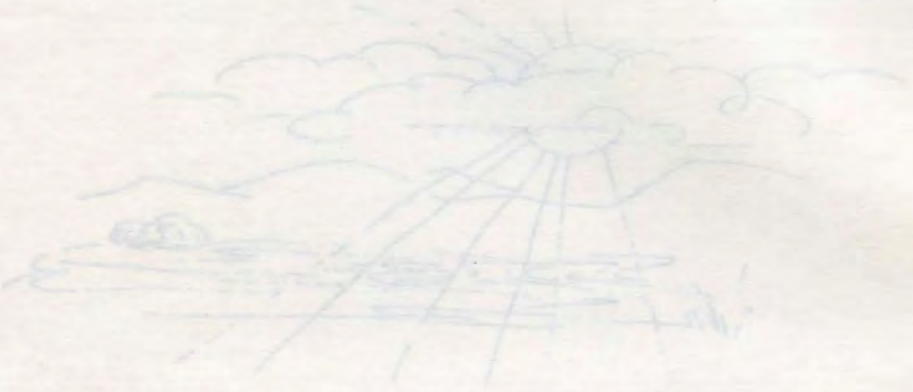


# The Hot Springs Gazette

volume I, number I,

Eric Irving, Editor

Illustrations by Florence Irving



# The Hot Springs Gazette

Volume I Number 1

Eric Irving, Editor

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Printed in U.S.A.  
First Edition  
Second Printing

Library of Congress catalogue number 77-014867

Published Spasmodically

Subscriptions to informative or artistic contributors only.

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*to woodnymphs everywhere*



*"We observed that growth and change were essential to everything in life, and since we dug life, when it came time to satisfy our inner needs we naturally enough based our religion on the transformations of nature."*

*— Tom Robbins, Another Roadside Attraction*

## These are the voyages . . .

Of the "Spirit of Thermopolis." Our mission: managing to keep that rickety old flivver rolling on up to the next hot spring. Our plan: to turn these funny little books into usable parts for "Spirit" so we can continue with our mission. Someone has to do it. Which brings us to the commercial portion of our program. It could be *you* out there tracking them down. We can see you now. You've got your IBM selectric perched on your handy neighborhood tree stump, and you're merrily banging out an urgent report for *The Hot Springs Gazette*. So do it! Not all at once now or you'll crowd things up. Claustrophobia is *not* the topic here. Far from it. With an (optimistically) maximum circulation of only 1,000, our aim is not to overpopulate the pristine ambience of the hot springs with the flotsam and debris that we can only presume our readership to be. We further presume that whoever is interested enough in hot springs to be reading this, will know of a gem of a spring themselves. We urge you to dispatch that spring's location, vital statistics, etc. to *The Hot Springs Gazette* (P.O. Box 40124, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87196). We'll keep your report on file, or print it in the next issue, whichever you please. All correspondents receive lifetime subscriptions.

Why hot springs? George H. Leigh-Mallory's blanket answer could serve here as well as any. Editorially speaking, we find hot springs to be the perfect amalgamation of twitch and tweek; of walking, thinking matter and less sentient mineral matter; of the energy in our bodies and the energy coursing through the earth. Your purposes need not be so cerebral. The springs are the ideal place to picnic, party, meditate, write, ball, whatever. We've even heard it said you can bathe in them.

How to find hot springs? Since you've a copy of *The Hot Springs Gazette*, you can already claim the status of prospector. Beyond this, you should have a good nose kept in fully operational condition at all times. You never know when you'll catch a wiff of steamy sulphur and have to do some trail blazing. If you've lost the use of one or both nostrils, you can apply to the appropriate agency for a smelling-nose dog, trained for just such purposes.<sup>1</sup> The serious student of hot springing will find over 1,000 listed in *Thermal Springs of the United States*,<sup>2</sup> an old government survey. One outlet for the directory was listed in the *Whole Earth Catalogue*, but queries to the publisher have proved fruitless as they've relocated without a trace. Happily, we've found a more dependable outlet for the Good Book, which you'll find below. See ad following. Just to get you into the spirit, we've followed each spring's page heading here with its index number from the Good Book.

Concerning the rating system employed herein: You can always spot a frustrated movie critic: he rates everything with stars, be it a holography show or a hiking trail. Personally we prefer the Steven Scheuer system, which uses half-stars, over the blunter Rex Reed version, which doesn't. The springs described here go up to 5½ stars. If anybody finds a six-star hot spring please let us know. In the back, you'll find a list of hot springs rating two stars or less. This is supplemental reading and won't be covered on the exam.

1) Not to be confused with Tasting-tongue dogs, normally used as surrogate taste-buds for the unfortunate who has lost or was born without them.

2) Hereupon dubbed, "The Good Book."

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Thermal Springs  
in these  
United States





## McCauley Warm Springs New Mexico

[N.M. #14] \*\*\*\* *Don't look for the name on a road map. It's about a mile hike off State Route 4, five miles North of Jemez Springs. Trail heads at Battleship Rock and Banco Bonito campground.*



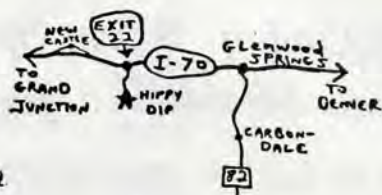
Located deep in the Santa Fe National Forest on an old homestead, McCauley is the warm spring par excellence. The Jemez scenery rivals the world's best, yet is virtually unknown to most tourists. The water's mellow 80° is a welcome relief after the rigorous mile hike up, and the pool (natural) is of eminently swimmable capacity. Angelfish, goldfish, and tiny neon-tetras backpacked in by some aesthetically minded true-believer, make this the choicest snorkeling spot around. A short way downstream is a rooty nook with a waterfall that could only have been designed by Pan himself. The cliffs behind the springs contain numerous caves and rock overhangs which have hosted whole generations of campers as the fire-blackened ceilings attest. People live up there for months on end, hiking into town only when supplies of bon-bons, funny-books, and clean towels run dangerously low. Following the Great Hot Spring Scenario, McCauley has prudently located itself within an easy hike of some five other thermal springs, which, between them all, range from McCauley's 80° on up to the 120° scorcher in San Antonio Canyon.





## Hippy-Dip, Colorado

[Unlisted in Good Book] \*\*\*\* Exit 22 on I-70 7 miles west of Glenwood Springs. Cross Colorado River and continue into South Canyon 1 mile.



Many's the battle fought over this fine hot spring. For starters, the property is owned by the City of Glenwood Springs. There has been a media push of late for right-minded city councilors to preserve these springs in their natural state. Activist reactionary elements have tried to destroy them with explosives\* (We've heard it said that red-necks are nature's way of cleaning out hot springs). As of the summer of '77, we found the pendulum swinging back towards the good guys. Volunteers have used city funds to build two roomy tubs, 112° and 105°, respectively. Unfortunately government funding is a two-edged sword; along with plans for additional tubs is talk of a wheelchair ramp over the creek which separates springs from the parking lot. Suffice to say there are a number of therapy spas in Glenwood Springs and plans such as these could good-intention Hippy-Dip to death.

Meanwhile, Hippy-Dip is a wonderful bath set in a delightfully scenic canyon, so conveniently close to the interstate that any hitchhiker can walk in and clean up. We're informed that 70% of the springs' users are transient, and dozens of people show up each day, but don't let numbers scare you. They're fine folk, one and all, and probably in a position to steer you toward other hot springs. Should you still not be in the mood for such a people-trip, go be a stick-in-the-mud. About 15 yards east of the party-baths is the smoothest, hottest mud-bath we've ever encountered. The clayish hot mud is seemingly bottomless, but there's about a foot of fairly clear water on the surface, so you can wallow till your heart's content and still come out clean, providing you exit slowly.

Finally, wonder-upon-wonders, about 25 yards past the mud bath is a splendid little natural pool which we will personally guarantee to be vacant, that is, if we're not in it ourselves.



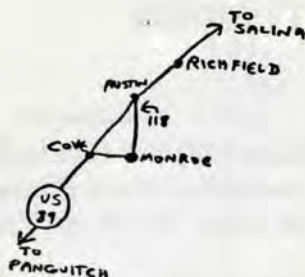
\*Not the city council, the hot springs.





## Monroe, Utah

[Utah #48] \*\*\* $\frac{1}{2}$  About 10 miles South of Richfield, half a mile East of State Route 118 in Monroe.



Though primarily a beachball Hot Spring for locals, Monroe has charm and variety enough to warrant mention here. Their facilities are free, but bring a bathing suit. Their Olympic-size pool uses ordinary Clark Kent water which is heated via convection from the main hot spring. The system is like a giant automobile radiator only in reverse. The case is the same for the whirlpool bath adjacent to the pool. But we're not here to relay reports of such pedestrian affairs. This book's about hot springs.

The pool with the natural hot water rests on the cliffs overlooking the family pool. The waters weigh in at a respectable 105° with a hefty 100 g.p.m. flow rate. About 20 feet square by 4-5 feet deep, it's one of the finest spots (anywhere) to relax and sports a view you won't forget.

Underscoring our overall favorable impression of the Monroe Hot Springs was a small, out-of-the-way cave about 200 yards north of the central area. It's about 18 feet deep and has its own little hot spring inside. The cave's limestone walls bear a minimum of graffiti and a strong affinity to the Carlsbad formations, though, of course, on a fraction of the scale. Should you camp near the cave, be warned the proverbial coot will come over and hit you for a couple of bucks, but what the hey? Does the KOA Kampground provide natura<sup>l</sup>, hot baths?





## Placerville, Colorado

[Colo #26] \*\*\* One-half mile southeast of junction of State Route 145 and 62, about 18 miles WNW of Telluride.



Cross the bridge over the San Miguel River and head for the center of the village. Dogs will certainly announce your presence, but probably won't bite. The caretaker will make you admire his goldfish pond and hit you up for \$2, but don't let all that bother you. It's worth it. He'll admit you to a chilly mine shaft beneath his house, which opens to a small, steamy cavern. Then, he'll encourage you to linger and leave you alone: two fine traits in a caretaker.

Springing from a seemingly bottomless well in the heart of the cavern comes water with perhaps the richest mineral content in the west. Anecdote: Around 1880, the mine's economically minded proprietor would hire local boys to work his claim. In return for whatever goodies they could wrest from his ground, he would reward them with a few crackers and a bowl of chicken soup. The old man saw to it that the lads worked even cheaper than they thought, for this coin-of-the-realm chicken soup issued from the very hot spring here in question. All he added was salt and pepper.

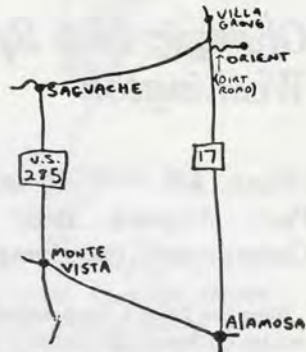
Though listed in the Good Book as Geyser Warm Spring, we saw no such geyser, and the spring fell about 10° short of the promised 94°, an indication of the survey's antiquity. We're happy to say that the water still tastes exactly like chicken soup, whatever the talk about the Earth Mother actually being a Jewish Mama. Moreover, if you suspend yourself in the buoyant, highly carbonated waters in the well, you'll feel like a ticklish swizzle-stick in a glass of warm seltzer. There'll be no more guessing about the sensation!





## Orient, Colorado

[Colo #24] \*\*\* $\frac{1}{2}$  Turn off near junction of State Route 17 and U.S. 285 about 12 miles northeast of Saguache. Travel 5 miles east on dirt road towards Sangre de Cristo range.



A.K.A. Valley View, Orient sports the finest sun-sets of any hot spring we know, bar none. Like Placerville, the spring has tenders with a marked preference for eating. Last time we looked, there was a \$1.50 fee. Stop grumbling. You spend more at the movie for popcorn and jubees, and this is a whole lot better for you.

Climb the mountain a short way above the ranch, and you'll find a large, fairly shallow pool. Get in slowly, now. It's over 100%. Did you remember to bring a towel? Can we use it when you're done?

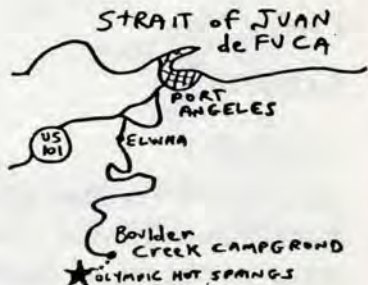
Besides the hot water and flashy scenery, there's not much to be said about Orient. Bring a lunch; it's a long way to town.





## Olympic Hot Springs, Washington

[Wash. #3] \*\*\*\* 24 miles southwest of  
Port Angeles near Boulder Creek  
Campground in Olympic Nat'l Park.



Here we have a very happy discrepancy between the listing in the Good Book and reality. Although the dates are unclear it seems Olympic was once a resort but now it's totally restored to its natural state but for a few crudely maintained natural tubs. Signs along the road in strongly advise against towing trailers. This natural filtering process keeps Ma and Pa Winnebago out! Actually the road's not that bad, but don't tell them that. It's a short, but vigorous hike from the parking lot to the campground: another guarantee of a mellow clientele.

The countryside surrounding the hot springs is strictly Peter Pan territory. Wild flowers abound on the steep, mossy hillsides. Ferns run rampant. Wiffs of piney air sneak past the pollution generated by the Olympic Thai-stick Team.

Cross the picturesque foot bridge and you'll find yourself in the eye of the hot springs hurricane. There's a choice of some dozen springs ranging from 92° to 114°, so feel free to shop around. Our favorite is Jew-Boy spring. You'll know it when you see it. The hot springs are spread over a mountainous acre, each nestling in its own nook. Beware the notorious tub-hoppers. They'll just plop right in and offer you a canteen full of hot water. Nudity is encouraged, and of course there's no fee. Even admission to the national park is free.

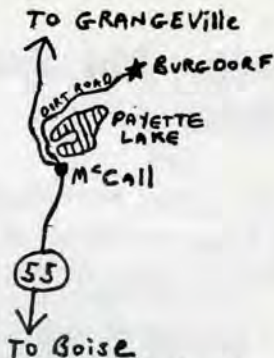
If you get fed up with dippy hippies dipping their hips, just hike up seven waterfalls, and you're out of the rain forest and looking up the bizniz end of some industrial-strength glaciers. There's a choice of three select seashores: the Puget Sound, the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and the Pacific Northwest. There's a handy neighborhood foreign country. And fish. Did you say fish? Salmon salute you and ask for something to eat. Naturally, there's no licence required, and we'd go so far as to say that fish are as good as money in those parts. Once you've eaten your fill, just turn the rest into gasoline and head for Idaho.





## Burgdorf Hot Springs, Idaho

[Ida. #14] \*\*\*\* 18 miles NNE of McCall  
over dirt road.



There simply aren't enough olympic-sized hot pools in the world. Certainly there's enough to go around on a per-capita demand basis, but generally, they're spaced quite widely, and the hottest, most swimmable ones are beachballed to death. Such is not the case in Idaho. Walk 20 yards in the direction of your choice, anywhere in Idaho, and you're likely to find a hot spring. Of the some 200 thermal springs listed in the Idaho honor roll most are undeveloped. Of that state's developed springs most are unspoiled.

Typifying this charming situation is Burgdorf. The ranch is everything a hot springs resort should be. It seems a thousand miles from the nearest trail, but can be easily reached by car. The rustic architecture is no intrusion on this evergreen wilderness. The ample flow-rate (150 g.p.m.), high temperature (113°), and enormous wooden pool insure plenty of hot spring for all. Personally, we favor doing laps *en snorkel* for hours on end in the hot water. Give us scuba tanks and we could, dare we say, rule the world.





## Indian Hot Springs, Idaho

[Ida. #169a] \*\*\*\* Near Mountain Home.  
12 miles southeast of Bruneau on West  
Fork of Bruneau River.



If you liked the road into Burgdorf you'll love this one. After 20 miles of pure, unadulterated wash-board, you'll be so ready for a long, hot soak, that there'll be no chance of missing this hot spring. Say what you will about your resorts, there's still nothing finer than a natural hot pool set deep in the boonies — what a technically-minded friend calls, "way the fuck out there." There's not so much as a tree within a day's hike of Indian; just clean, rolling landscape and plenty of blessed nothing.

Nestling in its canyon, this 100° pool has just enough room in it for you to breaststroke. Solitude is the norm there, so bring your monk's habit.

There are some dozen hot springs between Indian and the village of Bruneau, so malingering, by all means. A few years ago, we encountered the finest hot spring in the world near Bruneau. It sprang in an arching column from the side of a hillock and plunged into an old cast iron bathtub below. Bathers would hang onto the tub for dear life, while the copious 107° water pounded their backs into submission. Unhappily, this spring has been capped for irrigation, a fate nearly as ignoble as redneck dynamite. Far be it for The Hot Springs Gazette to begrudge the farmers of America, but don't they have enough potatoes up there?





## Jerry Johnson Hot Springs, Idaho

[Ida. #3] \*\*\*\*\*<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> 20 miles southwest of Lolo Pass on U.S. 12. Watch for suspension foot-bridge over river. Hike into woods one mile past bridge.



Maybe we're just crazy fools, but in our headlong rush for officially baptized apostles, we are about to tell of splendors beyond mortal ken. Actually, mere words can but barely sketch a foggy impression of Jerry Johnson Hot Springs. The aura of Woodgod around the place is a tangible, yet indescribable presence, but we'd better restrict ourselves to its physical aspects before we all get carried away.

Certainly the most copious hot spring in this book, JJHS issues from a hill (formed of its own minerals) at the highly generous rate of 450 g.p.m. The waters then linger in crudely formed boulder-tubs below, where they blend in varying degrees with the clear, icy river water. The result is what we scuba divers call a thermocline; that is, distinct layers of hot and cold within each pool. Nobody can claim to have done it all until they've soaked 2 feet of water that's under 80° on the bottom and over 100° on the top.

The Scandinavians are the world's biggest fans of hot/cold contrasts. Perhaps the spring changed its name from Yerry Yohnson at Ellis Island, we don't know. We can state with authority, however, that your pores will pop open and slam shut like shutters on a haunted house when you leap from the hot pools to the river's adjacent, bone-numbing flow. Suffice to say, hot and cold running water is the keynote here.

Exploring the half-dozen hot pools, again *en snorkel*, we found a surprising variety of small, aquatically minded creatures inhabiting them. Each rock lining the tubs is a lesson-in-itself not only in geology, but in color aesthetics, as well.





## *Beartrap Hot Springs, Montana*

*[Mont. #32] \*\*\*1/2 Near Norris. About 28 miles West of Bozeman on East side of State Route 287.*



The place looked real old-timey, but we groaned when we saw the *No Skinny-Dipping 'till Fall* sign, but proceeded anyway feeling it our ecclesiastical and journalistic duty to at least investigate the place. In the end, the only disappointment we had was in ourselves, for lack of faith.

The pool is about 25 feet square and 5 feet deep. It's lined with aged, rough timber with smooth, water-tossed stones on the bottom. The waters weigh in at a respectable 107°, except for the fountain at the side which shoots a slender 50 foot column of cold water skyward. The cooling spray disintegrates at your shoulders.

Always the students of realities beneath the surface of things, we donned the ever-present snorkel for the total-immersion phase. Happily, we found this spring didn't get its name from some ursine ankle-breaker at the bottom of the pool. Life has enough surprises.





## DUDS

Just so you don't think hot springing is all one big olympic-sized chicken soup fizz with fountains, neon-tetras, and hot water mermaids, we include this special bonus section on thermal springs that rate two stars or less.



*Lopa, Colorado* 1/2\* Reservations required. Wholly developed for physical therapy. A bad place to party.



*Hot Lake, Oregon* \* Literally a hot lake. Too hot. Swampy. Baths closed by Board of Health. Interesting old hotel on property. Presumably haunted.



*Soleduck [Soldoc] Hot Springs, Washington* \*1/2 Resort. Strictly beachball. Hot spring closed by Board of Health. Pool now contains artificially (!) heated water. Somehow, we get the feeling things got a little out of hand here.



*Idaho #50 and #51* ?\* Near Shoup on Salmon River. A waitress back in North Fork said they were terrific. They were marked clearly on the National Forest Map. The 40 mile trip from town followed the Snake River Canyon past abandoned gold mines, up into mountain goat country, and finally an uprooted sign reading: "*Hot Spring - 1/4 mile.*" Hours of search proved fruitless. If somebody finds it, please let us know. To the person who uprooted that sign: Go suck a rock.



*Robinson Bar Ranch* \*\* Although Bill Kaysing gives this place a terrific write-up, we found the place to be run by capitalists, horsey-style. The hot pools are for guests only. It costs \$50 per, to be a guest. When asked if they had a just-a-bath plan they started whining about their insurance policy. Life is too short for such shit. People like these should not be permitted in Idaho. Give them Colorado: they're already ensconced there anyway. To Robinson's Bar Ranch goes a wet insurance policy and a dozen prairie oysters on the half shell from the Hot Springs Gazette.

# SPENCE HOT SPRINGS BATHING SCHEDULE

- BATHING SUITS NOT REQUIRED ▪  
SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY  
&  
WEDNESDAY
- BATHING SUITS REQUIRED ▪  
THURSDAY FRIDAY  
&  
SATURDAY

SIGN IN FOUND Posted  
PARKING LOT.  
SUITABLE FOR  
DEN OR  
PLAYROOM

## PROCLAMATION

BATHING SCHEDULE NOW IN EFFECT

WHEREAS, SPENCE HOT SPRINGS IS A POPULAR BATHING HOT SPRING, AND

WHEREAS, SPENCE HOT SPRINGS BELONGS TO ALL PEOPLE OF THE NATION AND SHOULD BE AVAILABLE TO EACH PERSON WITHOUT CONFLICT WITH OTHERS, AND

WHEREAS, ALL PERSONS, REASONABLY MAY CHOOSE TO BATHE EITHER WEARING BATHING SUITS, OR TO BATHE IN SOME OTHER MANNER.

NOW THEREFORE, PURSUANT TO SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE'S REGULATIONS, 36 CFR 251.25, AND 36 CFR 261.111 IN ORDER THAT PUBLIC WELFARE AND CONVENIENCE IS PROVIDED FOR IN BATHING IN SPENCE HOT SPRINGS, IT IS ESTABLISHED THAT THOSE WHO BATHE IN THE SPRING, OR OCCUPY THE AREA SURROUNDING THE SPRING SHOWN ON THE MAP, ARE REQUIRED TO WEAR BATHING SUITS OR BE CLOTHED ON THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK; THAT THERE ARE NO REQUIREMENTS FOR BATHING SUITS ON SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY OF THE WEEK; THAT VIOLATIONS OF THE REQUIREMENT FOR BATHING SUITS ON THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY WILL BE PROSECUTED AND ARE PUNISHABLE BY A \$25 FINE.

A BATHING SUIT IS DEFINED AS CONSISTING OF NONTRANSPARENT WEARING APPAREL WHICH COVERS THE BUTTOCKS AND GENITALIA OF THE MALE AND FEMALE HUMAN BODY, AND THE BREASTS OF THE FEMALE HUMAN BODY.

THIS ORDER IS EFFECTIVE ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1975.

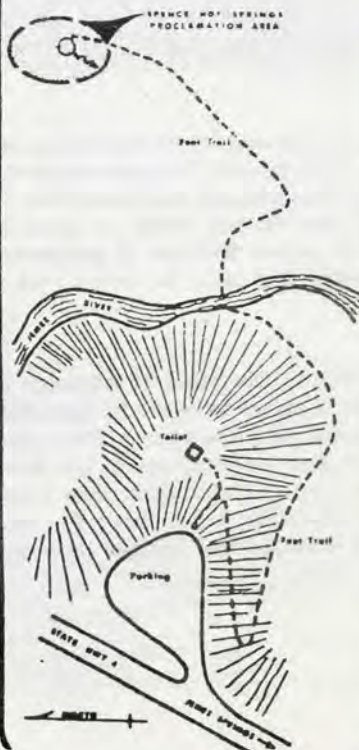
THIS ORDER SHALL REMAIN IN EFFECT UNTIL RESCINDED.

9/1/75  
DATE

*Christoph B. Borra*  
CHRISTOPH B. BORRA  
FOREST SUPERVISOR

## SPENCE HOT SPRINGS

36-32 115N 2-2E





## *Know Your Editor*

Eric Irving <sup>WAS</sup> is a student and employee of the University of New Mexico. He studies Astronomy, Art History, Museology and his navel. He would rather not say exactly where he works. For recreation he hunts hot springs, collects tapestries, and scuba dives (which is an effort in New Mexico).

His other works include: "Only the Lies Have Been Changed," "Un Chien Andolou and the Spanish Tradition," "Screaming Diesels and Creaming Weasels," and the soon to be published "The Authorized Hot Springs Gazette Guide to Dangerous Mushrooms and How To Find Them."

Mr. Irving plans to become Hot Springs Editor for The New York Times unless he "gets a better offer."