

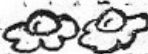
(STARTED ONE FINGER  TYPING) (P.1) (JULY 24th 1987 AT 6:51 A.M.)

(JIM HART'S ADVENTURE TO THE HIGH SIERRA'S)

ON SAT. JULY 18th 1987 AT 6:37 A.M., I DROVE OUT TO PICK JIM UP AT HIS APARTMENT.
WE THEN GIGGLED AN MADE FUNNY     FACE'S AS WE DROVE DOWN TO HAVE
BREAKFAST AT PERKO'S RESTAURANT ON RIO LINDO AVE. AN COHASSET IN CHICO.

WHEN WE WENT INSIDE, I GOT A NICE WARM HUG FROM (HOT  LIP'S MICHELE) THE HOSTESS.
JIM AN I WERE BOTH GREETED WARMLY BY THE OTHER WAITRESSES THAT WERE WORKING THE MORNING
SHIFT.

(FREDDY THE KAY LOADER) (SPACEY TRACEY) (OL' DIMPLE KNEE CYNTHIA) (A.J. BOY -
TEA) AN ANOTHER HOSTESS (SWEET CHEEK'S HECKY) AN THREE OL' MANAGER. (MEANY COREY) THE
HEAD BISUIT, CAKE, AN MUFFIN MAKER. AN SHE IS A GOOD LOOKER TOO.

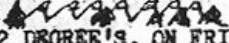
FOR BREAKFAST, JIM HAD PINEAPPLE  PANCAKES, SLICE OF  HAM, TWO EGGS
SUNNY  SIDE UP, ONE  BISCUIT AN A CUP OF  BLACK MUD, OR COFFEE.

I HAD TWO UNBORN CHIC'S  SCRAMBLED HARD, SO THEY WOULD NOT RUN OFF THE PLATE, AN

BACK TO THE HEN HOUSE, TO MUMMY. FOUR LITTLE  PIGLET'S WELL DONE. HASHBROWNS

FROM  IDAHO, HO!, MEDIUM WELL! WELL!, ONE BLUEBERRY  MUFFIN, AND A CUP OF
MEDI - CARE  SPECIAL. (COFFEE).

WE HAD A VERY NICE TIME WATCHING THE NICE GOOD LOOKING (LEGS)  AN REAR 
BUMPERS OR HINE - KNEES, WANDERING HERE AN THERE WHILE THEY WERE TAKING AN TURNING IN TH -
ERE ORDER'S. ALL THE GIRL'S OR LADIES WERE VERY NICE AN SHAPELY. ESPECIALLY (MICHELE)
SHE HAD SOME WIGGLE, UMMMMMM - HUH! (NOW SMILE JIM)

(NOTE) THIS DAY WAS VERY CLOUDY AN OVERCAST, IT HAD BEEN THIS WAY SINCE THURSDAY
EVENING. IT HAD RAINED A LITTLE BIT ON THURS.. A LITTLE MORE ON FRIDAY MORNING. IT WAS NI
CE AN COOL, JUST RIGHT FOR A LAZY DRIVE TO THE HIGH SIERRA'S. 

(NOTE NO. 2) ON WEDNESDAY THE 15TH OF JULY 1987 IT WAS 112 DEGREE'S. ON FRIDAY AFTER -
NOON IT WAS 61 DEGREES IN CHICO CALIF.. IN CHESTER CALIF. ON WEDNESDAY IT WAS 104 DEGREES.
ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON AROUND 4 P.M. IT WAS ONLY 42 DEGREES, WITH A STRONG SOUTH WIND. ON SAT
AT 10:35 A.M. AT BUTT LAKE, WHEN JIM AN I WAS THERE. IT WAS ONLY 35 DEGREES, BRRRRRRRRRR!

AFTER BREAKFAST, WE HEADED SOUTH ON HWY.99. THEN NORTH/EAST ON HWY.32. AS WE GOT CLOSE
TO FOREST RANCH IT STARTED TO RAIN  SLIGHTLY, FOR ABOUT 5 MILES. WE ALSO SPOTTED

ONE DEAD  DEER, AN A  POSSUM, AN A  PORK - KEY - PINE, ALON
G SIDE THE HIGHWAY. SOMEBODY HAD MADE (MUSH - MEAT) OUT OF THEM FOR THE LOCAL BUSSARD'S.
(YUM! YUM!)

HALFWAY BETWEEN FOREST RANCH AN LOMO, I REMEMBERED I HAD NOT OR FORGOTTEN TO GET GAS
IN CHICO. SO WE PULLED INTO (BUTTE MEADOWS) TO FILLUP. I GOT 8 GALS, AN IT WAS \$11.42.
WOW! JIM PAID FOR THE GAS. I WILL NEVER GO THERE AGAIN IF I CAN HELP IT. (WAY TO MUCH!)
JUST FOR THE HECK OF IT, I BOUGHT 6 LOTTERY TICKETS. I GAVE JIM 3, AN HE HAD TWO, TWO \$2
WINNERS. SO HE GOT FOUR DALLORS BACK. (NOTE) JIM ALSO TOLD ME HE HAD A FEW DAYS AGO,
GOTTEN A \$50 WINNER IN CHICO. AN HAD TO FILL OUT 25 FORMS AN THEN MAIL THE WHOLE MESS INTO
SACRAMENTO OR SOMEPLACE IN ORDER TO GET HIS MONEY. IT WILL PROBLEY TAKE HIM A YEAR TO COLL
ECT IT. "HUH"!

(WELL FOLKS IT ONLY TOOK ME 28 HOURS TO GET THIS FIRST PAGE TYPED.)

(GUESS WHAT ? IT IS STILL JULY!) (P. 2) (AND I AM STILL ON THIS PAGE)
(NOW JULY 25TH 1987 SAT. 10:28 A.M.) (SLOW AIN'T I. SMILE!)

OF MY THREE TICKETS I GOT ZERO RETURN. OH! WELL! JIM NEEDED TO GET SOME MONEY BACK FOR SPENDING SO MUCH ON (GO-JUCE). WHEN WE HAD DRIVEN INTO BUTTE MEADOWS, IT WAS RAINING LIGHTLY. AND IT RAINED ALL THE WAY BACK OUT TO HWY. 32. THEN WE DROVE ON UP 32, AND PASSED THE LITTLE TOWN OF FALLING ROCK ABOUT 40 TIMES. (NOTE) I THINK THEY SHOULD CHANGE THE NAME OF FALLING ROCK TO ROLLING ROCK, BECAUSE EVERY ROCK I PASSED LOOKED LIKE THE SAME ONE I HAD PASSED ALREADY. (PRETTY FAST "ROCK" HUH!)

WHEN WE WERE COMING TO THE LAST AN ONLY REST AREA ON DEER CREEK, IT GOT REAL DARK.

AN IT HAILED AND IT HAILED FOR ABOUT 15 MINUTES AN THEN STOPPED. THOSE LITTLE WHITE PEAS OF FROZEN ICE, BOUNCING OFF (MY SKIN HEAD) AN (MY CHUBBY BODY REALLY SMARTED.) AS I LUMBERED TO SEE MY (JAPANESE GIRL FRIEND TOY - E - LET - TA!) JIM STAYED IN THE CAR UNTIL THE HAIL STOPPED. (OF COURSE YOU KNOW THAT JIM IS THE BRAINS OF THIS TWOSOME. "RIGHT") AN NEW BETTER THAN TO BRAVE THE (EL - LEE - MONTS.) (SMILE)

WHEN HE FINALLY TOOK HIS TURN. HE SANG A LITTLE SONG ON THE WAY OVER TO THE (SQUARE

BOX, WITH THE HOLE IN THE FLOOR.

(HAIL! HAIL! THE STORMS ALL GONE, WHAT IN THE HAIL! DO YOU SAY!, WHAT IN THE HAIL DO I SAY! . HAIL! HAIL! THE STORMS ALL GONE. WHAT IN THE HAIL! DO WE SAY NOW!) (BOOM! BOOM!) (VERY GOOD JIM!)

AFTER WE TOOK A SHORT BREAK, WE THEN CONTINUED ON UP THE HILL. AS WE APPROUCHED DEER CREEK MEADOWS, THERE WAS A SMALL HERD OF COWS LOPING ALONG A CROSS THE HIGHWAY, HEADING FOR GREENER PASTURE. ON UP THE NORTH FORK OF DEER CREEK. THEY LEFT THERE CALLING CARD ON THE WAY BY. AND I WAS UNABLE TO AVOID ALL THE STICKY BROWN STUFF OR

COW PUCKY FROM MUSHING UNDER MY TIRES. "YUK! YUK!"). THEN I DROVE MY LITTLE PUDDLE JUMPER THRU THE (SHOW - LOW WATERS) OF THE NORTH FORK OF DEER CREEK TO WASH THE COW PUCKY OFF MY NEW TIRES. IF I HAD BROUGHT MY FISHING POLE, JIM COULD HAVE

TROLLED FOR THOSE BIG RAINBOW TROUT, WHILE I WAS DRIVING UP AN DOWN THE CREEK. WE THEN LEFT THERE AN DROVE ON UP THE ROAD. WE THEN DROVE EAST ON 36.

THEN STOPPED AT THE BLACK FOREST LODGE, TO FEED THE HUGE BROOK TROUT. JIM HAD NEVER FEAD THE TROUT OR HE HAD NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE.

OLD GOLDY, AN OLD BLACKIE THE TWO LAB DOG'S GREETED US AS WE GOT OUT OF THE CAR. BLACKIE DASHES OFF TO FIND HIS STICK. THIS CRAZY DOG LOVES TO CHASE STICKS AS LONG AS SOMEONE HAS A STRONG ARM TO THROW IT FOR HIM. (NOTE) ONE DAY LAST YEAR, I WAS THERE FOR OVER 1 1/2 HOURS THROWING A STICK OR TWO FOR THAT CRAZY MUTT. IN THE WATER A N ON THE GRASS. I WORE OUT BEFORE HE DID. BUT IT WAS A FUN TIME.)

JIM AN I FEAD ABOUT 20¢ A PIECE WORTH OF FISH PELLETS, AN WATCHED THE WATER CHURN AN BOIL WHEN THE FISH CAME UP TO GET THE FOOD. SURE WAS A LOT OF BIG ONES IN THERE. .

THEN WE SAID GOODBYE TO THE FISH, AN THE TWO LAB'S, AN HEADED ON UP HWY. 36. WE THEN DROVE SOUTH ON HWY. 89, TO THE WEST SHORE CAMPGROUNDS, TO SEE IF I COULD FIND OLD HIPPI CLAY RECTOR.

(SLOWY I WENT LINE BY LINE, ALL THE WAY TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE.) (NEXT)

(YOU GUESSED IT! I AM STILL PLUGGING) (P.3) (ALONG! WHOOPIE! NOW 7/25/87, 2 PM.)

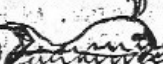
WE DROVE THRU THE SOUTH SIDE, THEN THE NORTH SIDE, THEN ALL AROUND THE WHOLE AREA OF LAKE ALMANOR, CHECKING EVERY CAMPGROUND, TRYING TO FIND HIM, ('CLAY'). BUT WE NEVER DID.

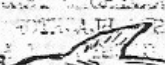
THIS WAS A NEW AREA FOR JIM. IN FACT THE WHOLE TRIP WAS A NEW AREA FOR HIM. THEN THEN I DROVE DOWN TO BUTT LAKE TO SEE IF I COULD FIND MY FRIEND DON KEMP. WHEN WE GOT THERE. NOBODY IN HIS WHOLE FAMILY NEW WHERE HE WAS HIDING AT. THE WIND WAS REALLY BLOWING OUT OF THE SOUTH AT BUTT LAKE, AND IT WAS VERY, VERY, COLD.

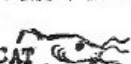
JIM AN I PUT ON OUR COATS AN THEN WALKED THRU THE WOODS LOOKING FOR DON. WE WALKED ALL THE WAY OUT TO THE NORTH END, WHERE ALL THE WOULD BE FISHERMEN GO. ON THE WAY OUT THERE WE STOPPED AN TALKED TO THE PARK PATROL PERSON, WHO RIDES AROUND THE LAKE IN A BIG

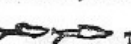
YAUHT OR YUAHT OR A VERY LARGE  BOAT, WITH FLASHING  LIGHTS.

LOOKING FOR STRANDED  BOAT'S AN CHECKING TO SEE IF ALL FISHERMEN HAVE THE PROPER

FISHING LICENCE IN ORDER TO CATCH THE MANY, BIG  WHALES, STEEL  HEAD.

SALMON  SHARKS  STURGEONS,  AN SMALLER FISH LIKE

RAINBO  TROUT, BIG MOUTH  BLACK BASS, AN  SUCKERS, CAT 

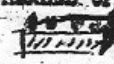
FISH, AN MINNOWS  THAT ABOUND IN THIS HIGH SIERRA (P.G. & E WATERING HOLE.) WHEN

WE CAME BACK TOWARDS THE CAMP, WE WALKED ALONG THE BEACH AREA. THERE WERE THOUSANDS AN

THOUSANDS OF FRESH  WATER CLAM SHELLS ALL OVER BE BEACH OR SHORE LINE. I PICKED UP A FEW OF THE BIGGER ONES TO SHOW MY DAD. AT THIS TIME THE WIND WAS BLOWING LIKE CRAZY. AN JIMMY'S NOSE AN  EARS WERE GETTING TO LOOK LIKE BIG RED  STRAWBERRIES. JIM SAID I LOOKED THE SAME. IT WAS EVEN COLDER WHEN WE GOT BACK INTO THE COVER OF THE TALL  PINES. AS WE WERE WALKING ALONG TALKING ABOUT THE WEATHER. I

SPIED OR SPYED MR. KEMP STANDING BY A CAR, DOING A HIGH  TOE STEP OR RUNNING IN PLACE TRYING TO KEEP WARM. WE TALKED FOR A MINUTE OR THREE. WE BOTH HAD A SMALL

CUP  OF HOT COFFEE, PROVIDED BY DON'S BROTHER MIKEY. (YOU KNOW MIKEY HE LIKES EVERYTHING.) THEN DECIDED TO GO. WHEN I WENT TO START MY CAR, IT DIDN'T. ALL IT DID WAS CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. SO DON AN JIM HAND PUSHED MY POOR BUG ABOUT THREE FEET; AN IT TOOK RIGHT OFF. WE THEN SAID GOODBYE AN PULLED OUT OF THE CAMP AN HEADED UP THE HILL. ON THE

WAY UP THE HILL I STOPPED ABOUT FIVE TIMES TO MAYBE CLEAN MY  BATTERY TERMA-NOLES. BUT AFTER I STOPPED THE CAR IT STARTED RIGHT UP AGAIN. SO WE WENT ON. AND IT NEVER GAVE ME ANY TROUBLE THE REST OF THE DAY.

WHEN WE GOT TO 89, I HEADED SOUTH TO CANYON DAM.  TO SHOW JIM THE SPOT WERE WE HAD COTTON TO LAST YEAR, BEFORE MY OLD BUG BROKE DOWN. (NOTE) IN 1986 I TOOK JIM ON A RIDE UP ALONG THE YUBA RIVER, ON HWY. 49, THREW DOWNEYVILLE, SIERRA CITY,

THEN TOOK GOLD LAKE ROAD, PASSED THE HIGH SIERRA  BUTTES TO 89. THEN TOOK 89 TO 70. THEN 70 DOWN THRU QUINCEY. AT KIDDIE 10 MILES WEST OF QUINCEY, WE STOPPED TO LOOK

AT SOME TROUT IN A SMALL FISH  POND. AFTER RESTING A BIT. I COULD NOT GET MY CAR STARTED. IT WAS NOT GETTING ENOUGH GAS. SO I PUT ON THE SPARE FUEL PUMP I HAD. I TOLD JIM TO GET IN THE CAR. WHEN IT STARTED I TOOK OFF AS FAST AS I COULD, DOWN 70. THEN TURNED ONTO 89, AN HEADED NORTH AN DROVE THRU CRESENT MILLS, AN GREENVILLE AN CONTINUED ON.

(TALIHORE! TALIHORE! IT'S OFF TO TYPING-I GO! HO! HO!) (TURN PAGE OVER PLEASE)

(WOULD YOU BELIEVE I AM REALLY TRYING (P.4) TO FINISH THIS BEFORE 1988! SMILE)
(CONT. FROM PAGE 3.)

AS I DROVE THRU CANYON DAM, MY CAR QUIT RUNNING ALL TOGETHER. AN I COASTED TO A STOP NEAR THE HWY. 147 TURNOFF. AFTER TWO HOURS OF MESSING WITH IT. I FINALLY HIKED BACK INTO CANYON DAM AN CALLED FOR A TOW TRUCK. AN HAD IT TOWED TO CHICO. IT COST ME \$140. AFTER THE TOW TRUCK UNHOOKED ME. I STARTED THE CAR, AN DROVE IT INTO THE CARPORT. (REALLY GRE AT OR SMARTS "HUH") THE NEXT MORNING I HAD A FRIEND PUSH ME DOWN TO DON'S SHOP. DON BLE W REALLY HARD. INTO MY MAIN GAS LINE AN APARENTLY DISLODGED SOME DIRT IN THE LINE. AN IT H AS BEEN RUNNING EVER SINCE THAT TIME, WITH NO - PROBLEM. IT COST ME ONE BIST PEPSI - COLA. TO GET IT FIXED. IF I HAD HAD ANY BRAINS. I WOULD HAVE DONE THAT MYSELF, AN SAVED ME ALL THAT GREEN STUFF. OH! WELL! THAT IS THE WAY COOKIES CRUMBLE!

I THEN DROVE JIM AGAIN AROUND ON HWY. 147, THAT FOLLOWS THE EAST SHORE. THE LAKE WAS A LITTLE CHOPPY AN ALONG THE SHORE LINE IT WAS VERY MUDDY, FROM THE WATER OR WAVES POUN DING AGAINST THE SHORE. AT THIS POINT IT STARTED TO RAIN LIGHTLY. AN POOR OLD JIM WAS GET TING MIGHTY SLEEPY. HIS CHIN KEPT FALLING ON THE BOTTOM OF HIS NECK. OR UPPER CHEST AREA. I ASKED HIM IF HE WAS ALRIGHT. I DID NOT GET AN ANSWER. SO I MOVED MY ASHTRAY BACK AN FOUR TH OR FORTH SO IT MADE A SQUEEING NOISE. AN HE WOKE UP FOR ABOUT 1/2 MILE. THEN BACK TO SL EEP HE WENT. ABOUT 8 MILES DOWN THE ROAD, I TURNED NORTH ON A - 13, THAT GO'S BY THE POINT OR THE RICH MAN'S (PA - MIN - SA - LA). AN ON OVER THE RAILROAD TRACKS TO HWY. 36. WHEN APROUCHING THE STOP SIGN ON 36, I RAN OVER A BUNCH OF RAISED BLACKTOP STRIPES, AN JIM WOKE UP WITH A START. HE STAYED AWAKE THE REST OF THE WAY INTO CHESTER. (POOR LITTLE FELLOW HAD HAD ONLY 3 TO 4 HOURS SLEEP THE NIGHT BEFORE. AND THAT IS NOT ENOUGH FOR A GROWING BOY.

WE STOPPED AT THE RED  ONION. TO HAVE LUNCH. I ASKED THE WAITRESS TO MAKE

SURE THAT MY ORDER OF A ROAST BEEF  SANDWICH, IS WELL DONE. AND I WOULD LIK E SOME BUTTER ON OR WITH MY  POTATOES. THE BREAD BY IT SELF. SO WHAT DO I GET. I GET. THE BLOOD RAW BEEF ON THE BREAD. AND THE MASHED POTATOES ARE COLD. WITH NO BUTTER. ONE VERY SMALL COKE AN NO ICE. AN NO WATER. (I CAN NOT EAT RAW MEAT WITH THE BLOOD, RUNN ING ALL OVER THE PLATE.) SO I SENT IT ALL BACK. WHEN I GOT IT BACK THE SECOND TIME, THE POTATOES WERE WARM, BUT THE MEAT WAS TERRIBLE. SO I ATE THE POTATOES, THE BREAD. AN SAID THE LAST RITES FOR THE BEEF, AN COVERED IT UP WITH A NAPKIN, AN HUMMED TAP'S OVER IT.

JIM WAS BETTER OFF. THEY DID HIS UP RIGHT THE FIRST TIME. HE HAD A GIANT GERMAN

SAUSAGE, THAT LOOKED LIKE A BIG WHITE PACIFIC  SLUG OR A SNAIL WITHOUT IT'S SHELL. SOME POTATOES, AN SOME CHOPPED UP PURPLE STUFF THAT SMELLED TERRIBLE, THAT HE COULD NOT EAT. AND A GLASS OF GOATS MILK. IT WAS WAY TO MUCH MONEY. NEVER, NEVER AGAIN.

THEN WE DROVE BACK INTO CHESTER FOR MORE OF A COMPLETE LUNCH. THAT WAS WORTH THE TIME AN MONEY. A T LEAST I THOUGHT SO ANYWAY. I HAD A VERY GOOD AN TASTY BREADED VEAL CUTLET. WITH MASHED POTATOES AND BROWN GRAVY. AN WHITE BREAD AN BUTTER. AN COW'S MILK. SHOULD HAVE COME HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE.

JIM HAD A GIANT HAMBURGER AN ICE TEA. HIS BERGER WAS NOT COOKED WELL ENOUGH. BUT HE WOULD NOT SEND IT BACK. HE JUST SQUEEZED THE BLOOD AN GREASE ONTO HIS PLATE. "YUK".

(NOTE) (PEGGY AN BRYAN USED TO MANAGE COZY INN AT 7TH AN MANGROVE AVE. IN CHICO BEFORE TAKING THE LEASE ON THE KOPFER KETTLE IN CHESTER. THEY HAVE BEEN DOING VERY WELL SINCE THEY HAVE BEEN THERE.)

AFTER LUNCH I WAS GOING TO TAKE JIM HOME. BUT WHEN I GOT TO THE HWY. 32 TURNOFF, I DECIDED TO GO STRAIGHT WEST ON HWY. 36. IT WAS ONLY 2:25 P.M. WE STILL HAD 6 HOURS, BEFORE DARK.

(OH! HUM! AFIDULE LEE DUM! "OH! YAA!")

SO WE STOPPED AT FIRE  MOUNTAIN LODGE  TO SEE THE DeWOODY'S OF CH IGO. BUT THEY HAD JUST LEFT TO GO TO CHESTER. SO WE MUST HAVE PASSED THEM SOMEWHERE ON THE HIGHWAY COMING OVER HERE. I THEN ASKED JIM IF HE HAD EVER BEEN TO CHILDS MEADOWS. AND OR FARTHER ALONG ON HWY. 36. AND HE SAID NOPE!

(NOW FOLKS IF YOU THINK THE PRINT IS GOING DOWN HILL ON THESE PAGES.)

(YOU ARE NOT SEEING THINGS. I AM TYPING THIS ON A WATER BED. AN ALL)

(THE WIEGHT IS ON THE RIGHT SIDE. (SMILE FOLKS)

(RAIN! RAIN! EVERYWHERE!) (P. 5) (RAIN IN YOUR UNDERWEAR.) (NOW 8:23 P.M.)

SO WE LEFT AND HEADED WEST ON HWY. 36. AN AS WE CROSSED OVER GURNEY CREEK IT STARTED TO ⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰⁰ HAIL AGAIN. BUT IT DID NOT LAST VERY LONG. BUT IT WAS GETTING COOLER. ABOUT TWO MILES FROM CHILDS MEADOWS WE HAD TO SLOW DOWN VERY QUICKLY BECAUSE THE

RE WAS A VERY LARGE WHITE FACED BULL, AN A SMALL COW, AMEERING OR HOOFING IT ACROSS THE HIGHWAY VERY SLOWLY. THEY WERE CHEEK TO CHEEK. AN HOLDING TAILS TOGETHER. LOOKED LIKE A LOT OF BULL ROMANCE, GOING ON HERE AN THERE. THEY WERE CLOSE ENOUGH TO WATCH AS THE PERRY LITTLE COW FLUTTERED

HER BIG EYE LASHES. AN ROLLED HER BIG BROWN EYE'S AT THIS HUGE BULL. AS HE WAS A PUFFIN! AND A PUFFIN! TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH HER. AND AS WE PASSED THE BIG BULL, TURNED AROUND AN PUT HIS BIG NOSE IN THE AIR AS IF TO SAY! (SEE'S MINE, ALL MINE) (TIME TO SMILE AMHLE FOLKS)

WHEN WE GOT TO CHILDS MEADOWS THE CLOUDS LIFTED ENOUGH SO WE COULD SEE THE SNOW! ON THE HIGH MOUNTAINS UP AHEAD. (YEE! FOLKS, SNOW! ON JULY 18 TH 1987 ON (PT. LASSEN, AND AS WELL AS OTHER AREA'S AROUND THE LASSEN VOLCANIC NATIONAL PARK. JIM HAD LIVE D IN CALIF. FOR 11 YEAR'S. AND HAD HE VER BEEN IN ANY SNOW. SO WE WERE ONLY 12 MILES OR SO AWAY FROM THE PARK ENTRANCE. SO I CONTINUED WEST OVER MILL CREEK, WHERE EARLIER THIS MONTH I HAD FOUND THE LITTLE TOWN OF FALLING ROCK. THEN ON UP AN OVERMORGAN SUMMIT TO JCT. 36/89. THEN I TURNED NORTH UP 89, AN AS WE GOT HIGHER UP WE COULD SEE THE FIRST SNOW.

JIM'S EYE'S GOT AS BIG AS SUGAR COOKIES, AN HE COULD HARDLY WAIT TO GET A SNOW BALL TO THROW AT ME, FOR WAKING HIM UP WHEN WE WAS NEAR CHESTER. SO AT THE ENTRANCE TO LASSEN PARK ON THE SOUTH SIDE, I TOOK A PICTURE OF JIM HOLDING THIS

BIG ICEY COOOOLD SNOW BALL. I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO HEAVE IT AT ME. BUT INST EAD HE ATE IT IN ONE BIG CHOMP. THEN DANCED AROUND THE CAR, "SAYING WHEW IS THAT EVER COLD, I DID NOT WANT TO PAY THE \$5 TO GO THRU THE PARK. (KIND OF WISHED I HAD NOW.) BUT

I WAS OUT OF FILM. I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO HAVE GOTTEN A PICTURE OF JIM AN I PLAYING OR ROLLING IN THIS UNUSAL JULY - MID SUMMER SNOW! (NOTE) I WISHED I HAD HAD, A BACK (SLIPPEN! AND A SLIDING!) (GLIDING ACROSS THE SNOW!)

ON TOP OF MY CAR, OR A BIG ICE CHEST, SO I COULD HAVE GOTTEN SOME OF THAT THAT SNOW TO TAKE HOME OR TO WHEREVER. BUT INSTEAD WE ROLLED ON DOWN THE HILL AN BACK TO HWY. 36. IT SURE WAS A GOR - GEE - US SIGHT TO SEE. THE TALL TREES COVERED WITH THE PURE FLUFFY WHITE SNOW, AN THE WHOLE AREA UNDER A BLANKET OF WHITE, JUST BEAUTIFUL.

I THEN ASKED JIM IF HE HAD EVER BEEN TO MINERAL. AN HE SAID NOPE. SO OFF WE WENT, AT THIS POINT IN TIME, NOW BEING ABOUT 3:10 P.M.. I WAS GETTING AWFULLY SLEEPY. WE STOPPED AT THE STORE, AN I BOUGHT SOME (NO DOSE TABLETS) AN TOOK A COUPLE. ALSO I GOT SOME FILM FOR MY CAMERA, AN SOME ANT - ACID TABLETS FOR MY CHURNING POT BELLY. JIM BOUGHT A

GIANT LONG ROUND CANDY BAR. AN ATE THE (WHOLE THING) Mmmmm! OOOOOO! THEN JUST FOR GENERAL PRANCEABLES, I TOOK JIM OVER TO BATTLE CREEK, TO SEE THREE OLD FISHING HOLE. WE HAD ONLY BEEN THERE A COUPLE OF MINUTES WHEN A YOUNG LAD CAUGHT A NICE RAINBO TROUT. BUT HE HAD TO HAVE A YOUNG LADY TAKE IT OFF THE HOOK FOR HIM. (REMINDS ME OF SOME BODY I KNOW.) (ME!) (FISHY! FISHY! EVERYWHERE, FISHY IN YOUR UNDERWEAR!) (SMILE)

(HERE IT IS A NEW DAY. NOW JULY 26TH 1987 A SUNDAY.) (PLEASE TURN PAGE OVER)

(A BRAND NEW DAY: NOW BEING JULY 26TH) (P.6) (YES! FOLKS! IT IS ONLY 4:05 A.M. SUN)

THEN I TOOK JIM UP TO SHOW HIM BATTLE CREEK, CAMPGROUNDS. AND LOW IN-BEHOLD THERE WAS

OLD-HIPPY CLAY RECTOR.



STILL THERE WITH HIS TRAILER. HE NEVER MOVED OVER TO (LAKE ALMANOR) LIKE HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO DO ON WEDNESDAY. IRIS & NORVAL MARTIN, AN CLAY'S MOTHER WAS ALSO THERE.

WE CAME AT A BAD TIME, THEY WERE JUST SETTING DOWN FOR DINNER. AFTER SUPPER, THEY LET US JOIN THEM FOR A VERY TASTY AND DELISH - US PIECE OF BLACKBERRY COBBLER WITH WHIPPED CREAM, THAT IRIS HAD MADE. IT WAS VERY NICE OF THEM TO LET US TWO ENJOY SOME COBBLER WITH THEM. AN WE BOTH THANKYOU! AFTER DINNER THE MARTINS OF MARTINS ORANGES OF ORLAND, AN CLAY'S MOTHER MRS. RECTOR HEADED BACK TO ORLAND. NORVAL HAD TO GET READY TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL IN CHICO ON TUESDAY TO HAVE SOME KIND OF OPERATION.

JIM AN I VISITED FOR A SHORT TIME WITH CLAY. CLAY TOLD ME THERE WAS A COUPLE IN A BIG MOTOHOME, THAT WAS LOOKING FOR A ROAD THAT WOULD KEEP THEM IN THE HIGH SIERRA'S. SO I WENT OVER TO GIVE THEM SOME IDEA'S, AN SHOW THEM 5 DIFFERENT WAY'S THEY COULD TRAVEL - THEY HAD SOLD THERE HOME IN SAN DEE - A - 99, 13 YEARS AGO. AN HAVE BEEN TRAVELING AROUND THE U.S.A. AND CANA DA EVER SINCE. (GREAT WAY TO GO "HU")

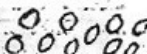
THEN I FOUND OUT THAT THE OTHER COUPLE AN THERE TWO CHILDREN THAT WERE VISITING THEM, FROM SEATTLE WASHINGTON. AND THEY NEW MY UNCLE BOB AN MARTHA GRAM. (BOB IS MY LATE MOTHERS YOUNGER BROTHER.) THEY ALSO AT ONE TIME (LEFT IN 1952) LIVED IN LONGVIEW WASH. AT 3701 OAK STREET. JUST TWO HOUSES WEST OF WHERE I WAS BORN IN 1937 AT 3705 OAK STREET. SO WE TALKED ABOUT LONGVIEW, AN THE OLD HOMESTRAD. AND ABOUT CATCHING FROG'S IN THE OLD SLOUGH THAT RAN IN BACK OF OUR FOLKS PROPERTY AT THAT TIME. (I FOUND OUT HIS NAME WAS ROBERT FISK. AND HE AND HIS MOTHER MARILYN FISK AN SISTER IONE, LIVED THERE FROM 1929 TO 1984. HE MOVED TO SEATTLE WHEN HE WAS 14 YEAR'S OLD. IN 1952. HIS SISTER IONE GOT MARRIED IN 1963 AN MOVED AN STILL LIVES IN PORTLAND OREGON. MR. JOHN FISK THERE FATHER DIED IN 1982. THERE MOTHER MARILYN REMARRIED IN FEB. 1987 AND IS NOW LIVING IN RAYMOND WASH. NEAR THE COAST. WE HAD A VERY NICE TEARFUL REUNION. I HAD NOT SEEN HIM OR HIS FAMILY SINCE 1948 WHEN WE ALL MOVED TO CHICO CALIFORNIA. (SINCE THEN I OFFEN WONDER, WHAT WERE THE ODDS THAT WE WOULD EVER MEET AGAIN. AMAZING WOULD'NT ONE SAY!) WE VISITED UNTILL DARK. I GOT A NICE HUG FROM ALL OF THEM, TO REMEMBER THEM BY. THEN I WENT BACK OVER TO SEE CLAY AN JIM.

JIM AN I HEADED FOR HOME AT 8 P.M. OR LATER. AS WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO THE TOP OF

MORGAN



SUMMIT IT STARTED HAILING



AN SNOWING



REALLY

HARD. IT STOPPED JUST AS WE GOT TO THE 5000 FOOT ELEVATION SIGN. I THEN STOPPED AT CHILDS

MEADOWS AN TOOK A COUPLE OF PICTURES OF THE SNOW COVERED MOUNTAINS. IT WAS (AB - SO - LUTE - LEE GOR - GEONS) AND IT WAS GETTING MECH COLDER. WE THEN CONTINUED EAST ON HWY. 36. IT RAINED LIGHTLY ALL THE WAY TO THE HWY. 32 TURNOFF. FROM DEER CREEK MEADOWS TO FOREST RANCH IT WAS ONLY PARTLY CLOUDY. AN FROM FOREST RANCH TO CHICO IT HAD ALL BUT CLEARED UP. THERE WERE A FEW BIG FLUFFY WHITE THUNDER CLOUDS TO THE FAR NORTH AND ONE OR TWO WAY SOUTH. BUT THAT WAS ABOUT IT.

I GOT JIM HOME AT ABOUT 9:30 P.M.. IT HAD BEEN A LONG DAY. WE HAD SEEN RAIN, HAIL, SNOW, AN THE WIND BLOWING HARD AT BUTT LAKE AN LAKE ALMANOR. SAW SNOW COVERED TREE'S, AT

MT. LASSEN. COW'S AN BULL'S IN LOVE. CHIPMUNK'S AN GOLDEN MANTLE SQUIRREL'S PLAY LEAP THE LOG. SAW GIANT HUSSEARD'S PLAY BUSS THE BUG. (US). MET A LONG LOST OLD FRIEND AN FORMER LONGVIEW NEIGHBOR. GOT TO VISIT WITH OTHER GOOD FRIEND'S. SAW A LOT OF WONDERFUL COUNTRY. AND JIM WAS ABLE TO SEE A BUNCH OF COUNTRY THAT WAS TOTALLY NEW AND FRESH TO HIM. JIM IS A GOOD FRIEND AND A LOT OF LAUGH'S. AND I AM GLAD I WAS ABLE TO SHOW HIM SOME OF (GOD'S AN MOTHER'S NATURE'S WONDER'S.) ESPECIALLY THE UNSEASONABLE MID SUMMER SNOW THIS DAY.

(THIS IS THE END OF JIM HARTS TRIP TO THE HILL'S)

(HOPED YOU ALL ENJOYED READING IT AS MUCH AS I HAD FUN TYPING IT.)

(FINISHED IT JULY 26th 1987 AT 7:24 A.M. SUNDAY) (ALL DONE BY ALAN W. PADGETT)

Now N6RNP 5/9/90