

WRITTEN JULY 1ST 1987 WED.) (P.1) (FROM 8:58 A.M. TO 11:49 P.M.)
YOUR EDITOR IS ALAN W. PADGETT (AN ONE FINGERED TYPED BY SAME, NAME)
STARTED TYPING AT 5:42 A.M. JULY 2ND 1987, AN WILL FINISH SOMETIME THIS SUMMER. HAI HAI!

(THE CLAY RECTOR AUTO ADVENTURE OR TRIP)

ON JUNE 30TH 1987 A TUESDAY. MR. CLAY RECTOR OF ORLAND CA., CAME BY IN HIS MIGHTY

FAST 1972 to 1977 FORD RANCH  ARROW  (ZOOCOONMA !!)
TO PICK ME UP AT MY FATHERSS HOUSE IN CHICO-CA.. WE THEN HEADED NORTH ON THE ESPLANADE, AN

THEN NORTH ON 99E. WE STOPPED TO GET A CUP  OF MEDI - CARE SPECIAL, OR BLACK MUD, OR
BETTER KNOWN AS (HOT  BEAN COFFEE,) AT THE NORTH STAR  CAFE. IT IS ABOUT TEN MILES

NORTH OF CHICO. IT IS LOCATED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE (VINA PLAINSS DESSERT.) NOT MUCH GROWS

OUT THERE, BUT A LOT OF GOLDEN  DRY GRASS, A FEW JACK  RABBITS, SOME SNAKES, 

A FEW COWS  OR A BULL  OR TWO. DOTTED HERE AN THERE, ONE CAN SEE IN THE

DISTANCE OLD COTTONWOOD  TREES, SYC - CA - MORE  TREES, WILD BLACK

WALNUT TREES. AN WILLOW TREES, ALONG THE MANY LITTLE DRY  CREEKS, RUNNING UND
ER THE HIGHWAYS HERE AN THERE.

CLAY IS AN  EX. TANKER TRUCK-DRIVER. AN HE HAD TO STOP AN FLIRT
WITH THE CUTE  WAITRESS IN THE CAFE. THEN AFTER A SHORT VISIT, CLAY HAD TO CALL ANOTH

ER GAL IN THE AREA, SO HE COULD FLIRT SOME MORE. (NOTE) (CLAY IS SOMEWHAT OF A )
CASS - SA - NOVA, WHEN IT COMES TO THE LADIES.) (HE SEEMS TO HAVE OR KNOWS A PRETTY LADY

IN EVERY HOLE - IN - THE  WALL, STOP ALONG THE CALIF. - OREGON - AN NEVADA HIGHWAYS.
(LUCKY HIM?) (ARE YOU SMILING CLAY !) WE THEN HEADED NORTH AGAIN ON 99, PASSING BY MANY

BIG RANCHES,  SOME HAVING NICE WHITE  WOODEN FENCES.

ONCE IN AWHILE, WE WOULD SPOT A BUSSARD OR TWO,  CIRCLING HIGH OVERHEAD LOO

KING FOR (DEAD) ANIMALS  (SMARTS) TO MUNCH ON. LIKE  RABBITS,  SQUIRREL,

CHIP  MONKS, AN  SNAKES. AN OCCASIONALLY SOME (OLD BUSSARD) WOULD BE LOOKING

FOR A HARLEY  RIDER OR GREASY BIKER TO PECK ON. (SMILE CLAY).

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(I'AM STILL PECKING AWAY. PLEASE TURN PAGE OVER FOR MORE FUN.)

(M. (TIME NOW 9:07:14:) MORE)

(P. 2)

(AN JUST GETTING WARMED UP.)

WE THEN PASSED THRU THE LITTLE SLEEPY TOWN OF (LOS MOLINOS), AN GOING BY MANY
ENGLISH

WALNUT, AN PRUNE ORCHARDS THAT GREW ALONG THE HIGHWAY. WE CONTINUED NORTH
GOING THRU DAIRYVILLE, AN PAST THE PINE GROVE ROAD, AN ALONG
THIS TREE LINED HWY. TOWARDS RED BLUFF CA.. CLAY THEN TURNED NORTH ONTO HWY. 36,
PASSING BY A LOT OF NICE HOMES, AN THEN ON UP A LONG HILL, AN OUT INTO MORE WIDE

OPEN COUNTRY. ALONG THIS ROAD ONE COULD SEE MORE WILD GOLDEN GRASS, LAVA
ROCKS, SMALL DRY CREEK BEDS, ROLLING HILLS, THE CASCADE RANGE OR

HIGH MOUNTAINS TO THE NORTH AN EAST. THE MAJESTIC (MT. JASSEN TO

THE EAST AT (10,457 FT.) WITH SOME SNOW LEFT ON IT. AN A FEW PUFFY WHITE CLOUDS,
STARTING TO FORM OR GATHER OVER THE HIGHER PEAKS. (NOTE) THIS DAY TO START WAS A LITTLE
ON THE WARM SIDE. BUT WITH CLEAR BLUE SKIES AN NO WIND.) WE CONTINUED NORTH AN THEN AT
(DALES) WE HEADED EAST UP 36 TOWARDS THE HIGH COUNTRY.

WE DROVE BY PAYNES CREEK, WHERE THEY HAVE A TROUT FISH FARM.
(NOTE) BETWEEN (PAYNES CREEK) AN BATTLE CREEK. WE CAME APON A OLDER COUPLE RIDING A

BEAUTIFUL BLUE TRIKE. A THREE WHEELED V. WAGONED POWERED MOTORCYCLE,
PULLING A BIG BLUE TRAILER. THEY WERE PARKED ALONG THE SOUTH SIDE OF
THE HIGHWAY, TAKING A BREAK. WE STOPPED TO TALK TO THEM. AND I FOUND OUT THAT I KNEW THEM.
IT WAS (JOE & ELLEN EDGAR FROM PARADISE CA.. AN THEY WERE HEADED FOR WASHINGTON STATE TO
VISIT THERE CHILDREN.) I USED TO RIDE WITH THEM WHEN I BELONGED TO THE (CALIFORNIA RETREA
DS XL-+.) THAT IS A MOTORCYCLE CLUB FOR PEOPLE OVER 40, (BUT NOT SEE - NILE YET.)
(SMILE CLAY).

WE SOON CAME TO THE TIMBER LINE. HERE THE AIR WAS FRESH AN CLEAR, AN WE COULD SMELL

THE FRESH PINE TREES. THERE WAS ALL KINDS OF TALL STATELY TREES, LIKE RED FIR,

WHITE FIR, SUGAR PINE, PONDAROSA PINE, MAN - ZA - KNEE - TA
DOGWOOD, AN MANY, MANY MORE THAT I DO NOT KNOW THE NAMES OF. WE DROVE UP A LONG
HILL PASSED O LOT OF DEEP AN LIGHT GREEN GRASSY MEADOWS, WHERE ONE WOULD LIKE TO TAKE HIS
OR HER SHOES OFF, AN RUN OR WALK THRU THE COOL GRASS, AN FEEL THE SOFT BLADES
MUSHING THREW YOUR TOES.

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(TIME NOW 2:36 P.M. GO TO NEXT PAGE PLEASE.)

(JULY 2ND 1987) (AASH A CAT) (P. 3) (I AM GETTING NOWHERE FAST, SMILE.)

ONE COULD HIDE THEMSELVES AWAY IN THE TALL GREEN GRASS, AN HAVE TOTAL PEACE OF MIND. EVEN IF IT ONLY LASTED FOR A MOMENT. THE TOTAL SILENCE OF IT ALL, WOULD MAKE IT A LASTING MEMORY FOR MANY YEARS TO COME.

CLAY FINALLY STOPPED AT BATTLE CREEK CAMP GROUNDS TO CHECK ON FRIENDS, AN TO CHECK THE AREA OUT. IT IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE. LOCATED ON THE SIDE, OR AT THE BOTTOM OF HIGH HILLS ALL AROUND, AN OLD LAVA FLOWS DOTTED HERE AN THERE. THE HIGH MOUNTAIN STREAM OF BATTLE CREEK, WITH IT'S ICE COLD WATERS RUNS TO THE EAST OF THE CAMP GROUNDS. THE COOL WATER RUNS OVER THE MOSS COVERED SANDSTONE AN OLD LAVA ROCKS, UNDER AND AROUND OLD TREE STUMPS AN ROOTS. BY WILD BLACKBERRY BUSHES AN WILLOWS, AN WINDS ON DOWN THE STEEP CANYONS INTO THE VALLEY BELOW.

WE THEN CONTINUED EAST INTO MINERAL. HERE WE STOPPED TO HAVE ANOTHER CUP OF COFFEE, AN A PIECE OF APPLE PIE. AFTER A SHORT REST, AN VIEWING THE BEAUTIFUL TREE COVERED MEADOWS AN HIGH MOUNTAINS, WE DROVE ON.

WE CONTINUED EAST ON 36, AN GOING THRU THE NOW ALMOST DESERTED CHILD'S MEADOWS. (NOTE) A FEW YEARS BACK THERE WAS A NICE RESTURANT, MOTEL, SHELL STATION, RIDING STABLES. BUT THE RESTURANT, SERVICE STATION AND PART OF THE MOTEL BURNED TO THE GROUND A FEW YEARS BACK. AN THEY NEVER BOTHERED TO REBUILD IT. SO NOW THERE IS NOT MUCH GOING ON IN THIS AREA. AS WE DROVE EAST. WE COULD LOOK TO THE SOUTH AN SEE A LARGE AN LONG GREEN GRASSY VALLEY.)

WITH MANY OPEN RANGE CATTLE MUNCHING ON THE FREE GRASS. CLAY SPOTTED A

FEW (DEAD DEER) ALONG THE ROADWAY. (NOTE) (THIS AREA HAS A LOT OF DEER. AN IT IS BETTER TO DRIVE IN THE DAY TIME WHEN THEY ARE SLEEPING. BECAUSE THEY DO MOST OF THERE ROAMING AN FEEDING AT NIGHT.)

WE THEN PAST FIRE MOUNTAIN LODGE, AN CLAY HAD TO DODGE A FEW PILES OF COW OR BULL PUCKY ON THE ROADWAY. BECAUSE HE DID NOT WANT TO GET THE PUCKY ON HIS NEW TIRES, AN GO SLIPPEN AND A SLIDING, GLIDDING ACROSS THE ROOOAD. (HI! CLAY, DOES THIS TICKLE YOUR FUNNY BONE.) (HO! HO!)

(APARENTLY A HERD OF COW'S WERE CROSSING THE HIGHWAY AN THEY COULD'NT HOLD THERE PUCKY UNTIL THEY GOT INTO THE BUSHES, AN MESSED UP OR DOWN THE HIGHWAY. (SMELLY TOO!)

AS WE PASSED THE JUNCTION OF HWY. 32, WE CAME APON A LOT OF SLOW TRAFFIC. THE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT WAS OUT IN FORCE. AN PUTTING DOWN NEW BLACK STICKY OIL, AN NEW GRAVEL. THIS SLOW ED US AND EVERYBODY ELSE DOWN FOR THE NEXT 25 MILES.

WE CONTINUED EAST AN INTO CHESTER CA.. THROWING GRAVEL FROM HIS TIRES EVE RYWHERE. AND A LOGGING TRUCK AHEAD OF US WAS BOUNCING TAR COVERED MINI - ROCKS OFF CLAY'S HOOD AN WINDSHIELD, ALL THE WAY TO JCT. 89, BEFORE THE TRUCK FINALLY TURNED OFF. WE CONTINUED ON INTO CHESTER, PASSED THE LOCAL AIRPORT. HERE WE SPOTTED A FUNNY

LOOKING AIRPLANE CALLED A (GUPPY). IT OPEN'S FROM THE BACK, AN ONE CA N DRIVE A CAR OR A TRUCK RIGHT INSIDE IT. (NEAT HUH!) THERE WAS A LOT OF LITTLE PLANES PA RKED ON THE TARMACK TOO. LOOKED LIKED A BUSY LITTLE PLACE.

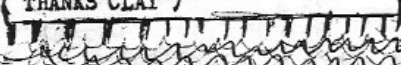
(WELL MY FRIEND. HERE IT IS 7:49 P.M. JULY 2ND 1987. AND I AM NOT EVEN 1/2)

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(DONE YET, BUT I AM SURE HAVING FUN.)
(TURN PAGE OVER PLEASE.)

(STILL JULY) (P. 4) (TAKE A BREAK, AN REST YOUR EYE'S)

WE DROVE RIGHT ON THRU CHESTER WITH CLAY POINTING TO ALL THE GOOD EATING PLACES. AN TO WHERE ALL THE GOOD LOOKING WOMEN WORKED. IN CASE I WAS EVER UP THAT WAY AGAIN, I COULD CHECK AN SEE FOR MYSELF. (THANKS CLAY)

WE THEN CROSSED OVER A LONG  BRIDGE, THAT CROSSES

THE NORTH END OF LAKE ALMANOR. SEEMED TO HAVE ENOUGH WATER IN THE LAKE FOR THIS TIME OF YEAR.

THIS LAKE IS SURROUNDED BY TREE  LINED SHORES. AN (MT)  LASSEN OVER LOOKING IT FROM THE NORTH. IT IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE. AN A GOOD PLACE TO CATCH

 MEOW! CAT. FISH, AN OTHER KINDS TOO. WE THEN DROVE UP A STEEP HILL PAST A REST AREA WHERE WE RAN INTO MORE SLOW TRAFFIC, BECAUSE OF THE ROAD WORK AGAIN. THEN CLAY TURNED ONTO A -13 HEADING SOUTH. HE WAS TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM HAVING TO DRIVE ON THE STICKY TAR AND THE GRAVEL. WE DROVE BY THE EAST SIDE PA - NINCE - SA - LA, WHERE ALL THE (RICH FOLKS LIVE IN THEIR (MILLION DOLLAR SUMMER CABIN'S) BY THE LAKE SHORE. (WHOOPIE ! ! " / " \$\$\$)

THEN CLAY TURNED EAST AGAIN ON HWY. 147, HEADING UPHILL AN PASSING A LOT OF TALL TRE

ES, SKUNK  CABBAGE PLANTS, BUCK  BRUSH, DOG  WOOD TREES, AND A MAN - ZA - KNEE - TA. THEN ONTO A - 21 AN INTO WESTWOOD CA.. CLAY HAD TO CHECK OUT A DAMA

GED ROOF FOR A FRIEND IN TOWN THERE. THE WHOLE HOUSE WAS LEANING TO THE NORTH UPHILL. THE POOR LITTLE OLD HOUSE NEEDED A PAINT JOB BAD. ONE SECTION OF THE OLD SHINGLE ROOF HAD EITHER ROTTED AWAY, OR THE WIND BLEW IT OFF, OR THERE HAD BEEN A FLUE FIRE. IT WAS COVERED WITH A BLUE NYLON TARP. THE LADY OF THE HOUSE SAID IT COULD BE FIXED FOR \$20.00, CLAY SAID MORE LIKE \$250 TO \$750. IF SHE COULD GET IT DONE THAT CHEAP, HE SAID HE DID'NT WANT TO FOOL WITH IT, NOW OR EVER. THAT, THAT WAS NOT REALLY HIS CUP OF TEA. HE WAS AN EXCELLENT MACHANIC AN A EX - TRUCK DRIVER. NOT A ROOFER. HE DID NOT HAVE THE PROPER TOOL'S TO REPAIR IT ANYWAY. SO OFF WE WENT.)

(NOTE) (WESTWOOD IS ANOTHER MILL TOWN. IT WAS BUILT WAY BACK IN THE 30's. AN WAS A REAL LIVELY TOWN ONCE. THE LAST SAWMILL TO OPERATE THERE CLOSED IN 1978. THIS TOWN EVEN HAD A (ONE LANE) BOWLING ALLEY. (SUPER HUH!) WHEN WE GOT BACK OUT ONTO HWY. 36, AN HEADED EAST. WE GOT RIGHT BACK INTO THE TAR AN PEA GRAVEL AGAIN. ABOUT ONE MILE EAST OF WESTWOOD, WE FINALLY RAN OUT OF THE ROAD WORK AREA.

AS ONE TRAVEL'S EAST FROM WESTWOOD, YOU CAN LOOK SOUTH AN SEE A HUGE DARK GREEN OPEN GRASSY MEADOW. THAT GO'S FOR MILE'S AN MILE'S. AN TO THE NORTH THERE IS ANOTHER LARGE

OPEN RANGE LAND AN MEADOW AREA. WHERE  CATTLE, AN  DEER, AN MOUNTAI

N  LION'S, OR MAYBE A  BEAR, AN OTHER ANIMAL'S CAN LIVE AN ROAM WITHOUT FEAR OF GETTING KILLED. THERE IS A FRESH MOUNTAIN CLEAR WATER STREAM MENDING DOWN THRU THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL. AND IF YOU ARE LUCKY, CAN CATCH BEAUTIFUL BROOK  TROUT IN THAT STREAM. AN ALSO THERE ARE LITTLE DEEP HOLE'S FOR SWIMMING. AN ONCE IN AWHILE ONE MITE SEE ONE OR TWO LOVELY MAIDEN'S SUNBATHING ON THE BIG  ROCK'S IN THERE BIRTHDAY SUIT'S. (YUM! YUM! HUH! CLAY.)

(MY TYPING SPEED, REMIND'S ME OF A WORM RACE!..) (THE HOTTER THE SUN)
(GET'S, THE SLOWER THE POOR WORM CRAWL'S. AND SOONER OR LATER JUST DRY'S)
(UP AN BLOW'S AWAY WITH THE WIND.) : (PLEASE GO TO NEXT PAGE.)

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(WELL HERE IT IS ANOTHER DAY.) (GMA) (P.5.) (NOW JULY 3rd 1987 FRI. 5:22A.M.)

THEN WE PASSED AN OLD CAFE THAT WAS CLOSED, AN OLD RED BARN WITH WOODEN FENCES HERE AN THERE. THEN ON UP AN OVER FREEDONTER PASS (AT 5748FT.). WE THEN TURNED NORTH/EAST ON A -1 HWY. HEADING FOR THE NORTH END OF EAGLE LAKE. WE DROVE BY LOT'S OF BURNED OUT FOREST LAND. A SAD SIGHT TO SEE. THEN UP AN DOWN A VERY NARROW WINDING MOUNTAIN ROAD. WE THEN PASSED THE CAMP GROUND'S, AN BOAT MARINA AN GALLETTIN BEACH, THAT ARE LOCATED ON THE SOUTH/WEST SHORE'S OF EAGLE LAKE. WE CONTINUED ON AROUND THE NORTH SIDE OF THE LAKE, PAST THE AIRPORT.

A LITTLE WAY'S PAST THE AIRPORT, I SAW A BIG CINNAMON COLORED BEAR. HE OR SHE WAS HEADED FOR THE LAKE. BOY IT WAS SURE PRETTY AN BIG TOO. AND I DID'NT EVEN HAVE A CAMERA. ("RAT'S")

WE THEN TURNED SOUTH ON A ROAD THAT GO'S TO (SPALDING TRACT.) WE WERE LOOKING FOR SOMEPLACE TO EAT LUNCH. WE FINALLY FOUND A NICE PLACE CALLED (LAKEVIEW INN) THAT SET'S ON THE NORTH SHORE LOOKING SOUTH OVER THE SMALL AIRPORT AT WATER'S EDGE. AN YOU GET A GREAT VIEW OF EAGLE LAKE, AN THE MOUNTAIN'S TO THE SOUTH TOWARD'S THE HIGH VALLEY TOWN OF SUSANVILLE.

IF ONE IS FULL OF ADVENTURE. HE OR SHE OR THEM CAN WALK ABOUT 1 MILE SOUTH ALONG THE

NORTH SHORE TO (PELICAN POINT, AN VIEW THE MANY BROWN PELICAN'S THAT FLY AROUND AN NEST IN THAT AREA. IF ONE KEEP'S A SHARP EYE TO THE SKY, THEY

MITE SEE OR SPOT A GOLDEN EAGLE, OR A BALD EAGLE. THERE ARE A LOT OF THEM AROUND THIS HIGH NATURAL LAKE. PEOPLE COME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO CATCH THE FAMOUS

EAGLE LAKE TROUT. SOME GETTING AS BIG AS 9 TO 10 LBS. THEY ARE A GOOD TASTING FISH IF YOU COOK THEM RIGHT. THERE ARE ONLY TWO TYPE'S OF FISH IN THIS LAKE, THAT CAN SURVIVE IN THE OULKO LIE FILLED WATER'S HERE. THEY ARE WHITE (CHUBB'S) AN (TROUT). THE

THE BIGGER EAGLE LAKE TROUT, EAT THE SMALLER CHUBB'S FOR THERE DAILY DIET. (SMILE CLAY). (NOTE) (HOW AM I DOING CLAY? DO YOU LIKE THIS STORY SO FAR.) (IF SO, SAY YES! I WILL HEAR YOU! HA! HA!)

WE BOTH HAD A NICE HAMBURGER AN FRIES. THEN WE LEFT AN DROVE OUT OF THERE HEADING NORTH/EAST AGAIN ON A-1 HWY.. AS WE WERE STARTING UP A LONG HILL, CLAY POINTED TO THE RIGHT

SIDE OF THE ROAD. AN SAID IT LOOKED LIKE A MOUNTAIN LION WAS CHASING A COTTON TAIL, OR A JACK RABBIT THRU THE SAGE BRUSH. CLAY STOPPED THE CAR, OR TRUCK, OR WHATEVER ONE CALL'S A FORD RANCH ARROW. AN SURE ENOUGH ABOUT 15 TO 20 YARD'S AWAY WAS A BEAUTIFUL LIGHT TANNED MOUNTAIN LION KICKING UP A LOT OF RED DUST CHASING SOMETHING. AFTER ONLY A MINUTE OR TWO, THE BIG CAT RAN OVER A SMALL RIDGE AN THRU SOME SAGE BRUSH, HEADING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE LAKE AN DISAPPEARED. (AGAIN I HAD NO CAMERA, ("RAT'S"). BUT IT WAS MOVING AN DODGING PRETTY GOOD, A I DOUBT IF I WOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO GET A PICTURE ANYWAY. AFTER WE BOTH SAID, WAS'NT THAT SOMETHING ELSE AN (WOW!) (BY GOLLY! GEE WIZ!) WE DROVE ON UP THE HILL AN STOPPING A COUPLE OF TIME'S TO VIEW THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE AN GREEN COLOR'S OF THE LAKE. SURE WAS PRETTY.

WE THEN CONTINUED ON TO OUR DESTINATION, AT THE GAIL GOEKLER HOMESTEAD, ON THE NORTH SHORE OF EAGLE LAKE. ABOUT 1 MILE FROM THE JUNCTION OF A-1/139 HIGHWAY'S. CLAY'S TRIP WAS TO HELP HIS LONG TIME (GOOG BUDDY) WENDELL GOEKLER HAUL A ONE MAN SAWMILL RIG BACK DOWN TO CHICO, AN OUT TO HUGHES PLYWOOD, NORTH OF CHICO. WENDELL WAS SUPPOSE TO HAVE THE TRAILER ALL BUILT AN THE CLEARANCE LIGHT'S ON IT. AN HAVE IT READY TO PUT THE BIG TRAILER AXLE'S AN HUB'S ON, THAT CLAY HAULED UP THERE IN THE BACK OF HIS FORD. WENDELL WAS SUPPOSE TO HAVE THE

PORTABLE SAWMILL AN OTHER STUFF OVER THERE READY TO LOAD IT ON. ALL CLAY WAS GOING TO DO IS HAUL IT FOR HIM. THAT WAS THE AGREEMENT MADE THE DAY BEFORE. WELL CLAY AN I SAT AROUND THERE FOR 3 HOUR'S WAITING FOR WENDELL TO FINISH THE TRAILER. (SLOWER THAN SLOW HERE I GO, PLEASE TURN PAGE OVER.)

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(NOW 10:10 A.M. JULY 3rd 1987) (R.6)

(AND I FINALLY PASSED THE HALF WAY
POINT OF THIS SHORT STORY. SMILE!)

AS WE WERE WAITING. THE WIND CAME UP. IT STARTED TO BLOW

PRETTY -

STIFF. AND IT WAS GETTING CLOUDIER BY THE MINUTE. THE CLOUD'S WERE COMING IN FROM THE SOUTH/EAST, AN THEY WERE GETTING REALLY DARK. AND IT LOOKED LIKE IT WAS RAINING ACROSS THE LAKE AN OVER THE HILL'S AROUND SUSANVILLE CA., 38 MILES AWAY.

WE SAW A LOT OF LIGHTING, BUT WE WERE TO FAR AWAY TO HEAR ANY THUNDER. (RUMBLE! RUMBLE!) THE WIND WAS BLOWING REALLY STRONG AROUND 4 P.M.. AN THERE WERE A LOT OF (WHITE) CAP'S ROLLING ACROSS THE LAKE. AND WITH THE OVERCAST SKY'S AN THE SUN PEAKING THREW HERE AN THERE. THE LAKE IT SELF WAS MANY DIFFERENT COLOR'S. LIKE, LIGHT BROWN VERY DARK GREEN, MILD GREEN, BLUEGREEN, DARK BLUE, AND SOME LIGHT BLUE. WISHED I HAD, HAD A VIDEO CAMERA.

(NOTE) GAIL GOEKLER WHO'S PROPERTY WE WERE ON, SET'S ALMOST RIGHT ON THE LAKE. HIS BIG BEAUTIFUL WHITE WITH BROWN TRIMMED TWO STORY HOUSE, SET'S ON THE NORTH SHORE, FACIN G SOUTH OVER LOOKING EAGLE LAKE, ABOUT 35 YARD'S FROM THE WATER'S EDGE. HE ALSO HAS A NICE WORK SHED. HE HAS MANY TYPE'S OF TRANSPORTATION, AN TWO DIFFERENT BOAT'S. THIS FELLOW LOOKS LIKE HE HAS WORKED VERY HARD ALL HIS LIFE TO GET AHEAD AND BE A SUCCESS. HIS WIFE HAS A BEAUTY SHOP THERE ALSO. HE IS ALSO THE FIRE CHIEF, THE MAYOR, AND THE MAIN FELLOW PUSHING THE BUTTON'S TO IMPROVE THE AREA AROUND THE LAKE. AND HE HAS A BACKHOE SERVICE, SELL'S AND INSTALL'S WOOD STOVE'S. AND HELP'S ANYBODY WHO ASK HIM FOR IT. FOR ALL THE STUFF HE HAS. AN AS WELL OFF AS HE IS. MR. GOEKLER IS A VERY QUIET, AN EASY GOING AN PLEASANT PERSON. AND NO T A BIT OF A STUFF SHIRT. I ONLY MET HIM ONCE. AND HE DID NOT ACT LIKE HE WAS ANY BETTER THEN ANYBODY THERE. HE WAS THERE ABOUT TWO HOUR'S, WONDERING AROUND DOING THIS AN THAT. THE N SAT DOWN AN TOOK SOME TIME TO VISIT. THEN QUIETLY GOT ON HIS BACKHOE TRACTOR AN RODE OFF INTO THE LATE AFTERNOON TO DO ANOTHER JOB. (HOPE I GET TO MEET HIM AGAIN SOMEDAY AN GET TO KNOW HIM A LITTLE BETTER.)

ABOUT 4:35 P.M., WENDELL TOLD CLAY THAT IT DID'NT LOOK LIKE HE WAS GOING TO GET THE TRAILER DONE BEFORE DARK. HANDED CLAY CLAY SOME GAS MONEY. THEN CLAY AND I HEADED FOR THE SMOKEY SACRAMENTO VALLEY. CLAY DROVE OVER TO THE ONLY CHEVON GAS PUMP'S IN THE AREA, TO GET SOME GO JUICE. WHEN HE WENT TO PAY FOR THE GAS INSIDE THE BUILDING. HIS PULSE JUMP ED TO 150 OVER 90, WHEN HE SPIED A GOOD LOOKING BLOND LADY, BEHIND THE COUNTER. WHEN HE CA ME BACK TO THE TRUCK. HE WAS PANTING LIKE CRAZY AN HAD A NICE SMILE. (GREAT LOOKING BLOND HE SAID.) (SMILE CLAY!)

(NOTE) YEAR'S AGO A-1 HIGHWAY WAS JUST RED DIRT AN GRAVEL. JUST IN THE LAST 3 YEAR'S, IT HAS BEEN PAVED FROM HWY. 36 TO THE SOUTH, TO HWY. 139 TO THE NORTH. IT IS SO MUCH MORE INJOYABLE TO DRIVE AROUND THE LAKE NOW. NO MORE GETTING YOUR CAR OR TRUCK DIRTY.

AS WE WERE APROUCHING THE WEST SIDE OR SOUTHERN END OF THE LAKE. WE SAW 8-DEER CR OSSING THE ROAD, JUST WEST OF THE AIRPORT. LOOKED LIKE THERE WAS 1 SPIKE AN 7 DOE. THEY WERE SURE GRACEFUL, BOUNDING OFF ACROSS THE FLATLAND'S AN DISAPEARING INTO THE TAIL-TIMBER.)

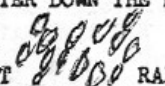
AFTER GOING OVER THE TOP OF THIS NARROW MOUNTAIN ROAD, WITH NO . GUARD RAIL'S. CLAY SUDDENLY PUT THE PEDDL E TO THE METAL, AN SPEEDED UP GOING DOWNHILL, AN SQUEELING HIS

TIRE'S IN A SHARP LEFT HAND TURN, AN (SCARED THE PUCKY) TO PUT IT MILDLY, RIGHT O UT OF ME. I THINK I GREW 4 INCHES IN ONE SECOND. MY HINE - KNEE FELT A LITTLE DAMP AND MUSHY. (BUT I CHECKED LATER AND IT WAS O.K.!) I ASKED CLAY TO SLOW DOWN, AN HE DID. I TO LD HIM I DID'NT LIKE HIM DRIVING SO FAST ON A NARROW ROAD. (AND HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO H AVE SOME FUN WITH THE KID COMING UP BEHIND HIM, AN JUST LAUGHED. CLAY DID'NT REALLY SAY MU CH.) (BUT I TOLD HIM THAT HE PROBLEY THOUGHT I WAS A PANSY, AN RELATED TO THAT YOUNG FEL LOW IN ORLAND, THAT WAS AFRAID OF THE DARK AND I ALSO SAID IF HE DID'NT DRIVE AT A SAFE SP EED, I WAS GOING TO GET OUT AN WALK DOWN THE HILL. HE STILL DID'NT SAY MUCH. JUST SMILED OR GRINNED A LOT. I TOLD HIM I WAS SPOILING ALL HIS FUN. (OH! WELL! I AM AFRAID OF SOME THING'S. SORRY ABOUT THAT. (NOW, YOU CAN SMILE AWHILE MY FRIEND.)

(SLOWY I GO, INCH BY INCH. PLEASE GO TO NEXT PAGE.) C/1987

(NOW 12:57 P.M. AN MY ONE FINGER IS) (P.7.9) GETTING RED FROM POUNDING THE KEY'S)
(CLAY'S "HUH" "HUH")

AFTER THAT HE DROVE OKAY, AND WE BOTH LAUGHED ABOUT IT, LATER DOWN THE ROAD. HE IS A VERY GOOD DRIVER, AN I SHOULD HAVE TRUSTED HIM MORE.

(NOTE) AS WE WERE COMING ACROSS THE LAST PART OF A-1 HWY.. IT  RAINED HARD FOR ABOUT 3 OR 4 MINUTES. JUST ENOUGH TO GET THE DUST WET ON THE WINDSHIELD, AN MAKE IT SPOTTY. AND WE SAW A LOT OF LIGHTING STRIKES.)

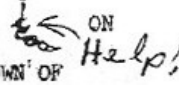
WE THEN HEADED WEST ON 36. AS WE DROVE ALONG, CLAY SPOTTED ANOTHER DEAD DEER ALON

 GSIDE THE ROAD. AN THIS ONE HAD A GIANT UGLY BUSSARD, SETTING ON TOP OF IT, AN HAVING A FREE SNACK. OR TRYING TO BE A GOOD BIRDIE BY CLEANING UP THE ROADSIDE. (NICE AN THOUGHTFUL BIRD "HUH"!) WE AGAIN WENT UP AN OVER FREEDONYER PASS, AN BY THE BIG MEADOW. (CLAY TOLD ME A STORY ABOUT WHEN HE WAS DRIVING TRUCK ONE DAY ON THE WAY BACK TO CHICO, ON THIS SAME ROAD. HE SPOTTED THIS GORGES RED HEAD, LAYING ON A BIG ROCK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CREEK BY THE ROAD, BARE AS THE DAY SHE WAS BORN. CLAY PUT ON THE BINDER'S, BUT HAD NO PLACE TO PULL OVER AN STOP. SO HE JUST SMACKED HIS LIP'S AN SAID MAYBE NEXT TIME.)

(HI! CLAY, ARE YOU STILL SMILING.)

AT THIS POINT WE RAN OUT FROM UNDER THE BIG WHITE  FLUFFY CLOUD'S THAT WERE MOVING NORTH/EAST, AN IT STARTED WARMING UP AGAIN. AT WESTWOOD WE TURNED SOUTH/WEST AN DROVE AGAIN DOWN A-21. WHEN WE WERE APROUCHING SOME RAILROAD TRACK'S, CLAY HONKED HIS HORN AT A WOMEN WALKING WITH A CHILD. AND GOT HER TO SMILE. AND IT PROBLEY MADE HER DAY. WE THEN DROVE ALONG THE EAST SIDE OF LAKE ALMANOR, PASSING MANY LOVELY HOME'S BUILT ALONG

THE SHORE'S. WE SAW A FEW BOAT'S OUT FISHING. TRYING TO CATCH SOME WATER THERE HOOK'S OR TRYING TO DROWN THERE WORM'S. THEN WE CAME TO JCT. 147/89.

WE THEN DROVE SOUTH, AN TAKING IT SLOW AN EASY, SO TO ENJOY THE LITTLE TOWN OF  ON  Help!

CANYON DAM. THEN DOWN OVER THE HILL AN UNDER WOLF  CREEK PASS, AN ON INTO GREENVILLE CA.. (HERE'S ANOTHER MINTOWN THAT HAS NO SAWMILL WORKING ANYMORE. THE UNEMPLOYED AN THE WELFARE PEOPLE HAVE TAKEN IT OVER.)

WE STOPPED TO GET MORE GAS. THEN DROVE SOUTH AGAIN ON 89, AN UP AN OVER HILL AN DALE, ALONG THE WEST SIDE OF INDIAN VALLEY, THRU CRESENT MILL'S, AN PASSED THE TAYLORVILLE TURN OFF, WINDING OUR WAY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE WITH THE BLUE/GREEN WATER'S OF INDIAN CREEK REFLECTING THE SUNLIGHT OFF IT'S COLD CLEAR WATER'S AS IT FLOWED TO MEET THE MIGHTY FEATHER RIVER. WE THEN TURNED ONTO HWY. 70 AN DROVE SOUTH/WEST DOWN THIS STEEP ROCKY WALLED FEATHER RIVER CANYON. WITH THE CRYSTIL CLEAR WATER'S MENDING IT'S WAY THRU THE HUGE SANDSTONE AN GRANTE BOULDER'S, AN UNDER AUTO AN RAILROAD BRIDGES. AND CONTINUING OVER AN THREW MANY, MANY POWER DAM'S, TO END IT'S JOURNEY BY FLOWING INTO LAKE OROVILLE. SOME 60 MILE'S DOWN TO THE VALLEY. THE WATER'S WERE MUCH MORE CALM AN MILD NOW.

(NOTE) (BUT IN EARLY 1986, THE FEATHER RIVER WAS A RAGING TORRENT. WITH FLOOD WATER'S KNOCKING DOWN TREE'S, BRIDGE'S. AND TAKING BIG CHUNK'S OF THE HIGHWAY OUT. THIS HIGHWAY WAS CLOSED FOR ALMOST A YEAR, BEFORE THEY GOT IT OPENED AGAIN TO MAJOR TRAFFIC. SOME WORK CREW'S TODAY ARE CUTTING DOWN THE OVER GROWTH OF WILLOW AND OTHER SMALL TREE'S ALONG THE NORTH BANK'S. CLAY TOOK A LAZY DRIVE DOWN THE CANYON. SO IT WOULD GIVE US BOTH TIME TO SEE SOME OF THE PRETTY SITE'S TO LOOK AT.)

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(GUESS WHAT? THE END IS NEAR, I CAN SEE THE LAST PAGE JUST OVER THE RISE.)
(PLEASE TURN PAGE OVER.)

(IT IS NOW 2:49 P.M. JULY 3RD 1987) TYPED (P.S.) (BET YOU CAN'T WAIT TO GET TO THE)
(END "HUH". SMILE AGAIN.)

WE FINALLY STOPPED IN TOBIN TO STRETCH
(a drink) AN I HAD A SECRETARY, (a drink). LOOKED AT THE FISH POND. VISITED MY
JAPANESE GIRL FRIEND. (TOY - E - LET). THEN WE HEADED FOR HOME. WE SAW A FEW

ROCKY LANDSLIDES. WENT THRU THREE ROCK TUNNEL'S.
UP AN OVER ONE LAST STEEP WINDING ROAD AN OVER (JARBO GAP.) PASSED THE DOME STORE ALONG
HWY. 70. OVER ONE ARM OF LAKE OROVILLE. PASSED THE TURN OFF TO CHEROKEE. THEN NORTH AN WEST

ON PENTZ ROAD. AN PASS THE COWBOY STORE TO CLARK ROAD. THEN PASS BUTTE
COLLEGE, AN THEN NORTH ON 99, AN BACK INTO CHICO.

WE WERE BOTH A LITTLE HUNGRY, SO WE WENT OUT TO THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX. TO HAVE
HAVE SOME TUMMY FOOD. AFTER WE ATE. CLAY TOOK ME HOME. IT WAS NOW 10:45 P.M.. CLAY TOLD ME
HE ENJOYED MY COMPANY. AND I TOLD HIM THE SAME. THEN HE LEFT AN WENT BACK TO ORLAND CA.
THEN ON WEDNESDAY CLAY TOOK OFF FOR PART'S UNKNOWN. AND I SPENT ALL DAY AN NIGHT WRITING
THIS SHORT STORY.

SURE HAD A GOOD TIME.. AN WAS ABLE TO CLEAR MY MIND FOR A DAY WITH ALL THE MESS
AN TROUBLE'S GOING ON AT HOME. MET A LOT OF NICE PEOPLE, WHO CARED LESS.. FOR WHAT ONE HAD.
SAW A LOT OF BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY. AN MOST OF ALL. SPENT IT WITH A GOOD FRIEND. (THANKYOU)
(CLAY). (ONE OF THE LAST POOR BOY'S TRYING TO MAKE A LIVING.)

(HOPED YOU ENJOYED READING THIS CLAY. AS MUCH AS I ENJOYED WRITING AN TYPING
AN DRAWING IT.)

(FINISHED IT AT 3:32 P.M. JULY 3ND 1987)

(BY ALAN WILLIAM PADGETT) (OR OLD POLAR BEAR.)

OR

ALWAY'S LOOKING AT NOTHING

OR

ALFA LIMA ALFA NOVEMBER

OR

ALWAY'S LOVING ALMIGHTY NAVIGATOR

(BYE! BYE! NOW!)