

Nellie has her car running. Beryl has been driving her and Pat to town. I guess, now that he has gone over to the Roaring Springs Ranch, Nellie will have to find another driver. Carl said that Nellie was doing pretty good. She is 89. He saw Dora at the store. She is very active.

We were looking out over the desert. Carl said, "Isn't that a car over there near the edge of the desert? If it is it must be stuck in the mud." I searched the area, but at first saw no car. Then looking much farther to the left I saw something that could have been a car. It was too far away to be sure. Then we saw another object that looked like a car some distance to the south of the first one. I said, "I see a man or a post to the right of that car. Whatever it is, sometimes it shows up dark and then again it's dim. It's over by the fence."

Carl said, "There aren't any fences around that area."

I said, "Well, I guess I was just using my imagination."

After while, the car started to move toward the first object we saw. I said, "What I thought was a man or a post is gone. Maybe it was someone using a shovel on a ditch. He could have stooped over at times, which may account for it sometimes being dark and sometimes being dim."

We watched the car approaching the first object. Our attention was distracted a bit. Then Carl said, "I don't see the car any more."

August, 1988

1

I was up at six-thirty this morning. I had a breakfast of, oatmeal with Bran Flakes and orange juice, then a slice of raisin bread, and a slice of eight-grain bread toasted. I treated my skin with Vaseline Intensive Care, and shaved. I reported my weather in to the OEMN on roll call. Ellis checked in, but we didn't make contact.

I checked the files in the computer, and printed out the June 26th account. There are several accounts in longhand to be put into the computer. I haven't written any more accounts since the twenty-seventh of June. Anything of importance to be recorded will not be in chronological order.

One evening, no date, I was starting out for my usual walk. I heard the mating call of a female porcupine. I stopped to listen, and make sure the location of the sound. It was coming from the peach trees on the lower east side of the garden.

Hurriedly I came in and got the rifle and a flashlight. The moon was full, but I would need the flashlight in the shadow of the trees. With the aid of the light I located two porcupine in a peach tree. I didn't try to use the sights, but aimed the nozzle at the head of one of them. At the explosion it dropped to the ground with a thud. From the way it fell, I knew it was dead. His body rolled down the hill and came to a rest near the bean patch.

August, 1988

2

I could see another porcupine on the next limb. Now the flashlight wouldn't work, but I could make out its head showing as a silhouette against the moonlit sky. A shot unbalanced it, but it clung to the limb. I couldn't see its head, but I could make out its body as a darker mass in the tree. The flashlight still wouldn't work. The porcupine was losing its grip from time to time, and was sliding down the limb. I waited hoping its head would come into view.

Finally his head stood out against the lighter background. I pointed the muzzle at his head, and like the other, he fell to the ground with a thud. He rolled down the hill and lodged against the other one.

I figured that the two I had killed were males, and knew that the female was still up there. It did not make a sound. Without the flashlight, there was only a slim chance of finding it. I looked in vain for a darker shadow in the leaves of the tree.

I went up and went to bed. I didn't get in my evening walk.

At one-thirty I got up to do some stretching exercises. I looked out the glass door to check on the stars. The moon gave so much light, I could see only the brightest stars. Suddenly, like a ghost, the light gray figure of a huge porcupine came from the

direction of the weather station. It was headed straight for the door. I hurried back to get the rifle, but when I got outside it was nowhere in sight. The air felt cold to my naked body, so I came in and put on a shirt and a pair of trousers. I got another flashlight, and went outside again with it and the rifle.

I searched the junipers and the Chinese Elm to the west of the dugout. Then went over to the plum trees. There I saw a porcupine quite high up. It didn't look very big. I got a clear shot at its head, and it dropped like lead and never moved. I knew it wasn't the big female that had run toward the door. I thought. "Well, that makes three anyway."

The next night, while I was changing the water on the peach trees, I heard the female on the upper side of the fence toward the plum trees. I got up close to the fence where I would have a better chance to locate the sound, but it didn't make another sound. I went back up through the gate, intending to get a look down through the plum trees from the weather station. As I came to the path leading to the station, the big female loomed right ahead of me. It turned and disappeared over the bank. I reached the edge in time to see it trying to climb a young plum sprout. It slipped back down. I think the beam of the flashlight confused it, because it lay still sideways to me. Its head was in plain view. Its whole body bounced when the bullet hit. It lay still,

August, 1988

4

and I couldn't tell how badly it was hit. I fired another shot at its head, and it flinched back. So, it wasn't yet dead. I waited a while, then fired another shot, this time I aimed farther toward the back of its head. It never moved or flinched when the shot hit. I was satisfied that it wouldn't crawl away during the night.

I thought of climbing down the rough embankment to have a close look, but such a climb that late at night didn't appeal to me. I was sure it was the last one. It made eight, an average for a year. During the following days I found no freshly fallen peaches under the trees. It is a shame to have to kill these animals, but they do destroy other trees besides the ones in the garden. One solution would be to build a fence that the creatures couldn't go through or over.

After writing to this point, I stopped to fix a bite to eat, and was sitting facing the door. I saw a ground squirrel climbing a sunflower stalk. These are another pest I try to get rid of. They climb into the trees, knock down peaches, and take bites out others that they leave in the trees. Now he cut off the head of the sunflower. It fell to the ground. He picked it up and carried it over to an old-empty-cable spool lying on its side. There he sat up straight and tall, picking out the seeds.

I got my rifle and opened the door a crack just large enough to poke the rifle through. He moved like a flash toward the embankment. I could see him bouncing over some concrete posts lying on the ground, then he dodged over to the base of the windmill tower. I watched him through the scope. Now he climbed one leg of the tower. He came to a cross piece about four feet from the ground, and moved along it to a diagonal brace where he was hidden from me. Since I didn't move outside, he poked his head out to see what I was doing. I was behind the partly open door. and, since he couldn't see me very well, he moved his head out farther. Half his body came into view. I had the cross hairs on the location of his heart.

At the shot he seemed to leap at an angle toward the ground at the center of the tower. I could tell by the way he fell he was mortally hit. I went over and saw him lying on a piece of tin inside the frame of the tower.

I was amazed at the whole sequence of actions, because it was a repeat scene of what took place earlier in the summer. I had spotted a squirrel under the Bronco. I had partly opened the door and stuck the rifle out. The squirrel had gone through the same actions and ended up behind the same brace peeking out at me. At the shot, he had fallen in the same manner, and ended dead on the same piece of tin.

August, 1988

6

I guess you could build a fence to keep the squirrels out of the garden as well as the porcupine, but then you would have to keep the deer and the gophers out also. Otherwise you can reconcile yourself to what the animals leave you.

Well, tonight I found time for my walk, and I hosed off the Bronco. I nearly forgot to go for the mail. It was six o'clock when I drove down to get it. The main part of the mail was concerned with medical bills, such as one from the hospital saying, "This is not a bill. A copy has been sent to Medicare."

1st

I was up at six-thirty. I had a breakfast of, oatmeal, a biscuit of shredded wheat, a cup of orange juice, a slice of raisin-bread toast, and a fried egg. I bathed, shaved, and was ready for the day at seven-forty-five.

I spent some time reading about Lemurs in Madagascar in the National Geographic.

Ellis didn't check into the net this morning. I hadn't expected him to, because he was driving John and Florence to Ontario today. I missed the net myself, because I fell asleep waiting for the roll call. I heard Harney county called, and my call letters, as well as Ellis'. I was too sleepy to get up and check in late.

Around ten o'clock Carl drove up. He said that the mail sack was still in the box. I said, "I was late going after the mail. He must have gone north before I got down there. They have an extra sack of mine, so it doesn't matter."

He said, "It's getting close to the end of the month. Isn't it?"

I said, "No. There's a whole month before we get to the end. This is September the first."

He said, "I've lost track of time. I thought it was the twenty-fifth." Then he continued. "I sure could smell those dead porcupine when I got here. I should have moved them away for you."

I thanked him for thinking about it, and said, "It's all right. They are melting into the ground."

As he was leaving, he said, "I guess I'll have to mark the calendar each day."

I agreed with him, and said, "Robinson Crusoe cut a notch in a pole each day."

I couldn't bring myself to work at the computer. I washed out some socks, so I would have some clean ones when it came time to go to Bend.

After the sun went down, I carried ashes down and covered the porcupines with it.

I picked a peach from the tree by the gate. It was as ripe as those from the store, a little too green. There may be some ripe ones next week.

2nd

Last night at eight-thirty I tried to sit at the computer and do some work. There was considerable stress in my abdomen. It was as though I was wearing a tight belt. I decided to go to bed to get some relief.

September, 1988

3

Lying down did no good, and I twisted and turned from nine to ten. Thereafter I went to sleep and woke just after eleven. I was still in misery. Before I looked at my watch, I thought it must have been three o'clock. I did some stretching exercises which usually helps when I'm troubled with gas.

Back in bed I thought I would never go to sleep, and was surprised to wake up at two-thirty. I was still bad off. I got up and did some stretching exercises and took deep breaths. I went back to bed and rolled and twisted and slept in fits. I saw daylight coming at five and thought of getting up, but wanted that restful sleep that hadn't come. I lay there, dozing at times, then got up at six.

I thought that I might have eaten too much yesterday. So this morning I had a small serving of corn flakes mixed with oat flakes and orange juice. Then had a fried egg with a slice of raisin-bread toast and coffee.

When checking into the net, I made a contact with Ellis. He had a good trip to Ontario yesterday, and will probably go over to the valley next week. When we signed off, Byron, W7MLJ, broke in and called Ellis. During their conversation, Ellis said, "I went to my high-school-class reunion last week. Twenty-fifth anniversary."

Byron said, "That doesn't seem right. I graduated from high school the same time you did, and that was more than twenty-five years ago."

Ellis said, "Oh, I meant to say fifty-fifth anniversary." Before they signed off Ellis said, "Are you still on, Jim? Do you copy Byron Okay?"

I said, "Hi, Byron. I copy you fine. You always have a good signal in here. I listen for you on the weather net every morning. I like to compare your weather with mine. I missed you when you were gone last week."

"He said, "I'll been gone again next week, but I'll be back."

Not long after we signed off, the phone rang. I thought it might be George, but it was Mike Davis. He wanted me to come down and put some freon into the air conditioner of his tractor. I said, "With this hernia operation I cant climb around on a tractor."

He said, "You could show me what to do."

"Well, yes. But I'm expecting a call from my brother George. He is going to let me know when to meet him in Bend. He flew from Florida to San Francisco yesterday. A friend picked him up, and they are driving to Seattle today. On their way back to California, they will stop in Bend and I will visit him there. He won't be coming out here, and will go to California from there."

Mike said that he would get along all right. He would open the cab windows. I hated to turn him down. It is probably ninety-five down there today.

After that I tried reading in the National Geographic, but kept dropping off to sleep. Finally I lay on the bed and slept until eleven o'clock. I woke up refreshed, and feeling much better.

I didn't turn on the TV at eleven to listen to the news, but worked at the computer editing the June ninth account, and printing it out.

While I was at the computer there came a knock on the door. A rather tall man with gray hair was at the door. He looked to be in good physical condition, probably under forty. He introduced himself and the woman that was with him. The school teacher had told him about me up here. He was an amateur photographer. He was interested in all the work we had done, and the way we had done it. I decided that the nice looking lady with him was his wife. She wrote his name in the register, but didn't put her name in. His name was Allen Dapp from Lake Tahoe.

I drove down for the mail at two o'clock. I mailed the weather report, and the check to Dr. Tanaka. I got the Social-Security check and the Burns paper.

Back up here I read the scant news in the paper. Then read a couple of articles in the Geographic, the man powered flight of the Daedalus, and part of the article about the South Koreans.

I changed the sprinklers in the garden, then ate a dish of string beans, a slice of whole-wheat toast, and a dish of ice cream this afternoon. Then walked back and forth to the point for twenty minutes. After I came back in I had a serving of Jell-O.

I called the store in Bend. Betsy answered. Bruce and Carolee were at the coast.

3rd

I was up at six-thirty, had a breakfast of, one fried egg, one slice of raisin-bread toast, a serving of Jell-O, coffee, and a cup of orange juice.

I intended to check into the OEN on roll call. I lay down and listened to the weather reports. I woke up when Harney county was called, but as before, I was too sleepy to get up and report, even late. Anyway, I woke up much refreshed.

I sat in the rocking chair reading the Geographic. I read, for the first time, about Frederic Remington, the artist who painted great pictures of the west. He had been successful enough with his early style of painting, but was beginning to develop a new style when he died at the age of forty-four from a burst appendix. What a loss to the world. I also read some more about the Lemurs of Madagascar.

Around noon while I was working at the computer, a man came to the door. I opened the door, he said, "I don't suppose you remember me. I and the postmaster came to visit you and your brother. It was quite a while ago."

"Oh, I remember the postmaster. What was his name?"

"Smith. I worked in the U.S. Bank. You used to come and have your claim papers notarized." The name Smith wasn't the name of the postmaster I had in mind. I was thinking of Anthony who retired last week.

He told me his name, and introduced me to his wife, and another woman that was with them. I promptly forgot their names. He is now living in Ontario. I neglected to have them sign the register. That would have given me a chance to refresh my memory.

Later I managed to get one account printed.

On the OEN I made contact with Ellis and asked him, "Do you know a man that worked for the U.S. Bank when Smith was postmaster. He is now retired and lives in Ontario"

"Yes. I know him well. I paid him a visit last week when I was at the meeting. I cant remember his name, but it will come to me."

Then I asked him, "Does, Joe the ham in La Grande, know anybody by the name of Jim Brown. I would like to know what kind of work he does."

He has been up here a lot of times, and he travels down this way, going as far as Denio that I know of. I only learned his name the other day when I had him sign the register with his girl friend who was here with him. It seems like a name picked out of the air."

"Joe's here in Burns visiting his father. I'll call over there and ask him." So he did, but Joe didn't know Jim Brown.

Tonight I went down into the garden to change the water. There was none coming out of the pipe. I went up to the pond and cleaned off the drain pipe. I've been wanting to do this for quite a while, but was waiting for my operation to heal before crawling through that board fence. There was a lot of watercress growing in the pond. The leaves were on the end of long vines. I suppose that in shallow water the vines wouldn't grow so long.

Back down in the garden a good stream of water was coming from the end of the pipe. I let it run at the trunk of the peach tree near the grapevine. I put the water from the ditch on the peach tree on the east side. I think the ditch water will take care of the three-lower-peach trees. All the pond water can be used on the trees along the fence.

I got my twenty minute walk back and forth to the point. Then read a spy story in the Reader's-Digest-condensed book. The author had her characters killed off right and left.

September, 1988

9

4th

I slept better than I did the night before, probably because I ate less yesterday. Still I didn't get the deep restful sleep I used to get, and have been hoping for this past year.

I had a breakfast of, one fried egg, a slice of whole-wheat toast, a dish of Jell-O, coffee and orange juice.

I checked into the net on roll call. Ellis checked in but we didn't make contact. I started editing an account on the computer. When I was running a spell check on it, Carl drove up on his motorcycle. He had a tape he wanted me to prepare for mailing to Oma. He thought that tomorrow was mail day, not realizing it was Labor Day.

I heated a cup of water in the microwave oven so he could make a cup of coffee. We sat and talked about all the smoke and all the forest fires. He said that there were quite a few RVs parked at the good campsites. I told him about putting ashes on the dead porcupines.

When we were outside, and he was getting ready to start his bike, a car came down the road followed by a pickup with a canopy. They stopped this side of the trailer house. Two Women got out of the car and walked toward us. One of them called, "Hi, Jim."

I said to Carl, "I wonder if that's Ann. As they came closer, I saw that it wasn't. A man got out of the pickup, and walked this way.

When they came close, one of the women asked, "Do you remember me? I was up here with a group of women photographers."

I remembered the group, but didn't remember her in particular. I said, "I sure do. You were all taking pictures."

The man, quite tall, came up. They introduced him. It seems that he works across the street from where they work. They didn't know he was coming out here, and met him down at the hot springs.

The girls both had dark hair, cut to a medium length. Their arms were bare and tanned. They had good muscle tone. They took quite a few pictures of me, and of Carl on his motorcycle. The man said that he had a camera in his pickup, but wasn't taking pictures. The girls went up on the upper roof that has the ore hopper, and took pictures of us down below.

They came in and signed the register. His name was Al Beoaette. The girl's names were, Sue Hayes, and Julie Keefe. They were all from Portland. Sue said that she had some pictures from the last time ready to bring me, but came away without them. She took my address, and will send them by mail. They were here for about one and a half hours.

I had a lunch of, string beans, a slice of wheat bread with bologna, a dish of Jell-O, and a cup of coffee. Just as I finished eating, a car stopped out in front. Two men and two women got out. As one of them came to the door, I opened it. He said, "I'm Dr. Turner. A friend of mine told me that if I ever got on

September, 1988

11

this side of the Steens be sure to come up and pay you a visit." He introduced his wife. The other two came in. Their names were John and Kay Elliot. The Turners are from Portland. The Elliots are from San Ramon, California.

I showed them samples of cinnabar ore, and put a jar of mercury on the table for them to lift. I gave them a short discourse on the retorting of the ore, and what happened to the mercury mines in the United States.

After they left I finished editing file June 12th and printed it out. Then looked for file June 13th in the directory. It wasn't there. On a file of a later date, I stated that I made a spell check on the June 13th file. Thinking that I might have printed it, I looked through the printed files, but didn't find it.

I examined the contents of several other disks, and found some files I had forgotten about. One file named "October" described the trip George and I made from Portland to Sam's place and back to Portland, and our visit with Mike in Salem, and, also of the trouble with the air conditioning of the Aerostar. It is a long file and has never been printed.

I never did find the June 13th file. I still have the copy in hand writing. So, I will type it up and edit it.

I went down into the garden and put the water on the peach tree by the fence. On the last time I put the water there, it

probably quit running soon after put the pipe there. It may be that the trees don't need any water.

I got my walk in tonight, and with the temperature at eighty-two degrees, I was pretty warm walking.

I tried typing an account, but the light shown on the handwritten copy in such a way that I couldn't read it. I gave up, and read a story in a condensed book called, "A stranger is watching." I couldn't see how anyone would write such a story.

5th

I had a poor night's sleep. I got up several times to do the stretching exercises, and lay awake after getting back into bed. I had less discomfort in my abdomen, though.

I was awake at six, and might just as well have gotten up then, because I couldn't go back to sleep. I finally got up at seven.

I had a breakfast of, one fried egg, a slice of whole-wheat toast, a dish of Jell-O, a cup of coffee, and a cup of orange juice.

I checked into the weather net on roll call, and moved off frequency with Ellis. He said that Florence called him to say that John had a dizzy spell this morning. They took him to the hospital, but he didn't stay long. He is home now. He said he would go over to see him before he went on his trip up north of

Burns. He was going to try to get his motorcycle into his little motor home. It would be good to have up there for scouting around. He will check into the net tonight, mobile.

After talking with Ellis I lay down and got some restful sleep. The phone rang. I answered it on the third ring. There was a lot of noise on the line, and I couldn't hear anyone. I asked, "Is there anyone on the line?"

Then I heard George's voice scarcely audible. "Is that you Jim?"

"Yes. Where are you now, George?" He came in stronger. He was in Seattle, and would be in Bend Wednesday.

I told him I would be there. "How are you doing?"

"Fine. I'll see you Wednesday." and he hung up.

I thought of driving over tomorrow, but decided to wait until Wednesday morning. That way I would have tomorrow to get ready, and there would be the mail that would come a day late since this is Labor Day.

I wanted to put up the rear seats in the Bronco. I didn't need them down because I wouldn't sleep in there anyway. I would have just as much room to put stuff with them up.

7th

I didn't check the weather station, but it was starting out cool enough for the drive to Bend.

I was up by five, and was ready to leave at six-thirty. I was pretty sure I had everything I needed for the trip, a thermos bottle of coffee, a bread and butter sandwich, ice in the cooler where I put the lunch including an apple, and part of a baked-lamb-shoulder steak.

For clothing I put into the suitcase, a couple pair of boxer shorts and T-shirts, two extra pair of pants, two extra shirts, and a suit of winter underwear. On the floor in front of the back seat I put my jacket and a wool shirt, then on the back seat I put a blanket and a sleeping bag. There could be some cold weather in Bend.

The only thing I forgot was a cup for the coffee. I solved that problem by using the margarine carton the sandwich was in.

The traffic was light. I stopped at the tree for a cup of coffee, and to stretch my legs. I arrived in Burns at five after nine. I filled the tank at the Chevron station. I was provoked with the attendant because he left the hose in the tank after it was full, and waited on two other customers that arrived after I did, filling their tanks, and recording their credit-card payments. Thus I lost quite a bit of time. Besides he didn't wash my windshield. Then, when he gave me my change, he held out three dollars.

He had gone into the back of the station before I noticed the discrepancy. I found him and told him about it. He said, "Oh, I layed the three dollars on the till, and forgot about it when I gave you the rest of the change." But what bothered me most was the loss of time. Now it would be passed twelve before I got to Bend.

I stopped at the rest area west of Burns for a cup of coffee and a bite of the sandwich. Then stopped again at Hampton for coffee, and again at Brothers. At each stop I was getting sleepy.

In Bend I turned left onto Eighth St., then right onto Franklin, then left onto Third St. Going south on Third St. I kept looking for the Best Western Motel. George had said that it was on the right-hand side going south out of Bend. He said, "Down where all the motels are."

I began to think I had passed the place, so I stopped at a 7/11 store and asked a clerk where it was. She said, "About two miles north, across from the Safeway Store."

I saw then how I had missed it. I had come onto Third St. and was already south of the Best Western.

With the Safeway Store as a marker it was easy to spot the motel. I went passed it to the nearest left-turn signal, and went around the block, coming from the opposite direction that George

had told me to come from. Anyway, as I drove to the parking place in front of the door, George came out and motioned me to come up to the curb.

Leana had gone sightseeing. He left the door open, saying that it was cold in the room, and the open door would let heat in. He was wearing a sweater, and said that he had on winter underwear, and was still cold. He didn't know when Leana would be back. He asked, "Have you had lunch yet?"

"No. But I have a lunch in the Bronco. How about you? Do you want to go out for lunch?"

"No. We'll be going to dinner with Bruce and Carolee at six."

I went out and got the piece of lamb-shoulder steak, and sat eating it while we talked. He told about being too hot in the car, and trying to get Leana to set the air conditioning low enough to suit him. He saw that the lever for adjusting the fan was set at low speed. He suggested that she turn it up higher. She said, "That would make it too cold." There were other problems about her driving. She would drive too fast for him to read the road signs.

Then he started talking politics. He couldn't stand Reagan and Bush, and he didn't seem to think much of Dukakis. He said,

"The government is always saying, 'The Russians are coming.' Who cares. Let them come. I wouldn't make any difference to the people if they did run the country." He had hard words for the Jews, and praised Hitler. I doubt that he believed all the things he said.

Then he switched to his years in the shipyard, especially the years just before his retirement. For a while he was overseeing apprentices. A Chinaman was doing layout work, and wanted to trade jobs with George. He could see that the Chinaman was having a rough time with his job, and was reluctant to give up the good job he had for the layout work, although he liked that kind of work. Finally he traded, and got great satisfaction doing complicated layouts without mistakes.

Leana showed up. She had enjoyed her visit to the High Desert Museum. It was time to go to the store and meet Carolee and Bruce. Leana said that she just had lunch, and was going to rest and get some sleep.

George and I got into the Bronco. He said, "What I don't like about this thing is that it's too hard for me to get into."

I drove up to Third St. There was no traffic signals at the intersection. I stopped and was waiting for a clear space on both sides of the street. George said, "It's clear now. What are you waiting for?"

"What about the traffic on the other side?" I asked. Against my resistance to backseat orders, I headed his words and went ahead. There was an opening in the traffic going south, but across the street there was no opening in the traffic going north. I was obliged to turn into the center lane which was reserved for left-turn traffic only.

He said, "I thought you were going to go right." I tried to move into the lane to the right without success. I had never been in this situation before, and wouldn't have been if I hadn't let him try to do my driving for me. He said, "In this lane you can come to a complete stop and wait to get into the right lane." I wasn't so sure because the center lane has two sections, one for traffic going one way, and another for traffic going the other way. As I saw it, you turned into the center lane only when you were ready to make a left turn.

I stopped and got into the right lane. It is my custom not to make a left turn onto a multiple lane street at an intersection where there are no traffic signals.

I drove down third to Greenwood, then left to Wall St., left again to Minnesota, and stopped at the corner of Bond St. across from the store. I said, "Do you want to get out and walk across to the store?"

"No." So I drove to my usual parking place, forgetting about his weak legs. We started walking to the store, only half a block.

"Couldn't you have found a closer place to park? It's a long way to walk to the store."

"I always park here. I didn't see a good place near the store. I guess I should have made you get out at the corner."

We walked slowly to the store. They have diagonal parking on Bond Street now. Right at the corner a car moved into an empty parking place. We went in and greeted Bruce and Carolee. I went out and looked for a parking space near the store. A car was pulling out of a space not far from the corner. I hurried to the Bronco and drove down to the corner. While waiting for the traffic to let me cross Bond, I saw a car pull out of a place closest to the store. I was able to get into it before anyone else did. Inside the store, at the right opportunity, I told George that the Bronco was out in front.

"That's more like it."

It was near closing time. Bruce and a hired girl were putting things away for closing. I told Carolee that George and I would go ahead and find a table.

We drove north on Bond, around the corner passed the bus depot onto third, then right at the intersection at Wagner's,

then left passed the liquor store to North's. There I let George out, and circled around and park near the liquor store. I walked back to North's. George was sitting on a bench near the door. We joined the line to the cash register. George paid for two senior dinners, and two non-senior. Five dollars each for us, and fifty each for Bruce and Carolee.

George hadn't seen the prices, and after we were seated at a table, I told him what they were. He said, "So that's how come the odd one dollar."

On the way to the table I had picked up a tray, went down the line and forked a piece of watermelon onto a plate. Then got a cup of coffee with cream and sugar, and a glass of water. "Aren't you going to wait for Bruce and Carolee before you eat?"

"This will tide me over until they get here."

George still talked about how hot Leana's car was, and how the sun shown onto him through the windshield. He said, "The sun doesn't shine through the windshield in my car like that. In her car it comes over your body more."

At the time I had nothing to say about it. But later I realized that the sun in Florida gets higher in the sky than it does here in Oregon. Here it shines through the windshield at a lower angle. I might write about this in a letter to him some time.

When I finished eating the watermelon, I said, "Well, that could be enough for a meal in itself. Maybe I wont need anything

more."

" You don't mean to tell me that I paid five dollars for just a piece of watermelon for you."

"I'll probably eat something else."

Carolee and Bruce showed up at the cash register. We went over to let the girl know that these were the two we were expecting. Now I got another tray and plate and went down the line in front of Carolee and Bruce. I helped myself to a small serving of potato salad, a small spoonful of mashed potatoes, a cinnamon roll, and at the end of the line a slice of tender baked ham. Then a dish of pudding with ice cream and chocolate syrup. I still had the coffee and water at the table.

George was late because they ran out of plates and he had to wait for them to be brought up. Thus I got back to the table before anyone else. I set the tray with the watermelon rind on it over onto another table.

17th

Something is keeping me from doing my writing. It reminds me of the block I had before I started talking to John in Morse code. That was writing in disguise, but thereafter I could write in longhand. Now I can't bring myself to sit down and write. Tonight I have gotten this far, but it took a long time to write this much. I find myself sitting and staring at the paper.

Besides not writing, I put off doing things that need to be done. I want to sort out the good peaches and have them ready for Carl and Lavina to take home. I have had them in the house for two days, and haven't done anything with them yet.

I went to town Tuesday. I had an oil and lube job done on the Bronco, bought the Neptozane tablets, got some jugs of distilled water, and a package of table salt. I deposited the two checks into my checking account, and transferred one-thousand dollars from my savings account to it.

I keep thinking of going to Boise to buy an I.B.M. P.C. and wanted enough money in my checking account to cover the cost. Sometimes I say to myself, "I'll go next week." But then think of how poorly I've applied myself to writing lately, it seems foolish to buy one. My hope is that I will be able to read the I.B.M. monitor better than I do this one, and that the keyboard will work better.

This morning I called Sam. He answered the phone. He and Ethel are doing fine. He said, "That old guy-- I don't know what to call him, is here. He's coming to the phone now."

George said, "How's things on the Steens today?"

I told him about the cooler weather, and that I had all the peaches picked.

He told me about the miserable trip he had from Bend. How he caught cold, because Leana kept the window down and a draft of cold air circled around his head. He told her it made him catch cold.

She said, "No. You couldn't catch cold that quick. You caught cold at Betsy's. I was cold and I know I'll come down with a cold tomorrow."

He said to her, "I was warm and comfortable. How could you have been cold? I'm the one from the hot country."

Sam and Ethel weren't home when they got there a week ago, but George knew how to get in the back door. Leana didn't wait for Sam and Ethel. She said, "I'm going right on home and go to bed and take care of the cold I know I'm going to have." She will be back today and stay all night, then take him to San Francisco tomorrow where he will catch his plane to Florida.

He then told about a fire that started across the river above the railroad track. A helicopter came down low close over the house, making the counter under his hand vibrate, and went up to a place near the track. It landed on a point of rock, and four fire fighters in yellow jackets got off and headed for the fire.

The helicopter then went down to the river and got a load of water and dropped it onto the fire. It made trip after trip. Several other planes flew over dropping water. One plane hovered

high keeping a lookout. Sam had a shortwave radio, and could tune in on the talk between the planes, and between the planes and the ground crew.

It took them all day to put the fire out. The four firefighters walked down a trail from the track to the highway where a truck picked them up.

One helicopter came down close to Sam's and picked up a load of water from the river, and then dumped it to show Sam how it was done.

We talked about Carolee's and Bruce's troubles. George agrees with Bruce that Carolee uses the wheelchair when she doesn't really need it just to attract attention to herself. He noticed how much Bruce did for her, and thought he did very well.

I phoned the Hawthorne's today. Jean says they have been staying home. He works around the yard and doesn't get much done. They sold their motor home and bought a Ford van which Catherine says is like a little motor home. When the rains come and settles the dust on the county road here, they will come for a visit.

I made a round trip to the lower draw yesterday, and again today. Yesterday I wore a heavy jacket and wasn't the least bit warm. Today I wore winter underwear, a heavy shirt, and a heavy jacket. I was half way back up the hill before taking off the jacket. The temperature was forty-five, but there was a chill factor from a strong wind blowing.

Ellis gave me a one-ringer at five-forty. He and John were up at the cabin on the Steens. They drained the water pipes and buttoned up the cabin for the winter.

They started to come around the east side to see me, but they had a flat tire in Long Hollow. They drove to Fields where they had something to eat. Then drove back to Hines by way of Frenchglen because they were afraid of having another flat tire on this rough gravel road.

Ellis left his cap at the Fields store and wanted me to call down there and tell them that the cap with the words, "Wild Life Helper" on it was his.

Yesterday I read a story that kept me interested until bedtime. I read another one that wasted a number of hours.

Well, after the poor start I wrote more than I thought I would. By sitting there and putting down a few words now and then and staring at the paper most of the time, I finally got started and wrote right along.

18th

This morning I sorted out the good peaches from the scrubby ones. They came out half and half. I tried calling Lavina to see if they would be home so that I could bring them some boxes of peaches. There was no answer. I think they went to Hermiston to see Carl's daughter.

I baked a pork-shoulder steak today. Twenty minutes on one side and fifteen minutes on the other. The second side browns faster because the moisture has evaporated during the first twenty minutes.

After one o'clock I drove down to Carl Thomas' place. He had just gotten back from a long walk. A freeze last night blackened his tomato vines. His garden did poorly this year. The potatoes are like marbles, and the corn didn't bear well. He doesn't know what the trouble was, but he thinks that he put on too much fertilizer.

I told him that I was going to call Oma to find out if she would be coming out in time to can some peaches. I asked if he had anything to tell her. He said I could tell her that he had his teeth worked on. Otherwise there was nothing.

I said, "My wheelbarrow is missing, and I'm sure someone took it." We both figured it was someone living down in this area. They probably knew when I wasn't home.

He said that a group, who had camped out on the desert, went for a spin and when they got back their folding-camp chairs were gone. They saw a pickup drive away from the camp as they were coming back. They waved at the driver to get him to stop, but he kept on going and nodding his head.

He agreed with me that Carl Hair and Lavina had gone to Her-
miston to visit his daughter.

Oma didn't answer the phone until late this evening. She
said that she had been sick for a couple of months, and is under
the care of two doctors. There seems to be something wrong with
her thyroid. She has lost twelve pounds, and cant afford to lose
any more. She will mail Carl a tape Monday night after she sees
her doctor. She thinks she won't be out here before September
27th.

I wrecked a few hours this evening reading a story.

19th

I got up at seven this morning. It had been cloudy all
night, but I was surprised to see a few drops of rain on the walk
outside the door. It was not enough to call a trace when I re-
ported the weather into the net at eight-forty-five.

A little later it began to rain, and by the time I went to
get the mail there was twenty-three hundredth of an inch in the
rain gage.

I wrecked a few hours this morning reading.

I loaded the peaches I had ready in a box and a bucket, and
drove down for the mail and take the peaches to Hair's. It was
raining then. I met Carl coming up the first grade from the mail-
box on his motorcycle. We parked side by side. He had the mail

sack, and got into the Bronco with it. There was no mail for me. But there was a card from Gay and Louie for Carl

So, I didn't have to stop at Carl's to tell him what Oma said on the phone. He was glad to learn that the van had been sold, and the money put into his checking account.

I drove on down to Hair's. Pete had gone over the road with his grader and left a ridge of rocks and dirt in the center of the road. The road was rough where he had run the blade. In some stretches there seemed to be a fine corduroy. I thought it could have been caused by the blade vibrating. He had started at the Wild-Horse-Ranch turnoff. So from there on the road was good.

When I got to Hair's it was raining harder than it was when I left home. Lavina came to the door. First I carried in the bucket of peaches, then went back for the box. Carl met me on the steps, and took the box inside. I went back and closed the rear door of the Bronco.

Carl was in the middle of his afternoon nap when I arrived. That was why it was Lavina who first came to the door. We talked about the weather, how good it was to get some rain for a change. I mentioned the corduroy in the road. He said, "That's from running the grader too fast. It makes the blade vibrate." I was glad to hear my thoughts on it confirmed.

He sold his diesel 4x4 to Bill Weeter for \$13,500. He paid \$14,000 for it. When I was ready to leave, Carl went out into the garden and picked a head of cabbage for me.

On my way home I saw that the south end of the desert was covered with water. It appeared that there was more rain at the south end than up north.

After lunch, I decided to can some peaches, thinking that I would put up as many as six quarts. I used the damaged peaches I had sorted out. I ended up with only four quarts.

While I was in the midst of canning, two women came to the door. I called to them, "Come on in." They were Jehova's Witnesses. I kept working while we talked. The older woman had been here before, but the younger one hadn't.

She said, "My husband likes to can."

I wasn't very happy about doing this canning. I said, "I'm not sure I like to can, but I do like canned peaches."

The older woman asked, "What is your last name? I've forgotten."

I told her, and she said, "When I was leaving the last time, I called you Mr. Wright. You smiled and I thought, 'I guess that isn't his name'."

"You called me Wright, but you were wrong."

I brought up the subject of The Rapture that was supposed to have taken place last Thursday. They had heard of it.

I said, "Did you know of anyone coming up missing that day?"
No they hadn't.

"Well," I said, "My wheelbarrow , a hoe, and a shovel were missing. I cant imagine why they would need them in heaven"

After they had gone, and I had finished canning the last four quarts. I wrecked about four hours reading. I missed checking into the net. But got busy and washed the dishes, and pots and pans used in the canning process

I watched Barney Miller, and Simon & Simon on TV which is a poor way to wreck time.

I made a batch of biscuits, and had a feast of biscuits and milk.

It is nearly midnight and I hear rain on the skylight. I am undecided about going to Boise tomorrow.

22nd

Here it is the first day of Fall. The weather is normal for this time of year, so a fire in the stove feels good. The sun shown today and it got up to seventy-one.

Well, I did head for Boise Tuesday morning. As I said before, I was uncertain when I went to bed Monday night, because I thought it wouldn't be prudent to buy the I.B.M computer. It looked like it would rain on the trip, but in the morning the sky was clear.

As for buying the computer, a peculiar dream during the

night actually had some influence on me to make up my mind. I don't want to take the time to describe it now, but I will later.

I was planning to go by way of Jordan Valley, but realized I would need cash for meals and buying gas, and for a motel room if I had to stay over night. That required going to Burns. I put my vitamins, eye drops, and Neptozane, and extra clothes into the suitcase. I later found I forgot my razor.

I was ready to go before eight, but thought I would check into the weather net. I went out and checked the thermometers. When I came back in the power was off, so I didn't get to check in, and left before eight.

The gravel road was damp, and full of loose rocks. Pete had been out early with the grader stirring up the gravel and leaving a ridge in the center. It was a relief to get passed the point where he ran the grader. From there on it was smooth going. I got into Burns around ten-thirty. Filled the tank, and cashed a check for one-hundred dollars.

The road work between Burns and Buchanan was finished. Now the road bed is wider and it has a fine smooth surface.

I stopped at the rest area east of Buchanan, and had a cup of coffee. Several RVs were there, and a pickup, and a car. The people were obviously retired. Several looked to be in their eighties. One fellow looked quite spry. I would say he was sixty-nine.

There wasn't much traffic on the curvy road. I watched for the place called, "Little Valley". I can never remember just where it is. This time I checked the mile post nearest to it. I thought sure I would remember it, but I didn't. However, I remembered that Little Valley is fifteen miles west of Vale.

I didn't want to go through Ontario to get to the freeway to Boise, so I turned toward Nysse at the junction. I watched for signs pointing to Nampa. The map I have doesn't show the freeway. I came to a sign pointing to Nampa. It took me onto the freeway. I took an off ramp to the city center of Boise, and got caught in a traffic jam where city building construction was being done. It was like coming to a dead end. There was a left-turn-only sign, but the street to turn onto was one lane with cars bumper to bumper. I managed to squeeze into the line. Near the end of the block there was room for cars to park to the right of the traffic lane. I saw a car edging out into the traffic. It made it Okay at the next corner.

I parked a little forward of where it had been. I wanted to look around on foot to find the I.B.M. sales place. It seemed impossible to find it by driving.

I was there last year, but things had changed. The buildings looked familiar. I walked around quite a bit. I didn't find the place, but I learned the layout of the streets a little. Now I

was tired, and decided to find a motel where I could rest up. I had seen a sign, Best Western, before I got caught in the traffic jam, and thought it wasn't far from where the Bronco was parked.

Back at the Bronco I eased into the traffic without any trouble, and turned right at the first corner. I never found the First Western, but saw a sign saying Rooms with kitchen. It looked like a motel, but there was no motel sign. There was a good place to park, so I decided to stop and find out what they had.

In the office a woman came out from the back. I asked, "Is this a motel?"

"Yes. It is."

"I would like a single room."

"Let's see. Yes we have a single."

"How much is it?"

"Eighteen dollars. With tax, that's nineteen-eighty."

I took the room. It was number seven, and not far from the Bronco. I went into the room. It looked strange. There was a connecting door into another room. The door was open. I could see rolled up carpets, and other stuff making it look like a storage place.

In the bathroom there was a razor, a tooth brush, and toilet articles. In the main room with the bed there was a pack board

and a pack, a camera on top of the TV, and there were other personal items around. It was evident that someone occupied the room.

I went back to the office, and told the woman what I had found. She said, "That room was supposed to have been cleaned and ready to rent. I'll have to investigate." She gave me another room, number ten. It was directly in front of the Bronco.

I went in and rested for a while, and then set out to find the sales place. I came to the Boise River, and saw that there was a walkway across, fenced off from the traffic. A man and a woman were standing near a bench. The woman was a little farther down the street from the bench than the man. It looked like they were waiting for a bus. When I came close to the woman, I asked, "Does the bus stop here?"

She said, "Not all. But I know the ninety-one does."

I said, "Well, they've done a pretty good job here. There's a sidewalk across the river." I walked across, and farther on to a corner. I looked at the buildings down town, trying to figure out which one the computer sales was in.

The woman, who I thought was waiting for a bus, came walking toward down town, which was the opposite way the busses were going. I asked her if she knew where the computer center was. She said, "Yes. It's cater corner on the other side of the library." She pointed out the library.

I found the place. Radio Shack was near the corner, and farther on was Computerland. I went inside and asked if they sold I.B.M. computers. They sure did. What do you have in mind? I saw the one I checked out last year. I said, "Something like this."

"I'll have someone come out and demonstrate it to you." A young man showed up. He said his name was Joe. At least it sounded like Joe to me. Later I found that it was Joel.

The monitor wasn't I.B.M. which would have to be ordered, and would cost more. He demonstrated how the word processor that most people were buying worked. Right away I could see that I could read the letters on the screen good. Without my reading glasses I could stand back and read it. It is a colored monitor and the background can be changed.

With a solid disk and two three and a half inch floppy disks it cost \$3600. without the solid disk it was \$2500 including the monitor.

He showed me another computer, system 25 with a smaller monitor. I couldn't read the letters so good.

It was closing time, and I was ready to go back to the motel anyway. I took the price list saying I would be back tomorrow. He would not be there in the afternoon, but would be there for a little while in the morning. "Just show someone here the quotations, and they will wait on you."

October, 1988

1

4th

I went to bed last night at ten. I got up several times during the night, troubled with gas in my lower intestine. I would go through maneuvers to make the gas move, stretching backward and forward, and twisting my torso from side to side, stooping and bending forward to touch my toes. I would put my hands behind my head, lift my chest up and fill my lungs with air and let it out.

I go through this procedure several times every night. Last night, added to the gas problem, I had leg cramps, and toe cramps. Walking around helps this, but the thing that does the most good is to put a foot up on a chair with the knee bent, and keeping the other leg straight, bend forward as far as possible without straining too much.

I dreamed a lot, mostly pleasant ones, but toward morning I had a nightmare. I saw a mother using a butcher knife on her grown son. He didn't try to stop her, and he didn't try to get away. He seemed to be thinking, "If you must do this, go ahead." She pressed the blade of her knife down onto his bare shoulder, and cut to the bone. Then started cutting chunks of meat out of his neck. I was filled with sick horror. I was sure she would cut his jugger vein.

I woke up, but the horror of it stayed with me. Then I started thinking of the man who was killed in his cell by another man in the Idaho Penitentiary. It was during a prison riot. The rioters broke through a cement-block to get into his cell. Information, given by the press, was that a guard outside the cellblock heard him screaming for help for an hour and a half. It was believed that one man did the killing. So, now I pictured the man warding off the knife with his arms and hands, getting them cut to ribbons. Then the knife being plunged into his body many times. He got weaker and weaker from loss of blood. The killer must have been in no hurry to finish him off, but was bent on torture.

I thought, "What terrible things people do to people."

I had to quit thinking about these gruesome things. I got up and drank some orange juice, and exercised. Although I wanted to get an early start to town it was too early to get up. I went back to bed.

I thought, "That nightmare could have been because I was pressing too hard to get things done. The abdominal discomfort may have been partly to blame.

I turned my mind to the construction of the bench. I thought, "That particle board isn't what I want for the top of the bench. I need a piece of heavy plywood, and there's plenty of that stored in the tin building."

I repeated the Lord's Prayer in my mind, and went to sleep. I rested quite well and got up at five-forty-five.

I was ready to leave at seven, but when I started the motor, a warning indicator said, "Check oil." I did. The oil was at the add mark. I crawled under the rig and examined the oil filter. There was some oil on it, but there was none running down, but there was oil leaking from the plug in the pan.

I used the filter wrench, but I couldn't budge the filter. It was plenty tight. I couldn't find a wrench that would fit the plug in the oil pan. I added a quart of oil, figuring it would take me to Burns where I would have the man, who changed the oil at the Chevron station, see what he could about the plug.

It was almost eight when I got away. In the area near the mailbox there were several small trailers, and a couple of those extra large ones. Four people were walking around some distance from the vehicles. One woman had some kind of a basket, and was picking something up off the ground, and putting it into the basket. I guessed that they had found some of those obsidian chips Mike had scattered there. After I crossed the cattle guard, I saw the old woman walk to the road and cross it.

The county road was exceptionally rough. Besides the loose rocks there were rocks with sharp edges embedded in the dirt. I wanted to call them broken-Indian tomahawks that the tires

October, 1988

4

bounced over. The entire vehicle vibrated. No wonder the school teacher's Plymouth Voyager had gone to pieces. Carl said she drove pretty fast.

I set the cruise control at forty-five. At that speed the wheels and tires took the beating. At slower speeds the whole body of the vehicle would shake.

Before I got to the pavement I stopped and adjusted the right-hand-rear-view mirror. At mile-post forty-five I drove on the left side of the highway so as to miss the only pothole in the road. (Coming back I saw that you could miss it by keeping the left-hand wheels near the center line.

On the other side of Lawen I slowed down to go through a large herd of cattle. I got into Burns around eleven, drove straight to the Safeway store and bought seventy-four dollars and fifty-seven cents worth of groceries. Paid by check, and took them out and loaded them into the Bronco. Then went back and bought eleven jugs of water. I paid cash for them.

I drove to the Farmers Market and bought a three-wire-extension cord, four-seventy-five. Then drove to the Chevron station and filled the tank, seventeen gallons.

There was only one man working in the station. He was the one I got teed off with because he gave me such poor service one time. Now he did better. He washed the windshield, and gave me the discount for cash payment.

I asked him if the young man who worked on cars was around. No. He was in Bend. "How about Pete?" Pete was away and wouldn't be back for two weeks. So I told him about how the oil plug hadn't been tightened properly on the last oil fill, I wasn't sure about the oil filter either. I wondered if he could check it out. He said he would.

There was a steady stream of customers stopping for gas.

I drove the Bronco into the repair section and waited. I drank some chocolate milk with a biscuit. Finally he came over and looked for the filter. He started to get under on the wrong side. I was standing on the side where the filter was. I said, "The oil filter is over here." A customer drove up. Now there was another wait. Finally he came back. I said, "I think the oil plug needs a millimeter wrench." He got a wrench out of a set of tools, and lay on his back on a crawler, and rolled under.

He said, "The filter doesn't leak." He got his wrench on the oil plug. It didn't seem to be very tight. He must have given it two full turns. I saw that he cinched it up really hard.

He got out from under. He said, "There you are." and went out to wait on another customer.

I drove to the bank, deposited the two-hundred and fifty dollar check into my checking account, and cashed the one-hundred and eighty-five dollar check to have cash on hand.

Just out of Burns that herd of cattle was being turned into a feed lot east of the Grange Hall. The last one was going through the gate as I got there. I was glad I didn't have to maneuver through the herd.

I wanted to stop and make a cup of coffee. I thought, "Well, I'll wait until I get to the tree." I kept myself awake by yelling, "Watch it. Where do you think you're going. Stay on the road."

It's all right to holler like that when you are alone, but I doubt that it would be well taken by passengers if you had some with you.

My goal was the tree, and I began checking the mile posts to see how much farther it was. I would call out, "Fifteen more miles to go." After there was only ten more miles to go, I would shout the number of miles at each mile post. The game of count down kept me awake. Mile post fifty is at the bridge over the miscalled, old river channel. At that point I gleefully called, "One more mile and we'll have a cup of coffee."

I stopped at the tree wide awake, but I was hungry. I drank two cups of coffee, ate a biscuit, and then a drank a cup of milk chocolate. While I was there a large truck load of bailed hay went by going my way. I didn't think much about it, but when I got to the summit and saw it going down the other side, I guessed

October, 1988

7

he would hold me back because he would drop down into low gear to save his breaks. The hill has forty-mile an hour curve signs.

I was far enough behind so I wouldn't have to pass him. After the last curve he let the truck roll fast. I began to hope he wouldn't turn off onto the gravel road.

When the gravel road came into sight, there he was heading down it, making a cloud of dust. The wind didn't clear the dust away from the road very fast. I turned onto the gravel road and stopped. I said to myself. "I'll wait until he goes over the Folly-Farm hill before I start across the flat."

The thought occurred to me that he would go faster than I would, probably more than forty-five. When I saw his dust disappear over the hill, I started. At the top of the hill I could see him a good distance ahead, and the gap was increasing. I didn't have to worry about getting into his dust cloud. That cloud got farther and farther away, and then disappeared entirely. When I came to the Juniper Ranch I saw why. He had turned off there. This is the first time I ever saw that ranch in need of outside hay. They have always had stacks of hay left over from year to year.

The dusty condition of the road increased. RVs were heading out from their campsites along the county road. There were small trailers, large trailers, pickup campers, and motor homes spaced

October, 1988

8

apart at a distance that kept them out of the worst of the next ones dust. I would slow down as each one came along.

In the area near the mailbox all the vehicles had cleared out. I got to the dugout at three-twenty. It didn't take me long to put the groceries away, and have some bread and milk for dinner.

I put two of the half breasts of chicken to bake in the oven, then took a short hike down the road. I checked into the OEN but didn't hear Ellis.

I ate some chicken breast for an extra snack. After the news at nine-thirty I started writing. Now it is eleven-thirty, and so to bed.

5th

I slept better last night, but as usual I was up several times with the abdominal problem.

I got up at six-forty-five, and ate a breakfast of, bread and milk, a fried egg, orange juice and a cup of coffee.

At eight o'clock I tuned the transceiver to the weather net, then went out to the weather station and read the thermometers, came in and recorded the weather into the log ready to report it on roll call. I lay down to wait for the roll call to start. I woke up when the net control was calling for late or missed through the entire roll call. I was too groggy with sleep to get

up, and thought I would just skip it. But I heard Ellis check in.

I got to the radio in time to catch Ellis, and give my weather. We moved down frequency to talk. I said, "The last time I heard you, you were on the Stinking-Water Mountain waiting for John and Dorathy to join you."

He said, "I've been checking into the OEN every night, but I've never heard you until now."

"I didn't hear you either, but I didn't stay around long after I checked in. How did you make out hunting?"

"We all got our deer. It was good weather for hunting. I got home last night."

I told him about the bobcat going through the yard Monday. He said, "A good hide is worth three-hundred dollars."

"He looked to be in good shape, and not hungry. By the way, Carl's gang all filled their tags, but Carl didn't get any. They got four deer."

After talking with Ellis I was still tired, and lay down again. I was awakened by the sound of Carl's motorcycle coming down around the curve from the upper road. I was up by the time he stopped out in front. He came in and sat down. He said he was tired, and added. "I got a six point this morning."

I told him about going to town yesterday. He asked, "Did you notice that the little pickup was gone when you came back. The boys towed it down to the place yesterday."

I hadn't looked for it when I got home. I said, "Did the brakes work all right?"

"Yes, fine. The tires are up good. They are starting to work on it, and hope to drive it home. Do you have a key for the ignition?"

There was a ring of keys that belonged the door of his house hanging on a nail. Among them were a couple of keys that looked like Chevrolet keys. He took the keys. "I'll rest when I get home, and maybe take a nap. The others can take care of the meat."

It was cloudy and would be a good time to work on the plywood for the bench. But I felt weak and tired, so lay down again. In about an hour I woke up. Carl was back on his motorcycle. When he came in, he said, "Those keys weren't the ignition key for the pickup."

I found a key lying in the bottom of the desk drawer. It looked like the right one. He took it and left, saying, "We'll soon find out."

I lay down again and woke up at the sound of a vehicle coming down from the point. I got up and put on my glasses. Darlene and Oma came to the door. I let them in. We sat and talked a while. Darlene wanted to use the phone to talk to her daughter. She would call collect. She called the operator, and gave him the number she wanted to call collect. He told her she should dial 0,

She told me about it. I said, "That doesn't seem right. The way I always do it, I call the operator and say, 'I want to call Cottage Grove collect.' The operator asks for the number, then for my number, and who is calling."

Oma said, "Jim, you make the call for Darlene." I did, and it worked just like I told her. Her daughter said that she would accept the call. I gave the receiver to Darlene.

Then Oma and I talked. The boys were working on the pickup, but there were no spark plugs. I was sure there was some in the furnace room, and told her I would get them. I already had the package of head gaskets ready for her. They might eventually need them.

After Darlene got through on the phone, we went out and Got the plugs. They were old ones. I said, "I thought Mike bought some new ones, but I cant find them."

After they left I got some pretty good sleep, but when I got up to listen to the news at eleven, I still wasn't rested. There were a lot of reports on how the two nominees for vice president fared in the debate. The Democrats claimed that their man won, while the Republicans said that Quail won.

In foreign political news, the dictator of Chile got a No vote on his referendum to stay in office. There was political turmoil in Yugoslavia.

I made a batch of hotcakes with white flour, and had some with canned milk and sugar.

Before two o'clock I headed down for the mail, and had to wait until three. The weather was hot enough to use the air conditioning, but with the motor not running, I opened the windows, and was cool enough with the air blowing through. I felt tired and tried to sleep, but couldn't.

The old man was driving the truck for the second time, and was late again. The bank statement was the only letter for me, and a few letters for Mike. There was nothing for the Thomases. While I was putting the sack back into the box, I saw a vehicle coming from the south. I thought, "It looks like a pickup, and maybe it's towing a horse trailer."

As it came closer I saw that it was a pickup with a brown hood. "By gosh! That's our old '64 pickup, and they've got it running."

Kenny was driving and his boy, Billy, was with him. He stopped when he got up to me. "Well, we got it running, and we're going for a drive to try it out and charge the battery." It needed a tune up job. It wouldn't idle good at slow speed. I didn't ask them if the key worked, but I guess it did.

Back up here I checked the mail again, and threw out the junk stuff. I found a bank statement for Pat Frazier. If I had seen it down there I would have put it back in the sack.

12th

Last night I went to bed at eight-thirty, and got up at eleven. I couldn't stay in bed any longer. I had intended to get up anyway to take a bath. With the heater on in the bathroom I was plenty warm. When I got through I put the towels and dirty underwear into the washing machine, then washed the dishes. I hung the wash on the line in the house, then cut my hair.

I was in bed again at one-thirty. I got up a couple of times to move the gas in my abdomen, but did a poor job of it, so had a miserable night's sleep.

Some kind of little animal most likely a rat kept rattling the storm door. This bothered me when I was trying to go to sleep. I knew it couldn't get inside, though.

It was seven-thirty when I got up. I gathered all the stuff I thought I would need to take with me to Ontario, loaded it into the Bronco, and wondered what I was forgetting. It seems like I always forget something when I start on a trip.

I thought I would check into the weather net early, but the net control, Charlie N7BGW, was so busy answering questions about a silent key. I couldn't break in until eight-thirty. Emmett, K7IMN, was struck by a car when he went across the road to get the paper out of the box. Others took up time by asking more questions when they checked in, so it was late when I got checked in.

Ellis checked in after I did, but we didn't make contact. I drove out at nine-fifteen after going back into the house several times, and seeing something I had forgotten.

When I passed the Juniper Ranch, I saw that they now have two large stacks of baled hay. They must be planning on doing a lot of feeding this winter. They have hauled in all that hay since I saw them bring in that first load.

I didn't eat any breakfast this morning because of the gas problem. I stopped at the tree and had a cup of coffee, and ate part of the bread and butter sandwich.

The pothole between mile post 41 and 44 has been filled. The highway is getting into better shape, but the gravel road is worse.

Before I got to Lawen I had to navigate through a bunch of cattle being moved toward Burns. Then eight miles from Burns I went through another herd.

I got into Burns at eleven-thirty-five. I stopped at the service station first. The attendant ask if the oil plug gave anymore trouble. I said, "No. I was sure glad to get that fixed."

I then went to the bank, and deposited the fifty dollars that Oma gave me for the sixty-four pickup.

I stopped at the rest area east of Buchanan, and ate some of the corned-beef hash. From there on, whenever a vehicle ap-

proached from behind, I would slow down and let it go by. Thus I would travel in a zone with no one close in front and no one close in back.

At Ontario, coming down Fourth Avenue West, I noticed that the drivers were more courteous than those in Boise. I saw a vehicle in the center lane, which is reserved for left-hand turns only, trying to get into the right-hand lane. He had his turn signal on. The driver in the right-hand lane slowed down and let him move in ahead of him.

I stopped at Albertson's, and bought corn flakes, bread, fresh milk, canned milk, and Vitamin E. When I checked into the motel at four-thirty, I had a meal of corn flakes and milk, bread and milk, and the rest of the corn-beef hash.

I didn't bring a book to read, so I tried reading the Old Testament in the bible. It was too full of wars and conquests to suit my mood. I wanted to mail a letter to the hospital, and thought I might find a mailbox on the street, so went outside to take a walk. The girl in the office was coming out. She called to me, "I have the receipt for your room."

I stopped and she gave me the receipt. I asked, "Are there any mailboxes along the street where I can mail a letter?"

She tried to think of one. Then said, "You can leave it here in the office. They pick up mail here in the morning." I gave the letter to her.

I went for a walk anyway, and at the start I was none to warm with the jacket on, but by the time I got back I was plenty warm.

Now, with the bathroom window open and the front-room window open, it is beginning to feel cool in here.

Well, going back to the computer, for three days I worked at getting it started. You can use commands to format a disk, and one to copy a disk. I formatted several new disks, and made a copy of the Startup disk, one of the Startup-Operating disk, a copy of the First-Choice disk, and one of the First-Choice-Dictionary disk.

Startup would load into the computer, and Starting would also load. I could find no way to make use of the starting program.

Yesterday I called Joel. He put me straight. He said, "Put the Starting disk in the A drive. When the A prompt comes up, take the disk out, and put in First Choice, then type, "first". The computer will load First Choice into its memory, and you can start using it.

I did, and it worked fine. I just hadn't found the right instructions in the book. I wasn't able to use the B drive. A message came up, "Faulty disk or error in B drive."

17th

I printed a letter to Al and Susie, and another to Len and Dorathy.

I disconnected the leads to the computer, and packed it in the original carton ready to ship by UPS to Computerland. The B drive doesn't work.

I had phoned Joel in the morning telling him I was shipping it back. He said that they would get right on it and remedy the trouble.

The power man came and made the yearly reading of the meter. I went outside when I heard his truck. We talked for about thirty minutes.

I made contact with Ellis this morning. He gave me the names of the two women that were with him and the Sharffs. They are Jean and Doris Leigh, mother and daughter.

This morning I ran the vacuum cleaner over the carpet. It required a lot of bending over and lifting the canister around. It sure made my abdominal problem worse.

This evening I lay down after dinner to relax. In about twenty minutes I heard a porcupine in the plum trees. I went out with my rifle, and found him in the plum tree near the engine house. One shot brought him down. He landed in a place where it would be hard to get him out. I let him lay there to drag him off for burial tomorrow.

I lay down again and soon heard the grunting of another porcupine. I went out and saw a big one in a taller tree at the edge of the fill. It was probably the mother of the first one. One shot brought it down. I left it to take down into the garden tomorrow. They have the plum trees about stripped bare of leaves.

18th

The weather was warmer this morning than I had expected. The temperature in here at four was sixty-six. I thought it would be quite a bit colder outside, and even colder in Burns, so I put on winter underwear.

When I went to bed last night I was sure I could get up early enough to leave for Burns by seven. I woke up several times during the night, and at five o'clock went to sleep. At six I woke up. I was so sleepy I said to myself, "I'll get up at six-thirty." It was six-forty-five when I finally got up. It was seven-fifty when I took off for Burns.

There was no traffic on the gravel road, so I didn't lose any time passing vehicles on the road as is usually the case. I made it to the highway in less than an hour.

I was quite sure the UPS office closed at ten. I thought that if I traveled sixty-two miles an hour I could make it in time. I should have chosen sixty-five, because I was delayed by construction work.

When the odometer on this rid registers sixty-two, the actual speed is only sixty according to the mile posts. I entered Burns at four minutes after ten. I was pretty late getting to the UPS office. In an office next door a woman told me I could leave the package at the Ranch Supply only a block down the street. I hadn't been in their store in a long time. Bud's wife was at the counter going over some price lists. She looked so much older since I saw her last, I couldn't believe it. I asked her if she received packages for the UPS. She said, "Yes. We do it as a favor. We don't get anything for it."

I went out, got the package, and brought it in. It weighed twenty-two pounds. The shipping charges were five dollars and fifty cents. She made out a record of the shipment in a special book.

Bud came out from the back of the store. He too had aged a lot. He had a lot of gold-filled teeth showing, and he was wearing a hearing aid. He said, "It's been ten years since I was down at your place. I brought a washing machine down, or was it a Monarch Range?"

I said, "The last time it was a Monarch Range, but the time before it was a washing machine. You stood a nickel on edge on it when it was in damp dry to show how little it vibrated."

He asked about the mine. I told him the usual story, how we ran out of ore, and got flooded out in eighty-four. He was really talkative, more than ever before.

From there I drove over to the Safeway Store and bought a big supply of groceries, twelve gallons of water, potatoes, dry cereals, frozen-orange-juice concentrate, and eight half-gallon cartons of ice cream. That many containers of ice cream keep each other cold in the cooler on the way home.

At the checkout counter the woman, who sometimes drives the mail truck, came up to me and asked, "How are you going to get all that ice cream home without it melting?"

I said, "Put it into a cooler." I was surprised to see her. As usual she was all smiles.

When I went out to put my stuff into the Bronco, she was loading groceries into the trunk of her car. As I passed, I asked, "How are you going to eat all those groceries?"

She said, "Oh, my husband eats a lot."

I thought of driving over to see Ellis, but remembered that he was going somewhere today, so I headed for the service station. The same attendant was there. He seems to always be there alone. I asked him, "Do you work all day?"

He said, "There's a boy that comes at three. But if he doesn't come, I work straight through."

After I got out of town I set the control at sixty-two. At that speed the time doesn't drag like it does at fifty-five. When I got to Crane I drove in to see Jay Rossberg and his wife Zelda. The road going into their place was in a bad corduroy condition. I thought, "Someone must drive pretty fast on this road to make it like this." I slowed down to fifteen miles an hour, which made the whole vehicle shake. It would have felt smooth at forty-five, but then the wheels would bounce so much they would walk me off the road. I stopped out in front, and while I was trying to figure out how to open the gate, Zelda came out. I asked her, "How do you open this gate?"

She said, "Lift up on the rod and turn it."

That I did. I doubted that she knew who I was. I said, "I'm Jim Weston."

She said, "I'm glad to see you. It's been a long time."

"It sure has. Where's Jay?"

"He's around somewhere." We went into the garage. She called his name. There was no answer. She guessed he was in the house. We went in the front door, and she called some more. I joined in and called louder than she did. Still no answer. We went into the kitchen. I saw Jay's reflection in a mirror in the living room. Zelda went to the door and yelled his name. Then hollered, "There's someone here to see you."

He came out and greeted me, then said, "Come this way. I want to show you something. We went back through the garage to a door. He opened it saying, "This is my private hot room."

I remembered seeing it the last time Mike and I were there. I said, "Oh, yes. I saw it before. How does the wooden walls stand up under so much steam.?"

"They're made of cedar. It doesn't hurt cedar to be wet."

He wanted to know if I could use some apples. I agreed to take a few. Zelda brought out a paper sack with about ten Delicious apples in it. Jay said, "We got three boxes from that little tree."

Zelda got some red apples and put them in the sack. She said, "You can make pies out of these. They're not much good for eating."

Jay told about the fishing they did in Alaska. He said, "Zelda beat me. The first one she caught weighed sixty-two pounds. My first one was forty-six pounds. Her next one was sixty-five pounds. My next one was forty-eight. I couldn't get ahead of her. We had one smoked and canned." He went out and got a couple cans of the salmon. He said, "Here Zelda, put these with the apples."

He wanted to show me pictures of her and the fish, but couldn't find them. He said to her, "Where did you put those pictures?"

She said, "I didn't put them anywhere. They must be covered up with something."

I could see why she said that. Everywhere I looked there were papers, letters with envelopes, pamphlets, and miscellaneous objects, on the table, on the shelves, and on the sideboard.

Jay started looking under things, then looking into the drawers of the sideboard. Coming to the last drawer, he opened it and closed it, and opened it again. He lifted out a yellow plastic bag. It was full of photographs. Those of the fish were among them. He said, "Here, look at the size of those fish." He told me again about Zelda getting the biggest one.

In one photo there was a fish hanging up with Zelda standing beside it. It looked almost as big as she did.

He said to her, "I found those pictures right where you put them."

She didn't say anything, and I wondered if he could have put them there himself. They were at odds with each other just like two people who have lived together for many years were apt to get. He spoke to her a lot meaner than she did to him.

Anyway, he couldn't hear good, and she said to me, "He's like that all the time, always blaming me." I could see that he didn't hear what she said.

When I spoke to him, I soon found that I had to talk extremely loud. Even then I doubt that he heard much of what I said. Zelda brought me a cup of hot coffee, and I waited for it to cool before drinking it. Thus I stayed longer than I intended. But I learned more about they're travels. They had a motor home, and a fifth wheel trailer, then on a trailer they had a big boat that they use to fish off the Oregon coast. They intend to go to Texas this winter.

Before leaving I said, "That road coming in here sure is corduroy."

Zelda said, "The kids speed up and down it. We go out the other way to the pavement, then out to the junction." She gave me directions on how to go. When I came in I had decided to go that way, but didn't tell her that I already knew the way.

I finally left and was soon on the highway. I had coffee at the tree, and ate one of the plain doughnuts that I bought at the store.

On the gravel road I drove at forty-five. I had to slow to nearly a stop three times because of dust from the RVs.

I got home at three o'clock, unloaded the groceries, and put them away. Later took a short walk before dark.

20th

I went to bed last night with all my clothes on, because I planned to get up in the night and look for a porcupine, if I heard one. I never heard one, and I slept better than I have when I didn't wear so much clothing.

The bland diet doesn't seem to help my intestinal discomfort, so I'm starting to eat more food with fiber.

As usual I got up several times to exercise and stretch my leg tendons. At six o'clock I couldn't stay in bed any longer even though I wanted to sleep more. I got up, ate breakfast, and checked into the OEMN. Ellis didn't check in.

I still felt like I needed sleep, and lay down. Carl woke me up when he knocked on the door. He had just arrived from Cottage Grove, and came straight up here, because he forgot to bring his keys with him. He wanted the keys I use to inspect the place when he is gone in the winter.

He said that the sixty-four pickup ran fine all the way to Cottage Grove. He came back on his big motorcycle. I gave him the keys, and while he was getting on his motorcycle, I said, "Take care of that cat. He sure missed you while you were gone."

I didn't feel like doing a thing, but started clearing the tools off the top of the stove, and then began removing the computer bench from where it was held tight between the two posts. It was jammed in so tight I thought I would never get it loose.

I then made measurements of the size of the notch that I would need in the right back corner that would allow the shelf to set out about four inches from the back wall, and come flush against the right wall. I marked off the measurements using a try square.

I looked for the hand saw that Mike bought new before he died. It wasn't in the tin building, or in the back tunnel, or in the furnace room. I was beginning to think that someone had gotten away with it, but said to myself, "That doesn't seem possible. It must be around. I saw it not long ago."

Then I remembered I used it in my bedroom, although I thought I had brought it over and put it in the back tunnel. Maybe I had put it there once and then had taken it back to the bedroom again. I went over there and found it where I had used it.

The big easy chair made up into a bed left the arm rests up. These made a good place to lay the plywood in such a way that it would be in a good position to saw out the notch.

That done , I used the radial-arm saw to cut a two-by four into lengths for two legs, one a quarter of an inch shorter than the other, because the floor was uneven and I wanted the shelf to be as level as possible. I found a piece of plywood six inches wide that Mike had cut. It made a good brace for the legs.

The two-by four was so hard I couldn't drive a nail into it without bending it. I used the small drill to make starter holes. I found a way to nail the plywood brace so that the top of the edge came flush with the tops of the legs, and was at right angles to them. I made accurate measurements to make sure that the two corners were the same distance from the back wall. Here again I used the drill to make holes for the nails that hold down the left corner. The tight fit of the notch made it unnecessary for nails in the right corner.

I set the legs back from the front to give plenty of room for my knees under the shelf, which I now started calling a bench. The power cords could go up between the back wall and the bench.

I was pleased with my work, and could see that I was getting better at it.

24th

This morning I got up at six-forty-five, got dressed, and put on my leather boots. I didn't eat any breakfast, and at seven-thirty went for a hike down the hill. The air was warm enough to go without my jacket. The wind wasn't blowing so there was no chill factor to contend with.

I felt good and jogged most of the way. I went half way down to the lower draw. I made good time coming back, and was in

time to listen for Ellis who usually talks with Dick, K7ZYD, Monday mornings on 3980. Dick was calling for him, but he didn't show up. I believe Ellis had gone Elk hunting up north.

I checked into the weather net on roll call. A few places in Oregon had a little precipitation, but most of them had none at all.

After reporting my weather, I cooked some oatmeal, and ate some with bran flakes and diluted milk, and no sugar. I didn't have any coffee.

The exercise before breakfast stirred up my metabolism so that, although the temperature in here was sixty-six, I felt warm enough without a fire even with the door open.

Up until I ate breakfast I was feeling fine, but soon after I became weak and wanted to sleep. I went out and sat in the Bronco where the sun had made it warm inside. I dozed off, but didn't get a restful sleep. I came back into the house still feeling weak. As long as I don't eat I feel fine. I cannot understand what the trouble can be, unless there is something wrong with my digestive system.

When I changed the dressing of the wound from the biopsy it appeared to be improved. It seems to me it should be much better after fifteen days since the operation.

Around nine-thirty the phone rang. I thought it might be Joel at Computerland, but it was someone who asked for Howard. I said, "You must have the wrong number. There is no one here by that name." He hung up, and not long after called again.

I said, "Are you sure the number you want doesn't have a 493 prefix? The number here is 495-2294."

He said, "That's the number I have."

I said, "Well, there's something wrong."

He came back with, "Maybe I made a mistake." He hung up, and the phone didn't ring again.

I called Dora to find out what time our polling place would be open on the eighth. She said, "It opens at eight."

I said, "Sometimes in the passed they didn't open until noon."

"That's when they have school-board elections. They think that not many people will show up. They might even open at seven on the eighth."

I said, "Well, eight is early enough for me. I have a hard time getting up that early. Of course, it will be an hour later then, because standard time will be in effect."

She was expecting company today. George and Lewis would be up to help fix the roof of the garage. A couple of Jehovah's Witnesses would stop by. I said, "Oh, you'll have a Holy Meeting."

Around ten-thirty I took up the ashes in the cook stove, and built a fire in it. I felt a little chilly in here while I was sitting still. A lot of ashes had spilled on the floor. I swept them up with a wet broom, then finished cleaning the spot with a mop.

I felt a little tired and lay down to rest. Soon I was fast asleep. Carl Thomas knocked on the door and woke me. At first I hardly knew where I was, and when I let him, I was still groggy. He wanted me to call Oma collect. Still half awake I had a hard time finding Oma's phone number. Finally I found it and dialed the operator. The first thing she said was, "What number are you calling from?"

I gave her my number, then said, "I want to call Cottage Grove collect."

She mumbled something, then said, "I'll turn you over to another operator. I waited a while, but the other operator never showed up. I hung up and dialed again. We went through the same rigmarole, but this time the other operator came on, and I got through to Oma's number. Her daughter Della answered. I gave the receiver to Carl. He told her to tell Oma that he had a good trip over and that everything was fine.

After he hung up, we talked a while about the weather, and how glad the cat was to have him back. He said, "I just got home a while ago, and I've got a big fire in the stove so I'd better

get back down there.

I said, "Maybe I'll see you at mail time."

For lunch I had a piece of baked breast of chicken, a slice of home-made bread with butter, and a dish of ice cream.

I listened to the news, especially about the rescue of the gray whales. Some speculated that they may not be able to save them. They are having a lot of experience with their new ice breaker, finding out that it isn't worth a darn. The dropping of a weight from a helicopter proved ineffectual.

The sawing of holes in the ice is showing progress. It is said that there is a ridge of thick ice ahead before they reach open water. The two Russian-ice breakers, on their way, are expected to clear a passage through it.

Now there is a shallow stretch of water between the hole where the whales are and the next hole. They will not cross over that shallow place to get to it.

They are planning to carry them to open water by helicopter as a last resort.

I went down to get the mail at two-thirty. Actually you could say there was no mail. There was a brochure on the new Medicare benefits, which was of no interest to me. There were two applications blanks for absentee ballots that I don't need. There was no mail for Carl, and he didn't come to see if he had any.

I went out and cut wood for an hour. I will have to make a place to store the wood in the tin building if I cut much more.

I watched the four-o'clock news. They are making more progress cutting holes for the whales, but the whales have turned back the other way.

At five o'clock I started down the hill for my walk in my shirt sleeves. I didn't have the pep I had this morning and did no jogging. I went to the top of the lower draw, so got a good workout even though I was slow.

I checked into the OEN on roll call. Ellis checked in under Hines. His son, Ellis Derel, made contact with him and they moved up frequency. I moved up and listened. The reason Ellis didn't check in yesterday was that he drove John and Florence to Ontario. Tomorrow he is going into the Drewsey area looking for elk.

Ellis Derel told him that he heard about one of his old school pals being in Canada. He will get his address and give it to Ellis tomorrow or in a few days. Ellis will be mobile while he is on his hunting trip.

I watched Barney Miller and Simon & Simon tonight. I feel guilty watching these shows, but I get a good laugh out of them at times.

25th

I was up at six-forty-five, and took a walk down the road. I didn't have as much pep as yesterday morning, but went farther, jogging most of the way.

Coming back I heard a flock of geese. The sound came from the direction of the mountain. It took a little time to get my eyes focused on them. They were very high, and when I looked away, and looked back again to see them, I couldn't get them into my sight. It's the first flock of geese I've seen this fall.

After cooling down from my walk, I began to feel little chilly, but with a fire in the stove, and two electric heaters going, I warmed up pretty fast.

I began to feel queasy in the midsection. I lay down, but couldn't sleep and didn't rest good. I finally got up and went to the bathroom. I was physicked as though I had a case of diarrhea, and I was sick and weak.

I lay in bed most of the day. I thought, "Boy! There sure is something wrong with my digestive tract. I'm getting weak just like Mike did. Maybe I've got some kind of cancer in my abdomen. I'm getting worse every day. Then again maybe it's my heart. That long walk yesterday evening, and the jogging this morning was too much for it.

I made out the power bill. It came to \$29.76, not bad. The weather has been warm, and I started using the heaters only last week.

In the afternoon I called Computerland. Joel answered, and right away began making excuses for not getting my computer checked. He had been away, and the service department was behind in their work. He said, "They have your computer on line now."

I said, "The main reason I called was to tell you to let me know when they would ship the computer so I would be home when it came." He said he would call me tomorrow.

Toward evening I felt a little better, and went for a walk. My legs were weak and I felt weak all over. I went only as far as the curve at the bottom of the first steep grade. I came back up very slowly.

I heard Ellis check into the OEN early, and made contact with him. During his hunting today he did a lot of hiking, but didn't see an elk. Now he had a big campfire going because it was cold. He would turn in soon.

28th

It was after twelve when I got to bed last night. I woke up around two-thirty feeling a little cold. I got up and put an extra blanket on the bed. I did some leg stretching exercises. I went back to bed and woke up at four-thirty. I was now warm. I got up and checked the thermometer. It was sixty-eight. At that temperature I couldn't think of any reason for me to have felt cold. I just laid it to old age.

I did some leg-stretching exercises to keep away leg and toe cramps. The next time I woke up it was six-forth-five. I couldn't believe it was so late. I had slept soundly for over two hours.

I got up and dressed, and headed for my walk down the road. I felt stronger than yesterday morning, and went past the power-line crossing. Coming back I was slow and had no extra energy. I thought, "Now I'm like Mike was in the spring of eighty-seven. If I weaken at the rate he did, I'll be walking at a snails pace next year."

When I got back I ate some Cheerios with sugar and diluted milk, then a slice of toast with a cup of hot water. I'm not drinking coffee now.

I checked into the weather net. Ellis called for me. We went down frequency and we talked for a while. He said that he had a good hunting trip. He heard three elk, but didn't see any. The temperature was down to twenty where he camped on the North Fork of the Malheur River.

He got home last night and had a lot of things to do. He said that when we got through talking he would call the Scharffs to find out how they were. At noon he would go to the Senior Center with John and Dorathy Womack for lunch.

Later I slept for a while, and woke up around ten-thirty. Carl Thomas was backing his pickup down toward the dugout. I

heard the motor, and was up in time to see him stop out in front.

He came in and we talked for about an hour. He had a good trip to Ontario, but after paying the dentist, and having the new universal joint installed, and buying gas, he had only enough cash to buy lunch at the King's Table. He couldn't buy the roofing cement that he wanted.

He needed some sheet plastic to winterize his windows, and had brought up a list of the window sizes. He wanted me to figure out the amount of plastic he would need. He could buy it in rolls three feet wide. I started to calculate the area of the windows, but realized that all I had to do was to add up the lengths of the windows. I did this and somehow came up with six feet. Later I knew it was wrong. I added them up again and found that he needed fifteen feet. I'll have to drive down and tell him before he leaves for town.

After he left, I turned on the news. The two whales are presumed to have made it to open water. At least they have disappeared. During the night the Russian-ice breaker had gone close to the last hole where the whales were, and turned back to the open water. The whales were seen to move from last hole and follow the ice breaker. No one knew how far they went, but they never came back.

I left here at twelve o'clock, thinking I had plenty of time to be down at the county road before the UPS truck got there. Half way down the hill I met Bill coming up. We stopped beside each other. He asked, "Where are you going?"

I said, "I was going down to the county road so you wouldn't have to drive all the way up."

He said, "I wouldn't leave a package at the mailbox, especially a computer." He got the computer out of his truck.

I said, "I think it will go in the back seat." I opened the door on the driver's side and tipped the seat forward. There didn't appear to be much room to lift the box through the opening'

He said, "I think it would be easier to put it in through the back door." I opened the back door. He put the box on top of the dust cover. I moved the cooler to one side to make room for the computer underneath. He was still thinking I wanted it in the back seat, and asked, "Shall I push it over the back of the seat?"

I said, "It will go under here." I could see that he was surprised it would go into the space.

He asked, "Do you think I can turn around in that area out there?"

"Oh, yes."

"It wouldn't be too soft out there with it so dry?" He turned around and drove down passed me. We waved a "Goodbye."

I turned around and drove up here. I took the computer out of the box, and used tape to fasten the packing blocks in the corners where they belong. Thus there would be no trouble figuring out where they should go if the computer had to be packed again.

I had time to arrange the computer, the monitor, and the printer on the stand, and all the leads except the power cords hooked up before mail time. The end of the lead that goes from the printer to the computer was hard to connect. The two spring clips that hold the connector from pulling out gave the trouble. I would get the clip on one side fastened, then when I tried to fasten the clip on the other side, the clip would come loose on the first side. I tried one side first, and then the other side first several times. I'm not sure how I got them both in place.

When I had hooked up that lead before, I never got both of those clips in place. One was only half in place allowing the connector to come out a little, and left it askew.

I still had to find a way to get the power cords up through the space behind the stand. I would do that when I got back with the mail.

In the mail there was a card named, "Merry Mice" from Dorothy. There was a picture of two mice, each riding on the back of a bird. She had written a letter in it. Then there was a sub-

scription notice from the Burns paper. It is fifteen dollars a year now. Then there was the paper. There was no mail for Carl.

Back up here I took a piece of rope and passed one end down through the space behind the stand, reached under with a hook, and pulled the end to the front. I tied the rope to the ends of the three power cords and hauled them up to the top of the stand in the back, and plugged them in, one to the printer, one to the monitor, and one to the computer.

Now I was ready to try out the new disks. I tested spell check. It worked fine. I found one mistake I had been making with the old disks. I had left the cursor where it was when I got through editing, instead of moving it up to the beginning of the file. Another mistake I had been making when I wanted to copy a file from A to B, I tried to do it in First Choice instead of in the Startup Program.

I found that two of the disks I had formatted wouldn't work. I got out a new blank disk and formatted it with the new Dos disk. It worked and I was able to copy a file from A to B.

I typed a letter to Dorathy, and ran a spell check on it. This spell check is poor compared with WordStar with the word plus. I printed out the letter, but may write another one in long hand to see if I can improve on it.

I quit and shut things down just in time to check into the second session of the OEN. I ate dinner and watched Barney Miller and Simon & Simon. It was the second episode of them in Paris, continued from yesterday. Rick and A J learn that they have a sister.

29th

I was up at six-forty-five, and headed down the road for my walk at seven. I felt stronger than yesterday, not much though. Coming back up I was tired by the time I got to the point.

I slept quite a bit during the day, but did work at the computer, and learned a few things using First Choice.

George called rather early this morning. They haven't had much rain in his part of Florida, but in the northern part they had heavy rains.

He went to a hearing aid place this week. They put him on an extensive-test program, checking his hearing in a range of audio frequencies. A girl had him listen to words from a tape and had him repeat each word. She put a mark on each word he didn't hear right. Supposedly these would be referred to when designing the hearing aid. Then she had him listen to a series of sounds, and say yes when he heard a sound. He said, "I got tired of saying, 'Yes' and started saying 'Si' which is easier.

After the test, she said, "I was surprised when you switched to Spanish. Do you know much Spanish? I know a little."

He told her about working at Engle Mine where there were a lot of Mexicans working, and he picked up some words.

It may be a couple weeks before he gets his hearing aid, because each instrument is designed for individual hearing loss. It will cost \$1,700. He will have one for each ear.

I was glad to hear he would have one for his left ear, because when he first told me about the loss of hearing in that ear, he said that the doctor told him he could do nothing about it. I took it that a hearing aid wouldn't do any good. But he meant that the doctor couldn't do anything about it.

Loni called me to invite me to a crab dinner tonight. Don Williams will be bringing the crabs up from Coos Bay. I told her I was expecting company. She said, "I'll save some for you then."

I told her that I didn't care much for crab meat, saying, "Don't bother saving any."

I asked how she was doing after her operation. She was doing just so-so. "I had to go to Las Vegas last week. My father died. We brought my mother up here to stay with us."

I said, "That's too bad about your father. It will be good for your mother to be with you."

For something else to say I told her about not getting my strength back after my hernia operation. She said, "I know what you mean. Well, I'll see you on election day."

I said, "I'll be down there early."

We said, "Goodbye." and hung up.

I was frustrated with my performance today, although I did do some work with the computer late in the evening.

I slept through the first session of the net, but checked into the second session.

30th

I got up at the same time by day-light-saving time, but by standard time it was an hour later.

I started down the road for my walk at six o'clock standard time. I felt better than I did yesterday. I got nearly to the lower draw in fifteen minutes. I thought that it was long enough for going down, because it would take a half hour to get back up.

One thing that struck me as odd was the complete silence both coming and going. There was no sound of wind, cars, animals, or birds. People were not out on the road yet, but how did the birds and animals know it was too early to be up and around. As for the wind, it is often calm in the morning.

Before I left I built a fire in the stove, and turned on all the heaters. When I got back it was seventy degrees in here, and it was forty outside.

After breakfast I lay down and slept for a while. I woke up just in time to check into the net before it closed.

I got busy and typed most of Friday's report.

I slept from noon to two o'clock. Then got up and put air into the two front tires. I always have a bad time with this pressure gage. It takes several tries before I get a good reading. While I'm trying to hold the gage onto the valve stem the air hisses and blows out around the stem instead of going into the gage.

After that I worked at putting a lock on my bedroom door. I made a botch of it and will work on it again tomorrow.

Later I saw an episode of Simon & Simon. They show them at odd times on Sunday. I hadn't seen this one before. It was a modern version of Robin Hood.

In the evening I finished typing the Friday report, and printed it out on three pages using the continues feed. This is faster than with single sheets. You can have the printer stop between pages, and there is a hold down the allows you to tear off a page at the perforation.

I was surprised at the length of the report. After eating dinner, and checking into the OEN, I felt tired and couldn't bring myself to work. Finally I said to the post, "I'll go to bed for a while, and get up later to do some work.

31st

I went to bed last night at eight-thirty. I slept soundly, and dreamed that I was in the midst of an explosion. The first I

knew of it there was a blinding light that I could see with my eyes closed. Not just one burst of light, but several with the intensive light blending together. I heard no sound and felt nothing physical. I sensed only the light. I thought, "This must be the end. This is real. I remembered what those bombs were, and I was right in the middle of them. I thought, "My body must be blown to bits, and I'm seeing this light in my dying brain."

Then I became aware of consciousness. I could feel my body. I was lying on my back under covers. My right arm was outside the covers. I could feel an ache in my abdomen. I thought, "I must be in a hospital. I expected to feel tubes in my mouth and nose, but could feel none. I opened my eyes. There were no tubes, and gradually I became aware that I was in my own bed. I hadn't felt any fear in the dream, so it wasn't like a nightmare.

I knew what had caused the dream. When I went to bed early, I promised myself that I wouldn't stay in bed long, but would get up in a while and start working. This was the way the subconscious woke me up. You could say that there is a watchman in your brain that monitors the time and gets you up at a time that you have somehow indicated to it. Some people don't need an alarm clock. They just wake up at the time they had in mind. The watchman wakes them without the fanfare of a dream.

Sometimes people influence the watchman to make them sleep right through the ringing of the alarm clock. When they go to bed they say, "I hate that alarm clock. It wakes me up right when I am sleeping at the best." Or, "I sure hate to get up when that alarm clock rings." And, "I'll set the alarm clock for seven, but I'd rather get up at eight." The watchman gets them up at the later time.

Anyway, I looked at my watch. It was only ten o'clock. I got up and did some stretching exercises, and went back to bed, thinking, "Maybe if I stick it out and stay in bed the whole night, I'll feel better and get more work done." I went to sleep again, and woke up at twelve-thirty. I got up, did the exercises, went back and managed to go to sleep. I woke up again at three, exercised again, went back to bed, and lay awake longer than usual. I couldn't see how I could stay in bed until six or seven in the morning. Later I awoke and still had an hour and a half to stay in bed. I managed to go to sleep without the exercises. I woke up at five-thirty. Daylight was just breaking.

I got dressed and went for my walk down the hill, fifteen minutes going and thirty minutes coming back up. I felt stronger than any morning lately.

After breakfast, I redid the letter to Dorathy, adding to it the bit about the silence and about the small birds. I spelled coyotes wrong, but didn't correct it.

Although spell check asked me to make a correction, it didn't give me the right spelling. I printed the letter and had it ready to mail.

I typed the October thirtieth record and printed it.

I drove down to get the mail at one-thirty. I met Carl coming up the steep grade above the gate. He got off and sat in the Bronco. The mail hadn't arrived yet.

I mentioned the figures I gave him on how much plastic he needed. Before I could tell him my mistake, he said, "I got to thinking that six feet wouldn't be nearly enough. It should be more like twelve feet."

I said, "Fourteen or fifteen. Better make it fifteen." He is going to town tomorrow so had me make out his check for cash, one-hundred dollars.

He said that down by the hot spring he saw a beer can lying over to the right. He walked over, and just as he reached for it, he began sinking into the ground. He gave the can a flip to one side, and sank down clear to his knees. He grabbed some weeds near by and pulled himself out. It gave him quite a scare, because there is no telling how far he would sink in that muck. His clothes were muddy. He brushed most of it off before coming up the hill. They were still wet when he got into the Bronco.

We drove on down to wait for the mail. I told him that Ellis told me that someone got stuck out on the desert and walked out to your place. Oma drove him up to the Alvord Ranch to ask Ed for help with his tractor.

Carl said, "Oma isn't back yet. It must have been someone else. I don't know who it could have been. I saw the tractor go by, but it went on south."

I said, "Maybe he got stuck near the Kueny Ranch, and a woman there drove him to the Alvord Ranch."

While we were waiting a man drove up in a pickup from the south. He stopped out in front of us, got out, came over and asked how we were doing. We said, "We're waiting for the mail."

He mentioned the strike at the mill, and how it was hurting business in Hines. I asked him if he was working at the mill. He said that he didn't. He owned a snack bar in Hines. "You had coffee with me one day." I must have looked dubious, because I couldn't remember ever having coffee with him. He looked at me and said, "I don't mean you. I mean the other fellow." Apparently he didn't know Carl by name.

The mail truck came. I went out to meet it. Martin was driving. I opened the door on this side to get the mail sack and said, "Hi, Martin. So you're driving the mail for a change." He nodded his head. I slammed the door hard, but it didn't go all

the way shut. I opened it and tried again. This time a corner of the sack got caught in the door. I thought for a minute that he would start driving off. I guess he saw what was going on. I slammed the door harder and it went shut good.

There was only one letter in the sack. It was in an envelope with pictures of birds like the ones Dorathy sends. It was from Eugene, and I wondered who it could be from. It started out with, "Dear Uncle Jim". I looked down at the bottom of the letter. There was no name at the end. There was one clue in the middle of the letter, "Gerald's found work." I said to Carl, "It's from my niece Hazel.

He said, "I didn't know you had a niece by that name. I don't think I ever met her."

I said, "I guess you haven't. She's one of Fred's daughters. Susie and Hazel."

The man with the pickup said, "I'll be going now. See you again some time." and drove off.

When Carl was getting onto his motorcycle, I said, "Sorry Oma didn't come out."

Back up here I did some work at the computer, then made some hotcakes with stone-ground flour. I made enough so there would be some left over to eat cold instead of bread.

October, 1988

49

I checked into the first session of the net late, and then into the second session on time. I worked at the computer until nine o'clock, then got ready for bed. The biopsy wound seems to be healing, but I'm almost out of round patches to put on it.

November, 1988

1

1st

I woke up several times during the night, did the stretching exercises each time and went back to bed. The last time I woke up there was an hour and a half left until five-forty-five. The gas problem was causing discomfort even into my shoulder. It wasn't like angina as I understand that condition.

I didn't get up, and managed to go to sleep. I woke up at five-forty, feeling better than I did all night. In fact I felt as though I could enjoy lying in bed without sleeping, just lie there without discomfort.

At five-forty-five I got up, dressed, and started on my walk down the hill. There was a little breeze from the west, but the air felt surprisingly warm. I walked fifteen minutes going down which brought me nearly to the same place I got yesterday. It took me twenty-five minutes to walk back up. I heard coyotes howling over toward the head of the middle draw. Half way back I heard a car going north on the county road. It could have been Carl on his way to Burns. He was going to leave early.

Back up here I had a breakfast of, one hotcake with syrup, a fried egg, and a glass of orange juice.

On the weather net just before roll call I heard Ellis give his weather. I checked in and gave my weather, and asked for Ellis. He answered, saying that he would move down and call me. I

November, 1988

2

found him on 3986. I told him that it couldn't have been Oma who drove the guy to the Alvord Ranch, because Oma wasn't home yet. He said, "I must have heard wrong. One of these days I'll ask Ed who it was."

He had nothing special to do today, but would be busy. He talked with Dick, K7ZYD, yesterday. Dick runs phone patches to one of Ellis' sisters every Monday if Ellis is home. The other sister goes to Arizona every winter, and intends to leave again this coming Friday.

Later in the morning I didn't feel good. I tried to sleep sitting up in the big chair without success. I even went out and sat in the Bronco where once I sat and went to sleep, and woke up feeling cured of my gas problem. It didn't work this time.

Around noon I made a pumpkin custard (pumpkin-pie filling without a crust). After eating some, I felt better.

In the afternoon and in the evening I worked quite a bit at the computer. I typed Monday's account, and printed it. I had trouble with the first page. The printing ran over the perforation line onto the second sheet. The top of the sheet wasn't set at the starting line.

Previously I had torn off a sheet using the hold-down bar. The left side of the bar wasn't quite in place. The sheet tore and took some of the holes for the feed wheel with it. I had

November, 1988

3

moved the paper up to make sure the knobs on the wheel would enter the holes properly. Now I know better.

I will experiment to see if by setting the page length at sixty-four instead of sixty-six the printer will have a couple of extra blank lines at the bottom and still start at the right place on the next sheet.

Now I make sure that the hold-down is in the proper position before I tear off a sheet.

When I ran the spelling check on Monday's account, I looked up the instructions on how to start a personal dictionary. It is simple. When the prompts about misspelled words come up, and you know the word is correct, you choose, "Add to dictionary." That starts your personal dictionary. You can bring it up and edit it.

The wound from the biopsy seems to be better.

I ran completely out of Timoptic-eye drops tonight. I couldn't get one drop out of the bottle. I'll go to town tomorrow, and now have the things I need to take with me layed out on the table ready to go.

Around eight-thirty I heard rain on the skylight. There is a heavy wind blowing, and the barometer has fallen below thirty, the first time in months.

Today I got out a copy of the letter I sent Hazel to see what I had written that made her ask, "Whose ashes were poured

November, 1988

4

out?" She spelled it "who's" which through me for a loop. I had to look in the dictionary to see if I was right. Whose is a possessive pronoun.

Anyway, in spite of the close scrutiny of my typing, I had left an L for the K in Mikes name. Spell check, of course, couldn't catch that.

2nd

During the night I woke up several times, did those exercises and went back to bed each time.

In the last period of sleep I dreamed I was running a machine that was automatically moving cloth through it. The cloth caught on something that kept it from going through, and the machine came to a stop. At the same time a warning sound of about seven hundred cycles came on. The warning sound soon stopped.

I woke up and looking at my watch, saw that it was four o'clock. I thought, "Now why did the watchman wake me up at this time. I wasn't planning on getting up this early." As I thought about it I realized he was right. I had actually thought it would be a good idea to get an early start. The watchman had latched onto that thought to wake me up at four.

I got up at four-fifteen, ate breakfast, which included a cup of weak coffee that I figured would keep me awake all the way to Burns. I hadn't been drinking coffee lately, so a little would

November, 1988

5

have more effect than a strong cup of coffee would have had a few weeks ago.

I shaved, put my lunch and other things into the Bronco, locked the door, and was ready to leave. It was raining. I checked the rain gage, which showed seven-hundredths of an inch. The low temperature was forty-three. I wrote the information down on my grocery list, thinking that I might be in town in time to report my weather at Ellis' place.

It was six o'clock when I pulled out. There was enough daylight to see driving down the hill, but at the county road I turned on my headlights at high beam. It was dark enough to let the lights show up bright on the road ahead.

I set the control at forty-five. The road wasn't sloppy, but the rain had settled the dust. At the Mann-Lake detour, seven deer ran across the road in front of me. I had caught them in my vision before they started to cross. I didn't have to stop, but slowed down fast. Six deer went across fast, but the seventh turned back. I continued to go slow, and it crossed in front of me.

I never saw any more deer, or any cows on the road. Incidentally, didn't see a jackrabbit dead or alive anywhere.

At the pavement I set the control at fifty, because I thought there might be ice on the pass. It was still raining, and

November, 1988

6

there were puddles in places. After going over the top, I saw that there was no ice, so I set the control at sixty-two, which meant that my actual speed was sixty according to the mile posts. The tree is fifty-one miles from burns. That translated to fifty-one minutes to Burns. I could see that I would be there before eight-thirty. Between the tree and Princeton I met six vehicles coming toward me.

It wasn't eight-thirty when I got to Ellis' place in Hines. I knocked on his door, and as he started to open it, I said, "Garbage man."

He was surprised to see me. Shook my hand and said, "Well, hello Jim. What brings you to town this time of day?"

I told him about being out of eye drops. He said, "You could use water. What do you use Murine?"

I said, "No. Timoptic for glaucoma. Besides those I take a tablet."

He said, "Can I fix you some breakfast. I was just about to eat."

I said, "I ate breakfast before I left. I cant stay long. I have to be back by eleven to meet Carl Thomas. I would like to check into the weather net to give my weather report."

He said, "Sure. We can do it right now." Looking at his cot, he said, "I haven't made my bed yet." He straightened out the

November, 1988

7

covers. His transceiver was already on. N7BGW Charlie was the control. Ellis gave his weather, then gave the mic to me.

I gave my report, but didn't have things in the proper sequence. He asked me to repeat the low, the wind, the sky condition, and the precipitation. He said, "You're not as strong as you are at your own QTH."

The trouble was that I didn't speak very loud and was back too far from the mic. Ellis had the mic gain set for his voice. Also he gets up closer to it. When he saw that I wasn't moving the needle on the meter, he turned up the gain.

He wanted me to stay around and have lunch with him at the Senior Center. I insisted that I had to go. He said, "You haven't time to get back by eleven, anyway."

I said, "I can make it in two hours if I move right along."

I took off and stopped at the Safeway store, got a bunch of groceries, and loaded them into the Bronco. Then went back in and waited for the Timoptic bottle to be filled. There was a man ahead of me. I could see that I surely wouldn't be home by eleven.

I finally got the eye drops, \$21.82. I drove over to the service station. The same man, for whom I have a low opinion, was at the pumps. He again gave me poor service, and didn't allow me

the discount for cash. I think he pockets the discount himself. I never ask for a receipt.

I couldn't find my ballpoint pen, so didn't write down the odometer reading and the amount of gas. No matter I won't be keeping track of the mileage anymore.

Before leaving the station, I opened the quart carton of orange juice. From a sack of groceries I dug out the two-cinnamon-roll package that I bought in the store. I could eat one of the rolls while driving. I had the hotcake lunch handy to munch on if I got sleepy.

When I got out onto the highway, I set the control at sixty-two. I drove in comfort with the rain cleaning the windshield, and the wiper on intermittent action that I turned to fast or slow according to the amount of rain. I stopped at the tree and made a weak cup of coffee, and ate some of the hotcake, drank a cup of orange juice, walked around the Bronco three times, and got going again.

I made it over the summit in good time, and cruised on the gravel road at forty-five. Somewhere near the Juniper Ranch I ran head on into a ridge of dirt that Pete had pushed to the middle of the road. I had two choices. Either go to the right or to the left. I was closer to the left and there was more stuff to run over if I went to the right, so I went to the left. It was the

side he had run the grader over pushing everything to the middle of the road. It looked to be smoother and better to drive on than the right side where rocks and gravel that rolled from the ridge were scattered. I wondered if I would be able to cross the ridge if a car came from the other direction. I passed stretches that I knew I couldn't get over.

There was no traffic, but as I neared Mann Lake, I crossed over at a low place in the ridge. Over the next rise I saw the grader. Pete was coming back toward me scraping the ridge over the bank into the barrow pit on the right side.

When he saw me coming, he backed to the left, giving me room to pass. After that there was no ridge to contend with. I got home at twelve o'clock. I saw no sign that anyone had been up to the dugout. It was still raining. I carried in the groceries. I ate a light lunch, and made out the monthly weather report ready for the mail at two-thirty.

I drove down in the rain, and waited half an hour for the mail truck. I was chilly and uncomfortable sitting in the Bronco. Finally Martin drove up. I got out and walked to the other side of the road. He stopped beside me. I opened the door on the driver's side. I said, "That road is getting to be a mess."

He said, "It sure is."

At first I thought that there was nothing in the sack, but found three envelopes in the bottom. One with my check from the VA, one with the phone bill, and one from a candidate running for the Oregon senate.

Carl didn't drive up to see if he had any mail.

Up here I looked over the long-distant calls in the phone bill. One was a call I was sure I had not made. I scanned the Burns Hines section of the phone book from A through W. The phone number was for Western Ranch and Home Supply. Now I was doubly sure I hadn't made the call. The supply store also has an 800 number. If I had made a call I would have used it.

For dinner I had some of the pumpkin custard with ice cream, part of a pork-rib steak, boiled potatoes, toast, and orange juice.

I didn't feel like working, and thought that if I slept a while I would feel better and more like working. I did sleep, and woke up refreshed just in time to check into the OEN late.

I made contact with Ellis. Before moving off frequency I heard someone say he would move up with us. He wanted to talk with Ellis. I told Ellis about my trip home, then said, "There's someone who wants to talk with you. I'll clear the frequency, and you can talk with him."

He said, "I'll see you later. I was glad you dropped in this morning. I'm not going to tell you what the Womacks said when I

told them that you were in town, but you better stop and see them the next time you are in."

I said, "I'll make it a point to visit them." I signed out, and heard Ellis ask who wanted to talk with him. NC7Y came on.

Ellis said, "Hello, Bob. It's good to hear from you. How's things going?"

I listened to them talk for a while. Bob and his wife had planned to go to Arizona, but she got the shingles, and couldn't travel. Their doctor told them that the shingles would just have to take it's course. He couldn't do anything for it.

Later I got to thinking that someone had told me their doctor had cured their shingles in a short time. I think it was Dora. I'll call her some time and ask her what he did.

I did a little work at the computer this evening. I started typing Tuesday's report.

I watched Simon & Simon.

The biopsy wound started bleeding a little when I swabbed it out with hydrogen peroxide tonight. It looks like I will get to bed by eleven-thirty.

8th

I went down to vote at eight o'clock. Quite a few people were there including those in charge. Larry Blair and Carl Hair were voting. Those in charge were Loni, Dora, Lavina, Dee, and another woman whom I didn't know.

There was no place to sit to mark your ballot, no table, desk, or counter. Carl was working on his ballot at the end of the partition between the kitchen and the anteroom. I went around into the kitchen and placed my ballot against the wall to mark it. I wasn't long in the process. I didn't mark any names that didn't have an opponent.

Dora handed me a list of names that were for write-ins. Everyone Agreed that there was no one on the list that they knew anything about. I saw Jessie Jackson's name and mentioned that they knew him. Larry asked, "Are you voting for him?"

Loni shushed him, saying, "No talking politics in here."

I don't remember seeing Glerup's name on the ballot, but it must have been.

Back up here I got ready to go to Ontario. When I left the dugout there was three inches of snow on the ground. It was snowing and it melted as fast as it landed.

There was two inches of snow on the gravel road, and in the wheel tracks of the vehicle that was out ahead of me, it had turned to slush. If I stayed in the tracks this made steering difficult. I wouldn't always go in the same direction I was steering. There were stretches of corduroy where I had to slow down to twenty-five.

Nearing the Alvord Ranch quite a ways off I saw a deer standing at the side of the road checking to see if it was safe to cross. I thought, "That's a smart deer." It crossed the road, and went up toward the mountain. I didn't even have to slow down.

A phone company truck came from the north and splashed mud on me as it passed. Often I kept out of the wheel tracks and drove where the snow hadn't been disturbed. Thus getting control of the driving. I noticed that the phone truck did the same thing.

As I usually do, when there is danger of ice on the summit, I drove at fifty until I got over the top. Down the other side I wondered if the dark areas ahead was wet pavement or black ice, so I was afraid to speed up. The question was settled by the appearance of puddles of water. From there on I drove at sixty-two.

It had been snowing wet snow all the way, and the snow from last night on the top of the Bronco was melting and water was running down the back window, bringing with it chunks of snow and mud and dirt making it almost impossible to see out the back window. I stopped at the tree and cleaned the window with paper towels.

After walking around the Bronco four times to get the kinks out, I got going again. The back window stayed clear most of the time, but when I went through a heavy puddle, it would get spattered.

Between Princeton and Crane there was a heavy shower that the wipers could hardly handle even at the fastest rate. Shortly thereafter it quit raining, but large puddles of water were still standing in the road. From mile post eight all the way into Burns, and even somewhat in Burns, steam from the pavement made a low fog. It didn't conceal the tops of the cars coming toward me.

I felt that I had had a tedious drive coming to Burns.

I stopped at the Safeway store first, and bought a couple of chocolate cupcakes, a loaf of bread, a package of bologna, and a jug of water. I had forgotten to bring a jug of water from home. I then drove down to Les Schwab's to have the wheels rotated. When I got there, they were so busy I was doubtful they could wait on me very soon if at all. I asked one of the workers if they would have time to rotate my wheels. He said, "You will have to wait quite a while, or get an appointment."

I said, "I'm going to Ontario. I'll come back another time."

The stormy weather must have brought in a lot of people to buy snow tires.

At the Chevron station the attendant who I hold in low esteem was on the job. I noticed that as the tank became nearly full, he kept his finger on the trigger, when the kickback came and he pulled the nozzle out, gas came out of the tank. I said, "It ran over."

He said, "That's from the kick-back." Maybe so, but I think he held the trigger too long.

I didn't have enough cash, so wrote out a check. That foiled him if he is putting the discount into his pocket.

From there I went to the bank, deposited the \$246 check into my checking account, and cashed the \$185 check so that I would have money to buy gas and a few groceries in Ontario, also to pay for the motel and buy gas and groceries in Burns on my way home.

After passing the weigh station, I set the control at sixty-two. The highway was dry, and I wondered if it would still be that way over the summits going to Ontario. Going up the hill passed Buchanan it was dry. I stopped at the rest area, and made a cup of weak coffee and started eating one of the cupcakes. A car was parked to the left of me. A boy, who looked to be about one year old, was sitting on the hood crying. Another boy, about two years old, was standing and walking around on the ground. A man was pushing a piece of haywire down between the window and the door near the latch side, then moving it back and pulling it up. I could see that he was trying to open the door which was apparently locked.

I watched him a while, then quit eating and walked over and asked, "Do you suppose I could help you.?"

"You wouldn't have a piece of sheet metal I could make a Jimmy out of, would you?"

"No. I don't have anything like that. I looked at the top of the window and saw that there was no way you could get hold of the top of the glass and pull it down the way I did with the eighty pickup one time.

He said, "This haywire is too weak to hang onto the lock when I latch onto it so I can pull it up and unlock the door. The kids locked the door when we got out. My keys are inside and the lights are on. My spare keys are in there too."

I said, "I always carry a spare set in my wallet." Wondering why he didn't carry a set in his wallet, or have one fastened underneath the car somewhere.

He said, "I've been going to get a magnet and hang a set on the frame or something, but never got around to it."

I saw that I couldn't help him, so went back, ate some bologna with a slice of bread and drank some coffee. He gave up working with the haywire, picked the kid up off the hood, held him close and patted his back to comfort him. Then he started walking up the steep bank toward the road, the two-year old tagging along behind. At first I thought he might be going up to the highway to flag someone down for help or have them phone a garage. I guess he was looking for a piece of sheet metal, because he walked around the area and back to the car.

I had decided to give them a ride back to Buchanan, and cleared my stuff off the front and back seat and put it in the back. I walked over and told him I would take him and the kids to Buchanan. He got in and held the kids in his lap, saying, "Given the mood their in, they wouldn't sit in the back seat by themselves." He wanted to know how far it was. I told him what a short distance it was. Then he wanted to know how big it was and if they had a shop there.

I said, "It's not a big place. There's a store with a museum. They sell jewelry. There's a garage."

He said, "Yesterday I got in a snowstorm between Salt Lake City and Ontario. Had a rough time, and now this." It looked like he hadn't shaved in four or five days. I wondered where the mother was, but didn't ask him. He was on his way to Eugene.

In Buchanan I stopped out in front away from the gas pumps. We got out. I started toward the store, but he went directly to the shop, and opened the door just like he knew all about the place. I went into the store. A man and a woman were behind the jewelry cabinet. I told them about the fellow getting locked out of his car and the way he was trying to open the door.

The man asked, "What is the make of the car?"

"It's a Buick." I said, remembering for a wonder.

He said, "You can never get into a locked Buick. It cost us eight-hundred dollars. We broke the back window, but not on purpose."

I went to the shop to see what was going on. The fellow was still holding the one kid in his arms, and had the other by the hand. A workman was bending over a piece of sheet metal lying on the floor. He asked our friend, "How long do you want it?"

I saw that the Jimmy was being made, so I went out to the Bronco, drove to the corner and turned around. I figured I would be ready to drive up the hill when he came out of the shop. Just as I stopped, he came out of the shop with the kids and the Jimmy. He wasted no time getting in. First he layed the Jimmy on the floor, then climbed in with the young one and put him on his left knee. Then he took the other one by his hand, lifted him up inside and put him on his right knee. The little one looked at me wide eyed as if trying to figure out who I was.

At the rest area, he put the little one on the hood. The other one walked around on the ground.

I sat in the Bronco eating the rest of my lunch and watched. First he tried the door on the driver's side, then came around and tried the passenger side. He didn't seem to have any success. He went back to the driver's door. I thought, "He'll never make it." His head went out of sight. Then, although I couldn't see

him, I realized he had opened the door and sat for a moment in the seat, probably trying to start the motor.

He got out, gathered his kids and came over. "The battery is dead. Can you drive us back to the shop? I'm sure the man in there will bring me back and put jumpers on the battery. You won't have to wait for me."

I said, "That's fine. I have a doctor's appointment and should get going. I took them to the shop. They got out. I drove down to the corner and turned around. When I passed the shop going up the hill, they were no where in sight. I never saw them again.

Most of the time going over the summits I set the control at sixty-two. Where there were so many forty-five and forty-mile-an-hour-curve signs, I used the foot throttle. The drawback with that highway is the many curves. For a long time I followed a car that traveled the way I do, slowing down for the curves just right. I followed a good distance back. Once in a while a car would pass me and then pass it.

The landmarks seemed to be slow coming up. I kept watching for Little Valley. I began to think I had passed it, but finally there it was. Then Vale seemed forever coming up. When I got there I passed the Chevron station, went around the corner, and stopped in a fine parking place off the street behind the sta-

tion. I went directly to the men's room. From passed experience, I knew where it was.

Back out, I drove right on around the block onto the highway and followed the detour signs across the bridge and out of Vale. From there on the distance between landmarks seemed shorter.

In Ontario I drove right to the Plaza Motel and stopped in front of number two, the room I usually take. The office is nearby. I went in. The same woman was behind the counter. I said, "I'm back again."

She said, "Are you seeing Dr. Pitts this time?"

I said, "No. This time it's the dermatologist, Dr. Thornfeldt."

I paid for the room, \$21.20. I got my key and went to the room to see how the heat was. The thermostat wasn't set even up to the comfort range, and it didn't feel warm in there at all. The reason I checked was that the last time I was here there wasn't any heat. I set it up to eighty. The manager came in, saying she wanted to see if the heat had been turned on. I went out to get my suit case leaving my key on the dresser top. When I came back the door was shut and locked. I didn't see how that could be. I thought you had to lock the door yourself when you went out. I got the manager to open the door for me. Later I learned that the door always locked when you closed it. You couldn't keep it from locking. I left the door open when I

brought in the rest of the stuff, and kept the key in my pocket.

Last December when I was in Ontario I caught the flu. Since then I decided that because they don't put clean bedspreads or clean blankets on for each new guest, just clean sheets, I could get the flu bug from the spread. Now I bring my sleeping bag and sleep in it on top of the spread. When I get home I wash the sleeping bag, because it may have picked up the bug from the spread. It seems far out, but that is what I did this time.

It was four o'clock when I brought in the sleeping bag. I lay down and had a good sleep. It was almost dark when I woke up. I walked up to Albertson's, bought a package of corn flakes, and a quart carton of milk. When I got back, I had corn flakes and milk without sugar for dinner.

For a week before coming on this trip I had been taking Potassium Gluconate tablets to see if they would ward off leg cramps. I'm not sure they did, but I think they did something else. I find that I no longer have trouble with, so called, gas pains. My whole abdomen feels better. I hope this is a permanent thing.

I watched the election returns on TV. The networks didn't wait until the poles closed before making their predictions. I had been under the impression that they were supposed to wait.

November, 1988

22

Bush won, but he will have a hard time doing anything about the deficit, or the balance of trade. Maybe he will wish he hadn't won. But, then, anyone who runs for president must have a great deal of self assurance.

December, 1988

1

29th

Yesterday I was typing up copies of 25, 26, 27, 28, and 29. It was getting late when I was half way through the 29th. I made a spell check on it, and inspected it quite thoroughly. Then called for a save. The prompts went through the usual including the "About to replace document."

Soon a message appeared, "Disk full. Press escape to return to working document."

I thought, "Well, fine. I'll put in a new blank disk, and save it." I put in a disk I had formatted with the start up disk, and gave the save command. A message came up, "Error in B disk."

Now I made a mistake. I thought, I'll have to format the disk with the new DOS disk." I shut off the computer, and inserted the DOS disk in drive A and the disk to be formatted in drive B. The formatting went Okay. Then I put the First Choice disk into drive A, typed "first", and pressed Enter. The file I wanted wasn't in the directory. I had lost it when I shut the computer off and then on again to use the DOS disk. There was no working copy. I will have to type it all over again.

This morning I used hot water from a pot on the stove to keep from using water from the tank. After washing the dishes, I made two loaves of stone-ground-flour bread.

I watched TV. They have found evidence that the plane crash in Scotland was caused by a bomb in a suitcase.

A baby two hours old was found wrapped in blankets in a box near a down-town store in Boise. The temperature was plus-six degrees at the time of the discovery. It is now in a hospital doing well. The nurses have named it Elizabeth.

It started snowing and drifting at ten o'clock, and continued until three. There was .40 inches of precipitation in the gauge. The old drifts are deeper now.

I checked to see if the phone would work by dialing Hair's number. When I dialed the 4 in 495, a voice came on saying, "Your call did not go through. Please check your number and dial again." I hung up the receiver and picked it up again. There was so much noise on the line I couldn't tell if there was a dial tone or not. Mixed with the noise I could hear that Hair's phone was ringing.

Lavina answered. We were able to hear each other through the noise, but it got louder, and soon we were cut off completely. Later I tried phoning her, but couldn't get through, and there was no indication that her phone was ringing.

After several hours, I tried again, and got through. Lavina said, "I tried calling you after we were cut off. It sounded like your phone was ringing, but you didn't answer."

"It never rang. I was here all the time."

At eight o'clock it was warmer, and it was snowing. I wanted to call repair service, but the Alvord Ranch was on the line. In fifteen minutes I tried again. They were still on the line. At eight-thirty I got through. The line wasn't noisy, but I could hardly hear the woman who answered. I told her the trouble I was having with the phone. She asked if I had called repair service before.

"I've been trying, but could never get through."

"What did you do different this time?"

"Nothing different, but this time there was is no noise."

"Why were you able to get through this time?"

"I don't know. Most of the time it is hit and miss. Sometimes I cant reach anybody, and often there is no dial tone."

"There will be repair service next week," she said.

Later I thought, "The difference was that I was calling at night. Before I have always tried in the daytime. Maybe in changing the system to let us use touch-tone phones, they were causing our trouble while they were working on the relays and lines down at the little building where the micro-wave signals coming over the mountain are received.

I heard a rumor that sunspots were interfering with the reception. That may account for all the noise in the daytime. But again it may have been a rumor to cover up the real cause of the trouble.

December, 1989

4

I made a bowl of Jell-O tonight.

30th

This morning when I was ready to get up, the phone rang. I thought, "What do you know? The phone is ringing."

It didn't take long to get to the phone. When I said, "Hello." I heard a woman's voice. There was some noise on the line. I couldn't tell what she was saying.

I asked, "Is that you, Ann?"

The voice said something else. I said, "I can hardly hear you."

Then her voice came up above the noise. It was the operator I had talked with about the repair service. She said, "I hear your noise. There will be a repairman over today."

I said, "This is the first time the phone has rung in two weeks. I was surprised to hear it ring."

Then I told her that the trouble occurs in the daytime. "Last night was the first time I called repair service at night, and I got through. I've heard that the cause of our trouble is from sunspots." I had to repeat the word, sunspots, because of the noise.

She said, "That could be, because we have a microwave system down there." I didn't get to tell her that, at eleven-thirty last night when I picked up the receiver, there was no noise, but a clear dial tone.

Around ten I checked to see if the phone was working. There was a loud noise, and no dial tone. I dialed Hair's number, but heard no sound of their phone ringing, and there was no answer.

I made a beaten-batter cake this morning. Where it called for soft shortening, I used half lard and half oil. I got the half cup measurement by adding it to the half cup of milk. This cake doesn't really need a frosting, but I think I'll frost it anyway.

I fully expected Carl to come up with the mail, even though the drifts were worse than yesterday. I cleared the papers with my writing off the table. Then with the Geographic open to the picture of 7,000 Moslems bowing in a mosk in Jakarta, I placed it where he would be sure to see it. I was going to ask him if he could guess what the picture was about.

He didn't come. At three I started hiking, wearing the overshoes with the tennis shoes in them. The temperature was thirty-three degrees, and there was only a slight breeze. I thought the jacket would keep me warm enough, and I wouldn't have to pull the toque over my ears.

There were longer stretches of drifts on the road. The hiking was more difficult than it was Wednesday. I walked to the lower draw. Coming back the wind seemed more brisk, and it was cold walking against it. My ears got cold with the toque pulled down over them. I had to stop and rest more often than before.

It was four-fifteen when I got back. The temperature was thirty-two. I was unusually tired, and it took a long time to recuperate. I lay down for half an hour, but didn't sleep. I had to get up because of leg cramps.

Ellis didn't check into the net tonight. By nine o'clock I was able to sit at the computer and do some typing, but became weary quite soon. I watched the Carson show for a break, then finished typing, editing, and printing out the May 24th, 25th, and 26st accounts. It seemed that the work at the computer relaxed more than anything else.

I should mention that around noon I tried the phone. There was a lot of noise, and I couldn't hear a dial tone. I dialed Hair's number and heard it ringing. Lavina answered. I told her about the operator calling me early this morning.

She said that a woman visiting at the Mann Lake Ranch came to see her. The woman tried to call the ranch and other places, but couldn't get through to anyone.

31st

I slept last night, but didn't rest good until I got up at five and ate a slice of bread. I went back to bed at five-thirty. I was relaxed and comfortable at seven-forty-five. It was nearly time to read the weather data, so I struggled out of bed.

Before I was dressed the phone rang. It was George. He had a miserable time driving the nine-hundred miles to Bob's place. The traffic was a mess. He did all the driving. They lay over one night at a motel halfway up. They stayed three days at Bob's. Sue and Bob were yelling back and forth at each other. It sounded like the way Jay and Zelda treat each other.

I told him what the trouble with phone was. He said that he asked the operator what was wrong, but she didn't know.

I told him about the snow here, and said, "I'll have to go to Burns next week to get eye drops, otherwise I wouldn't have to go to town for a couple of months. If the snow doesn't melt by next Friday, I'll have Hair clear it off with his bulldozer.

The noise was getting louder. We wished each other a Happy New Year.

I gathered the weather data, and reported into the net when Frank was calling for late or missed. He said, "I wondered where you were. I thought maybe you couldn't get out the door on account of the snow." He was the net control the morning I couldn't get out, and I gave him a limited report. There was half an inch of new snow this morning, but it didn't drift.

Carl came up with the mail at noon. He couldn't make it up the first steep grade with his motorcycle, so he walked the rest of the way.

December, 1989

8

In the mail there was a package of cheeses, bologna, and salami from Dottie. I said to Carl, "She sends a box of this stuff every year." I gave him the bologna, and some of the cheese. He had a couple pieces of the cake I made yesterday, and a cup of coffee. I put the stuff along with a Whitney catalog into the mail sack. He can take the sack home, because there is an extra sack in the box now.

At one o'clock I started down the hill for a walk. This time instead of the two sticks I had a regular cane and a stick. I tied a string to the stick and to my wrist. This made it easier to pull the stick out of the snow. I dressed warmer. I had a wool shirt on under the jacket, a cap with a beak under the toque, and the toque pulled over my ears. The temperature was about as cold as it was yesterday, but there was no wind blowing. The sun was bright, and I was a little too warm when I got back.

The VA check came with a raise of eleven dollars, making it \$194.90. The insurance premium on the Bronco was \$139.00 for six months.