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farm, they became common place.  
 In 1918 the area was visited by a hurricane and the beautiful little clear water stream turned into a raging torrent as the water rose 23 feet. The entire lodge containing the tracks was cut away and carried down stream. That series of tracks has never been re-located <sup>but for</sup> ~~for~~ about 8 years <sup>in the area where they chose</sup> local residents saw them.

Since the river often floods I asked him how they used to get to town before the bridge was built. He said they either followed a road up in the hills that avoided the river, or else waited sometimes 3 or 4 days for the water to subside so they could ford it with a horse and wagon.

The bizarre rock piles in the river bed attest to its violence when it goes on a rampage. In August it usually decreases to a trickle or may dry up entirely. That is the best time to examine tracks, many of which are under water the rest of the year. In 1968, however, the flow was larger than normal in August <sup>very</sup>