

Attadena Calif
Oct 21st 1965

Dear Mrs Bonnabell. - "Polly"
Mighty little time down
here to write letters - I'm trying to see
all my old friends - many of them from
Darwin days and they beat tanks
all the starch out of me - 99° in Long
Beach yesterday & more of the same
today - I'm going out to Whittier for
the week-end with Vera Mc Elroy and
want to head north next week to
get home before the rains set in. I
hope you did your pictures & my
letter of the 4th? and I wrote in a hurry
& am not just sure just what questions
I answered. The Navy has made a mess
of renaming places in my home county
the least they could have done was
to spell the names correctly and asked
of those who know that country in -
stead of stories of late comers who know
nothing - well times ever thus in the
west & if we went to the old eastern
& southern states & did that we would

be "run out of town on a rail." I am
getting a vague recollection of hearing
the name Spratt when little - and
he may have held up a couple of stages
but certainly did not obtain enough
to bury in various places around our
wide desert country and I'm full of
doubt about any Mt. Spring Canyon
stage robbery. Yes, John Shepherd
was Eva Lee Gunn's father - also Ed's
& Dora who married our old Sheriff
Charles Collins - also another sister
whose name escapes me now and it
may have been she who married Collins
& not Dora - any way it was one of
John's daughters, next time Helen
Gunn comes to town ask her. Hamilton
might have married Annie Spratt -
he was in the country some time
while building Nadeau's road up
the Malapai out of the extreme north
end of Indian Wells Valley. I am re-
peating myself, I know but I'm read-
ing your letter again as I write. A year
ago I met Girard - but the name of Fred
does not "ring a bell". There was several

3) Spreads up the valley and in Nevada
in the early 1900's and one came to
Darwin but I can't bring his first name
to mind. How old is Alfred - that might
help! Milkpaugh wasn't on a plateau -
but a mile ^{down from} below the head of Shepherd's
Canyon, the old road comes up from
Junction Flat & over a low summit
& drops down to the canyon & is at
the base of little Matarango - we had
a fine view down the canyon to a
large flat Malapai 2 miles down -
(south) and then the canyon turns east
with high hills on each side and
continues so until it opens into Pana-
mint Valley - Several fine springs in
the lower part of the canyon, beginning
3 miles below our place. I think Sparr
was more or less a liar - there were
many in "them other days" - I'm not
doing a good job on this - too many
interruptions - so write again and have
fun collecting datta? data? I lost my
dictionary home & haven't looked for one!
here tho there are several some where!
Write me at home - tell Alva & Dorothy hello.
Adios - Elizabeth.

P.A. I'm a post script adderer! He had the finest climate in the world - air crystal clear - fine summers, never too hot and the evenings so pleasant to sit on the porch - maybe a coyote yapping up on the hill, sounding like a dozen - no mosquitoes or flying insects - very few flies - an occasional bat would swoop down - as any where on the desert the "false" dawn is always cold - just as day breaks in the summer - we used to have summer showers and also disastrous cloud bursts - we kept a weather eye towards the head of the canyon when the thunder roared & the lightning flashed, our winters not too harsh - some snow - at times a foot which delighted me and I was out in it all day, water in the horse trough would have ice on it in the mornings, & our horses with their winter coats - I have been on Junction Flat in more than one blizzard - one time we could not face it from the north, so left the wagon, jumped on the team & headed for camp & warmth, stock object to facing a storm & always travel, if free, or stand tail end to a storm - just some more thoughts of the home land I loved, now so changed, I'm writing this on my lap on my bed as I watch the after noon programs! The sun is hot today & yesterday.

Elm