

COMING EVENTS

There will be a Fried Chicken Dinner at the Orange Hall on July 8, 1972.

There will be no meetings of the Golden Feather Chapter of the Golden State Mobile Homeowners Association, held during the months of July or August. Should any urgent matter arise, members will be contacted by telephone.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

The Whitmoyers from Yankee Hill have had company from the Los Angeles area during the week.

Clifford Nimz has recovered in excellent health, after the attempted robbery and shooting incident on June 17th.

Mike Mathews is still in Washoe Medical Center in Reno, Nevada, after suffering a fall while helping a friend repair a roof. We understand that Mike has been placed in a body cast.

THREE DAYS TO SEE

By: Helen Keller
Jimmie Lee column.

"I who am blind can give one hint to those who see - one admonition to those who would make full use of the gift of sight: Use your eyes as if tomorrow you would be stricken blind. And the same method can be applied to the other senses. Hear the music of voices, the song of a bird, the mighty strains of an orchestra, as if you would be stricken deaf tomorrow. Touch each object you want to touch as if tomorrow your tactile sense would fail. Smell the perfume

of flowers, taste with relish each morsel, as if tomorrow you could never smell and taste again."

These words were written by a blind woman who saw much more than many of us will ever see. Perhaps they might remind us to use these senses we are blessed with to appreciate and enjoy the beautiful and the good in our world. And to preserve it. Recognition of that which is wrong is necessary and at times resistance is called for - but not an endless lingering complaint. If we could learn to look for the beauty in a thing, the good in a person and the humor in a situation, we might be less apt to concentrate on the tragic inevitable. There is a big difference in recognizing and battling a wrong, and dwelling continuously on the gloomy side of life - call me a Polly Anna if you like, but it seems more sensible to concentrate on what I enjoy in this life and quietly accept what I can't change.

CONTEST SECTION

The subject for the month of June was: What person has had the single greatest influence on your life?

We received two letters, as follows:

1. Elice B. Neher - issue #35
2. Jay Grieco - issue #36.

The winner for the month has been chosen as Jay Grieco, she will be awarded \$5.00 by the CYHI.

We will try this section for one more month, if the response is as sparse as it has been, we will then drop the section.

The subject for the month of July will be: What would you do to improve the CYHI?

Please try to limit your letters to 500 words, we ask our readers to pick the winner for the month. The winner will be announced in the last issue of the month and awarded \$5.00 by the CYHI.

You may pick your choice for winner by phone call or letter.

HOROSCOPES

Weekly Horoscopes for the week of
June 30 to July 7, 1972.

CAPRICORN December 21 to January 21

Try to understand your friends, everyone has their share of problems. Take a closer look at the people around you, chances are they are not "trouble free." Some things cannot be changed, don't even make an attempt!

AQUARIUS January 22 to February 18

Plans for some fun things should be foremost in your mind. A trip or short vacation may be just what the entire family needs at this point. Do not fret over those unfinished projects at home. Enjoy yourself!

PISCES February 19 to March 20

Good news may come in bunches this week. The occasions may also call for congratulatory gifts, don't over stretch your budget. A small, nice gift with a lot of love and good wishes will suffice better than an extravagant present.

ARIES March 21 to April 20

Check all aspects of every situation before making any permanent decisions. Do not rely on hearsay, check all possibilities first hand!

TAURUS April 21 to May 20

A recent investment may cause you a good deal of concern this week. If the investment is sound and promising, do what it is that is necessary to secure it. However, be cautious of putting money and time on a dead horse.

GEMINI May 21 to June 20

Discretion and honesty should be the two words constantly on your mind this week, anything less could bring on a torrent of hurt feelings and anger.

CANCER June 21 to July 20

New friends, new places and perhaps a new job may occupy most of your time this week. Do not make a big fuss over making a good impress-

ion, just be yourself. Chances you are much more interesting than the person you would like others to believe you are.

LEO July 21 to August 21

Slow down a little. Avoid any and all situations which anger or distress you. Keep your life running as smoothly and evenly as you can.

VIRGO August 22 to September 22

Do not place yourself in a jeopardizing situation with anyone. Since your reputation and good name are very important, guard them feverishly. There are those who would like to change this.

LIBRA September 23 to October 22

Trouble may seem to be a way of life. Do not run from it, but don't place yourself in a vulnerable situation either. Your close friends will be invaluable to you at this time.

SCORPIO October 23 to November 22

A new event in your life could arouse a whole new zest for life within you. Be logical about the matter and do not let enthusiasm outweigh good, common sense.

SAGITTARIUS November 23 to December 20

Do not be too hasty to place blame on others. It could be, you are headed in entirely the wrong direction. Resist the urge to make snide comments and just listen you could benefit a good deal more.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

MEXICAN CHEF'S SALAD

- 1/2 chopped onion
- 2 tomatoes
- 1/2 head lettuce
- 1/2 cup thousand island dressing
- 3 or 4 oz. cheese, cheddar
- 1 - 39¢ bag Dorito chips
- 1 - 2 avacados
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 can drained kidney beans
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Chop onion, tomatoes and lettuce, then toss with thousand island dressing and shredded cheddar cheese. Add sliced avacados. Brown ground beef, add kidney beans and salt. Simmer for 10 minutes and mix into cold salad. Mix in with crunched Dorito chips. Hot sauce may

is read if desired.

THE GORKY INCIDENT (1906)

Let me resurrect the "York Minister" episode of seventy-five years ago--and enlarge it a little for present purposes. York Minister--such was his nickname--was a native of Tierra, Del Fuego. He was a likeable young fellow, bright, animated, rather handsome, and of a particularly shapely figure. Let him be where he might, his figure was always on exhibition, for he wore not a rag of clothing, except a square of untanned skin between his shoulders. His costume did not make him conspicuous, because it was the costume of his whole nation.

The commander of a British warship fitted York Minister out with Christian clothing, taught him the rudiments of English speech, and took him over the seas. He became at once an object of great and earnest interest; the public welcomed him, the newspapers were full of him, all ranks offered him their hospitalities. Naturally he was pleased and grateful. Among his invitations was one which took precedence of all the others--the King's Ball, at St. James's Palace. He got himself ready for that. For the sake of convenience and comfort he resumed his national costume, thinking no harm; and at 11 p.m., he appeared in the midst of that gorgeous assemblage clad only in his awful innocence and that pathetic shoulder-skin.

Do you know, he emptied that place in two minutes by the watch. Then the guards turned him into the street. When he reached his hotel he was denied admission. The other hotels refused him. It looked as if he was nevermore going to find shelter, but at last he was rescued from his difficulties by compassionate friends.

Then the wise and the unwise began on him in the newspapers, and led him a dance. A friend defended him and explained that York was only following a recognized and perfectly proper custom of his own country and therefore was doing no wrong. Other friends defended him

and proved by facts and arguments that the dress customs of Tierra Del Fuego were more just and rational than were those of England; and then claimed that since this was the case the English had no right to find fault with this foreigner and inhospitality upbraid him and revile him for what he had done.

All of which was wasted ink, I think. Laws are coldly reasoned out and established upon what the lawmakers believe to be a basis of right. But customs are not. Customs are not enacted, they grow gradually up, imperceptibly and unconsciously, like an oak from its seed. In the fullness of their strength they can stand up straight in front of a world of argument and reasoning, and yield not an inch. We do not know how or when it became custom for women to wear long hair, we only know that in that country it is custom, and that settles it. Maybe it is right, maybe it is wrong--that has nothing to do with the matter; customs do not concern themselves with right or wrong or reason. But they have to be obeyed; one may reason all around them until he is tired, but he must not transgress them, it is sternly forbidden. Women may shave their heads elsewhere, but here they must refrain or take the uncomfortable consequences. Laws are sand, customs are rock. Laws can be evaded and punishment escaped, but an openly transgressed custom brings sure punishment. The penalty may be unfair, unrighteous, illogical, and a cruelty; no matter, it will be but one wise thing for a visiting stranger to do--find out what the country's customs are, and refrain from offending against them.

The efforts which have been made in Gorky's justification are entitled to all respect because of the magnanimity of the motive back of them, but I think that the ink was wasted. Customs are customs; it is built of brass, boiler iron, granite; facts, reasonings, arguments have no more effect upon it than the idle winds have upon Gibraltar.

However, I must return to York Minister and finish that story. After reflection, he put on his clothes again.

Mark Twain

The above was sent to us by Darro Grieco.

LOU SALZARULO COLUMN

I have chosen to digress from my usual subject for this issue to make comment on

the conditioning of the humming bird, as it has come to my attention that the little fellows are in a state of confusion!

When I lived in Concow, before the advent of the humming bird feeder, a pugnacious male Rufous might take a dive at me with no provocation on my part. But, seven years hence, he ignores me. He has been brainwashed! He flies from window to window, unmindful of my presence or of the dogs in the yard, in search of a feeder and the red sugar-water that it holds.

He hovers at the kitchen window puzzled that he cannot reach the flowers inside. In the yard, he swoops from one red article to another: - A Winston pack on the table, a Folgers coffee can holding a fern, the handle of my snips, even the orange print on the chaise cover.

Just a sign of the times, perhaps, the small sad story of a humming bird's confusion. Yet, I feel that there is something formidable in this conditioned response so subtle as to cause the humming bird to fly about willy-nilly associating places of habitation, windows, and the color red with sustenance, and to exchange his natural food of flower nectar for the imitation.

If we draw an analogy we can say that our present day society has been conditioned to the "red sugar-water" brainwash of the times. We rush hither and yon in search of the sweet and gaudy palliatives of life forgetting our real values for the "cheap imitation." Only too late we cry, "fraud!" and complain of being cheated.

Thus it comes as no surprise that the diet of the American family is lacking in nutrients naturally supplied by fresh produce. Enticed by flashy packaging, pseudo sanitation and the old sugar coating we

have been conditioned to choose, the cheap imitation foods so convenient and easily obtainable at the supermarket.

A typical shopper with "Supermarket Stupor" wanders about the produce section behind the basket, picks up a cold-storage tomato, puts it down. Even at 2¢ a pound that pink, half-raw tomato doesn't look or feel like the real thing. All the more reason to make home gardening a real adventure and rediscover the true flavor and consistency of "home grown" vegetables.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I thought the readers might be interested to know what jail is like. I was, that's why I wanted to serve time instead of going bail.

In Butte County, it is, as usual, different. Forget what you have seen on T.V., there are seldom more than five women in here at one time. Women must be less troublesome or policemen more chivalrous. I think both are true. My arresting officer seemed almost reluctant to take me in. Most of the women are here only a few days on charges like being drunk, petty theft or parole violation. There are 18 beds, 2 showers, 7 toilets (3 out of order). The wash basin's are over the toilets so you have to straddle to brush your teeth, YEECH! I do mine in the shower. The matrons are friendly and one even brought in flowers for our dining table.

Did you know that there is discrimination in jail? I asked if we could work in the garden or the kitchen like the men and was told no, we might be a disrupting influence.

The men have an exercise yard and gym. The only time we go out is once or twice a week in the evening, when the men are locked up and the mosquitoes are biting. This also gives them time to search our area for saws, knives, and sawed off shot guns. They didn't even sharpen my pencils to a point.

The food is good and they don't lock us in our cells. We have a wash room, an iron, a sewing machine, T.V., books (3 bibles), jig saw puzzles, etc. We embroider our uniforms with designs so they are not so ugly

and usually stay up til eleven o'clock. The keyholes are great cause you can peek thru them. The only disquieting thing is when you see an eyeball looking back. All in all it is not a bad place to be if you have nothing better to do.

Sincerely,
The Jail Bird

THE MORNING STAR PEOPLE

Spring is a beautiful time of the year in Montana. Mother earth comes back to life after a winter of hibernation. The air is crisp and clear. The hills and mountains, though still capped with snow, are otherwise a deep green with the richness of new life. The prairies are covered with tiny purple and yellow flowers.

As I behold all of this my heart is filled with joy and gratitude. It is so very easy to see God in this newness of life.

Had you been given the opportunity of visiting the Primary Center of St. Labre Indian School lately, your attention might have been drawn to the back room. There you would see a number of children huddled around a moon-shaped desk doing Indian beadwork or listening attentively to Mrs. Sylvia Brady, their teacher, singing a lullaby. As you listen more attentively you discover that this is no ordinary lullaby. And if you would inquire, you would be told that this lullaby is one of many children's songs that Cheyenne mothers have sung to their little ones through the centuries. The conversation between Mrs. Brady and the children after the song-it too is strange to your ears. That is because the language being spoken is the children's native tongue, Cheyenne, rather than English, which is a second language to many of them.

In some cases, the children come from families in which either mother or father has married someone who

does not speak Cheyenne. In other cases, the children may have parents who have consciously chosen not to teach their children Cheyenne with the belief that their children would have it easier in school.

Considering these two groups of children, with their varying skill in two different languages, it would seem that a bilingual approach to helping them learn is the best method. The bilingual approach to education takes the child where he is at and communicates with him in the language in which he is strongest. At the same time, however, the bilingual approach to the education of the child attempts to strengthen his skill in the language in which he is weaker, be that English or Cheyenne.

We know that English is important, because it will be the ordinary means of communication with many of the people with whom the child will be dealing as he grows up. However, as long as Cheyenne people live with other Cheyenne people, they will not be effective members of their community unless they know the Cheyenne language. The Bilingual Education Program is an effort to educate the total person, to make children comfortable in both the white and Indian societies.

Because the Bilingual Education Program is concerned about providing the child with the skills needed to function effectively in both Indian and white societies, it is interested in more than language. In order to help the Indian child to obtain a better self-image, the Bilingual Education Program seeks to promote bicultural activities that will aid the child in appreciating his Indian heritage. For this reason, Cheyenne songs are sung, stories of beliefs and history are told, the beadwork is taught during language sessions.

We feel confident that these children will be better prepared to confidently face the future because the Bilingual Education Program has provided them with two pairs of eyes.

Reverend Emmett Hoffman
Director
St. Labre Indian School
Ashland, Montana

STRANGER IN GOOD SPRINGS

The following is the first installment in the fiction series of articles written by local people. Let us know how you feel about this section as the story progresses. The group of people collaborating on this story wish to remain anonymous.

A stranger walked slowly into town. The sky overhead thickened with towering thunderheads and the scent of clean, moist air gently pushed away the hot dusty atmosphere between the buildings.

The stranger took off his hat as he put one heavy foot in front of the other, wiped away the sweat from his weary face and set the hat back into place.

The ride was long. His horse would probably be alright, after a few days of rest and care at the livery stable.

"The fall wasn't nuthin'," he thought as he stepped up on the weathered old boards of the walk.

"After all, I could have been killed or I might have had to shoot Nugget over that fall." He paused, "damn luck!"

Vaguely he remembered the word "Saloon" as rough brown hands pressed the swinging doors away from him.

"Just a few", he thought, "before I find some place to bed down."

He looked around the dingy room and spotted the bar.

His eyes were sore. "The dust and grime were always hindering a man for seein'," he thought.

People - well in this day, a man wondered who was a friend and who would just do a man in for the pleasure of it, or for nothin', like the way he looked!

He saw the whiskey, but where was the bartender? There were a few men in the corner playing cards.

His lean frame rested on the bar. "What 'ya want", a voice called out.

"A bottle," replied the stranger. Their eyes met. A glass and a bottle were shoved his way. The bartender abruptly turned toward the game and back to what he was doing before he was interrupted.

"Hey!" The louvered doors of the saloon bolted open and a man shot in.

"Grid!" "Boss I've found some hoof prints on the North end of the....." He stopped as he caught sight of the stranger at the bar.

"Can't you ever stop walking before you start yelling at me!"

The second voice was shrill. Something about it, thought the stranger, like when you have the sweats and noise rings and sounds high and then low, far away and yet close.

The stranger turned and faced the group of men. His face was smooth and from his left ear a small scar streaked the upper part of his neck.

The bunch of men seemed to be in a smoke tent as the thick white stuff clouded between them and him.

"Alright!" The man named Grid shouted to the new arrival, "Let's go outside!" He turned toward the dirty looking man and started away from the table.

"Jed, what's that over there?" The remaining men at the table glanced toward the stranger, they all fixed their gaze on him.

"Well, what have we here?"

"They let you go from the circus boy?"

The room echoed with laughter. The icy stare of the stranger pierced through each man in turn, then fell back on the one called Grid, slowly he turned back toward the bar and continued his drinking. The expression did not change and yet the eyes seemed to intensify with some deep rooted inner hurt or hatred.

Part II of Stranger in Good Springs will continue in next weeks issue.

BULLETIN BOARD

FREE TO GOOD HOME: Half Black & Tan and half Golden Lab. puppies, good hunting dogs, 3 months old. Only 2 left. Call Gene or Marie Miller at 534-1265.

FREE TO GOOD HOMES: Cute, loveable kittens, 6 weeks old. Call Carol Smith at 533-0891.

FOR SALE: Studio bed with 2 inner spring mattresses, makes 2 single or 1 double bed, good condition, \$45.00. Call Mrs. Hollopeter at 533-7846.

FOR SALE: Maple bedroom set, \$375.00; Color T.V., \$150.00, call 534-7444.

LOST: Brown dog with short tail, answers to the name of Butch, lost on cattle drive on June 10th in the vicinity of Concord Lake. Working cattle dog. If you have any information, call Bill Campbell at 533-9629, if no answer, call 533-0711 or 534-7444.

WANTED: Guinea Hens, 2 hens and 2 roosters, call Mrs. Georgia Mohan at 533-3366.

FOR SALE: Top piece for quilt for anyone who makes quilts. Will sell for \$7.50, call Marion Driscoll at 533-8131.

FOR SALE: '63 VW engine, rebuilt, \$175.00 or best offer. Send response of interest to Jo Wobbe, 3935 Auburn Boulevard, Space #105, Citrus Heights, California.

FOR SALE: '62 Chevy II motor and standard transmission, \$15.00; '62 Chevy II rear end, \$10.00, call 534-7636.

NEEDS: Boys and girls clothes and toys for children in receiving homes, ages 4 to 15. Contact Jean Moore or Lorrie Kenyon at 534-7636 or 533-8665.

FOR SALE: Human hair blonde fall can be dyed any color you want, \$20.00. Blonde wiglet can be dyed any color, \$1.00. White wig hat, \$2.00. Call 533-3150.

WIG STYLING

Wigs	\$3.25
Falls	3.25
Large wiglets	2.50
Cascades	2.50
Small wiglets	1.50
Cleaning extra	1.00
No bleaching or dyeing.	
Call 533-3150.	

There is no charge for advertising items in the Bulletin Board, all it takes is a phone call or a card listing your items for sale. Please give us a call when you have sold your items or no longer wish your ad to be run.

All correspondence to and for CYHI should be mailed to Route 1, Box 238-A, Oroville, California, phone number is 533-0711. Editor is Joyce Clark.

Rates:

- 20¢ per copy
- 75¢ per month local subscription
- \$1.00 per month out of town or mailed subscription.

Papers come out each Friday, our deadline is each Wednesday noon for the following week. We depend largely upon our readers for suggestions and contribution of material and articles. If you are sending material from another source such as a magazine or newspaper, we would request that you list that source and the author's name.