

THE MAD HATTERS

AT
WAT CREEK
MC CLOUD &
TULE LAKE



MESQU. CARAVAN #

JUNE - 3 - 16 - 1985

24

MONTEREY BAY WBOCI **CALIFORNIA UNIT** **CARAVAN #24.** **JUNE 3-16, 1985**

CARAVAN MEMBERS:

(Ashton / Rose-Suzie) (Jack Benjamin-Quake)
 Lloyd & Ruth Brown-Brown Bear) (Bill & Irene
 Burnes-49-er) (Bob & Dolores Dahme-Red Arrow)
 (Guido & Vita Davi-Paisano) (Howard & Dot
 Donald-Fuzz) (Dick & Ruth Ginter-Xray) (Dale &
 Virginia Leipper-Bambi Two) (Bob & Rosa
 Oliver-Blue Dragger) (Earl & Gerry Pettis-Red
 Barron) (Jerry & Edna Strain-Red Fox) (Jim &
 Pat Monahan-Turquoise)



HELPING HANDS

Thanks:

To you all, for being with us, and helping, through your presence, to make the caravan enjoyable.

Special thanks: to the wood gatherers, fire-lighters, fire-tenders, cooks, BBQ-ers, and drivers who kept us fed, moving and warm, with the help of Howard, Guido, the two Bobs, Dale, Jack, Lloyd, Jim, Dick, Earl and that old pro, Jerry.

The saw & generator were appreciated too, thanks...to Lloyd and Earl.

Thanks ...to the Ladies: Dot, Dolores, Gladys, Gerry, Irene, Margaret, Pat, Rosa, the two Ruths, Virginia and Vita for all the wondrous treats that were provided daily, at the Happy Hour and at other times during the caravan.

Thanks too, to Ruth Brown for her camera work.

Thanks to Jack our skillful parker, de-parker.

Thanks Margaret and gang for the great apron gift, and the neat hand painted card by Lloyd.

The cover and other illustrations were done by Lloyd Brown. On the caravan, you could see him often, sitting at some interesting spot rendering his interpretation, through his perceptive eye, of the ever changing scene.

At 8:30 AM after a fine MDCU Rally at the Cox Ranch in Watsonville, Jack Benjamin led the caravan of seven trailers out the gate headed toward Pacheco Pass and Route 5. Bill & Irene Burnes were the caboose rig. Glen Cox sent us off with wine, salad, and asparagus left from the rally. It was foggy and rainy which all changed to bright sunshine near Sacramento.

On the way to Pacheco Pass, Suzie ---followed by Brown Bear took a little detour but got back to Hwy 156 quickly. Blue Dragger and the Forty Niners stopped at Santa Nella for groceries and caught up with the group at the rest stop near Stockton. Brown Bear spotted an eagle with food in its mouth at the top of the Pass and all observed many Snowy Egrets south of Sacramento.



WOODSON BRIDGE S.R.A.

South Road in Corning led all to Woodson Bridge State Park where we found spaces near each other for \$6. per night. At "happy Hour" Suzie, Quake, and Brown Bear brought goodies---even pickled Quail Eggs. It was Blue Dragger's birthday and a party was quickly

planned. The Brown Bears came up with a rum birthday cake, candles and a lovely card for Bob. Red Barron, Suzie, and the Forty Niners combined their spaghetti dishes, Brown Bear (Ruth) made a salad, and all brought something for a great party. To top it off, Blue Dragger (Bob O.) treated after dinner drinks. All was QUIET in camp by 9:30. Wonder if any were dreaming about catching fish at Hat Creek?

Just out of camp we crossed the beautiful Sacramento River, the life line of California. A clear, sunny day put us all in a good mood. Mt. Shasta was in full view as we rolled along Hwy 5 to Anderson. After shopping at a large Safeway store we were joined by the Red Foxes Jerry & Edna. Groceries loaded, gas tanks filled, hamburger makings obtained...Quake led us off with a "right" on Balls Ferry Road, a "left" on Deschutes, a "right" on to Dersch Road and another "right" to Hwy 44 and Lassen National Park. (Jack admits to once being a boxer). Mt. Lassen in all its glory was in view on our right. Wild flowers, lavender ceonothus, (wild lilacs) and rocks from the 1915 lava flow of Mt. Lassen bordered the road. We climbed to 5900 feet before descending to Doan's Station, Hat Creek Post Office, and at about 4300 feet arrived at the Hat Creek Campground.



THE CIRCLE. HAT CREEK

As we pulled into the campground we could see the creek rippling over the rocks forming pools where some would soon be casting a line. There at the gate waiting for us was Dick Ginter and wife, Ruth. Jack quickly parked us in a large circle saving the center for activities and the campfire.

In no time at all, Earl & Gerry seemed to be set up and there they were finishing lunch followed by strawberry pie with whipped cream! Then the Ginters brought out luscious home grown cherries for all. The wood gatherers started right in under the able direction of

Jerry. They scouted the nearby area for downed timber...several trees that had fallen during the winter were located...will cut tomorrow.



HAT CREEK -

Jack, Gladys, and Lloyd went fishing near camp and all got "strikes" so we knew fish were in Hat Creek. Gerry, Ruth & Edna, with Ruth G. played Rummy Tiles. Vita Rosa, and Margaret visited. The "No-See-Ums" soon broke that up...

At 4:00 Howard and Dot arrived. The hamburger fixin's were bought by Lloyd and Ruth for the evenings repast. Well!...it seems that Guido at one time had cooked aboard a fishing boat so he and Jerry got the fires going and BBQ'D the burgers. Irene, Vita, and Gerry brought everything from pizza, to Dove sausage, to fresh vegetables and dip for the Happy Hour...Jack got the fire going for the evening campfire around which we relaxed until bedtime.

It seems that the cost of the burgers came to fifty-three cents to be paid to Lloyd...well, when he added up the take he came up short. Good ol' Jerry passed the hat and when all was over Lloyd had made twenty-three cents.

Guido brought in the first fish at 4:30 today.

In the early morning of grey overcast and "filtered sunshine", the two sports fishermen Dick and Lloyd began their day of fishing fun with guide and boat on Fall River...barbless hooks and throw back catches while Earl, the intrepid biker was off for a ride.

The rest of the camp came outside in due time to begin other activities, Jack to try again with rod and reel in Hat Creek; Bill and Irene leading a hiking group across the bridge and along the trails to the cinder cone and one of the little tributaries that feed Hat Creek. Some of the hikers returned to camp while others checked out the "dumping area" and then explored the beginning of Spatter Cone Trail. The Dahmes arrived near noontime from a visit and first viewing of their new grand-daughter in Redding, with a stop-over for bread at the bakery in Burney. Shortly thereafter the Leipfers made their appearance after a trip to secure Brian with the grand-children and Libby in Reno.

"Director" Irene and helpers began calling in the "STEW FIXIN'S" earlier than the time previously set...cooked stew beef to which was added carrots, onions, string beans, and rutabagas, while potatoes, turnips & zucchini were kept crisp in cold water waiting to be added at five o'clock. Last addition was the bowl of mushrooms from Dolores. One medium pot had to give way to a larger pot to accomodate all the additions, but what tantalizing aromas emanated from those two pots.

The fuel committee really outdid itself again with wood...nearly a cord...using Lloyd's saw and Earl's generator and tow vehicle. When the



load arrived at the fire circle, Earl, Jack, Jerry and Bob O. were helped by Gerry to unload (one stick) by the fireside.

Propane and other purchasing, scouting the area, tour arranging etc., etc. kept some busy 'till Happy Hour *

WE CUT WOOD! COROS!

Lloyd and Dick returned from their sport fishing, to return after their early dinner to some more fishing on Lower Hat Creek to complete their day's schedule.

Nature kept threatening a little dampening for us, but stew was served along with delicious hot French bread without a hitch...even 2nds. & 3rds. for any brave souls with gastronomical wrinkles unfilled with one serving.

Conversation around the campfire ring was lively and interesting with topics ranging from the serious to humorous and mundane.

The last "outside" activity noted by my inquisitive ears was the car motor and muted conversations from our sporting fishermen.

* A major group decision arrived by secret balloting determined that the beard so carefully cultivated by Earl would have to go. Jack and Lloyd would do the de-bearding tomorrow at Happy Hour. Gerry was pleased, but Earl tried hard to hide his disappointment 'tho he bowed to group decision.

Sunshine greeted us as we awoke this morning. The outside temperature registered fifty two degrees. The only heat necessary is with our catalytic heater.

In the true tradition of a news man, your reporter, on his early round, found Earl dismantling a beautiful shotgun so that he can make it even more beautiful. As you can see the beehive of activity is always buzzing with the Airstreamers. Bill & Irene are getting the group together for the drive to Lava Creek Lodge on Eastman Lake. There the fishermen can do their thing while the rest of us will take in the scenery until lunch time.



LAVA CREEK LODGE.

Arrived at Eastman Lake and Lava Creek Lodge about 10:45 to be greeted by a big friendly dog in the bright sunshine and a cold chilling breeze. After looking over the beautiful yard and lake it was time to inspect the comfort rooms. I found one marked LADS and opened the door. I

recognized the voice for I had walked in on Edna. It is not clear to me why she could not recognize the signs indicating LADS and LASSES. Croquet is the game of the day and we fear that Jack is either well versed in the game or just playing dirty.

The bar is now open and we have lined up for

the drink of our choice. The buffet side-board is being set up and it appears that we will not be going away hungry. It would also appear that Jack was beat at his own game for Dick took the honors and Jack came in third.

Apparently Edna was not only one who could not read the language for all the gals thought they were guys. The luncheon was one that will be long remembered...fit for the most discriminating Airstreamer.

Stopped at the museum on the way. All very well kept and worth stopping to see...Bob O. was the driver so the rest of us chatted and enjoyed the scenery.

Back at camp and the big event of the evening. Of course this happened during the Happy Hour. The logs were burning as we all sat around the fire waiting for the show to begin. Bill got out his generator and like the gladiators of old Jack and Lloyd appeared with shears and the preliminary event took place. They practiced on Bill by roaching him. The preliminaries over, the main contestant appeared, Earl, first Jack then Lloyd took turns on the beautiful beard. Amid the clicking of shutters on many cameras the dastardly deed was done. Earl now sports a mustache and a Van Dyke of sorts.

Events for the next day were outlined and approved by all. Edna announced that she had stood all this long enough and was going to the laundromat in the morning.

8 JUNE 6, 1985

Lloyd/Ruth HAT CREEK

Weatherwise the best yet. Pancake and sausage breakfast courtesy the leaders. Lloyd and crew had "all hands" served by 8:00 AM. A few spent the day in camp doing odd jobs. Earl sanded and polished Guido's gun stock. Dale practiced on Jack Benjamin's new Omni-Chord musical instrument---Dale and Bill practiced Morse code to be ready for future ham radio license applications. A group visited Butte Lake. Bob Dahme and Howard climbed the Cinder Cone. The Browns visited their former partner in Chester



WE FISHED THE WATER

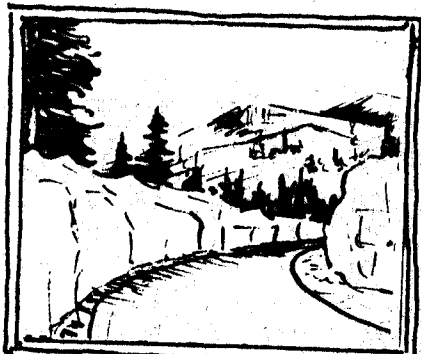
and the real news was that the fish run was on and several went fishing. Guido returned happy to camp with his limit, and our private Paradise was invaded by another trailer club but all OK as they were Elks and their group area was at a considerable distance. People "spruced up" for the Happy Hour as this

was the night to visit Uncle Runt's place for dinner.

Considerable time and much shouting to get all 25 of us together for the official group picture. Unfortunately, with Ruth's \$2.75 camera it was necessary to be about 100 yards away to get everyone in the picture. Suppose, not too many 8x10's will be sold. The dinner was GREAT and enough was hauled back in doggy bags for lunch tomorrow. The usual campfire ended the day...P.S. A touch of humor; when the fish run was reported, Jack, even 'tho winning instantly dropped out of the Tile game to race off to the fishing hole.

Today the weather is clear with very bright sunshine. We are parked in a beautiful park. Hat Creek has a nice fast stream close to the campground. Today about ten members went on a trip to Lassen National Park. We left at 9 AM in two vehicles. We travelled on highway 44 & 89. About 15 miles from the park entrance we turned into highway #89 and started climbing. We drove past several lakes, among them were Lake Manzanita and Reflection Lake, large and maybe, good for fishing.

About five or six miles up the grade we were at 6090 feet and a mile or two more we stopped at the Vista Point...called the "Devastated Area". This is where the volcano erupted and threw all kinds of fire, smoke and lava over many, many miles. From here we had a beautiful view of Mt. Lassen. We took pictures of the mountains and the group. A very strong wind was blowing so we moved quickly. About three miles more we started to see some snow from highway the higher we got the more snow, when we reached the peak at 7800 feet and the snow was all over, it was a beautiful sight to see.



After about 30 or so minutes we started the return trip. The round trip was about 100 miles---a really beautiful drive with forest, many lakes, snow, deer, and of course our wonderful driver, Jerry who explained the various sights to us which made the trip much more enjoyable. Also with us were Bob and Rosa, back at camp at about noon.

10 JUNE 7, 1985

Guido/Vita HAT CREEK

After lunch we rested (very strong winds blew all afternoon) and at 5 PM we had Happy Hour. At 6:30 we had a steak barbeque, the surprise of the evening was Gladys and Margaret's return from fishing with twenty beautiful trout.

It's a secret where they caught the trout.

After the BBQ we sat around the fire and enjoyed Margaret's berry pies made over the hot fire, really very good.

We have 12 or 13 rigs here and a good gang having plenty of activities, kept busy all the time. The leaders, Bill and Irene are doing a good job...so now at 9PM the gang starts to move towards home (our trailers) and so ends another day at HAT CREEK.



"MIDDLE"

THE FALLS
OF
THE
McCLOUD



"LOWER"

Seven AM, the sun was rising in the east for a very warm and calm day. Lloyd and Bill were starting the fire and Earl was ready to dispense 110 volts to his neighbors. No harsh bugle call disturbed the air. 8:30...Time for the big scheduled event of the day, the hike to the cinder cones. The professional hikers had done them on earlier days but the group for this day---Bill & Irene, Howard & Dorothy, Ruth Ginter and Margaret were still eager. Dale & Virginia and later, Jim & Pat Monahan brought up the rear for the 2 mile hike. The views provided a rare treat.

11:30 AM...Lloyd & Bob D. were talking at the firesite while Gerry P. was sewing and Earl reading Lloyd's gunbook near their trailer.

12:30 PM...While many were eating lunch, Bob D. and Jack were talking about "O" rings on their propane tanks while Lloyd was trying to convince himself that he still did not need a generator. Jerry S., Bob D., and Dick were involved in a serious conference by Dick's trailer.

1:00 PM...Pat brought out her newly obtained book "AIRSTREAM" by Landau and Phillippi, a history of Airstreaming which came out last year (unfortunately sans picture that Pat had submitted for it). Ruth B., Edna, Gerry P., and Jack started a Rummy Tile game which was still running 2.5 hours later. Another game was started by Margaret, Dolores, Virginia & Ruth Ginter.

1:30 PM...Now Ruth G. is reading in front of her trailer while Margaret has brought out her cutting board for sewing. In the men's rest

12 JUNE 8, 1985 Dale/Virginia HAT CREEK

room two flies are on their backs on the concrete floor and cannot turn over. They spun and wiggled to no avail. Even with help they had trouble. At about this time, the warm weather had brought out a full scale attack by tiny gnats like the No-See-Ums of Texas, but less hurtful. The Elks rally in the next RV area had gotten up steam with bells, whistles, and sirens. (They say that the Redding Elks have an RV group of 125). Bill and Dale were practicing the Morse Code.

5:00... At Happy Hour we had a visit from Mrs. Clay Cherry from the Nor-Cal unit (whose husband was off fishing) while Bill & Irene reviewed administrative matters. Dick and Howard also have given some fish a bad time.

6:30 PM...and on, The excellent dinner was provided by the OLIVERS___Tasty spaghetti and sauce, and by the Davi's...Dove Cacciatore. After dinner an exciting preliminary game of Pantanque(?) was organized; Lloyd's imported European game similar to Bocci Ball. The hills and dells rang with enthusiasm---the record must show the prize fish caught by Bob D. and mention the post-game analysis of the Pantanque event was conducted around the campfire...and then it was bedtime.

8-9 AM...Chit chat by the fire and get ready for the cave trip.



THE CAVE -

9-10AM...A trip to the lava flow "Subway Cave" exploration...led by Earl. The walk was about 1/3 mile long. We all had flashlights and turned them off at one point to experience "Total Darkness".

10 AM.. Chit chat-New card game taught by Ruth Brown-the Monahans left for two weeks stay at Burney State Park campground. (Jim caught some trout before leaving.)

10:45 -Noon...Bob Dahme and Earl went on a 12 mile bike ride up Hwy 44 grade. Earl reportedly reached 41.5 mph and Bob about 37.5 mph coming back down the hill. Bob was a little concerned about going any faster without a helmet. They made a side trip through a residential area at "Old Station" and were immediately attacked by dogs.

1-5 PM ...Chit chat and /or blarney sessions continued...Tile and other games continued (Jack still seems to enjoy playing Tiles with the ladies--can't understand that)! Howard measured trailers and discovered the 25 foot trailer is two feet shorter than the 31' trailer (from rear axle to bumper). Various members read Lloyd and Ruth's journal on their experiences during caravan #80 to Europe in 1971. Trailer fresh water tanks were filled with "good water" in anticipation of the 85

14 JUNE 9, 1985

Howard/Dot

HAT CREEK

mile trip to McCloud tomorrow. Caravaners hooking up for the big trip but Lloyd and Ruth will probably win the race.

5 PM...Attitude adjustment hour (most favorite part of the day). Guido told about attending church overlooking the town of Burney and also their view of the "falls" in the state park.

Donald's showed photos of the 1983 Hat Creek caravan...some believed they were of the current caravan. Many funny and / or interesting stories were told. Later it was announced that the ladies finally beat Jack at "Tiles" whereupon Jack suddenly disappeared into his trailer.

Later A group played another round of "Pantanque", through the courtesy and coaching of Lloyd.

14 JUNE 10, 1985

Dick/Ruth

McCLOUD

Monday...a travel day. Leaders Bill and Irene departed Hat Creek campground at 07:55 followed closely in billowing dust by #17330 who was issued an on-site, in-campground speeding citation while desperately trying to make it through opened chain gate.

Travel of about 85 miles went smoothly with some units visiting Burney Falls State Park to see water passing over the falls at the rate of 100 million gallons/day.

Last units arrived "Dance Country RV Park", McCloud about mid-day. After 7-9 days without hook-ups, full hook-ups and laundry were appreciated by ALL...DINNER ON OUR OWN!

Today was a "Do your own thing Day" It went like this---the largest bunch, including the Olivers, Donalds, Margaret A., Jack, and the Browns drove 100 miles around Mt. Shasta and up to the ski lodge, reporting fantastic views with unspoiled country and quiet (if dusty) back roads. Ended up for lunch in the little hamlet of Mt. Shasta. Your reporter notes that Captain Jack (convoy leader) didn't get lost once.



MT. SHASTA

Dale and Virginia Leipper missed that trip--- they packed it in early this morning and left for Reno to pick up Brian and Abby, We were sorry to see them go.

Ruth and Dick drove around McCloud, a quaint and historic "company town". They talked to some of the old-timers and reported this interesting anecdote. When Champion Paper closed the "Big Mill" 6 years ago, the company offered all renters of their little houses the option of buying them for their monthly rent (42.00 in this case x 100 for a total price of 4200.00)! Also checked out "Dance Country", the huge hall where 1200 square dancers can be accommodated in 150 squares. Teaching square dancing is the town's #1 industry now that the mill is closed.

The Davi's tripped up Mt. Shasta to the 7000' level and reported that it was a twisting road with little snow, and the only good view was of Mt. Lassen! They had lunch in Mt. Shasta

and as Guido wanted to get info on lake boat trips that he'd heard about, he waited an past the Chamber of Commerce's opening time of 1 PM and it never did open.



MT. SHASTA -

Jerry and Edna mounted up and drove nine miles south of town, past the golf course to see Lake McCloud, returned and then drove to Mt. Shasta city to explore the town which they liked. On the way to Lake McCloud they passed three hard working bikers...Gerry, Earl and Bob. D. They

passed them twice, coming and going. The nine miles to the lake are paved but consist of along downhill grade, a short level run, and a two mile upgrade and then a fast mile down to the lake. The bikers stopped at the golf course, a pretty nine-holer on the return trip to enjoy "frosty" pitcher of Bud that hit the spot.

Gladys walked-or rather, was walked by her dogs and ate lunch in town, while Dolores lazed about and played tiles.

That leaves the Burneses. And were they glad to have been left! They puttered around camp without being pestered and mainly relaxed, although they did some skull work concerning tomorrow night's "kitty treat"---a barbecued chicken spread.

As we said at the outset---it was a day of "each to his own thing", day.

Doops...Addendum. At the Happy Hour the word was passed that today was Jerry and Edna's 55th anniversary so it was carefully and surreptitiously...planned that at 7:30 PM we would assemble at the Brown's trailer for an after dinner drink, whence the Strain's would be asked over, we'd sing "Happy Anniversary" to them.

Well! Jerry showed, but Edna was in the midst of cooking and just couldn't leave. We improvised. We all stepped next door and sang loud and clear to the surprised couple.

We were even more surprised when they told us their anniversary had been on March 20th and that it was their 56th. But it all turned out to be one hell of an ANNIVERSARY PARTY anyhow!

Eight AM we were awakened by the the expectant voices of the Dahmes, the Ginters and Gladys preparing for an early morning drive to McCloud Lake---a beautiful drive, very worthwhile and scenic trip. Later on in the morning the Dahmes, Ginters, Pettises, Davis and the Olivers organized a small fishing caravan to the Middle and Upper Falls of the McCloud River. There we met Jack, the Browns and the Strains. The fishing was good. In fact it was so good that Guido didn't want to come home for lunch, Vita and the Olivers promised to come back later to pick him up.

Meanwhile, back at the camp the Donalds were investigating the history of the town of

18 Bob/Rosa

JUNE 12, 1985

McCLOUD

McCloud which has a very fascinating history, and also good bargains in real estate.

Bill and Irene went to Dunsmuir to check up on the railroad museum and Castle Crags State Park...hoping for a tour and a picnic lunch tomorrow. Decided to skip it. However they were impressed by Lake Siskiyou.



MT. SHASTA -

Happy Hour treats were provided by the Donalds and the Ginters. Our "farewell dinner" was hosted by the "kitty" which purchased the food. The chickens were cooked to perfection by Bob Dahme and Jerry Strain. Green salads were prepared by Dolores and Irene. Beans were

cooked by Ruth Ginter and Jerry Pettis. Ruth Brown and Edna Strain made the potato salad. Dot Donald prepared the French bread, and later Margaret cut the cake in honor of Gladys's birthday and the Strains "Anniversary", ice cream, too, was on the menu, plus Jerry's donation of the wine for the festivities.

18 JUNE 13, 1985

Earl/Gerry

McCLOUD

Howard Donald took Dot, Irene, Rosa and Bob down to Squaw Valley to check out the fishing hole and also see where the Pacific Crest Trail crosses the McCloud River.* Earl Pettis took a bike ride to god knows where while Gerry did her thing! (Clean the trailer)!



McCLOUD RIVER.

Gladys , Guido, Lloyd, Rod D., Dick and Jack all struck it rich, fishing. Today will go down as the day of the FISH.

* Report came back ...is an excellent spot to find wild Tiger Lilies, Bleeding Hearts and other flora native to the area.

Enjoyed co-op lunch with left-overs from feast last night. Still more food leftover! Typical MBCU repast.

Ruth B., Edna , Gerry and Jack relaxed under the cool shade of the towering pines playing Rummy Tiles. Pretty evenly matched games, with "SMILEY"! Earl Showed off! Washed the suburban and trailer. Could have hired himself out for wash jobs for the rest of the group.



RED BARN - "DANCE COUNTRY"

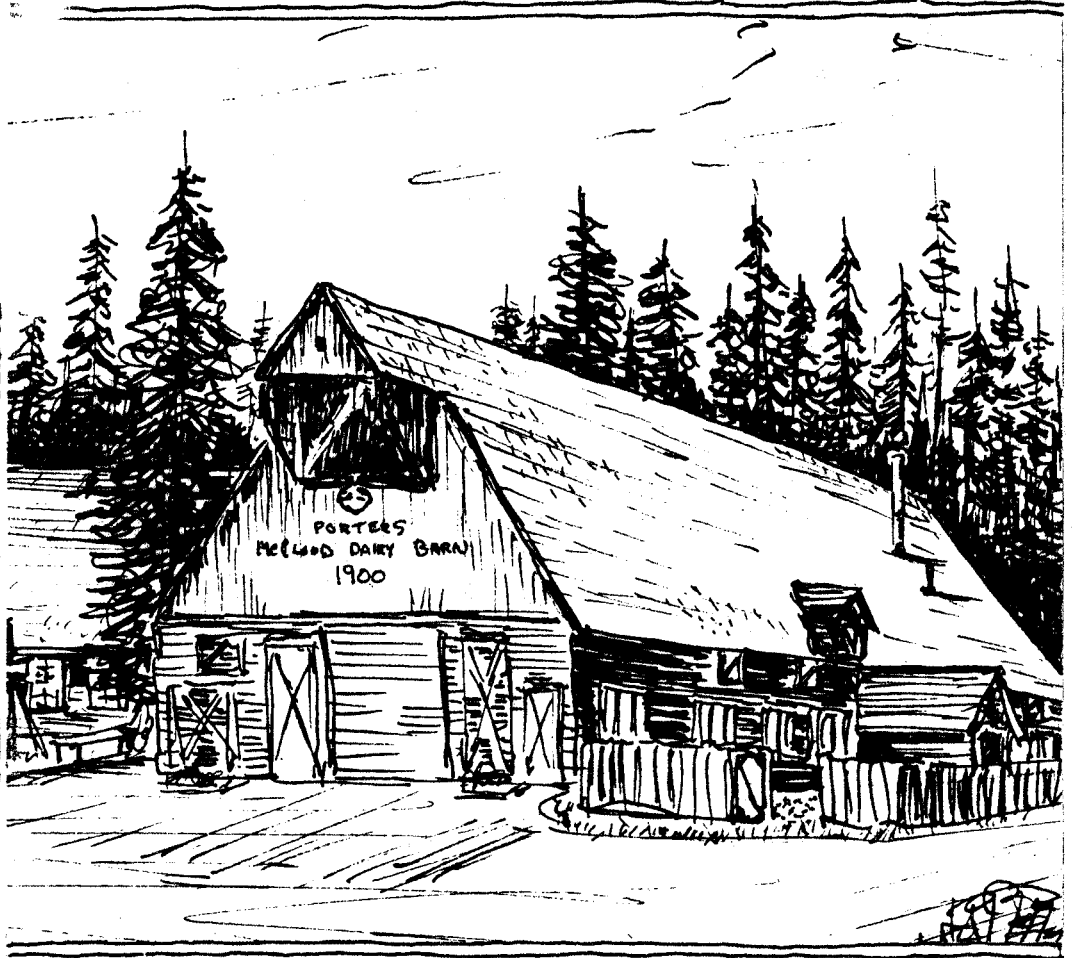
Guido & Gladys each caught their limit at "Ye Olde Fishin' Hole", prompting the Davi's to forgo planned dinner in Mount Shasta for impromptu fresh trout meal...in trailer.

Dinner in Mount Shasta at Piemont was enjoyed by Burnes's Aston-Rose, Olivers, Browns,

Strains And Pettises. Dahmes and Ginters took off ahead for dinner at some other fine example of Mount Shasta's eateries.

At Happy Hour all agreed it's been a great caravan with two great leaders and outstanding weather.

Another end...another PERFECT DAY.



061485 began with the survivors of the caravan reduced to five conveyances, 9 humans, including our leaders, those intrepid souls Bill and Irene, the doctor and nurse, Dick and Ruth, the only ones with the prime spare mounts, Earl and Gerry, our artists and naturalists, Lloyd and Ruth, and bringing up the rear, your correspondent.

The departure from the less hardy members was accompanied by tears and fond farewells as dawn broke over the assembled worn & weary vehicles, but it was away we went, keeping the majestic mountain on our right, to Shasta City, the first trading post, where we discovered that we could not get all the



BIRD COUNTRY-

necessary supplies. So, it was on to Weed, a similar frontier settlement where we got the balance of the necessary supplies for survival in the bird infested land that was our goal.

Fortunately, we had disposed of those things that would only burden us on the frontier at our stay in McCloud. After the last trading post, our leader pointed us into the unknown, while the little band huddled together looking at the hills ahead to be surmounted at great effort and expense.

After toiling up and up, we arrived at a volcanic flat area that surrounds the bird

country. Our naturalists, the good Browns, remarked on the eagle, ducks of many varieties, and deer by the wayside that were frightened by the arrival of our company of strange vehicles appearing suddenly in their land.



SHEEPY RIDGE LOUNGE.

We made camp in a level area near a great ridge. The volcanic nature of the region was verified by the acres of red and black cinders from some long vanished volcano. It is remarkable how this country of the birds is surrounded by lavaflows, cinder cones, and here and there great blocks of basalt.

Ah rest, that we had, and then we learned of great fishing somewhere nearby from a native who also talked of caves in the lava fields as well as birds by the score, so, we five, braving the unknown, had found a form of paradise for naturalists and geologists. All too soon, the expedition would be breaking up, each of the five heading towards different points on the compass.

As we trail away into the setting sun we shall each know of the treasures of bird country.

Your obedient servant, Jack.

Well! It was up at dawn! Then breakfast! Then plan the day! Earl and Gerry togged in their "biker's rags" mounted their bikes and hied themselves off to tour a section of the Tule Lake sanctuaries and Lava Beds National Monument...including Capt. Jack's stronghold etc.. In all they spent 45 miles on bikes including 8 1/2 miles of gravel. Stopping now and then to view the many birds and other sights. On their return trip "stuffed" in town on lunch, bananas, sweets.

Jack, Bill and Irene in the diesel...followed by the Browns & Ginters drove off in the late sunrise to the same destination, only to find on arrival that the visitors center wouldn't open 'till nine.



TULE LAKE, 1985

We then toured the refuge with Lloyd and Ruth as "Guides" and "Ornithologists". Jack, Bill and Irene saw "birds", the Browns saw... (see list). We were "lectured" by CB, birds in profusion, flushed hastily as we drove the levees.

We returned to the visitors center (remarkably beautiful building) to study the information on birds, other wildlife and history of the area...saw a film on the "Duck Stamp Story" recounting the effort to acquire lands and construction of the refuges.

Three, or so, hours later we returned to camp, to lunch, and the inevitable Rummy-Tile-Thing.

stalked, flushed and studied, antelope too, were observed...a birder's paradise. "Nooned" at camp.

Jack, Ruth, Irene and Bill (driving) went down to the Monument...saw lava formations, peeked in a cool cave, checked out the campgrounds (small trailers-only), visited the info center learned a bit about the "Modocs", Captain Jack and others. The afternoon heat was rising so back to camp, saw more birds on the way.

Happy Hour, "no goodies" for which we were thankful later. Sheepy-Ridge-Lounge, again ...pitchers of brew, liters of vino, steaks 1 3/4 inch thick, cheffed by Earl...on that big ol' BBQ! PERFECTION! Served also, green salad, a wild-rice casserole, and/or baked potatoes. The owners of Sheepy Ridge are a genial couple dedicated to making their guests welcome.

Later, at the Brown's place, we enjoyed "afters". We listened to a tape of Earls MBCU retirement party, Lloyd listened attentively to his loquacious delivery of the spoken word.

The remainder of some 3 bottles of Yukon Jack were disposed of, drained & downed...yes we soon retired, thus did the caravan survivors survive...at 10:30 the fishin' couple had not as yet, returned! END OF CARAVAN!

BIRDS AND MAMMALS OBSERVED AT TULELAKE REFUGES

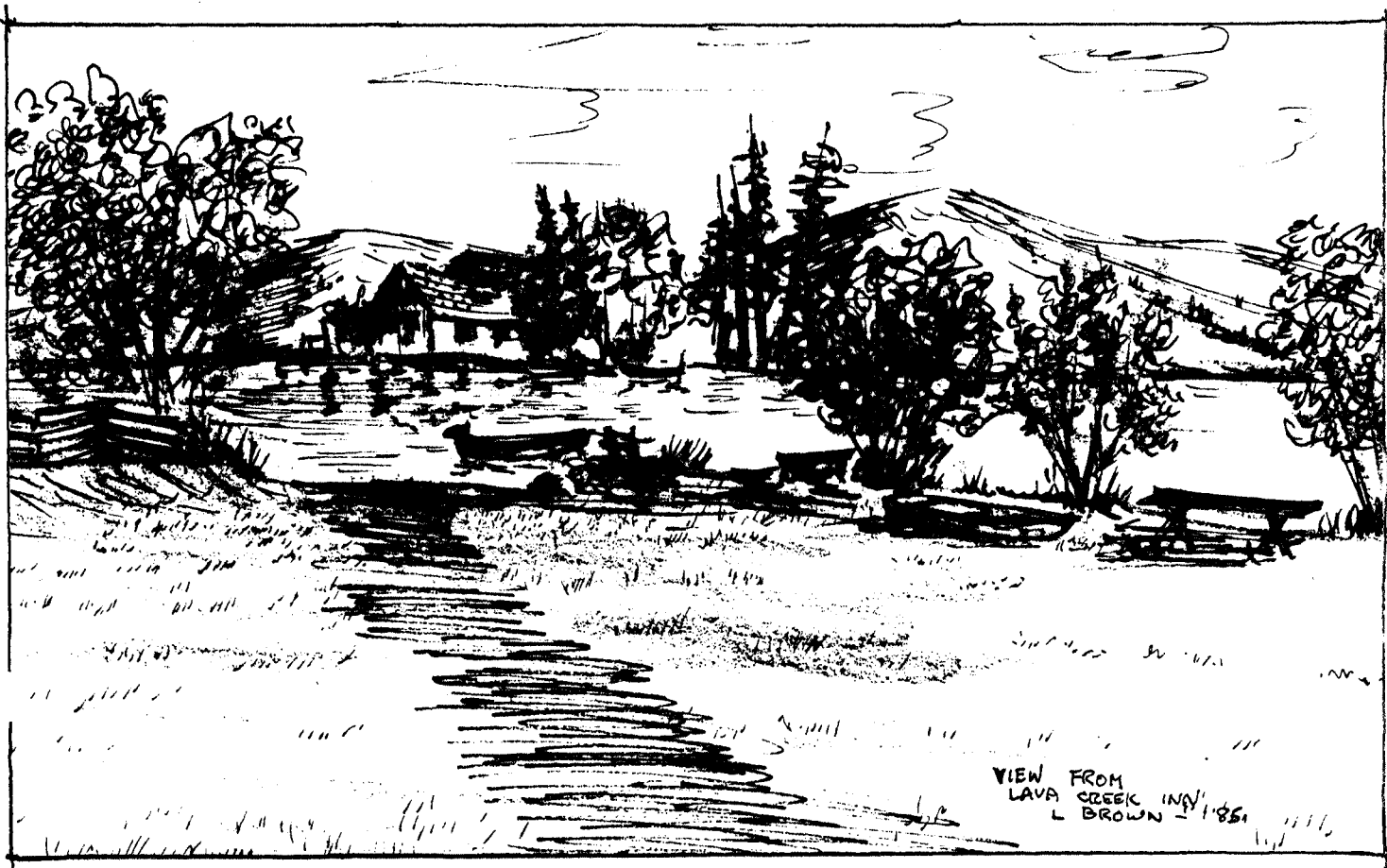
American Avocet--Great Egret--Marsh Hawk--Gull
White Pelican--Mallard--Western Grebe--Kildeer
Cormorant--Eared Grebe--Forster's Tern---Black
Crowned Night Heron---American Coot--Black
Necked Stilt--Red Winged Blackbird---Western
Meadow Lark--Ring Neck Pheasant--White Front
Goose----California Quail---Western Kingbird
Barn Swallow--Cliff Swallow--Tundra Swan---Red
Tail Hawk--Gold Shafted Flicker--Mourning Dove
Bank Swallow--Cinnamon Teal--Horned Grebe
Turkey Vulture---Goat Sucker---Bald Eagle
Yellow Headed Blackbird--Canadian Goose---King
Fisher--Osprey--Prong Horned Antelope---Yellow
Bellied Marmot* (The hilite of the trip for
Ruth Brown)

An unsolicited testimonial:

Wed June 19, 1985

Dear Bill and Irene: We saw you pulling out on Monday
But didn't get a chance to say goodbye and thank you
for the great caravan. To think that at one point we
thought we had "seen it all" and were ready to come
home, thereby missing the Sheepy Ridge leg of the trip-
the piece of resistance, the cream of all the creams-
so to speak!

Sunday the 16th, Father's day started with some of Earl's
great waffles, served with Ohio maple syrup. From then
on the day did nothing but improve. A beautiful drive
to the western borders of Upper Klamath Lake provided
a change from high desert to high forest scenery. Unlike
the eastern border (which we have seen repeatedly) which
has a sterile look, the Western border of the lake is
full green even to the large lily pads and reeds along
the border. Fishing was great, we kept the 1st 3-3½ lb
rainbow caught on all maribou fly, and released others.
Home at 10:30PM tired but happy. Love, Dick and Ruth



VIEW FROM
LAVA CREEK INVA
L BROWN - 1885