries by pulling them off the stems, and even leaving some pits on the stems. With so many broken cherries, I thought that washing them would take away a lot of juice. I had to pick the old blossom petals off by hand. The pitter worked okay, but it mashed up the cherries. That is the reason George and I gave up using it when he was here one time during cherry season.

George called this morning and we talked a long time. He will call the Pendleton Hospital this week to see if they will give him any information about Mike.

5th

I haven't recorded that on Friday, the third, while I was driving the pickup down for the mail, I met two fellows who were walking up the hill near the lower draw. They weren't carrying back packs, so I figured they were headed for our place. I stopped to find out.

They said they were from Boise, having flown over and landed at Fields where they got instructions on how to get to our place.

They flew up this way and landed on the desert where the road the leaves the desert. Their names were Bill and Jim. Bill showed me the book, "The Spectacular Northwest," put out by the National Geographic Society. He and Jim had been wanting to see our place ever since they heard about it.

I told them I was going after the mail, and then over to Carl Thomas' place on an errand before I came back. I said, "Do you want to get in and ride?"

At Carl's I finished making out the order for a tire in the Whitney catalog. I had to find out for sure if it was for only one tire that he wanted. One tire \$30.99 plus \$8.35 for shipping charges. I wanted to remember the price because I believe he could get a tire just as good in Burns.

At last we got up here, and I gave them the grand tour. They took pictures. Bill said, "My little boy couldn't believe that the story about you was true. I told him we were going to visit you, and that I might sit in that blue chair where Mike was sitting for the picture in the book."

Sure enough, Bill sat in the chair, and I put on my hardhat and stood near by like I did when Robert Madden took the picture. Jim took the picture from where he thought Madden stood. Then he sat in the chair and Bill took our picture.

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7

From here they planned to fly to Denio, and stay over night before flying to back to Boise. I drove them back to the desert, but didn't wait to see them take off. They would have to look out for other planes that were towing gliders.

I notice that I haven't been recording my hikes down the hill. I have been jogging and walking to the lower draw nearly every day. Most of the time this week the wind has kept the gnats off, which was a help. One time I wore the light shoes. Friday evening I made the trip feeling quite strong. Last evening I felt weak at the start, but felt stronger on the way back.

I've been noticing a rash breaking out on my forearms. Last night I washed them with oilated-bar soap, and didn't use the new dry-skin lotion on them. It may be my imagination, but it doesn't look so bad today.

I spent two sessions chopping out dead grass on the trail around the engine house. I picked up several items that had gotten lost in the grass. The temperature was down to seventy-five, and a breeze helped me keep cool. The clearing off of the dead grass seems like a hopeless task. There is too much for one man to clear away.

Dorathy called this afternoon. I gave her a short briefing about Mike. They will be out here some time in August.

A man named Peterson called Mrs. Davis Friday and had her call me to tell me that he wanted me to call him collect. In the afternoon I called him. Apparently his phone is in an office of Channel eight in Portland. He said he was coming out to get pictures of the ground sailing on the Alvord Desert, and wondered if he could come up here and get a story about our place. Mr. Light had told him about us. He is eager to see our place. I told him about Mike, and tried to turn him down, but finally gave in and said, "Well, come on up." I thought it would be on the Fourth, but he said Monday.

6th

I was up before seven. I didn't take time to put on the dry-skin lotion. I don't intend to use it any more except on the tumors. The dermatologist said that I should use the lotion on them twice a day for three or four months.

I found that bathing with the oilated-bar soap left my skin smooth enough without the lotion. I didn't use it on my toes this morning. This saved time.

I spent most of the time cleaning the place this morning, even sweeping all the way back to the end of the tunnel.

When I was getting ready to shave, Carl showed up at the door. He came up mainly to get his shaving gear that he left here in his nap sack the other day. He said he was riding his motorcy-

cle over to Cottage Grove Saturday, and will be back Monday. There was a get-to-gather of motorcycle riders. He didn't have time to go last year, and he didn't want to miss out this year.

He asked about the shipping charges on that tire. I told him what it was, and said, "Maybe you could get a tire in Burns for about the same price."

He said, "No. They don't have any in Burns. They will order one from the factory. The price would be around fifty dollars."

Today I found a tarp in the pack room that I used last year for hauling the dead grass down into the garden. Then I whacked away for an hour getting more grass ready to haul to the garden.

6th

I drove the pickup down for the mail. The mailman was so late, I didn't wait around, but drove on over to Carl's to make sure he was leaving Saturday, and also to see if I had left my Parker Pen there. The pen wasn't there. He said he would be leaving early Saturday.

The ground sailers, and the glider people had left.

Peterson of Channel 8 didn't show up.

I took a hike passed the power-line crossing this evening. There was a good breeze that kept the gnats off. Also it kept me cool, although it was warmer than yesterday evening.

Carl had cherry pie and coffee when he was here.

July, 1987

10

The warm temperature this evening has brought out a lot of insects, and they're buzzing around my ears while I am writing.

7th

I was in bed by eleven last night, and slept quite well. I got up after seven. I didn't use the dry-skin lotion except on the tumors on my head.

I watched the hearing of North, and thought he did very well, and got off some advertisement for the Contras.

I hauled more dead grass down into the garden, and put it below the big rock. Then chopped more weeds and grass under the clothes line, and around the burning barrel.

I didn't hike down the road this evening. I thought I would work late hoeing the dead grass.

I ran the poem that Verne sent Mike into the computer and printed it. Then put the original back into the envelope and sealed the opened end with double-sided-scotch tape. I'll mail the letter to Mike tomorrow.

Today, when I shaved, I didn't use the shaving cream, but used the oilated-bar soap. It worked quite well, and I hoped it wouldn't be as harsh on my face as Gellet Foamy.

8th

It was partly cloudy most of the day, with a breeze from the west.

July, 1987

11

I baked a batch of muffins this afternoon. Besides oatmeal and raisins, I added Ralston, a high fiber cereal. I baked them at 350 degrees this time. After baking the last ones I didn't wash the pan, but cleaned it dry. This time the muffins didn't stick as bad as before.

I carried dead grass down below the big rock in the garden, using the blue tarp folded once to make a smaller bundle that I could carry on my back and get through under the branches of the trees and not be held back.

I picked a bucket of cherries, leaving the stems as well as some of the pits, on the branches. I believed it saved a little time because I didn't have to stem them up here.

I received a letter from Betsy. She is back working at the store. The job at K-Mart was too hard on her injured knee. She and Fred are coming out this summer to get the forty-six Chevrolet.

Duke called this morning. I told him about Loni being too busy to have the rug measured. He told me to let him know when she is ready to have the rug laid. He is going to visit Mike this weekend if he has time. He called the hospital and asked how Mike was. Someone there told him that Mike was doing very well. Said that he was pleasant, and smiled a lot. He was good to talk with.

It gave the impression that Mike was enjoying the place, since he had an audience for his stories. He could tell them whoppers with them thing they were true stories.

11th

George called this morning. He said that his knees were getting worse every day, and it was hard to walk or stand. He sent me a check for twelve-hundred dollars. It came in the mail Friday. In the letter he said, "You'll need some spending money." While he was about to say goodbye, Lois came in from a visit with Harry. She told George to tell me hello. George asked me if I wanted to talk with Lois.

I said, "Yes. I sure like to hear what she has to say."

We started talking about the cataract operation. She said not to be impatient with the results. It would six months before any real improvement could be seen. It would be six weeks before the irritation from the stitches would be gone. At the hospital where she had outpatient care they furnished a gown. That's different from the hospital here where you furnish your own. They also furnished dark glasses that went over your regular glasses and kept out light from the sides. These were furnished by the eye doctor, I presume. I haven't heard of anything like that here.

I hoed and pulled grass around the propane tank in the evening while it was cool and the sun was behind the mountain.

Friday I drove to Ontario, stopping at the bank in Burns to deposit the two checks into my checking account. I mailed a letter at the post office, then gassed at the Chevron station, and was on my way.

I ran into a few showers before I got to Vale.

In Ontario I headed for Carl Thornfeldt's office to arrange for an appointment in August. On the way there I had to follow my nose because there were a lot of odd corners to turn.

At the doctor's office the girl at the window made an appointment for August seventeenth.

I then drove over to Pitt's office to make sure of the time of my appointment there, whether it was two p.m. Mountain time or Pacific time. It was Mountain time, so I had only twenty minutes to wait. I didn't have time to go shopping around town. I had intended to look for a map of the city.

I sat in the waiting room, and was finally called to get my eye examination. They put me through a bunch of eye tests, a kind I had never had experienced or heard of. They put my head into a sort of stanchion with my forehead against an upper part and my chin against a lower part. I guessed it was for the purpose of keeping my head steady. The first test consisted of a circle of white-bright light with a red light in the center. I was to keep my eye on the red light. The girl manipulated dials but what I

saw didn't change in appearance. This was done for each eye, and she recorded three dial readings for each.

Then she showed me a card with parallel lines, one set horizontal, one set at an angle, and one perpendicular, and then a picture of jumbled mixed curves.

With my head in the stanchion she shown a bright into my right eye. The light would go out of sight, first one way and then the other. It seemed that the least movement of my head would cause it to go off center. She said that when I saw the parallel lines, I was to use a sign with my right hand, straight forward for horizontal, at an angle for upward-sloping lines, and pointing up for perpendicular lines. The reason for the hand signals was that if I talked it would through the light off center.

She made adjustments and asked which way the lines went. But all I could see was the jumble of circular patterns. Thus without results she tried my left eye. At first I could see only the jumbled pattern. Then unexpectedly the lines showed up. They were very small black lines nothing like I had looked for. She made adjustments and asked which way. I couldn't remember the signs she had given me. I used signs the way I thought they should be. For horizontal I used my hand lying flat, for at an angle, my hand tipped at an angle, and for perpendicular my hand on edge.

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15

It was a more natural way to do it. She said nothing but caught on immediately.

She went over the series of adjustments again, going from horizontal, to parallel, and to at an angle. When was satisfied with the results with the left eye, she said, "Now that you know what to look for, we'll try the right eye."

Now I did see the lines with the right eye. I think she was checking the condition of the retina, especially the right eye.

August, 1987

1

20th

I came over here to the dugout before six this morning. The high today was 85. The low was 62, and at 8 a.m. it was 71. The sky was clear early in the morning, then before noon a few high clouds came over, with occasional gusts of wind.

Ellis hasn't checked into the net for several days. He is up on the mountain classifying mountain sheep. He and the crew will make a hike down Big Indian Creek Canyon.

A phone call shortly after nine this morning came from the office of the dermatologist. The girl said that the biopsy sample that the doctor took Monday turned out to be free of cancer.

I took one of those tablets for lowering the eyeball pressure last night, and can feel the effects today. Breakfast made me partially queasy, and it is hard to accomplish any work. It is especially hard to sit down and write.

Carl came up around eleven-thirty. He wondered if there was any mail for them yesterday. I told him that there was none, and that, if there would be any on Friday, I would bring it over. I told him about the results of biopsy test.

I changed the sprinkler this morning. I have now progressed with it across the garden. The next move will put water on the new plum trees that I set out in the vetch this spring. I picked a few plums from the tree above the grapevine. They are quite firm, but are ripe enough to eat, and have a good flavor.

August, 1987

2

I hiked down the road again this evening, but not as far as usual. Some people had tents up at the head of the lower draw, and I didn't want to disturb them. I could see them from a quarter mile up the road, but I doubt that they saw me.

I called Dora today, and told her how the biopsy came out. She said that Jim, Pat, and Nellie would be back from Ontario tomorrow. Nellie had an appointment to see Dr. Pitts to find out if he could do something for her eye that was operated on for cataracts in Eugene last spring. After the operation she had trouble with the eye, and doesn't see good with it. They are staying two nights at a motel, a different one than the one I stayed in. Dora will let me know the name of it tomorrow. She stayed in the same place several times, but she can't remember the name or the location.

I talked with Lavina. She was processing corn to put into the freezer. I told her what a fine job Carl did on my road and that it was easier walking on it now.

Nearly every afternoon a flock of young chukars feed out in front. They eat cheat-grass seed, and catch grasshoppers. They are about one-third grown, and remind me of young turkeys.

21st

High yesterday 86, low last night 59, and at eight a.m. 71. There are a few clouds, and a wind from the west of about five miles an hour.

Ellis checked into the net this morning from his home. We moved down frequency and had a good visit. The sheep count was low, as well as the deer count. They saw only five four-pointers. His knees got sore from hiking down hill so much.

He said he was going over to mow John Sharff's lawn. John wasn't feeling very good, because a board fell on his head when he was working on his cabin up on the Steens Mountain.

22nd

Bruce and Carl came up yesterday, and brought back the wheel and tire that I gave them the other day. They wanted to know how much I wanted for the tire. I said, "I gave you that tire. I don't want anything for it."

They brought the shredder up from the garden and loaded it onto their pickup. I gave them the new float valve for the carburetor, saying, "I don't think that one I made of cork will still be working. Gas may have soaked into the cork and made it heavy."

I drove down to get the mail yesterday. There was none for Carl and Oma. The Burns paper came. There was an article in it saying that a stretch of the county road would have a hard top put on it between Fields and Andrews. That should be good news for Dora. She drives to Fields quite often.

I hiked to the lower draw yesterday evening, and got back in time to change the sprinkler before dark.

August, 1987

4

George called this morning. Lois had gone to the nursing home to see Harry. He is back from the hospital.

She was having trouble getting her eyes to work together. Now she has overcome the problem, and reads a lot more.

They have been riding their tricycles again. He says his right knee gives out if he goes too far. He thinks he will apply for an airplane ticket to make the trip to Portland on the 20th of September. He will bring heavy underwear with him.

I hiked nearly to where the tractor road turns off on the hill above the gate this evening.

23d

The sprinkler wasn't turning properly and wasn't throwing water very far this morning. I checked the pond, and found it nearly dry. I cleaned the drainage pipe, and left the valve to the garden turned off. At 8:15 I turned it on again. The sprinkler worked fine and threw water a good distance. I checked the sprinkler at 3:45. It was barely turning. I turned off the valve again, and will leave it on until I get back from my hike around 8:15. If we don't get a heavy rain soon there won't be any water for the garden. I suppose the spring for the tap water is nearly dry also.

Around noon a young man and his mother stopped in. They are friends of Carl and Bruce. The mother asked a lot of questions, and they stayed here about an hour and a half. He signed his name in the register, Roger Cook. He didn't put

in his mother's name, and I don't remember what she said it was. He drives logging trucks in the Coos Bay area.

Well, I didn't go for my walk. I checked the pressure of the tap water. It was 65 pounds which was 7 pounds above normal. This indicated that the overflow at the pressure-relief barrel was plugged. That would account for the lack of water in the pond, because it receives most of its water from this pipe.

I got some tools and climbed the side hill to the barrel. I soon saw the likely place where the pipeline was plugged. It was at the connections of the double elbows above the barrel. Here the water is turned back down. I quickly pulled the connections apart. A mass of hair roots were stuck in the elbows.

The greatest difficulty in going up there and back is seeing my footing with one eye.

I turned the sprinkler on at 7:30.

Today I charged the battery in the pickup, and got the motor started. I intend to start the motor every day in order to keep gas in the carburetor.

I called Dora this evening, and told her about the news in the Burns paper concerning the road construction that will be done between Trout Creek and Denio, and the work that will be done between Fields and Andrews. She said, "Wait until Pat hears about that. She will go wild." Pat is against paving the county road north from Fields.

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6

Pat, Nellie, and Jim went to Ontario Thursday where Nellie saw Dr. Pitts. Nellie's eye had the same trouble that Dora's had. The doctor used a lazer beam to destroy the tissue that was blocking her vision.

Nellie would not go back to Eugene where she had the cataract operation. She didn't want to go to Ontario either, but Pat insisted. Now Nellie is delighted with the results. She has an appointment with Dr. Pitts Tuesday at 11:30. She will get a prescription for glasses then.

I think it will be a week or two before I get a prescription for glasses.

I called the Hair's. As usual Lavina answered. She was making strawberry jam. They have had several pickings from their patch. As to the road work she said that the crews will come down this Fall and begin work. They will get the road ready for the paving next year.

I didn't take the tablet of Neptazane last night, and feel better today, and by evening much better. I'm not taking one again tonight, but will tomorrow night .

Ellis checked into the first net mobile on Hart Mountain. We didn't try to make contact. There was too much static on the radio.

25th

Today Carl drove the van for me to Ontario. We left before 7 a.m. He loaned me \$20 so that I could buy gas in Juntura. The money would do until I cashed a check in Ontario.

We were in Ontario early enough to eat lunch before my eye appointment. At the eye clinic I told Carl to get his hair cut and I would meet him at the clinic. If I should go for a walk after the doctor was through, I would be right back.

It turned out I had to wait a half hour past the appointment time before I got waited on. After that there were long waiting periods between the different steps in the examination. I was in there over two hours. I had figured that I would have time to go shopping before the appointment with the dermatologist. Dr. Pitts gave me the prescription for the glasses, and said to come back in four months. The girl looked in her book and made out an appointment for December 17th. I asked her if Nellie Sherman was coming in today. She said, "Nellie should be here in fifteen minutes. Would you like do wait to see her.?"

I said, "I cant wait. I have another appointment to meet.

We got over to Dr. Thornfeldt's place with five minutes to spare, but it was a half hour before he could see me. He examined the results of last week's work, then decided to do a shave biopsy on one tumor, and do some scraping on another.

He had to do a biopsy on another patient, and said he would be back in a few minutes. Time went by and he didn't return. A nurse came in and said, "It will be a while longer."

I asked her if it would be all right for me to go to the bank while I was waiting. I said, "The bank closes at five o'clock. I would like to cash a check."

She went to check with the doctor, and came back saying it would be all right. The bank is in the area where Albertsons is located.

I got into the bank just in time. As soon as I was in they locked the doors.

I showed the teller my driver's license. She looked at my picture and said, "That looks like you all right." She went over to a computer and punched a few keys. I think the monitor showed my bank account in Burns.

I let myself out the door. It could be opened from the inside, but not from the outside. At the van I said to Carl, "Lets do our shopping before we go to Dr. Thornfeldt's office. That way, when he gets through with me, we can head straight home."

At Albertsons I bought six jugs of distilled water 83 cents each, (At Safeway it is 99 cents.) then I got four half-gallon cartons of ice cream, and four cans of frozen orange juice. Carl bought from Oma's list:- six cans of Master's Treat Cat Food, (without fish), one pound of butter, two pounds of margarine, one bottle of Palmolive Dish Soap, then a gallon of milk not on the list.

Back at Dr. Thornfeldt's office he scraped on one tumor, then on another did the shave biopsy. It seemed a

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long time before I got out of his office. Actually it was close to an hour. We started home at 6:15 Mountain time.

The sun was going down this side of Princeton. We got home at nine-fifteen. We transferred his groceries to his pickup. We both forgot the jug of milk that was in a cooler with my stuff.

26th

I was late getting to bed last night. What happened--I was on my way to my bedroom around ten o'clock, and, as I was passing the engine house, I heard a rat inside. I turned my flashlight onto the shelves at the back, and saw the rat partly hidden behind a box. I rushed back to the dugout and got the Dura-matic pistol. From passed experience I was afraid he wouldn't be in the same place when I got back. Well, he was. I had a good aim at him and pulled the trigger. The pistol didn't fire. I took the thing into the house where I could see what the trouble was. There was no shell in the chamber, and the magazine was empty.

A few day ago I had trouble with an empty shell ejecting. I had to remove the magazine and almost take the pistol apart before I could remove the empty shell. I oiled every working part, and put only four shells into the magazine in case it still jammed. I couldn't remember ever using the four shells.

I put one shell in the barrel and one in my pocket. I figured I would reload by hand so as not to be troubled with a shell jamming.

Now I was sure the rat would be gone. I didn't see him, but he made a noise at the other end of the shelf from where I saw him the first time. I guided the light beam at various places along the shelf. I did this for about fifteen minutes (it seemed like an hour). Finally I heard him moving behind objects along the shelf. In about five minutes he was back in the original place. Still he didn't show himself. I went inside up close to the shelf, and pushed a box to one side. He poked his head up from behind a bucket and glared into the beam of the flashlight. I blasted away. He bounced up onto the bucket, kicked a few times, and lay still. I watched him a while to make sure he was dead, then left him there for burial in the morning.

I figured that this was the last of the rats that had invaded the buildings even the dugout.

I took the pistol with me going toward my bedroom. On passing the tin building door, I heard a noise in there. Thinking it might be another rat, I went inside and flashed the light around. There are a lot of boards lying on the rafters overhead. This makes a good walkway for rats, and also a hiding place. As long as they don't move or make a sound there is no way to tell where they are. Sometimes they will make a thumping sound, staying in one place, and always out of sight. As you move the light around to different places, they will sometimes move, and you can hear them skitter across the boards. You keep playing the light around

I stayed inside most of the day to make sure I wouldn't miss a call from George.

Lavina called early this morning. I told her about the trip to Ontario, and the treatment for the pre-cancerous tumors. They went to Burns yesterday. They met a woman in Safeway who had a cataract operation in Bemd recently. While there they rented a small house for a week. It had cooking facilities and cost less than a motel room.

I spent quite a bit of time writing in the log. This passed the time pleasantly. I typed the May 2nd log into the computer and printed it.

The greenhouse was up to 110 this morning when I turned on the blower. The temperature lowered to 84, but was back up to 100 in the afternoon.

Before putting on the PreSun I shaved. Looks as though I will have to shave every morning in order to put on a fresh layer of PreSun.

I saw on TV that a sunscreen of 34 is being sold.

I opened one of those boxes that Mike packed books in. I found the medical dictionary, and checked the names of those tumors. The book gives the phonetic pronunciations. One name wasn't in there, but I found it in the big dictionary.

I opened up a very-old jar of apricots. They had plenty of sugar, and the flavor of almonds was quite strong. Several of the jars I opened had no flavor and I couldn't tell

Well, this is bath night. The next one will be Tuesday or Wednesday making them twice a week. I will use the lotion 2x for three days, then every other day.

23rd

Sunday three people on motorcycles stopped out in front, two men and a woman. The oldest man with a full beard said, "I bet you don't remember me.."

I said, "I sure don't."

He said, "I'm Frank Lake's son."

I said, "Oh, Larry. You have put on quite a disguise. It's been ten years since I saw you." He was a boy then. Now he was a stranger to me, but to him I was the same old Jim. He introduced me to his wife, Shawn, and to his friend, Aron Reed.

Larry has been living in Bend for several years. I told them that Mike's daughter and her husband owned the Bangle Tree. Shawn said, "I've been there several times." They didn't know Carolee was Mike's daughter.

I showed them the cold room and the back tunnel. I didn't show them the greenhouse because it is such a crummy place. It was never a place I would care to show anyone. Now I have pulled out all the weeds that had taken over most of the growing space. Three of the trees in the pots seem dead. One of them is growing. The tall tomato plant has withered nearly to the ground. One day two weeks ago it was 150 in there.

Larry was very talkative, but I felt as though I was listening to a stranger. They stayed around for half an hour. I told them that Mike was in the hospital in Pendleton, and finally told them how he got there. Shawn said that it was a good facility.

They took off and drove up passed the mine and around the farther ridge. Later I thought I heard them come back down, but I wasn't sure.

Yesterday Carl Thomas came up with his brother, Richard. Carl needed gas and bought fifteen gallon. Then we dug angle worms. They left without the worms. I saw them on the bench outside.

Last night, on my way to my bedroom, I heard something in the plum trees. Surmising it was a porcupine I came back in and got the rifle. The sound came from the east end of the line of trees. I went around the weather station and pointed the beam of the flash light into the trees. The animal had his back to me so I couldn't get a shot at his head. I pelted him lengthwise through his back. The bullet didn't hit a vital spot, but he did fall to a lower limb. I shot four more times just at his body. I never could get a shot at his head. I thought he fell to the ground. Now I saw what I thought was another one farther out on the limb. I shot this supposedly second one several times. It fell to the ground and rolled down the steep slope. I thought it was running away and shot several times more. In the poor light

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25

I saw something that might have been him lying still, but again I thought it could just be a rock. I couldn't see what I thought was the first one.

Because of the weak beam from the flashlight I decided to wait until morning to look for them.

26th

On the twenty-third when I looked for the porcupine I could find only one of them. It was where I saw it the night before. At that time I wasn't sure if what I saw was a rock or if it was it. I decided to bury it outside the garden on the west side. Before I dug a hole I had to run a sprinkler that would soak the ground and make the digging easier.

I brought the tall sprinkler over from the east side and set it up. The impeller spring was out of adjustment. It was up so high I couldn't reach it, so I turned the head a few turns with the shovel hoping it would start turning in a circle. It didn't turn, but by luck the head stopped when the water was falling on the spot where I wanted to dig. It ran there all night and most of the next day.

Yesterday I dug the hole and got him buried. The sun was hot and the temperature was 85. Actually I was surprised that I got the job done.

I drove down to get the mail on the twenty-fourth. The forms for reporting the weather arrived. There was a letter to Carl from Oma. Carl and his brother had been up here in the morning to get angle worms. Dick wondered if I still had

the CB rig that Ellis loaned me. He wanted to try it to use in his pickup. The CB rig was in the cab of the '64 pickup. We went out to the point and set it up in the van. Then tried to communicate with Carl in his pickup. He could hear me Okay, but his transmitter didn't seem to work. He finally got it going.

We decided to try talking with each other between his place down by the desert and up here on the point. He kept transmitting all the way to his place. I heard him once when he was on the county road, but thereafter never heard him at all. Later he said that he heard me at his place but not very loud.

Wednesday, when I took Oma's letter to him, I gave Dick Ellis' CB transceiver. It was of no use to me because Carl couldn't hear it.

We figured that maybe the switch on Carl's was faulty, so I brought it up here, tested the switch, and found it Okay. There could be something wrong with the microphone itself.

Yesterday I made out a check for the power bill. It was the same as the one last month, \$36.24.

On the 24th and 25th I heard a porcupine below the plum trees. I couldn't find him. Yesterday, while I was trying to rake the grass out from under the small cherry tree, I heard the porcupine again. I traced the sound to a place along the fence. Of course, the sound quit when I tramped through the vetch toward the fence.

I went up on top and started searching down through the jungle of brush made by the new shoots of the plum trees. No luck. I went back to racking, then heard the sound again. Now it was getting dark. I went up and got a flashlight and searched along the fence from the lower side. On the upper side the ground comes down so steep it makes a vee with the fence. I reached over and guided the beam along the vee. I could see nothing of the porcupine. I had come to the conclusion that the one that I had shot was stuck somewhere and couldn't move.

I continued the search, and showed the light through the fence from the lower side. Then saw him. The light had to be at just the right angle, otherwise I would look right at the spot and not see him. The fence has two layers of chicken wire which makes it difficult to get the muzzle of the rifle through the mesh so that it would point at his head. When the bullet struck him he never moved. This made me wonder if he had already been dead, and it was yet another one that had been making the sound.

26th

The women who came with Dick were due back from Reno this afternoon. Carl said he would bring them up here to see the place, and pick some cherries late in the evening when it had cooled down. The high today was 92.

After I came back with the mail I made my way down through the jungle of plum sprouts, that had come up from

Carl and Dick didn't show up with the women today. Maybe the heat held them back, and maybe they didn't want to brave a thunderstorm that came up late in the evening.

After checking into the OEN I went down and picked a half bucket of cherries. I came up just before a thunderstorm started.

I read in the Commodore 64 program manual. Then pitted the cherries. At first I thought I would pit a small portion of them and wait until tomorrow to do the rest, but kept at it until I finished at nine o'clock.

At one point while I was pitting cherries I remembered that the windows of the vehicles at the point were open. I dashed out there in the rain and closed them. I sat in the Aerostar for a while to catch my breath, and look out over the desert. Evidence of rain showed up in part of the desert, in other parts the wind was raising dust clouds. The wind was rocking the van.

George called this morning. He says he tires quickly, and has prickly sensations in his muscles above his knees. He was putting a clock together. It was in a kit form where you do the finishing work on the wooden case. The kit cost \$33. He bought lacquer and sandpaper that came to \$8.50. That makes \$41.50.

He has decided to come out here in September instead of August. The weather will be cooler then.

30th

Sunday Carl came up with Dick's daughter, Florence, Mae Thomas, and Mrs. Stan Thomas.

On their way back from Reno the car overheated because of a broken fan belt. They had an extra fan belt with them so they got going again. Then something else went wrong. I didn't get the story clear, but it seems that Ralph got word to Carl and Dick. They finally got the women home.

They were supposed to go home to Fossil Sunday. Stan was angry because his wife didn't come home on time. Florence called someone on our phone collect. She seemed to be trying to get the person on the other end to talk to Stan and calm him down.

They planned to leave at 4 a.m. Monday

Yesterday, Monday, Carl came up and picked two buckets of cherries in three hours. It was almost noon when he left to stem the cherries at home. He puts them in the freezer without taking out the pits.

I had picked a second bucket of cherries Sunday evening. I didn't get it quite full, because I heard a porcupine above the garden to the east of the plum trees. I went up and used the field glasses to search the area between the road and the fence. I saw the creature in the tall grass. Without the glasses I would never have seen him. I rushed in, brought out the rifle, and got him in the scope's sight. Daylight was fading, and I could hardly see the cross

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hairs. His head was out of sight. I shot him three times in the body. Then seeing that he had slowed down, I went the long way to get down the steep bank to get near him. Now I was close enough to see how small he was. At the short distance I could just point the muzzle to shoot him in the head.

June, 1987

1

14th

Around 8:15 there was a thunderstorm with strong winds. It brought .02 inches of rain. The plastic in one window tore out. The plastic doesn't last long when there is no glass to protect it. The lightning would knock out the power for seconds at a time. I was surprised that there wasn't a long blackout.

15th

It was calm and nearly clear early this morning. Cirrus clouds began moving rapidly in from the south. Then cumulus clouds and thunder caps began showing up. By nine it was overcast, and heavy surface winds from the west came in.

The barometer went down from 30.66 on Saturday to 30.19 this morning. The temperature last night was 58, and at eight o'clock it was 70. By nine-thirty it was down to 62, and rain seemed imminent.

I tried the phone. There was a dial tone. I couldn't believe that the repair man had been out here so early and had the phone working. Dora didn't answer her phone. I called Hair's. Lavina answered on the first ring. She said, "Maybe the trouble was over by Crane."

Carl is driving a pickup over to the Roaring Springs Ranch. They are driving cattle from the Kueny Ranch over there, and needed someone to drive the truck over to bring the men back.

June, 1987

2

The thunderstorm came through here around ten-fifteen, and there was a downpour with high winds. Thereafter the sun came out for a while, but the winds continued. I uncoupled the pipeline thus deactivating the sprinkler in the garden.

I found a roll of vinyl plastic in the back room. How Mike missed it is a mystery, unless it was some he was saving for another purpose.

When the wind slacks off, I will put a piece in the place of the broken glass. Then renew old plastic in other parts of the window.

At ten-thirty the barometer was down to 30.00. The temperature had dropped to 57. A second thunderstorm arrived bringing more wind and rain. The first storm brought .37 inches.

I drove the truck down for the mail after 2 p.m.. My reading glasses arrived and a Father's Day card for Carl. I took it and some strawberries over to him.

Back up here I pulled all the old staples out of the window frame so that the new plastic would lay flat on the wood better. I cut the plastic to size and stapled it into place. I nailed a slat across the center to keep the plastic from slapping back and forth the full distance between top and bottom. It is the slapping back and forth that gradually breaks it at the staples.

June, 198y

3

It is now 10:10 p.m. and has been raining steadily since 6 p.m. not really hard but if it keeps up like this all night it should amount to a considerable by morning.

The barometer is going up again, and is now 30.22. I thought it would continue to go down after it reached 30.00 at 10:30 a.m.

16th

The rain last night came to .12 inches. This brought the total for twenty-four hours to .65 which was the most reported on the weather net. The barometer was 30.31 at 8 a.m., and now at 2:30 it is 30.28 and falling.

The phone didn't work this morning, and the power was off. Carl came up around ten-thirty while the power was off. He said that it was on at his place when he left. He has all the circuits working now except one. Before he left here I said, "I'll be down as soon as the power comes on here."

It came on soon after he left. I wore my new reading glasses, and carried the Volt-Ohm Meter out to the pickup. There was an indication that it might rain.

At Carl's I checked the circuit breakers inside the trailer house. The lower-left-hand-corner one was off and it wouldn't reset. Carl turned off the power at the post, and I removed the offending circuit breaker.

When it was out it would re-set. Then I remembered that when I worked on these breakers before, this one could be re-set only when it was out of the box.

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4

I set the breaker and put it back in. Carl turned the power back on at the pole. We checked to see if the lights in the kitchen worked. Then I headed for home.

In the afternoon I went out to the point to close the windows of the two vehicles. A small-green Ford was parked near the Aerostar. I guessed hikers had parked it there while they hiked up the mountain.

This evening I walked down the hill. The little car was gone. There were footprints coming up the hill, so I wondered which way they went for their hike. There was .06 inches of rain during the day.

I tried the phone around 6:15, and there was a dial tone. I called Dora. She answered on the fourth ring. She said that she had tried to call me, but the line was busy.

She said that Alice Clark is in the Bend hospital for a gall bladder operation. Charlotte will be there during the operation.

Mr. Clark went to the Burns hospital last month, and they sent him to the Bend hospital where the doctors found his trouble, and they were able to help him. He feels better than he has for a long time.

I feel very sad concerning Mike. They say that when you die you cant take anything with you. Mike cant take anything with him now and he's not even dead.

He has more tools, more clothes, and more money than he has ever had.

June, 1987

5

17th

The low last night was 45, and at seven o'clock this morning it was 54. The barometer was 30.36. There were a few scattered clouds and it was calm.

A little House Wren made a lot of noise around and under the eaves of my bedroom. His wings seemed to beat as fast as a Humming Birds. It was amazing how loud his high pitched song came into the bedroom.

this way, and suddenly they may stop right in the beam of the light. The light blinds them from seeing you, then you can get in a good shot.

I stayed in there quite a while listening to some odd noises. Finally I decided that a bird must be making them, because no typical rat sound came on. It was twelve by the time I got to bed.

I got up around seven this morning, and after breakfast buried the rat. That makes six, all tracked down by getting them confused in the beam of the flashlight.

I took my time getting ready to go to town. Checked into the weather net, washed the dishes, and changed the sprinkler in the garden.

When I was about to start out, two men and a woman came to the door. They said that they were here two years ago. I told them to come on in. One of them laid two cut and polished geodes on the table. He said, "We wanted to bring you something this time. This rock", indicating the best looking one of the two, "is from the Prineville area. The other came from up hear on the side hill."

The other man said, "We didn't know if you had a garden this year, but we were sure you had fruit. We brought you some vegetables." He handed me a brown paper bag. It held a head of red cabbage and some elephant garlic.

They talked a while, and looked at some of the rocks in here and at some outside.

After they left I put the sack into the cold room, then headed down the hill. I had the prescription for the glasses, and a pair of frames with me. I made sure I had my checkbook also.

Carl had driven at a good fast rate on our trip to Ontario. Now it was difficult for me to go as slow as I used to. I was doing fifty on the county road part of the time, and sixty-five on the paved road. In spite of the late start I was at Thompson's office at twelve o'clock. I went inside. The window was closed. I tapped on the panel that closed the window. There was no answer. I went back outside to see if there was a notice on the door about office hours. There was. They were closed between twelve and one.

I drove over to the Safeway store and did some shopping. I bought six jugs of distilled water \$5.34, a pack of three Bounty towels \$3.19, a jar of Adams Peanut Butter \$2.69, four cans of milk \$2.36, a package of Almost Home Chocolate Chip Cookies \$1.59, a can of red salmon \$3.19, peaches at 69 cents a pound 81 cents, a bottle of vitamin C \$3.19, and a bottle of vitamin A \$2.99.

It was hot outside. I drove to a shady spot where I ate some cookies and drank some water. I killed enough time to bring it to 12:55. When I got to the office door an elderly woman rather short and lean was standing there. She wore drab clothes and some kind of hat with a medium sized brim.

I said, "Hello. It's a warm day. Is the door locked?"

She said, "It is warm. The door is locked."

I was doubtful that it was locked, so I went up and pushed it open. She was surprised, and said, "I guess I didn't push hard enough."

We went inside and sat down in chairs that were handy. The service window was still closed. She wasn't wearing glasses. I asked, "Did you come to get glasses fitted?"

She fumbled in her pocketbook, and brought out a pair of glasses saying, "I came to get these fixed. The screw on one bow is loose. I thought it would fall out if I tried to wear the glasses."

I asked her if she walked over. She told me about being given a ride through a special program that gives rides to senior citizens. I gathered that the Senior Center handles the program. She said that she is unable to walk fast because of a tendency to fall, which she did one time and broke her ankle.

The window opened. I nodded to the woman to go up first. She showed the clerk her glasses and explained the trouble. The clerk took the glasses and was gone a short time. She said, "Here you are. They're as good as new."

She put them on and looked pleased. She asked how much she owed. The clerk said, "There's no charge."

The woman thanked her and said, "I hope I won't have to bother you again in a long time."

I handed the prescription to the woman behind the window, and showed her the frames to put the lenses into. She said, "The doctor is not back from lunch yet. It will be about forty minutes. Do you want to wait or do you have somewhere to go?"

I said, "I have an errand to do, and will be back." I drove to the Chevron station for a tank of gas, then to the bank and cashed a check for \$100. Then drove to a shady spot to eat a few more cookies.

I was back at the doctor's office at 1:45. The girl wanted to know my Medicare number. I told her that I didn't have the B part of Medicare. She asked, "Medicare didn't pay anything on the cataract operation?" I told her no, and that I paid for it myself. She thought it was too bad. I told her that I had expected the VA. Hospital to take care of anything like the operation, but that they have cut back on services.

Dr. Thompson had me come back into his office where he measured where to put the bifocal. He seemed perplexed that there were no bifocals in the old frame. He said that they would be ready in about a week.

The girl made out the bill \$95.75. While I was waiting for the bill a girl sitting at the other end of the room, with her back toward us, turned toward the front and said something. I thought she was talking to someone else and not to me. She repeated the question. I asked, "Were you speaking to me?"

She said, "Yes. How are you?"

I said, "I'm fine. Are you Dr. Thompson's daughter?"

She said, "No. I'm his daughter-in-law."

I said, "The last time I was here his daughter was behind the counter."

I wrote out a check for \$95.75, wondering if it was a good idea to pay in advance.

I had no more errands to do, so drove right on out of town. The temperature was in the nineties. I was glad of the air conditioning. I drove 60 and 65 on the paved road, and 45 to 50 on the gravel road. I was at the mail box just in time to take the mail out of the sack as the mail truck arrived from the south. Handing the girl the empty sack I said, "Hope you aren't too warm. It sure is a hot day." I didn't catch what her answer was. I knew she didn't have air conditioning.

Up here after I put the groceries away, and had something to eat, I decided to take some things down to Carl's place. I thought I would use the pickup to give it a workout. The engine started all right. At the turnoff to the county road I stopped to shift in to two-wheel drive. I turned off the motor. When I got in and turned on the key the solenoid would not kick in. There wasn't enough juice to actuate the solenoid.

I walked back up the hill, and drove the Aerostar down, transferred the milk, Oma's bank statement, and the owners

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manual for the shredder from the pickup to the van. Then drove down to Carl's. The gate was closed. By now it was dark. I left the things on a table on the porch. They would be home later I hoped.

27th

This morning after the chores were done I called up Carl Hair and told him about the pickup. He said he would come up with his pickup and jump the batteries. Then, on second thought, he said, "It's quite a job getting to the battery in this pickup. Can you use the battery in your van?" I told him I could, that the battery was right in front and in the clear.

I drove the van down, and parked next to the pickup. I got out the handbook to read the instructions on using the jumpers on the battery. By the time Hair arrived I was digging the jumpers out from under the seat of the pickup. Mike Davis drove up. He said, "Maybe you shouldn't use jumpers from your van's battery. It might knock out some of the electronic controls."

I told him about the instructions in the book. I started the van motor, and we connected the jumpers. Then I got into the pickup and started its motor. It all worked fine. I could have done it by myself.

Anyway, Carl drove my pickup up the hill. I drove the van. Mike drove his pickup up to bring Carl back down.

28th

This morning I changed the sprinklers, checked into the net, and talked with Ellis. He will be driving up to Sharff's cabin in John's car. John and Florence are attending a meeting of a club. I've forgotten the name.

31st

I was over here at 6:35 this morning. Low last night 64, at 8 a.m. 76, high today 95. There was no wind and it was clear most of the day. There were a few clouds this evening. For a while it looked as though we would have a thunderstorm.

I checked the sprinkler. It wasn't turning. I disconnected the pipeline at the valve in the draw, then went up and cleaned the drain pipe in the pond, and came down and closed the valve in the draw.

I had a breakfast of corn-flakes with orange juice, and half a hotcake with canned milk. I shaved and checked into the net. I heard Ellis check in, but didn't make contact with him. I put the timoptic drops in each eye.

Then went up and connected the pipeline in the draw, and turned the valve on full. I looked to see how the sprinkler was running. It wasn't turning. Thinking there might be dirt in the head, I pulled the line off the sprinkler pipe to let the water drain down from the head. This should let out any dirt in the head. I went to the manifold, and opened the valve wide open for a short time. I could hear lots of

air coming through the line. I closed the valve almost fully, then went to the sprinkler and hooked the line to the sprinkler pipe. Went back to the manifold and opened the valve. I watched the sprinkler for a while. It didn't turn.

I figured that air locks in the line wasn't letting the full pressure reach the sprinkler. I went up to the dugout, and had good intentions of writing, but didn't feel good. I read again about the adverse reactions of Neptazane in the medical book. The term malaise seems to cover my feeling. Besides being uncomfortable I had no push to do anything, not even write.

I lay down and tried to sleep, and did doze off a bit. I got up and went up the road to where I could see the sprinkler. It was turning fine. Then I took a bag of paper out to the burning barrel.

At eleven I turned on the TV and while I listened I ate a bowl of ice cream with unsweetened apple sauce. At twelve watched the soap opera Days of Our Lives. It has a host of plots all going at the same time, and all love stories. There are some action sequences with mysterious evil deeds afoot.

I tried sleeping again, and seeing that I couldn't, I composed prose in my head using mores code. This kept me occupied until mail time.

There was no mail for Carl or Oma. For me there was a letter from Phil Grenon, and one from Dr. Thornfeldt with a

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bill for services. The first biopsy came to \$53, the last one \$212, and other services \$197.50.

I decided that I would have my appointment of the eighth of September canceled, telling them I would be back next July when I would have part B of Medicare.

I'm not taking the Neptazane tablet tonight. I used the Timoptic and the Pred Forte. The Pred Forte is used only in the right eye. The doctor didn't tell me to shake before using. Just a while ago I read in fine print a long list of chemical contents, and underneath it says, "Shake before using."

Tonight I was through bathing by nine-fifteen. I watched an episode of Taxi. I ran some clothes through the washing machine, and had them ready to hang on the line in the morning.

November, 1987

1

High 44, low 26, at 6 p.m. 38. The sun shown most of the day. The wind blew from the west hard enough to make it seem cold.

I seem to keep busy most of the time, but I don't get much done. I cut some wood, buried the porcupine, and looked through the boxes of books that Mike had stored in the back room. I found the necklace with the stone that has a picture of the butte at the mouth of Indian Creek. I moved the boxes of books to a new place so that I could get at some insulating material that was behind them. In the afternoon a man from Lakeview drove up. His name was Stanley Wonderley. It sounds like a name out of a story.

He said that he knew Byron, W7MLJ, in Lakeview. Byron checks into the weather net and the OEN. He said that there was one ham in Lakeview who has been on the air continuously longer than any other ham in the U.S.A., and he is only 74 years old.

Stanley brought in his TV camera. He took some pictures of me sitting in front of the transmitter. We talked while it recorded our conversation. The battery in the thing was running low, so he shut the camera off. He had enough, and I was ready to quit too.

He and his son were camped on the Little Alvored Creek. He hunted chukars for a while this morning, but one of his knees went lame, so he gave that up. When he was leaving, here, he said he would go across the flat and hunt quail.

November, 1987

2

At 3:30 I went for a walk down the road. I heard shots to the right on the bulldozer road. I thought I might meet the hunter on my way back up. That's what happened. He came down the road with a three-wheeler with its lights on. He was wearing a camouflage suit, and had a cloth over the lower part of his face to protect it from the cold air. He waved as he went by.

After Alice closed the Beaver State Net last night, she made contact with me. She said that they were moving Mike to a nursing home in Bend this week. I told her that I hadn't heard about it. She said that Carolee tried to get me on the phone Friday, and Saturday, but couldn't raise me. I said, "I must have been outdoors when she called."

This was the first time she had heard about Mike being in the hospital. She wondered if I would be coming in this week, maybe for Thanksgiving. I said, "I'll call Carolee tomorrow and see what Mike will be doing. I'm wondering if they will let him go out for dinner. Eating out might upset the control of his blood sugar."

She said, "Carolee told me that they can give him insulin shots as long as they don't tell him they are insulin shots."

23rd

High 43, low 33, at 6 p.m. 36. It was a nice day with sunshine and little wind.

Before I went to bed I heard, via the microphone on the roof, the patter of raindrops. I was sure a rainstorm was setting in for the night. When I opened the door to go to my bedroom I was surprised to see the sidewalk nearly dry. When I came over here this morning there was no sign that there had been any rain at all. The rain gage showed only a trace.

I had a good breakfast for a change. Then sat at the keyboard writing yesterday's account. I was interrupted by two young men coming to the door. They do contract work for the Forrest Service and live in Bend. Their names are Art Shay and Larry Lynch. They had heard about Mike being in the hospital. I told them that Mike would be transferred from the hospital in Salem to a nursing home in Bend.

One of them said that his wife worked in a nursing home in Bend. I believe he said, "The Bachelor Butte Nursing Home."

They stayed quite a while asking questions. I went outside to show them the juniper trees and the pine tree we had set out, hoping that when outside they would leave sooner. I guess they would have stayed around for hours if I hadn't said, "Well, I've got to get going. I've a lot to do." I headed for the door.

On leaving they said that they would stop at the Bangle Tree and say hello to Carolee.

It was eleven-thirty. I had intended to call Carolee sooner. At least it wasn't her lunch time yet. She answered

the phone promptly. I recognized her voice this time. She said that after Mike got settled in for a few days, she and Bruce would take him out to dinner. I asked, "Wouldn't eating out upset their control of his blood sugar?"

She said, "Well, I would have to watch what he ate. They test his blood twice a day, and give him insulin shots as needed. His diabetes has turned into the kind that needs insulin shots."

I said, "Since he rebels when he thinks he is getting insulin shots, it looks as though he still isn't thinking straight."

She said, "No. He still has delusions. Well, I have got to get back to work."

I said, "I guess it wouldn't do any good for me to visit him now." She agreed.

I didn't have a chance to talk to her about the Chevrolet and the drag saw. I will call Betsy later at her home.

For lunch I had a piece of pie with ice cream, coffee and an apple.

I finished yesterday's account and did a spell check on it, and printed it out.

After lunch I proceeded to get a piece of plywood out of the tin building to cover, on the inside, the big-old broken window of my bedroom. There were several full-sized sheets of plywood leaning against the wall. At first sight it appeared easy to get one out. In front of them a consid-

erable number of odd-sized pieces of plywood and boards held them wedged tight. I had to move all those things first. Then it was a struggle to maneuver the sheet out the door.

I carried it over to the bedroom, and spent a lot of time and work getting it into place. Things were in the way, including the bed. I had to tear a shelf off the back wall. Before I got it into place it was time to go after the mail.

At the mailbox I decided against going over to Carl's place. I would have too little time left to finish the job on the plywood before dark.

Not counting the junk mail, there was only the News and World Report, a letter from George, and one from Hazel and Gerald. In George's letter there were the doctor bills I had sent to him to look at, and a clipping from a newspaper telling about a sinkhole that swallowed a home. Hazel wrote that Bob, Fred's son, died on October 20 at 5 a.m.

I finished putting in the plywood, but later I saw that I had overlooked a few things. Along the bottom several bats wouldn't allow the plywood to lie flush with the wall. This made an opening for the wind to blow through. I had made the sheet full length, thinking it wouldn't matter if the extra length went out passed the window. Now I saw that I would have to take it off and rectify the mistake. I will do it tomorrow, the weather permitting.

It was too late for my hike down the road when I got through. Ellis didn't check into any of the nets tonight. He probably went over to Scio.

On one of the nets I heard someone ask for news about the earthquake in southern California. The news on TV wouldn't be on until nine o'clock. I turned on the radio and listened to KNX. It gave a good account of the quake. It was 6.2 on the Richter scale. There wasn't much damage, and no one was hurt.

I left the radio on, and at nine o'clock a classic-radio play started. It was a detective story, "The Saint". I listened for a while, and was reminded how good the old plays were on radio.

29th

Low 17, high 36, at 6 p.m. 33. The sky was clear. The wind calm. With this combination it was a pleasant day outside.

I was up at 7:10. I came over to the dugout, built a fire in the stove, and turned on the electric heaters. Then took a hike down passed the power-line crossing. With no wind my hands and ears didn't get cold exposed to the air.

Lavina called this morning. She said that the reason I couldn't get Dora on the phone was that she was in California. She will be back this coming week. Roy was down and had Thanksgiving dinner with them. He is going back home today because he has to work tomorrow. At the county property for the road crew, they have the new-mobile home set up on the foundation, and will have the place ready by the end of next week. Pete will move from the old-mobile home into it.

The workers that will be preparing the roadbed for the blacktop will move into the old unit. The housing problem has been holding up the construction work on the road. Now, maybe, they will start this winter after all.

I got those stickers for the license plates last Friday at a cost of eleven dollars. Now I cant find the registration paper that I had with me that day. I decided to put on the new stickers right away before losing them. It was below freezing, although the sun was shining. I used the hair dryer to warm the plates.

While I was working on the front plate my back was turned toward the point. I heard a vehicle approaching behind me, but didn't turn around immediately. When it came to a stop, I raised my head and turned. It was a big GMC truck. The one person in it opened the cab door and came bouncing to the ground. I called out, "Hi, there."

He came up close and asked, "Are you having trouble getting your engine started?"

I said, "No. I'm putting stickers on the license plates. The plates have to be warm or they won't stick."

"Oh." he said, "I thought you were trying to warm the engine." He was all smiles in greeting me, and shook my hand. "I'm on my way from Salt Lake City to Portland. Thought I would stop to see you. I heard that Carl Thomas had a stroke."

I began to recognize him. For years he had been flying to Boise, and his route was over our place. He would look down and see our place and think about visiting us if he had a chance. He landed down near Carl Hair's place one day, and Carl brought him up here. Since then he has come up several times. His name is Doug Hamblin, and he lives in Corvallis.

I told him that Carl was doing fine, and would be out here before Christmas. He said, "They told me down at the store, but Julie didn't know the details. I was sorry to hear he had a stroke."

I said, "I was sorry too, but I guess he will be all right. Mike is in a nursing home in Bend now."

He said, "The last I heard he was in Salem. Why did they move him?"

I told him that Mike was so much better they would allow him to stay in a nursing home. "He had a choice between one in Burns and one in Bend. He chose Bend. That makes it possible for Carolee to visit him more often." I said.

He asked, "How about that old '46 Chevrolet? Mike gave it to his granddaughter. I sure would like to have it."

I said, "Betsy is going to have a baby in March, so maybe she won't have time to bother with the old car. I'll call and ask her."

He said, "I asked Mike if he wanted to sell the old drag saw. He gave me the ridiculous price of \$15,000."

I said, "That's what he wanted for the compressor too. I'll ask Carolee about the drag saw."

He says, "Say, do you ever wear blue jeans. I must have a hundred of them. What size to you wear?"

I said, "Sure. I wear blue jeans. These pants I have on now I bought at a thrift store. They aren't second hand. They're factory rejects."

The next time he comes over he will bring some blue jeans. He has put in over 80,000 miles on his truck since March. He makes a couple of trips a month to Florida hauling jet engines to be repaired in the shops in Orlando.

George didn't call yesterday, and hadn't called by one-thirty today. I tried phoning him, but there was no answer. I tried again at four o'clock. Lois answered, and George got on the extension. They had made so many phone calls during Thanksgiving they had forgotten to make any calls on the weekend. They were out to see Harry. He is just the same. The weather has been cold, down to forty at night and only up to sixty in the daytime. There's been lots of wind.

I told him about Doug Hamblin driving up today, and about his making all those trips to Orlando. I said, "He told me that if I ever drive to Florida this time of year I should go the southern route so as to miss all the bad storms."

George said, "The best way to make trips back here is to fly. It would cost less and save time." I agreed with

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10

him, but if I did fly down I would be away from the place too long.

Ellis checked into the Beaver State Net tonight. We moved up frequency and had a short chat. Band conditions were not favorable. He was fading out fast. There had been so much activity with the grandchildren and Julie visiting her parents and aunts he hadn't been on the air much. I told him about Bob Ellis becoming a silent key last Tuesday. He hadn't heard because he had been off the air so much of the time.

I called Betsy tonight. Fred answered the phone. I said, "Well, Fred I hear you're going to be a father."

He said, "Betsy lost the baby a couple months ago. I thought you might have heard."

I asked him if Betsy still wanted Fred's old Chevrolet car. He said that Betsy had gone to a movie and would be home at nine. He would have her call back. She called at nine-thirty. I told her about the two wanting to buy the car, and asked her how much she wanted for it. She said that since they weren't set up to restore the car she was thinking of selling it. We shouldn't get less than five-hundred dollars for it.

I asked her about Mike. She said that he is doing good. Bruce and Carolee brought him down to her place for Thanksgiving dinner. Billy and Betty Couler were there. Mike shook hands with Billy, saying, "It's been a long time."

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11

He was quiet and didn't eat much dinner. He lay down for a while, saying that he was tired. When they brought him back to the nursing home, he thought they were going into a motel. They got him to his room, then told him they were going to another room. From her account I feel that he isn't any better except that his blood sugar is under control.

30th

High 40, low 25, at 6 p.m. 38. The wind was 3 miles an hour from the west. The sky was overcast, and there was no precipitation.

I took a hike down the road this morning. The wind was stronger passed the point than it was at the dugout. It held me back coming up the hill.

After breakfast I brought out the short piece of white insulating material to see if it could be used on the inside of the bedroom door. It was too short. I left it standing on edge by the big chair. The measurement on the door shows that it needs to be 78 inches long, and 33 inches wide. I looked for some foam sheeting to put under it to act as a shield for the cracks around the door, but couldn't find anything suitable.

I baked two loaves of bread, using one package of double-strength-dry yeast. After washing the dishes, I cleaned the new food slicer. When I first got it home and read the instructions I felt disappointed, because I couldn't see any good way to hold the vegetables in place while slicing. I wanted it mainly for slicing bread.

The food tray wasn't wide enough for a loaf of bread, and still use the food grip. You would have to cut the loaf into quarters to use the grip. Also two parts that were supposed to come with it were missing, a "Protect-o-Stop" that would come down below the counter edge to keep the slicer from moving backward, and a "Vac-o-Matic" table lock which would hold the slicer down with a vacuum grip.

For lack of these two items I used a 2x8 two feet long to set the thing on. Then nailed two strips of wood across the 2x8 making a slot that the two front legs would fit into snugly. With the rear end of the 2x8 against the back wall the slot held the slicer from moving back. A few drops of salad oil on the food-tray track made the tray slide freely.

After the bread had cooled I tried the slicer. I didn't use the food grip, but held the loaf by hand on the food table. I could see no danger of my fingers getting sliced. Later when the loaf got short I used the food grip and cut slices to the very end of the loaf.

Friday I bought a piece of boneless-round steak intending to grind it into hamburger meat. To get the meat into the grinder it needs to be sliced into strips about one and a quarter inches thick.

After slicing the meat I tore down the slicer and washed the parts. It wasn't as bad job as I had anticipated.

I drove down for the mail at 2:30. Someone had a big square tent set up at the gate. There was no vehicle around.

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13

The only mail was the News and World Report. I drove over to Carl's place and took a mouse out of one of his traps, then reset it.

I called Carolee this morning around eleven o'clock. We talked about the '46 Chevrolet and the drag saw. I told her about the two different guys wanting them. She thought we could let the drag saw go for a small sum. Like Betsy she thought the Chevrolet should bring at least \$500.

She didn't say much about Mike, only that he was doing pretty good. She had heard about Bob from Hazel.

I hiked all the way to the lower draw tonight. I felt that I needed a long walk. A man on a three wheeler came down the road with his lights on just like the other night. He wore a ski mask and had on plain dark clothes. It was probably a different man than before. It was nearly dark when I got back as it is so often now.

Ellis didn't check into any of the nets tonight.

2nd

This morning it started raining around three-thirty. At the same time the power went off. I thought of the crew working on the line in the wind and rain. The power came on around seven-thirty. The air was calm by that time, and there was only a sprinkling of rain.

At eight o'clock I checked the rain gauge. It showed only four-hundredths of an inch of precipitation.

Since it was wet outside I decided to make a couple of pumpkin pies. I started at ten o'clock. I used seven ounces of lard for two nine inch crusts. I got almost too much water in the dough, but the crusts came out fine.

At eleven the rain turned into a pretty good downpour. I was reluctant to drive down for the mail while it was raining so hard. I waited until three-thirty. By then the pies were cool enough to cut, so I ate one small piece. It whet my appetite for more. No wonder I wanted to make a pumpkin pie.

When I went out to the pickup, it was raining very lightly. I brought my big overcoat out and put it in the cab to have in case I had to change wheels in the rain. The rain wet the windshield, but I didn't have to use the wipers. Going down the hill, I could see a skim of water all over the desert. At the county road the rain had stopped.

The mail consisted of junk, and my VA check.

I had another piece of pie when I got back. I turned on the TV set at four-thirty, and listened to the news briefly on channel eleven. Channel thirteen was off the air. The news stories were so depressing I had to turn off the set. I could do without the news, but I like to hear the weather forecasts.

At five-thirty it was almost completely dark. The moon made a little light through the clouds. There was only twenty-six hundredths of an inch of precipitation in the rain gauge, much less than I had expected. While outside I put the sheet of plywood back up in front of the door to the tin building. The wind had blown it down.

I couldn't keep away from the pie, and ended up eating a whole half. I put one pie into the freezer, and the half pie into the refrigerator. I decided to call the pie I had eaten my evening meal.

I made contact with Ellis on the Beaver State Net. We didn't talk long. He has everything ready to leave for Arizona in the morning. I told him about the fifty-four inches of rain we had during the last two days. They had less in Hines, and it was cooler there.

3rd

It was a nice sun-shiny day. There was considerable wind but no rain.

After breakfast I started looking for material that would make a seal on the bedroom door under the insulating board. I found a roll of carpet padding that Duke Kurtz had left us. After I unrolled it I could see that it would be wide enough to cover the door and go out past the hinges about eight inches. That would cover the crack at the hinges. However, it lacked eighteen inches of reaching from the bottom to the top of the door.

I planned to use it anyway, because there was another piece from which I could obtain the eighteen inches.

I was interrupted by a phone call from Lani Davis. Their refrigerator was out of order. She thought it probably needed gas. If I came down in the afternoon Ed would be there to give me a hand.

After lunch I went down to see what I could do. I took all my tools into the house the first thing, and was ready to get set up to put freon gas into the system. Ed came in. He said, "I'll plug it in, and you can see what it's doing. It goes on and off for short intervals, and never gets cold."

That's what it did. It went on for a short time, and turned off for a short time. No bubbles appeared in the sight glass. The lack of bubbles indicated that there was plenty of freon gas in the system.

We were up a stump. I thought there might be something wrong with the expansion valve, and I tapped on it hoping to free it if it was stuck. Ed turned the knob of the off-and-on control down a long way. The compressor continued running instead of stopping in a short time. We decided to let it run with the control on that setting and let it cycle on its own or until the refrigerator got cold.

I packed up my tools and came home.

It was too late to do any work on the door. I cut some wood and took a hike down the hill a short distance passed the power-line crossing, and got back here before dark.

During these warm days I have burned only a small amount of wood. The two electric heaters keep the place warm for the most part. I would have one hot fire in the cook stove in the morning, and another one in it at night. Part of the day the electric heaters were turned off.

4th

Today the air was calm, the sky cloudy, and we had no precipitation.

In the morning I worked on the bedroom door putting on the long piece of carpet padding. It looked like it would do a good job of keeping the wind out.

Around eleven o'clock Ed called saying that the refrigerator wasn't getting cold, and there were a lot of bubbles in the sight glass. I told him I would be down after one o'clock.

I loaded in my tools and was down there just after one. I decided to go inside without my tools the first thing to see what was going on. We plugged in the power, and let the refrigerator run for a while. The bubbles showed up in the sight glass and kept coming. The expansion valve didn't get cold.

I finally said, "The pressure comes up and goes down, but we don't know how much. The only thing to do is disconnect the line to the control, hook up the hose to the pressure gauge, and bypass the control switch. That way we'll know for sure whether or not there is enough refrigerant in the thing.

They had already moved the refrigerator away from the wall. I brought in my tools, lay down on the floor, and proceeded to prepare the connections for checking the pressure with the gauge. When we started the thing up, the pressure went down into the vacuum zone. That seemed odd, but I soon realized that I hadn't opened the valve to let the refrigerant back from the high side. After I got the valve open the gauge showed only two pounds pressure.

This was the procedure I should have used yesterday. It was evident that the R-12 wasn't reaching the expansion valve in a

liquid form to give it a chance to expand under pressure. Ed brought in the R-12 bottle. We set it on a pair of scales to keep track of how much we put in. I hooked the hose between the bottle and the gauge manifold, plugged in the compressor, and started adding the freon.

The pressure began to rise. The bubbles in the sight glass didn't stop until the pressure got up to thirty-two pounds. We had used up about one and a half pounds of freon. Now the pressure began to drop showing that the frost line was down to the control bulb of the expansion valve, and the valve was cutting down on the gas to be expanded.

We went through the procedure of reconnecting the control switch. There is always some loss of gas when you do this. At the startup bubbles appeared in the sight glass as usual, but they didn't stop even after five minutes. The only thing to do was add more freon.

Ed reminded me that I hadn't purged the air from the hoses the first time. I said, "You're right. I didn't. I should have. It will filter out." I was wrong on that score. The filters will take out water but not air. The water could have an adverse effect on the oil.

Martin came in with the Alvord mail. He said, "At it again." We agreed with him. He said he would leave my mail in my pickup. I thanked him.

Now we did purge the air from the hoses. It took half a pound of freon to stop the bubbles. We added an extra quarter pound in anticipation of the loss that would occur on changing the line back to the control switch. This time on startup the bubbles quickly disappeared from the sight glass.

Ed checked the service valve on the high side. He was behind the refrigerator. I could see what he was doing. He said, "The cap is on crooked." He started to put a wrench on it, and as soon as the wrench touched the cap it fell into his hand. I remembered that I had made sure that the cap was on tight, and not crossed threaded the last time I worked on it. I was sure I had stopped the leak then. Now the cap had oil in it, and there was oil on the outside.

It worried me that he might think I did such a poor job. I couldn't believe I had left the cap hanging by one thread.

I gathered up my tools and was ready to leave. Ed asked, "Can I give you anything for your trouble. I'd like to give you something."

I said, "No. I'm only too glad to be able to help, if I can. Anyway you did all the work."

On my way back I put the empty mail sack into the return mailbox, feeling disappointed that I didn't have the weather report ready to mail. I would have had it ready if I hadn't gone down to help Ed. Now it wouldn't go out until Monday.

I had time before dark to put an eighteen inch piece of carpet padding onto the top end of the door. That finished covering the door completely. The weather would turn cold soon, then I would know how much it helped.

I didn't take my hike down the hill. I heard Ellis check into the Oregon Emergency Net tonight. He was down in the noise so far I couldn't tell what he was saying. Someone relayed him into the net control and said that he was in Tonopah.

5th

The sky was clear until late this evening before six o'clock, when some clouds came over and we had three-hundredths of an inch of rain.

I hiked down the road almost to the lower draw before breakfast, making up for not getting a hike yesterday.

George called early this morning. He talked with Carolee Friday. She says that Mike sleeps most of the time, and doesn't eat much of the food they set out for him, because he thinks it's poisoned. He drinks the special food that comes in a can. He opens the can himself and knows it doesn't have poison in it.

While we are having, for us, a warm spell, they are having a cold spell. It was down to forty last night, and got up to only sixty yesterday. The lettuce crop in California has been ruined because of too much rain. So the price of lettuce in Florida is

sky high. The Florida crop is just coming on. They have only one crop there and that's in the winter. The Florida growers should make money this year. He says the Florida lettuce isn't as good as that from California. The heads aren't as compact, and the outer leaves tend to fall off. At the lettuce stand there are leaves all over the place where people have been handling the heads trying to find the best.

He says the Public Broadcasting Station he watches has lots of good-wild animal programs. It also has better movies than the networks. He was excited about the new Quasar that has been recently discovered, eighty-billion-trillion miles away. He is amazed at the new technology in the use of telescopes.

I forgot to say yesterday that I got a Christmas card from Catherine and Jean Hawthorne. She said that John and his girl friend had spent Christmas with them, and asked where I would be for Christmas, and also what was Mike's address.

After George called, I called the Hawthorne's. Catherine answered. She was glad to hear me. They had been to Bend and had seen Carolee and Bruce, and were glad that Mike was in Bend. They didn't visit Mike. Jean was reluctant to see Mike the way he is now. He wanted to remember him the way he used to be. Catherine said that she would like to see him, anyway.

Jean came to the phone. We went over the same ground that Catherine and I had gone over about Mike. Jean asked me about my neighbor down on the edge of the desert. I told him about Carl's stroke and his recovery, and that he would be out here before Christmas.

I have never answered Phil Grenon's last letter, and I haven't heard from him for some time. I tried reaching him on the phone this morning but there was no answer.

Then I called Dorathy. I wanted to let her know where Mike was. She was glad to hear me. They had been planning to visit him in Salem next week. She said that she was glad to hear he was in Bend where Carolee could visit him more often. She said that she had been laid up with a bad disk in her back, was in bed for three weeks, and is now just getting up and around. The weather has been warm down there, and it's been raining heavy for a change, more like normal weather.

Well, today I removed the covering that I had put on the inside of the little window on the north side of the bedroom. It was very inadequate and was letting a lot of wind come in. I put a sheet of padding over it and a piece of plywood that I found already the right size, over the padding. Still have more work to do on other spots to plug all the cracks.

The rain shower late this evening didn't last long. I was glad it quit, because I was afraid it might be the beginning of a big storm.

Before it was time for the Beaver State Net, the phone rang. I picked up the receiver and said, "Hello." A woman's voice on the other end sounded like she was asking for someone, but I couldn't understand her. I said, "This is Jim Weston. Who is calling?"

The voice came back, and now sounded frantic. I guessed that whoever it was was shouting into the phone which caused a distortion. Finally a telephone operator came on. She said, "This is a radio telephone. May I relay the message to you?"

I said, "Will you please? Thank you."

The operator told me it was Ann Evet. I said, "Oh, Ann Evet. Where are you Ann?"

Now more distorted words that sounded like Bask. Then the operator relayed the message which was that Ann wanted to know if I would be home tomorrow. Ann would be over in the afternoon. I said, "I'll be here. I'll be glad to see you."

I couldn't imagine why she was coming over to see me. I had no idea if she would be alone or maybe Leon would be with her. Whatever, it would be good to find out how she was doing. It did give me an added incentive to clean house. I would do the cleaning tomorrow. Meantime I would start this account.

While I was typing I heard, via the microphone on the roof, what sounded like raindrops on the roof. It didn't sound quite right. I wanted to describe it, "Like the sound of horses hoofs on loose gravel."

I went to the door to see what kind of raindrops they were. It wasn't rain at all. It was snow. Now I know the sound of snow flakes when they land. Of course, they have to be landing on a microphone to enable you to hear them.

I wondered, "Is this the beginning of the dreaded snowstorm that I was hoping wouldn't come?" By eleven o'clock it had quit snowing and the moon was shining bright. So to bed.

6th

We had twelve hundredths of an inch of precipitation from rain and snow. It was quite windy most of the day.

I spent the morning cleaning house, and had it in pretty good shape by two o'clock. I hung three pairs of pants on the line to dry in the brisk wind. I got a couple of patties of ground beef and a pie out of the freezer in case Ann wanted to stay for dinner.

I intended to cut some wood while I was waiting. When I was almost to the tin building, I heard a vehicle coming down from the point. I came back around the corner and saw Ann getting out of a pickup. She waved, and then Leon get out, and, of course,

Bell and another dog. They came down to meet me. We shook hands, and we all said, "How good you look. Glad to see you again."

I suggested that I fix them something to eat, but they had just eaten down at Fields and were full up. Ann saw the pie and remarked that it looked better than the ones she makes. I got them to eat a sample of the pie. It wasn't quite thawed out, and was a little icy to eat. Leon said that it was the same as her pies. I turned out that Ann had trouble with the edge of the crust around the pumpkin pie. They would get too brown.

Leon was interested in buying a set of encyclopedias. I told him why I didn't like the set I had, and said, "The best book to buy for information is Noah Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

It started hailing. I ran out and brought the pants off the line in time to keep them from getting too wet.

They wanted to see Mickey Hot Springs on their way home. The hailstorm was turning into a heavy snowstorm. Ann said, "The next time we come over I won't call ahead of time on that radio phone."

I said, "Well, come any time. I'm almost always home."

They hurried out to the pickup, and took off. The snowstorm got worse after they left. I doubted that they would drive to the hot springs. The road can get muddy over that way.

I heard Ellis check into the Oregon Emergency Net. He was south of Hoover Dam. The band was too noisy to make contact.

7th

There was two-hundredths of an inch of precipitation from snow showers last night.

The first box trap that I brought up from Carl's place caught two mice and the tail of one rat during the three weeks it has been here. Later I got the rat with the shot revolver. The second rat trap that I brought up caught two. With the rats and mice pretty well cleaned out, I took one of the box traps back to Carl's place, when I went after the mail today.

Down there no mice were in the small traps. It looks like there are no more rats and mice there. They will probably come in from the fields soon.

I got a Seasons Greeting's card from L. N. Morris in the mail. It's from Coos Bay, and signed Louis & Gay. I don't remember them, and there is nothing in the note to give me a clue. They know that Mike is in the hospital, and want his address so they can send him a card. My only guess is that they could have been here with Oma some time.

I cut a good supply of wood, and took a hike down the hill.