

from early BLM days in that area (watch out Lorts'/Waggoners) and my two life long friends, Suzy and Cara Linn, pass through on the way to their beach cabins. Close to the ocean, no 115° days (we had several of those in The Dalles this summer), rarely snow (still have 6-8 inches left in spots from being dumped on the 18th. Ten years ago the same thing happened in Reno. Hmmm.)

I contacted a real estate lady in Tillamook, Jill Smith-a very pleasant lady. She had sent some possible locations, Mom and I had looked at them and decided I had better go alone to check some of them out. (Still too early for Mom to ride in car for that long). So off I went. Looked at a huge two-way A-frame that held lots of antique furnishings on dingy chartreuse carpeting (living room), three inch shag-red with white strings (upstairs den/study area), bright royal blue (bedroom off den/study), three inch shag-pinky/red in downstairs bedroom, not to mention the sunken tub that looked like a koi pond. Straight sides, if you were standing in it the floor would come chest high if you were 5'4". Only one step, one and a half feet down, to sit on once you climbed down. If you slipped you would drown. Yikes. Another home had an 8' square pit, complete with fireplace and two huge overstuffed chairs. Brown/yellow/white highly sculptured carpeting all over this house. Yikes. Another had a lovely view and unique wallpapering in several rooms. I tell you only of the bathroom. A BRIGHT orange counter. Wallpapered on three walls *and* the ceiling, light switches to match, all in black background, 2'-3" floral pattern, picking up orange of counter. One's very own bat cave. Plus a tortureous entrance to the house surrounded by close-up lovely tall trees. Of course a fire truck couldn't easily get there...

But then there was the new house. Champagne colored with white trim. On a dead end street, nice quiet neighborhood, east side looks over Yanks dairy farm, to Highway 101 in the distance and beyond to wonderful mountains. Zoned agricultural out there, so the view will not change any time soon. Did not flood in the horrid storms last February. Four bedroom, 2.5 bath, 1992 sq. feet, nice big kitchen with island, a *great* champagne colored carpet, no one else's dirt to clean up. Well maintained, paved road (head of road dept. and a judge live on this street, so for some time it will remain well maintained...) Met the builder, who has a very good reputation for building quality homes; he and his wife had at one time planned to live there so some things were a little extra higher quality (fixtures, carpet, layout of kitchen), has L-P siding, but it is the new and improved, primed on both sides, double painted on outside. Also has a double garage, something neither Mom nor I have ever had before. A ladder pulls down and leads to storage above. Dan (the builder) planned it so there is four feet at one side for shelves/storage/workbench. Good lad. Auto garage door opener with a beam that if broken by a kid or pet, the door stops closing. Patio outside sliding glass doors. I called Mom and told her about it, she expressed her faith in my choice (!), I called Jill that evening, met with her the next morning with my Auntie Helen for moral support, signed the papers, it will close the 13th of December, we will move in the spring, probably April, sell Mom's house and settle in for serious toe-web growing. And so it becomes my home for the next several decades.

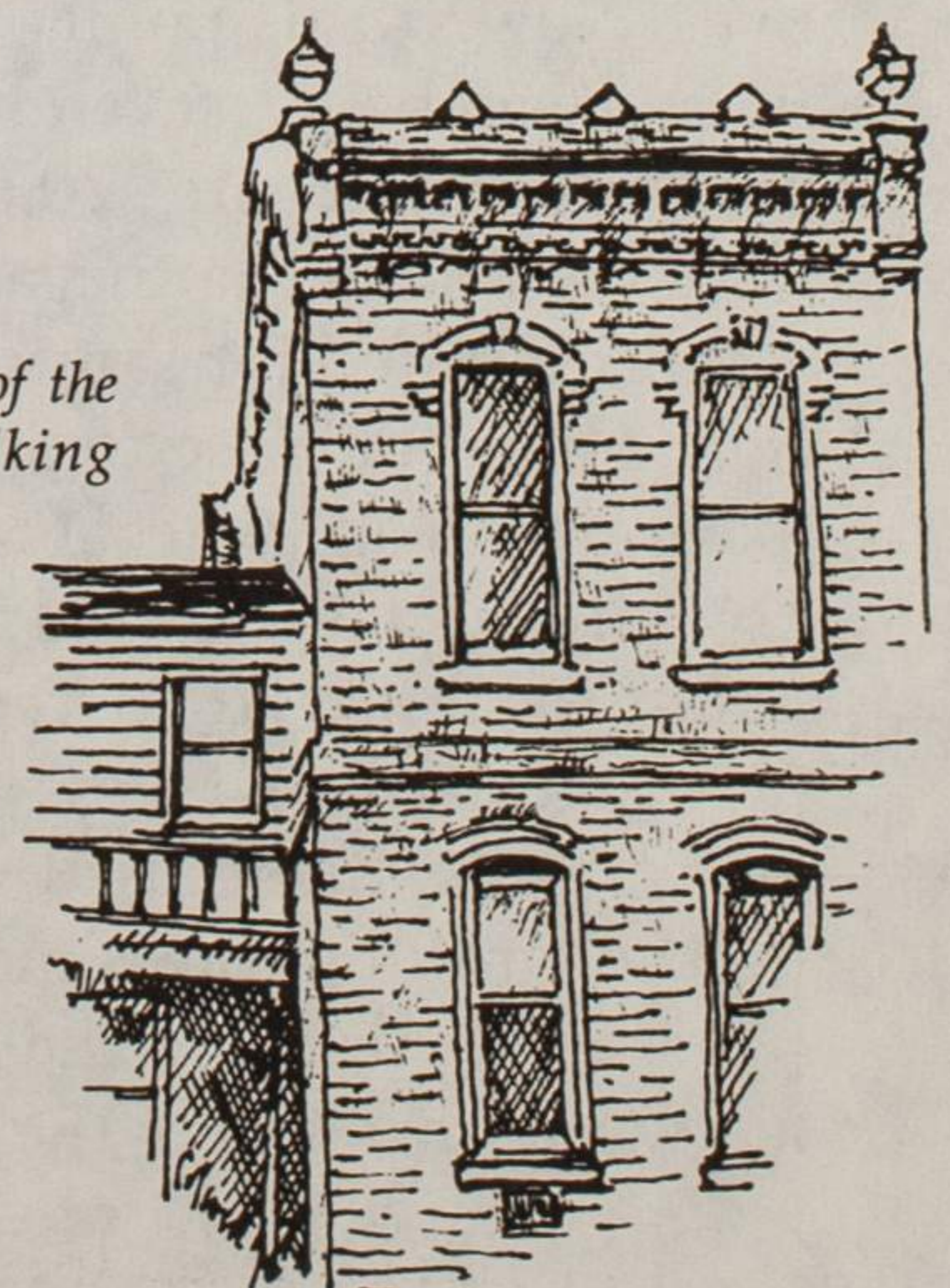
And the new address?

3355 Fitzpatrick Road, Tillamook, Oregon 97141

Just don't use it till next summer!

Thanksgiving will be spent at home, with the company of a dear friend, now 88. When you come to visit you will see the braided rugs she made...lovely. The first of this month she moved to a retirement center, one of the main reasons being so she would not have to cook and would be less depressed. Except she says, I will probably sit *there* depressed cuz I gave up my home. Well, maybe, I said...but at least you won't have to cook! She was gracious enough to chuckle.

*No, this is not the new place...
this is the Herbring House, one of the
buildings on the historic walking
tour...and one of the drawings I
did for The Dalles Chamber of
Commerce.*



**Merry Christmas to you and your loved ones...may 1997 deliver
delightful surprises to you and may you have the good sense to enjoy them!
Looking forward to hearing from you.**