

(SHORT STORY NO.6)

My drive about to Viola, Ca. for 2/8/97 Sat.

(P. 1)

This day started for me at 7 a.m.. It was 33 degrees and clear. I did my normal brown room duties, and comb  my hair. At 7:22 a.m. i decided i would drive up too Viola to pick up a free IBM Electric Typewriter that Mr. Dave Jewell WA6FJU of Daves Guide Service = Speciallizing in Salmon and Trout Fishing on the Sacramento River. Fish Rite Jet Boat. He also does Eagle Lake and others. So i put sum

Oranges    from Martins Oranges and a Fresh Loaf of my famos homemade Banana

Nut  Bread that i had made the night before, in a brown bag. Then sorted sum

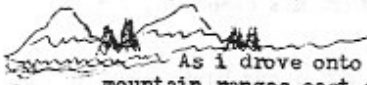
short stories that i was going to give to both Dave, and Jim (Speedy) Templeton KE 6 POR of ANDerson ,Ca.. Went out and took tarp off car, put in storage room. Warm car up. Feed Jake and Babe the two spoiled dogs there morning rations of two milk bone

 treats each. Came back in house and grabbed my warmer  jacket.

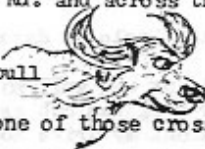
(GOOD MOVE), Grabbed bag of goodies, got in cold car with no heater an left. I drove north on Garner Lane, West on Keefer Rd. Then north on Hwy.99E over Dead Dog Slough. There was a lot of traffic for 8:15 a.m.

At the corner of 99 and Meridian Rd. there sits an old Brown  and

Chrome or silver bus, that has a forsale sign on it. Across the road sits an  old orange Harvester, used in days gone by for harvesting Rice, Wheat, an Barley and other stuff like Safflower, Milo, an Corn. Both are nothing but rusting eye sores , that should be moved away from the main drag.

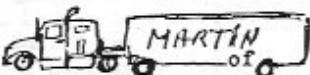
 As i drove onto the Vina Plains the view was Spectacular with both mountain ranges east an west covered with bright white snow, as far as the eye cud see. The skies looked clear all around. Nobody was burning brush or fields yet. And the normal brown haze one sees in mid afternoon was not visiable as yet.

Every field was full of new green grasses, an vernal pools dotted the land - scape. I spotted a flock of swans headed south, and a few cows grazing in the wide open plains. At Shasta Rd. and across the street from the walnut dryers, i spotted

a large blond colored bull  stretching his neck on a barbed wired fence.

It almost looked like one of those cross breads called a Beefalo. At the CDF fire

station i headed west on A 19 by more walnut and prune orchards. I crossed over the still muddy Sacramento River an drove by a few Olive orchards and on into Corning.

Both the Petro and the Burns Brothers was full of trucks  MARTIN of

all shapes an sizes. And the Iron Skillet Resturant was full of the morning break a fast crowd.

(Itruelly amaze myself. Did this page in under three hours. Great, Huh!..)

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(SLOWLY I GO, AS A CATEPILLUR UP A GREASED

POLE.)

(P. 2)

I got onto I-5 and headed north by more olive trees. As i drove under an overpass

near the rest area, i spotted the Majestic Mt. Shasta looming in the distance. At 14,112 ft. it is an awesome site. it almost looked like it was growing as you drove towards it. Off to the west near Buckhorn Summit, and as far as you could see north, the mountains were covered in white. I drove by the big Radio Towers, and a very large grove of U - CA - LIP - TUS

Trees that they harvest for firewood. I passed over the Sacramento River

again at Red Bluff. There was a lot more trucks going south as i drove by another rest

area and up 9 mile hill passed the horse trailer yard, and the truck scales.

They are building a new four lane bridge over Cottonwood Creek. If i would have been more awake at this point, i mite have stopped at the Auction Yard Reasturant north of downtown Cottonwood to try out a good breakfast that NQ6H Maryiln an Dick Van Dyke who

drive for Cherokee Truck Lines, Rave about how good the food is

there. But i zoomed on by an up the hill and down into Anderson, Ca. where i took the Central Anderson exit, and drove over too Jim (Speedy) Templeton home. He was in a big hurry to go some place, and did'nt have time to chat. His daughter loaded down with all kinds of stuff, rushed by me without even saying hello. How rude can one get. I wud say she is a mite spoiled. " OH WELL "

I handed the stories to Jim and left. Poor timing on my part. Being a busy family man he will probabaly never read them anyway, or use them to start his campfire. I then

drove north passed the Redding Air Port, and other businesses to

Hwy. 44. I had gotten ahold of Dave on the 145.150- repeater an told him i was headed his way. He said ok. When i got on 44 an headed east i was a mite hungry. So at dushutt or Deshutt Rd. i spotted a resturant called the Cedar Tree. So i pulled in an parked.

As i walked in a very cute young lady with Hazle or Hazel Eyes greeted

me, her name was Amanda. She had a nice build or was well por-portioned for her small frame. had a nice smile too. The other older girl was not as friendly. I told her i was an unknown writer, and i wrote stories about my drive abouts. When i ask for her name she backed into the kitchen and said NO, NO, NO, NO, and disapeared. Boy i thot to myself, that lady is pairmoid or hiding fromm somebody. The cute one told me the grumpy one was Cathy or Kathy. On the back of the Blue Menu there was a short history about the place and its lady owner. Her name is Susan Klopfer. She has owned it since 1989. Her boy friend is Larry Strawn, and is in the Logging Business. Susan rides a Harley - Davidson Motorcycle while touring the country side. (NOTE) I rode a GL 1000 Goldwing for ten years, i sure miss that part of my life.

(Finished page 2 at 4:31a.m. on 2/11/97 Tues. Been up all night again. Pool)

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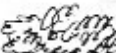
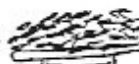
(NOW 5:15 A.M. 2/11/97 tues.) (P. 3)

Susan also has working and show horses she rides in Rodeos an other show horse arenas. She has also owned a camel since it was three months old, and hopes to ride it



in a camel race some day. Yippie eye yaa, eye yaa. Yippie eye yo. eye yo. Get up their ya big camel.

I had 4 brown an serve  burnt sausage links, 2 small banty eggs 

 scrambled hard as a rock. A small portion of very greasy over cooked 

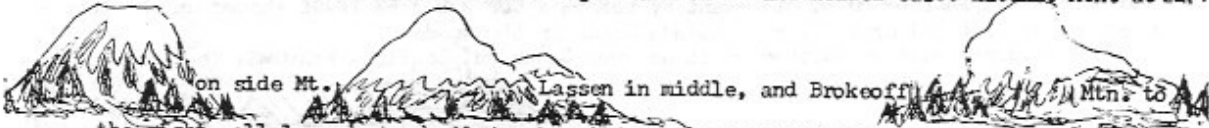
hashbrowns. And two slices of white bread  that they forgot to toast.

And three cups of coffee, with cream an sugar. Pretty poor meal and a bit over priced.

The story on back of the menu states, that they serve only the finest homemade fresh food made from scratch. Well i hate to differ with them. But i have traveled all over the western states. And have eaten in many a fine cafe or resturant, and this aint one of them. I strongly suggest or sudjest that both crumpy cathy and Susan get out of that hole in the wall place and go check out places that really put out a good amount of food for a reasonable price.

No.1 Cottage Cafe in Orland, Ca. = No.2 Kountry Kitchen in Orland, Ca. No.3 The Union Hotel & Resturant in Occidental, Ca. = No.4 Samoa Cookhouse, in Samoa, Ca. near Eureka. = No.5 49er Cafe in Paradise, Ca. = No. 6 TNT Cafe in Chico, Ca. = No.7 Hometown Buffet in Chico, Ca. = The Clondike Restaurant in Folsom, Ca. and many many more.

I showed Amanda a copy of one of my stioes, she thot it was cute. The other women stayed hidden in back room as i left. I got back on 44 and headed east. Hatchet Mtn. at L.F.

 on side Mt. Lassen in middle, and Brokeoff Mtn. to the right, all loomed ahead. What a beautiful site. TOP TWO RANCH. SOUTH COW

CREEK RD. BEER  CREEK. A lake, and some smaller ponds, behind some Manzanita trees.

Alarge Log Cabin with a metal roof and a uneek looking  rock chimney. A man on a Black  Harley Davidson Motorcycle headed west, Boy

did he look cold. I drove on thru Shingletown, passed a lodge, KES6DOA Steves house, a Grocery Store, a closed cafe, gas station, a few other buildings an on up the hill.

About 6 to 8 miles out of town, my car started doing the wiggles. Not being to bright or smart i thot i had a flat tire. So i pulled it off the road at Long Hay  Flat Rd. and parked in a wide, Dave to the rescue with his portable air

 tank. He got out of his White Four Wheel Drive Jeep, and kicked all my tires. Then he said, you don't have any flat tires ya city slicker. But put sum in my tires anyway just to humor me.

(WOW, I HAVE DONE OR TYPED 3 FULL PAGES SINCE 10P.M. LAST NIGHT. NEAT - O.)

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(WELL THE SUN WENT DOWN, AND I AM STILL PECKING AWAY. WHAT A BUMMER.)

(P. 4)

Then Dave told me to lead off so he could see what my car was doing. So again headed east with Dave following. About 50 FT. up the road my car was doing the wiggles again. Well I knew what it was now. This side of the road was covered with Black Ice. And was shaded by the trees, so the sun could'nt dry it out, and my street tires with no studs was   losing traction. Another 100 ft. or so Dave asked me what was up

ahead. I said it looks like an over turned car or something.



I told



Dave to go on by, since he was an ex police officer, he would know what to do better than I. So I stopped about 125 ft. back and turned my emergency flashers on. Dave went over to a local two meter repeater 146.760- and called for help. A KJ7EI Carl answered up. At 11:05A.M. Carl placed a call to both the CHP and a tow truck. About 20 minutes went by and a volunteer CDF fireman showed up to direct traffic from the east end. Another 20 minutes went by, then a friend of the lady that overturned her Ford Bronco 11. Showed to

gather up her skis



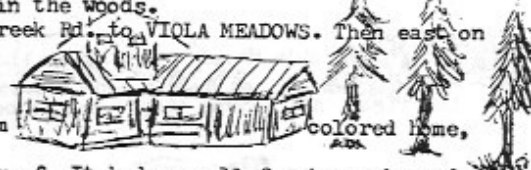
ski:poles



and garment  bag.

The lady from Redding (name unknown) was heading for a skii outing with some friends that were waiting for her at Mt. Lassen, when she encountered the Black Ice. She told Dave that he car started going sideways, then she ran off the right side of the road into a snow bank. It then flipped it up on its nose, then landed on its left side and slid up the road a bit. She crawled out the back. She did'nt get hurt at all. Amazing. It was about 26 degrees sitting there in the shade. And I about froze my left hand off flagging down those stupid motorist who did'nt want to slow down. Several did the slip and slide too. Another 30 minutes went by before a CDF RED FIRE TRUCK showed up and took over. So we left and drove over to Dave's Condo in the woods.

We drove east on 44, then north on Deer Creek Rd. to VIOLA MEADOWS. Then east on



another road (name UNKNOWN) to his lovely Cream

colored home,

with a loft or guest room. It had a green metal roof. It had a small front porch, and a new deck with a roof that he milled himself with his one man sawmill. Very interesting.

Also had a very nice RED

BARN/SHOP Combo with his

Ham Shack set up in there. Has

a little John Deer Tractor

with a blade on it to push the snow around. Has a nice big pickup truck model unknown.



He has a Mother an SON set of German Girl Unknown.

Sheppard Dogs. Boy is NIMO

(WOW, I'VE BIN UP 22 HOURS NOW AND I JUST FINISHED 4TH PAGE. WONDERFUL)

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(SUNSHINE, SUNSHINE, EVERYWHERE. SUNSHINE ON YOUR GRAYING HAIR. " SMILE FOLKS ")

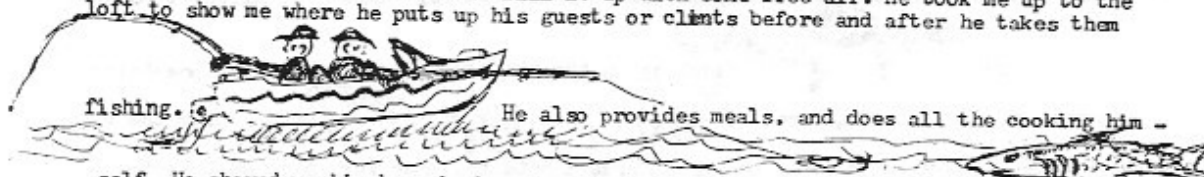
(P. 5)

From very little I know and have seen of this gentleman. He seems to be a very versatile individual. He is a Retired Police Officer of 30 years, from around the Monterey, Ca. area. Think he still has a dotter living there? In appearance, he is or has that younger look. He has his own Fishing Guide Service. He is a well versed Amateur Radio Operator, with a helping attitude and in good standing with his community. He has two beautiful looking German Sheppard NON BITTING Dogs. Mills his own lumber to build things. Is very helpful to strangers and others. Clears snow with his tractor, pulls people out of snow banks. Gives firewood to those less fortunate. He goes out and rescues City Slickers or Valley Folk with NON flat tires and puts air in them anyway, with his portable air tank. " SMILE DAVE " He is one of those rare been there done that type. He is also a golfer.

I know of TWO other persons or people who do this well. And can fix most anything. KE6YKU Jerry (Norm) Daneils of West Cottonwood, Ca. And KN6JS Mr. Chuck (Sailor) Alldrin of Chico, Ca. They are both i can fix anything types.

Dave and i visited for about one hour, before he ushered me out the door. He said he needed to get to the bank in Redding. I along with Steve KD6QAZ told him most banks close at noon on Saturdays. But Dave has a special Bank of America Branch that stays open until 6 P.M. just for those late arriving Mountain Men.

I pulled my car around by the front door of his quaint little red barn. Took my little spare tire out so he could fill it up with some free air. He took me up to the loft to show me where he puts up his guests or clients before and after he takes them



self. He showed me his ham shack and wood stove and other stuff. While he was putting air in the spare and taking some out of my left front tire he had put to much of in earlier. I play with his dogs. Nimo likes chasing snowballs, and Orca the lady dog likes chasing Nimo. There was still plenty of snow left around. His place is about 8 to 10 miles north/west of Mt. Lassen, as the crow flies.

I said ado, and drove out the same way i had gone in. I passed a couple walking there two dogs. (I thot to myself. Maybe instead of Viola Meadows, They should have named it Doggie Meadows.)

At hwy. 44 i turn right and headed west passed where the lady had flipped her car, and everything was cleaned up. But i noticed that the highway department still had not put any sand on that 4 mile stretch of Black Ice. I guess if one drives fast enough they don't notice the ice. huh!

I then got onto Lake McCumber Rd. DROVE north pass KQ6CS Steve's home. He had

a Large Yellow School



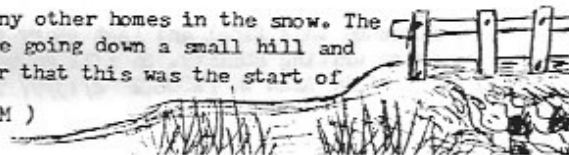
Bus parked in his driveway. Steve

is the local bus driver and costodian or jack of all trades for the Shingle Town school district. I met him once at a barbeque held at his house for the Anderson/ Viola/ Shingletown Amateur Radio Club. I met a couple of other hams, names and calls unknown. All that i met went inside to do something and i felt uncomfortable, so i left. I passed KE6POR as he was going up the hill. This took place last summer.

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I continued on up the road pass many other homes in the snow. The road then narrowed for about 200 ft before going down a small hill and across a one lane bridge. I was told later that this was the start of Battle Creek.

(RATS RAN OUT OF ROOM)

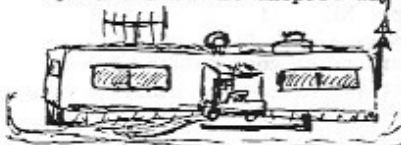


(AS THE TINY ANTS TROUP ACROSS THE TOP OF MY DESK, DO I MOVE ALONG WITH THIS SAGA)

(P. 6)

The road was even more narrow after i crossed the bridge. And not having snow or studded tires, i was afraid i mite get stuck or something since i had never been on this road before. So i turned around and headed back. I never did see the bloody lake. Later Dave and Bob KN4ID told me the Dam for that lake was to my left as i crossed the bridge the first time. Could'nt prove it by me. HI! HI!

I headed west again on 44 passed Church Rd., Goose Hollow, The Airport Rd. Yep th ey have a little airport way up thar. Then drove by the Creek Side Mobile Home Park, where



MD6QAZ Steve lives. He drives for Interstate Trucking. but

is off on Disability for a dislocated shoulder that he suffered when he slipped on some ice up in Yakama. Wa. a couple of months ago. He has a new girl friend in Chico, Ca. And According to Maryilyn NQ6H of Ripon, Ca. who drives for Cherokee Truck Lines, she is a real cuttie. A little blond bombshell. I did'nt bother stopping to see him. Beause i try- ed twice before when i was in the area, but he did'nt want me bothering him.

At Shingletown i turned south and headed down Manton Hill Rd. This was a very narrow winding an steep mountain rd. I had been on this road many a time on my motorcycle over the past 15 years. About $\frac{1}{4}$ of the way down, i passed a couple of old homesteads that had seen better days. At this point one can see the big valley for miles. I noticed



a few Buzzards

floating on the wind currents, looking for something

to munch on. Spotted a squirrel



or



two crossing the road.

About half way down i drove by the Wild Horse Sanctuary, some very nice well kept houses an barns, along with a white wooden fence to keep those wild horses in.

Just pass this ranch the road made a sharp turn to the left at Battle Creek Bottom Rd. There were a few nice homes scattered here and there. As the road took another sharp left i spotted a very large Log Cabin Home. It looked like they had sprayed a clear coat of Shalac over the whole house, and the very pretty natural wood colors stood out. Of course they had to have a big guard dog to watch the place, so i did'nt get to close.

As i crossed a narrow bridge about 110 yards from the manton store an Fire station, a big black cow came out from behind some bushes an crossed the road in front of me. Sure glad i was'nt going fast. I had wondered why the small pickup truck in back had put his flashers on. At the corner store i turned south/west and headed for Red Bluff.

At Dales, Ca. i drove west on Hwy. 36 down passed the Channell 24 T.V. Tower. Lots of old lava rocks strawn near and far on these rolling hills. It is hard to tell if the rocks are millions of years old, or were placed here when Mt. Lassen Erupted in 1914 put them here. At Red Bluff, i turned south on 99E and headed for home. About a mile down the road i picked up a young hitch hiker named Terry who is going to Shasta College, an took him on home to Los Malinos, Ca.

I stopped at the Burger Shack to have lunch. I was greeted warmly by a dark haired - blue eyed young lady named Natala who was the cook for the day. And Julie the waitress who took my order. Natala told me this place had been there about 26 years. It used to be in Chico, and they moved it here on a moving dollie right up 99E. I had a double cheese burger, large fry, large pepsi. I got home at 4:15 p.m. I called four differant places to see how much it would cost to get the IBM cleaned. Anywhere from \$67.50 to \$98.50. Guess it will stay in closet. My little blue portable typed this one.

{ finished this final and last story for awhile. I have had NO Positive feed back }
(on my writing ability. So i'll go back to sleeping more. I do that best.)

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(By ALAN W. PADGETT 2/13/97 THURSDAY AT 12:18 A.M.)