

Hand written 8/29/87

(1)

An

One fingered typed starting 3/12/99

(FLOSS - SEE'S AUTO TRIP TO MT. LASSEN)

At 6:30 a.m. Aug. 28 1987, I left my fathers house at 177 east 4th ave. to go pick up Florance McCray at her nice Mobile Home, off East Lassen Ave. We were going

to Cozy Inn to meet up with her adopted son Don Kemp to have an early morning breakfast, before heading out for our lazy drive to the High Mountains.

(NOTE) I met Florance, sometimes called (Flossie) by her friends, thru Mr. Don Kemp who is an Auto Machanic friend of my mine, some two months earlier.)

She is a nice lady. She keep's Don fead with all the right food, so he can keep his Manly Shape. She is quiet active for her years. (She tells everybody she's 100 years old.) But she is really only 81.) At that time, she still drove her own car, Cleans house, cook's quiet well. Always trying to stuff her friends with good food and yummy ice cream. She also takes care of a lady named Alice two days a week.

Sometime on Aug. 24th or 25th Florance said to me. Next time you go to the mountains, I would like to ride along. So I told her at that time I would be going the following friday. I can't remember right off the top of my little beeny or beany what each of us had for our breakfast. Because I 'am getting (See - Nile) in my old age. But it goes something like the following.

Don had two egg's over easy. Hash Browns. Dry wheat toast. And a cup of black mud. (coffee) Florance had 2 egg's sunny side up or gooeee yokes. 2 Flap jacks with butter an maple sur - rup bacon white toast an milk. And I had 3 pooched egg's hard as a rock. 3 fluffy pan - cakes with butter an maple sur - rup. An 2 cup's of Medi - care special. (coffee)

About half way thru our marvelous mun - chee's, Flornace asked Don if he would come and get us if my old 1965 V.W.Bug should happen to break down. Don kinda looked at the floor an with a slight smile said: (OH YOU BET AS LONG AS IT IS NO LONGER THAN 5 MILES AWAY.)

After breakfast which I paid for. Poor Don headed for his work 20. And Flossy and I headed north in my trusty little BUG.

The weather this day was nice an sunny. Not to hot or too cold. As we were traveling north up 99 we could look to the north/ east and see the snowless Mt. Lassen looming in the distance. We passed by miles an miles of golden grasses, The old north star cafe where truckers and others wet there whistles. On by an english walnut dryer. Also saw a few sheep, a cow or two. Some black birds, and one giant buzzard keeping a watchful eye on our prog - gress going up the highway.

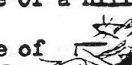
(WOW WEE ONLY 6 HOURS TO TYPE THIS PAGE. FAST AIN'T I.)

Copy Write © 99
A.W.P.

YES, ANOTHER DAY 3/13/99 SAT. 6 A.M. (2)

At the little town of Vina, Ca. I took Flossie over to see the Trapeze Monistary. Where thier are real live Monk's  doing the lords work. It sure has changed since I was there last in 1985 with the (RETREAD XL+ MOTORCYCLE CLUB) I use to belong too. They have planted pink, red an white oleander bushes on both sides of the road leading to the main gate. Which is now kept closed. Years ago one used to be able to drive right or rite or wright in to the parking lot. Then take a mini tour of all the beautiful old brick buildings, and even visit the very large wine cellurs. But no more. They used to grow lots of grapes an row crops. But now they grow mainly nuts an fruits. Like english walnuts, almonds, prunes, pears, an kiwi's. I then drove Flossey over so she could eye the little an i mean little town of Vina. Then on back out to hwy. 99.

We then contunied north up 99E crossing over Deer  Creek, an passing by many orchards an going thru Los Molinos, to Dairy  Ville. Here I stopped to fill the tank full of go juice. We then headed north towards Red Bluff, an crossing over Salt Creek overflow to Hwy. 36. Then headed north/east up Hwy 36 passing by more open grass lands, and thousands of large an small lava rocks that were laid or layed down upon this whole area in 1914 when Mt. Lassen blew it's top. Once in awhile we would spot that hungry looking old buzzard that was keeping his  eye on us. There were a few jack rabbits, an some range  cattle, but not much else.

At Dales, Ca. we drove north on A-6 passing by more rocks an scrub oak and a couple of big ranches. Then in the middle of no - where there was an old irrigation canal winding it's way along the side of a hill.  Flossey pointed out to me a little musk rat riding along on a piece of  wood, while trying to navigate the ripples an white water flowing down the hill to the valley below. At the Manton store we stopped to get a soda, an to stretch our legs. Took a few pictures of the store an the Fire Station across the street. Then we continued up a very narrow winding mountain road. Going by a few old Cabins Barns, Corrals nestled in the trees an rattle snake brush. On several turns, we could get a good view of the valley below, an the road we had just came over. Sure was smokey down thair.

At Shingle  Town, we stopped to rest, take some more pictures, an drink a cup of cold ice water that Flossie was kind enough to bring along. We then drove east on Hwy. 44, up into the tall timber. As we climbed higher it started getting cooler.

Then we came apon (DON'S NICK NAME). A place called (BIG  WHEEL).

I think it was a resturant an small shopping center. Flossie and I had given Mr. Kemp a new (NICK NAME) after he had bought this big new yellow or creamed colored boat.  It had Airconditioning, Fancy Seat Covers, Wall to Wall carpet, A.M & F.M. Radio, 8 Track Sterio, and two little triangle shaped Red Lights in the rear seat deck area that showed the driver that his rear running lights were working properly. This Boat was called a CAT-TOW-LACK. (Smile Don)

(WOW IT ONLY TOOK ME 11 HOURS TO DO THIS PAGE. FAST I AM I AM, HUH!)

YES, ANOTHER DAY. WONDERFUL!

(3) 3/14/99 SUN. AT 9:03 A.M. SLOW HUH!

We then continued east up hwy 44 to Viola, Ca. (The Mayor of this tiny berg is WOFJU Dave Jewell). On up the road by many homes, open meadows, lava rock formations, and a few clear creeks, to the north entrance to Lassen National Park at Hwys 44/89. Here I turned right onto 89 and went about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to the Visitors Center to rest and look around. It was a little warm for being this high up.

We both went over and read about the history of Mt. Lassen, part of the ring of fire, as they call this area. We also read about the Native American Indians who once roamed this area free as the wind, until the White Man came. Then we went into the Visitors Center where I bought Florance one small book. And she bought 3 postcards. After looking around a few more we decided to head south thru the park.

We then got in my (TRUSTY LITTLE  BUG.) But when I went to start it! It

Did'nt! An I said to myself, NOT AGAIN. After saying to myself a FEW CHOICE WORDS, I pushed or rolled the car down to the bottom of the parking lot to get it in the shade. Not being a machanic, I had no idea what to look for. I thought IT was'nt getting any gas. So I changed the fuel pump. I put the new one on that I had brought along. Took about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. But that did'nt work. So with Flossie steering I pushed the car up the hill by the Ranger Station. It was a mite warm setting in the car. So Florance said I could use her 3 A towing card to get us out of there. First she called Chico, and they told her to call Kens Towing in Burney, Ca. up on hwy. 299 and east of Redding, Ca. The tow truck would get there in 45 minutes. Then I took florance over to the Visitors Center so she could sit down, and get out of the heat.

I went back out to the car. The Park Ranger came over to see if he could find out why car would'nt start. But he could'nt figure it out either. As I was sitting in the car and

talking to myself, the young lady Park  Ranger came by heading for her car. I asked

her if she was going to go by the Park Store. And if I gave her some money, would she pick

me up some (TWINKIES ) for my starving friend and me. I had told Flossey we would

be having lunch at Mineral, Ca. so she did'nt have to pack a Basket  Lunch. Boy was

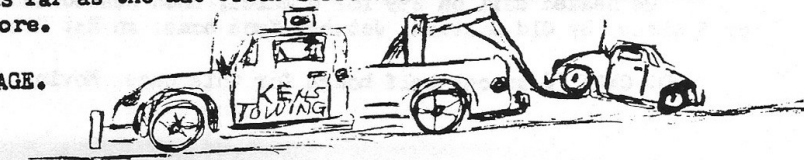
I ever wrong. (But how did I know the little Bug was going to quit  running. It had

been running great the past 6 months. BUMMER. The ladies name was (BECKY). She went to the store and came right back with some twinkies, Lays Potato Chips, and two quarts of milk, before she went on her lunch break. How sweet of her to do that, bless her heart.

While waiting for the tow truck, we both saw a couple of deer crossing  the north end of the parking lot, and that old Buzzard still keeping an eye on us. There was'nt much in the way of wild life for our travels this day. When the tow truck finally showed up. He first gave me a push up the hill to see if we get my car started that way. It did'nt work. He said it sounded like the engine had sucked a valve. (BOY JUST WHAT I NEEDED TO HEAR.) I asked Ken how much it would cost me to haul it to Chico. He said about \$315. Then said he would tow me to the nearest town, which was Burney. Which was 28 miles north of the Park. If I had had my head on straight I would have told him (NO) that he should have towed me west the 18 miles back to Shingletown. Which would have put me that much closer to Chico. (BUT I WAS NOT THINKING STRAIGHT, AND IT COST ME A WHOLE LOT OF UNNESSARY EXPENSE.

Ken had brought his brother inlaw along. There was no way all four of us were going to fit in the front seat of that truck. Even tho it was against the law, Flossie and I had NO Choice, but to ride in my car as far as the Hat Creek Store about 12 miles north. Where Ken had a garage across from the store.

WOW ONLY 4 HOURS TO DO THIS PAGE.



From Lassen Park we headed north on 89/44 up an over Eskimo Hill at 5,920 FT. an sometimes called BUNNY HILL for all those lovely ladies that ride there Snowmobiles in the Buff. We past along side Hat Creek that Meandered along this high mountain road before it's crystal clear waters Joined the Pit River that flows west an dumps into Lake Shasta. Lots of old lava flows an tall timber going this way.

At Kens first stop near his home, I called my FRIEND DON KEMP in Chico to see if he could come up an get us in Burney after he got off work. He laughed an said: whats wrong now. And he asked to talk to Florance. She told Don of our troubles an he agreed to come an get us. We both felt a little better then. Ken left his brother inlaw at his home, so we could ride the last 16 miles with him in his truck. A whole lot safer this way. (NOTE) On the way in Ken said there were two differant fishermen who had caught a 11lb. 4oz. rainbo trout and a 14lb. 3oz. german brown out of Hat Creek that week. We also passed by an area where there had been a Forest Fire a couple of weeks earlier. It looked black an ugly. It was started by a man burning debris at his Camp Site.

When we arrived at Kens Towing, they put my car in back with other ones, so it would'nt get lonely. Ken showed Flossie a nice room in back of his office. It had a color t.v., leather

SOFA  foot  stool, a chair  a two speed  fan, and a cot if

she felt like taking a nap while waiting for Don to show up. Ken told her there was a nice place called B.J.'s COFFEE SHOP  down the street. She said she was so hungry the little butterflies  were playing chop sticks on her ribs. An doing the jitter

bug in her tummie. So we walked about 3 blocks west to the cafe. It was getting hot outside so it was nice to get inside where it was cool. A very cute blonde haired lady took our order.

Flossey had a breaded Veal  cutlet, mashed  potatoes, country  gravy string  beans, 1 dinner  roll, and coffee  . I had the same, except I had 3 dinner  rolls, brown gravy, and a large  pepsi. I took the ticket. But she

gave me the evil eye, an said ur or your not going to pay for this meal, I am. so I gave the ticket back. (NOTE) While waiting for our delicious dinner to arrive, I called my Sister Barbara in Durham Ca. an asked her to get a hold of her husband Harvey to see if he could hall my car home. We were still on good speaking terms back there, unlike today. Sad huh!

After I finished eating, I walked back down to Kens shop to see how late he stays open. Then I walked back to the cafe, an Flossey was still eating. So I got another Coke. After she paid for our dinner, I left a nice tip. We walked back to the shop. She watched t.v., an napped a little, talked with Ken an I some more, an napped a little.

At about 6:20 p.m. I decided to walk back over to the cafe for another coke, an watch the pretty girls. About 100 feet from the front door, Don drives by. He made a fast trip. He said he left early from work an it was only 120 miles the way he came up Hwy, 99 an I-5 to Redding. Then east on Hwy. 299. We went to the shop, an Ken was just locking up. Good timing on Don's part huh! Florance smiled a big SY OR SI of releaf an gave Don a big HUG. Don Checked my car out, but could'nt figure out what was wrong, so we left. I told Don I thought it was a bit shorter going back down the way we had come up. So he said he would try it. I gave Him pack of twinkies an he inhaled them. It did'nt get dark until around 8:45 p.m.

We headed east on 299 for 6 miles, then headed south on 89 crossing over Hat Creek 4 or 5 times. By Old Station, Jct. 44, Kens home, an Hat Creek Store.

WOW ONLY 8 an one half hours for this page. Moving right along ain't I .

YES ANOTHER DAY 3/15/99 MON. (5) NOW 7:26 A.M. STILL OVERCAST NO RAIN.

We then climbed up an over Eskimo Hill once again. And as we approached the north entrance to Lassen Park Don spotted a RED FOX with a big bushy tail running from east to west across 89. At first he thot it was a DEER. But deer dont have bushy tails. I



an Flossey did'nt see it. Only Don had the keen or sharp eyesight for this time of nite or night. Then Don surprised us both by making a left hand turn into the Park. He said that Florance deserved to see the Park after all she had been thru. I told him, sorry old man, but I BID'NT plan on my car breaking down. At the north gate I paid for the ticket to get through the Park an gave Don the change to help pay for the gas.



We drove past Manzanita Lake that had the late afternoon sun dancing across it's cold deep waters. We stopped so I could Take a picture of Don an Florance standing next to it. Then on by Reflection Lake an on down past the Cender Rocks dotted by the PIGMY PINE FOREST on the north side of MT. LASSEN. If one looked really hard



you could see a small patch of snow left on top. The rest of the mountain this day was bare rock, pumice sand, gravel with lots of tall timber all around it's base. We traveled from 4,000 ft. to 9,000 ft. Then by the Summit Parking Lot an on down the hill by Helen Lake, Emerald Lake, the Sulfur Works where some people stop to drink the smelly egg water. Here use to stand the 11,000 ft. Mt. Tehama before it fell down within it's self many, many, masy moon ago.



As we were headed down the road by the Sulfur Works a doe deer popped up from a small hill an ran along side the car on our right side before bounding across the road some 15 ft. in front of us an disapearing over the hill. All the way thru the park on our drive, we had an ECHO in the car's front seat. Everytime Don would say something I would Repeat it loude so Florance could hear it, because Don has a soft voice. We sounded like McMann an Carson on the Tonight Show. We all had a few laughs over that. HA! HA! (SMILE DON)



I thought It was very nice of Don to go out of his way to show Florance most of the park before it got to dark to see. If I ever get a chance to take her back up before winter sets in, I'll take my Fathers 1970 Plymouth with its great airconditioner. The same car I took dad on two differant auto trips to Canada in April of 1986 an Longview, Wa. in June of 1987. Plus I'll take a case of twinkies. (SMILE FOLKS)

After coming out of the Park, we headed east on Hwy. 36 an down over (DEAD HORSE OR MORGAN SUMMIT) an on over Mill Creek, where earlier this summer I had (FALLING ROCK). Thru Childs Meadows an by Fire Mountain Lodge to Hwy. 32. Then we headed south/west past DEER CREEK MEADOWS an traveling by Deer Creek an Chico Creek some 25 winding miles. We finally hit a wider section of road at Lomo and the Butte Meadows turnoff, an continued the next 27 miles thru the darkened night towards the big valley below. As we came down the last long hill into Chico, the Moon had turned a GOLDEN ORANGE an looked like a giant slice of Canalope sliding down behind the Caost Range Mountains to the north/west. It was close ta 10 p.m. when Don

Dropped me off at my Fathers House at 177 EAST 4TH AVE. Then He took Florance out for a late supper, before taking her home. I was really pooped out. But I Could'nt get to sleep until 12:40 a.m. Sat. morning.



NOW ONLY 3½ hours to do this page. Man i'am faster than a gopher in a snake pit, HUH!

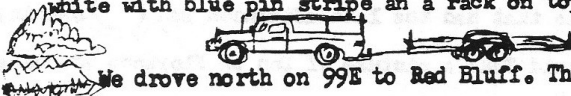
NOW MOVING RIGHT ALONG 3/15/99 MON.

(6)

NOW 11:10 A.M. BLUE SKY'S OUTSIDE.

All an all it had been a nice day. We saw a lot of nice country, an shared a chuckle or two. I did'nt care for leaveing or leaving my car in Burney. But I had No Choice. Florance talked to me like a Mother I NO LONGER HAD. (MY Mother passed on in Dec 1975.) Told me there was a reason for my car breaking down. She did not say much when I lost my cool an said those not so nice choice words. She paid to have my car towed. Theated me to a DE-LISH-US dinner. Helped me pay for my Phone Calls. And had nice long chat's with Ken. Don Kemp never charged me one copper Penny for coming an getting us. However I did give a few bucks for gas. I have known MR. KEMP who is a very good auto machanic, an has his own business for many a year. He is a very honest person an helpful to those poor folks in need. And I thank him again for helping us that day.

The next day AUG. 29 1987 started early. I was up at 5:18 A.M.. My Brother-in-law Harvey Gore came by at 6:20 A.M. to pick me up, an go get my car. He was driving a Big Chevy 3/4 TON white with blue pin stripe an a rack on top. Pulling a 14 Ft. four wheel flatbed trailer.



We drove north on 99E to Red Bluff. This day was already very warm, with lots of fluffy

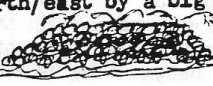
white clouds to the north, an a few Large Thunder Heads over the mountains to the north/east. It was sure smokey today. We could hardly see any of the coast range mountains, and it only worse as the day wore on. We headed north on I-5 on over the mighty Sacramento River. On past

the road that goes to the (IDA ADOBE  MONUMENT) a State Historical Site on the

banks of the Sacramento River. This was once home to the FIRST GOVENER OF CALIFORNIA. WILLIAM B. IDA. The Oringial adobe cabin still sets along the north back of the river, along with a Carriage House with a real live Donkey in a corral guarding it. And also an old Water Well an Antiques of the past.

We continued north on I-5 going thru Cotton  Wood, then up the hill to Anderson.

We took the Deschuttas Road exit an headed north/east by a big lumber Company called Paul

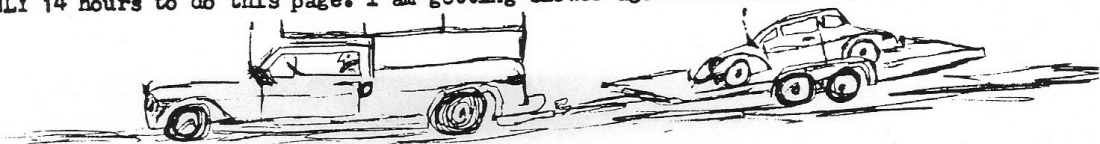
Bunyin. It sure had a lot of large log piles,  with A springler system

running thru the middle on the top. The reason they keep the logs wet is:
NO.1 They cut better. NO.2 The ban saw's they use to cut the logs last longer. NO. 3 The timber or lumber does not split as bad when wet, compared to cutting a bone dry log. NO.4 It cuts down on the fire danger.

We crossed the railroad tracks an drove thru this quiet little valley to Palo Cedro at Hwy. 44. Here we stopped to get a cold drink and a couple of donuts. Stretched our legs, then drove north under Hwy. 44 an on up to Hwy. 299, at Bella Vista. Then east on 299 by Ingot, Round Mountain, Montgomery Creek an up an over Hatchet Mtn. Summit at 4,368 ft. an on into Burney, ca. We had driven by a couple of large Saw Mills on the way into town. We arrived at Ken's Towing at 9:35 A.M.

It took Harvey with the help of his come-a-long a chain an cable about 15 minutes to put my little blue bug on the trailer. After getting it all tied down, we headed for B.J.S Cafe. I treated him to a nice big breakfast. Before leaving he had to rewire his trailer plug. That old work truck sure ran good for a 235 - 6 Cycinder. An it went up an back on only 1 tank of gas. The fastest we could go was about 52 mph. If we went any faster. The trailer would do the old fishtail. So it took about 1 hour longer to go home. AS we dropped off the western side of Hatchet Mtn. we could sure feel the differant or differances in the heat. At Bella Vista we stopped for another cold drink. At this point Harvey decided to continue west into Redding, an go down I-5. We took a much needed potty stop at the Rest Area just north of Red Bluff.

NOW ONLY 14 hours to do this page. I'am getting slower again. Bummer.



YES IT IS ANOTHER DAY 3/16/99 TUES.

(7) NOW 2:07 A.M. WITH POTATOES ON THE STOVE.

At the rest area there was a HOT DOG VENDER. So I treated Harvey an myself to 1 each.



They were very good. We then headed south again. When we went over the river

north of Red Bluff we both felt like stopping an taking a cool dip. But there was no place to park, RAT'S. We then headed south/east on 99. As we passed the Motel 6 Sign an it also had one of those lighted signs that give the temperture. It was now 1:45 p.m. at 108 degrees. And we did not have an airconditioner in this truck. We both felt like a couple of big BOILED LOBSTERS. When we passed thru the Dairyville area, Some of the English Walnut Farmers were irrigating there orchards, and it cooled off our drive for the next 10 miles or so. We stopped in Los Molinas for one last large coke at the BURGER SHACK. We arrived back in Chico at 3:15 p.m. Harvey dropped me off at my Fathers house. So I could pick up dads car. So Harvey would'nt have to haul his trailer back across town to bring me home. The closes spot we could find to unload the car was a block from Dons Shop. He does'nt work on Sat. or Sundays.

I gave Harvey \$68 cash. Plus one of those old style AUTO WINDOW COOLERS. Just hang it on your truck or car window an fill it with ice an water an drive down the road. Looks a little

funny  but it worked great. Plus a cuple of gunnuud or good meals. I thanked him

for his time, and he headed for home to go jump in his Fathers swimming pool. How wonderful that must be. I went home an took a long cold shower. Boy that felt great. Then I took my DAD

out in his 1970 Plymouth  for a drive in the 110 degree heat, because he had

not been out all day. He was 86 years old now an not doing all that great, since the DMV took his drivers licence away from him on JULY 15 1987. We ended up at the Cornicopia Restaurant so he could get a cup of Coffee. Then I took him home, and I had another cold shower. AAAAAAH, that felt good. Took a few pain pills for my headacre, an rested until 7:20 P.M.. Then I went down to push my car closer to Dons Shop. Once I got it away from the curb it rolled ok. I then drove my DAD'S car over to Taylor's Lunch on Park Ave. an had a nice long talk with Mrs Jean Brooks. Then stopped by the BAR X LIQUOR STORE to get some VIN ROSE RED WINE for my Father. Doctor Jones of Durham, said if I could get my dad to drink 1 oz. of wine $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before each meal. It would increase his AP-PA-TIGET. and he would eat better. So far that had'nt worked, but he sure liked the wine. I finally got to bed at 11:30 P.M. SAT.night. It had been a long day.

But I am very grateful to all parties concerned for this Auto Trip gone bad. In helping me keep my cool (FLORANCE McGRAY) for (MR. DON KEMP) taking time off to come an get us, an showing Flossey the Park. To my brother inlaw (HARVEY GORE) for taking the time to haul my car home. Also to (BECKY THE PARK RANGER) for going out of her way to get us our TWINKIES. Also for The kindness of (KEN AN KEN'S TOWING) for being a good host an keeping Flossey cool an having a good ear. GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

On Monday AUG. 31 1987 Don found the problem. It was a short in the Discribitor. It took him less than 15 minutes to fix it. And he charged me \$20 plus parts and a Chicken Dinner at Cozy Inn on 7th an Mangrove. So this ends this story.

This story in written in (MEMORY OF FLORANCE McGRAY WHO PASSED AWAY IN 1990)
(NOTE) My Father WILLIAM NOBLE PADGETT PASSED AWAY FEB. 25 1988)
MR. HARVEY GORE IS NO LONGER MY BROTHER INLAW. He divorced my sister Barbara in 1993.
MR. DON KEMP IS STILL A GOOD MACHANIC AND HAS FIXED MY PRESENT CAR 122 TIMES IN 8YEARS. (SMILE Don.)

Finished writting this story Sept. 2 1987 Wed. at 11:08 P.M.

FINISHED TYPING AN DOING THE ART WORK 3/16/99 Tues. at 11:52 A.M.

BY ALAN WILLIAM PADGETT HAM CALL NOW N6REAL NICE PERSON.
OR ALWAY'S LOOKING AFTER NEWCOMERS.

(COPY WRITE 1999 ©)