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8th

I haven't written anything since December thirty-first, but I did print out some accounts I wrote in May and June.

Monday, January second, I called the Safeway Pharmacy to have them mail me the two prescriptions, Timoptic Eye drops and the Neptozane tablets. The pharmacist knows me and always greets me by name when I go there. I told him I was snowbound. He said he would mail them right out with the bill. I could send him a check.

On the same day it appeared that we would have a few days without drifting snow. So, I started shoveling snow, and cleared a way through the big drifts between here and the point. Then drove the Bronco out there and parked it.

Tuesday morning around ten I started shoveling the drifted snow along the hill down the road. By noon I was nearly half way to the curve at the bottom of the grade. I was ready for a rest, so, came up and ate lunch, and rested until one-thirty. Then went back at it again. I drove the Bronco down as far as I had shoveled. I thought, "With the Bronco close by, I can always take a short rest in it out of the cold wind."

I finally made it passed the worst drifts, and saw that I could go around the curve without shoveling. From there on to the

dip this side of the lower draw, the wind had swept the road bare in stretches. In others there was snow, but not too deep to negotiate. I put the square pointed shovel I was using into the Bronco, and took off in four-wheel drive in low range. At the dip I stopped and examined the snow. By sinking the shovel as a gauge, I was able to determine how much snow I would have to remove.

The drifted snow was packed, and in some places had a sheet of ice under the last snowfall. I cut out huge blocks of the snow and threw them to the side. To keep the shoveling at a minimum, I didn't go to the ground, but left about ten inches to ground. I rested several times in the Bronco. I finally drove across the dip without any trouble.

The next stop was on the hill above the gate where Hair couldn't make it with his grader. I examined the condition of the snow where he had gotten stuck. The drive wheels had spun out and dug down through the snow and dug holes in the ground. His wheel tracks were wide apart. I couldn't use either of them because of the holes.

I threw a lot of snow out clearing a way for the right width of the Bronco, and angled it in a direction to avoid the holes. From there on to the county road, the grader had cleared off the snow.

I drove on down to Carl's place. When I turned onto his road, I saw him walking out toward the county road. He had his

shotgun and a package of mail. Apparently he was going to walk up to my place and hunt on the way. I stopped beside him, and told him how I had shoveled the drifts and made it out to the road. He gave me the mail. Then said, "You can leave the Bronco here, and I'll drive you back up in my pickup."

I said, "Well, I'm not sure you can go passed where the grader got stuck. I probably won't make it in the Bronco either. I'll just leave it and walk up."

He said, "I guess that's just as well."

I said, "I was thinking of going to town tomorrow, but it looks like it will be too wet."

"Yes. The road is sloppy now." He started walking back to his house. I backed out to the county road, and headed for home. Before I started up the first steep grade, I put the four-wheel drive into high range. When I got to the steep grade where the grader got stuck, I put it into low range. I made it passed the holes the grader had made, then the wheels spun out. I tried to back up, but they still spun.

Getting out I examined the situation of the wheels. The right wheels were to the right of the wheel tracks I made coming down. I couldn't see any reason that the thing wouldn't roll back, but I dug down in the snow behind the wheels enough that it looked like it would roll back without any power.

I climbed in and put it into reverse. It did roll back. I let it continue to move down to an almost level place in the road. When I pushed the button for four-wheel drive the indicator lights didn't come on. I continued pushing the button, but nothing happened. I finally I started up the hill again going about fifteen-miles an hour. I kept the wheels in the old wheel tracks. I went on up the hill, and all the way to the point. After I parked, I pushed the button to put it into four-wheel drive. The indicator lights came on. I must have been in two-wheel drive all the way. I was mighty glad I didn't have to walk up.

That was Tuesday. Before telling about Wednesday, I shall recount today's events.

After reading a story that kept me up until one o'clock. I went to bed and slept until three-thirty. I got up to read the barometer. It was 29.94. I wanted to see if it was snowing and drifting, but I couldn't see through the ice covered glass, and I didn't want to go outside to find out. I would know in the morning when I went outside.

I went back to bed and slept until seven. I ate breakfast, then got dressed to go outside. I wore my leather shoes inside my overshoes. I wore the plastic raincoat with the hood and the tuque under it. At the weather station the low temperature was nineteen, and the present temperature was twenty-one. I was

thankful for the raincoat and hood. I waded in snow up to my knees.

I brought in the rain gauge and melted the snow in it. The precipitation came to only four-hundredth of an inch. That meant only a half inch of snow. The wind last night must have blown the snow horizontally so only a small amount got into the gauge. I took the gauge back, came in and wrote down the weather conditions ready to report it to the net.

The phone rang. It was George. He usually calls on Saturday, and I was surprised he called so early today. I gave him the run-down on the weather, the shoveling of the snow, getting down the hill, and going to town Wednesday. He was glad I stocked up on groceries, because last week I had told him about being snow-bound.

The weather in Florida was warm with sunshine. He bought himself an electric spelling helper. I didn't get a clear picture of it, but it seems to have a keyboard. You type a word and it tells you if it is wrong or right. If it is wrong I displays a word that might be right. If you aren't satisfied, it displays another word. So, you have two choices for the right spelling. At least it tells you the word was spelled wrong. If you're not satisfied with the two choices, you can look it up in a regular dictionary. It has eighty-thousand words in its dictionary.

I described a little of how First Choice worked. Then he talked about how the income taxes on the rich are coming down while those on the poor are going up. Before the war he never paid income tax. The rich paid all the income tax.

"Well," he said, "by this time next year I'll be pushing up daises." On that note we said our goodbyes.

I checked into the weather net just before Dave closed it. He said, "I wondered where you were." When I told him about the drifting snow even when it wasn't snowing, He said, "Yes. That's a dry snow. We had it in Wyoming."

Not long after, the phone rang again. It was Florence. She was checking to see how I was doing. "Let us know if you need anything, and we'll get it down to you." I thanked her and asked her how John was. He was out shoveling snow off the sidewalks.

The wind slacked off around three o'clock. I took the field glasses with me and walked out to the point. The wind had swept the ground bare out there. I looked down the road with the glasses, and could see the Bronco. There was no snow piled up around it. The wind was keeping the area nearly clear of snow.

Along the side of the first steep grade to the curve the snow was deeper than ever. I'll have a big job shoveling snow. I'll not do anything about the drifts between the dugout and the

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point. The high today was twenty-eight. The weather forecasts from Idaho predict that warm air from the Pacific will run into cold air from the north causing freezing rain and snow in parts of Idaho and Eastern Oregon.

Now at ten thirty, the wind is piling snow up against the door, and I cant see out if it is snowing. I think it is snowing from the amount of drifting snow.

9th

I was up at five-thirty, looked outside with the flashlight, and could see that the snow was melting. At eight o'clock I went out to the weather station, checked the temperatures, and then brought in the rain gauge. I had the snow thawed out in it in time to report it into the weather net.

After nine o'clock, I dialed Social Security with their 800 number. I heard the phone on the other end ringing. Then it sounded as though someone picked up the receiver, but no one spoke. I guessed I was put on hold, and waited five minutes. Then I was cut off and a dial tone came on. I tried two more times. One time there was a busy signal. The next time I seemed to be put on hold again, and after a wait I was cut off.

I dialed the operator and told her my trouble. She asked, "What phone are you calling from?" I told her. She said, "I'll try to get them."

This time a recording came on. It said, "The personnel are all busy. You can hold on and wait your turn, or call tomorrow." I waited a while. Then another recording came on, "You will be taken care of as soon a service person is available. This is the last recording you will hear."

I waited and wished I had pulled up a chair. In about five minutes, I heard a voice ask, "Can I help you?"

I couldn't believe it, but gave my name and social security number. "I need to know what the part B premium is on Medicare this year."

She asked, "Did you start getting Medicare when you were sixty-five?"

"No. I started getting it July first last year. I'm eighty-three now." While I was waiting for her to find the information, I heard someone dialing. I said. "Hello."

Then Ed Davis' voice said, "Hello."

I said, "I'm on the line. Ed."

"Oh!" and he hung up.

Finally the girl came back on. The new premium was \$86.10. That's and increase of \$19.10. No wonder my SSI check is lower instead of higher after the cost of living raise.

I could feel that the hassle with the phone affected me. I lay down to relieve the tension. I slept for a little while, and woke up refreshed.



It was time to go down the hill with a shovel to see if I could clear a way through the drift on the steep grade above the gate. Then I could drive down and get the mail, and Carl wouldn't have to walk up.

I stepped outside with my jacket and tuque on. When that blast of wind hit me, even though the temperature was forty-one degrees, the chill factor made it feel like a blast from the North Pole. I went back inside and put my rain coat on over my jacket, pulled the hood up over my tuque, and tightened the draw-strings. I still felt cold as I walked out to the point. The drift near the furnace room was deep, but it had become packed by the wind, so I didn't sink down far.

The drifts along the side hill were still deep. Walking near the outer edge wasn't too bad. I used the cane in my right hand, and carried the shovel over my left shoulder. The two letters I wanted to mail, I carried under my jacket in a paper bag.

The road was sloppy and bare in stretches. The wind at my back pushed me forward, so it was easy going, except I had to be ready for a slip in the slush.

The ground around the Bronco was swept bare. I got in, unzipped the raincoat and the jacket, and got out the letters. I hadn't sealed the letter to the VA, because I wanted to check the EVR report again before mailing it. I found that I had left out

a, none, in one blank place. I went over the report trying to find a place that asked for the 1989 Medicare premium, but found no place that asked for it.

Carl came and knocked on the window. I unlocked the door and he got in. His motorcycle had spun out on the first steep grade, and he walked the rest of the way.

I said, "I thought of shoveling snow at that bad spot above the gate, and trying to drive the Bronco down, but it's so wet I gave up the idea."

He said, "There's a lot of water running down the road under the snow. You didn't see my jacket and a pair of gloves lying on a sagebrush on the way down. Did You?"

"No. I didn't."

"I left them there the other day, and forgot about them. I don't care about the jacket, but I sure miss the gloves. My hands get cold riding the motorcycle in the wind with these light gloves. I'll walk up and get them. They're only about a mile up.

"That far? That's a long way to go against the wind in the snow. I'll watch for them on my way back, and take them on up to the dugout."

"I want to get those gloves. I'll walk up. "

"You go ahead. You'll probably walk faster than I do. I'll sit here a while and ponder about this report."

I watched him trudging through the snow. He didn't seem to

go very fast. I wrote, none, in the blank space, and put the report back into the envelope. Then looking up, I saw Carl stop. It looked like he was taking off his jacket. But no. The jacket I saw was the one he had left on the sagebrush. When he said that it was a mile up the road, I pictured it to be on the side hill below the point, which is a mile from the Bronco.

He came back and put the jacket into the front seat. "It wasn't up as far as I thought. The jacket didn't get very wet. Now I've got my good gloves, and my hands will be warm going home." He didn't get in, but started walking down the hill.

I left the mail sack and the letters in the Bronco, got out and stuck the shovel up in the snow where it was deep at the side of the road. Then tightened the drawstrings of the hood, and got the cane and walking stick out of the Bronco. With the stick in one hand and the cane in the other, my arms helped propel me up the hill. I was surprised at how well I did against the wind.

The temperature was up to forty when I took the reading at six.

Around eight-thirty I phoned Ann to make sure of her address. I told her I would call Bruce tomorrow, and if he hadn't sent the package yet, I would have him send it direct to her.

She said, "You could use just Frenchglen, but if you want to you can use 'Stoten Ranch, Frenchglen, 97736'"

She said, "I found a program to format a disk. At least I think I did. Using the prompts, I put a blank disk, one of those you gave me, into the B drive. The number of the tracks appeared one at a time, and ended with seventy-nine. I don't know if I ruined the disk or not. But I thought I would take a chance."

I said, "No, You couldn't ruin it. You can format a disk to take everything on it off. How did you find the formatting program?"

"I was looking through the directory of a C/PM disk checking if there were any programs I could use. Some I couldn't bring up. On one named 'A:copy' gave you choices. Among them was 'To format a disk'."

I learned Leon's last name:- Neuschwander."

I finished editing and printing 21, 22, 23, and 24.

10th

This morning at three-thirty I looked outside using my flashlight. It was snowing hard. Although the wind was gusting to about forty, the snow was too wet to drift much.

At seven I went outside all bundled up in my jacket and raincoat. There wasn't much snow jammed against the door, making it lucky for me, because the shovel was outside. After I got the shovel, I cleared the foot of snow away from the door, and made a clear path beyond the drift.

Out at the weather station the snow was pasted against the windward side of the rain gauge like a sheet of ice. It was the same way with the shovel handle, the posts, and the trees. The snow in the gauge melted down to .52 of precipitation, which meant that there was five inches of new snow. It quit snowing, and I could see patches of clear sky.

Again Ellis didn't check into the net. John Scharff called at nine. He said, "I called the hospital to find out how Vic Mason was. The woman who answered said she couldn't find any record of anyone by that name being in the hospital."

Shortly after ten I called the store in Bend. Betsy answered. Bruce was out and Carolee was home with the flu. She said, "I had a bout with the flu myself, but I'm over it now."

I gave her Ann's address. "If Bruce hasn't mailed the book yet, have him send it directly to Ann, and send the WordStar book to me."

She said, "I don't think he has mailed it yet. I'll give him the message."

Next I phoned the pharmacist at Safeway about the check coming back in the mail sack.

This afternoon Florence called to say she had talked with Vic's wife. Vic is doing fine, is out of intensive care, and in a private room. I said, "I'll tell Ellis if I hear him on the air."

I haven't heard him for a week. His signal isn't getting out very good from Yuma."

This afternoon I packed the tapes, called Quick Start for the Kaypro, in a box ready to mail. It weighed under fourteen ounces. I phoned the Field's store to find out how much it would be to send the package to Frenchglen. Before I got the number dialed the power went off. I could hear the phone ringing when I finished dialing. There was no answer.

I started to dial Dora's number. She would know if the store was closed. A woman's voice said, "Hello."

I said, "I'm Jim. To whom am I speaking?"

She gave me her name, but I couldn't quite hear it. Then I asked, "Where are you."

"I'm at the Mann Lake Ranch.

"How did you get on this line?"

"I was calling the Alvord Ranch."

"Oh. I'm on that line."

She said, "The power is off here. I was going to have the Alvord Ranch call the power company to tell them."

"The power is off here too. I'll call Dunsmore. She said, "Thank you."

I called Dunsmore. Mrs. Dunsmore answered. I told her that the Mann Lake and my power were both out. She said, "I'll have the crew get right on it."

I expected that the power would be off for a long time, at least three or four hours, but it was on in twenty minutes. I had a feeling that they had been working on the line, and had pulled a switch to make some connections.

I phoned the store. Julie said that the package would cost \$1.40 to mail. "How is the snow up there."

I told her about the drifts, and leaving the Bronco a mile down the road where Carl meets me with the mail. He doesn't have to walk all the way up here."

I was sorry that I told her about leaving the Bronco down there, because now everybody around will know, and whoever has been stealing things might come up and take a wheel or two. Then worse thoughts entered my mind. They might break a window and take stuff out from inside. I had left the keys inside when I locked the door. If they found them, they could drive the Bronco off somewhere.

I have an extra set of keys in my pocketbook, so I'm not worried about not getting in the next time I'm down there.

Around three o'clock, a big bunch of snow fell through the skylight into the bathroom. It broke the plastic that kept the warm air from escaping. I shoveled it up with the dustpan. It has a short handle, and can go into small places. The snow filled the plastic tub. The sides were too weak to withstand it being picked

up. I dragged it out into the living room and transferred the snow to a bucket which made it easy to carry outside.

I then climbed up over the drifts to the skylight. I thought that I would have to nail a piece of plywood over the top, and had a tape measure with me to make measurements. It was difficult walking on those drifts. Sometimes the crust held me up. At other times my foot would go down deep.

At the skylight I saw no hole that needed patching. There was no place to nail a sheet of plywood. I would have to tack up another piece of plastic down below. I figured that what had happened was that snow had blown in through small cracks and had accumulated on top of the upper plastic sheet, and the weight had torn it loose. Then the snow had plunged down through the other plastic barriers.

When I checked into the OEN tonight, Ellis Derrell asked for me. We moved up frequency. He wondered if I had talked to his dad lately. I said, "No. I haven't talked with him for a week. His signals from down there are too weak to get through. I did get a card from him. He thinks he will be home next week."

Derrell said, "I got a card from him too. He ~~was~~ was in Yuma getting the rear end of his camper fixed where someone ran into him. I thought maybe he couldn't use his antenna."



I said, "I talked with him after the accident. That was before he got to Yuma, so he could use his antenna. The band conditions haven't been good lately."

"Well, if you talk with him, say I asked about him. We are all doing fine."

I told him about Vic having an operation.

14th

I got up at six-fifteen, ate breakfast and went back to bed. I slept until eight ten. I got up, hurriedly dressed, put the overshoes on over the Nike-Swoosh shoes, and went out to the weather station. There was about an inch of new snow, and it had drifted against the door. I didn't clear it away until after I brought in the rain gauge. The snow in it melted down to .11 of an inch of precipitation. The high yesterday was thirty-seven, and the low last night twenty.

After reporting the weather to the weather net, I took the rain gauge out, and started shoveling the snow away from the door.

The phone rang before I had finished. I hurried inside, picked up the receiver and said, "Hello."

George asked, "How's the weather on the Steens Mountain?" I told him about the weather. He said, "I called Sam this morning. His weather is like yours-- snow, and ice, and cold."

I said, "He's in the shadow of the mountain all winter. At least I get to see the sun at times."

He said, "Lois is having sinus problems. The doctor gave her some kind of medication, but I guess it is slow acting." He told about a local-daily newspaper printing a map of the weather conditions of the whole world in color. If it increases their sales they'll make it a permanent feature.

After talking with George, I finished the job of shoveling snow.

At nine-thirty Florence called asking how I was doing. I told her that things were fine here, and about leaving the Bronco down the hill, and Carl Thomas bringing up the mail to where I was waiting for him in the Bronco.

She wondered if I had talked with Ellis. The temperature was down to zero in Burns last night. I said, "If I hear from Ellis I'll let you know."

I made raisin bread today.

This morning I edited and printed the largest file yet, 28,672 bytes.

I felt uncomfortable this evening. I heard Ellis on the net say very faintly that he would be home in three or four days. I went back to bed, and slept a couple of hours. When I got up I was still feeling not just right. After doing some stretching exercises I felt better.

15th

I dreamed a lot last night, but cant remember the details. Mike and mother were in one of them. In another I was talking with a small-slightly-built man. I said, "I knew you somewhere. Was it in San Francisco?"

He said, "No. It was in Greenville." Then in the dream I remembered. When I woke up, I was sure it was no one I ever knew.

I used the phone quite a bit today. I called Florence to let her know that Ellis would be home in three or four days. I called the store to make sure there would be no mail today. It was King's birthday. I called Lavina to tell her that if she saw Carl Thomas to let him know there would be no mail. He probably wouldn't think about King's birthday. It was also snowing down at Hair's.

I phoned the store in Bend. Carolee, Bruce, and Betsy were all working today. Carolee was getting over her bout with the flu.

Bruce was working at his computer. I talked with him for a while. He said, "My computer has a virus in it. I lost a lot of book-keeping files. It took out the main track in the hard disk."

I said, "That's bad. Have you found the trouble?"

"It was in a program I was using. I quit using it. A friend has it, and is trying to find the trouble. I'm not saving any-

thing on the hard disk now. I'm retrieving some of the files on it, transferring them to floppy disks."

He hasn't had time to send the manual to Ann. Betsy gave him Ann's address. He thinks he will send her the whole parcel of books he has for the Kaypro. I never heard him say what happened to his Kaypro, but once, when we were talking, he said, "since it broke down."

I asked him about sending me the WordStar program. It seems to me that when we first talked about the new one, he said that it was on 3 1/2 inch disks. Now he said, "It's on standard disks, 5 1/4."

"I thought it was on 3 1/2 inch disks. That's what I use."

"I'll check to see. It will take a while to get WordStar ready to mail. It's on five disks." There must be a lot more to it than the old program.

With all the work he has to do on his book keeping, and his worry about the computer, I doubt that he will ever send me the program. Now I see in the BYTE magazine that the latest WordStar is on twelve disks. It is more cumbersome to run because it is designed for Laser printers.

I had a call from the secretary of the school board. They are having a meeting tonight about the school budget.

I said, "I'm snowed in. I cant make it." She was surprised. I told her I was Okay, and had a good supply of groceries.

I had another call. It was from Carl's brother, Dick. He wanted to know how things were with me. He didn't know that Carl was back. He wasn't surprised that things at Ajo didn't turn out the way Carl had hoped.

"If you ever need anything, let me know. Tell Carl to call collect if he wants to talk with me."

I worked on the December twenty-ninth, and thirtieth accounts, and have them printed up. Now I have started on the January eighth, and ninth.

There was two inches of snow last night. It drifted against the door, but not bad. The low last night was twenty, and the high today was thirty-three.

At one-thirty I walked out to the point and down the hill a short distance. I wore my big overcoat with the hood up and wasn't too warm, because there was a strong wind blowing, and a misty snow peppering me.

I looked down at the Bronco with the field glasses. The cold wind made me hope that Tuesday would be a better day when I go down for the mail. Maybe I'll tie a scarf over the hood to keep it in place. I need a ski mask with the wind blowing like it does.

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24th

On the weather net I contacted Ellis. He said that the Burns radio reported a minus seventeen last night, and that it was the coldest place in the nation.

The low here was a plus eight, and at eight o'clock it was eleven. The water spraying from the cracked faucet of the hydrant is making some unique ice patterns.

I called Computerland this morning, and asked for Joel. He came to the phone. I said, "This is Jim Weston down on the Steens Mountain."

He said, "Glad to hear from you. How are you doing?"

"I'm doing fine." Then asked him about hooking up an added on 5 1/4 inch drive onto the System 2, Model 30 computer, and how much work it would entail.

He said, "It needs to be done by an experienced technician. I've done it on a couple." He started to explain how it was done. Then said, "Wait a minute. You have two 3 1/2 inch drives. You cant hook on an outside-disk drive without cutting out one of the 3 1/2 inch drives,"

I said, "I sure wouldn't to do that."

"Do you have some 5 1/4 inch disks with something on them that you want to use?"

"Yes."

"Well, send them over and I'll copy them to 3 1/2 inch disks. No charge."

"Fine. I'll do that. Thanks for the information."

Now I could mail the order I had made out to the Jade Computer Products. On looking over the order, I found a mistake. Instead of adding the three dollars for shipping charges, onto the eight in the bill, I added it onto the six which made the total \$\$298 instead of \$271.

There were no more order blanks in the flier. So, I made a copy by hand on a sheet of paper cut to a size that would fit into a large envelope without folding. I have it ready to mail, but not sealed.

I talked with Ellis this afternoon. He said that Florence called to tell him that the doctor told him that John could go home. "I'm going to get Florence, and we'll go up and bring him home. I'll talk to you tomorrow to let you know how we make out."

When I went up to read the power meter late this evening, I had to use a shovel to cut foot holds in the ice-covered crusts of the drifts.

The power bill was the same as last month, \$129.12.

From a joke book:- The Devil was stoking up his fires and making a lot of smoke that went up into Heaven. St. Peter called

the Devil, "You'd better shape up down there, and clean up your operation. There's too much pollution. If you don't, I'll have to sue you."

The Devil asked, "Where are you going to get a lawyer?"

25th

The temperatures are still low, but warmer than yesterday. It is clear and calm. The barometer went up to 30.86. The weatherman in Boise says the high pressure is shunting any stormy weather, coming in from the ocean, to the north of us.

Ellis called for me on the second session of the net this evening. They brought John home yesterday. When he parked in the driveway in front of the garage, Florence got out and walked around to the kitchen entrance. They aren't using the front door because of icy conditions on the steps. He carried John's things around to the kitchen, then came back to help John. John had gotten out of the pickup, climbed over the drift, and was half way to the kitchen door. It always worries Florence and Ellis when John walks by himself.

At mail time I started out to the Bronco, and saw Carl coming down this way. When we met, he said, "I was at the hot springs when the mail came. I brought it up, driving the four-wheel-drive pickup. Made it without any trouble."



I said, "I have to go out to the Bronco, because I left a letter in it that I want to mail." It was the letter that I had intended to mail Monday, but Martin hadn't left the mail sack. We went on out to the Bronco.

Carl said that he thought he could see some deer on the other side of Indian Creek. I put the letter to the Holy-Rosary-Medical center into the mail sack. Then looked over the order and the check to the Jade-Computer-Products Company to see if there were any mistakes. Finding none, I tried to seal the envelope, but the glue on the flap wouldn't hold good. I said to Carl, "I'll have to take it down to the house and put some glue on it."

He was still looking to see if what he saw were deer or not. I got the binoculars out of the Bronco, and handed them to him. He said, "I can see them good now. There are a lot of them."

He gave me the glasses. I could see them scattered all over the hillside. Then I saw a black spot that looked strange, and I couldn't tell what it was. I gave him the glasses and told him where to look. He said, "That must be a black deer. Once in a while you see one."

I looked at it with the glasses again. It didn't look like a deer to me. Then to the right of it I saw a deer move. The dark spot disappeared. I said, "That dark spot is the shadow of a deer on the rocks. A deer just to the right of it moved. The dark spot is gone."

He looked at it again with the glasses. He said, "No. The spot is still there. I can't see a deer to the right of it."

I looked again. The spot was there, and I couldn't tell if there was a deer to the right or not. A deer could blend into the background so as to be indistinct.

I said, "By the way, I have to go to the bank tomorrow. Can I get you something, or would you like to go with me? I know one thing you need, and that's bread."

He said, "I really don't need anything else, but I guess I could go in."

I told him that we didn't have to get too early a start, that eight o'clock would be all right. We agreed to meet at the mailbox. He said, "If I'm not there don't wait for me. I might not get up early enough."

I gave him the mail sack with the letter to the Medical Center in it, and told him I could mail the other one in town tomorrow. He went off down the hill in his pickup.

I came down here, and wrote a letter to Bob and Virginia Elizarras. I made out the power bill, and put it with a check into one of their envelopes ready to mail.

I have a rather skimpy grocery list.

I nearly forgot about the UPS package that Carl brought up

It was from Bob and Virginia Vogel of Talent. It was a late Christmas present, because three of their close friends were sick, each in a different hospital. They were so busy they got behind in their Christmas mailing. One of their friends died.

They were here last in September, and I gave them some peaches. It is hard to place them. But I remember that Bob was interested in computers. I don't remember Mark and Derel McKenzie, the two people who were with them. They have been pruning their raspberries and small orchard.

She said that if I ever got over to the Rogue Valley to stop and see them. So, that's where Talent is.

In the box there was some peanut brittle, and some kind of cinninamon roll. My teeth couldn't handle the peanut brittle, and the roll was too sticky and tough for me.

Today I sorted rocks out of some wheat, and ground the wheat, and made some whole-wheat muffins.

Here's another one from the joke book:- A Texan was visiting a friend in New York. The friend took him up to the top of the Empire-State Building. The friend said, "Isn't this something. You don't have anything like this in Texas."

The Texan said, with a smirk, "We've got outhouses taller than this."

The friend said, "And you sure need them."

Visitor in New York to friend, "Boy! You sure have clear skies."

New Yorker, "Yes. We've got skyscrapers."

26th

I didn't sleep very good last night, and at five-thirty I was ready to get up. I made short work of getting breakfast, and shaving. I had oatmeal, toast, a fried egg, and a cup of coffee. The coffee was to keep me awake on the way to town.

I got everything I wanted to take with me into a small-plastic bucket to carry out to the Bronco. I had a thermos of hot water, a jug one quarter full of cold water, two muffins in a Ziploc bag, the bank books, and the three letters to mail.

I was ready to go at six-thirty. I had planned to leave an hour early from the point so that I would be down at our meeting place before Carl took the notion to come up here early.

I sat down and wrote for a while, then put the bucket outside and locked the door. I forgot the cane, but it was too late to go back inside, and I didn't really need it anyway.

Out at the Bronco I found a heavy frost all over it. It was thick on the windows and windshield. I got in and started the motor. I closed the vent so the air would re-circulate and warm up the interior faster. It was twelve minutes before I felt any warmth. I set the bucket of stuff behind the front seat.

I sat in the doorway to remove my overshoes, which wasn't an easy chore sitting in that awkward position. After I had stashed the overshoes in the back, I sat another ten minutes waiting for the windshield to clear up. I didn't turn the heat control to defrost, because of the crack creeping across the windshield. The extra heat might cause the crack to travel faster.

Finally I used a paper towel to clear the windshield enough to drive down the hill. I thought I might just as well be moving down the hill while the interior was getting warm.

When I came toward the gate, I saw Carl's Luv Pickup parked this side of the gate. He saw me coming and was ready to get in when I stopped. He said, "Our timing was perfect. I just got here. I didn't want to park where the pickup could be seen from the county road. Beryl might be looking for something to sell for whisky money."

The county road was in good shape. The ground was frozen, so there was no mud. We saw a lot of deer on each side of the road as we passed the Alvord Ranch. There was more snow in the Juniper-Ranch area than there was down by our mailbox. On the highway the pavement was dry, and going down the west side there were a few icy spots, but not enough for the need to slow down.

We got into Burns before ten which seemed early, but then we had started earlier than we had planned.

We drove on through Burns to Hines to visit Ellis. At Ellis' the only place to park off the street was in his driveway leading to the garage. I didn't turn sharp enough to go straight in, but stopped at an angle. We weren't sure Ellis was home, so Carl got out first and went and knocked on the door. After a short wait he motioned me to come on down.

Ellis had been busy with his vacuum cleaner. He said, "You got here earlier than I expected. I thought I would have the place all cleaned up."

He and Carl began talking about their respective trips to Arizona. I didn't have anything to say until a lull in the conversation gave me a chance to ask Ellis how he made out with the insurance company on the damage to his camper.

He said, "I got a good settlement on both counts. The first repair came to only a couple hundred dollars, but the second one came to over a thousand."

"I only heard about the one."

"After I got it fixed the first time, when I was stopping at an intersection, someone hit me real hard in the rear. He had tried to go around me, and clipped my left-rear corner. He careened across the street and back in front of me, and then rolled over off the road. His car looked like a total wreck. He wasn't hurt. He came up to me and said, 'I'm sorry. It was my fault. I

went to sleep.' I said to him, 'Your insurance company won't like it if you talk like that at the scene of an accident.' That was the repair job that took such a long time, and kept me off the air."

Ellis called the Scharffs to see if they were at home, and to let them know that Carl and I would be over soon.

When I tried to back out into the road, the wheels spun. Ellis got in front and pushed. I put the Bronco into four-wheel drive and backed out with Ellis still pushing. I doubt that his pushing did much good.

We had a good visit with John and Florence. John seemed to be completely recovered from his fall. They told about the old days when they first worked at the game refuge.

From there it didn't take us long to buy our groceries. I paid by check. I have decided to pay by check whenever possible in order to keep from accumulating so much small change.

Then we went over to the bank where I transferred \$600 from my savings account to my checking account, and turned in a bunch of small change amounting to \$40.80. Then to the post office to mail the three letters.

At the service station I paid for the gas by check. Then asked Don where I could get air for my tires. He said, "Drive around in back." I parked in back, and got out my pressure gage. Don brought out the air hose. I checked a tire while Don was

checking another one. Both tires had thirty pounds. I told him I carried thirty-two which seemed to be the best for the gravel road. He put thirty-two pounds in each. He had the same kind of gage that I had. He wanted us both to check the next tire to see if they came up with the same pressure, and they did.

Carl talked a lot on the way home. At the tree we had coffee, and bologna and muffin sandwiches.

When we passed the hot springs, we saw Beryl get out of his pickup and stand beside the door. We discussed the fact that maybe he couldn't start his motor and was looking for help. We didn't stop, because we were sure he was drunk, and he isn't a fit person to be around when he is in such a condition. I said, "I'll call Hair when I get home and tell him that it looked like Beryl needed help.

It was three-thirty when we transferred Carl's groceries from the Bronco to his pickup.

When I got to the point I decided to drive down toward the dugout as far as I could so I wouldn't have to carry the water and groceries very far. I was doing pretty good, but got too far over to the inside, and high centered in the deep snow. It took a long time to dig out the snow from underneath the Bronco, and behind the wheels. I finally got traction to back to the point. I parked the Bronco there and walked down to the dugout to get the wheelbarrow and a flashlight.



I couldn't use the flashlight going out, because I needed both hands to hold the handles of the wheelbarrow. I couldn't see ahead very good. I mostly felt my way along. Half way out I stumbled on a chunk of dirt by the side of the road. I fell down and tipped over the wheelbarrow. Using the flashlight I saw that I was keeping to close to the outer edge of the road. From there on I did all right.

At the Bronco I loaded the ten one-gallon jugs and the three sacks of groceries into the wheelbarrow. I was able to place the flashlight on a bag of groceries in the front so that it gave me light up ahead. It was slow going. In some stretches there was ice. I found that, if I walked right along, I would slip. I would set down the legs quickly to catch myself, and in the process nearly tip over the wheelbarrow. In these places I would travel like an inchworm, getting good footing I would push the wheelbarrow ahead without moving my feet, then set the legs down. Now without moving the wheelbarrow I would move my feet ahead, and repeat the procedure.

Going over the drift at the furnace room, the wheel would sink through the crust at times. I would get out in front and lift the wheel to a solid place. Then move ahead again. I came to a place where the wheel sank, and in setting the legs down, the left leg landed on a solid place in the crust, but the right leg

dropped into a hole. Before I could straighten it up, it tipped over with me with it. One of the bags broke open spilling the groceries.

I managed to set the wheelbarrow up straight without losing any of the water, or the two remaining bags of groceries. I set the flashlight in a safe place and started off the drift at the end near the dugout. The flashlight fell off. I thought I would have to stop and go around in front to pick it up. Instead I moved on passed it and picked it up.

From there on I could see faintly by light coming from the dugout. There were a few places of slick ice ahead, and a ditch to cross. These slowed my progress, and it was a relief to wheel into the dugout. I then went out with a bucket to get the spilled groceries. I didn't see them as I climbed up the drift, and kept on going until I was sure I had gone by them. They were closer to the end of the drift that I remembered.

Before putting the stuff away, I called Hair's, and asked Lavina if Beryl had come home. She didn't think so. Then I told her about seeing him at the hot springs, and it looked like he couldn't get his pickup started. She would have Carl go up and rescue him.

I ate dinner and put all the stuff away. I was tired to say the least.

27th

When I went down to get the mail, I found the road soft and muddy. There was water running down the wheel tracks

While I was waiting for the mail truck, I saw Carl's Luv pickup parked by the trail that goes to the hot springs. In about fifteen minutes Martin arrived. I got the mail sack when he stopped. There wasn't much mail. One item was the Burns paper. I was reading it when Carl drove up in front of me.

He got into the Bronco. There was no mail for him. I asked, "Have you seen anything of Beryl?"

He said that last night, when he was sound asleep, he was awakened by someone banging on the door. He thought it was Beryl. He cursed, and called out, "What are you doing banging on the door this time of night?"

On opening the door he saw that it was Carl Hair. He apologized for speaking so rough to him. Hair wanted to know where Beryl was. "I didn't find him in his truck. I thought he might be in the bathhouse. I yelled and called for him, but he never answered."

This morning Hair came to Carl's place, and told him he had gone back to the hot springs. Two men were about to go over to the bathhouse. He went with them. They found Beryl lying in the hot water with just his head sticking out. They had a hard time waking him up and getting him out of the pool.

January, 1989

15

Beryl had two flat tires. He had been out on the ice on the desert, having a lot of fun spinning his pickup on the slick ice. He had probably run into chunks of ice and damaged the tires. They went flat after he parked at the hot springs.

Carl Hair towed the pickup home.

I didn't do much today, and slept quite a bit. Guess I was still tired from yesterday.

I talked with Ellis on the radio tonight, and told him we had a good trip home. He plans to go over to the valley next week to visit his sister and his son, young Ellis.

March, 1989

1

30th

Well, I got away from the place at 8:12. I thought I had accomplished everything that needed to be done, but forgot to put the wheelbarrow inside. I had everything that I wanted to take with me in the Bronco, including a pair of carpet slippers.

The evening before I had spent two hours with the hose to get most of the mud that was pasted to the underside of the vehicle. It was dried on in hard masses. I think a car-wash would have trouble getting it off. It was difficult to lean over and train the nozzle upward on the underside. The wind didn't make it any easier.

After I got through it took several hours to get relaxed.

This morning the mud and water where I washed the Bronco was frozen. I had moved the Bronco back out of the mess last night to where it would be dry to do the loading. When I saw it frozen this morning the first thing I did was to drive it forward over the frozen stuff before the sun made it a sticky mess to cling to the tires.

The county road was smooth, but the surface was covered with scattered-small-sharp rocks. I drove at 35 miles an hour, because at higher speeds those sharp rocks could puncture a tire like nails.

I had to slow down for cattle and deer. There has been no work done on the highway. The pot holes were still there, but they weren't any worse.

At Burns I went to the Safeway store; bought bananas, oranges, preparation H, and a new type of Metamucil, cottage cheese, and milk. The new metamucil uses one teaspoon per dose, while the old type used one tablespoon. I doubt that I will need to use the preparation H now that the metamucil works so good.

Next I went to the bank and deposited my VA check into my savings account. Then to the service station and filled the tank. 13.6 gallons, \$15.00.

There was very little traffic between Burns and Buchanan. One bunch of antelope crossed the road ahead of me.

It was noon when I stopped at the rest area. I ate one of the biscuit-peanut-butter sandwiches with a cup of milk, then drank a cup of the new-metamucil mixture. It easier to swallow than the old type.

While I was there several trucks stopped in the turnout for them along the side of the highway. Four or five cars came down into the area for cars. One elderly couple had a little dog that looked to be part terrier. An odd-looking young couple had a boy that I judged to be nine or ten, and I thought he acted mentally retarded. When his father went to the rest room, he got into the driver's seat, and pretended he was driving.

It was cloudy all the way from Burns to Ontario. The curvy road passed Buchanan didn't bother me as much as it used to, probably because there was little traffic. It was

three-thirty when I got to the motel. After I got all my stuff into the motel room, I lay down for a rest.

At five o'clock I went for a walk. I thought I would try to find a cassette recorder. I went into a mall near Albertson's. I saw a Sear's store with a sign saying, "Everything for less." I went in, but it didn't look like a large Sear's store. It looked like a Sear's order store, and it was. A girl behind a counter asked if she could help me. I told her what I wanted. She had nothing like I wanted on hand, and she could find none in the catalog.

She said, "Pay Less may have one. It's down the hall to the right. After you enter turn to the right. You'll see a place called Cameras. I'm sure you'll find what you want." She gave me three sales catalogs.

I said, "Do you still sell by catalogs? I thought they were only making sales in stores."

She said, "No. They still use catalogs. I'll give you an application form for one." She gave me one.

I said, "Thank you. I haven't had one of these catalogs in years."

I found the camera place. I could see behind a counter shelves radios and cassette players. There was no one behind the counter, but a girl working at something just behind me asked, "Can I help you?"

I said, "I'm looking for a cassette player." She showed me some big sets that were a combination of radio and cas-

sette players. She had some small ones that used only ear-phones.

I said, "It's strange, I haven't been able to find a small cassette recorder and player, but I have a friend who has one, and his wife has one also."

She said, "Oh! I have two brands of small recorders. One uses voice control. It's \$44.99. The other you push a switch to turn it off and on. It's \$33.99."

This was the small recorder I wanted. Apparently she had thought of them only as recorders and not players. I told her I would take the voice activated one, and started getting the money out of my pocketbook. She made out the bill on the register, \$44.99. I didn't have quite enough money. I said, "I'll have to go back to the motel and get my checkbook. Will you be able to use the register?"

She said, "No. But I will call a man who will open it up and put a stop on the sale."

I said, "I was afraid of that." I headed for the Mall. at the door I realized I had left my glasses on the counter, and went back for them. She was waiting on another customer. I held up my glasses and said, "I forgot my glasses." I couldn't tell if she heard me or not.

When I got back, she had a box ready with the recorder in it. I made out a check to Pay Less. She took the check and looked it over. "Do you have a driver's license, or something for identification?"



I said, "Oh, yes I do." I got it out and handed it to her. "Does the picture look like me?"

She said, "Yes." Then copied the number onto the check; gave me a receipt from the register, and put the box into a paper sack.

She said, "Have a good evening."

I said, "You too."

I've forgotten to say that when I first got back I asked her if she had heard the fire engines going by. She said, "No. I never hear anything outside in here."

I said, "That's the way it is where I live. I'm up on the side of a mountain away from everything."

She said, "That's a good place to be."

I told her that I came to Ontario to get a prescription for glasses from Dr. Pitts.

She said, "He's the best."

All the time, of course, she was busy. I wondered how much my talking interfered with her work, and I felt a little uneasy with myself. I'm not in the habit of talking while someone is trying to get work done. In a store like Pay Less the help don't have time to carry on a conversation with every one.

Back at the motel I ate a bite, and listened to Cheers. The TV set is on a bracket high above the dressing table, but not high enough to clear my head. Several times I bumped my head on it. I would lean over the table to get something. The TV was out of my eyesight, and I would bump my head.

December 10, 1989 Sunday

1

I haven't written anything in my diary for a long time. Although I have a lot of things to do, I still have time to write, but no inclination to get at it.

Back in August I talked to Hair about having him haul gravel to put on my road up the hill. We decided that the best time to start would be in September when the weather would be cool. So in the middle of September he made a start. On his first trip he couldn't get up the steep grade from the mail box. He had to back down and dump the load between the county road and the hill.

The failure of the rear axle to shift into low range caused the trouble. He thought that there was something wrong with the motor that actuates the shift lever, but after installing a new one it still wouldn't go into low range. He was up a stump, and wondered if he should buy another second hand dump truck, or try to get this one fixed. He did look around for another truck, but good used trucks at a reasonable price were hard to come by.

He finally met, by chance, a mechanic that he knew who said he could fix it for one-hundred and seventy-five dollars. His name was Jim Asmus. His home and work shop is near the Burns Airport. He took it apart and found that the gears that ran the ring gear were broken. He located a truck that had the same kind of axle, and Hair paid five-hundred dollars for it.

December 10, 1989

2

Hair was under the impression that Jim would have the truck ready the next day. So Hair, Thomas, and I went up there in Hairs' pickup. Hair was going to use the dump truck to tow the old pickup, with Thomas steering it, back home. I would drive Hairs' pickup.

Jim wasn't home. His wife said that he had gone to town for parts. We thought she meant parts for the dump truck. We went into his work shop. There was a space heater going, and the place was real warm. We saw that Jim had been working on the gears, and we saw the broken gears, and the gear assembly of the old Ford. We wondered what kind of parts he went to get.

Hair decided to go on in to Burns to get some groceries. After doing the shopping, (Thomas and I also bought some groceries) Hair wanted to look around some more for a used dump truck. We drove up the west side of the Silvis River. I had never been up that way and the amount of farm land in the area surprised me. We did see three dump trucks on different ranches. Hair made inquiries. No one had any for sale. We finally got back to Jim's place.

He was home, and came out to the shop to show us what he was going to do. It turned out that the parts he had gone to town to get were for a furnace he was installing in the house. Anyway, he said that the gears from the pickup would work fine, although the ring gear had more teeth in it than the one in Hair's truck. That was no problem. The truck

December 10, 1989

3

would be slower in low range, and it would give it more power. That suited Hair fine, because he needed more power to get up my hill.

Jim said that as soon as he got the furnace installed he would go to work on Hair's truck. It wouldn't take him more than five hours to do the job. He said, "I'll let you know when it's ready."

Before we left Jim showed Hair a trailer hitch that would enable Hair to tow the pickup with the dump truck without the need of an extra driver. Thus I would drive Hair up there in the Bronco, and we wouldn't need Thomas who was intending to take off to the south for the winter.

We came on home. Hair dropped Thomas and me off at Thomas' place where I had left the Bronco. I drove it up here.

A week went by, and there was no word from Jim. I called Hair and told him I would call Jim. I said, "Maybe he is dead."

I phoned Jim several times, but there was no answer. Finally Jim answered, and, when I asked him how the truck was, he said, "It's ready to go."

I told him that I called several times during the day, and was afraid something had happened to him. He said, "I was in Burns and came back to get some things, and was ready to leave again. You phoned just at the right time."

December 10, 1989

4

That was on a Monday. Tuesday I met Hair at the mail-box area. He parked his car there, and got into the Bronco. Then we drove out to Jim's place. Hair asked Jim how much he owed him. Jim said, "Just what I agreed to fix it for; one-hundred and seventy-five." Carl gave him the one-hundred and seventy-five and a hundred extra, because he knew that it took more work than Jim had expected it to take. Jim protested, but finally took the extra money.

When Hair started looking for the trailer hitch, Jim said, "You can leave the old pickup here, and I'll see if I can get rid of it for you." Hair thought that would be fine; he wouldn't have to tow it home. I was going to go into Burns to buy groceries and other supplies. He said, "Take your time. I'll be driving slow."

I waited to see if he got on his way all right before I took off to Burns. It took me about an hour to do all my shopping. I thought of what Hair had said about taking my time, and realized that if I hadn't spent any time at all in Burns he would have such a head start I couldn't possibly catch up with him. He probably would leave his truck at the gravel pit where he had planned to meet me. Then, since I was so far behind, he would walk down to the mail-box area to get his car. Then go to Thomas' place to get the loader that he had left there.

I passed the gravel pit without seeing him. When I turned off the county road at my mail box, I saw a panel

December 10, 1989

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truck with its rear axle up on blocks. I didn't see Hairs' car anywhere. Hair was talking to the guy with the panel rig. I stopped near them and heard Hair say, "I don't see how you could call yourselves responsible people when you take somebody's car."

The guy said, "The keys were in the car. We had two flat tires, and were afraid we would be here all day. So we took the car to go Fields to have the tires fixed."

Hair got into the Bronco, and I drove him to Thomas' place to get the loader. Thomas had fastened his gate with a chain in a very complicated way, which would make it uninviting for an intruder to try to open it. We got it open all right, but wondered if we could fasten it back the same way Thomas had. Hair thought he had the key to the loader in a tool box, but he couldn't find it. He said, "I'll have to go home to get a key." So we headed for his place.

When we got onto the county road, I saw quite way ahead of us, going the same way we were, a pickup moving slowly. Soon it stopped. As we came closer to Hair said, "That's Beryl's pickup."

I stopped when we came up along side of it. Beryl was driving, and there was another guy in there with him. Hair asked Beryl if he needed any help. Beryl said, "No."

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The guy with him said, "I'm the one who took your car. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that." It was a mystery to me why he was with Beryl.

We drove on, and just passed Andrews we ran into a cattle drive. Mike and Dan were moving cattle south. We lost time getting through the herd. When we got to Hair's place, Mike was across the road opening a gate to the Kueny Ranch. I could see that they were going to turn the cattle in there.

Lavina met us at the door. She said that the guy with the tires stopped in with Hairs' car. Beryl happened to be out side. He talked with the guy. He said, "We'd better get that car back up there, because dad will need it. I'll take you with the tires to Fields later."

Well, I guess that, when we were in at the Thomas' place, Beryl and the guy had passed going north taking Hairs' car back. Then had headed for Fields in Beryl's pickup. I still wondered why they were stopped when we passed them.

I figured there was no hurry to start back. The cattle would be off the road if we waited a while.

Lavina said that the guy told her the keys were in the car. "I've told you before not to leave your keys in the car."

Hair pulled the car keys out of his pocket, saying, "Here's my car keys. I didn't leave them in the car."

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7

As we turned onto the county road on the way back the last cow was going through the gate into the Kueny Ranch. We drove to Thomas' place, and, when I saw that Hair had gotten the loader started all right, I drove the Bronco to the gravel pit. It wasn't very long before he arrived with the loader. It traveled on the road faster than I thought it could.

Then I drove Hair back to the mail-box area where he got into the dump truck, and went back to the gravel pit to get a load of gravel. I headed up the hill with my groceries. At the dugout before I could get all the stuff inside, Hair arrived with a load of gravel and dumped it at the point coming toward the dugout. Before he quit for the day he dumped two more loads on the way to the dugout.

The next day, the twenty-first of November, I went to the dermatologist in Ontario, and had some pre-cancerous tumors removed with nitrogen gas. I staid over night at a motel and came back on the twenty-second.

I got an early start out of Ontario, so had plenty of time to shop for supplies in Burns. I was in no hurry to get home, because I wanted to give Hair time to haul gravel before I arrived. That way I would be able to see how much gravel he had hauled that day. I got to the mail box around four o'clock.

When I pulled off the county road, I saw two pickups with trailer houses. Apparently they were prepared to camp



December 10, 1989

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there for a while. Hairs truck with a load of gravel was standing beside the road.

Two guys were working on a motorcycle, tuning up the motor. I stopped, got out, went over and asked them why Hair had left the load of gravel there. They didn't know because they weren't there when he left it. I checked the wheel tracks of the truck and saw that he had backed down the hill and off to the side of the road, and left it there. I wondered why.

Up at the top I found that he had dumped another load closer to the dugout at a place where I had told would be far enough. Then he had dumped four loads down from the point toward the curve at the bottom.

I called him on the phone. He said that he couldn't get up that first hill because the motor stalled. It wasn't getting enough gas. He cleaned the gas filter, but that didn't help. He thought the trouble might be in the fuel pump, and would go to town and get a new one, and a new gas filter. The next day was Thanksgiving so he had to wait until Friday. Saturday he put in the new fuel pump and the new gas filter, but that didn't help.

Well, he doesn't work on Sunday. Monday, when I went after the mail the truck loaded with gravel was parked this side of the gate. Back up at the dugout I talked with him on the phone. He said that he got up the first hill, but the motor stalled on the second hill, and he backed down and left it there.

He said, "I think something must be plugging the gas line. I think I'll drive the truck down here and take the gas line off at the fuel pump and blow air back up the line."

I said, "You could dump the load of gravel on your way down the hill; a good place would be near the gate there somewhere." There was so much noise on the phone line I didn't hear what he said he was going to do about the load.

The next morning I started for a walk, and as neared the point I saw Hair with the dump truck arrive at the top. He turned the truck around to go down the hill to dump the load. When he saw me coming he stopped and got out. I said, "Boy! You made it OK."

He said, "I sure did. This is my third load."

I asked, "What did you find wrong with the gas line?"

He said, "I drove the loaded truck home. Then opened the line at the fuel pump. Then got ready to blow air back up the line. I took the gas cap off the tank, and gas gushed out of the line. The line must have somehow got unplugged. Anyway, I came up here without any trouble."

It was almost noon. He said, "Would you like to ride with me while I got another load?"

I said, "Well, I've got a lot of work to do, so I'd better not."

Later I walked down the hill to see how he was doing. At the curve the road had gotten wet and soft from the

used to crank the big diesel. Soon we heard the popping sound of the gas engine, and then the deep rumble of the diesel.

Lavina said that he would make a pass down the road and back. We could tell by the sound when he started down the hill. It didn't seem very long before he was back up to the point. He parked the grader out there, and drove the diesel car down here to get Lavina.

I asked him how many loads it took. He said eighty-eight. That was eight more than I had already paid for. So I owed him forty dollars. He said he didn't charge for the grader work.

I said, "By gosh, after all the delays and trouble, you got it done before the bad weather set in."

He said, "It's a good thing the ring gear he put in gave me more power. Without it I couldn't have hauled full loads."

The next mail day I drove down to their place to visit, and finish paying him. I gave him a hundred dollars. He didn't want to take that much; forty dollars was enough. I said, "Well, you had a lot of extra work to do, and extra expenses. You deserve a little extra."

He said, "Next spring, when the weather is good, I'll put a couple of loads on the first hill that you say gets bad some times."

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I came back home. The grader did a good job smoothing out those big bumps in the road. Also it pushed the large rocks off to the side so I didn't have to walk down and throw them off the road.

I think the trouble with the gas was that the tank had a vacuum in it. When he took the cap off the vacuum was released, letting the gas pour out.