

# **Grampa's Browns Corner**

## **Daily Blab** 4/3/20

Hello Campers. It is I, Grampa, reporting to you once again from Browns Corner where it is very quiet lately. I decided to go with an MS Word document again because gmail is too limiting. I'm trying a new format, three columns on landscape layout. I'm thinking that will make it easier to read. Feedback welcome from anyone.

Today has been a good day and a bad day. I'll explain as I go along. I'm structuring this chronologically as best I can.

### **Astronomy question**

Yesterday's question remains unanswered. It's OK to get help. One of the challenges about being a scientist is knowing how to find the answers. I'm still thinking Elle and Tyler are a good bet. I'm pretty sure anyone who asks Uncle Tim will figure it out.

In yesterday's issue I told you about finding a source for galvanized steel beams for the new bridges. I headed over there first thing this morning, taking my Royal Farms insulated travel mug filled with my own Browns Corner coffee. No going into convenience stores for me!



This is my new friend, Don. He is (trust me) more eccentric than I am. Here he is bringing his Bobcat fork lift.



Here he is, driving down a grassy hill with two 21-foot steel channels clamped to the fork. He had a very neat steel cutting circular saw with which he cut them in half. I brought them home on the roof rack of the Transit Connect. We'll see them again soon.

When I got home, I checked my email and got the bad news that my old friend John Booker had died. It was very sad for me because we had been friends for 49 years. He had been very sick for a while and his death had nothing to do with our current coronavirus health crisis.



I decided to go build the Dam to make a bigger frog pond. Here I have just leveled a path between where my Chicken Man concrete chunks were piled and the narrows where I had decided to build a dam.



I loaded concrete chunks into the loader.

I drove over to the narrows and plopped the concrete chunks into the stream. Then I loaded up a bucket of dirt to dump in on top. But wait!



There is a tree in the way! What comes next is a guy thing I think.





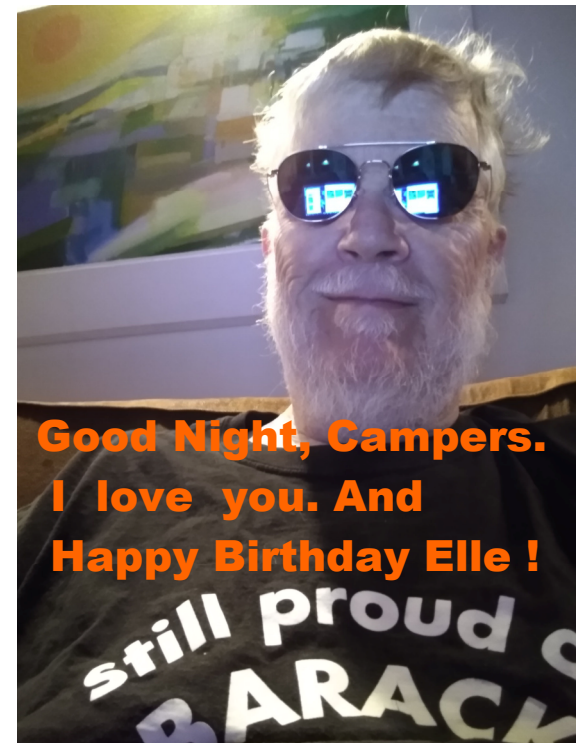
I pushed it over with the tractor. Then I dumped the bucket of dirt onto the Chicken Man concrete. For G & Teddy, who were not here for Browns Corner Camp 2017, the man who gave me the concrete chunkd came to be known as Chicken Man because he had a dozen pet chickens. Also a goat or two.



After dumping the dirt on the concrete chunks I took a picture of the small trickle of the stream. We'll see what it looks like tomorrow.

So I got my keen new battery powered chain saw and cut up the tree . Nana and I are sitting happily in front of a nice fire tonight.

**Dr. Toughlove Alert:**  
**323 views on You Tube**



**Good Night, Campers.**  
**I love you. And**  
**Happy Birthday Elle !**