



WOODSMOKE®

JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR SURVIVAL AND SELF-SUFFICIENT LIVING

October 1981

NUMBER 11

EDITORIAL

In issue #10 we pointed out what our government will NOT be doing for us in the event of a nuclear attack. That, in itself, answers the most basic question. The next question is...what are we going to do for *ourselves*?

We have reasoned and rationalized, debated and deliberated, and found no pat answers. But there are a couple of options that can, and should be considered by anyone in a position to do so.

Most important, let me emphasize that you must size up your *own* situation. There is no ONE right answer to the problem.

One of the drawbacks to "heading out" at a time of disaster is that there is no place to go...and I challenge you to carry all your family will need in a backpack!

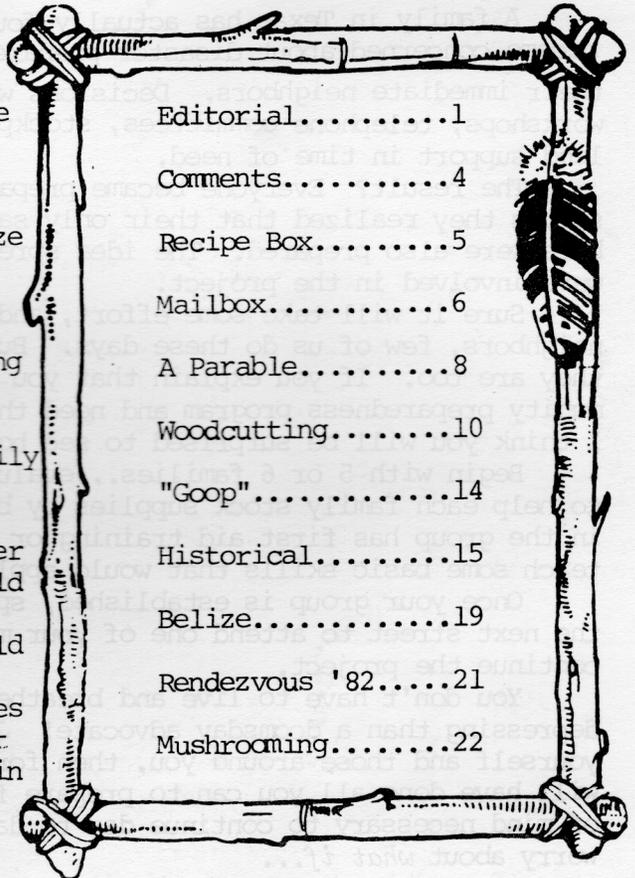
It has been said, "the farther you are from one disaster, the closer you are to the next one." This could be very true if you aren't equipped to survive in the outdoors. It would be foolish to head for the hills in case of disaster because your chances of being prepared for what you might encounter would be slim, and the main factor in disaster fatalities seems

to be the lack of training and preparedness.

"But I'm a survivalist," you say. "I can live off the land, build a shelter, set a trapline and get along just fine. The Indians did it, didn't they?"

Yes, they did. But they didn't start out in the middle of winter!

continued next page...



Editorial.....	1
Comments.....	4
Recipe Box.....	5
Mailbox.....	6
A Parable.....	8
Woodcutting.....	10
"Goop".....	14
Historical.....	15
Belize.....	19
Rendezvous '82.....	21
Mushrooming.....	22

Indians and other primitive people managed to live from year to year because they stockpiled food to last them through the winter. And, in spite of knowing where to go to find game, moving from area to area to harvest wild foods, and their expertise in the ways of the land, many of them did NOT live through the cold, hard season.

OPTION #1...get out now. Move to a less populated city, or out of the city altogether. There are a lot of reasons besides the possibility of nuclear attack to move out of town...violent crimes and rape are becoming more and more widespread in the cities, so a move to a "safer" area makes sense from more than one standpoint. But if you must live in a populated area to make a living, go to school, etc., and can afford to build a cabin, or buy one, do it! That way you will have a haven that will serve your family for vacations, weekends as well as in time of need.

And what about those people who find that they must stay in the largely populated areas?

OPTION #2. Have you ever asked yourself why most people feel more secure living in the country? It's because country people generally are well-stocked. They don't pose a threat to *your* supplies because they have plenty of their own. So why not create this "security blanket" in the city?

A family in Texas has actually found a way to do this. They became concerned about disaster preparedness, and enlisted the help of their immediate neighbors. Decisions were made to set up preparedness workshops, telephone committees, stockpile needed supplies, and generally lend support in time of need.

The result? Everyone became prepared! As each family prepared themselves they realized that their only safety was in making sure *their* neighbors were also prepared. The idea spread and eventually over 60 families were involved in the project.

Sure it will take some effort, and you probably don't even know your neighbors, few of us do these days. But if you are concerned, chances are they are too. If you explain that you are interested in organizing a community preparedness program and need their support to make it a success, I think you will be surprised to see how much response you will find.

Begin with 5 or 6 families...evaluate your needs, set up a program to help each family stock supplies by buying in bulk. Be sure someone in the group has first aid training or arrange for EMT instruction and teach some basic skills that would apply to your own particular situation.

Once your group is established, spread out...invite a family from the next street to attend one of your meetings, then encourage them to continue the project.

You don't have to live and breathe disaster. There is no-one more depressing than a doomsday advocate! Just do what you can to prepare yourself and those around you, then forget it! If the need arises, you will have done all you can to prepare for it, and you will have the peace of mind necessary to continue day to day living without the constant worry about *what if*...

PUBLISHER AND EDITOR

Richard L. Jamison

MANAGING EDITOR

Linda J. Jamison

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Sam Winburn

WOODSMOKE is published bi-monthly by Highland Publishers. Reproduction in whole or part without written permission is prohibited. Views expressed herein are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the publisher. Products and services advertised in WOODSMOKE are not necessarily endorsed by the ownership, we reserve the right to refuse to publish advertisements, copy, or photographs which do not meet the standards of WOODSMOKE. Address all correspondence to WOODSMOKE, P.O. Box 474, Centerville, UT 84014. Manuscripts should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. 60 day notice is required for address change, send old mailing label with new address. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions \$6.00 for 6 issues, bi-monthly. Single copies \$1.50 plus postage, all other countries \$10.00 surface mail.

Classified ads in Woodsmoke are 25¢ per word. Please send payment with your ad. Display advertising rates are available by request.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

WOODSMOKE JOURNAL

\$6.00 for 6 issues, bi-monthly

Name _____

Address _____

New subscription _____ Renewal _____

WOODSMOKE JOURNAL
 P.O. BOX 474
 Centerville, UT 84014



Just think, you can get all this six (6) times a year for only \$6.00!!! A big savings of \$3.00 over newsstand price.

Remember the caption contest from issue number 10? Here are a couple of the winners...

"Should I wake you if it starts to rain?"

Gary Ferguson
 South Bend, Ind.

"Damn right I'm envious. The fuse just blew out in mine!"

Jim Ballard
 Seattle, WA

Editorial Comments

Time again to offer an explanation and apology for the delays you have experienced in receiving your Journal.

OBVIOUSLY, this is not the same quality, or quantity you have received in the past...but it IS Woodsmoke, and it IS within our budget, and it WILL come to you on a regular basis every-other month...and the bond paper won't fade like newsprint!

At the end of the year (October) we will send a cover with a table of contents - making a permanent volume that will fit on your bookshelf for easy reference.

Our old time subscribers are fully aware of all the problems we have encountered since Woodsmoke was first conceived, having changed publishers twice and editors three times...not to mention the financial difficulties.

But through encouragement of good friends we have tried to hang in there! Although we hesitate to change from what we have felt was an improving format, we feel that the newsletter is a far more reasonable approach at the present time.

We will still maintain our editorial slant, we will present only material from "experienced" writers (not necessarily experienced in writing, but experienced in WHAT they write about) and only information that we know to be accurate. We lean toward the primitive skills, but recognize that there are other facets of survival.

THE BACKWOODSMAN MAGAZINE

Subscribe to a *unique* magazine. Subjects include Muzzleloading, Woodsmoke, Trapping, Homesteading, Primitive Survival, and Leather Crafting.

Four issues per year - \$5.50

Sample copy \$1.00

Charlie Richie, Backwoodsman Press
Rt 8 Box 579
Livingston, TX 77351

We will leave the basic gardening to Mother Earth News and try to present useful articles that relate to the outdoors, survival, philosophy, civil preparedness, and helps to make you more self-sufficient.

Our goal is to be a trade journal that can be totally reliable! We solicit only from experts in their field where skills are concerned... we will only print tried and true techniques.

Best of all...we WILL be able to mail the new Woodsmoke on a regular basis. We hope you won't be disappointed, we're excited to find a viable alternative that will allow us to keep the presses rolling.

We want to welcome Sam Winburn to the staff. She has been instrumental in our decision to continue...and a great help with the physical aspects of putting out a publication.

WANTED: #5 AND #7 OF WOODSMOKE
PLEASE SEND YOUR PRICE TO:

W.R. CRAIG, JR.
17915 W. ROOSEVELT
NEW BERLIN, WI 53151

Recipe Box

Here's a great meal to serve as the chill of winter approaches - have a few friends over and prepare NAVAJO TACOS hot and fresh right at the table from a crock pot and electric skillet!

NAVAJO TACO TOPPING

- 3 cups small red beans (uncooked)
- 5 cups water
- 1 lb ground beef (browned)
- 1 package chili seasoning mix
- 8 oz. tomato sauce

Soak beans in cold water 2 hrs or overnight. Drain. Place in pot with the 5 c. water. Boil for 1 hr; lower heat to medium; cook 2 hrs. Add the ground beef, cook 20 mins. on low. Add chili seasoning and tomato sauce. Cook 10 mins. Serve on fry bread. Top with diced onion, tomato, shredded lettuce and cheese.

FRY BREAD

- 2 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/3 tsp. salt
- 1 cup warm water
- 1-1/2 cup shortening

Combine all dry ingredients. Add water, mix well. Pinch the dough into tennis ball-sized pieces. Roll into 6" patties. Fry in shortening until golden brown, drain on paper towels.

HARDTACK

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1 cup Pinole | 1 cup honey |
| 1-1/4 cup flour | 2 Tbsp water |
| | cinnamon |

Mix together, bake at 300° for 1 hr 15 mins. Cut immediately.

THE MAILBOX

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Dick and Linda,

I was a member of the Primitive Living Expedition that you had in September. Jim Riggs was the instructor. I just wanted to write and tell you what an excellent job Jim did and what a great experience it was for me.

Several years ago I was an instructor for some of the survival programs BYU had in the summer for teenage girls. I have also been through BYU's survival program, but I have never been surrounded by so much knowledge on this subject at one time before. I learned more in 10 days than I did in 30 on the BYU trips. Thanks so very much for your efforts. It was well worth my time and money.

Thank you for Woodsmoke, it is excellent and I hope that it can continue! I haven't received one since the newsletter last May!

Luann Payne
Mesa, AZ

Believe it or not...this is NOT a paid advertisement! Thank you for your generous letter, Luann.

Dear Dick and Linda,

I was interested to see the thing in Mother Earth News about Tom Brown. I first ran into him via Readers Digest a few years ago. They did a big feature on him and his school. One thing for sure, that guy has his stuff together when it comes to promotion!

I personally had a few qualms about Brown's leaf hut. In the first place, it would only work during a very limited season of the year. I live back here in the north woods, and there is still a shortage of leaf material for most of the year. Otherwise, the thing isn't much different than the wickiup that we built in the desert. Nothing so special about that. Second, it would only be applicable in very limited areas of the country. The desert doesn't produce every much leaf material, but it can get just as cold in the winter as the north woods, so a guy has to know how to do something other than a leaf hut. If that's the only arrow in his quiver, he's out of luck! But for those times and places where it would work, it seems like an acceptable shelter.

Nothing unique about it. Nothing to get excited about. Just plain old common sense tells a survivalist that the more insulation he can put between himself and the elements, the better off he's going to be. So, whether it's leaves, bark, sod, branches, dirt, snow, or whatever, the principle is the same...you use what you have available, and use it the best way you can. Big deal! Next we'll be reading about how a guy should build a wilderness compost heap and crawl in it to keep toasty all winter from the warmth of the decay process. Give me my cave and a chimney draft bed any day. (And my warm wife, of course.)

Well, winter is settling in pretty soon around here. The fall colors are about gone and folks are predicting BIG snow this year. Last year was pitiful - no snow and lots of cold. All the leaves were solidly frozen to the permafrost, so I'd like to see a leaf hut built at that time of year around here. About the best a guy could do is a very tight lean-to of bark and branches and snow, and then keep a nice reflector fire going - somewhat closer than 10 feet away I might add. Not even enough evergreen around this area for a bough bed. Much as the mystical survival instructors like to teach that living in the wilderness is always comfortable, I have to disagree. There are times when the best shelters and best fires and best clothes are less than totally comfortable. If comfort is the survivalists most prominent thought, he isn't going to make it. Because, when the going gets rough, and he is surprised that "Earth Mother" isn't quite as comfy as an electric blanket, he's going to get discouraged and the fight is going to drain out of him, and he'll give up. Too bad some folks try so hard to avoid the truth about survival living, and paint it up as some kind of superior life-style. I have found it to be rough and often uncomfortable and often painful, even when the techniques have been performed flawlessly. Nothing glamorous about having dirt in your hair, eyes, teeth and everywhere else! But do I complain, heck no. I love it. But I don't try to kid myself into thinking that it's some kind of superior lifestyle. And I don't try to teach others to think that way either. Who can you fool after you've had them on the trail?

Rich Johnson
Iola, WI

What can we say? You said it all...perfectly! Rich is referring to an article that came out in the last issue of Mother Earth News by Tom Brown Jr. We did run an ad for Tom some time ago, but have since received a number of complaints about the quality of his programs. We can only recommend that you investigate before attending, at this time we can't approve or endorse any of Tom's programs or articles. If you feel, as we do, that there is no place for "promoters" in the field of real survival education. write to Mother Earth News and express your opinion.

A PARABLE

Mack
by Smith

Early one morning I was nearly to the top of Mt. Ellen, almost 12,000 feet above the surrounding deserts. The air was cold and as clear as the water I had drunk earlier from the spring below. The sun rose in a golden flare over the LaSalle Mountains on the Colorado border, flooding the land with a light that intensified its multiple hues of reds and golds. The land that had seemed so flat, grey, and featureless now was revealed by the slanting light to be a land thrust up and twisted by the forces beneath it, cut and ravaged by the inexorable movement of water, and smoothed and rounded by the endless polishing of windborne sand.

I continued climbing up these broken bones of the world that had pushed themselves through the covering of trees almost 2,000 feet lower, and shortly reached the top. Up here the wind ruled, sucking the heat of the sun away from my body as I turned. It didn't blow, swirl, or gust; just moved with a steady unending and irresistible pressure over these small obstacles in it's path.

As I turned I realized that nearly one fourth of the state of Utah was spread out below me. In the north was the somber line of the Roan Cliffs, northwest was the eroded dome of the San Rafael Swell and the beginnings of the red and white rounded thousand foot sandstone ridge of the Waterpocket Fold. That carried my eyes in a majestic sweep past the twin blue peaks of Thousand Lake and Boulder Mountain, the seventy mile line of Straight Cliffs and the Kaparovits Plateau to end at the hulking blue dome of Navajo Mountain to the south of the Arizona border. Turning again to the east, the convolutions of deserts and canyons surrounding the Colorado, Green and Dirty Devil rivers stood out in bold relief.

As the immense panorama poured in upon my senses, I felt my spirit beginning to swell. As I looked about me again I could see below in the open meadows the black forms of the buffalo, and I could feel their pleasure in the new warmth of the sun on their shaggy coats. I heard a sharp, clear cry and looking up and out saw the eagle, sunlight glancing from his golden wings, soaring on the great wave of wind rising over the mountain. I could feel his control and strength as he twisted his wing-tips and moved on the invisible currents that throbbed against my body.

The power of the occasion began to fill my heart until I felt I was overflowing my body and beginning to drift free from the earth. I began to see more clearly the intertwining of all things; the badge digging in a new gopher hole, the antelope flashing over a sandy ridge and a coyote moving out of their path. The kangaroo rat avoiding the rattle-snake sunning himself, the patches of green indicating the presence of water in a land of reds and golds.

My senses were overcome by all that I saw and felt and there was a great blending of everything around me.

Then it seemed as if my vision cleared and I felt in another place of light. The Great Spirit was speaking to many spirits. He said, "You have all learned and progressed as much as possible in this place. If you stay longer, you will become less."

He took Gaia by the hand and asked if she would be the mother earth for all. She said nothing but smiled and nodded her willingness.

The spirits of the plants and animals were lovely and simple, and they desired only to grow, live, and be. They were placed and became one with the earth. And they were happy and derived much pleasure from their existence.

Then the Great Spirit call the spirits of the people together. "You are a special problem," he said. "You have much intelligence, but you have not learned to use it wisely. You have the ability, and therefore the right to make decisions for yourself, but sometimes you do not make good decisions. You have much freedom here, but you do not appreciate that freedom.

"Therefore, when you go to earth you will have many limitations. Your only freedom will be freedom of choice. You will no longer fly as the birds, or run as the antelope, or see as the eagle, or swim as the salmon, or be as strong as the bear. Because of these limitations you will have to use your intelligence to discover how to overcome them. From this you will learn the value of freedom, challenges, and correct decisions. You must also watch the other creatures and the earth and learn from them, and learn how we are bound together as if in the web of a great spider. Go now my children, and learn and grow."

And then I left that bright, warm, happy place and I saw the earth floating like a blue and white bubble in a dark sea.

I watched the many creatures living together with the earth and saw broken places in the pattern and saw people there. Some were making good decisions and repairing the pattern, and some were not. Some were learning and some were hindering others from learning. Some were living free and some were preventing others from living free. And some didn't care.

I saw a young man cut down a tree, laughing as it fell. He walked away, proud of his strength, and I felt sad for him and the tree.

I looked again and saw an old man lovingly select a tree, and with a prayer of thanks in his heart, he carefully cut it down. I saw him make many useful things from the wood with his own hands, treasuring the feel of the wood as his creations took shape.

I gradually became aware that I was still on the mountain and after absorbing more of the surroundings with my whole soul, I turned and walked back down to the world of men.

SURVIVAL - is a response to changing situations, be flexible enough to confront any possible hardships that may arise.

Cutting Wood Pioneer Style

by ALDEN STAHR

Take a peck at OPEC by cutting up firewood trees the way our pioneers did...with hand tools that will provide you with healthful exercise, plus the bonus of freedom from the pollution of oil-in-gas exhaust fumes and escape from the deafness that may result from the ear-splitting roar of a gas chainsaw.

It doesn't take much in the way of tools for working up a tree by hand, and much less cost than a chainsaw, especially if you get your tools at an auction or garage sale.

First, of course, you need a good bowsaw, 30 inch, and a light axe with a 26-inch handle (a Boy Scout axe is the best I've every used). Plus an 8-pound sledgehammer and three iron wedges for splitting long logs. If you like to cut logs to fireplace or stove length in the woods or yard you may want a maul, with which you can cleave short logs asunder lickety-split. But make sure your saw's teeth are sharper than shark's teeth and your axe so keen you can shave with it. An old saying is: "A sharp tool is half the work done."

The main idea is to fell your trees and carry the logs home, rather than fell the trunks on your head and have someone carry you home! Make sure there are no stumbling blocks like

brush or rocks to fall over when you run from the falling tree. And look up first to see if there are any "widow-makers" like dead branches to fall on your head. Then check the lean of the tree to see which way it wants to fall. Or, if it's straight, which way you want it to fall without hanging up in other trees.

(Photo #1)

First make a cut one third of the way through the tree on the falling side, then chop into the cut from above and hack out a notch to help the tree fall in that direction. (Photo #2)

Now drop the tree by making a cut from behind the notch an inch or two above it. (If you cut below it, the tree may fall backward.)

Should you have difficulty locating the position of the back cut, warp a rope or string around the tree and saw or chop a mark following it, and remove the marker.

(Photo #3)

As the tree begins to fall, the cut will widen a little and you'll hear a crackling sound, a warning you can't hear with a chainsaw roaring. Get ready to run, but not straight behind the tree. If it's leaning, it may split up the trunk and chase you.

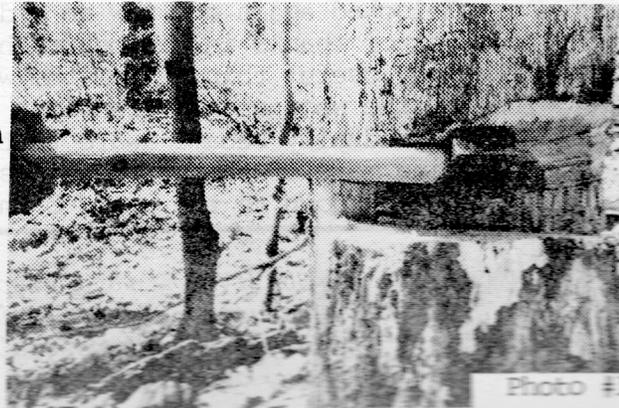


Photo #1

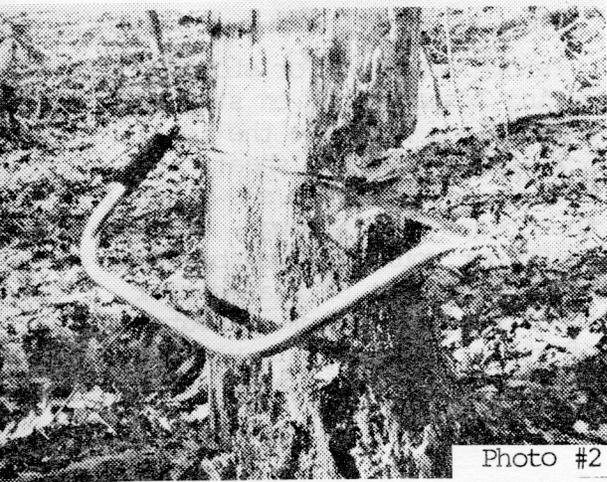


Photo #2

Now's the time to holler **TIMBER!** But don't holler too soon. Like as not, the tree may act like a poor relative and lean up on another tree. If you've brought along a hand winch (comealong) and chains you've got it made. Just hitch to another tree and drag your butt (the tree's, that is) along the ground until the tree comes to earth. If you don't have a winch, saw sections off as high as you can reach (photo #4) and get out of the way when the butt plops down. Be extra careful when the butt gets in close to the host tree, else it may swing past it, and the top might



Photo #3

clobber you. (Yes, tree felling is almost as dangerous as crossing a city street.)

It's smart to keep the trunk up off the ground, if possible, so you won't dull your saw in the dirt. Lay out a few spaced logs for the tree to fall on, or lacking those, dig under to leave a space to protect the blade when it saws through.

Chop off the branches and top (lopping and topping) and saw the trunk into 5 to 8 foot lengths, using a wedge to prevent pinching, if necessary. If a trunk is too fat for my bowsaw, I use a two-man



Photo #4

saw, balancing it so the far end won't whip.

If you don't have a two-man saw you can still cut a fat log with a bowsaw by sawing halfway through, splitting away the half with sledgehammer and wedges, rolling the log over with a cant hook and sawing the other half through. (Photo #5)

The logs you cut may be too heavy to carry. In that case, split them in halves, quarters or eighths with sledge and three wedges. Start the first wedge at the end of the log across the heart. If the wedge pops out, as it sometimes does, start it

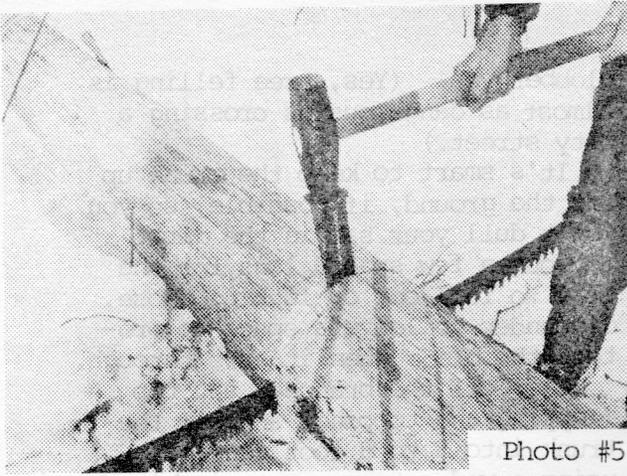


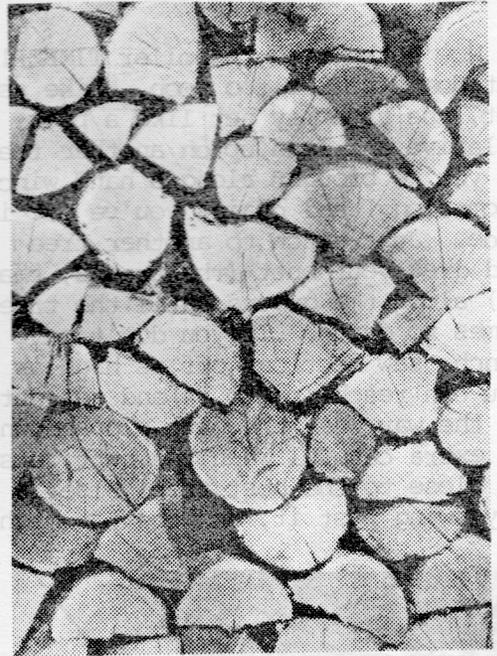
Photo #5

stove length. For storage and curing I stack them on stringers about 8 feet long and pile the logs about 5 feet high, with a sheet metal cover to keep off rain and snow, but letting the breeze blow through.

So cut your firewood by hand, and enjoy the sight of real social security in the form of neat stacks of stove-ready logs in your yard... and thumb your nose at OPEC.

at the top of the log at an angle of about 45° then leapfrog the wedges along the log and chop the cross fibers. (Photo #6)'

When the logs are cut and split to totable size, throw them in your pick-up or trailer. Most of the time I have to carry the logs in person because a deep ravine is between the oak grove I'm currently cutting and my cabin. I carry the logs to the ravine and throw them down, usually to splash in the brook. Then I lug them up the other side and to my cabin yard, where I stack five-footers until I get time to put them on my homemade sawbuck and saw them to



BILLETTS OF BTU'S

Solar heat
in packaged form
designed by nature
to keep us warm.

Verse by Alden Stahr

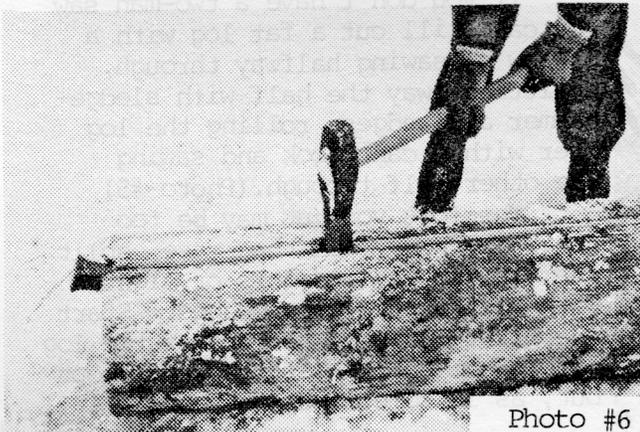


Photo #6

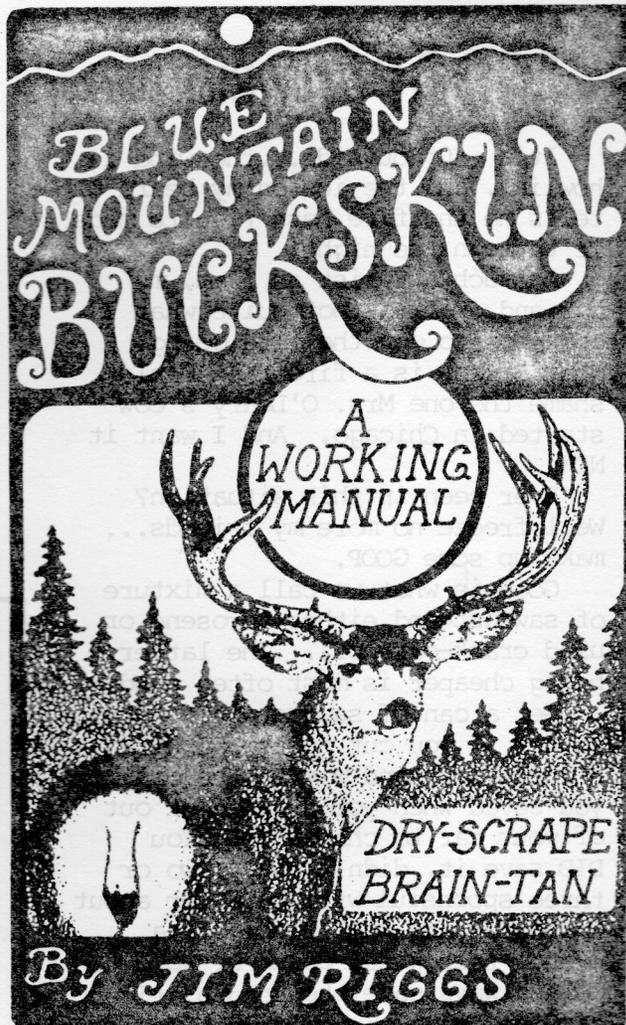
NEW, EXPANDED EDITION

Section headings include:

Why Buckskin?
Obtaining deer hides
Skinning your own deer
Caring for hides
Fleshing tools and procedure
Building hide frames
Stringing hides in frames
Making a hide scraper
The dry-scraping process
Scraping process
Membraining
Sewing up holes and cuts
Obtaining brains
The braining procedure
Wringing
The staking process
Staking tools
Staking conditions
Staking procedures
Smoking

Send \$7.00 to:

Jim Riggs
Flora Rt. Box 114
Enterprise, OR 97828



Increased interest in wilderness adventure has prompted many schools and organizations to adopt new programs in OUTDOOR EDUCATION. With this interest comes the need for audio-visual material to assist in teaching related skills and techniques that would otherwise be difficult to illustrate in a classroom.

The HIGHLAND SURVIVAL SCHOOL film sets have been designed and written by qualified, experienced instructors in the field of Outdoor Education as a basic course of study. When combined with classroom instruction, suggested reading material and practical application through field sessions and workshops they provide maximum effectiveness for any outdoor program.

Each film may be purchased separately or as an entire unit and accompanying resource lists, scripts and tests may be provided relating to each subject upon request.

For more information and complete price list write to:
HIGHLAND SURVIVAL SCHOOL

P.O. Box 15754, Colo. Springs, CO 80935

"GOOP" by Rick Barker

It's -40° outside...the wind is howling, and the ice on my beard tells me the fire hasn't quite made it through the night!

As much a purist as I am, my bow and drill is not quite what I look for to get the fire going. What I want is a fire that would shame the one Mrs. O'Leary's cow started in Chicago. And I want it NOW.

Ever been in this situation? Well freeze no more my friends... make up some GOOP.

Goop is what we call a mixture of sawdust and either kerosene or used crank-case oil. The latter being cheaper is most often used.

Get a can of sawdust (not hard to get if you cut much wood with a chain saw) and mix in the oil you saved when you drained it out of your car to change it. You DID save it, didn't you? Two or three spoonful will burn for about 5 minutes and will light off a pretty fair sized chunk of wood.

I always save the accumulation of Goop on my chainsaw when I clean it, and add this to my can of "instant bow-drill".

To finish, I will add the NEVER DO'S.

NEVER, NEVER...I repeat NEVER use gasoline or coleman fuel (white gas) or any such combustible fluid. Use only kerosene or oil.

NEVER put goop made of kerosene in a warm stove. The heat can vaporize the kerosene and cause it to explode!

Don't keep your can of Goop next to the fire either. And in case there's a nut out there, I'll say DON'T EAT IT! Nuff said.

P.S. When taking long winter hikes where an overnight stay is a possibility I take along some Goop in a 35mm film can...just in case.

P.P.S. , All Hekarwis should carry Goop, since they are forever getting lost.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE

As I idle in this meadow,
Dreaming here amid the weeds,
Guilt attempts to halt my leisure,
Spur me on to greater deeds.
You should end this intermission,
Voice of conscience ever leads.

Then another voice speaks softly,
Placid voice that ever pleads:
Take some time to scan the blue sky:
Only once, life by us speeds.
Need you join the throngs who gather
To promote their petty greeds?

Tranquil voice to give me pleasure,
Voice of all ambitious creeds,
Both have wisdom I can treasure,
Spawned from very different seeds.
(Time is never really wasted,
Only spent on different needs.)

Manning Martin
Red Lodge, Montana

HEROISM OF THOMAS HIGGINS AND OF MRS. PURSLEY

An extract from

DANIEL BOONE, THE PIONEER OF KENTUCKY

by John S.C. Abbott

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by
DODD & MEAD COMPANY, Publishers, in the Office of the Lib-
rarian of Congress, at Washington.

The following well authenticated account of the adventures of a ranger is so graphically described in Brown's HISTORY of ILLINOIS, that we give it in the words of the writer.

"Thomas Higgins, a native Kentuckian, was, in the summer of 1814, stationed in a block-house eight miles south of Greenville, in what is now Bond County, Illinois. On the evening of the 30th of August, 1814, a small party of Indians having been seen prowling about the station, Lieutenant Journay, with all his men, twelve only in number, sallied forth the next morning, just before daybreak, in pursuit of them. They had not proceeded far on the border of the prairie, before they were in an ambuscade of seventy or eighty savages. At the first fire, the lieutenant and three of his men were killed. Six fled to the fort under cover of the smoke, for the morning was sultry, and the air being damp, the smoke from the guns hung like a cloud over the scene. But Higgins remained behind to have 'one more pull at the enemy,' and to avenge the death of his companions.

"He sprang behind a small elm scarcely sufficient to protect his body, when, the smoke partly rising, discovered to him a number of Indians, upon whom he fired, and shot down the foremost one. Concealed still by the smoke, Higgins reloaded, mounted his horse, and turned to fly, when a voice, apparently from the grass, hailed him with: Tom, you won't leave me, will you?

"He turned immediately around, and seeing a fellow soldier by the name of Burgess lying on the ground, wounded and gasping for breath, replied 'No, I will not leave you; come along.' 'I can't come,' said Burgess, 'my leg is all smashed to pieces.'

dispaired. Not so with him, He had slain the most dangerous of the three, and having but little to fear from the others, began to load his rifle. They raised a savage whoop and rushed to the encounter. A bloody conflict now ensued. The Indians stabbed him in several places. Their spears, however, were but thin poles, hastily prepared, and which bent whenever they struck a rib or a muscle. The wounds they made were not therefore deep, though numerous.

"At last one of them threw his tomahawk. It struck him upon the cheek, severed his ear, laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him upon the prairie. The Indians again rushed on, but Higgins, recovering his self-possession, kept them off with his feet and hands. Grasping at length one of their spears, the Indian, in attempting to pull it from him, raised Higgins up, who, taking his rifle, dashed out the brains of the nearest savage. In doing this, however, it broke, the barrel only remaining in his hand. The other Indian, who had heretofore fought with caution, came now manfully into the battle. His character as a warrior was in jeopardy. To have fled from a man thus wounded and disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his fame for ever. Uttering, therefore, a terrific yell, he rushed on and attempted to stab the exhausted ranger. But the latter ward off his blow with one hand and brandished his rifle barrel with the other. The Indian was as yet unharmed, and, under existing circumstances, by far the most powerful man. Higgins' courage, however, was unexhausted and inexhaustible.

"The savage at last began to retreat from the glare of his untamed eye to the spot where he had dropped his rifle. Higgins knew that if he recovered that, his own case was desperate. Throwing, therefore, his rifle barrel aside, and drawing his hunting knife he rushed upon his foe. A desperate strife ensued...deep gashes were inflicted on both sides. Higgins, fatigued and exhausted by the loss of blood, was no longer a match for the savage. The latter succeeded in throwing his adversary from him, and went immediately in pursuit of his rifle. Higgins at the same time rose and sought for the gun of the other Indian. Both, therefore, bleeding and out of breath, were in search of arms to renew the combat.

"The smoke had now passed away, and a large number of Indians were in view. Nothing, it would seem, could now save the gallant ranger. There was, however, an eye to pity and an arm to save, and that arm was a woman's. The little

"Higgins dismounted, and taking up his friend, whose ankle had been broken, was about to lift him on his horse, when the animal, taking fright, darted off in an instant and left them both behind.

'This is too bad,' said Higgins, 'but don't fear. You hop off on your three legs and I will stay behind between you and the Indians and keep them off. Get into the tallest grass and creep as near the ground as possible.' Burgess did so and escaped.

"The smoke which had hitherto concealed Higgins now cleared away, and he resolved, if possible, to retreat. To follow the track of Burgess was most expedient. It would, however, endanger his friend. He determined, therefore, to venture boldly forward and, if discovered, to secure his own safety by the rapidity of his flight. On leaving a small thicket in which he had sought refuge, he discovered a tall, portly savage near by, and two others in the direction between him and the fort.

"He started, therefore, for a little rivulet near, but found one of his limbs failing him, it having been struck by a ball in the first encounter, of which, till now, he was scarcely conscious. The largest Indian pressed close upon him, and Higgins turned round two or three times in order to fire. The Indian halted and danced about to prevent his taking aim. He saw that it was unsafe to fire at random, and perceiving two others approaching, knew that he must be overpowered unless he could dispose of the forward Indian first. He resolved, therefore, to halt and receive his fire.

"The Indian raised his rifle, and Higgins, watching his eye, turned suddenly as his finger pressed the trigger and received the ball in his thigh. He fell, but rose immediately and ran. The foremost Indian, now certain of his prey, loaded again, and with the other two pressed on. They overtook him. He fell again, and as he rose the whole three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose a third time, and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced upon him with spears and knives. As he presented his gun at one or another, each fell back. At last the largest Indian, supposing his gun to be empty, from his fire having been thus reserved, advanced boldly to the charge. Higgins fired and the savage fell.

He now had four bullets in his body, an empty gun in his hand, two Indians unharmed as yet before him, and a whole tribe but a few yards distant. Any other man would have 17

garrison had witnessed the whole combat. It consisted of but six men and one woman; that woman, however, was a host...a Mrs. Pursley. When she saw Higgins contending single-handed with a whole tribe of savages, she urged the rangers to attempt his rescue. The rangers objected, as the Indians were ten to one. Mrs. Pursley, therefore, snatched a rifle from her husband's hand, and declaring that 'so fine a fellow as Tom Higgins should not be lost for want of help,' mounted a horse and sallied forth to his rescue.

"The men, unwilling to be outdone by a woman, followed at full gallop, reached the spot where Higgins had fainted and fell, before the Indians came up, and while the savage with whom he had been engaged was looking for his rifle, his friends lifted the wounded ranger up and throwing him across a horse before one of the party, reached the fort in safety.

"Higgins was insensible for several days, and his life was preserved by continued care. His friends extracted two of the balls from his thigh. Two, however, yet remained, one of which gave him a good deal of pain. Hearing afterwards that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, he determined to go and see him. The physician asked him fifty dollars for the operation. This Higgins flatly refused, saying that it was more than half a year's pension. On reaching home he found that the exercise of riding had made the ball discernible; he requested his wife, therefore, to hand him his razor. With her assistance he laid open his thigh until the edge of the razor touched the bullet, then, inserting his two thumbs into the gash, 'he flung it out,' as he used to say, 'without it costing him a cent.'

"The other ball yet remained. It gave him, however, but little pain, and he carried it with him to the grave. Higgins died in Fayette County, Illinois, a few years ago.* He was the most perfect specimen of a frontier man in his day, and was once assistant doorkeeper of the House of Representatives in Illinois. The facts above stated are familiar to many to whom Higgins was personally known.

*This account was published in 1872.

Editors Note: Jon Riggs participated in last fall's 10-day survival expedition in Jarbidge Canyon with his brother, Jim, but we feel that his Peace Corps experience is as much a "survival trip" as any simulated journey. We think you will enjoy reading his account.

PART I

BELIZE--A PEACE CORPS EXPERIENCE

by Jon Riggs

Since I returned home last July from the Peace Corps a lot of the people I have been meeting -- especially Woodsmoke readers -- have been asking me about my experiences. Rarely does anyone have a better idea where I was when I tell them I was in Belize. In fact, at my ten-year class reunion the only one who had heard of it was a guy named Carl who collects stamps. "Yea," he said, "it used to be British Honduras."

Actually Belize is one of our closest neighboring countries, situated just 900 miles south of New Orleans. According to the Peace Corps literature I was given it has 140,000 people and is "seriously underpopulated." Even after two years I never did figure out how a country could be seriously underpopulated, especially one that borders Guatemala and Mexico whose capitol alone has 14 million people -- the largest city in the world. Perhaps Belize is best known for its eastern border, that aqua-blue inspiration to so many Jimmy Buffet songs, the Caribbean Sea.

It is also known for hurricanes, most recently a gal named Greta who washed a four-foot wave through Belize City in September of 1978. By chance I was in town that weekend for a meeting and consequently got detained for ten days helping CARE clean the muck out of their warehouse and distributing food to the hard-hit

areas. The city is only a foot above sea-level and has a network of smelly canals in lue of a sewer system, so the task of cleaning up was not a pleasant one. But this is not why I came to Belize.

The country's Ministry of Health had asked Peace Corps for two volunteers to help with their rural environmental sanitation program. The idea was to reduce the high incidence of gastrointeritis and child mortality by providing village families with cement slabs and wooden seatboxes for pit-latrines. They gave me the choice of living in Belize City and working in its more civilized, outlying hamlets or of living



Casting slabs in the hot sun was never easy work. Each slab was reinforced with over 36 feet of rebar and cast with a strong mixture of cement, sand and gravel. Still, there were many Indians who feared the slabs would break and send them to a certain death down the pits of their latrines.

in a Maya Indian village in the remote southern district and working with people who had rejected the program for the past ten years. The location and challenge of the second choice appealed to me very much and I got the assignment for the Toledo District.

The two-year goal of the program was to complete 750 latrines in 22 Maya villages and at the same time to give educational film shows for motivating their construction and use. CARE agreed to supply construction materials, a new Ford pick-up, audio-visual equipment and a portable generator. The Ministry agreed to supply labor and a lorry for transporting the completed slabs to the villages. And the Peace Corps supplied me. I had more bosses than I knew what to do with.

The trouble with the program's goal was that it was never realistic, not so much because the people weren't ready for latrines, but more because the government wasn't ready to provide them; both the Ministry and CARE were preoccupied with other programs so they pretty much put mine on the back burner for the first year. Up to a certain point, though, this suited me just fine because my own foremost personal goal was to win acceptance and friends among the Mayan people. I didn't feel it was my place to just show up green and ignorant and start telling them what to do.

So for the first seven months after I moved to San Antonio Village I didn't do very much, just took it all in and gave it a lot of thought. I read books, drew pictures and took walks. Once a day I bathed in the river with no name that ran through the village. I lived in the government house -- one of the two or three best in the area -- a wooden structure with big rooms, storm windows, a couple decent pieces of furniture and a zinc roof. Later I learned that thatched roofs were a whole world cooler but so long as the ratbats in the attic

didn't complain about the heat neither did I.

San Antonio Village has at least 1200 people, maybe more. Set in an arena of green hills it surpassed all my dreams of a beautiful place to live. Among the dozens of thatch and zinc roofed dwellings were about a dozen little shops and a beautiful stone Church atop the second highest hill. Saturday nights typically found me and Keith -- the only other volunteer in the village -- in a candle-lit shop tipping Belikin beers with the Maya men. Women scarcely walked about after dark and were pretty much relegated to their homes. Usually they got married by the time they were 14 or 15. It wasn't unusual for a 20-year-old woman to have four or five children.

Finally, I was forced to move. Each Tuesday the Social Welfare people came and used the house for teaching the village women skills in sewing and cooking. The agreement was that I had to move all of my belongings into one bedroom so they could use the rest of the house as they wished. One day I forgot my books on the bookshelf and the Welfare lady reported this (along with some other fabricated nonsense) to her higher-ups in the nation's capitol. I received a letter back charging me with a lack of co-operation. Then, the day after receiving the letter the malaria-eradication team showed up and gave me a 24-hour notice that they were going to spray the entire house -- inside and out -- with DDT. With no way to cover my clothes, bedding and dishes I elected to move the same day -- to a small, thatched-roof house that had already been sprayed the week before.

This was one of my most humiliating experiences. Belize law requires all rural homes to be sprayed with DDT twice a year. Penalty for resisting this is fine or imprisonment or both. It was tough for this American to realize he had no right to privacy in his foreign home. For a week

after moving into my new place I was very sick. The smell of DDT was so thick I'd wake up in the night congested, nauseous and scarcely able to breathe. During this time an investigative party of health officials came 220 miles over rough road from Belize City to find out if I had been behind 15 Indians in the village who had not allowed their homes to be sprayed.

I told them the truth, "No, I don't have to be. They don't want their homes to be

sprayed because their cats and chickens die off from eating poisoned cockroaches."

One responded, "DDT is proven to be both the safest and most economical means for wiping out malaria. The only thing wrong with it is these upstart young Americans who come to Belize and think they know all about it."

Later I learned from contacts in Belize City that I had come very close to being kicked out of the country for this incident.

Many of us have delusions of what it would be like to live with people of primitive cultures. Certainly there are few "real" primitive people left who still practice their skills and art untainted by modernization.

Perhaps the far regions of South America, Africa, or the inaccessible high environs of Asia still offer such opportunities, but few of us can muster the time away from jobs, school, or family...not to mention the cash, to undertake such an expedition.

Still, if you've an unquenchable thirst for life among the world's under-developed people, you may want to follow the experience of Jon Riggs, as he gave more than lip-service in devoting himself to the project.

For information on the Peace Corps you can write to ACTION - Peace Corps recruiting, Columbine Bldg, Rm 102, Denver, CO 80203.

We regret that lack of space necessitates serializing the article into 3 parts.

RENDEZVOUS '82 - A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE

Ashton, Idaho - June 14-18

If you attended last year's Rendezvous there's no need to "convince" you of the value of coming again in 1982...you'll be there! You recognize the caliber of the skills training offered, you remember the lasting friendships that are fostered there, you recall the crackle of the campfire and the songs, stories, and passing of the communal tea pot. You enjoyed the spirit of competition of the contests, feasted on pit cooked vittals and brought home treasured trade goods. But most of all, you prize the brotherhood of folks who share a similar interest and the understanding that exists between people who love the earth and all that it offers.

Every year we seem to reach a new level of accomplishment in skill. The Rendezvous is always a learning experience, even for those who attend year after year.

If you didn't come last year, we hope you will make plans now to attend in '82. We look forward to seeing old friends and meeting new folks too. Plan on it, it will be an experience you won't forget!

..... More info. in future issues of W.S.

MUSHROOMS

by Michael Allen Ph.D.

Mushrooms, the word implies both culinary excellence and fear! Mushrooms have been eaten and enjoyed by man since the earliest of times. Much of our present day "best cooking" encompasses mushroom sauces. However, for the survivalist, they represent a food source which can be as important as plants and animals.

Mushrooms are the visible fruiting structures of some members of the group classified as fungi. This group includes organisms causing bread mold, many plant diseases, and producing many of our anti-biotics. They are a major group of organisms causing decay of organic matter thereby recycling nutrients and building soil. Many form symbiotic associations with plants, thereby improving growth of both the plant and fungus. Furthermore, they are found in all environments, from the tropics to the tundra, rain forest to desert. I have found the delicious meadow mushroom in eastern forests and dry western grasslands.

A good survivalist learns to identify plants and hunt animals for food. In a like manner, he or she should learn mushrooms. Mushrooms can have roughly the caloric value of cabbage or beets with substantially higher protein content. Many types of mushrooms have a higher protein content than meat including all the essential amino acids.

Also, mushrooms contain high levels of many essential vitamins and nutrients. Linda Jamison (in Woodsmoke #7) suggested that lichens would be a good food source. Lichens are an intimate symbiotic association between a fungus and an alga of which much of the food value is derived from the fungus. It has been estimated that 2 to 4 pounds of mushrooms daily can supply a person with all of the food necessary for short-term survival. During wet autumns in the Rocky Mountains, my wife and I have collected several pounds of king boletes in a matter of a couple of hours.

PROPER IDENTIFICATION OF MUSHROOMS BEFORE TASTING IS ESSENTIAL!

There is no easy way to determine if a mushroom is edible or poisonous. More people die from eating the wrong mushrooms than from snakebite. However, identifying edible mushrooms is no more difficult than identifying edible plants. Several excellent and easily identifiable types can be found in the west. I personally recommend the king bolete, the giant puffball, and the meadow mushroom as being easy to recognize and very tasty.

There are a number of books to aid both the beginning and experienced mushroom hunter. For the Rocky Mountain Region, I recommend Mushrooms of North America by O.K. Miller, The Mushroom Hunter's Field Guide by A. Smith, Mushrooms of Colorado and Adjacent Areas by Wells & Mitchel, and

The Savory Wild Mushroom by M. McKenny.

Books for other areas of the country will be available in your local bookstores and libraries.

Mushrooms, once collected, can be preserved with ease. They can be dried on a rock in the sun with little loss of food value. In this state, they are light and easily transported. They can also be frozen or canned.

Many mushrooms can be eaten raw or cooked in a variety of ways. In the back country I especially like to boil them in a stew with fresh trout and a variety of vegetables. For this, one can use either fresh or dried "mushroom chips". Of course, if one is civilized, there are a number of outstanding recipes to be found in almost any mushroom book.

So, the next time you come across a mushroom and you have done your homework, you don't have to turn away. It could provide one of your most memorable culinary experiences.

It has always been our policy to recommend that you NOT eat mushrooms. The reason for this precaution was that most people can't identify mushrooms. But Michael Allen is an expert in the "art" of mushrooming and his enlightening article seems to bring out new evidence of nutritional value in mushrooms. As he mentioned, it is certainly no more dangerous than learning to identify edible plants...some of which are deadly and resemble other "edible" species.

The Editors



We would like to extend a rather belated congratulations to Jim and Sheree Riggs on the tipi birth of their daughter "Kolle" on St. Patrick's Day. No difficulties were experienced, Sheree was attended by a midwife.

Jim and Sheree don't live in a tipi but the midwife preferred to be closer to the hospital for the birth, and the tipi seemed the obvious solution.

Woodsmoke takes special interest in the birth, which, according to Jim, was conceived at the 1980 Rendezvous! We couldn't convince them to name her "Woody".

She was the obvious hit of the gathering this year in the beautiful buckskin cradleboard made by Jim.

Address change requested.
Return postage paid by:

WOODSMOKE JOURNAL
P.O. Box 474
Centerville, UT 84014

BULK RATE
U. S. Postage
PAID
Permit # 64
Midvale, Utah

Allan Priddy
P.O. Box 665
Pocatello, ID 83201 r-10

