

(THE BAIN AND PADGETT STORY, TOLD BY AND TYPED BY ALAN W. PADGETT JAN. 1997)

(WRITTEN 1/28/97 TUES.)

P.1

(STARTED ONE FINGER TYPING 11 P.M.)

I first heard about the Bain's through an acquaintance of mine whom i had met on Ham or Amateur Radio. Charles (Chuck) Alldrin, a distance cousin of Buzz Alldrin the Astronaut. I had told Chuck I was now looking for a new place to hang my hat. And he said I just happen to know a man who once rented a (Mother Inlaw Apartment) to his eldest son Lance. (NOTE) I am on social Sarcuity Disability and i have a limited income. So he said he would check on the availabilty of said apt.

ON april 22nd 1996 Mon. Chuck and I had lunch at La-ca-meta in Chico.

He had a rice an bean  Tosata with  Tomato slices. Incalada  sauce. And Torteea  Chip's an Hot chili  sauce on the side. I had a Beef  an Rice  Tosata  with extra Cheese  and Tomato  slices with Thousand  Island  Dressing. Chuck had a large glass of

Water.  And I had a large glass of Coca  Cola. He told me he had a chat with Mr. Bain, and maybe Apt. would be ready by June 1st. That the lady in it was moving to teach in Colorado or some other state. So after lunch, I drove out to see if i cud find it. I did. From the little I saw of it from the street, It looked good to me. (Better than an old garage with a dirt floor and no windows.) So I drove back up to Paradise.

At 5p.m. that evening I called Mr. Bain an had a nice chat. I told him who I was, and he said i could come down on thursday afternoon and take a look at it from outside. So on April 25th Two days before my 59th birthday I drove to his house. Mr. Bain told me he and Chuck Alldrin had been friends a long time. And at one time rented Apt. to both Tony, a sailboat repare or repair or a builder of boats. Lance eldest son of Chuck.

He also said he still had two kids living at home. Jake



Britney Spaniel, I think. He said him and his wife Dorothy were both retired local school teachers. I told him where i met Mr. Alldrin, he stated that both Chuck and Lance had tol d him I was a Ham., and was wondering if it was ok if I put up a few antennas for my hobb y. Well Mr. Bain said as long as it does'nt interfear with his Cable T.V.. And I assured him it would not, or I would take it down.

He told me how much he wanted for rent, an wanted it on the first of each month. I told him I get my check on the Third, he said ok. I told him I get rental help from The Housing Authority of Butte County, and he said he would check it out. We finalized our ag reement with a hand shake. (NOTE) Qster Before the First of June, I paid the full amoun t for that month. I was reinburst some later. After the first of June there was a lot of misunderstanding by all parties involved. But after a few heated words mostly by me, thin gs calmed down. Mr. Bain was wondering what he had got himself into. After a month things got back to normal, whatever normal is. Everything is cool i hope.)

My very first thoughts about Mr. Bain is, that I was talking to my twin brother because of his upfrontness and shear honesty. He really seemed too good to be true. And he is still that way today.

Very few people now days say it like it is. I have a few acquaintances on ham radio who are like that. KN6JS Mr. Charles (Chuck) Alldrin. KN6LE Larry Ward of Linda, Ca. Now in Sadia Arbia for his U.S. AIRFORCE duties. KD6LNZ Jim R. Allen of Lovelock, Ca. KE6POR James (Speedy) Templeton of Anderson, Ca. AND Mr. Lawton (Gene) Wright of Chico Ca. . These 5 are very up front in everything they do. It is my pleaser to know them all.

So I went home and gave both my then landlord Wally Weeks and Housing Authori ty my moving notice by phone. Then did it in writing and made sure i had enuff copies.

(1997) (Boy my typing speed is getting faster. It only took 6 hours to do this page.)

(As the vacuum dust slowly settles on the floor, do I slowly move on with this story.)

Now 11:05 P.M. 1/29/97 Wed.

P.2

I had started giving stuff, and hauling stuff off a long time before I found the place in chico. After my Father William Noble Padgett had died on Feb. 25th 1988. I soon after moved to 6935 Clark Rd. in Paradise, Ca. I rented from Wally an Pat Weeks for almost 9 years. It started out gud but after awhile they started changing the rules. These new rules were not in any of the new renting contracts I an wally had with the housing authority over those years. Wally an Pat wud make them up as they saw fit. No. 1 I cud not feed any of the wild or stray cats or birds or wild animals that came onto the property I was renting. I told them to go suck on a lemon. That did'nt go over to well. No. 2 Any of my friends which were few back then, if they had a big car or a pickup truck that cud not turn around in the 12ft. by 14 ft. parking area and driveway provided for me, then they were not to come by. They were not allowed to use driveway in back of there house. Needless to say this created some tention. So i wud just meet my friends at the albertson shopping center on clark RD. IN Feb. of 1989 when we got 37 1/2 inches of snow. I kept my roofs cleaned off. And even hired a man with a little Bobcat Tractor an Bucket to clear my driveway. My side of the driveway. Just so I cud get out. John Conner of Conner Landscaping ask if he should clean other side, and i said nope, cause he wud never pay. And I was'nt going too. That move was not aprecatted by Mr. Weeks. Either. Or Appreciated or ??? The last 9 month

I lived there,



every other week I was getting notes left on my

front door that read: (Do u belong here. signed Mr. Weeks) When i asked him about the note he didnt know what i was asking him about. But wanted the yellow note. After getting 11 of these notes I decided it was time to move. I was really afraid I would come home from doing my yard work, and all my stuff wud be gone.

After the 25th of April, I borrowed a small Chevy truck from N6QLF Gene Josephson. And hauled or hauled 4 loads of junk to the dump. And gave a lot of my glasses dishes, pans to the goodwill and others. I could not afford to rent a storage room. Since new place had its own Refrig. and Cook Stove and ~~NO~~ Laundry room, I had to get rid of them to. Since my landlord was going to rereat his cabin. He thought over my offer and finally said he would buy my Refrig. an Gas Range and Swamp Cooler. Which he did on the day I moved. I got a fair price for this stuff. But waited to long to sell washer and drier sears set. And got taken a bit on them. All my fault.

On May 15th 1996 I called Mr. Bain again to see if i could move in sooner. He said he did'nt know. I went ahead and changed banks anyway, an started sending out changes of addresses. I had already gone to Chico an got a P.O.BOX 2014 on april 4th. I was'nt sure how long I wud be at new place, and I still don't.

On May 24th 1996 Mon. I called Mr. Bain again. He said i could move in at any time. So now I knew I finally had a new place to live, and a lot of pressure was off my shoulders. So now I had to find or borrow a truck. After calling 6 different people, I finally found a four wheel drive chevy that WB6YUK Jack Roberts would let me use. First

on May 27th 1996 Mon. I took four loads of



boxes in my Ford



Taurus. AND ON tues. I took four more loads. On thursday the 29th I was suppose to have some help. But nobody showed up. So I made 3 large loads by myself, starting at 6 a.m. an finishing at 8:30p.m. in the dark. I was so pooped, I could'nt drive. So I had to wait and do it on Friday. See below, what place looks like inside some what.



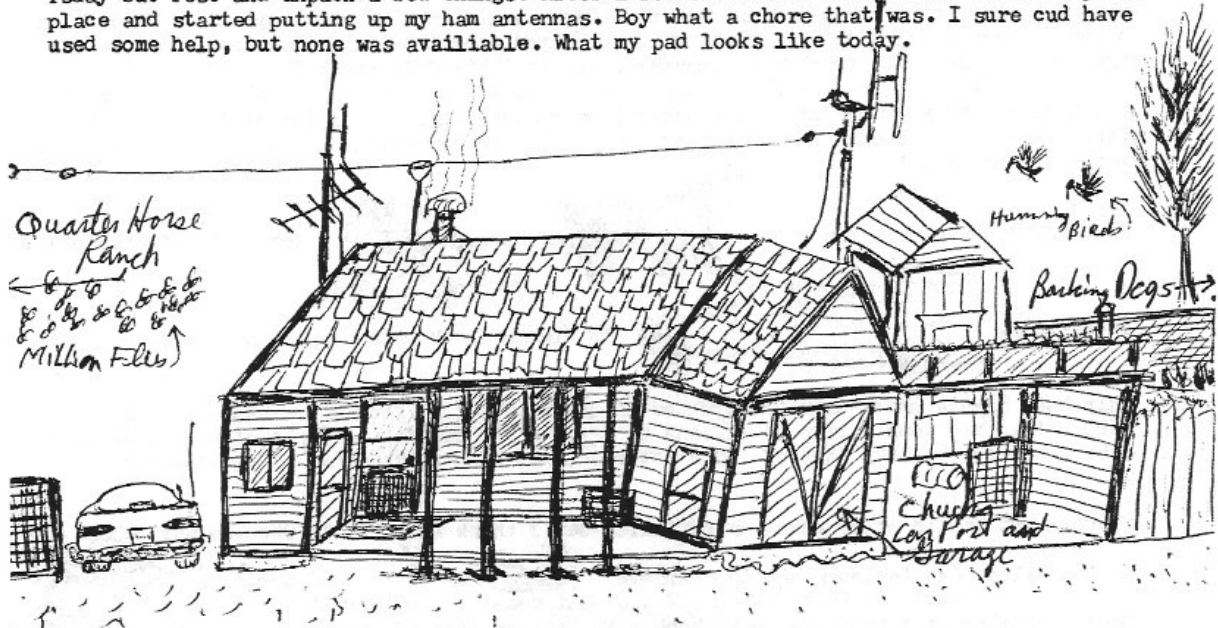
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Amazing old Alan is getting faster, only 5 1/2 hours to type this page. Whoopie.)

(As the sun slowly rises in the east, an disappears in the clouds, do i trodd along.)

Now 10:39 a.m. 1/30/97 Thurs. P. 3

Mr. Bain helped me unload the Queen size Mattress. Boy was it ever heavy. I really don't know how I ever loaded it myself. At 9 a.m. Friday morning I filled up truck with gas and returned it to Jack Roberts in Magalia, Ca. I was one sore man. I could hardly stand up straight. On Monday the 27th at 2p.m it was 101 Degrees and it was hot all that week. I didn't do anything all day Thursday but rest and unpack a few things. After I returned the truck, I came back to my new place and started putting up my ham antennas. Boy what a chore that was. I sure could have used some help, but none was available. What my pad looks like today.



From Quarter Horse, Barking Dog's, And Million Fly, Country. Or give me a home where the Buffalo roam, And I'll give a house full of dirt. (Smile Folks)

Because of the hot weather, it took three days to put up all my antennas. I spent a lot of time drinking water and standing in front of the cooler or taking cold showers. Jake and Babe tried to help, but didn't know which tools I needed. Ha! Ha!

I gave my 5 element beam, an 7 element, and ten meter ground plane vertical called a penetrator by Hi - Gain, a 30ft. t.v. mast, also my giant t.v. antenna plus tons of pans dishes electric frying pan, Waffle Iron, Carving Knife and other stuff to Jerry (Norm) and Diane Daniels of Cottonwood, Ca.. My present large t.v. antenna I bought from Mr. Roger Madsen KMSRH. The High Muck Muck of Orland, Ca. He gave me the 100ft. of t.v. cable. It doesn't work any better than the one that was already here. " OH WELL "

In the past 8 months plus a few days, this is what I know about the Bain's. They are both very easy going and kind hearted people. And would do anything for you within reason. Dorothy Bain, who likes to be called (DOTTIE), is in her mid 50s I think??????? Mother of a son Craig his wife Sheri with 3 Girls. Nicky 7 Amy 5 and Corrie 3 of somewhere in Arizona. Mother of Gail and her husband Ken and one son Konner 2½ months old from Sacramento, Ca. Mother of Joy wife of Rob and 3 children. Becky 9 Bryan 7 and Stacy 6 of San Jose Ca. Dottie just loves to get her hands dirty, digging and planting in her many flower beds. On Jan. 13th and 14th 1997 we had a hard freeze down to 18 degrees. And she lost all her multi-colored flowers out front of their Modest Ranch style country home. So she has a lot of replanting to do out there.

She also loves to drive her 1994 grey Grand Markey Mercury all over southern Oregon, and Northern California visiting her mother in Medford, Or. whom I've never met. And her many Grand Childrens.

(COP'S RAN OUT OF PAPER) ©1997

(As the Catterpillia slowly spins his cacoon, do I slowly move along.)

Now 4:07 p.m. 1/30/97 Thurs. P. 4

Dottie also loves to visit her many women friends, and drink Dark French Roasted Brand Coffee, an talk about every day events. I think the Bain's host a bridge game on Wed. or Thurs. nights. But not certain of that. She is also a good cook and baker, and have treated me to many lunches dinners and bread an cookies. Yum! Yum! Yummy! Plus they had me over for Thanksgiving Dinner with Ken, Gail, an Konner. Oh Jake an Babe too. It was wonderful. Last time i had a dinner on Bird Day was a couple of years ago with Chuck, Peggy an Lance, Mary & Caleb Alldrin. Dottie is a retired school teacher from the Hamilton City High School. She still teaches a computer class at Butte College on Thurs. Mornings.

Ok, this is what i know about Mr. Bain. Likes to be called Chuck. He seems to be a tireless 60 year old RETIRED teacher from Bidwell Junior High School in Chico. Ca. After 35 years of teaching. He is always gone or doing something. He gets up at 5 to 6 a.m everyday rain or shine.

He takes his two children Jake

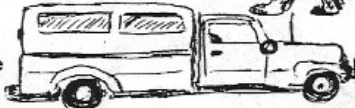


an Babe



for a ride in his big

White Dodge



Ram Pickup Truck with Camper Shell. After I had

only been here a short time. He trusted me enuff to let me look after his place and the PUPS while they took a trip to Arizona to visit there son for a couple of weeks. Jake an Babe were easy to take care of. Then later on, not sure which month. I again watered the

flowers and looked after Jake. Im not sure, but I think Babe was in Obee-de-uns school

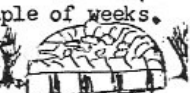
in Roseville, Ca. to learn how to retrieve



dead birds.

Chuck an Dottie were off too east coast to be tourist for a couple of weeks. Don't remember what they saw, but Chuck said lots an lots of people.

Both are Christians, and attend the Big Gold Dome Neighborhood



Church at the end of Notre Dame Blvd. South of Comcache Creek, on east side of Hwy. 99E. He works there with others to keep the place up on tuesdays.

Chuck is a tireless and hard worker. He goes out and cuts firewood, loads it, unloads it, then lets me have it for free. I really feel guilty about using it, with out doing something for it. So over the past 8 months or so i have tried to pay him for the wood and electricity I use by cracking an shelling all his Hartley walnut crop this past fall. Giving them dark and milk chocolate chuncks. Plums, some Ashley Walnut meats. Lemons, an oranges, and baking him some nut bread an chocolate chip cookies. So I can fee l better about using firewood up that i don't help get. I used most all the kinlling up too. because apprently I havent learned how to start a fire in a wood stove yet. So now I buy (FIRE LOGS) at Luckys Market. It makes it so much easier. Ha! Ha!

When I first moved in here, Dottie said: and also Mr. Alldrin Stated that Chuck (LOVES) to travel with his Travel Trailer, and go fishing, in his Alumium Boat.

Well he must be an indoor fisherman, cause I have never seen his boat leave his Garage.

With no art work it goes faster. now 9:32p.m. PST



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(as the moon sinks slowly in the west, so does the speed of this typewriter.)

(Now 12:04 A.M. 1/31/97 Fri.) P. 5

Chuck an Dottie took their travel trailer up to Lake Almanor for four days last summer. So at least they got rid of the flat spots   on the tires.

Chuck does all the up keep on his property. Plus puts up Xmas lights and other stuff.

Chuck is also a Big Game Hunter. He went with others over to the coast range,

and bagged himself a Wild  Boar. He said it was a good size Pig. Jake an

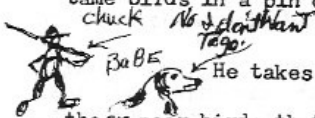
Babe got some of the bones and meat.  Yum! Yum! Yummy! for there Tummy. And g

ood for there teeth too.  Chuck is also a deer hunter, and went out with friends

three or four times an got his  Forkin Horn. And helped a friend get his

too. He shared some Venison stew meat, and  one deer steak. It was my first deer meat, and it cooked up just great. I could not taste the wildness in it.

He also belongs to a Pheasant Club where great white hunters put a bunch of tame birds in a pin or pen and go club them.



He takes Jake An Babe out to romp in the weeds an hunts



those poor birds that dont have a chance. The big white hunters kill the mommy an daddy Pheasants, then the baby birds can't take care of themselves and die. How Sad.

He also spends hours and sometime days working an fixing up the club. You know, like sharpening the nail. He also greats other hunters an checks there dead birds to see if they are legal. If not, I surpose he gives the bird CPR to revive it an returns it to the wild, Huh!

He has'nt shared his Pheasant meat. They are probabaly the same size as a giant  Bantail or Fantail Pigeon, and after you remove the head, inners, an feathers

there is'nt much left. So it would take 6 to 8 to feed two people, an scraps for the pup py's. Chuck is a good husband an father to his children including Jake an Babe. And he gets a big twinkle in his eye when you ask him how his newest grandson Konner is doing. Well that is about all i know about Mr. Bain. But sorry to say this is not the end of th is story. But have faith, the end is near.

(RRRRAATTSS) I'LL START AGAIN.

A couple weeks after I had been here, Mr. Bain called Lance Alldrin and ask him if present swamp cooler was Sa- Fish- unt to cool this apartment. Lance said NOPE o r NO. Two reasons. No. 1 Alan is a bit porty, an can't take the heat. An No. 2 he is ho me a lot during the day. So Chuck bought a bigger swamp cooler with a squirrel wheel an a pump. OOP'S I meant to say Squirrel Cage Wheel, that makes more since, huh!. Earlier he had bought an electric wall heater unit and installed it. That was requested by the Housing AUTHority, because they don't reconize wood stove as being proper for heat.???

I did'nt mean for Chuck to have to go into DEBT in order to rent this plac e to me. All i pay is the rent on the third of every month. And Mr. Bain pays everythin g else except my phone. There is also a portable Electric heater on wheels. But I have never used that one or the wall heater yet. And I try not to run the bill up on him eit her.

(WOW WEE TIME GOES BY WHEN YOUR HAVING FUN, TOOT- A - LOO, BUCK - A - ROO.)

(Worm  on Grease.) ©1997

(ONLY 9 MORE HOURS AND I SHOULD BE DONE, WONDERFUL, MARVELOUS, SUEPEN - DUST.)

(Now 3:30 P.M. 1/31/97 FRIDAY.)

P. 6

In the summer time, the Quarter Horse Ranch on east side gets smelly. And there are millions of flies. To the west there are barking dogs. JAKE AND BABE ARE NON BARKER S. The only time they make any noise is when strangers come to visit me.

I have not had any long conversations with anybody on this county street, or road since I moved here 8 months ago. However I did get to meet a few when I had my DARK CHOCOLATE, ENGLISH WALNUT MEAT, AND LEMON give away program last fall for the needy. And that is the only time i saw anyone out side.

Now a little about the Author of this short story.

I was born in Longview. Wa. at White General Hospital on April 27th 1937 to William Noble Padgett (DECEASED Feb. 25th 1988 my late mothers birthday or Date.) and Virginia Porter Cram Padgett (Deceased Dec. 18th 1975) I lived at 1505 Oak Street, Longview, Wa, for only 11 years. My father and mother both worked for Longbell Lumber Co. for 17 yrs. I have two brothers and two sisters living in Calif. But since 1988, when our father died none of them recognize that i am alive. So I well not put there names here.

In 1947 Dad went into business with his younger brother Peter Sidney Padgett who had moved from Portland, Or. to Chico, Ca. to Manage The Lumber Dryers Inc. COMPANY. Out at the Chico municipal airport. (Peter Died Nov. 1995 in Chico.) After 3 years they both invested in the Drying Co. In 1957 the company went broke and shut there doors. Both my Dad and Pete lost there shirts. My father then went to work for Rainbo Baking Co. on Ivy street in Chico. He worked there until he was 72 yrs old. Then he had his own Yard Service Business until the day he passed on.

I got my first job when I was 13 yrs old. I taught myself how to drive a Forklift. I would take my fathers place at night. I would load and unload the dry kilns, and load lumber trucks. My dad paid me \$3 per hour. I would work 4 to 6 hrs. each night. And still get my home work done for school. I graduated from Shasta Union on June 6 1951. And Chico Senior High in 1955 of June. In August of 55 i moved to Arcata, Ca. I worked 11 years for Weyerhaeuser Timber Co. Mill sold out in 1966. So i moved across Calif. to Camino, Ca. on Hwy. 50. Here i worked for Michigan Cal Lumber Co. 4 yrs. Mill put in an automatic Green Chain Sorter and i was laid off along with 16 others. I moved my 14ft by 46 ft mobile home to the Pear Grove Mobile Home Park on east 8th street in Chico, Ca. In 8 months I could not find a decent job, and finally lost my home back to its owner in Sacramento on Aug. 1st 1970. I moved back in with my folks on east 4th Ave. On September 9th 1969, I went to work for T.M. Duche Nut CO. Inc. in Orland, Ca. On March 25th 1985 i walked through a skylight on warehouse 2. Spent 3 months in Enloe Hospital recovering. MY FATHER WAS THERE EVERY DAY, my so called loving brothers and sisters never came once. After I recovered somewhat the company did 'nt want me back. So I filed for Disability. On Nov. 19th 1985 I took the Nut Co. to Butte County Superior Court in Oroville, Ca. trying to get my job back. I lost my shirt. I have never recovered money wise since. But I'M still here for now.

My Mother passed on Dec. 18th 1975, This probably why I don't much care for xmas anymore. I took care of my dad for 10 yrs. He took care of me for 2 yrs. Then I took care of him until he went to the happy hunting grounds. If it was not for my Fathers help I probably would 'nt be here today. He gave me a place to live till I got back on my feet, help me by an old 65 v.w. Bug. Paid for all my Ham Gear then and now. I would not be active otherwise. Finally I too am a Christian. I excepted Jesus Crist as my savior and lord and was baptized on Nov. 19th 1977 at the first Baptist Church, 1st and Esplanade in Chico, Ca. I do not practice religion everyday, or go to any church. But I know he is with me always. And thats all I need. That is it, for now. Have a nice life.

Finished 11:57 P.M. 1/31/97 Fri. Writen and Typed by Alan W. Padgett

Ham Call N6RNP

Nov. 6 REAL NICE PERSON

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2/1/97 Sat.

(PETTIE THE SNAKE STORY.)

(Now 2:18 A.M.)

Pettie the snake was born in the Goby Desert. When he was 2 years old, he discovered he liked hissing in pits, and hearing his own echo. On a clear bright sunny day, early morning, Pettie told his mother that he was going to find a pit to hiss in. So off he wiggled across the sand. First he tried a small pit. He hissed, hissed but no echo. Then he found a medium size pit. He hissed awhile, but it still didn't sound right. So he wiggled over dune after dune until he found a big pit. Pettie climbed up on the rim and let go with a big hiss. And a perfect echo returned. As he was hissing and hissing in this pit, the owner came home. Mrs. Pott told Pettie, if he must hiss in a pit, please go home and hiss in his own pit. So with tears falling from his small eyes and dotting the sand with moisture, Pettie wiggled on home. When Pettie's mother came home, she found Pettie way down at the bottom of the pit, crying. Pettie's mother asked what was wrong. He said: Well Ma, I was over at Mrs. Pott's pit and hissing in her pit. And she told me if I must hiss in a pit go hiss in my own pit. Pettie's mother said: Well, I KNEW Mrs. Pott when she didn't have a pit too hiss in. Smile folks.

(THE FIG PLUCKER)

I am not the fig plucker. I am the fig pluckers son.
However I'll pluck your figs, until the fig plucker comes.

(Done By Alan W. Padgett 2/1/97 Sat.)
N6RAP

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