

## Nuts - Where water flows ...

Tuesday morning finds us heading east through the rolling golden hills of California that are still graced with just a blush of spring green. Acres of tall grass and a few very happy Black Angus cows.

Into the Central Valley, we travel east and the landscape quickly sheds its bucolic charm of vineyards and pasture. We have entered the land of pumps and drills.

We're in the valley now.  
We're pumping it from the ground.  
We never will quit,  
Till we get the last bit.  
We're in the Valley now!



Soon we are driving through miles of pistachio orchards, some recently bulldozed and some recently planted. Official State of CA road signs declare, "Food Grows Where Water Flows". We also see frequent highway alert signs, all with the same notice.



Right next to this ...



"Whiskey is for drinking, water is for fighting over." - Mark Twain

A few miles down the road, to our surprise and delight, in the middle of acres of ripe barley, we see the FritoLay plant. REALLY! Who knew? We put our hands over our hearts as we passed and slightly bowed our heads. But then ... barley? Really? In the middle of barley fields? No corn? Hmmmm. The Central Valley is obviously a complex and mysterious place.

On to Tehachapi where the temperature dropped to something rather pleasant and we pulled into the Mountain View RV park where we had a very nice lunch and a bit of birding. Lawrence's Goldfinch got added to the life list.

Upon leaving, we found evidence of a rather large creature. Some huevos!!! (The grass was at least 18 inches tall.) Avian? Reptilian? Mammalian?



We thought it best to not wait around to see what might hatch from them or alternatively erupt from their general vicinity.

We got to the Best Western at Barstow by mid afternoon. Our ground control crew recommended dinner at "Casa Jimenez Mexican Food and Large Animal Preserve". Actually more like preserved large animals. There must have been a passionate taxidermist in the founding family. Not sure how a Moose head and stuffed Zebra decor fits with the Mojave Desert but the food was very good and the fox, though eyeing our dinner, never actually pounced.

From the road,  
Jane and Susan