

It has been a long time since I spent a winter in a cold climate. Now, however, I find myself in Flagstaff, Arizona at 7,300 feet altitude, trying to recover from an ovarian cancer. Having separated from my husband, I am now planning on spending the winter in this (so far) unwinterized house ten miles out of Flagstaff and located 1/4 mile off a cinder road in an area called Ft. Valley. At sixty-nine years of age and not too healthy, it is a challenge.

The house itself, called Hawk Hill, is small but adequate and before long I hope to add a propane heater to augment the small wood stove which was never planned to heat the place in winter. About ten years ago I designed the house myself and my husband and I built it with some help from various workmen. Thus it mirrors my own needs, such as a large, open, central room with a stone fireplace containing a wood stove insert. Windows open on all four sides of this room and a bay window looks out to the north with a view of the San Francisco Peaks. This window is in the living room which occupies the northwest corner of the large room. Next to the living room is an open dining area in the other front corner to the northeast and the kitchen lies behind the dining area in the third corner to the southeast. The fourth corner, southwest behind the living area and partially walled off, holds the study where one whole wall is occupied by a built-in bookcase. My desk, computer, and typewriter occupy most of the remaining space here. Between the kitchen and study, and behind the stone fireplace lies a small room with toilet, lavatory and hot water heater. Beside the dining room table on the east wall a flight of stairs rises to a balcony which overlooks the living and dining areas. Behind the balcony are two bedrooms separated by a full bathroom. These two upstairs bedrooms are south-facing which is fortunate as I expect I'll have to keep them closed off pretty much from the rest of the house during the winter.

Hawk Hill house, so named because we once watched a pair of red-tailed hawks raise a family just east of us, sits on a five acre lot with meadows on the north side, forest on the east and south sides, and a meadow leading to trees on the west. Behind the house on the south lies national forest land. A long, winding road leads to the house, rising up from a cinder road. It will be, I'm afraid, difficult to negotiate in the winter, but a friend says he can keep it plowed out and I hope he's right. We get a lot of snow here in the winter. I am prepared to be snowed in for a few days, however, and plan to keep a well-stocked pantry. Also, another friend will loan me cross-country skis so I can at least get my mail which (usually) is delivered to my mailbox down the quarter-mile driveway. I keep reminding myself that lots of other people live out here in the winter so there's no reason that I can't do it too. Of course most houses aren't so far off the road, but those people have jobs and have to get out in the winter whereas I can stay inside if the snow gets too heavy. At least, it should be an interesting experience and I have many friends to call on if I need help.

Sept. 1. It is now September first and I shall begin keeping track of what goes on in preparation for the winter. First of all, besides this diary, I am in the process of writing my second oral history. The first history was called, *Women Pilots, World War II*, published by the University of Utah press, and this second will have a working title of,

The Class of 1940. This second work will occupy much of my time here during the winter. It involves audio-taping my own female class members of the Rutland, Vermont, high school class of 1940. These women are of particular interest because they grew up, most of them, into a society that expected little else of women except that they marry, produce children and take care of their mate and their home. While some were able to live their lives with no more than that required of them, and remained satisfied with such a life, most found themselves thrown into a more difficult and changed environment where they were, in reality, forced into a working environment where they needed to earn money for one reason or another. They were, therefore, at a particular disadvantage, first, because they had not planned or thought of such a role, and also because they were ill-prepared, not having been career oriented and thus having few skills for the market place and often little education as well.

So far, I have only recorded ten individuals, so I must locate the rest and travel wherever I must to talk to many more. At this date, I have not yet translated the ten recordings that I have into the computer. There is much to be done. I will not lack for work during this winter in Fort Valley.

I hope to record a few people who reside in Arizona and nearby states before the snow flies, but I must also make arrangements to install a better heating system and buy firewood for the stove before the cold sets in.

This morning it was 50 degrees outside at 6:30 am; inside it was 67 degrees. It had rained all night and part of the cinder driveway at the five acre line had washed out somewhat but not seriously. By 9:30 the sun had returned and I was ready to take a walk before the clouds built up again. This is the so-called "monsoon" season and most of the rain we get during the year comes at this time. Walked out to highway I80 and back which is roughly three miles round trip. I'm still quite fatigued after such a walk because my red and white counts, platelets, hemoglobin, etc. are low because of my last chemotherapy. After this long, labor day weekend, I shall get some more blood tests and find out if these counts are on the rise. My last CA-I25 was 40 which is above normal signaling some residual cancer cell somewhere. I had a CAT scan a few days ago and will get the results from that in a few days. Cancer is such a CONTINUING business, really quite a bore, except that there is the excitement of wondering whether or not you will get another tumor or if it has spread to some other exotic part of the body. In the meantime, one can only enjoy each day to the utmost just in case there may not be a lot of days left.

On the way back from my walk I was stopped by Helen Griffin who was driving back from a visit to a neighbor. We stopped to talk a bit and I asked how her cancer was coming along. She has been fighting a breast cancer. Her answer was not reassuring. The cancer had spread to her spinal column and had metastasized in the bone. She certainly did not think that good news, nor did I. She is still walking every day, however, and I did not ask her what the prognosis was from this latest development and, indeed, I'm not sure she knows yet herself. But she is planning a dinner party for next Thursday and wants me to come. Helen lives in the woods to the west of my house across the meadow. She only stays there in the summer, however, like many

people in Fort Valley. Her husband is dead and she has sold her home in Phoenix so she is not sure where she'll stay during the winter -- perhaps in town in Flagstaff. She is not as hard up for money as I am, however.

The expense of cancer, for me, is another worry; thank God for Medicare -- it's the only insurance I have, but there still remains quite a lot to pay for, especially when some of these doctors refuse to take "assignment", meaning that they can charge a lot more than Medicare will allow. There is always the pharmacy bill in addition, which I must pay myself. When my husband and I separated, we had to divide the income which does not leave me much. My income is only \$1,228.00 a month and out of that I must pay two hundred fifty on my car loan. I do have a few stocks in reserve, but they are not worth much -- less than \$10,000 dollars which the cancer could eat up rather fast. The house is paid for but taxes and other expenses keep coming up. I will be hard put to find the money to put in a propane heater. Any of the children will gladly help, but I would prefer not to call on them unless it is really essential. They have their own worries.

Later in the day Steve Carothers and Marian Sharp stopped with their two year old son Tanner. They were just in time to have a drink with me out on the deck, but they did not stay long. Tanner kept us all busy by running off into the meadow and refusing to return without being chased. Steve is a PhD, a biology professor, and Marian is an artist. Right now they are both busy with a new environmental company that Steve founded which is extremely successful. They live in the woods to the west of us, a little farther back than Helen's house. Unfortunately, they are not home much because they are so involved with their business which extends to several states. I was very happy to see them and I realize how lucky I am to have many good friends in the area.

I am fortunate in another way, too, and that is to be able to live in my own house in such a wonderful place as Fort Valley. (History here.)

Sept. 2 This morning it was clear and colder -- forty degrees outside and 64 in the house -- but it warmed up rapidly when the sun came up. After breakfast I suffered through my usual stomach cramps due, perhaps, to chemo partly, and partly to having a lot of my small and large intestine removed due to the spread of the ovarian cancer (stage III). In an hour or so, however I was feeling up to a walk. This time I headed for the large meadow across the road from the house. Before I could reach it, the Woods, old friends from way back in 1957, drove past me with their granddaughter on their way to the Grand Canyon. She had not been there for many years (she is about 20 and a beautiful young lady); they were going to make a day of it, seeing the I-MAX and doing other Canyon things. We talked for a minute and then I headed out into the meadow where I can walk for a good mile through beautiful flowers, meeting no dogs or other distractions. Back home again I settled down to get some letters written and to print out some old WASP recordings that the Texas Woman's University would like to have for their research files. When I get that done I can get started on my new Vermont recordings, translating them from the tapes into the computer. That is slow and difficult work but must be done before I can really get started on the new history.

The weather stayed lovely during the morning and gave me a chance to go out and photograph some of the wonderful wild flowers before they are gone. We can expect frost almost any day; fall comes early to the high country, but the aspens on the mountain have not changed color yet. By afternoon, as expected, the clouds rolled in and we had a few rain storms giving me a nice chance to take a quick nap before cleaning up the house a bit. Finally remembered to fill the hummingbird feeder after seeing two broadtails chasing each other out in the meadow. I have seen a few western bluebirds, but not as many as earlier in the summer when they were building nests in our birdhouses that surround the house. Little activity is seen around the birdhouses this late.

Late in the afternoon I was surprised to hear some very loud music; I discovered there were some workmen in the woods to the northeast where some of our neighbors are building a house. Our neighbors were not there or I'm sure that would not have been allowed. Construction workers do seem to play very loud music when they work. It did not last long, though, and they left after a short time. After finishing most of my letter-writing, I decided it was time to quit for the day. I mixed myself a Manhattan (sort of in memory of my mother who loved the drink) and sat outside on the deck in the fading light of the sun watching the play of clouds across the San Francisco Peaks. Such beautiful mountains. As the sun finally set, the bats appeared from nowhere (I hope not my attic) and I watched them catching insects in front of the deck before returning inside to make myself a dinner of chicken, stuffing and a bowl of fruit. Then I flipped on the TV set and discovered Monday night football -- the San Francisco 49ers playing the New York Giants. I watched for a while, recalling that grandson Christopher was now playing football for Newman school in New Orleans -- the same place that our youngest son, Jeffrey, just started work as a teacher of Spanish. I figured I should at least know the rudiments of the game, but I tired by the fourth inning and, with the score 14/13 49ers, I went up to bed.

Sept. 3 This morning was a bit warmer at forty-nine degrees; sixty- seven in the house. After the morning routine was over, including some of my exercise tape, I headed for town to do some banking and shopping. I hate to take a lot of time away from my work, but sometimes it is fun to get to town, and I also made a visit to the library to get some information on Fort Valley. It was afternoon before I returned so I ate a quick lunch and read about half of the book on Fort Valley before being interrupted by a phone call from Helen Griffin about an article she had seen in People Magazine about the use of Taxol for ovarian cancer. She brought it over to me and we had a long talk which took up the rest of the afternoon. She was a former nurse and is quite knowledgeable about cancer, especially since her own outlook is not so good. During our talk I was interrupted again by a phone call from Dr. Thompson's nurse giving me a definite time for my "second-look" surgery -- September 25, just two days after my general appointment Dr. Thompson, who is my surgeon. This was earlier than I expected but I guess it's better to get it over with. According to the nurse, this is out-patient surgery and I should expect to get home the same day probably by four in the afternoon. Helen and I sat on the deck and had a glass of wine and then I drove her

down to her mailbox. Our mail was delivered late because of the long, Labor Day weekend. I then picked up my own mail and headed back up the drive to prepare dinner. Perhaps I can get some work done this evening because not much was accomplished today.

Sept. 4 Morning was cloudy and I slept a little late. Because I had to visit my Flagstaff doctor at noon, I spent most of the morning printing out some of the WASP tapes for the Texas Woman's University. Then I had a lot of phone calls to make. Finally left for town, saw Becky Hildebrand, my doctor, so she could give me a B-12 shot and make arrangements for another mammogram. After that I had to get to the post office to mail some letters and to the office supply store to buy more paper for my printer. Then to the grocery to find some decent grapefruit to send to my sister in Vermont. By then I was starving so I stopped to buy a sandwich. By the time I returned it was after two and I was so tired I fell asleep, but was awakened after about 15 minutes by the telephone. The minute I tried to go to sleep again, the phone rang. No hope for a nap, I guess. I finished all the WASP tapes that were stored in this new computer, but that did not complete all of them. More must still be stored in the old computer, so I had to get that set up to hunt for them. I think some of my floppy disks are still at Tom's house, my son down in Chandler. Finally, however, I managed to get into the old computer and to find one or two more WASP tapes. I'll be working on getting those printed out during the next few days. I hope these are finished pretty soon so I can spend more time on the Vermont book.

I have discovered that I must dig some holes and put in posts along the driveway up to the house so that the snowplow will know where to plow. Otherwise, he could be all over the meadow and not on the road at all. I hope I will be able to handle the post-hole digger. As I recall that was not easy even when I was in perfect health. I hope I won't have to hire someone to do this work. Also, I must bring in more wood so there will be room for the next two cords where the remaining wood now is stacked. Perhaps tomorrow I will tackle those jobs.

It is now evening and I am working on one computer while the other is printing out some WASP tapes. I guess it is handy to have two but I feel like some sort of computer freak when, in reality, I know very little about these computers. It was not easy to get into computers this late in life, but I guess one must keep up. Whenever I get into trouble, I just call son Tom and he straightens me out -- he really knows computers, thankfully.

Sept. 5 A little warmer today, fifty-eight and 68 sixty-eight inside. Cloudy again, amazingly so, because all summer the sky has been blue almost every day. But today has enough breeze so that it is too cool to enjoy the deck, even when the sun kept breaking through later in the morning. When I walked down to put some letters in the mailbox I noticed a lot of butterflies and grasshoppers flitting around. Often we have swarms of the small, pale lilac-colored butterflies, and many common varieties are seen

such as _____ are seen frequently. Today, however, a beautiful black and white butterfly, quite large, followed me half way to the mailbox. I had never seen one like it but I assume it to be _____. Our grass-hoppers are also somewhat surprising. It took me quite a while to realize that the lovely red-orange flash of color that kept leaping up and preceding me down the drive was really only a small dark-colored grasshopper when it landed down in the cinders. (Name, etc.) Earlier in the season we see the bright yellow flash of a larger grasshopper (name etc.) but those seem to have left.

On the way back from the postbox I stopped to talk to Dave Hilton who is building his brick house on the two and a half acre lot which he bought from us a couple of years ago. His house is right on the road so he will have little trouble when it comes to a heavy snow. We got to talking about skiing and he informed that he had "lots" of downhill skis that he had bought at various sales and I was welcome to use any of them I wanted this winter rather, he said, than buy or rent. I was pleased and told him I might take him up on his offer. My skis are old and too short and I have been renting for the last year or so. That was a nice offer because I thought I might even have to buy another pair.

It was nearly noon before the Woods, Betsy and Bill, and Bill's sister Mary stopped by to fill their VW camper tank with water. We went under the house and turned on the outside water and filled their tank, which only holds seven gallons. They do not have a well, however, and have to haul their water, so I am happy to oblige whenever necessary. I have plenty of water from a very good well down on the road. In fact, four people are now hooked onto this well and Dave Hilton will make the fifth.

After fixing a little lunch, I prepared to go to town because I needed a few things to prepare a salad for tonight. I am expected at Helen's house for dinner and I offered to bring the salad. I locked up and stepped out to the car only to find I had left my car (and attached house) keys inside. I have made this stupid error only once before, but then I had my purse with me which holds another set of keys. This time, however, I was only carrying my wallet. I thought perhaps the upstairs window was open so I dragged a ladder over and placed it up against the carport, but when I climbed up on the roof I could see that the window was closed and the outside door up there was locked also. I couldn't even pick the lock. My house is more secure than I had thought. Nothing was left except to walk down to ask the Bannons, who live in a trailer just below me, to drive me over to the Howeth's house. Howeths keep a house key for me because they often take care of plants or other things when I'm gone. Unfortunately, Karen Bannon was home with a sick child and she did not want to take him out, so I walked on down and asked Dave Hilton. He drove me over to Howeth's where I picked up another house key -- Howeth's house is never locked. They don't believe in locking it, and they keep keys for several Fort Valley residents. I walked in and got my key, Dave drove me back and I was able to get in the house all right. I really think I must hide a key outside. If this happened again in snow-weather, it could be a more difficult problem. Dave won't even be here in the winter.

I drove into town, shopped, and returned my key to Howeth's on the way back. Both Mike Howeth and his wife, Clover, were there and while we were talking, JC, our friendly, neighborhood road-grader stopped by, leaving his grader running in the street while he came over and talked to Mike. The rain that had recently fallen here at 7,300 feet had dropped some snow on the peaks. Humphreys and Fremont, but not Agassiz, had white peaks. Clover remarked that the weather man would call it "soft hail" but we knew that it was our first snow. Whatever it is, the mountains looks lovely with slightly white peaks. I returned home, made the salad and worked on the computer a while before taking a short nap.

About six thirty I took my salad and headed over to Helen's house in the woods. The Nunns, Jerry and Jimmy, soon arrived and we settled down for drinks. Jimmy Nunn is a native Arizonan, an architect, and has lived in the Fort Valley area for the past years. His wife, Jerry, is exactly my age and calls herself my astral twin. (I must have her meet Sherrill McElhannon, a transplant from California who reads palms.) Jerry Nunn used to sell avalanche guns for ski resorts and, in this capacity she traveled both Europe and the United States extensively. Both the Nunns are superb skiers, but they never complain about skiing with me even though I am slower and definitely clunkier. Helen served us a lovely dinner of salmon steaks, wild rice and mixed vegetables with hot croissants and a delightful white wine. My fruit salad was happily accepted also. We stayed talking a lot about the upcoming ski season and the trials of living in high snow country during the winter, before heading for home at 10:30.

Sept. 6 As a result of getting to bed so late (11:00) I woke up in my usual six hours to find it almost morning so I could not get back to sleep again. Rose early and somehow did not feel so well at that early hour. The temperature outside was about the same, fifty outside, sixty-six inside. I pattered around making some necessary phone calls and packaging up some information about our Mexican beach house to send to the children. I am hoping that we will soon get that property transferred to them. With five children, it's hard to know just how to handle it.

Daughter Wendy phoned from Texas asking about my CAT scan. Wendy is a flight attendant for Delta airlines and keeps extremely busy, even when not flying, with her eight year old daughter, Lacey. I was happy to be able to tell her that my chemo doctor had phoned and said it showed nothing really obvious, in other words no new masses. He hastened to qualify the good news, as doctors always do, by saying that of course it is always hard to tell. There was a slight thickening in the pelvic area and a small cyst (that has always been there) in my liver. However, he effectively "covered his ass" but the news definitely is not bad.

I still felt lousy all morning and finally stretched out on the couch at about eleven o'clock and fell into a deep sleep. Was awakened only once by the phone, but still managed to sleep until one in the afternoon. After that I felt a great deal better and headed for town to get some banking done because it is Friday. I also mailed my sister Edna a box of grapefruit and then went to Hunt's lumber store to buy new deadbolt locks for the three downstairs doors on the house. It rained all day so I did not get in a

walk, but rode the stationary bicycle for just a mile (better than nothing). The rain stopped around five o'clock but the cloud level was so low that nothing can be seen of the peaks.

Sept. 7, 1991 This morning when I opened my eyes I saw a beautiful sunrise with clouds here and there. The colors, pink, blueish and gray were lovely, but it would obviously be another cloudy, or partly cloudy day. Downstairs, I discovered the temperature to be sixty-five inside and forty-nine outside. When I opened the door to drive down to get my newspaper, I smelled a musty odor and wondered for a minute what it could be. Then I remembered the smell of early mushrooms and I looked to see if mushrooms had come up during the night. Sure enough, the cinder driveway sprouted quite a few, but these were a kind I dare not eat. I was not quite sure of them although sometimes I see _____ in the driveway and those I can pick and eat with assurance.

Today I knew I needed a long walk and I didn't have to go to town so I was sure I could manage it. Daughter Sally phoned at about eight thirty because it was Saturday and she wanted to know about my CAT scan. Also she was miffed because she had to get up early to take grandson Chris to his football practice and then they only needed them for forty-five minutes, so he called very shortly to have her come back and get him -- this is a thirty minute drive. No wonder she was miffed -- not to mention tired. Saturday and Sunday are her only two days to sleep.

About ten o'clock I got out my camera and started out to photograph the old Beasley place out in the Fort Valley meadow. It looked like there might be enough sun to get a good picture. On the way I met two huge dogs, but only one approached me and he seemed friendly enough. I got my photos and then went on to photograph the old "tower" across the Snow Bowl road. By the time I returned I had walked at least three miles and was tired enough to eat some lunch and take a short nap. The nap was interrupted, as it usually is, but this time by a cat fight outside. I leapt up and ran out to drive the stray cat away and get my cat inside.

The rest of the afternoon was spent telephoning various people and working on both computers, getting some WASP material out of the old computer for the Texas Woman's University, and then working on the Vermont book on the new computer. In the meantime I kept the television tuned to the semi-final tennis tournament with Jimmie Connors. He lost rather badly, I'm afraid, and my television screen was fine for the tennis, but the commentary was in Japanese. I never know what I'm going to get with this satellite.

Then I made some fudge, which I have been wanting to do for some time. Sat on the deck with a drink and tried to settle down quietly. After dinner, I went back to work, but I was still tired so decided to go to bed early and read.

Sept. 8 What a bad night. I simply couldn't sleep and that happens to me very seldom. Guess I just couldn't wind down. At about one o'clock I decided I was hungry and went downstairs and got some fudge and a large glass of milk. After that I think I fell asleep. Woke up at about six thirty to the sound of coyotes -- such a cacaphony.

Soon the dogs entered into the game and they were howling too. Figured I'd better get up. It was colder out, thirty-nine degrees, mainly because it was clear. Still about 65 in the house however.

I putzed around, did my exercise tape and sat on the deck for a while reading the Sunday paper. Dipped into the old computer to find some more WASPs to tape and discovered that there were three I/O errors, effectively shutting me off from retrieving those accounts. Perhaps I can get them out of my hard-copy file, but it is pretty messed up. Finally ran off all the rest of the available tapes; now I'll have to wait to see if Tom has any more discs at his house. Steve called and talked for a while. Later I called Jeff and he has lots of plans for doing research in Mexico which sounds exciting.

After lunch I took a short nap and was awakened by Mary Ellen Keil wanting to know if it was possible for me to attend a WASP meeting at Saratoga, New York. Impossible, of course, but I wished I could. By then I was awake so got up and went to the grocery store in town to get what I needed for the luncheon tomorrow. Came home and cleaned up the living room a bit and cooked the chicken for the casserole and made a fruit salad. Then sat on the deck with a drink, listening to some tape recordings, mostly Patsy Cline. After supper and several phone calls from Betsy and others including Deon Rasmussen from Phoenix, I went back to work on the Vermont book for another hour before heading for bed. This will have to be a better night!

Sept. 9 Another chilly morning. Temperature 35 degrees outside at six fifteen but still sixty-five inside. This house really is well insulated. On the south roof there was a good display of frost, however. While I was in the shower the phone rang (perfect timing) and it was my neighbor Karen Bannon on the trailer in front of me. She informed me that the well pump had quit and she had no water, so she wanted to let me know to use whatever water I had left in my underground tank sparingly. -- Just the time for me to have five people coming for lunch, of course.

I spent the morning cleaning the living and dining areas and the downstairs bathroom. Then I prepared a casserole, vegetable dish and fruit salad plus some rolls. Betsy Wood would bring the dessert. They all arrived late -- Art Clark, who lives across the mountain and is leaving for the "Valley" (Tempe in his case) this week. He is finding that his sleep is being cut back seriously because he has difficulty breathing at this high altitude. Apparently his emphysema is worse. He is a biologist and an excellent photographer. Bill and Betsy Wood will not leave for the Valley until mid November. Bill's sister Mary, from California, was with them. We enjoyed a pleasant lunch and took some photos on the deck before they left. The Woods' son, George, had been planning to join us but he hurt his back this morning and felt he needed to see a chiropractor. He stopped by briefly after they all had left and drank a beer before I had to head for town to mail a gift package to son Jeffrey for his new apartment in New Orleans.

By the time I got home, it was late and I rushed to make some business phone calls -- it was way too late for a nap. I had suffered all day with stomach pains, trying to

keep quiet about it. I guess that is par for the course when one is on the "cancer track". Anyhow, I ate a small supper and, at last, got to turn on the computer.

Mail, incidentally, included a nice letter from an old high school classmate, Sally Curtis, who started school with me in the first grade and continued all the way through high school. Her comments are on one of the tapes that I have not yet transcribed, but she contributed some more information in her letter about her adult life of teaching in a girl's school in New Hampshire. It made very interesting reading.

Another Monday night football -- I could get hooked on this sort of thing. Tonight is the Cowboys and the Redskins. Nobody puts on a better show than the Dallas Cowboys, but I'm sure I'll be in bed before it's finished.

Sept. 10 Rainy and 50 degrees outside but a warm 70 inside. The first problem to hit me this morning was a phone call while I was in the shower. It seems the Bannons in the trailer discovered they had no water. On checking they figured that the big submersible pump in our well was not working. They called a well man and I called Ray Beckage, who knows a lot about well pumps. I needed to take the car over to Ray anyhow to do a tune-up and anything else the car needed. Ray confirmed that we probably did need a new pump (one thousand dollars, please).

About eight o'clock I drove the car over to him and he drove me back home -- fortunately he and his wife Kathy Schwartz live close by, just across highway 180. By the time I got back inside the phone rang and it was Bill Wood who had just seen a neighbor of his receiving a load of oak firewood. Knowing I wanted some, he got the name of the firewood man and gave it to me. I called and made arrangements to have a load delivered today; at one hundred ten dollars a cord it was cheaper than any place else I have heard of.

Next on my list of things to get done was a permanent wave. I had bought an inexpensive package -- it costs too much to get a permanent at the beauty parlor -- so the morning was spent giving myself this curly hair. After lunch I made the usual million phone calls and then took a nice nap -- uninterrupted for a change. When I woke up I went for a three mile walk and by the time I returned the load of wood was at the house, plus two men, one woman and four children. They seemed like a nice Mexican family plus one extra man. This became evident because of their speech. Only the woman could handle English well. The two men spoke Spanish and I conversed with them a bit in my terrible Spanish. At one point I couldn't understand what one man was saying to me so I asked the woman what he was saying. She answered, "I don't know." "Don't you speak Spanish?" I asked her in surprise. "No," she answered, I'm an Indian. It turned out she was Navajo and spoke both the Navajo language and English. The men spoke Spanish and just a little English. The children seemed to speak a smattering of all three languages.

The wood was excellent, dry, oak and for \$10 extra they stacked it for me. On Thursday, they said, they will bring me the cord of aspen that I had also asked for. Aspen was only seventy dollars. I'll be glad to have that out of the way. It seems early (only September) to be getting everything ready for winter, but I have seen snow in October -- quite a lot of it -- so I want to be prepared even though one never knows what the weather will be here. I hope I can finally decide on the type of propane heater I will need. In the meantime, the Lizarragas (also using the same well and pump for water) the Bannons and myself, are not flushing toilets, taking sponge baths, and hoping for a new pump soon.

It was a rough night and a busy morning. Last night husband Jerry called being very insistent that "we" must live together. He wanted "another chance" a phrase he repeated at least fifty times. Anyhow, no matter how many solid "no"s a responded with, he simply would not stop hasseling me, so I finally had to hang up on him. It was very upsetting. I called Tom which I should not have done -- he has enough problems with Jerry himself. Then I called Wendy and she said I should talk to a lawyer and start proceedings for a legal separation -- something my sister has also urged me to do. I slept little, a few hours maybe.

Woke late, having been awake so long. It was cloudy again, forty-eight degrees with sixty-eight inside. I tried to call the lawyer my friend in Phoenix, Nancy Merritt, suggested only to find out that that particular lawyer dealt only in environmental cases. The office recommended another person and I tried to check back with Nancy with no results. Finally got myself together and dressed to go to town because I have bank business. Spent a lot of time in town, first at the bank. Discovered someone had deposited eight-one dollars in my account. I can't explain it. Then I went to my doctor to get a permission to get a blood test; then I went on got the blood test. After that I went to the drugstore to renew my pills and to the grocery store to have something to eat for Marian Sharp who is coming over for dinner tomorrow night with her little boy, Tanner.

Drove home, ate lunch and fell asleep but was awakened by two different phone calls. Feeling groggy. Had to return to town for a three o'clock appointment for a mammogram. After that I returned too tired to even do my exercises. It will be a very early bedtime tonight.

Actually went to bed at seven o'clock and slept pretty soundly until morning. Felt about a million time better than yesterday. Temperature outside was down to thirty-two, freezing but the house was sixty-four. Not too bad. I called the firewood people and found out they could not come until Friday so I went out for a three mile walk. For the first time in a long time I saw two horny toads -- they have been scarce this summer. Marian Sharp told me that Sparrowhawks eat them and I have seen a lot of Sparrowhawks this summer. Who knows? These were small toads, also, for this late in

the summer. It was beautiful out in the meadow, a little windy but the fall flowers are still hanging on. Even the aspens on the mountains have not turned yet.

When I returned I ate a snack and, after a few phone calls to try to find some bookplates for Christopher's birthday, (some bookstores did not know what "bookplates" were), I discovered I would have to go to the Mall to get them. I drove all the way out there and found two packages that I figured would do and then drove over to the other side of town to try to have them printed with his name. No luck. Will try again tomorrow. Ran into Helen (again) at the grocery and she had results on her cancer tests which didn't look good but everything still seemed uncertain, she said, even after spending three thousand dollars for an MRI test. Guess they still don't know a lot about cancer.

Home again to find a letter from number two daughter Sally and a nice "Grandparents Day" drawing that Kate had made in school. It showed her grandmother in an airplane, and very well done. A letter also arrived from Bill Wood's sister Mary thanking me for lunch the other day. Check arrived from Jeff also. (We traded checks for three hundred dollars and I will hold his for one week so he will stay solvent until his paycheck comes in --his first from Newman school).

Hustled around getting out a high chair for Tanner Carothers from under the house -- he and his mother Marian Sharp will come over for dinner tonight. Then I got a tomato aspic made and put together a quiche with broccoli and mushrooms. They arrived at about six and we ate rather early because Tanner was hungry. Had a call from Jennifer Bannon (a fifteen year old girl who lives in the trailer below me) saying she would be staying alone in the trailer tonight. I invited her to stay with me and she said maybe she would come up for a little while anyway. Later I phoned and there was no answer but still lights on down there. I drove down and lights were on all over but no one answered when I yelled loud enough to wake her even if she'd been asleep. I could only assume she went to a friend's or someplace.

It occurs to me, on reading over some of these accounts, that I seem to have a lot of social life considering I'm living alone out in the boondocks. I rather imagine, however, it will get quieter after the snow falls and many people up here move down to the Valley for the winter.

Sept. 13, 1991 Friday the thirteenth certainly lived up to its name today. Last night I realized that I had a small, hard lump on my abdomen, next to the navel which felt like it could be cancerous. I hit the panic button and the first thing in the morning I called Dr. Becky and they very nicely gave me an appointment for eleven AM. Then I called the firewood people and they said they would not come until one PM. Then I called Jerry to see why there had been a deposit of \$81.18 in my bank account. He explained it as a payment from Merrill-Lynch. Then I got in gear and went to town to find a printer to put Christopher's name on the bookplates I bought for his birthday, along with a book certificate from Waldens. Finally found one that would do it for only seven dollars. Then went to the post office to pick up a package Wendy had sent which turned out to be a

tape of one of the WASPs that I had asked for. Then to bank to pick up a statement and finally to the doctors office where I received a sort of "triple whammy". First she said my tumor could be a cancer and probably should come out but to wait until my surgeon's appointment on the 23rd. Then she showed me my blood count which was still very low, both white, red, platelets, etc. -- after a month, yet! Then she said, "oh, yes, radiology wants to take another view of your mammogram. They think there is a calcification" -- or some such thing. Good old Friday, the 13th. I went home and decided to be cheerful about it -- what else can I do.

Then, the firewood people never did show up and my mail contained a bill from the surgeon for four thousand dollars. Fortunately, the Medicare statement came in the same mail and showed that I really owned only seven-five dollars, roughly -- which was bad enough, along with all the other bills. In addition to all that, I still have no water and had to make two trips to Clover's house to bring back 5 gallons, each trip, in order to wash the dishes and flush the toilet. Karen called and said that Mike assured her that he would get the pump in tomorrow morning. I sure hope so.

Finally got myself a drink, some supper and worked for a while on some more WASP discs which I also received in the mail today from Tom. I was able to print out two more WASPs completely. Temperature this morning, by the way, was thirty degrees, with 64 in the house, but it warmed up rapidly and, I think, even went up to seventy -- what a spread.

Sept. 14 A bit warmer outside this morning, thirty-five, but only 64 in the house. Perhaps this was because it was windy. Wind always makes the house colder. Sally phoned early -- she usually does on Saturday, often because she has to go someplace on Saturday. This time it was to a football game that Cris was to play in. He is quite an athlete. David, however, had received some accolades because he wrote such an exceptional poem in class that all the teachers were marveling about this eleven year old. He wrote about Huck Finn, who was the only youngster who had noone to cheer when the group was brought back from the dead (after they were all thought to be lost and they returned to witness their own funeral). Apparently David had a great deal of empathy for Huck and wrote about it in a very moving fashion. I can't wait to see the poem which Sally will send to me.

Then Neria phoned to say that the tickets for the Baryshniknov ballet will not go on sale until Sept. 23. There will be so many lines that she thought I might try to get tickets up here at Dillards. I must look into that. Finally, about ten forty-five I got ready to take a walk but on the road I chanced upon a Datsun pickup with a load of aspen and I stopped them and, sure enough, it was for me. I road back with them to the house. Their English was so bad that we had to talk in Spanish -- my Spanish being the world's worst, but still better than their English. Anyhow, I didn't think the load looked like a full cord and they agreed it was only half a cord (I don't know just how we communicated this) so they only charged me forty dollars instead of seventy. After they dumped the load in the carport I went out again and completed my walk by noon.

After lunch and a short nap I decided to stack the wood and actually managed to stack the whole pile during the afternoon. Also I picked up a lot of kindling and stacked it in a box as well as a large bag of pine cones. I want to get as many things as possible accomplished before I have to go to Mesa for my "second-look" surgery next Wednesday. By the time I get back it will probably be almost October. I remember the snow in October one time and I want to be as prepared as possible.

While all this was going on, the men of the neighborhood were helping put in the new well pump. As I walked past I heard them having a great old time cooperating and yelling and laughing. By afternoon it was working OK and everyone happily filled their tanks. It is very rewarding to see the comradary among these neighbors who share the well. So much space separates all of us, yet there is a closeness that is seldom found in the city. I feel that I can ask any of them to help me with anything although, of course, I try not to because it seems to be a mark of independence to handle things onesself as much as possible and I feel that way very strongly myself. Still, I do not hesitate to ask for help if I really need it. I will have to ask someone to split a few aspen logs that are simply too large for my stove. I got out the axe and thought I could do it easily, but I find I am simply not as strong as I was. I cannot swing the axe hard enough to split a log. There are only a few pieces, however, and any of the men will be glad to split them for me.

I sat out on the deck by myself late this afternoon with a drink enjoying the beautiful fall weather. It was so peaceful. Someone was running along the road (East Suzette Lane) with a couple of dogs and the feeling of belonging to this beautiful Fort Valley was overwhelming. A couple of threewheelers drove by slowly and I found myself glad to be alone without Jerry who would have complained bitterly about them, but I thought they looked as though they were having fun in their own way and I did not at all begrudge them their mechanized choice.

Back inside I heated the last of the quiche and added some mashed turnip which was very good. Watched TV satellite news for a short time and then off to bed. I am quite tired from the long walk and stacking the wood.

Sept. 15 Sunday and I had a good night's sleep. Warmer this morning -- 40 degrees outside and 65 inside. The Sunday paper came late and I suffered pretty intense stomach cramps after breakfast. Perhaps it was caused by so much work yesterday. Anyhow, I sat around and wrote five letters, sorted out my photographs and shortly before noon headed for town to buy a large tarp to cover the oak wood. Because it is on the south side of the carport it would otherwise be snowed over in no time. Bought stamps for my letters and some more groceries but arrived home early, about two. It is a beautiful, sunny day and quiet in the neighborhood. Jim and Gloria Bailey, who own the land just to the west of me, came up for the weekend. They have a temporary trailer here but have not built a house although they keep saying they will start. They live in Tucson and he sometimes comes up in his aeroplane and sometimes in their car. He helped getting the well pump put in.

Trailers are really not allowed, but land owners can keep one here in the summer for a maximum of three months. Also land owners can keep a trailer if they are building. The Bannons in front of me had planned to build, but somehow they are shorter of money than they had expected. No one has said anything yet and what do I care? They are very nice people and if they are a bit tight for money that is certainly understandable. Who isn't? I can live with a trailer in front of me. In fact, I am glad they are there; they are a buffer against strangers who might come up the drive.

When I returned home I started setting up some files to get all this correspondence and business in some sort of order. If I could wade through all the business and book and personal paperwork, I might be able to get more done. I cleared out some of Jerry's files and packed them to go down with me to Chandler when I go a week from tomorrow. That gave me some file room to put in my own stuff. At least, I made a start. Otherwise, not much done today -- certainly not on the Vermont book. I'll have to get back to that this coming week or, for sure, after I get through my "second-look" surgery. Edna called late in the afternoon and talked for quite a while. We agreed that we might possibly get off for a week or so by the time January comes, providing we both recover OK from our respective surgeries. We thought Hawaii might be a warm and peaceful place. We are giving it some serious thought.

Sept. 16 Good old Monday. Thirty degrees outside, sixty-five in. Sunrise came at 6:20 but it was pretty far down from me. The sun hit our deck at eight. I can see that getting later and later as the days grow shorter. I'm afraid I will have a very short sunny time during the winter. I'll just have to go down to the road or up on the mountain to "catch the rays." It's funny why I really want to stay here during the long, cold winter. I could stay at an apartment my daughter has in Dallas -- completely unoccupied. Or I could visit my daughter and son in New Orleans, or my sister who wants me to come and live with her in Vermont. (Of course, that is cold too and much less sunny.)

I guess it's something about staying independent in one's own house, but also it's the wonderful feeling of living way out where it is quiet; every flower, every tree, every bird -- all these small joys are important to me. The space, the great, wide-open space, and the view of the mountains, different every day, is a never-ending source of peace and pleasure. I love doing what I want after so many years of taking care of everyone else. No one is around to hassle me or to suggest I do this or that. I do remember to be a bit more careful -- like climbing up ladders or standing on chairs to reach something, or to get too far astray in the woods. I remember I am alone with no one around to call out to if I need someone. It does not worry me much, however. I am happy here; I am in my element.

Last night, I must admit I suffered a lot of stomach pains and when I arose this morning I was so dizzy I could hardly negotiate. I felt bad most of the day, but I did rally about ten a.m. and drove to the bank to do a little business, to the post office, and to the drugstore to get some more Mylantan and tape to bandage my (still bleeding) abscess. When I returned I felt enough better to get in a three mile walk. Still I was tired and aching; finally took my temperature to find it elevated a bit.

In the afternoon I gathered some more kindling which I am packing in boxes and storing for winter. I know it will be buried in snow for quite a while. Then I did a laundry, changed sheets, and packed up some of Jerry's things to take to Chandler next Monday. Steve called and asked how I was; I told him about my subcutaneous node on my abdomen but did not tell him that I felt quite ill today. He doesn't need that.

By night I was not hungry for supper but ate something anyway, mostly vegetables; could not seem to tolerate protein. Went up to bed at about nine with a glass of milk and hope for a good night's sleep. Perhaps that will take care of everything.

Well, had a great night's sleep and feel like a new person this morning. Temperature outside thirty degrees and sixty-five inside. Got moving rather fast this morning. The man from the Graves gas company came out to give me an estimate this morning before nine. His estimate is about one hundred dollars higher than the other person, but his heater has 40,000 btu instead of the other which was 25,000 or 30,000 -- cannot get those people to call me back. Also he included the price of the gas which the others did not. He explained a lot more to me than they did, giving me several choices of heaters, so I thought he was much better than the other one. I am still trying to get it settled but think I will probably go with the higher price because it seems like a lot better buy and a better system. I hope I'm right.

Drove into town after he left and picked up the bookplates for Chris. They look lovely and I got them in the mail. They may make it in time for his birthday. Then I had lunch and discovered that the sun out on the back patio was still quite hot and I dragged my chaise lounge out there and sat in the sun for a while. Then came back in for a very short nap and then did some of my exercises. Tried to call my doctor's office to find out if I should send them more CBC (blood) tests and they said it would be a good idea. But they also said that probably my tests would be high enough by next week so I could have the surgery without any trouble. Rats -- I guess I'll have to go through with it.

Today was a beautiful, sunny day and probably the temperature rose to seventy. Sometimes these September days are beautiful. I hate going down to the Valley and have to spend four or five days down there. It is so beautiful here and I want to get out to Leroux Springs before it gets too cold. There still is a lot to do before the cold sets in; I still need more aspen, and I must get the heater in soon. Karen called and said Mike would come tonight to get the money for the pump. Tom called to check and we talked computers for a while. I'll be glad to see him next Monday. Wish he would come up here to see me.

Again 30 degrees outside, 64 inside. Kitty woke me at about six o'clock, but did not bother me all night. She has been very good lately. Got up at about 6:40 after a good night's sleep. Decided to wash my hair this morning and make a decision about the propane heater. Called Mike Howeth but he was out of town so Clover (his wife) talked to me. After telling her all about the differences between the two heaters, I was

able to make my own decision -- went with the better heater and the more expensive company. Just needed someone to bounce my ideas off, I guess. Called the Graves company and told them I wanted their heater and they said they would put it in just as soon as I came back from Phoenix.

Got going finally, washed hair, gathered some more kindling wood for the winter and then went for a two mile walk -- all I had time for because I had also done my exercise tape. Returned home about noon and ate lunch, had nearly an hour's nap and then headed for town. First did a lot of xeroxing of WASP tapes for the TEexas Woman's University, then went on up to get my mammogram. Home in time to organize all the xeroxing and run off some other tapes so that I finally have nearly all the WASP stuff in shape.

Just about four o'clock, Ann and Bob Patterson arrived to visit for a short time on their way to Ouray, Colorado for a Jeep convention. I was real glad to see them and we talked mostly about our children and what's going on in Tempe. They stayed until five and then took off for the reservation where they plan to camp overnight before continuing on the next day to Ouray. They will stay the weekend, I guess.

After that I fixed myself a drink and Wendy called from Dallas. Everything is going OK there. I fixed myself some dinner and before I could finish I received a call from Jerry -- same old thing, I should give him another chance and let him come up and live with me. He would leave if I wanted him to. I tried to tell him that I didn't want him to come in the first place and that I really enjoyed living alone, but he can't seem to understand that. I tried to tell him to just stop calling and writing but to leave me alone, but he cannot understand that either. Perhaps it's understandable, but I would just as soon not put up with the continual hassel.

Then Clover called and said she would not come up because Mike was on his way home. She told me about the Engelkes (our neighbors) -- their house has been put up for auction because they can't make the payments. Not an unexpected development; they have always been completely out to lunch when it came to managing money.

Sally called after Clover hung up saying that Christopher had received his birthday present from me, and I told her there was another on the way. We talked for quite a while, then I hung up to finish a little work before bed. I do feel tired again night, but I guess that is to be expected.

Another beautiful day today, but the flowers are about gone although the leaves on the mountain have not yet started to turn. I would love to get out to see Leroux Spring and Little Leroux Spring before I have to go to Phoenix, but I'm not sure I'll get the time.

Sept. 19 Very quiet outside this morning. Then I realized we were enveloped in a heavy fog. It was warmer, too, forty degrees and sixty-five inside. The fog stayed

around for quite a while but just after I built a fire in the woodstove the sun came out. I dressed, washed my hair and prepared to go to town to buy a birthday present for daughter Wendy. First I called Helen and we decided to meet for lunch at Charlies at 12:30. Then I started out but about half way down highway 180 before the Snow Bowl road I heard this awful noise. At first I thought it was an airplane, but then realized it was my car. I didn't catch on, at first, that it was a flat because the front-wheel drive kept the car driving so smoothly I couldn't believe I had a flat. Always before when I had a flat the car bumped along. Well, I decided I didn't want to stop right there on the narrow part of Route 180, so I went just a little farther and turned in at the Snow Bowl store. By then, when I got out to look, I was horrified. I had never seen a tire so completely destroyed. I was down on the rim and the tire was like a piece of chewed up rubber.

My first thought was to call Ray who is only a mile down the road, so I did and asked if he had any "real" tires. This car has only one of those little tires that will get you about 50 miles. He said "no" but he would come down and help me, and a good thing he did! When I opened the trunk to get out the tire and jack, I found I had to climb into the trunk in order to even reach the tire. Then I found that I was not strong enough to unscrew either the tire or the jack.

This was a pretty discouraging situation. The last time I had a flat tire (in our Toyota) I simply got out the tire (full size), the jack, and changed the tire myself. This Dodge Dynasty is more difficult, but in addition I am much weaker than I had wanted to believe. It was a sobering experience. I felt very helpless, something I do not like to feel. Realizing that I may be like this for quite a while (if not forever) made me fall into a mild depression. Ray arrived and took care of the situation, but I must make sure, somehow, that I am not placed in this situation again if it is at all possible not to. I suppose I must at least join triple A and always keep my tires quite new -- plus, keep the spares (probably a real one) and the jack, where they are accessible, even for a weakened person like me.

Anyhow, I drove on to the Museum and found a nice R.C. Gorman print for Wendy. It was a small one but, even so, cost \$14.50 -- and she really wanted four. This was matted, of course, but they are not available without matting and, not only that, they are very hard to find. I went on to town to the bank, got a little more money, and parked close to Charlies where we planned to lunch. Then I walked around town to all the Indian stores, but did not find any more nice prints. Met Helen for lunch but the place was crowded and we had to wait. They were also slow in serving; I guess this is no longer a good place for lunch. Anyhow, we had a good talk and after we left I drove over to Discount Tire where I purchased two tires and had them put on the front, the front ones put on the back. It cost me \$137.50 but they were very fast. They took only about fifteen minutes to do the whole job.

Home again, but did not accomplish much. I guess I am still a bit depressed -- something that doesn't happen very often. I called Clover and asked her what I could get for Ray to pay for his help -- I was sure he would not accept money. She told me to

get him some imported beer which he loves, so I shall do that tomorrow. Then I saw Kay on her horse coming up the drive so I went out to talk to her. She wants me to come over to see some of her art work and I will be delighted. Perhaps tomorrow I can get over there -- she's just around the corner.

Back inside to make some lentil soup, then didn't want much of it. Sat around finishing my book by Iris Murdock which I have been reading for weeks. It was a bit deep and long-winded to my taste. Now I'm tired because I didn't get any exercise -- it poured rain this afternoon -- so I think I will just give up and go to bed, starting a new book, this time by Michener. I seldom read him but thought I'd give him a try.

Sept. 20 Christopher's birthday -- first grandchild is now 14 and playing football for Newman school. This morning was rainy, forty-two degrees and sixty-four inside. I dressed for town and went in to look for another nice print for Wendy but had bad luck finding anything. Then went to my doctors to get a request for a CBC blood drawing which my surgeon in Phoenix wants. I was pleased to see that my white count was up somewhat, to 3.4 from 2.4 last week. The red count was up too although both were still below normal. Then I drove over to East Flagstaff to the auto store and bought a safety bar to lock my car from thieves when I go to Phoenix. What a comment on lawlessness in Phoenix. Finally the reality of California has come to the Phoenix area. I knew that in California one needed an interior lock of some kind so one's car will not be stolen and I guess now it is true of Phoenix. When the Pattersons came up the other day, they told me that one of their cars had been stolen and they had to buy three safety bars to protect their cars -- they have three because their children need cars.

Finally I went to the grocery store and bought a few items plus the beer for Ray. Had a bowl of soup there for lunch and then headed home in a pouring rain storm. Stopped at Ray's but he was not there so I left the beer in two bags sitting outside his gate. Later I phoned and caught him so I know he got them all right.

The rain let up about the time I got home so, after a short nap, I roused myself to take a walk, carrying my umbrella just in case. Walked out to the highway and back which is about 2.7 miles. Good enough, I figured. Then I wrote a few letters and at five I tried to phone Chris with no luck. Then Kay Stephenson phoned and asked if I would like to come over and eat tamale pie with her. I agreed and drove over at six. We had some margaritas and then ate tamale pie with a salad and talked a lot about living alone without husbands. She is divorced and her three children are grown. She lives alone with her horse, dog and cat, but says she does get lonesome.

I got home about eight and phoned Chris and this time he was home -- nine o'clock at his place. He had laryngitis and a sore throat and Sally would not let him go to football practice tomorrow morning, she said. We talked for a while -- some to Mike too -- and then I went to bed at about nine o'clock.

Sept. 21 Weather has cleared, so it is colder this morning -- almost down to freezing. Only 64 in the house so I built a fire. The tamale pie, salad and margaritas

did not do my reconstructed intestines much good. Lots of stomach pain today. (I should have known better). I thought it would gradually get better but it did not. Finally had to give up on the idea of eating anything at all. This would be the night that Sue Lizzaraga came up with a beautiful plate full of mexican food (quite hot) but I knew I could not eat it. I thanked her but then put it in the refrig, hoping to be able to eat it another time, but I doubt it.

Anyway, Wendy called this morning and we talked for quite a while. Later, I tried to rest but that did not help much. Finally rallied enough to drive to East Flag in search of another Indian store that might have some small prints. They had a few in a catalogue so I ordered one but doubt that it will arrive in time for Wendy's birthday. They said that Scottsdale would be a better bet. Maybe I'll drive to Scottsdale when I'm down in the Phoenix area.

Back home I spent the rest of the afternoon and most of the evening writing letters, wrapping a package of WASP hard copy for Dawn Letson at the Texas Woman's University, and running a tape of Ruth Adams to be sure it agreed with the copy I had. Then I had to dub a tape of Lourette Potters and wrap it to send it to her. She wants to be sure she will let me have it for the Texas Woman's Univ. Then I wrote to Veronica Fish Solomka, one of my Vermont women. I think that's all I can get done today.

Oh yes, Neria Ryder phoned from Tempe to ask about the tickets for the Baryshnikov ballet. I said I would stand in line up here to try to get the tickets, because the lines should be shorter up here (maybe). Sure hope I feel better tomorrow. The box office opens at 12 noon.

Sept. 22, The warmest day this month -- 50 outside and 68 inside. A good night's sleep put me more or less back on my feet and I feel a lot better today. Did my exercise tape rather than walking (probably should have done both). Then I called down to Clover and asked if Mike could help me put my tire back on its rack inside the car. I have trouble even lifting it.

Went down there, giving Clover a newspaper clipping about our friend Peg Millett who has just received three years for her part in "monkeywrenching". Poor Peg, she just didn't know when to stop and now will have to serve time. It's especially bad because she is such an outdoor person -- trying to save the environment all the time.

Anyway, Clover took the article, Mike put my tire back in place and then I was ready to load a few things in the car for the trip to Phoenix. I got over to Dillards just shortly after noon and there were only about four people ahead of me in line. so I got the tickets without any trouble. They are in row 26 which is not great, but they were the 50 dollar tickets rather than the 75 dollar ones so I guess we will manage. At least they are on the first floor which is where Neria wanted to be.

Then I looked around the mall for Indian prints for Wendy but could only find some cards which looked the right size, so I bought three. One was R.C. Gorman and

another R. Redbird. Perhaps she can have them framed to go with the other one I bought.

It rained in the afternoon and I had to build a fire because the temperature simply would not get quite up to seventy and I feel a bit cold in the sixties. Then I decided I would take a break and read for a change so I sat around in front of the stove very happily reading Michener whom I often don't care for, but this one seems pretty good. Then I got my fingernails done, packed my bags and now feel that I am almost ready for the Phoenix ordeal. Steve phoned and we talked for a while. Then Lou Gerking phoned and asked if I would go to the Mesa Country Club on Tuesday while I am down there. I agreed and she told me how to get there. I'll meet them at seven which will give me time to visit a bit with Steve and the baby. I'll see Tom in the morning because he doesn't leave for work as early as Steve does.

I must remember to take a notebook to write my daily accounts. I can hardly take my computer with me and Tom may be using his. I sure do not look forward to Wednesday when my surgery will take place. Neria will drive me there and then pick me up at four o'clock (the time they say I will be finished). I doubt that I will really be awake and ready to go by that time but I'm trying not to even think about it. Guess I will read a little more and then get to bed. I hear thunder and the clouds are low and very dark. It will be a nice rainy night.

Sept. 23 Another warm morning of 50 degrees. The blasted cat woke me from a good dream at about 5 or 5:30. I threw a book at her but she kept on with her little squeaks. She wanted me to get up and get her breakfast and let her out. I finally went back to sleep until about 6:45, then got up. I'll have to start shutting her up in the solar room if she keeps on with this. I was a little late getting up because I didn't get to sleep until later than usual -- worrying about Jerry and his harrassing phone call. I'll simply have to eliminate such calls.

Putzed around some of the morning washing hair, phoning Clover about the cat, and getting my clothes packed. Finally got everything ready and drove the cat over to Clover's with squeaking all the way. Returned to pack up the rest of the stuff and finally left about 10:30. Roger Reynolds phoned about sending page proofs of the photographic pages, then I had to call Karen about holding onto my mail for me. After leaving, I had to buy gas and stop at the Post Office to mail the packages -- one to the Texas Woman's University with the hard copy (seven dollars, please) and the other to Lourette Potter with her tape (and a letter) in it.

It was nearly eleven by the time I got on the road. I decided to go via Lake Mary, Happy Jack and Payson and so avoid the freeway. I know it takes a much longer time but the drive is so much prettier and pleasanter. Very soon, however, I had to stop for construction on the Lake Mary Road. Then there were other slow-ups down by Sunflower. At Payson I stopped at Alice's restaurant for a quick lunch -- not very good -- and then drove on down to Mesa (where there was more construction and a delay. Then on to Chandler. After arriving at Tom's, I called Steve so I could see him and the

baby only to be told that Jerry was coming over. I guess I was tired from the long drive, at that point, and I blew (thinking that I would only be here for a few days and I should be the one to see the baby). Childish thinking, but I was too tired to be reasonable. I phoned Tom and sacked out on the couch with Noodles (Tom's dog) for a short while. Later Steve brought the baby over to see me about 15 minutes before I had to leave for the doctor's appointment.

That was very nice of him since I was so bitchy about it. ANYhow, the doctor's visit was not as bad as I had anticipated. He was very nice and knew all about everything I had researched on cancer -- much to my relief. He even reassured me about the upcoming surgery, saying I might be able to drive back to Flagstaff on Thursday, if I felt OK.

When I went to drive back to Chandler (from Phoenix) I was facing a full moon, just rising in the East. Against the backdrop of the beautiful new buildings of downtown Phoenix, it was almost as beautiful as the Dallas city scene. I was so impressed and it made me feel so good. I love the new cities with their new, modern buildings. It's like a whole new world. Even though I do not want to live down here in the crowded metropolis, the buildings are magnificent and with the huge full moon, it was a most impressive. Reached home, without incident, to Tom's to find that Wendy had called -- I called her back -- and soon Sally also called. I felt real good to know that they both had worried about me enough to phone. What nice children I have. I should not complain so much about Jerry. They love him too.

Sept. 24 Slept until nearly seven. Had bad stomach aches this morning. Cooked oatmeal and toast for breakfast. Then went to Target and bought Sonny a pull toy and Tom some bug spray. Stopped at ABCO and bought a taquito and a tamale for lunch. Ate both and then had really terrible chest and stomach pains. Considered calling Bill Burke and cancelling but finally it eased a bit and I fell asleep for about twenty minutes.

After that I felt well enough to go so dressed and drove over to Tempe. Bill and Kay were expecting me at two and I arrived at just that time. We talked for about one and a half hours and then I drove to Steve's and gave Sonny his toy. He seemed to like it -- he was very cute. About six I drove back to Tom's still not feeling too great.

At six thirty I headed for the Mesa Country Club and arrived just before seven. Shelby and Lou pulled in shortly after and we had a drink and a nice meal -- they had a special Japanese meal but I figured I'd better not and settled for a Fetticini Alfredo with chicken and mushrooms -- very good buy way too much. Got home about nine and still have an aching stomach. Great way to go to surgery tomorrow.

Sept. 25 This morning I arose late thinking I would have plenty of time before my eleven o'clock appointment. Much to my surprise the hospital phoned at eight thirty asking if I could get there by nine -- they were running ahead of schedule. This really put me in a bind. I called Neria but she could not get ready so soon and anyway she

lives in Tempe. So I decided to get dressed and drive myself to the hospital letting someone else pick up the car later.

That's just what I did and actually got there shortly after nine. They completed the paper work, got me into a bed, took a blood test, brought in the anesthesiologist to talk to me and soon had me knocked out. When I woke up I was very nauseated and not at all ready to move but they brought in my clothes and told me to dress. I could hardly get moving I was so sleepy and only wanted to stay still for a while but they soon had me in a wheelchair, dressed, and wheeled me on down to the first floor and outside where, they said, my friends would pick me up. I was still vomiting at this point and carrying their little burp-bucket. Not very pleasant. Besides, my abdomen was in quite a bit of pain. However, very soon Ann Patterson drove up and they bundled me into the car.

She drove me back to Tom's house and I had another attack of vomiting before I could get into the house, this one so violent I wet my pants all the way down my legs. I staggered into the house, torn off the wet clothes and climbed into bed. Noodles, Tom's dog, immediately jumped up beside me and growled at the two people who had helped me in. (Neria had met Ann at Tom's. He was very cute. I collapsed into a deep sleep while Ann went to the drugstore to get me some prescription pain pills and Neria stayed with me for a while.

They left after a bit since all I wanted was to sleep and Tom came home early. I think I was driven home at about three o'clock and Tom came at around five. From there on I just slept.

Sept. 26 Both Tom and I slept until eight -- unusual. I was still in pain and did not feel like eating much. Tom got off to work and I spent the day doing very little except talking on the phone to Wendy, Sally and others and taking naps fairly often. At three thirty Steve came over with some coke and some ice cream which was very nice. He brought Sonny but they only stayed for a short time. Then they went over to see Jerry and on home. I kept feeling that I would not be in any condition to leave tomorrow and kept thinking about staying another day and driving back up on Saturday.

During the night, however, I had another bad nightmare about Jerry coming back to Flagstaff and I decided I would try to drive back tomorrow no matter what. Did not sleep well at all.

Sept. 27 Up at about six -- Tom too. Immediately started getting things packed to drive up to Flag though I did not feel like it at all. My abdomen is still very sore and I ache in lots of places. However, I got washed, dressed and made some breakfast and Tom helped me to pack the car, for which I was grateful. It is hard to lift things. Shortly after nine I went to the bank and got some money, then to the gas station to fill up and then started the long drive through traffic to Flagstaff.

All in all it wasn't too bad. I stopped at the first rest area and again at Campe Verde for a sandwich, but I still ached most of the way and felt very tired. Really I can hardly stand up straight my abdomen is so stitched.

In Flagstaff I arrived about twelve forty-five and went straight to the lawyers where I had a one thirty appointment to discuss separation or divorce. Fortunately, Margaret McCulloch, my lawyer, is a very competent and understanding woman so my session with her was fine. Then I drove to the grocery store where I ran into Kay Stephenson and chatted a minute. Bought some groceries and headed home. On the way up the drive I ran into Mike May who insisted on coming up and unpacking the car for me. I was really pleased that he did because I was almost exhausted. I built a fire (it was 50 outside and 64 inside) looked over the mail and then got myself an early supper. After sitting at the computer for a short time, I finally took off for bed at about seven thirty.

Sept. 28. Rained a lot during the night and, for some reason, I did not sleep well. Rose at about 6:30 to find it still cloudy and 48 outside; about 65 inside. Not too warm. I tried to build a fire but, for the first time ever, it did not work -- I had used some of the new aspen and apparently it still had a lot of water in it. Anyhow, the sun soon came out so I did not bother at that time. Got my paper and Mike May saw me so did not come up to check.

My stomach is so distended this morning that I think it is swollen beyond what it should be. I phoned my surgeon and they said he would return the call. In the meantime, I took an antibiotic which I had left over, thinking it would check any infection. Clover came up soon with Ivy, my kitty who was glad to see me. Helen called and asked how I was and if I needed anything in town because she was going in. I asked her to get me some no-stick bandage pads. The ones I put on yesterday had stuck to the wound and I had to soak them to get them off.

Betsy phoned to ask if I was back and how I was. I told her I would appreciate some of Bills 600 mg ibuprofen (which he gets very cheaply) and he said he would bring them up. Clover stayed for lunch and then headed for town. Bill told me that Leo (our very old friend from Africa who now lives in California) has liver cancer. He has been struggling for a long time with melanoma and other strange skin cancers but I guess this one will finally do him in. He has grown strange in his old age, sort of paranoid, and thinks he does not trust Bill Wood, his long time friend who has been helping him with his finances so his young son will be able to continue without him. Quite sad, because Bill, whatever his shortcomings, is certainly the most honest person imaginable.

Clover came over again (Mike is out of town) after her shopping bringing us some 31 Flavors ice cream which we wolfed. She also brought me a movie to watch tonight, "Airplane" which is supposed to be very funny. In the meantime, Dr. Thompson phones and said to put a heating pad on my abdomen and go ahead with the antibiotics

if I wanted to. Said the swelling of the abdomen was to be expected and it was probably OK. He apologized for not calling sooner but said he was in surgery.

Helen stopped over with my bandages and talked for a while. I had to phone Jerry Nunn and give my regrets about not attending her party tonight. I simply could not imagine going to a party the way my belly hurts. I took a couple of Tylenol and will take some ibuprofen next. The afternoon turned rainy again. I saw a couple of large buteos hawks, quite white, and I thought they might have been ferruginous but they were really too far away to be sure, even with my glasses.

I searched my old computer and found the old letter I had written to Jerry last February so I printed it out and sent it on to Steve and Tom with comments and additional information about money. I think it will be up to them to get him to realize that he must share the money equally and help pay for the bills. I hope they can do so. The lawyer I consulted on Friday said that the best thing to do was to try to settle it all without going to a lawyer. "You can't afford a lawyer," she told me. A very nice woman -- Margaret McCullough, an old Flagstaffian, a relative of Lou Bader (Bader Road) and other noted individuals here in Flagstaff.

Clover phoned back and said she would come over to watch "Airplane" with me tonight -- that will be more fun. It's about time to call her and get it set up, with me on my heating pad. Realized later that I had forgotten to warn her that Mike May had dug a ditch across the road for his electric line. Fortunately he had also left his backhoe in the drive so she had to stop. Then she walked up so there was no problem. The show was very funny -- I enjoyed it. Over at 9 and Clover left to clean her house and wait for Mike and I went off to bed.

Sept. 29 Colder this morning -- 40 degrees outside but still about 67 inside because of the fire I had built yesterday. Up at six-thirty and began a very busy day. I had several long letters to write, and had to complete the editing of the photographs and captions for the WASP book. I wanted it ready to mail Monday morning.

It took all of the morning to get my letters done though I did squeeze in a mile plus walk before noon. Feeling better but still not the greatest. By afternoon I went to work on the photos and captions which required some long distance phone calls. I don't know what I can do about these calls. This month's phone bill was \$170 which is way more than I can afford. I think I will make a concerted effort to cut this back. These calls had to be made, however, so I did. Finished about 3:30 or 4:00 just in time to greet Sue Lizzaraga who came up to visit and to give me a bill (\$42.80 please) to cover the costs of the plumber who had to be called to fix a break in the water line because the new pump is so much more powerful than the old one that it burst the line at one point.

She stayed until after five and then I got myself a drink and fixed some dinner. Tom called earlier and we had quite a nice, long chat. He had stayed home when Steve, Sherry, Sonny, Jerry and Wes (Sherry's father) all went to the Zoo in Tempe.

Tom said he had been driving to Tempe all week and had had enough of it so stayed home. One of my long letters was to Tom and Steve trying to make them see why I had had to leave Jerry and to live separately. I don't know if they will ever understand but, at least, I hope they will intercede to help Jerry accept that things are as they are and to convince him that the money must be divided equally.

I am really getting tired tonight (did not sleep more than five hours last night because my brain got in gear again. Tonight I will go to bed early and never mind if I still have to stay up half the night because I went to bed so early.

Sept. 30 Slept quite well. A cold morning today, barely over freezing. I got up and built a fire because it was only 63 inside. I made the mistake of opening the window a bit last night. Finally got warmed up and had a little breakfast. Drove down for the paper and took it easy a bit before trying to get in some phone calls. At eight o'clock I called the heating people and made arrangements for the furnace to be installed next Thursday in the afternoon. Then tried to phone the doctor's office in Phoenix about my biopsies but did not get very far. Then got ready to go to town to get my mail off to the Univ. of Utah press and to try to find some more prints for Wendy's birthday.

Bad stomach today and I hated to go to town but I knew I really had to. Tried first to call Joe Engelke to see if he could install my dead bolt locks and Sandy (his wife) said she would have him call me in the evening -- of course she won't. Anyhow, I went to town and fortunately found one more nice looking print that I think Wendy will like. Then shopped a bit for groceries and came home still almost doubled up with stomach pain.

Bertie Wallace came up for a bit returning some books I had loaned her and she asked me if I would read some of her creative writing. I said of course, but my heart sort of sunk because I was afraid it would be awful. She left and said she would be back at 5 with a book I wanted (that her mother happened to own) and her writings. Sure enough at five she returned and we sat around talking and drinking rum, and I said I would read the stuff when she was not around. She tried to explain what she was trying to do with her writing but could not really come up with a good explanation.

Later, when I looked at some of her work I was absolutely amazed that it was so good. I am delighted. I could hardly stop reading, even though it does not follow along at all like a story, but is simply good writing. Hit or miss, here and there. I'll have to get back to her soon with some congratulations.

Hope I can somehow get over this stomach ache. It has been wearing me down all day. Jerry's sister, Phyllis, phoned to ask how I was and then Helen called, and then Jerry's brother's wife phoned. We talked a long time and it was a most pleasant conversation. Now I am hurting so much I must get off to bed. Tomorrow another month.

There are some important things I would like to get down on paper. I thought, at first, that by writing this journal I could talk about my life, my cancer, my separation from my husband, and the wonderful experience of living in Ft. Valley for this winter. I am beginning to realize that there is no way to tell about one's life without telling the whole truth. First, how would anyone be able to understand just why I separated from my husband, after living with him for forty-seven years, without an in-depth discussion. Secondly, the very fact that I have been living alone for ten months now has forced me to face many things that I have not faced before.

This really has come about because of the time I have had to evaluate myself, my actions, my reactions, and to finally believe -- after having been told almost daily for many, many years -- that I am not a "bad person" for having lied at times, and made some serious choices that could be considered "wrong" by the type of people who like to put "right" and "wrong" into little boxes and to also put people into those boxes if they fall into one or another of those categories held dear by the religious, the old time Calvinists, and even by society as many people think it should operate today.

A friend of mine said to me "you must write the truth -- all of it. People want to know what happened. I want to know what happened." How can I learn myself to manage a workable relationship with anyone (he has had three wives and the last relationship is becoming rocky) if I don't know what is wrong -- why can't I get along with my women?

I think, in order to even to begin to understand our relationships with one another -- opposite sexes, or same sexes -- we have to go back a long ways into the past. What influenced me, for instance, to do the things I have done? What influenced me to think I was a "bad" person if I did not follow slavishly the norms or standards of the time? What made me afraid that if I acted in ways that my body and my feelings told me were "right" for me, that I would have to lie in order to keep up the pretense of living according to someone else's standards? Why was I afraid to stand up for my own standards? I was not afraid to live by my own standards, because of some of the influences I received. But I was afraid to say, "I don't believe your standards, because they are wrong, wrong, wrong. I felt I must pretend.

First, I received conflicting messages from my mother and my father. And my mother was the stronger of the two. Right from that point, I guess, I decided that I must hide my real feelings and my real actions and pretend to go along with what my mother taught me. My father, on the other hand, was the kindest person I have ever known, but he did his own share of lying just in order to get along. My mother (they were both people who cared about their children in their own way) always thought that I was the "bad apple" of the three of us. I was the "crazy" one, because I always wanted to do or say things that did not go along with her idea of what should be done. I always wanted to read -- she was constantly telling me to "get your nose out of that book and come and do some work". She was very afraid of what I might learn, or what notions I would get from reading. She read very little and had gone only to the seventh grade.

My father, on the other hand, had graduated from Yale in Philosophy -- but his big love was the woods and the streams. He hunted, fished, and loved the outdoors. But I remember him telling me "you might better reach for the stars and hit a mountain rather than aim for the mountain and hit the ground." And he put me into an airplane when I was six years old. Perhaps those two things conspired to make me a pilot. But what made me become a writer was my feeling that everything needed to be recorded. How else would anyone else know who you really were? I want my children to know who I really was -- even if it wasn't the greatest person in the world. He also wanted me to "reach" and to get educated, but he was way outnumbered by my strong-willed mother. One neighbor I will remember, however, told me, "Jean, you will never regret the things you do -- you only regret the things that you didn't do." It was a funny upbringing.