



# CHOLLA CHATTER

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE CHOLLA BAY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB

VOLUME 18 NUMBER 9

SEPTEMBER 1975



"KEEP SMILING"

BAIT

GRRR

.VAL.

## CHOLLA CHATTER

Official Publication  
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Conversation ..... 11  
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## TUCSON SCUTTLEBUTT



We wish all those under the weather a speedy recovery.

Hope to see a good turnout for the Potluck supper in September, time 7:00 on the 8th. Please bring your tableware and your favorite dish.

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## Town Name Constantly Questioned

Reprinted from GRIT Family Newspaper,  
June 15, 1975

What is Why? Why is a town with a population of about 90.

Where is Why? Why is in the southwestern corner of Arizona, 27 miles north of the Mexican border.

Why is Why? Because no one could think of a better name.

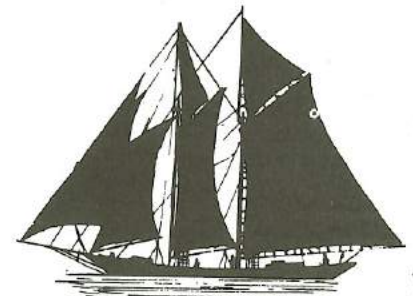
Twenty-five years ago a small group of elderly, not very well-to-do persons successfully applied to the federal bureau of land management at Washington for 87.6 acres for a trailer court and campground.

### Name Rejected

They asked the post office to register them under the name Rocky Point Junction. Postal officials said there were already too many junctions in the nation.

Peggy Kater went to the statehouse to find out how to name a town, but nobody seemed to know. Finally, the attorney general's office at Phoenix approved the name Why.

"Everybody wanted to know why anyone would live out in a spot like this," Mrs. Kater said. "That gave us the idea. Anyway, it's different."





# The Listening Sea Shell

BY VERLENE BARBER

We do have and have had members in the hospital: Peggy Allison spent three days but she's fine now; Debby Jarvis is looking great and is back at the shop after her surgery; and Enid has also been in the hospital.

This is a late item, but I have to report it anyway... Adele and Erv Sykes went to Illinois in June for the wedding of Adele's sister and the Golden anniversary of her parents. They left their son there and he went to Fence Lake, Wisc. with his aunt and uncle — and out-fished his uncle — landed a 25" Northern Pike. He said it was a good fight.

Hilda and Gene Echar are on a vacation in the North — Washington State — with plans to go on to Canada. Hope they are having or have had a great time.

Bub and Peggy Allison accompanied Bonnie and Phil Lahr to California on a boat shopping expedition one weekend in July.

One of our Club members is in the University of Washington hospital for diagnostic tests. Hope she will be home by the time the Chatter comes out, and has found relief.

Rozella, Louella and little Louie went down to Cholla Bay the day school was out and came home July 20th. I spent two one-week-stays and still wish I could have spent all the time Rozella did. Don said no, after my heart attack, but if he says yes next year I'll take him up on it so fast... It is such a beautiful and peaceful place, especially after it gets warm enough to go into the water.

Dave and Teresa Conners headed for cooler weather in Flagstaff during July.

Harry and Betty Capin are grandparents — Son David and his wife Judy of Tucson gave them Chad Michael on June 26th. On the 27th they celebrated Harry's first year of retirement and their 34th wedding anniversary. Congratulations to the grandparents.

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By Don Barber

Having been chosen as chairman of S&R this year has been quite an experience for me, not really in the manner that I expected, but in many other ways. My hours spent at the Bay (and there are many) have been very busy ones. For instance, I didn't know that the S&R chairman has to know where Mr. So-and-so is camping this week — after all he has been down here three or four times, tall with a small moustache, blue pickup with big tires.

Anyway, so far this job has been MOSTLY fun. It's a kinda nice feeling that at times one is able to help somebody even if only to pull a stuck vehicle out of the sand or help locate some friend of a late-comer when it's late at night and they're tired and they need to find their friend's cabin.

Getting into a more serious vein, but still on the subject of answering questions, I am fully convinced that if everybody that has any question about our

Club, concerning anything about boating safety, equipment, weather conditions, or whatever, PLEASE don't hesitate to ask. The answer could save a life.

I took an old friend out on the new "Dondos" a short time ago and while I was signing out my launching permit, my blower was running in my boat. Upon climbing aboard "Dondos" my old friend asked a question: "Hey Don! What is that fan I hear running?" God's truth... and my friend has been a boat owner for quite some time. It pays to ask questions, for, believe it or not, the next time he launched his boat he discovered a leaky gas tank.

There are twenty-five experienced men (and friendly too) on our Cholla Bay Search & Rescue team, all ready to answer any question you might have. And the question doesn't have to be about boats or safety or weather. We've all been around quite a spell and just might be able to help. If you see me at the Bay and want to ask me something, ask me how I like my new old boat (but only if you have lots of time to kill).



## Mel Jarvis

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# Preserver buyers warned

Reprinted from  
THE ARIZONA DAILY STAR,  
July 24, 1975

LONG BEACH, Calif. — The Coast Guard Office of Boating Safety warns prospective buyers of personal flotation devices that some of these items may be defective and not function properly, endangering the life of the wearer.

These defective personal flotation devices are offered for sale as "reconditioned" or "factory second" Coast Guard approved devices. The Coast Guard requires that any item sold as "Coast Guard Approved" must be made of all new materials and meet all applicable standards. "Factory seconds" or unserviceable devices do not meet these standards and are not Coast Guard approved.

The Coast Guard warns prospective purchasers not to buy any device which is being advertised as a "reconditioned" Coast Guard approved device, or which appears to be damaged in any way. These devices are defective and may not aid in saving your life.

Anyone who intentionally sells a defective device is in violation of Federal Law. All suspected sales of defective personal flotation devices should be reported to the Coast Guard Office of Boating Safety, 19 Pine Avenue in Long Beach, Calif. 90802.

## LISTENING SHELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Oh! and Harry informed me that he has sold his "Seabird" to a Mr. Travis from the Bay, so we will be seeing it around still.

Don and I house- and pet-sat during the last week of July. Our daughter and family went to Oceanside for a week at the beach and we took care of things at home for them. Weather reports indicated that we would rather have been at the Bay .... July was a great month there.

Best of health to everyone who has been on the sick list, and sympathy to everyone who has sorrow.

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# RADIO POINTERS

By Chris Tatum

CHOLLA BAY RADIO!!

CHOLLA BAY RADIO!!

CHOLLA BAY RADIO!!

This call, heard at the Bay hundreds of times each year, may be only to check the operations of a boat radio, but for many boaters and fishermen, it has been a lifesaver.

The Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club maintains a "check out" or "launching permit" facility at Cholla Bay; second in importance to the use of the "check out" forms, for safe boating, the Club has a marine radio for emergency communication with boats in the area.

The radio is licensed to the Club by the Mexican Government through the Tourist Department of Puerto Penasco and the State of Sonora. The Cholla Bay Sportsmen's Club gratefully acknowledges the unusual privilege of being allowed to maintain the "ShiptoShore" radio station at Bahia "La Choya." The license indicates the station is for safety communications with tourists' boats, Club members' boats and Charter boats owned by citizens of Mexico.

A "watch" or listening schedule is maintained only when the launching permits indicate a boat equipped with radio is checked out, and NO checking out over the radio is permitted. The watch is on 2182 KHz and VHF Channel 16, 156.8 MHz, the international calling and distress frequencies. Another frequency, and the only other one, 2555KHz is for all messages after contact is made on 2182 KHz or VHF Channel 16. The area is also served by a repeater on VHF Channel 20

on a non-exclusive basis.

The 2555 KHz frequency is extremely important to all users of the station, in that it is a "clear channel" assigned exclusively to Cholla Bay Radio.

The proper and best method of contacting the station is to call on 2182 KHz or VHF Channel 16. Normally there will be at least a thirty second delay before the operator can answer due to the "warm up" time needed for the transmit section of the Club's radio. When calling, the station's name should be first and the name of the boat second. The words "Cholla Bay Radio" repeated at least two times followed by the Boat's name and two calls spaced about fifteen seconds apart will be more understandable. The least number of words that will get the facts to the operator, spoken slowly and clearly, will save time and eliminate misunderstandings.

It should be clear to everyone that the station is for emergency communications and the use of the radio and the operator for any other reasons should be held to the very minimum. Unless some danger to life and property is involved. The request for launching machines and other services should not be made to the Club's radio station.

The "range" of the radio station is over 100 nautical miles, and boats cruising to the Baja side of the Gulf of California or down the coast can communicate, on a scheduled basis, the conditions of the crew and the position of the boat (twice that distance on 2555 KHz).

Power for the radio, lights, beacon and beach control public address system is drawn from a twelve volt battery bank. Battery charging is done with a 500 watt, direct current generator, fueled with butane. The station's radio and power system is maintained by a licensed radio technician.

# A lovely sight: THE LEAST TERN. . .

By Mary Fran Taylor

All of us at the Bay know that we have a species of Tern feeding in the shallows on the small bait fish. They are also around us in certain locales when we are out in a boat.

The Tern we see is almost snowy white. It is not the Arctic Tern. Look at its tail. It is nearer a fan-shaped tail than the forked tail of the Arctic Tern.

There are two species that have this fan-shaped tail – the Least Tern and the Gull Billed Tern. There are a couple of others but they are of dark plumage.

The Least Tern, when you catch him at rest has a distinct black head with a white blotch at the top of his beak. The backs of his wings are a sooty grey with a group of black feathers at the tips of his wings. The underbelly is white. His bill and legs are yellow.

The immature Tern has contrasting colors on the wing patterns.

They are long, slender birds with long narrow wings, usually a forked tail – but not with the Least Tern – and a pointed bill. Their flight is buoyant, with the bill pointed downward as they search for small fish or insects.

They hover and swiftly dive, bill down, so rapidly you can't believe they can catch a thing as they swoop from above.

Their eggs number from one to four,

and their call is a rapid series of paired notes.

Their common cousin is an uncommon bird, the Gull Billed Tern. This tern is the whitest of the North American Terns – and has a long slender black bill and black legs. The crown of his head has a slight crest.

This, of course, is not the Tern we usually see, but it is a possibility. So keep looking.



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Stand facing plane both arms extended above head. (Not moving)

Boat Sinking or Swamped



Stand facing plane wave both arms rapidly above head

Fire on Board\*Urgent



Stand sideways to plane, move arms in swimming motion.

Man Overboard & Missing



Stand facing plane both arms folded across chest.

Illness or Death on Board



Stand facing plane place both hands over ears.

Have CB Radio-Wish to Talk to Plane

## FINDING DEVIATION OF A BOAT'S COMPASS

Most methods of finding the compass deviation are based on taking bearings on objects shown on a nautical chart. I have three government charts of the upper Gulf and unfortunately landmarks shown on all three charts are not shown as occurring at the same place. There is a difference of from two to five miles on the various charts. (1' of latitude equals 1 nautical mile.)

	U.S. Navy	U.S.A.F.	Mexico
Pinacate	31° 45' N 113° 32' W	31° 46' N 113° 30' W	31° 46' N 113° 32' W
Pelican Point	31° 20.5' N 113° 41' W	31° 21' N 113° 38' W	31° 20.5' N 113° 43' W
Rocky Point	31° 17.5' N 113° 35.5' W	31° 18' N 113° 33' W	31° 17' N 113° 37.5' W

Pinacate has been moved around less than either Pelican Point or Rocky Point (possibly because of its size) and since it is approximately twenty-five miles from Cholla Bay using it for finding deviation will not introduce very much error. Preferably the boat should be anchored, but it can also be done with the boat underway, but remaining in as small an area as possible while making the observations. By observing the bearing of Pinacate on the compass as the boat heads in various directions, the deviation can be obtained for each heading for which an observation is taken, by comparison with the magnetic bearing taken from the chart

## a christmas trip

# JUNKYARD OF THE PACIFIC: BAJA'S MALARRIMO BEACH..... by Wayne Pryor

The huge eagle monument outside of Guerrero Negro (described last time) is the marker for the 28th parallel and below this is the territory of Baja California, as contrasted to the state of Baja to the north of the parallel.

At the parallel marker is a huge, elegant, and expensive motel called the "El Presidente," part of a chain of similar hotels spaced down the Baja peninsula. Rooms were \$28.50 per couple — and we had to buy one because the moderately priced Dunas motel in Guerrero Negro was full. But there was a little problem. Always expect a little problem in any Mexican motel — we learned with experience. Their pump had failed and there was no water... but it would come on soon.

I was carrying our 90cc Honda on our front bumper and the night before I'd hesitantly asked the proprietor of the Caliente Lindo motel if my equipment would be safe when I parked in his lot.

"Oh, certainly, señor," said Sr. Gomez, "Of course, you could lock your car if you like..."

By the time we'd reached Guerrero Negro, the character of the Mexican people we'd met had changed so radically that I understood Sr. Gomez's bewilderment — although we'd laughed at the time. South of Ensenada you meet some of the nicest people you'll find anywhere.

Sure enough, the El Presidente's water did come on in time for a shower, then went off in the middle of the night so there was none for shaving and other necessities the next morning. And no discount.

I paid under protest and got an address to write to about a refund. A waterless motel somehow doesn't seem to me to be worth full rate of \$28.50... But on to the Great Adventure at Malarrimo.

There are two ways to get there. Just outside Guerrero Negro, you can turn off to the right and make your way through the rough country of the salt flats to Rancho San Jose de Castro (where the turnoff to Malarrimo is) and the distance is about 120 miles. Or

you can take the long way around, as recommended by the Auto Club, and go almost to San Ignacio, about 80 miles south, then turn off for Punta Abreojos (63 miles), then go to Bahia Asuncion (another 60 miles or so), and then to Rancho San Jose de Castro (about 30 miles). We took the Auto Club suggestion since we had only two wheel drive on our truck.

(And I'm planning to write the Auto Club, too. You'll see reasons as time goes by. I am convinced their surveyors got most of the information by talking to locals over cans of Tecate cerveza in local cantinas. They sure as hell never drove the roads.)

And speaking of the roads... Jesus Christo (that's pronounced "Haysus Christo") and means exactly that — with astonisher marks!!! We found out in just a few miles what the Auto Club book meant when it said, "if you want to try the worst that Baja has to offer..." The surveyors must have driven down this road a little way before they turned back.

The roads are like a poor Mexican's work pants: worn out. Several decades ago, apparently someone took a bulldozer and made a quick pass across the countryside, apparently following the burro trails.

Where the grader passed over rocky areas, the dirt has been pounded away and only head-sized rocks remain. Where there was natural gravel in the soil, the road has become washboarded to the point that it seems like you are driving over petrified whale bones. Where the road goes over sandy areas, such as stream beds, it has decayed into sand wallows and you get through only with wide open throttle in second or low gear.

And where the road runs over plain dirt, the dirt has become powdered into a talcum powder-like substance and makes huge dust wallows that will swallow a car if you are so unwise as to hit one straight on with two wheel drive. Even the four-wheel drives have trouble in the dust wallows. Some can be outright dangerous.

We came pounding around a corner near Bahia Asuncion and found the road ended with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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# TOTUAVA: Endangered Species (CONCLUSION)

BY LUPI SALDANA

Reprinted from the LOS ANGELES TIMES, Friday, March 21, 1975.

Totuava made a hit with Americans, and is still so prized that it brings the highest wholesale price per pound of any Mexican fin fish. And the "buches" are still exported.

Mexican government statistics show that totuava catches hit a peak of some 4,907,440 pounds in 1942. By 1969, it was 1,146,392 pounds, and last year it was an estimated 100,000.

Sport fishing for totuava became popular after World War II. Southern California anglers flocked here during the months of January, February and March. But as the fishery declined, so did the anglers.

Fishing got so poor that Tony Reyes, who started catering to sport anglers in 1950, closed his office three years ago. Now he makes furniture and conducts seven-day charter trips to the gulf's fish-rich midriff from May to September.

"I discontinued daily trips because it was like stealing money," says Reyes. "I don't want to send people out if I know they aren't going to catch fish."

Reyes says the gulf's "midriff" area has abundant yellowtail, grouper, bonito, dolphin, pinto bass, black sea bass and some marlin. He charges \$2,000 for a trip for 12 to 15 anglers on a 73-foot shrimp boat.

Bill Weide of Fullerton and Sterling Davis of Pasadena came to fish one recent day but decided to sightsee after watching a dozen anglers leave a 70-foot boat with only a few small corvina.

The pair made the 114-mile trip from Mexicali in a Pace Arrow motorhome. They rated the road as "a good RV road." They stayed at a waterfront campgrounds with all hookups for \$2.60 per night.

Campgrounds are more numerous than motels in this town of 6,500 because a large percentage of the visitors come in RVs.

Valencia blames over-fishing and Colorado dams for the totuava problem. Mexico has 100 to 150 commercial boats, from large net-equipped vessels to outboard-powered craft, that fish shrimp and totuava.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

## BOAT

### PROPELLER SPECIALIST

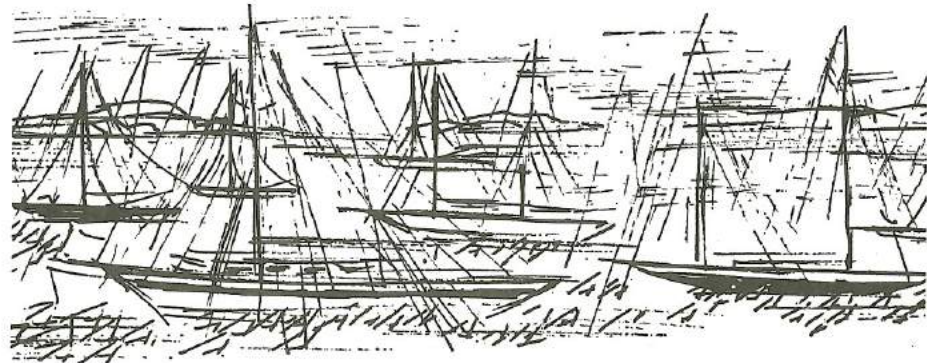
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## TOTUAVA ~ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

Brackish water is the key to the fishery, because it appears the totuava spawn only in the Colorado estuary. Incomplete scientific studies indicate that the spawning season is from January to April, then the fish move to deep water, going as far south as Bahia Conception on the Baja side and Rio Fuerte on the mainland side.

Gill nets, stretched almost the length of the estuary by commercial fishermen, and trawl nets, which scoop up everything on the bottom, take a heavy toll of totuava. Valencia says the nets also are diminishing other species.

Hendrickson says the totuava "will very likely disappear as a commercial fishery in the next five years... It may not become extinct, but it will become rare."

In his study, Hendrickson found that totuava can be kept alive in captivity. He caught fish in a gill net and put them in a portable pool 18 feet in diameter and 4 feet deep on the beach. It was necessary to administer oxygen and give them external heart massage at times to keep them alive.

One totuava survived for six months before disease killed it. When it refused to eat, it was anesthetized and force-fed with "hash" of chopped crabs and small fish for two days. On the third day, it recovered its appetite and gobbled up six live mullet.

Hendrickson says that if he can raise \$10,000 to complete his study, "I'd have a good gambler's chance" of gathering the scientific data necessary to make raising totuava in a hatchery feasible, insuring survival of the fishery.

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a foot and a half high ledge that dropped off into a dust wallow. My reaction times are still good and we went off the ledge with all four wheels sliding so our speed was well down. We stopped dead in the dust wallow with the rear bumper hung up on the ledge. Had we hit the jump-off at say, 20 mph, I'm certain we'd have done an endo.

According to the Auto Club, you can make the distance from the highway turnoff to Punta Abreojos in two hours. I'd like to shake the hand of the man who did it. Evel Knievel on his best motorcycle, maybe, but not in a four wheeled vehicle. It took us over three hours and we bombed through like we were driving the Carrera Mexicana. Reason: there is no other way to make time on these roads. If you drive at low speeds, the washboards are so severe that the car simply jumps up and down and the harmonics get together and bounce you off into the boulders at the side of the road. Going through sand and dust wallows at slow speed is an invitation to disaster. You'll mire down. So it's heavy throttle and hard braking all the way, plus extreme attentiveness for the sharp edged rocks that have been turned up by other wheels so that you feel you're weaving through stone daggers, each yearning for a soft Gringo tire.

And the noise is almost unbelievable. Everything that can shake or rattle, does. Loudly. Added to the fun is an old enemy from the dirt road days, the "thank you marm." For those who've forgotten, this is a series of ruts that have chewed out until they form swales that cause the vehicle to perform a sort of roller coaster procedure, ending with a violent heave that throws you up in the air with all four wheels off the ground. Naturally, everything in the back of the truck flies into the air (including the passengers) and then falls back with a hearty crash. Sand wallows are particularly susceptible to thank you marms, but you have to hit them at high speed so that your leaps are even more spectacular. We met a Volkswagen van coming out from Punta Abreojos and he was leaping so high we could see the belly of the van as it came toward us in the sand wallow.

The thank you marms finally bent the bumper, where we had the Honda lashed down with aircraft turnbuckles and steel cable, and smashed one of the wheel baskets, so we had to stow the Honda in the back of the truck with attendant great inconvenience. Alright, Pryor, get off the roads and get on with the story... but you'd have to drive them to believe them.

At Bahia Asuncion we found a rarity: gasolina. Measured out of a huge tank into five gallon jeep cans, it cost \$1.00 a gallon and seemed a bargain when you considered how far it came. And then we got lost.

One of the books we read said, "If you haven't been lost in Baja, you haven't been to Baja." We'll buy that. Especially if you follow the Auto Club's directions which say, "after leaving Bahia Asuncion you come to the sleepy little fishing village of San Roque." As you quickly discover in San Roque, you have overshot the turnoff by several miles.

So with poorly understood directions we backtracked and took the "primero cruce izquierda." (First crossrad left.) Almost immediately we found ourselves in a narrow little arroyo where it was impossible to turn around. It took us three hours to make 20 miles - the road wound up an arroyo following the stream bed, passed over the peak and down the other side on a slope so dangerous that I had to stop twice to get my nerve up to continue. It was narrow, steep, and soft.

"When we come back out of here it is going to take grandma (compound)," I said to Carol. "I just can't believe that any amount of traffic goes over this road - it seems to me we're turning back toward the ocean."

A few more turns down the old stream bed and my hunch was unhappily proven true. We were back at the ocean in a tiny harbor not more than a hundred yards across. There was a partially repaired fishing skiff, an old American Motors Rebel (how that poor Mexican owner got it there I don't know, but I sure know why it was still there - it couldn't get out) and a bunch of empty 55 gallon fuel drums. The sun was just setting.

Carol made an unlady-like statement. (Expletive deleted.)

"We're going to have to spend Christmas Eve here," she said. "We can't get back out in the dark... and we don't know where the hell we are anyhow."

I comforted her with the observation that it could be worse, so we wrestled the Honda out of the truck, set up our camp stove on the tailgate and made some delicious clam chowder out of cans. I explored a path that led up from the cove over a hill and discovered it led to a small village. (We were later to learn that it was San Paulo - which isn't on a map.)

Not wishing to rouse the natives and tell them we were camped in their harbor, we ate our supper, rigged our bunks, and hit the sack. I lulled myself to sleep thinking of that hideously dangerous hunk of road over the top of the arroyo where you rub the bumper against the bank and the wheels throw clods into the gorge on the other side...

It was better the next morning in daylight. We got back to San Roque and the good old Ford snarled up that bad slope in compound so quickly that the danger had passed almost before we recognized it.

Our direction-giver of the night before saw us coming down out of the mountains and waved us in with a beer carton box bottom on which he'd drawn a crude map. It was the THIRD turnoff back from San Roque. We found half a dozen turnoffs all the way back to Bahia Asuncion: eight miles. None looked traveled. I was not about to buy another road to nowhere.

At Bahia Asuncion we found a man named Ernesto who was the local airline representative. He spoke excellent English.

"Who the hell told you to go to Malarrimo by way of San Roque?" he asked. "There is one old trail over there but nobody uses it anymore - it's no good, full of sand holes and bad all the way.

"Now go out of town to the left and when you get near the airport, hang a left at the ranch with the palm trees and you're on a good road that goes directly to Rancho San Jose de Castro. Take you about two hours."


CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

**A & W ROOT BEER DRIVE-IN**  
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As Mexican local roads go, it was good. Full of washboarding, but no traps and we made it in one and a half hours. Along the way we stopped in a wash and enjoyed a delicious Christmas dinner: a Spam sandwich eaten off the hood of the truck.

At Rancho San Jose de Castro there was a heavy camper on a four-wheel drive Chevy truck with street tires on it, driven by John Davis of Moccasin, Calif. (We'd never heard of it either — it's up near Yosemite.)

John, his Japanese wife Imeiko, and three pretty teenage daughters, had made it to San Jose de Castro across the salt flats from Guerrero Negro. And he was going to Malarrimo, too. We wished him well and headed on down the road. We were getting destination fever.

The road from the rancho made the other roads we'd been on look like freeways. It was strictly a trail that had been worn out through the rocks and stream beds by four-wheel drive vehicles. After driving down into the third stream bed over a bank, I shook my head:

"I hope John turns back before it's too late. No way is he going to get far with that camper."

As we came up over a ridge, Carol looked back.

"He's coming — I can see his dust."

"You're kidding!"

"He is. Stop and look."

And he was. He took it slow and easy, but he drove with an old Baja hand's precision and we took his picture as the Chevy muttered up a rock strewn slope that would have stopped the average jeep.

We thundered on, trying to keep ahead of John; and sure enough, we leaped off a stream bank, hit in a sand wash with the wheels cramped and promptly mired in the sand. I got out the shovel, scooped out a path, and exercised my grandma gear. We came out like a champ. John purred through with his four-wheel drive as though he was driving down a tincan strewn alley. No sweat.

**TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH**



One of the oldest of old New England receipts is the one for Succotash; the word itself is undoubtedly of Indian origin, and the dish was probably one of those served at the first Thanksgiving — for corn (or maize) and beans were being cultivated by the Indians long before the settlers arrived on the scene.

The old recipe calls for salt pork (an item practically unheard of in Tucson's supermarkets), long cooking times (impractical at today's fuel rates), and lots of work — forever our nemesis!

So instead of starting with limas in their pods and having to shuck corn es-



pecially for the succotash, we use frozen lima beans and when cooking a batch of corn to serve on the cob, plan on extra ears for leftovers. Call it...

**BICENTENNIAL SUCCOTASH**

Take 4 to 6 leftover ears of cooked corn, slit each row of kernals with a paring knife, cut corn from the cob — but

don't cut too close to the cob — and then with the knife scrape the cob thoroughly, removing all the tiny pearly kernal-ends.

Add the corn to a package of frozen Baby Lima Beans cooked according to the directions on the package (be sure there is no more than 3/4 cup of liquid remaining... even less is alright). Heat to the boiling point, reduce heat to a low simmer, then add 3/4 cup of whipping cream, coffee cream, or even non-dairy creamer — and then add some more if it does not look like enough. Also salt and pepper to taste.

Simmer slowly for a minute or two, then spoon into bowls over a big pat of butter. Some like it very juicy, some not so. Very good eating either way...

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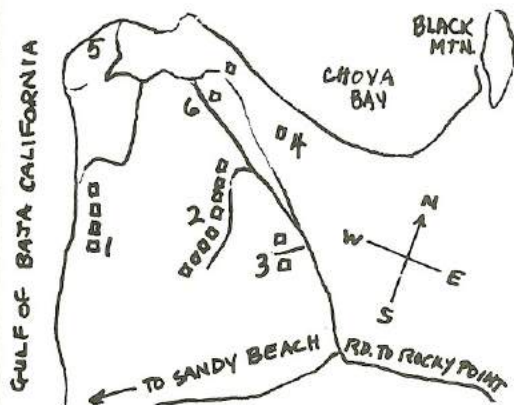
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