

Jacob Staff (pole about the size of a broom handle), the latter used for sticking the point in the ground and mounting the compass for sighting. For outlining our plots of 100 square feet that we were to take at set intervals, we had a chain and pin set, the chain being about 5 1/2 feet in length attached to two metal stakes about two feet in length. A device about the size of a stop watch, which we called "tally whacker," was used to record the number of paces taken as distances were estimated by paces taken by either horse or man. At the offset, we traversed known distances by foot and horseback to determine the average length of paces. A small short-handled pick was issued to examine some soil properties. A 10- by 12-inch aluminum binder for maps and vegetation write-ups completed our list of equipment. Section corners that could be located were used to lay out transects. The best corner locations were the iron pipe variety, but they were found mostly when encountering rangeland owned by the Utah Construction Company, such lands having, at the time, been recently surveyed. The others were post markers from the original land survey and they weren't very plentiful. The original survey may have been the contract type where they used a horse and buggy, with the revolutions of the buggy's wheel to measure distances. I suppose it was an extreme case but one of the fellows asked a sheepherder if he knew of any section markers. He replied that he knew of some—usually when he found one he moved the post to higher ground if possible so it was easy to see.

This job only lasted a few months but it still fills my mind with so many unusual experiences, more than which can be recalled from later years in my career. About the first of June, we arose one morning to find about a foot of snow on the ground. For several weeks after, I was wishing I had some long underwear like several other fellows wore, as it was bitter cold and my heavy wool coat was inadequate. But, it finally warmed up before I could obtain more clothing. Early on, we visited the camp of another crew working nearest us. Some had left school before graduation also and were having an impressive ceremony receiving a symbolic diploma while standing in a pile of horse manure. This wasn't the usual 9 to 5 job and we didn't expect it to be so. We arose early, had breakfast, and headed out in the station wagon, oft times down some dusty or graveled washboard road leaving camp about seven in the morning. Our horses were usually situated near a portable manger near some road where we all had assembled at the end of the previous day. The horses were watered and grain fed. We saddled up and were each on

***We saddled up and were each on our way to our starting point from where we were to proceed as closely as was possible along section lines in the same direction spaced a mile apart.***

our way to our starting point from where we were to proceed as closely as was possible along section lines in the same direction spaced a mile apart. At some place, usually within 10 to 15 miles in distance, we would assemble again at a given place accessible by road and Speed would bring feed and water for the horses. Then, we would go back to camp. By the time we got there and ate, it was usually quite late because of distances and difficulties encountered in our daily travels. Oft times we arrived in camp looking almost ghostlike from a generous covering of silty road dust. On one of these particularly dusty rides, someone remarked, "Your eyes look like a couple of holes burnt in a blanket." We had ravenous appetites, as all we carried for lunch in our saddlebags was a can of tomato or fruit juice.

Rocky Mountain Fever was a concern in those days and we all got our first shot for our protection when we went to work. Ticks were plentiful. I was up in some mountainous area in early June. Light flurries of snow were falling and I stopped and sat under a Juniper tree for shelter as I worked on my map and write-ups. That evening, I pulled about 14 ticks off my woolen coat. Before turning in, we always held tick inspection examining each other's backs looking for any undetected creatures.

When ticks were dug into our skin, we would place a burning cigarette near the tick and most of the time they would back out. Otherwise, if one pulled them off, they left part of their anatomy buried in your skin, which could cause a sore spot. During the day's ride, I would look under the horse's belly and scrape bloated ticks off with a stick.

***We came to a steep downward slope....After that experience, I learned to take a few tips from my horse.***

As we started to work, we set up our compass and picked out a distant prominent object in our direct line of site. Then we went in that direction and extended the line of sight as needed during the day. This worked well where we could see long distances as in a valley but was difficult in some rough terrain. It was often most difficult to follow a straight-line direction because of downed timber, thick patches of brush, cliffs, rim rock, beaver ponds, and other obstacles. When these were encountered, one detoured to the left or right and then hoped to get on line after the obstacle was bypassed. One time, toward the end of the day, I was riding through an open stand of juniper and happened to look to my left. There in an open area was Lew Leifer (a fellow crew member at that time) riding parallel to me about a third of a mile away. He rode over to meet me and we figured we should be close to the point where we all would meet Speed. It started to rain and we couldn't see any sign of the road near our spot to be picked up or the station wagon or anyone else. We rode

together another quarter of a mile and suddenly my horse began to whinny. About 100 feet ahead, we came to a steep downward slope. There, way below us, was the station wagon, several of our horses, and part of our crew around a blazing fire. After that experience, I learned to take a few tips from my horse.

For a time, our transects had us crossing the Pequop range west of Wendover. Some of us had come in unusually late and related that it was because of the difficult terrain. Speed decided to try it himself to see why we were having difficulties. He had one of the crew take his place and took this person's horse and started out on one of the lines. My transect was several miles from his. I had no difficulty ascending the east slope. Then, as I started down the west slope, I ran into a sizable dense growth of mountain mahogany. In detouring around it, I found myself in the streambed of a boxlike canyon. For some reason, I had switched horses and was riding a gray mare. Ahead of me, the streambed sloped sharply downward and was quite stony.

The mare stopped even though I urged her forward. I decided to get off and lead her. She wouldn't budge, no matter how hard I pulled on the reins. I decided to try to get back on and give it another try urging her in a more forceful fashion. When I did so, she started forward but fell about half way down the obstacle course. She was on her side and my left leg was pinned beneath her. I thought I could visualize the buzzards circling—here I am miles from anywhere and would be hard to find. Somehow, I managed to remove enough loose stones to free my leg. I got up and then the horse was able to stand. Neither of us was hurt and she let me lead her to a spot where the route ahead seemed to offer fewer hazards. I was a little late to finish at day's end but not the last to show up. Speed was the last and latest. He told how, while on a narrow trail, his horse slipped and then fell about ten feet into a small pine tree. His shirt was torn and the horse had a deep scratch on his flank. The upshot of this was that Speed decided we should finish the remainder of the Pequop crossings on foot. We made several crossings that way and I still remember the first.

I started fresh, going eastward, and, by eleven, I thought the crest lie ahead and finished the last of my meager water supply from an army canteen. When I reached what I earlier thought was the summit, I discovered a lot more uphill work ahead of me. I later passed a pool of water and, though extremely thirsty, chose not to drink from it. With all the various animal tracks around, I could see it was well used. Around four-thirty, I struggled to the top and could look down on a long valley. I could see a road in the valley below me and in the far distance, the dust

from a car on the road. I got renewed strength and headed downhill as fast as my weary legs could travel. The car was Speed coming to pick us up. In a while, I came to the road. I would guess we hiked some 10 to 12 miles but it felt like more. Needless to say, we were glad to get the horses back.

We moved camp in June to a place called Jasper Well. To get there, we left the highway and traveled eastward crossing an old lakebed (playa) somewhat paralleling a railroad. The camp was situated at the site of a well and corral at the foot slope of some adjacent hills. There had to be a den of rattlesnakes nearby as we killed something like twenty in and near our camp. We always hung our boots up at night in case we had to go out suddenly. We got the Fourth of July off and I went home to Lovelock. But I came down sick—possibly with the flu. I probably went back to work too soon but I thought I was okay. It had rained hard in the area where we were working. The dry lakebed where the road crossed to our camp at Jasper Well was under several inches of water. We met Speed in Wells and, as we went back, he drove into a sea of water and we wondered if a long detour that was possible by another road would be a better option to get to camp. Speed had inquired and found out the other road had some almost impassable stretches. But the surface of many lakebeds in Nevada is almost like concrete. We crossed at a slow speed and only got stopped once, so the passengers got out, gave a push, and we were on our way again.

We were working north and west of this camp on the day the Joe Louis—Max Schmelling fight was to be broadcast. Speed had a good radio in his personal car and his wife was to drive out to camp. We planned to start work early and get done in time to get back and hear the broadcast. Interest was high because Schmelling was a German and Hitler was flaunting his power and, also, because of his snub of Jesse Owens, the great sprinter, during the 1936 Olympics held in Berlin. We got done as planned and Speed was driving us back. We were on the opposite side of the railroad some three miles from camp. The nearest crossing was possibly six miles to the west and to go there and then double back would make us late for the broadcast. It was decided that the station wagon could cross the tracks if it was driven at an angle. It worked, but, in the process, there was a loud noise. When Speed was across and on the road leading to camp, he stopped and shut the motor off to examine the car. The problem was soon obvious. Cars in those days had the battery mounted under the floorboards. The battery had struck one of the rails and was broken. Speed's wife must have seen our dust as we approached the railroad as she was soon driving out to meet

us. However, by the time she arrived, the fight had just ended and Louis won in the second round.

Saturday was a workday. We worked all through one weekend and on the following went in to Wells. Everyone checked in at the McDonald Hotel and got a bath the first thing. Then, we headed to the barbershop for a shave and haircut. There wasn't much to do in Wells but we enjoyed eating at the hotel for a change. One time, one of the fellows from another crew had a car and took several of us to a country-dance at Lamoille, some 30 miles distant, that was held in an old school-house. The only other country-dance that I ever went to was back in Lovelock about the summer of 1934. It also was held in a schoolhouse. No one dare bring liquor into the schoolhouse so some would hide their bottle outside nearby. I discovered that a thirsty drinking man found his bottle by grabbing a handful of small gravel, tossing it in the air and listening for the tinkle of glass. These dances would go till dawn so we wound up back in Wells about the time that we would get ready to leave for camp.

I was in Elko several times. It was the county seat and, of course, Speed and other supervisory people went there on business. Elko, at the time, had a population of four thousand—there must be seven or eight times more people at present—the increase fueled in part by gold mining. In June, I went there to take a Civil Service exam for a Junior Soil Surveyor. The reason I did was because my brother was then working on a similar job in New Mexico with the recently formed Soil Conservation Service. At that time, he was working on the Navajo Indian Reservation. He had informed me that this test was being held. As I was going up the steps of the Post Office, where the test was to be given, Speed introduced me to two people from the Soil Conservation Service Regional Office which was in Berkeley at the time. The two were Stan Cosby and Leonard Wohletz, both whom later would play an important part in my career. They wished me “good luck”—little did I know that I would run into them later.

Our second tick shot was due soon after the Fourth of July. When we were getting our shots, the doctor examined me and put me in the hospital in Elko. Evidently my flu, or whatever it might have been that I had over the Fourth of July, was flaring up again and the doctor didn't think camp life would furnish the proper environment for recovery.

Speed was a good person to have for Party Chief. He was raised on a ranch in the county, knew the area well, and was acquainted with some of the ranchers and people in Wells. Therefore, things went more smoothly for us. He was always there to pick us up at night and seemed

to have a good game plan for the day's transect. Other crews reported having members lost or out overnight. There was only one time we had a problem and it wasn't Speed's fault. He had to be gone on business and Harrison, the cook, offered to go to town and pick up the groceries and then come pick us up in late afternoon. We all reached the pick-up spot on time and had our horses unsaddled. We were not too far from a road and were standing around a fire since we were damp from a recent rain shower. Soon we saw a car coming and it was the station wagon. Everyone thought Harrison could see us but he drove on and disappeared over the hill. We waited some time until it was apparent he wasn't coming back. At that time we were closer to camp than usual—about 7 miles. There was nothing else we could do but saddle up and ride back to camp. Cooks in those days took those camp jobs in order to “dry out” because of a drinking problem. Harrison must have quenched his thirst while getting the groceries. Anyway, we soon had a new cook who turned out to be much better although, except for this incident, Harrison had done a reasonably good job.

One day, near dark, we were some 15 miles south of Oasis. It was time to head back to camp and we were crossing an old playa with only very sparse vegetation, when one of the rear wheels hit an unseen pot hole and a rear spring was broken in the process. The fender rested on the rear tire and the vehicle was disabled. Someone suggested we could jack the car up and place something underneath to keep the fender off the tire. There was nothing we could use on this barren stretch. Then, one of the fellows remembered passing a lone post about a half-mile away. Two fellows hiked back and got the post and put it in place under the car fastened with baling wire. By then, darkness had set in and Speed discovered the lights wouldn't work. There was some moonlight and we all looked out the windows helping the driver find the road. Fortunately the terrain was flat and the road reasonably straight. We made it to Oasis and had the lights fixed at the service station. Then, we drove down the highway into Wells with the post still wired to the frame. It demonstrated something I was to use throughout my career—try every option possible before you start walking.

Another time, we were miles from anywhere and were using Henry Fox's SCS Chevrolet sedan to locate section corners. The car was boiling and we had no spare water. Nearby was a “charco”—a small depression constructed on rangeland to collect runoff. The water was muddy—too thick to drink and too thin to plow. We found a container in the trunk and debated momentarily about putting this liquid in the radiator. Then we thought of the alternative and went ahead and filled the radiator. We got the car back to Henry. The next time he saw us, he wanted to know what

we did to his car, but finally dropped the subject knowing full well that he would have had to do the same thing.

We were making an inventory of the flora but I might mention a little about the fauna. In our travels, we would run into mustangs or wild horses. There was one band we encountered a few times that ranged south of Wells. When we were fortunate to get close to them, our horses would seem excited and, when given a free rein, would take off on a gallop after them. Someone said that some of our horses had been used to round up mustangs. The herd would take off, their tails flying in the wind, and soon you could see their dust cloud as they sped down the valley in the direction of Spruce Mountain. Now and then, we would come upon a coyote. Several times I chased them on horseback. A horse could catch up with them, but they didn't get the name "wily" for nothing. You soon found the coyotes picking a route of their choice, such as sand dunes or rock outcrops where it was rough going for your horse, or, if the sun was low on the horizon, they would run into the sun so you were half blinded and then suddenly disappear, ducking behind some clump of brush. I saw what I thought were mountain lion tracks but never spotted one. Deer sightings were frequent in some areas. More than once, I came upon a big muletail buck and both of us were startled. We spotted sagehen near some springs we drove by regularly for a time.

The only fishing I ever did was on a trip into some "badlands"—a series of volcanic breaks—lava beds—through which the "Little Salmon" flows toward Idaho. The stream was somewhat entrenched where we came to it, and to get down into a boxlike canyon, my fellow crew member Charlie York and I took a steep trail where our horses had their front feet forward and their rear next to the ground as we slid downwards. We camped there overnight. My partner had brought string and fish hooks. We each cut a willow for a pole. Using bacon for bait, we soon had six big trout and quit, as that was enough for supper. Never again did I see such good fishing.

A day's ride covered enough territory so one saw or heard a number of rattlers. Often it was your horse that would suddenly detour to one side or halt quickly and there was a rattler ahead. In some lava bed areas, a series of flows formed stair steps with rimrock 10 to 15 feet in height. When riding close to these, sometimes you could hear rattling but never see the snakes in the rocky crevices.

Beaver ponds were common on some streams where there were quaking aspen groves growing along the watercourse. Sometimes you had to ford the stream and, because of the beaver dam, the water would be up to your stirrups.

This particular summer, Elko and the adjacent Humboldt County were plagued with Mormon crickets. They descended in droves like the biblical locust and devastated all within their path. I never was caught in such a position but observed the slippery mess where they crossed a highway and were a hazard to traffic. One of our crews had them come through their camp ruining most everything they had. Effective pesticides were not developed yet. The only means of trying to eliminate them was to dig a long trench across the path they might come and erect a corrugated tin barrier on the far side. When the crickets fell in the trench they were sprayed with oil and then set on fire.

It seemed that summer there were more thunderstorms in late June and July than usual. Some occurred on our day's ride. We would run into a shower, get wet, and usually dry off as the day wore on. These showers always brought out the almost pungent odor of sagebrush. A few times the lightning was menacing. I was on top of a mountain range when a storm struck. It began to rain and, out of the corner of my eye, I could see several bolts of lightning strike nearby prominent rocky points. I headed the horse downhill as he walked sideways with his rear to the driving rain. I pulled my hat down, almost over my eyes, and hoped for the best. Another time we had moved our camp, and the tents were situated between a large corral and a large outcropping of rocks. I was the only one in camp and was left to tend the horses. I was sitting on my bunk looking out when I saw a bolt of lightning split overhead, one part hitting the rocks and the other striking a 15-foot-high pole in the corral. I reached up and closed the tent flap and made no other observations until the storm passed.

By mid-July, I felt comfortable in the saddle—didn't have any more saddle sores, at least. I even rode 50 miles in one day—taking my horse back to a ranch and returning with another. Late in August we moved camp again, and I think it was in the vicinity of O'Neil. It was a nice spot with a creek nearby. The night temperatures were fairly cold. I believe we were at about 6,000 feet in elevation. We got up in the mornings always finding a skiff of ice on the wash basin water. We began working in an area between the road to Jarbridge and the highway to Idaho that passes through Contact. I have several vivid recollections of this period. One afternoon my progress had been slowed and darkness descended before I got back to the road where we were to meet. I was coming down what appeared to be a stock trail along side of a creek and could scarcely see anything. Finally, I lay low in the saddle to avoid tree branches and let my horse go forward as he chose. He was old, reliable, and followed the path until we came out at the road I was seeking. The other time, it was about dusk when I was heading to the road to find the



station wagon. Suddenly, I came to a barbed wire fence and could see no gate anywhere in sight. I got off my horse and managed to pry the staples loose that were holding the wire at the nearest post. I managed to get the wire down to the ground; then, I held the wire down with one foot while trying to lead my horse across. Things were going well but, as his last hind foot crossed, one strand of wire caught on his shoe. At first, he started to pull the wire and I was afraid we were in for a real mess. Somehow, I managed to calm him and was able to free the wire. It was now very dark but I could see what appeared to be headlights about a half-mile in the distance and rode in that direction. It proved to be our station wagon and I was "home free."

It was the middle of October when everyone took several days off and two of us were left in camp on the weekend to tend to the horses. We drove out to the area where the horses were grazing. The horses were hobbled and it was decided that they had moved a considerable distance and we would move them down to a corral and feed them some grain. I volunteered to herd them as soon as we took off the hobbles. There were no saddles or bridles in the station wagon so I just put a halter rope on the nearest horse and got on bareback. I got the other horses where we wanted them and then tried to get this horse to go in the opposite direction to the station wagon. He started that way and suddenly decided to turn abruptly to follow the others. I lost my balance and slid off, landing on my feet, but the horse was moving at a gallop and the momentum caused me to fall. Somehow, I hit my left elbow on some stones. It hurt and I thought it was sprained. When we got back to camp I put my arm in a sling rigged from a flour sack. When Speed came back the next morning, he looked at my arm. By now it was badly swollen. He thought I should see a doctor and get x-rays. So, it was back to Elko about 90 miles in distance. The arm was broken but in such a way that by holding my left hand under my chin, the doctor could tape it up and, this way, with a sling, the arm would heal in a month. Thus ended my horseback days in Elko County.

## Soil Surveys at Walker and Pyramid Lake Indian Reservations

*Grant Kennedy*

The SCS transferred me from Georgia to Berkeley, California. About February 15, 1940, I reported to the Regional Office for California and Nevada, then located on Fulton Ave. close to the University of California campus. The building had the appearance of having been a bank building, the front having several large columns as in Greek architecture. I was ushered into Stan Cosby's office and met him and his assistant, Leonard Wohletz. I was informed that I was to report to the area office in Yerington, Nevada, and would be making a soil survey on the Walker Lake Indian Reservation. I was given a brief orientation and one of the secretaries assisted me with completing the necessary paperwork. I left Berkeley after lunch and drove to Yerington, Nevada.

Yerington lies southeast of Reno about 90 miles. It was a small town much like Lovelock and, besides being the county seat of Lyon County, was the nearest shopping center for the ranches and others nearby. I checked in at the area office and was turned over to Clarence Olds, a soil surveyor formerly from Oregon, with whom I would be working. My immediate need was some kind of housing. Since these forays were of short duration, I always had to look for a furnished place and I almost had to take the first thing available, not having time to shop around. The big copper deposit at Weed Heights nearby hadn't yet been discovered or, at least, there was no mining activity there at the time, so there was little demand for rentals and what I wanted was hard to come by. Finally, there was a fellow at the office who said he had a place with a spare bedroom and he would be willing to let me stay there and we could share the kitchen and bathroom. "It isn't much," he said, "but it might get you settled until you find something better." He had come down from Alaska and this was a temporary assignment. His wife was already somewhere in California where he expected to go soon. His appraisal of the place was accurate. It was a small place upstairs over a service station and garage close to downtown.

I went to work then after getting settled. I believe Ralph Smith was the equivalent of an area soil scientist and had some input as I got started. Some soil series were being mapped and had some descriptions that were somewhat brief as compared to later standards. Clarence met me at the office the next morning and we went to Schurz, about 25 miles east of Yerington. Schurz is the headquarters for the Walker Lake Indian Reservation. The reservation is located just north of Walker Lake close to where the Walker River empties into the lake. Walker Lake is one of those slowly declining remnant lakes in the Great Basin formed after the Ice Age.

At one time, this lake contained numerous cutthroat trout unique to parts of Nevada. Many were large for trout and often were of trophy size. In 1940, this lake was a popular spot for sport fishing.

Clarence and another person had been making a soil survey of parts of the reservation before I came aboard. They had already mapped the better land around Schurz and now were mapping some of the rangeland. A plane table was used to make the base map and to delineate the soil boundaries. It was the last of February so the weather wasn't the best. It would snow but never enough to hardly cover the ground. We would get the plane table out, do our procedures, and, before long, our fingers were blue and our feet were icy. We had a telescopic alidade and I was the rod man when we measured distances. Clarence drove a pickup, which, thankfully, had a heater—not all government cars were so equipped at that time. It also was equipped with a big spare gas tank. He would leave the truck idling and, when it got too uncomfortable outside, we got in the cab to thaw out. On one of these days, about noon, a few flakes were falling and we heard the weirdest sound. It came from some coyotes howling their best from the ridge of a nearby sand dune. I had heard coyotes howling before but never out in broad daylight.

Things were winding up at Walker Lake so I was to be sent to work on the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation some 50 miles from Reno by road and situated north east of Reno. About the same time, my wife had to have an appendix operation and, upon her release from the hospital in Reno, I took her to Lovelock to stay with my parents until such time as we could get situated at Pyramid Lake. The reservation headquarters was at Nixon. Paul (Pat) Pattengale, a range surveyor, was in charge and I was to work with him. We left Yerington with a GMC pickup that had come from South Dakota. It had about 15,000 miles on the odometer, came equipped with large tires, a spare gas and water tank, and had a governor that limited our speed to 45 miles per hour. We both brought sleeping bags as we knew we would have to spend a number of days out on the job. The first place we picked for temporary quarters was at Sutcliffe, the location of a dude ranch. It was a place where we could park our personal cars or the government car when necessary. We could get a meal at Sutcliffe and make a phone call in an emergency. Our assignment was to make a range and soil survey on the reservation. Our mapping was to be done using a plane table to make a small scale base map. This was sure an abrupt turnabout for me after delineating soils on aerial photos in Louisiana and Georgia.

Some of the roads were graveled but were so rough that they felt like the washboard surface would quickly tear a car apart. My Oldsmobile was relatively new, so, rather than subject it to this treatment, I bought a Model A Ford sedan for this duty. I purchased it in Lovelock for \$65 and it served me well traveling back and forth on some weekends. I even towed a relatively new car that was stranded on the highway some 15 miles into

Lovelock with this vehicle. When I left later for California, I told my father to sell it and he did—for the \$65 I originally paid.

At the start of what was to be our soil and range survey on the reservation, the SCS conducted what we later would call an Initial Field Review. Leonard Wohletz represented the Berkeley office, Ray Roberts was the soil correlator out of Berkeley, and Ralph Smith came out from Yerington. Together we examined parts of the area looking at the soils and vegetation and deciding what features should be mapped. We examined some of the soils and Ray came up with several established series names for observed soils and assigned tentative names for some others. My main recollection of that week in the field was that it was bitter cold and the troops on Friday night welcomed the warm confines of Reno and the Golden Hotel. On Saturday morning, we had a brief meeting in the hotel lobby and the people from Berkeley walked the half block to the Reno Depot and caught a train back home.

We started out working areas accessible from the road to get started. Then we would drive cross-country on some stretches using the pickup like a four-wheel-drive vehicle of today. Of course, we got stuck a lot where we would hit small sand dunes and even the big tires, although helpful, couldn't prevent our problem. Finally, we got several jacks and a long tarp. When stuck, we would jack up the rear wheels, pull the tarp underneath, and tie the end to the tailgate. This would give us enough traction to get started. Generally we would hit a hard surface in a short distance. We dragged the tarp behind us until such a spot was reached. Once we had more difficulty than usual, as the governor on the pickup restricted the power necessary to move forward. That's when we broke the seal and deactivated it so we could rev up the motor. Somebody behind a desk thought this speed deterrent was a good thing but he never was faced with the specter of a long hike or being "hung out to dry" when passing another vehicle.

Our pickup was equipped with boxes for our equipment and we always carried some food items. When the day's work ended, we found some spot to spread our sleeping bags out and fix something to eat. We had to stick to canned goods and things like ham and salami. I particularly liked salami but, after this job, it was a long time before I could eat it again. The Trading Post was at Nixon and was run by "Snuffy" Smith. Prices were reasonable, particularly for meat. All cuts were \$.20 a pound be it the best steak, stew meat, center cut of ham, salami, or whatever you wanted.

We started in the southwest part of the reservation and worked our way northward. We got up to Sand Pass and out onto the Smoke Creek Desert. The desert part did not require much time to map where we were, as it was one big playa almost devoid of any vegetation. We camped briefly at the lower reaches of a canyon to the east. The road approaching this place was