

June 1971

While fishing a small cataract in the Cascade Mts. of Washington I had carried a 12 qt. water pail with me. Most unusual; since I don't carry pails along ever. I had to jump from one rock to another - about 5-6' span. Before I did; something "told" me to hold the pail. When I jumped, my feet slipped and I landed on my hip - bone hard enough to knock the wind out of me. The distance to the next cataract was 10-12' down. I would surely have drowned if the water pail had not caught in the rocks and kept me from a second fall. Needless to say I was wearing Ted Owens P.K. disc.

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