

“ WIN SOME, LOSE SOME “

Now 12/13/2000 Wed. at 1:35 P.M. PST

One Finger

Typed.

This story begins back on Nov. 24th when i first noticed I had a bad water leak in my 1987 Ford Taurus. The radiator is made up of a metal core with plastic sides. Just above the top hose on left side it sprung a leak.



My mechanic friend Don said I needed a new radiator. I told him I could not afford one right now.

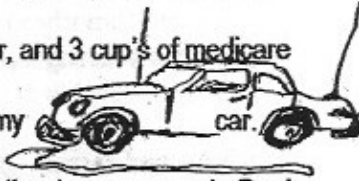
So he told me to go home and put in a small handful of Black Pepper, an do it while it was hot. So I did that. An bygolly it worked.



On Nov. 27th when I came out of Winco Foods in south Chico. I notice some antifreeze under the left side of my car. I said just bloody wonderful. So I drove over to Kragens Auto Parts an bought some Bars Leak, an put that in the car. And bygolly it stopped leaking. And I headed for home.

On the 30th as I came out of Denny's Resturant after having my every day breakfast of:

4 link sausages, a half -O- plate of Idaho hashbrowns, 2 egg's scrambled hard as a rock. 2 slices of english muffins with butter, and 3 cup's of medicare special. I again noticed green water under the front of my



And I said to myself "Win some lose some." So I drove on down south thru town an over to Don's Shop. I told him to order me a radiator. He told me it would be in by next Mon. or Tues. and could put it in on Wed. the 6th of Dec. He told me it would take about 1 hour an 15 minutes to put it in. So i should have it in there by 8 a.m. Wed. Then I could take a walk around town.

I did not go anywhere for the next 4 days. Because I did'nt want to take a chance of making the crack in the radiator any bigger an getting stuck in the boon tulleys. So i worked a little CW, watch a lot of T.V. and did a bit of yard work. My landlords Chuck an Dottie had gone to Branson Mo. for there Wedding Anti-vers-sary. I got to feed Corky the sometime bird dog. Get there mail an paper.

On Sat. the 2nd I finished pruning the Apple Persimmon Tree, and saving what fruit was still left for Corky, cuz he loves eating them. I don't care for the taste of them. I cut the trimmings up into shorter lenght so they would burn better, an put on burn pile. Then I raked some english walnut leaves an pine needles an put them on the pile. I went in the house an got a can of lighter fluid. I poured some brush an lit it. It burned for a little while. But there was to much green an wet old Tomato plants, and a lot of old green tomato's that would not burn. just let it burn or smolder while I took a break an had a bite to eat.



End of Page 1 Now 3:03 P.M.

Copywrite Dec. 2000

(2)

Now 3:30 P.M. PST

After lunch I got my can pickup garbage bags out to the garden tomato's an put them in the big burn pile. I worked about 3 hrs.

device out of the trunk of my car, an took some plastic area. I picked up about 60 old green an red dead garbage dumpster out front. Then I picked some out of the Then I said the heck with it.



At 6:30 a.m. Sunday morning it was so foggy I could not see my neighbors house thirty yards away. And it was only 36 degrees. I had a lite breakfast for a change. 1 glass of vanilla Slim Fast. Ummmm it was so good.

At 8:30 a.m. I went out to the back shed



an got the long handled pruning

saw. I was going to prune back part of a non ediable (White Peach Tree). It was bitter to the taste. It belonged to Earl who lived behind me. But half of it hung over the fence and Chucks garden. So I cut it back a bit. Cut brush up really good an put on burn pile. Raked a few more leaves by the walnut tree an back fence. And burned most of it. Worked 3 hours, then said the hick with it.

On the 4th of Dec. Mon. I took my 100ft electrical cord an Chucks leaf blower an blew most of the leaves off his patio an pool deck area onto the back lawn. Blew a bunch out of the rocky flower beds. Then raked them onto a tarp an put half on burn pile an spread the other half in the garden. Pruned a few dead branches off the 2 popular tree. Burned a little more. Only worked 2 hours this day. My back was smarting a little from all the bending over.

On Tues. the 5th of Dec. I took a hose an put out whaiever embers mite be still going. Then using a flat nosed shovel.



I put all the loose stuff that didn't burn into a plastic



garbage bag on put in dumpster. Then put the rest of the finer stuff, an dirt back in the garden. Worked 3 hours an that was it.

Wed. the 6th I got up early at 6 a.m. had a short cw qso with Irv W6AIT in Carmichael, Ca. on 3.683 or 80 meters. It was really foggy an cold at 35 degs. I got spiffy, feed Corky his Beefy Dog Treats. Then sat around watching the news until 7:45 a.m. an headed for Don's Shop. He was just opening up as i got there. And he guided me into the shop an hoist area. I said have fun an started walking south on Broadway. I was going to check out a new cafe over on Park Ave. to see if they served breakfast.

It was an exspresso coffee an bagel place. Did not serve a regular type brkfst. So I headed north on Park Ave. to Main Street. After I had crossed 7th an Main I suddenly slipped on some wet leaves under the only tree on this block. And fell to my right into the gutter. I put both hands out in front of me to break my fall. But both arms an hands clasped under my fat upper body. I landed between 2 pickup trucks. There was nobody else around as I slowly got up an sat on the curb. I was really surprised that I did not hit my face on the pavement. Both wrist were really sore. And started to get puffy. I had to lean on the back bumper of one of the trucks to push myself up.

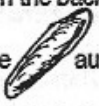
End of Page 2 Now 6:19 P.M.

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Now 9:49 P.M. PST

I walked slowly another block north to Jack's Family Restaurant at 6th and Main. When I got to the counter I asked the waitress if they had a small bucket with some ice. She smirkingly asked what on earth for. I raised both my now swollen hands and wrists and she ran to get a bucket. Then manager came out and I told him what had happened.

He wanted to take me to the urgent care over on Vallimbrosa. I said nope I'll take that bucket and ice and set in the back and soak my wrists one at a time. I ordered a grand slam. 2 very large

Polish Style  sausages. 3 pouched  Egg's. 2 large Pan  Cakes.

And 3 cups of Black  Mud. I would soak my right hand for as long as I could stand the

cold. Eat a bit with my left hand. Then put left hand in for a bit, and ate with my right hand. (Note)  "AHH H H H"
(In 1989 I fell up at Kimsheew Falls above Sterling City, Ca. in the lower Sierra Mountains and fractured both wrist. My friend at that time was Scott Dallas KB6CYJ. He helped me to his truck and drove me some 40 miles back down a winding road to Paradise, and back to my place. I did call the Feather River Hospital. And they told me to soak them in ice. I never did go to the doctor. And they healed up just fine.)

While at the Restaurant I had a nice long chat with a Bill Jenkins K16TS. He is a writer of short stories, and has had a couple of books published. I told him I write stories too. (Note) (I sent him an e-mail asking him to let me know the next time he goes to Jack's. And I would bring down a couple of my stories. He never answered my e-mail. And I have so far not seen him at Jack's)
"Oh well " Win some lose some ".

After an hour or so the swelling had gone down pretty good. So I thanked them for the use of there bucket and ice, paid my bill and started walking back to Don's Shop. I walked back on the east side of Broadway, and away from anymore trees. And I held both my hands up in front of me, so the blood would not run into the ends of my fingers.

When I got back I ask Don if he had a bucket and ice. He had a bucket, and his son Kelly drove over to liquir store and got some ice. I paid Don the \$225 for the Labor and new radiator. Then stayed there another half hour soaking my wrists, then headed for home.

When I pulled out of Don's driveway I headed south down Broadway. I went 2 blocks and then made a left hand turn onto east 12th street. At this point I noticed heavy white and blue smoke coming out from under my hood on the left side. I pulled over looked under the hood, and spotted some burnt covering on wires going to the central connection point near the battery. Something had shorted out someplace.

I drove back over to the shop. Told Don I had more trouble. He checked it and found the plug that goes to the Voltage regulator had disscenagrated into little pieces. Kelly went over to Chico Auto Parts and got a new plug. Wired it in. \$13 for plug and \$10 labor. But sad to say that did not fix the problem.

The end of Page 3 Now 11:21 p.m.

Copywrite Dec. 2000

(4)

Now 12/14/200 Thursday at 8:49 A.M. PST

So Kelly checked the voltage an was not getting any. So he assumed the Alternator/Regulator (one unit) had burned up. So Don called around an found a new Alter/Reg. at Auto Zone for \$89 and a Life Time Warrity. So Kelly takes mine off, runs to the parts house. Get the new one. Puts it on an still does not getting any juice. So he assumes the new one is diffective.

So Kelly grabbs some tools and I drive him over to the Parts House. We have the Parts place Check out the new Alter/Reg with there fancy dandy test machine. It shows that it is not charging. So they check another, and another and another and another. They checked all the Alternators they had in stock for Ford's, which took a couple of hours. Finally Kelly had a Brain Storm.

He took my old Alternator, and the New one over to Chico Auto Parts on East 20th Street to have them tested there. Both were OK. So when he got back he said my old one had bad bearings in it. So I decided to keep the New Life Time Warrity one. An told the folks at Auto Zone there testing machine was broken. Kelly put the new Alter/Reg back on my car, an we went back to the shop.

Don then got a book out showing the wiring diagram for my car. After another hour or two Kelly was able to find the broken wire. Replace an tape it all up. And the unit was charging just fine. I paid Kelly \$40 for his time. For most of the time i was there I soaked my wrist in the ice. I had arrived there at 8 a.m. for an hour and a half job. It was now 4:20 p.m. My wrist were back to normal size as I headed for home, at 4:25 p.m..

I pulled in an parked in front of my little (Mother Inlaw Apt)

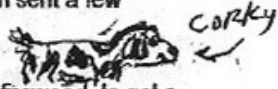
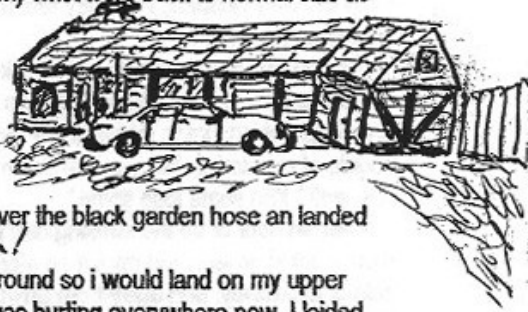
As they call it out here in the country. Then walked out to get my landlords mail an put it in there garage. I walked up the

sidewalk an put the mail away. On my way back out, I tripped over the black garden hose an landed on the front lawn. *Not Again!*

I twisted myself around so i would land on my upper back. Boy did that ever smart. I was hurting everywhere now. I laided there for awhile talking to myself. Then I propped myself up an my right elbow to see if anybody was around. Nope I was all alone. None of my good non friendly neighbors were out an about. I managed to get up ok, an make it back into my bung-e-low without tripping over the gravel in the driveway.

I got a plastic pan out and more ice an soaked my wrist for another couple of hours. I also took a couple of water pills an a potasium pill. For the next 3 hours I was visiting my Japaese Girl Friend, Toy-E-Leta. Ha! Ha! I put a couple of ace bandages on my wrists an sat down an sent a few E-mails. And at 11 p.m. I was finally able to go to bed. Boy what a day.

I arose at 7 a.m. an got spiffy. Had a glass of Slim fast, fead Corky his treats. *Corky* It was foggy an cold at 35 degs. I watched a little T.V. then decided to get some firewood, to get a fire going in the wood stove just to take the chill out of the house. I would live to regret that move for this day.



Now 11:17 A.M. PST

I walked out the front door an first went over an pulled the wire gate across the driveway to keep Corky from exscaping. Then I let him out to go chase birds an play in the garden leaves. He is a nice loveable bird dog, and always getting into something. I walked out to the wood pile to get some kinling.

The kinling stack is to the right of the main Almond an Pine an Oak firewood stack. There are a couple of small sheets of tin laying flat on the ground with some 2x4's laying on top of them. and then the rows of kinling stacked behind that. As I went to step up on those 2x4's, Corky run up against my right leg an took it to my left an out from under me. I fell down on my right hand onto the tin that had one edge turned up. And it put a fairly



good gash on the inside of my right



thumb. Just what I did not need.

I walked into the kitchen an washed the cut with soap an water. Held my left thumb on an artery until the bleeding stopped. Dried my hand then put some Neosporen medicine on and covered it with a big band aid. Grabbed a little white towel an grabbed my car keys an wallet. Put Corky away, opened the gate an drove myself down to the Enloe Emergency Room at 5th Ave. an the Esplanade.

I Checked in at the new patients counter with a lady a bit over weight at 8:42 a.m.. I did not get her name. I told her what had happened, but did not show her the cut at that time. After she made a copy of my Medicare Card and I signed a couple of papers. She told me to take a seat. I was there for about 45 minutes. Then another gruffy looking lady (name Unknown) took my blood pressure (168 over 86) an my tempture (Normal) ask more questions on how i hurt myself. She said did you feel dizzy before you fell ? No I did not.

(Note) (I told her i can show you exactly how it happened. You stand right up over there. I'll get on my hands an knees an be Corky the dog. And go from there.) She said ok I believe you. I said about bloody time. She said take a seat. I first wandered down the hall to use the porcellen on the wall in the little square room. I was there another 25 minutes, an a lady setting next to me said I think your hand is bleeding again. I looked down an my once white towel was now half red.

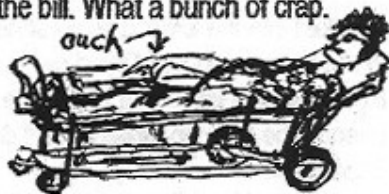
I got up an walked over to the admittance desk an said how much longer do I have to wait. Everybody who came in after me has come an gone. She said in a stiff an uncaring voice. It is not a first come first serve here. It depends on the servarity of the injury. I laid my right hand up on her desk an took the towel off and the bandage, an said don't you think this needs attending too, LADY. Her eye's widened an she backed away from her desk, got up and disappeared.

Now 4:41 P.M. PST

A few seconds later another nurse came out thru the E R door an said are you Mr. Padgett ? I said: yes i am. So I followed her back thru the hallways and she said make yourself comfortable on this bed, and somebody will be right here. (I did not get her name) an off she went. There were men an women going to an thro. I got up an walked around an got a stainless tray on a stand, an wheeled it around to the right side of the bed. Raised it so it was about shoulder level an laid my arm an hand on it. At this point it had stopped bleeding. And i was feeling a little faint. I gusted I had lost almost 3/4 pint of blood so far. An nobody was in any hurry to fix it.

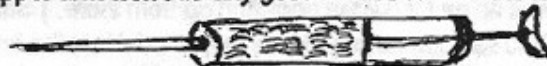
Another 20 minutes went by. Then a short simi cute nurse named Lori stopped by an said: so you have a little cut huh! I said if you call this a little cut, i guess so. She said: "Oh My " that is pretty bad. I told her i have always been afraid of needles, but i really don't know why. She said I have to prepare some stuff to get you ready for the Doctor to sew it up. I said well you go do whatever, and i'll be right here waiting. An off she went.

Then another person came by to ask me more (Really Dumb) questions. Her Name was Laura. She said: No.1 Have you ever worked in a Coal Mine. I said: NO. Then she said: To your knowlege do you have any Coal Dust in your Lungs. With a raised voice i said: If I never worked in a coal mine, how in the hell would i get dust in my lungs. She said don't get mad at me. It is my job to ask these questions. I said will young lady you had better move to Kentucky or Tennessee, because there are NO COAL MINES WITHIN 3000 miles of Chico. So go ask those stupid questions to somebody else. Anything to keep some one longer to run up the bill. What a bunch of crap.



After I had been there a good 2 hours an 23 minutes the attending Doctor finely makes an appearance. His name was Michael J. Desano a slightly over weight pleasant looking fella. A Doctor since 1988. He too said: so you have a little cut do you. I said in the 2 plus hours i have been here. I have been asked that same question 8 times. But nobody is in any hurry to sew it up. When he looked at it. He said and i Quote: That is a pretty serious cut. Why was'nt i called sooner. Beats me man.

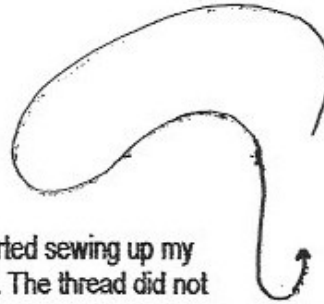
So he got Lori to start cleaning my wound with some orange/yellow liquid. Then she said your not going to like what I have to do. I said what is that. I have to give you a series of shots to deaden your thumb. And giving it in your upper arm won't do any good. I have to stick the needle right into the cut it self. She said very sternly.



Your not going to hit me are you. I said don't think so. But if you don't take my word for it. Why don't you get one of your big strong body guards to hold my arms down. She mumbled we don't have any body guards. I said well go for it. She produced this big needle from someplace, an poked it into the cut 5 or 6 times. At one point I said don't get testy now. And with a half grining smile she said i'm not. She then placed a piece of gaze over the cut an said the doctor will be here shortly. In about 20 more minutes the thumb was really numb.

(7)

Now 6:58 P.M. Pst



Another 15 minutes went by an the Doctor came back. He started sewing up my thumb using a small thin needle with stainless steel thread i think. The thread did not look like clear plastic or nylon. My thumb bleed some more when he did this. He started in the inside an worked out. When he got to the last 3 stitches i felt every one. Really smarted. But i'm use to pain. I've had server cronic back pain for years, an pain in my left leg so bad at times, that I felt like cutting it off. So the little needles in my thumb this day were a piece of cake.

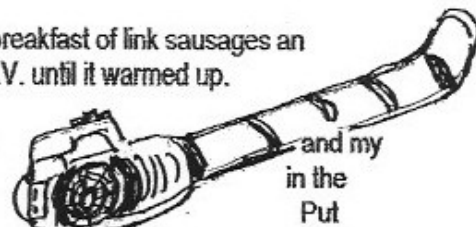
He finished an said good luck, an off he went. Lori came by after another 10 minutes had gone by an said: she was trying to figure out what was the best way to bandage my thumb. Finally she just put a little neosporen an wrapped some gaze around an tied it off.

When I went to stand up, I about fell on my nose. I was really lite headed. As I walked out I had no idea how to get back to the waiting room. A nurse pointed that way. And I walked right into the broom closet, an ran into the door frame. That nurse came over an asked if I was ok. I said the bloody door frame moved. An she just laughed an held my right arm an led me back out to the waiting room. A different lady at the admittance desk said they would just bill Medicare. And if they needed any of my money they would surely find me. Your free to go.

As I walked outside the cold breeze hit me and it felt so good. As I started to cross West 5th Ave. The loosely fitted bandage fell right off. I picked it up an slid it back on. When I got to the car now being 12:42 P.M. I just laid the back of the seat down an rested for about 40 minutes before attempting to drive home. As Soon as I got home I took 2 sominex sleeping pills and went to bed. I woke up at 10 p.m., took two more an went back to bed.

Friday 12/8/2000 i got up. Fead Corky his treats. Fixed my breakfast of link sausages an hashbrowns. Had a glass of milk. Then sat around watching T.V. until it warmed up.

Then I got the 100 foot power cord and Chucks leaf blower grass rake an a tarp an went out an cleaned up some leaves front yard. Then a few more in the back yard by the dog pen. them all in the garden. Chuck an Dottie came home that evening about 5:45 p.m.



This is the end of this story. Hope whomever reads it will get a few laughs. I had a few myself.

Now 12/14/2000 Thursday at 7:44 P.M. PST

Copywrite Dec. 2000

Written an typed by Alan W. Padgett Ham Call N6RNP