

The Jungles

My own little jungles I know so well
Beside the old road with a story to tell;
For in its borders are so many things
That remind me of my travels and flings.

All built with trellis painted in brown
With old wagon wheels standing around;
You wonder at times what all is in there
As you enter the gates of this little square.

It's not a jungle where the lion is king
But the lit'le wild stallion has lots of zing;
And in the center is an old joshua tree
That gives shades all day for you and me.

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The Plymouth Car

Twenty-one years have come and gone
But the little old Plymouth still runs on;
In Barstow we bought it that long ago
When we rode herd with a Cowboy show.

It's been so faithful this Plymouth car
Always ready to go and traveling so far;
Victor Valley to Dallas and never late
To make the Rodeos on the opening date.

My little 41 Plymouth still has a heart
There comes the day when we must part;
One more Roundup with ease and grace
Then you see a new Plymouth in its place.

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The Hula Girl

One day we found her in a heap
Poor friendless girl so sound asleep,
How long she slept no one knows
All we saw were her pretty pink toes.

I asked the man if we could buy
And brought her to the desert high,
Here she does the twist to please
Firm at feet she will never freeze—.

As people travel through the state
How truly well they know her fate,
For traveler who will ever be the wiser
Her heart was saved by the supervisors.

The bathing girls have pretty knees
But the Hula Girl is not like these:
She is just as pretty in every way—
And in the desert she will always stay.

Moonlight on the Desert

Moonlight on the desert as we look across the land
Our gaze goes far beyond the sage and teeming sand;
We think of the wonders and the glory of this land
Only nature grew the bush before us where we stand.

From the trailer window you see the joshua's arm
And the cotton on the creosote lends an added charm;
You hear the native animals but it causes no alarm
They roam around your place and never do you harm.

Soon water will be coming to fulfill another dream
To bring wealth to man and to make the desert green;
But who can ever plan what the eye has never seen
For only God above knows the source of every stream.

It is moonlight on the desert with its grand display
While the brightly shining stars are passing in array;
Across the blue horizon we walk a narrow pathway
Then we know we have a picture no artist can portray.

The Lonely Kitten

A light rain was falling on the ground
When across the Freeway I heard a sound;
Of a Lonely Kitten who had lost it's way
For some people had left it and drove away.

It was quite late and the traffic was light
As I searched the ground from left to right;
On some papers I found a kitten so white
For its eyes just glistened in the moonlight.

The milk I heated but it wouldn't drink
So I laid it on my coat and began to think;
Who would want this little kitten to keep
And when I turned to look it was fast asleep.

Early to a nice restaurant I went to eat
And told the kitten story to a couple so neat;
After they saw it, the lady's eyes just lit
She held it to her cheek and said, "I'll take it".

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The Desert Place

I tell of my place along the highway
Out in the desert where I love to stay;
The fence you see was built one day
With some old used lumber thrown away.

Inside the pretty yard and all around
Are buck wheat plants that do abound;
While a lit'le walk bordered with rocks
Leads to a door you are welcome to knock.

The cottage type trailer is 20 feet long
From a man I bought it for almost a song;
It's painted white and trimmed in green
With striped awnings that are plainly seen.

You may feel at home and play around
On a nine hole course with sandy ground;
Where balls 'n clubs are furnished free
And on each green there is a joshua tree.

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The Wild Stallion

In Victor Valley not so long ago
Roamed the Wild Stallion to and fro;
For his food and water he had to sneak
Across the desert to the highest peak.

Near Stoddard Wells Road a spring he found
To quench his thirst as he glanced around;
When man he saw he was off like a fox
And left far behind his favorite water spot.

Then the Freeway came and left him dry
For a water hole now he had to search and try
Back of the Inn where the people sleep
He left his tracks in the grass so deep.

They chased him across the stretches wide
With powerful jeeps and men to guide
Until he became so tired out he fell
That is the story I heard old Sheppard tell.

In a wooden corral out near Helendale
They locked him up and his life did fail;
A broken hearted animal who stood at bay
From those who denied him his right to play.

It seems such a pity that man must kill
The things that are created by God's own will;
Here lies the Wild Stallion on Mahan's hill
With his Tombstone for those who love him still.