



Bill Guthrie, Jennifer Porter and John Snively (from left to right) were the instructors/van drivers on the trip, as well as very useful resources for the biology, geology and history of the valley.

## This Land is Your Land...Death Valley Style

By: Duane, Jason, Megan, Mark, Sarah, Alpha Matt, Heath, Kindra, Amber, Michelle, Amanda, and Katherine

This land is your land,  
This land is my land.  
From California,  
To the New York Island.  
From the Redwood Forest,  
To the Gulf Stream waters  
This land was made for you and me.

From the Salt brush playa,  
To the snow capped mountains.  
From Eagle Borax,  
To the Artist's palette.  
From the Dusty washboard  
To the borrowed showers.  
This camp was made for you and me.

As I was walking,  
That ribbon of highway,  
I saw above me,  
That endless skyway.  
I saw below me,  
That golden valley  
This land was made for you and me

Our fearless leader,  
Sleeps in the trailer,  
Among the salad.  
And aging burgers.  
But we're so happy,  
Because we're with him  
This camp was made for you and me.

This van is your van,  
this van is my van,  
From Pauling Center,  
to the Harney Basin.  
From Winnemucca  
to Texas campground.  
'This Van was made for you and me.

Jen's van is haunted,  
At least it's working.  
She loves the sand dunes,  
Greg and her beetles.  
Her dad is manly,  
But sleeps on padding.  
His pad's so big it can sleep three.

We're in Death Valley  
We're sleeping on tables,  
Our tents are totaled,  
Because it's windy.  
Our shorts are sandy,  
Our hair is tangled,  
This camp was made for you and me.

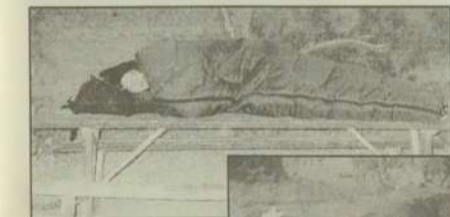
Bill's van's a hazard,  
It has some issues,  
But has a speaker,  
To wake the sleepers.  
He's a great talker,  
And a bird watcher.  
This bird was born to live free.



Listening to a presentation at the charcoal kilns. Yes, that is snow on the ground.



One van's arrival in Death Valley, above. Sleeping on picnic tables during the monstrous winds, below. The wind distorting the tents, right.



Photos by Matt Brown,  
Jason Strawn, Megan  
Oldenstadt and Jennifer  
Porter



Cooking breakfast in the the trailer during a very windy morning. The same trailer Snively almost slept in after his tent was destroyed in the wind.



Sarah, Amber, Jason and Helen hold up a canyon wall in Titus Canyon, above. Bill's van tire didn't survive the bumpy road to Titus Canyon, above left. Snively talks about Mosaic Canyon, left.

## Death Valley Is Hotter Than Hell

By Bob Porter

The Devil wanted a place on earth.  
Sort of a summer home:  
A place to spend his vacation  
Whenever he wanted to roam.

So he picked out Death Valley.  
A place so wretched and so rough.  
Here the climate was to his liking  
And the miners were hardened and tough.

He dried up the streams in the canyons  
And ordered no rain to fall:  
He dried up the lakes in the valleys,  
Then baked and scorched it all.

Then over his barren desert  
He transplanted shrubs from Hell.  
The cactus, the thistle and the prickly  
pear—  
The climate suited them well.

Now, the home was much to his liking.  
But animal life, he had none:  
So he created crawling creatures  
That all mankind would shun.

First he made the rattlesnake.  
With its forked poisonous tongue:

He taught it to strike and to rattle  
And how to swallow its young.

The he made Scorpions and Lizards  
And the ugly old Horned Toad.  
He placed spiders of every description  
Under rocks by the side of the road.

Then he ordered the sun to shine hotter.  
Hotter and hotter still.  
Until even the cactus wilted  
And the old Horned Toad looked ill.

Then he gazed on his earthly kingdom.  
As any bad creator would:  
He chuckled and snickered a lot,  
And admitted to himself that it was good.

'Twas summer now and Satan lay  
By a prickly pear to rest.  
The sweat rolled off his weary brow.  
So he took off his coat and vest.

"By Golly," he finally panted  
"I did my job too well.  
I'm going back where I came from  
Death Valley is hotter than Hell!"

## Death Valley

By Jason Strawn

There's a dry barren land  
All covered with sand  
Where the sun will bleach out  
Your bone  
And death lies in wait  
To determine your fate  
As ancient and watchful as stone  
A glimpse of this sight  
at day or at night  
and your stomach will shrivel  
with fear  
but I've been to this place  
and it's filled with such grace  
and wonder, it makes your  
eyes tear.  
Because out of the gloom  
Springs a small yellow bloom  
A preview of something to be  
As a dead looking brush  
Springs something so lush  
Death Valley is home for me.