

found Dolmen

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Good water at trough - at
honesty

owned by Ed Murphy,
Paisley

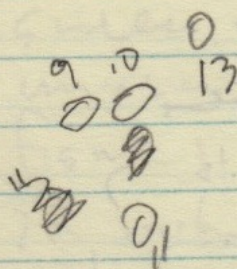
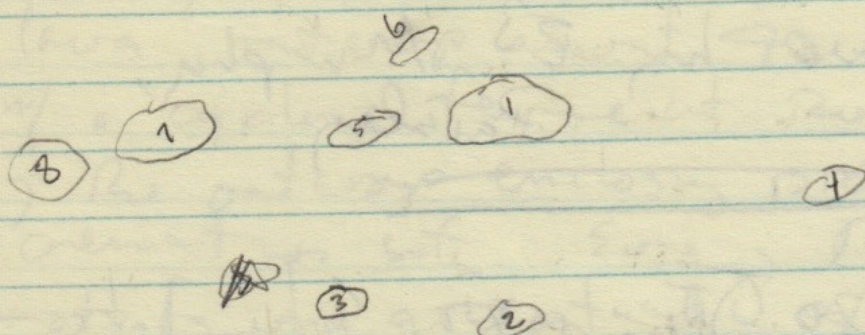
Saturday, 20 June 1987, Silver Lake -
first visit to dolmen site -
good lineup w/ eastern hills, ~~see~~
line-up rock to dolmen. Lots of
rock writings - many more than
described by Roy Phillips. We
are camped w/ Roy S. & his wife
Louise on the old lake shore, can
see the water, the marsh from
here. Beautiful site despite the
red ants & the mosquitoes.
A lot of chippings at dolmen. Pot
diggers have been everywhere. A hole
under every rock, particularly if
that rock happens to have a RW on
it.

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more raw below & all site

map, dolmen hill (approx)

well stairs
→



12

need
to get w/
new wip
line-ups
sol
sunset on dolmen
lines up rock #13
w/ jumper
tree

- 1 dolmen w/ RW
- 2 rock w/ ridge
- 3 smooth top rock
- 4 " " "
- 5 propped rock w/ V-cut
- 6 RW rock
- 7 large rock
- 8 stone circle
- 9 water catching rock
- 10 locator RW for water catching rock
- 11 mortar
- 12 pointed rock
- 13 smooth top rock

Sunset: sun lues up w/ dolmen,
 rock 13 goes down thru notch —
 2 Juniper trees may have
 prevented sun dagger across
 sun symbol rock (#6) —
 There was a ~~short~~ short dagger
 15-30 min. before sunset

ooooo

Murder, 22 June 1987, Ashland —

It has occurred to me, especially
 lately, that my work has thrust me into
 situations bordering on the bizarre &
 unexplainable. Long back from these
 days in the desert where existence is
 defined in terms as ~~same~~ sane or crazy
 (there seems little difference between
 the 2) I find myself — as usual —
 questioning my place in this society
 of Ashland (the middle) nowhere as
 opposed to the middle, somewhere such
 as the dolmen). Don't talk about the
 lights on Pahrle Rock, Chuck once
 told me that, or people will call
 you crazy & someday they'll lock
 you up in the looney bin.

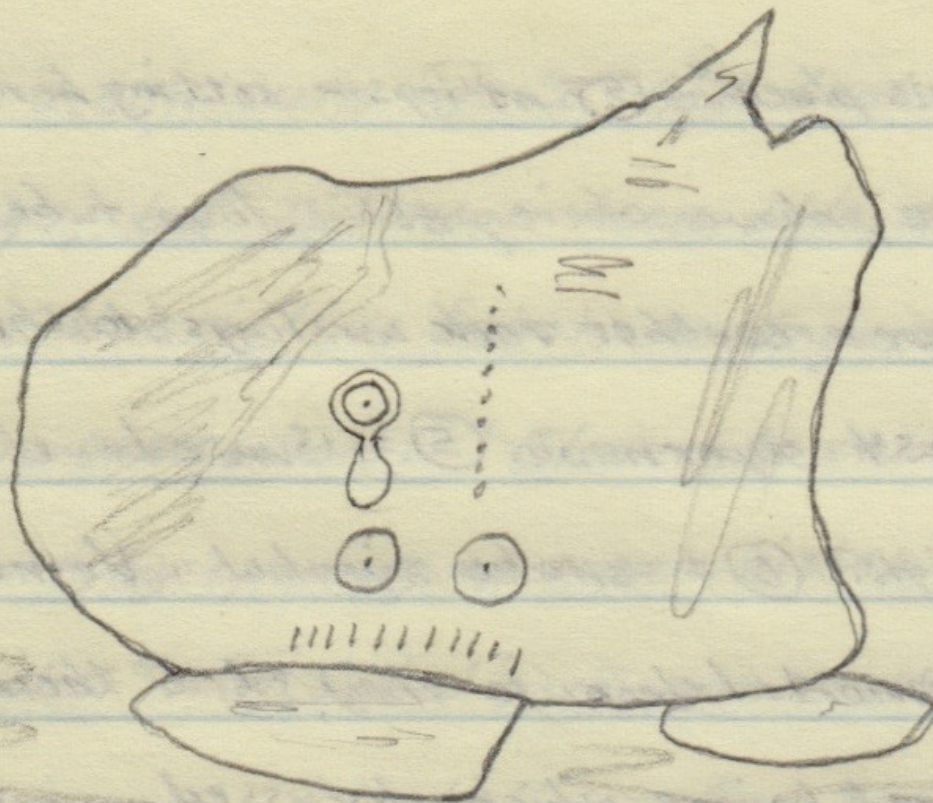
Sleeping Sat night by the dry creek below the
 dolmen on the shore of the marsh at
 Site taken. Sometime around 12:30 am,
 as the stars flashed on & off & c/ the
 fog drifting, then the beam over the marsh,
 someone walked along the road carrying
 a flashlight, the beam swinging w/
 each step. But the light suddenly
 disappeared. Twenty minutes later,
 the same thing, only the light was
 dimmer. Flashing my own light out &
 the fact, there was no one there.
 There wasn't my imagination working
 overtime. Michele saw them, too. Next
 morning, Roy told us about a dream he
 had: the old woman at the ranch house
 (nearly 2 mi away) walking her dog
 along the road in the middle of the
 night. Roy hadn't seen the lights.
 all the way to the church, Coyotes
 howling along the mesas, rain yapping
 & yipping nearly out of control,
 under a sky moonless until 2 am or
 so.

Next morning at the dolmen, too many
 clouds to get any sense, alignment,

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Though the dolmen itself (if the hole underneath
is perfectly ignored to the rising
sun on the solstice. The sun didn't
break through the clouds until too late.
Obvious but something happens here,
though, but it may take several
visits to figure it out. It's late

Silver lake dolmen



Letter to Roy Phillips dated 27 June 1987 I call MOSQUITOES AND ANTS
AND SWINGING LIGHTS π Dear Roy, π So here's the solstice weekend story.
We made it to the dolmen all right (your directions were superb), even
talked to Fernette McDowell at the second ranch. With her permission
we camped at the second creek crossing, in the shadow of the hill
where the dolmen sits, amid mosquitoes and red ant hills. That evening
we checked the site for a sunset alignment. Though a couple of
juniper trees got in the way, there was a perfect alignment with
a smooth-topped rock and the sun going down in a distant canyon
when viewed from the dolmen. There was somewhat of a sun dagger
across the sun symbol on the rock in front of the dolmen, but that
was partially obscured by the two trees. In addition to the rocks

you mentioned to me, there are others which seem to have something to do with the site - all of them rubbed smooth on top, and also a few other rock writings scattered over the area as well as a rock wall and steps just below the ridge, and a large mortar rock near the center of the hill, not to mention acres of obsidian chippings. ♪ Saturday night was strange. Though the moon was somewhat nonexistent and the marsh at Silver Lake, just a stone's throw away, was obscured by mist moving through the basin, it never seemed to get quite dark. In the middle of the night, odd lights appeared near our camp and seemed to move down the road, then out into the marsh, almost like people carrying flashlights, the beams swinging back and forth with every step. Coyotes yipped and yapped up this canyon, down that canyon, and the mist swirled like dry ice. ♪ Next morning, unfortunately, there were plenty of clouds. We didn't see the sun till half an hour after sunrise so we're uncertain about any alignments. One thing for sure, though, the one rock directly behind the dolmen doesn't line up at sunrise, though others may. The dolmen itself, however, is perfectly squared to the solstic sunrise, as are the supporting rocks underneath. Looks like a few more trips to unravel this mystery, despite the mosquitoes and the ants and the swinging lights. ♪ No clue as to a translation of the rock writings yet, except for the obvious; something happens with the sun at this place. And the open eyes. Roy Scarbrough should have shot some decent photos. We'll see what those turn up. ♪ Warm regards, Tom

♪ Some additional notes on the Silver Lake dolmen. ♪ On 20-21 of June 1987, Michele, Irina and I were camped at the dolmen with Roy Scarbrough and Louis Goldberg. On Saturday night I

noticed the swinging lights not 30 feet from our tent. I woke
michele and we watched them for a long while. They seemed to
go past every 20 minutes. They weren't marsh lights nor car
headlights from the highway across the marsh. They were something
else. A couple of times I flashed my light at them when they
were close but we could see nothing there. Next morning we told
the story to Irving, Roy and Louie - nobody else had seen them -
and Louie said she had a dream that night that Fernette McDonald
(the lady at the ranch) had taken her dogs for a walk down the
road in the middle of the night and walked by our camp carrying
a lantern. Sometime later, Greg Leiber and I visited the
dolmen to photograph it but were unable to sleep there because
there were too many mosquitoes. We took a room at the motel at
Silver Lake. I've been back a few times since.
