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(Almost like I was giving it to you.)

PACKET ONE OF POUCH TWO

HARRY OLIVER'S
**DESERT RAT
SCRAP BOOK**

A POCKET-SIZE NEWSPAPER
COVERING THE GREAT SOUTHWEST



The Editor wants to thank LON MEGARGE, well known Desert Artist, for the use of his woodcut "BURROS." I saw it first at the Desert Crafts Shop, El Centro (Desert Magazine). It is one of 16 woodcuts (6 1/2 x 9 1/2) in LON MEGARGE'S portfolio "The Cowboy Builds a Loop." I like to thank people on page one.

The wildest thing in the Wild West, is a mother burro, if her baby's safety is at stake.

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES A YEAR

Only Newspaper in America you can open in the wind

Grasshoppers have rheumatism.

HARRY OLIVERS DESERT RAT SCRAP BOOK

ONLY ONE EDITOR CAN SAY

or would say

This paper is not entered as second class mail, because it's a first class newspaper. It is the smallest newspaper in the world and the only 5 page one—a newspaper that grows on you as you turn each page—excepting page 5. And it's the only newspaper in America you can open in the wind. Its Editor boasts that for so small a paper he gives you a generous amount of typographical errors, and that all news printed has been tested by time.

Published at Fort Oliver
1000 Palms, California
4 Times a Year



This giant spread hang's over the door at Fort Oliver—it was given me by the last Indian to live in the Borego Desert. The escutcheon of Fort Oliver.

ON THE NEWS STANDS 10c A COPY
But sometimes they don't have them.
ONE YEAR BY MAIL—4 COPIES 50c
Darned if I'm going to the trouble of mailing it for nothing.

10 Years \$5.00
100 Years \$50.00
Something to think about!



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HARRY OLIVER

FORT COMMANDER

PUBLISHER

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LAMP LIGHTER

EDITOR

ARTIST

GARDENER

JANITOR

OWNER



PICTURES ARE BY THE AUTHOR, MANY OF THEM WOODCUTS—I did all but the spelling.

Most of this material, pictures and writing is copyrighted.—And branded.

Typography on this paper by Guy A Genung, Green Lantern Print Shop, Corona, Calif.

★ ★

Presswork by Indio Date Palm

★ ★

Printers don't drink more than other people—IT JUST \$HOWS UP MoRE IN pRinT.

EDITORIAL

Word Picking

The paper cover of my Dictionary fell off in two pieces, it was torn a couple of times in the last year and I stuck it together because of the 6 lines in a square below the title.

“The difference between the right word and the almost right word is the difference between lightning and the lightning-bug.”

—MARK TWAIN

When a fellow like me who can't spell thinks of what he thinks is the right word and then can't spell it, he sometimes has to change the whole sentence. Looking up a word in the dictionary is not so bad if you can guess what the first two letters are.

I guess I use lots of lightning bugs, where I should have used lightning.

BUFFALO CHIPS

Many have told me I was not charging enough for this paper (some that were the most persistent have papers to sell of their own).

I set out to print a paper for 10c—and I will do it and like it—but you must get it while its on the news stand—if you write me for back numbers starting from right now, all back numbers are 20c and this Packet goes up to 20c as soon as the next copy hits the water holes.

Lots of work sending out old Packets.

Save Your Batteries Old Timer

My dog is a comedian, he is better than Allen or Morgan. Of course I admit Fred Allen and Henry Morgan of Morgan's Corner are good, but you can't tune in on them 24 hrs. a day, like you can my dog “Whisker.”



The Old Ghost Town Type I used in the last Packet has found its way to many a sign painter's shop, so the mail tell's me—there's some new (OLD) Type Faces in this Packet.

As this packet goes to press the hottest bit of news in the desert is the “Lost Peg Leg Mine” trek at Borego Desert, January 1st, Ray Hetherington of Knotts Ghost Town, Homer A. Stuart (Desert Spotlight), and L. B. Harrison of Western Books, 331½ Hill Street, Los Angeles, started it and all the old timers in the desert are sure helping to give it a royal send-off.

REMEMBER

You should subscribe for this paper and save the Packets for Junior—cuz no one is going to be crazy enough to print stuff like this after I am gone.

You got to live in a fort to do it.

OLD TIMERS

Sheriff Bans Western Hats on His Deputies

One of the last vestiges of the Old West in San Bernardino County government received a death blow in July.

Considering the source, the Old West was inclined to consider it scarcely less than a stab in the back.

Sheriff's deputies here have always worn ordinary civilian clothes topped



invariably with a broad-brimmed western hat. Deputies considered that what was good enough for Wyatt Earp was good enough for them.

None suspected that James W. Stocker, range-bred cattleman

and new Sheriff, would be the man to change all that.

“Times change and we'll change with them,” said Stocker today in refusing to rescind an order putting his deputies in uniforms. Literally the crowning indignity, say the old-timers, is that a semimilitary cap replaces the old Stetson.

They shake their heads over an old cattleman, of all persons, casting away the hat that's the brand of the range.

—The Grizzly Bear.

THE INDIAN GHOST of THOUSAND PALMS

The ghost of Chief Pushawalla watches Paul Wilhelm of Thousand Palms Oasis. The Chief traded this oasis to Paul's dad (the Lucky Dutchman) about 50

years ago for a buckboard and two mules. The crazed mules died later, with the Chief, because he couldn't get them out of the wash. This was during the cloudburst of 1899.

Yes, the Chief watches Paul as he digs into the old Indian graves and watches him as he plants palm seeds and tiny palms between the giant palms of 200 years. He laughs at the little plants for Paul is trying to gild the lily. Can't do much to what is already the prettiest darn Oasis on this Desert.

★

Old timer, Desert Steve Ragsdale, says the way to make coffee is take one pint coffee, one pint water, boil, and drink straight.

FOOD RIOTS

Mumpy little chipmunks, their cheeks bulged with peanuts,
Squabble with the Blue-Jays to grab the most free nuts.

In a letter from Don Blanding.

Jose



from "TODO" MEXICO, D.F. October 24, 1933

Burro

By HARRY OLIVER

I wrote this story while in Mexico City as Art Director for the Motion Picture VIVA VILLAS (1933). The Editor of the Magazine TODO translated it to Spanish.

Here it is in English:

Matador Jose walked each morning along the terraced gardens of Tlaxcala. Hewould pass around the hill with his right side to the low wall and if he saw a senorita approaching he would put his right foot on the high edge of the path to give a deceptive squariness to his shoulders. When there was no one in sight, he would limp to the outer edge and look down on the pulque fields.

One October morning, through a fog, he saw the ghostly shape of a white burro which he had been watching for many days. The burro's movements were slow, uncertain—yes, like his own. Who would recognize in his crippled self the winged-footed matador who hundreds of times had miraculously escaped the mad onslaught of enraged bulls and brought an admiring crowd to his feet? Did those cheering pupils forget that the spirit of a matador is never broken, that only his body can be destroyed? A peon would know, a peon would tell you the same can be said of a burro.

Making sure that no one saw his awkward efforts, Jose climbed down to the pulque fields. The fields were flanked by maguay plants whose vicious spikes threatened trespassers. But he had detected a gap in the formidable hedge and through it he approached the burro. The burro did not see him. As Jose had guessed, he was blind—blinded and made to graze in a field edged with stiletos which reached out to stab him!

Jose led the burro toward the opening. Those points on the maguay were malicious spying eyes. No! They were ten thousand matadors holding at a poor blind beast.

The new doctor told Jose to use a cane and to walk daily, not much at first. Jose threw the cane through the window as soon as the doctor left. Now, walking with some of his weight on his blind friend's back, as he does each day, he feels like his old self. He thinks with pride; see how we guide each other! And he is happy. Their doctors predict a sure cure for both of them.

The Mexico City eye specialist will not tell Jose that his burro's eyes have been well for a month. The wisdom of doctors is profound.



Dry Camp Blackie

PUZZLE — Dry Camp Blackie, our old desert rat friend, blew into town the other day with a big puzzle on his brain. He's the lieutenant and chief bodguard out at Oliver's famed old Fort Oliver at 1000 Palms, you know, and he sez he can't understand why an historic old place like the fort isn't mentioned in any history books. "Shucks," he said, "I know it's old because just this week I helped Harry finish the ruins of the west wing!"



—The Desert Barnacle.

I asked Dry Camp Blackie how's things—Some's good, some could be better he answered— Bull Durham is still 5c a bag that's good—but I was just thinkin' wouldn't it be great if we had a full moon ever 2 weeks here in the Desert.



County jails is crowded and dirty and the grub ain't fit for a sheep camp. They'll have to be spruced up a lot if they're ever to attract anything more'n a low, cheap class of trade.

—Fostall in Prairie Farmer.

The next packet will be the Mojave Desert and Ghost Town number.



The Passing of Borego Valley Scotty

By HARRY OLIVER

First Printed in Life Magazine, June, 1932

Scotty ain't no more. He ain't dead or gone, mind you, but still there ain't no more Scotty. I know it's kinda confusin' but facts is facts, an' we feel like there's been a funeral even when we know there ain't.

It come to a head yesterday. Haywire Johnnie rigs up a sure-fire, all-hitting, no-missing cuspidor to take the place of the sawdust box. It was a brass cuspidor. Someone willed it to Liminatin' Lem an' he give it to me. It's got fine proportions an' can accommodate all my customers. First time the boys used it, they discovered if you hit it dead center it makes a loud plink. That gives Johnnie an idea.

He comes over to the store ahead of time yesterday morning to fix a contraction that'll fool the boys. All it calls for is a piece of haywire, a rubber band an' a string. It looks something like a mouse-trap and is small enough to be manipulated by the cuspidor with the counter. Every time Johnnie pulls back on the string an' lets it go, he stretches an' releases the rubber band which is attached to a knobby-headed wire, an' then the knob hits the side of the cuspidor with a deceivin' plink.



A ROW OF STARS

No reason, just an interruption, why? Because Dry Camp Blackie says all BIG NATIONAL MAGAZINES do it. More stars at the bottom, yes. We have lots of stars here in the Desert and we see 'em every night. Now go ahead and read the story.



Johnnie first shows his skill an' technique to Gopher Joe an' collects a two-bit side bet with a trick shot that was supposed to turn around the corner at the finish and light in the gabboon, an' did, for all Joe knew, hearin' that home-base gone.

Then Gopher Joe bet four bits with Liminatin' Lem, who came in next, that he couldn't sit where he was an' spit without hittin' the floor, but lost because Lem liminated the chance by spittin' out of the window.

Then in come Colonel Kashin an' Borego Valley Scotty. Johnnie turns around an' gives a knowin' wink to Flapjack, who's sittin' by, an' who nearly always loses to Scotty. "Here's your chance to make your money back," he says.



So Flapjack makes a five dollar bet with Scotty that he can spit around the stove and land square in the spittoon. Scotty digs up the money to take him on and Johnnie sees to it that he loses. Scotty paid with a smile, like he liked it, and then set all the boys up to a round of cigars an' soda pop. Strange doin's for Scotchman, but that's the way Scotty's always been.

Kashin makes a wisecrack about his Scotch generosity an' Scotty tells us how for thirty years he's been trying to live down the Scotch jokes an' be different till he got so used to givin' till it hurt that he kinda liked the pain. He tops it all off with another round of pop.

Then I remember a letter came in for Scotty which I'd been puzzlin' over all day, tryin' to figure the funny stamp and strange markin's all over it. So I hands it to him an' he reads it, an' you couldn't say from the expression on his face that the news was good. He busts out with a string of cuss words fit to hang a man.

"It's from Switzerland," he says after stoppin' for breath. "I've haen' one hundred thousand dollars left me and a half interest in a cuckoo clock factory."

"Well that's nothin' to get sore at," says Kashin. "You ought to be happy." "Maybe you think it's nothin' to get sail' about," says Scotty. "Here I've been ma'n'thirty years tryin' to be what a Scotchman ain't and noo I'm findin' out I'm aw wrong. The years war wasted, for the bloke I thought was my father was only me frien' and foster parent. It makes me heart sair and gars me greet to ken I'm no Scott after aw'. I've been deceived. The man who was really my father turns out to be a Swiss."

Borego Valley Scotty ain't no more. But as the Colonel says, he'll have a hell of a time living down that accent.

Whiskers and Christmas

We Desert Folks don't always have much on our minds, but about half of us have whiskers on our chins, rangin' from Maltese to Tobacco-juice roan, and bein' folks that talk only about what we



know and see, we've gone over this whisker business a number of times. Here's the result of the last comb-in': Whiskers is worn most by high-brows and low-brows, extremes both ways. They seem to come with thinkers; the low-brow tells you what he thinks while the high-brow deals out somebody else's thoughts. As to the beard themselves we can't see there's much difference. We come to this conclusion last fall when Gopher Joe was plottin' round that high-powered archeologist who come all the way out here from Washington to look for Indian beads, cause both their beards looked like they came out of the same litter. 'Speakin' of beards reminds me of something that happened last Christmas. Us Borego folks got together and decided to give the kids a real Santa Claus for their schoolhouse celebration.

Year before last we picked Kelsey 'cause he has a rosy, plump face and is a right big hombre, but one of the hooks on his ears gave way and the phoney beard fell off, so this year the folks wanted real whiskers or no Santa Claus. Liminatin' Lem was elected to go up Rock Candy Gulch and fetch back old Holladay who'd been up there prospectin' and raisin' whiskers for the last fifty years. There was no question about him sportin' one of the finest flowin' white beards a-shootin' out sideways and reachin' down to his belt. Lem brings him in, parks him with the Courtneys and reports back to us that the old fellow's glad he's due for a couple of days of good foot.

Next day everybody was helpin' pack the benches into the school house when a stranger come along. Leastwise he seemed like a stranger. Then someone shouted, "Leapin' lizards! It's Holladay!"

Oldest Mine Library Will Be Reopened

California's oldest library devoted exclusively to mining will be reopened in San Francisco, State Mineralogist Olaf P. Jenkins announces.

Containing more than 7000 volumes on minerals and mining engineering, the library is reputed to be the largest of its kind in the United States.

Presently located in the ferry building, Librarian Roy Nixon is operating under temporary conditions while new cases are being installed.

Origin of Sign Language Among Indians

As there were many Indian tribes on the plains, so there were many languages and dialects. The frequent contact of tribe with tribe made some sort of common language necessary and the sign language grew up as an adaptation to the peculiar conditions in the open country. The Indian on the rock in the distance asks, "Who are you?" by raising the right hand, palm in front, and slowly moving it right and left. Answer is made with, say the tribal sign for Pawnee. The sign for peace is made by the Indian laying down his weapons and raising his hands high above his head. In such ways the tribe from the headwater of the Missouri could communicate with a people from the Rio Grande for the sign language was a universal language of the plains. Its development was an intellectual achievement of great importance.

Pony Express Magazine, Placerville, Calif. (3c a copy)

The mail has brought me the first edition of 101 Adventures of PAN-MINT PETE, by Leonard F. Murnane, Editor of the TRONA ARGONAUT.

Leonard has done a fine job with his 101 Desert Tall Tales of Panamint Pete. His humor is as dry as his desert and his wit is as sharp as the cactus in that desert. \$1.50 is the price. Send it to the TIMES PUB. CO., Randsburg, Calif.

POOR MAN

It's fine to live in a democratic country when any poor man is just as good as any other poor man and a blame sight better'n any man that's poorer. Fostall in Prairie Farmer.

Honest, I couldn't believe my eyes. Holladay's whiskers was gone; he looked like a shorn sheep. Everything stopped. Our ideal Santa Claus had gone up the flue.

Old man Holladay's all broke up and tells us he couldn't help it and why. He goes into detail about how he'd packed them whiskers for years, slept close to campfires and never singed 'em, worked one winter on a buzz saw and never lost a hair, even gave up chewin' tobacco once they went white, and always hoped he'd be buried with 'em on.

They was his pride and joy and never gave him any trouble till last night. Here's what happened: He was combin' 'em and feelin' pretty proud that he'd been picked for Santa Claus when that oldest Courtney boy commenced to question him, finally askin' him where he put them whiskers when he slept. He says he couldn't answer the boy 'cause he'd never given it a thought, but that night there didn't seem to be any place for 'em.

He tried puttin' 'em everywhere; over the covers, but that didn't seem right—under the covers, and that didn't seem right, and he even got up and wrapped his bandana around 'em, but there just weren't no place to put them whiskers. They seemed to pull and torture him.

He rolled and tossed, sat up and wondered why he'd ever raised 'em and couldn't for the life of him figure where he'd been puttin' 'em all these years. Knowin' there'd never be any sleepin' with 'em again, and a-tryin' to keep 'em for the kids' Christmas, he put rocks in his boots and 'em up tight, tryin' to get his mind on his feet. He hoped that one tooth of his would start achin', or even his rheumatism come back again, but nothing could take his mind off his problem of where to park those whiskers.

"I had to find the sheep shears or go down his cheeks.

Well, we sent Accumulatin' Luke clear to Clark Lake for Captain Ashby, the second best whiskers 'round Borego. Santa Claus No. 2 did pretty well and no one would have known about his peg leg if it hadn't been for that knot hole near teacher's desk.

From the Editor's book Desert Rough Out, A Haywire History of Borego Desert, (Out of print ten years) there are the names of the old keeper of the "Busy Bee" store, told.

The Pack Rat's Nest

Word about Ted Hutchinson of the desert Plant Wizard of Rancho Mirage,— The fellow that has talked Desert Holly, Smoke Tree and other desert trees and shrubs in to getting into tin cans and growing, so you may plant them at your desert place — Well it seems that being a plant genius, is just being willing to work 24 hours a day.

For Ted gets up at 4 A.M. (which is starting time for a colony of black harvester ants) gets himself a light sets in the line of ant travel with a package of radish seed and a pair of tweezer—takes from the thieving ants his rare "Brandegee Bigelovi" seed—giving the ant in exchange a radish seed.

Just a Desert (trade) Rat is Ted. Smart—Them Burros

Desert burros, who kept discreetly out of sight during meat shortage, are again galloping up to greet tourists who stop their cars.

Barstow, Printer Review.

THE MAIL

Medicine to Weary Bones You out there living in just ordinary places seem to know how much good this Desert Sun Shine of mine can do to sick folks, letters like this come most every day.

Dear Mr. Oliver: Please mail one pouch of the DESERT RAT SCRAP BOOK to each of these invalids. I think they'd much rather have them than those nasty little illness cards with pansies and goofy verses. If you don't have four back copies, then take out the rest when you publish some more, but back copies now will do them more good than future copies when they are up and busy again. One dollar enclosed. Mrs. K. M.



LIMINATING LEM SAYS:

If you have been in the desert long enough to have become slightly tetched in the head you'll like this Desert Rat Newspaper

SQUAW WOOD

The Arizona green jay is green, blue and yellow.

☆

Your cat would think you "NUTS" if she saw you at a foot ball game.

☆

From Brazil comes a flexible stone. It will bend of its own weight.

☆

The belief that a decapitated snake will survive until sundown is a myth.

☆

Insects are very clean constantly washing themsleves with their antenas.

☆

Toads are said to quench their thirst through their skin, people too, get a skin full.

☆

The Cowboys of Texas and New Mexico have a new one—they are racing tumble weeds.

☆

Prof. Bouvier, noted zoologist of Paris, has proved that wasps have a marvelous memory.

☆

A pair of rats could invite more than 20,000,000 descendents to their golden wedding anniversary.

☆

"Speeding Tourist Crashes Through Billboard." His only chance to get a glimpse of the scenery.

Behest of

"Gold is the most useless thing in the world." Said Henry Ford. (The wealthiest man in America.)

☆

The town of Fairplay, Colorado, is planning a monument to a faithful burro that labored so many years in the mines of that region.

☆

A donkey which had worked 14 years in a mine at Pikeview, forgot grass was good to eat and refused to eat it when brought to the surface.

☆

Peculiar chemical properties of Soap Lake in Central Washington, have turned most of the children of the little community into redheads.

☆

Beside "Lightning bugs" there are thirty-six orders of animal life, not to speak of the great number of fungus plants that produce flashes.

☆

The four octahedral diamonds now in the Tiffany Morgan Collection in the American Museum in Now York City, came from a California diamond mine.

☆

Gum will never take the place of Bull Durham with the desert dwellers. gum packages haven't any little tags that can be hung outside the shirt pocket.

☆

In the years 1851, '52 and '53 there were more desperados in Los Angeles, than in any place on the Pacific Coast, San Francisco with its great population not excepted.

Has Staked Claim To This Book

Whose Diggin's are at

1 1/2 CENT
STAMP
HERE

