

COMING EVENTS

Sunday, August 20th, is the date for the annual Concow Grange Barbecue. This is a beef barbecue with lots and lots of good food. Prices are \$2.00 for adults and \$1.00 for children under 12. There will be the usual party games, booths and handiwork for your enjoyment. Be sure to attend!

Here's a list of some of the County Fairs coming up this month:
Butte Golden Feather Fair in Gridley, held August 23 thru 27th.
Trinity County Fair in Mayfork, held August 24th thru 27th.
Siskiyou County Fair held in Theka, August 24th thru 27th.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Bill Holden's two sisters, Nela Holmsley from Blythe, California and Mary Caruso from Long Beach, California, are visiting Bill and Audrey at their home in Concow.

Gina Grieco has been visiting her grandparents Jay and Facla. Her sister Victoria visited last month. Gina and Vicki are the daughters of Mr. & Mrs. Andre Grieco of Fresno.

Rick and Faye Winfield have moved from Concow to settle in Phoenix, Arizona. Faye will no doubt continue her painting there.

Grand View has gone out of business with no immediate plans for reopening at this time.

GET WELL WISHES

Our best wishes for a full and speedy recovery to Mr. Miller, a Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. lineman. In fall from a service pole while doing repair work in our area, and it was quite some

time before he was rescued and received hospital care.

MAIDU INDIANS

The following are excerpts from an article written by Beverly Kay Heard and copyrighted by the Lassen Volcanic National Park Co., for Beverly Heard.

The Maidu Indians migrated with the deer herds, the deer were their mainstay of livelihood. The meat to eat, the skins, for clothing, blankets, moccasins and quivers. Horns for tools for making arrowheads. The sinew for bow strings, and thread.

The Indians also paid close attention to the activity of the deer each fall of the year and spring. When the deer began to herd up in preparation for the migration to the valleys from the high country, the Indians began to prepare themselves for winter.

They also ate a lot of birds, among them were quail, robin, wild pigeon, dove, goose, and yellowhammer. Fish also made up a great deal of the diet. Acorns were plentiful, these were gathered in the fall of the year. They were gathered and shelled, pounded with the mortar and pestle. Then the pounded acorn had to be bleached. This was done by placing the meat on a clean sand bar and lightly covering same with cedar boughs, then water was poured many times over the acorn to drain the bitterness out. The cedar boughs were removed and acorn meat was carefully picked up from the sand. The acorn was then dried, and spread on a special flat, round shaped fanner made out of willow. As the acorn was fanned, the grits were separated from the fine flour. The gritted acorn was used for soups, and the fine flour left was for bread. The bread was cooked with maple leaves covering the thick bread dough, then placed in a bed of hot coals, covered with ashes, and cooked for a long time.

The Maidu people were partially vegetarians. They dug for wild sweet potatoes, especially plentiful in the Deer Creek Meadows and Hum Bug Meadows, and they still grow in abundance

in these berries. They also ate water-
dress, serviceberries, wild strawberries,
chokeberries, etc. The peppermint,
spearmint and cascara (buckthorn) were
used as herbs.

The women worked exceptionally hard,
were treated much better by the men
than in some tribes. The young boys
began their training at very early
ages to become hunters. The men for
the most part were responsible for
providing the meat. It was believed
possible for only men to be doctors,
not just any man could qualify. It
required a man who felt he could talk
to and be heard by the Great Spirit,
and also believed he had healing
power for the sick. Whenever the
medicine man healed anyone, he was
then looked upon as a great specimen
of healing power. The medicine men
used cocoons in healing. The cocoon
was gathered during the dormant stage,
a tiny hole was punctured at one
end of the cocoon to kill the larva
inside. The larva would dry up in
the cocoon, thus making a rattle.
The medicine men usually used eight
to twelve cocoons tied to a long
pole to create his important rattles
to aid in healing and in prayer.

The Maidu made their beads of
tiny stones, bone, and sometimes of
salmon bone. Later they traded for
glass beads and buttons with the
white man.

Their huts were made of sheets
of bark, and of willows.

The Indians played a flute-like
instrument, made from the elder-
berry branches. These flutes were
about 12 inches long, and an inch
around. The elderberry branch has
a pulp center, this was forced
through and out of the reed with
another stick. Then the holes were
made up and down the reed, to form
the different tones. These flutes
were played frequently during
evenings around the campfire. They
were also used when telling stories
to the young Maidu children.

We will continue the remainder
of this article in our next issue.

HOROSCOPES

Weekly Horoscopes for the week of August
18 to August 25, 1942.

CAPRICORN December 21 to January 21

New creative ideas, plans, artistic ventures,
and scholastic endeavors should be favor-
able for you. Keep your mind and body
active and alert.

AQUARIUS January 22 to February 18

Do not do anything haphazardly or half
way, but be sure each project is done well
and carefully. All of your work could be
under close scrutiny.

PISCES February 19 to March 20

A good time for catching up on detail
and paperwork. A time for staying home
and enjoying family and close friends.

ARIES March 21 to April 20

A good time to renew some old and
trusted friendships. Some social evenings
and events could be very beneficial for
you now.

TAURUS April 21 to May 20

Keep your happy side showing, do not
let worries and frustrations prey on your
mind. Overlook those things over which
you have no control.

GEMINI May 21 to June 20

Beware of being overcritical of those
around you, and do not be too proud to
take the help of others. Be congenial and
keep your emotions in check.

CANCER June 21 to July 20

You may find yourself thrown into com-
petition in business or social levels. Do
not belittle or underestimate those competing
against you. Remember, humility will get
you much further than your ego.

LEO July 21 to August 21

Depression, fatigue and bitterness may
be your worst enemies this week. Attend
to routine business and attempt to be a
loner. Do not let temper override common
good sense.

VIRGO August 22 to September 22

Simple, routine matters may be the most

tedious at this time. You may have more responsibility placed on your shoulders than usual.

LION September 23 to October 22

Your days may be filled with work up into the night. Do as much as possible while the mood lasts. Be cautious of neglecting important correspondence.

SCORPIO October 23 to November 22

New duties may keep you quite busy, and place lots of tension on you. Things could lead to a sudden advancement for you in business.

SAGITTARIUS November 23 to December 20

Rumors, gossip and deception are formidable enemies to be guarded against at this time. Keep a closed mouth while in the presence of new acquaintances.

*****RECIPE OF THE WEEK*****

VEAL CHOPS, PARIS BISTRO

2 veal chops
Salt and paprika
3 tbsp. butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine
2 tbsp. finely cut chives
2 tbsp. finely cut parsley
1 tsp. finely cut tarragon
2 tbsp. cognac

Dredge chops lightly in flour.
Season with salt and paprika.
Brown lightly in butter, lower heat, cook until chops are done, 20 minutes or longer, depending on thickness. Turn chops once or twice.

Place chops on hot platter.
Keep them hot. Pour wine into pan, tilt and scrape, mixing with butter and any browning from the chops. Add chives, parsley, tarragon, and brandy. Bring quickly to a boil. Pour over chops and serve immediately.
Makes 4 servings.

We are always grateful for recipes for this section, do not send cards from your recipe files

as we cannot be responsible for their return.

*****THIRTY DAYS OF CONTEMPLATION*****
By: The Jailbird

Life is eighty percent predictable... twenty percent free will. The chains of Karma pull us like puppets in our marionette dance between life and death. I would break these chains to free myself from the grinding wheel. But, what are these chains... vices or virtues? When cut away do we drift into the universe like an unmoored balloon? Or are these just chains of my own forging for want of excuse to my laziness and ineptitude? When inspired, is this the voice of the Holy Guardian Angel, or the tauntings of the creatures from my id? How can we "know" what, in truth, is our meet? Maybe "God's" heaven is to become one of what we call the "lower" animals; serving and functioning in perfect harmony with the Karmic law, never doubting, always reacting in proper accordance to it's nature. If God is omnipotent, how dare we doubt? Should we not, rather, accept our destiny in full faith? And, knowing that God is in His heaven and all is right with the earth.

*****LETTERS TO THE EDITOR*****

Dear Editor,

I understand that the paper will be out of publication for a month, although I can understand you have many obligations other than the CYHI. I did want you to know it will be missed by many of us. I do hope this will be only a temporary shut down, not a permanent one.

I especially enjoy the weekly column by Lou Salzarulo and have put many of the things she advises to work for my own benefit in our family garden. The weekly column by Jirmie Lee is also of great interest to me. I look forward to all of your editorials, and the weekly horoscope section with enthusiasm.

Why is it that Jirmie Lee does not contribute any more poems? They are missed in our family, we thoroughly enjoyed them.

Here's hoping the CYHI will soon be back in publication, you are doing an excellent job, we thank you!

Sincerely,
A faithful weekly reader

REGISTRATION

Ken Barkhurst reports that there will be a Deputy Registrar at Jarboe Gap on Monday and Wednesday to register voters. There will be a table in front of Jarboe and people may register there between the hours of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M.

Speaking of Ken, he is spending a few days in Flagstaff attending a convention of Archeologists. He should be back Monday or Tuesday.

BACKYARD ADVENTURE NO. 7
By: Lou Salzarulo

Fall is just around the corner; "sure has turned nippy," "poison' oak's starting to turn", "Black birds are flockin' up," "pin-oak acorns droppin'," "My cucumbers and squash blossoms wont set!" Unseasonal weather conditions affect you and your garden.

As the days get shorter and the nights become cooler growth slows down. Moderate heat and sunshine interspersed with rain makes the most favorable conditions for plant growth. We attempt to create this artificially by watering throughout the hot summer months, planting when rain is expected and cultivating and weeding with the sun.

August is our last chance to sow seeds for a fall vegetable crop. I got mine in while the clouds were building. Though the Farmer's Almanac's planting calendar advises "above ground crops" for the 15th, 16th, and 17th, I put in turnips, beets and carrots, along with lettuce, chinese cabbage, spinach, and India mustard (root crops are August 25, 26, 29 and 30 by the "moon sign"). Cauliflower, broccoli and cabbage transplants should be set out now too, and keep that compost pile working."

If you wish to be known as "the Prophet"

And your buddies keep saying, "Come off it!"

Just wear an owl's feather
And predict the weather

and you'll garner a

BULLETIN BOARD

BIG YARD SALE: Saturday, August 19th and Sunday, August 20th, east end of Lake Concow, Route 1, Box 232 B, or call 533-7411. Miscellaneous items, household, and furniture, also Eutane range for \$30.00, wood cook stove for \$15.00, Early American couch for \$35.00.

WANTED: Banjo lessons, I will pay \$1.50 per lesson, one or two lessons a week, please call 533-3150.

BABY SITTING: Rates: 50¢ per hour, 75¢ per hour after midnight. Over two children - 25¢ an hour for each additional child. Your home. You provide transportation. Call Betsy Lee at 533-6853.

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.	

HAIR PIECES FOR SALE:

Streaked wig, artificial	\$ 4.00
Streaked cascade, human hair	5.00
Red wiglet, human hair	3.50
Brown wiglet, human hair	3.50
Blonde wiglet, human hair	3.50
Blonde wiglet, human hair	2.00
Red wiglet, human hair	3.50
Blonde fall, human hair	15.00
Blonde braid, artificial	1.00
All cleaned and styled.	
Also for sale, used dresses, different sizes, 25¢ to \$1.00	
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.

LOCAL MERCHANTS

CONCOW JADE SHOP: Located at the north end of Lake Concow, items from local mines in the area. Jewelry, rock material, etc.

hounds, and pieces suitable for carving. Phone number is 533-0974.

PARK HILLS STORE: Located in Big Bend, trailer park, grocery store, featuring a complete line of groceries, beer, wine, soft drinks, sundries, also bait and tackle for fishermen. Phone number is 533-2086.

JARBOE GAP: Located on Highway 70, cafe, service station and tavern serving beer and wine. Phone number is 533-3428, service station is 533-4354.

STRANGER IN GOOD SPRINGS
Part VI

Rosie motioned Adam toward the back room, "You can bed down here. I'll sleep out front, don't worry my animals won't let nobody around without us knowin'. You leave a gun out there somewhere?"

"Nope, I don't carry a gun, but I have my knife."

"Well, I got a gun, and I'll use it. What good's your knife gonna do you against 15 of Smotley's men?"

"Don't you worry about it Miss Rosie, I'll get 'em one at a time if I have to. Thanks again, I sure do need some sleep."

"Come on Sheriff, its gonna be dark soon, the old man is gonna be disappointed if we go home empty handed."

"Willis, there aint no tracks, we're almost in the rocks. He's an Injun remember? He's not gonna leave tracks!"

"Look Sheriff, if you can't do the job, we can always get your wife out here!" Willis was laughing and sneering at Keller.

Keller hated Willis! Felicity had apparently become the town joke to everyone, including the Smotleys. He had to humor Willis and he despised every minute of it. That breed could be anywhere, even on Wescott property, 2,000 acres was a lot of ground, and he had no intention of covering it all.

"O.K. Sheriff, want to make camp here, or do you want to check out Rosie's place first?"

"Rosie's place? If he was there, the wolves would have taken care of him by now. Rosie might have let him help her out but she won't let him in. She don't like nobody!"

That seemed to satisfy Willis, and Keller was glad, he didn't feel like tangling with Rosie or her wolves. He was tired, hungry and disgusted.

Grid Smotley was pacing the floor, why hadn't Keller and that hair brained kid come back. That Indian could do a lot of damage if he started talking outside of Good Springs. Smotley was going to become Senator come hell or high water. That Indian was no fool, couldn't be herded like the rest of the town.

Grid's youngest daughter Cassie entered the room and announced she had to have the buggy to go to town and purchase a new dress and a sack of flour. Grid was against the idea as he felt she might become side-tracked by Adam, besides it was too near to dusk. He knew only too well of both of his daughters attraction to strange, out of the way men, especially Cassie. He feared the worst where Adam was concerned. He firmly told her she was not to go to town until the Sheriff had the situation under control. Cassie, not to take orders lightly, walked out of the room and quietly out the back door, straight to the barn. There she ordered Rodney, the hand, to put her saddle on her favorite horse so she could get out quickly before Grid noticed her absence. Rodney balked at this idea and in his drunken protest gave Cassie the impression that he was definitely afraid of being fired by her father. She informed him it might be best to cooperate, lest she let her father know of his involvement with her sister, Cleo. Startled by her statement, Rodney saddled the horse. Crossing any of the Smotley's was a risky business and Rodney was learning fast.

Upon her arrival in town, Cassie went immediately to Aunt Maude's where they became involved in a tussle over the length of her dress. Maude would have no niece of hers wearing a gown that showed any part of the ankles. Cassie, being a daring young lass first, last and always, could not see the sense in this. If there was anything

she disliked less than tripping over a floor length gown at a public dance, she couldn't think of what it was. Especially when Maynard was going to be playing guitar and Don would be on the fiddle. The Robinson brothers were the fancy of all the sensible girls in Good Springs and the surrounding territory. With this kind of competition, Cassie could little afford to fall on the floor, like she had at her 6th grade farewell dance. With all of this in mind, she felt the need of some fresh air to calm herself before going back to discuss the issue further with Aunt Maude. Fighting would do no good at all, and as everyone in town knew, Aunt Maude was a very cantankerous little lady.

Cassie walked in the Smotley Hotel, she spotted Maynard Robinson at the bar having a beer, and she then decided that this wasn't the afternoon to tussle with Aunt Maude after all. She ordered a sarsaparilla and told the bartender to charge it to her father. She was counting on the fact that Maynard would offer to pay for it, and she was not disappointed. "I'll get the tab on that mister, how are you today Miss Cassie? I should introduce myself, I'm Maynard Robinson, and I had hoped to someday make your acquaintance." Cassie worked hard to suppress her excitement. She had seen women from 17 to 79 chasing this man, and he actually wanted to get acquainted with her. She smiled and wondered if he had broken up with his current girlfriend. "It's nice to meet you too Mr. Robinson, I've heard you sing a couple of times and enjoyed it very much."

Maynard turned on all of his charm, he knew the history of the girl and her family. He was aware that there was a good deal of prestige involved here, as well as a good deal of money. He ordered himself another beer.

Maynard and Cassie laughed and talked, they seemed to be getting

along quite well. The bartender was ever observant so he would report in detail to Mr. Smotley.

To be continued next week.

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
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\$1.00 per month out of town or mailed subscription.

As you may or may not have noticed the CYHI was out of publication for two weeks while we were out of town. We are back to our regular weekly basis now, and our subscribers will receive two additional weeks on their subscriptions.

The column by Jimmie Lee was missing this week, as she has been having her share of illness, we hope she will be much improved by next week, and we will have her column in again as usual.

We depend largely upon our readers for contributions of material and articles for the CYHI. If you are sending an article from another source such as a magazine or a newspaper, we would request that you list that source and the author's name.