

COMING EVENTS

Roscoe Eddings and Judy Hershberger will be at Concow School on September 6, 1972, at 7:30 P.M.

Mr. Eddings and Miss Hershberger are affiliated with the Butte County Drive Committee. Everyone is invited to attend.

There will be a Smorgasbord at the Concow Grange Hall on Saturday, September 9th.

On Sunday, September 10th, Mr. E. V. Rife cordially invites all interested persons to the Concow Grange Hall. Leo Neher will be showing movies of Explo '72 which was held in Dallas, Texas. Explo '72 was on national television in July. Don't forget Sunday, September 10th at 4:00 P.M.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Six members of the Youth Committee from Concow Grange are enjoying a few days at camp with their Youth Advisor, Mrs. Bush. The State Grange Youth Camp is located at Sonora, California.

Mr. & Mrs. Earl Hoecherl are leaving for a 10 day visit to Los Angeles Friday. Mr. & Mrs. Ken Williams will be staying at their home in their absence.

Well its back to school for those children attending Spring Valley and Golden Feather School on Tuesday, September 5th. Kindergarten and the first grade will be combined this year, as will the second and third grades. None of the classes at Concow will be doubled. We understand the swimming pool is now ready and waiting, which will probably be very enticing to those students who dread to see

their summer vacation come to an end.

SPEEDY RECOVERY

We wish Tim Malm a quick recovery from the accidental burning of his hand. Tim had a Thermos of hot coffee explode in his hand Thursday, resulting in second degree burns to his left hand. He will be off work for approximately five days.

JIMMIE LEE

My column is in the form of a poem this week. I hope it is clear enough to be understood and written well enough to be enjoyed.

When my brother stands tall and proud
Pride lifts my soul
When my sister laughs out loud
Laughter fills my heart
When my children sleep in gentle peace
I settle in restful repose
And when my lover finds release
Delight echos through me.

But when my brother is dying
Death is what I share
And when my sister is crying
Our tears mingle as they fall.
And when my children stand shivering in
the rain
My flesh is cold and wet
And when my lover suffers pain
My share is ten times more.

For they are all a part of me
There's kinship and a bond
And I see all humanity
In my reflection in the pond.

PLIGHT OF THE PRONGHORN

By: Pauline DeWitt

The pronghorn is not a goat, a sheep, a deer or a true antelope. Native to the plains and hills of the western United States, it is a separate species---Antilocapra americana. Mingling with vast herds of buffalo, perhaps for protection from predators, millions of these dainty little animals

roamed the western range until the arrival of the white man.

Weighing close to a hundred pounds the average pronghorn buck is approximately four and a half feet long and stands three feet high, much of the height taken up by his long, nimble legs.

The northern breeding season is in September with the young born the following May. As the time of birth approaches, does seek secluded open spots dotted with clumps of low brush to drop their young, sometimes a single kid although twins are the general rule. Here the small kids, weighing four to six pounds at birth, spend several days protected by their mother who grazes watchfully not far away.

Though the pronghorn has several lines of defense; his protective coloring, his signal of danger by erectile hairs, eyes with a wide angle of vision so that little is missed, certain glands that give off an odor repugnant to flies and mosquitoes and two sharp little hoofs on each foot instead of the conventional four, his first and foremost protection is his speed. Flashing across fields and dry lakes at fifty miles an hour he can out-distance his pursuers; this lightfooted little animal has been clocked at sixty miles an hour for short bursts of speed. Shy and timid as he is, his obsessive curiosity is often his undoing.

Co-existence on the white mans terms proved impossible for the antelope. Hide hunters first ravaged the herds, then the fences cut off water holes, burning of fields ruined grazing land. General George A. Custer started the sports hunting craze for the little animal in his book, "My Life on the Plains", in which he described the exciting hunt, complete with English greyhounds, horses, men and guns!

HOROSCOPES

Weekly Horoscopes for the week of September 1 to September 7, 1972.

CAPRICORN December 21 to January 21

Keep your wits about you in all circumstances, those who share their ill will toward your work may become more adamant this week.

AQUARIUS January 22 to February 18

Fate may take a hand in the future of your employment, you may be forced into a difficult but urgent decision. Do not let this hinder your self confidence.

PISCES February 19 to March 20

Though decisions may not be easy or desirable to you, you may need to make several important ones this week. One may very well determine how much extra cash you will have on hand.

ARIES March 21 to April 20

Feelings of hostility and indifference may make themselves known within you. These feelings could very well be directed to one you had considered a friend. Try to look for the good virtues, and make as few "waves" as possible.

TAURUS April 21 to May 20

Your ego may suffer a traumatic let down, and your stubbornness could tend to make matters worse. Perhaps you can avoid some of the injury by keeping your opinion to yourself.

GEMINI May 21 to June 20

Your eagerness and zeal for a brand new project will undoubtedly be short lived once the boredom of the task sets in. Be cautious of investing time and energy in a "losing venture."

CANCER June 21 to July 20

Do not put yourself in the position to become a door mat by over zealous friends. Do only what you really want, then calmly and firmly say NO!

LEO July 21 to August 21

A pet peeve may become overly irritating, do not let it become an obsession. Try to remember you have habits others find just as displeasing.

VIRGO August 22 to September 22

A recent investment may cause you great distress. Consider selling your interests, and saving yourself from an ulcer, before it is too late.

LIBRA September 23 to October 22

You may be doing a close friend more harm than good by being overly helpful. Be sure the friendship you feel is genuine, rather than pity.

SCORPIO October 23 to November 22

Beware of drinking problems which can get out of hand easily at this time. Try instead to alleviate the tension, rather than hiding from it.

SAGITTARIUS November 23 to December 20

A message of great importance may be delayed by devious means. Handle all affairs cautiously and tactfully.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

SKILLET DINNER

1½ lbs. lean meat
2 tbsp. oil
1 medium onion, sliced
1 green pepper, diced
1 cup diced celery
1 cup cut green beans
½ tbsp. cornstarch
1 tbsp. soysauce
¾ cup water

Cut meat in thin strips. Brown in oil. Add vegetables. Cook 3 to 5 minutes. Cook at moderate heat. Mix next 3 ingredients. Add to meat and vegetables. Add 1 ½ oz. can sliced mushrooms, stirring until liquid is clear and beans are tender. Serve with rice or chinese noodles. Serves 4 to 6.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

As summer with all of its frivolity comes to an end, and the fall season is upon us, it brings to my mind a supposedly dead issue. Many of our children will be attending classes this year in rooms where one teacher will be teaching two separate grades. This, to me, is appalling since I know what a hardship this works on teacher and pupil alike.

How many of us can get through life unable to read, write, add and subtract? How many of us have lived useful lives even though we are unable to swim? Where is our sense of values? I'll say no more and I'll not sign my name as I am -

Afraid for my job.

POETRY CORNER

ON THE DEMO '(N)-PUBLICAN CONVENTIONS

Oh, where have all the good men gone,
The humble and sincere?
Seems arrogance takes precedence
With presidents this year.

I havn't seen a humble man since.....
Can't remember when.
Instead of guided missiles, now,
We just need guided men!

Is common sense and reason
So outmoded in our day
That we'll settle for facsimile
And throw what's real away?

With the "lesser of two evils"
There's a lesson to be learned
A man is born with prospect
But respect must be earned!

Good God in Heaven, give us
A STATESMAN, conscience fed,
And send the politicians
To pine in Satyr's bed.

by: Arthor Unknown

P.S. To thee Jimmie L. Lee
Stop asking who cares; how & why?
---cause its as easy as Apple Pie
Just teach your children to rely
On that Great Someone in the sky!

the King is dead
nomore the majestic spread
of springtime
within the windsong sigh
the ripping blade
left only the stump
i lean on

By: Kenn Lively

ADVICE AND FALTS

By: Flo Tina

Submitted by: Irene Shuptrine

Advice is a thing freely given
I have had my share
In this life of living

Advice is something
You give to other's
It keeps them so confused
Don't give away something
That you can still use

Everybody has their falts
We get a lot of free advice
Before we judge other's
We should stop
And think twist.

LOU SALZARULO

Dear Editor,

In lieu of my column, Backyard Adventure, I choose to submit this piece for the consideration of the readers, the stress on underlined words is my own. L. Salzarulo

On Self Deception - Chapter 18 from "The First and Last Freedom," by J. Krishnamurti.

" - In order to understand this whole problem of self-deception we must follow it not merely at the verbal level but intrinsically, fundamentally deeply. Those of us who are really earnest must go beyond the word, must seek this fundamental revolution within ourselves. That is the only remedy which can bring about a lasting fundamental redemption of mankind."

" - We should watch ourselves in thinking and in action, watch how

we affect others and how we proceed to act from ourselves. The more we deceive ourselves the greater is the strength in the deception; for it gives us a certain vitality, a certain energy, a certain capacity which entails the imposing of our deception on others."

" - The seeker is always imposing this deception upon himself; no one can impose it upon him; he himself does it. We create deception and then we become slaves to it. The fundamental factor of self-deception is this constant desire to be something in this world and in the world hereafter. We know the result of wanting to be something in this world; it is utter confusion, where each is destroying the other in the name of peace."

" - What is important to realize is that co-operation is only possible when you and I do not desire to be anything. - So long as the mind is capable of creating and imposing upon itself a delusion, it obviously separates itself from collective or integrated understanding."

" - Our thoughts, our intellectual minds, are of course meeting; but emotionally, the whole being may be resisting it, which brings about deception, which brings about conflict between you and me. It is an obvious and observable fact in our everyday life. You and I agree to do a certain piece of work intellectually but unconsciously, deeply, you and I are at battle with each other. - It is not important to find out whether you and I can co-operate, commune, live together in a world where you and I are as nothing?"

" - Through identification with a group, with a particular idea, with a particular country, we can never bring about co-operation. Belief does not bring about co-operation; on the contrary; it divides. We see how one political party is against another, each believing in a certain way of dealing with economic problems, and so they are at war with one another. They are not resolved in solving, for instance, the problem of starvation. They are concerned with the theories which are going to solve that problem. Therefore, there must be contention between the two, because they are concerned with the idea and not with the problem. Similarly, religious people are against each other, though verbally they say they have all one life, one God; you know all that. Inwardly their beliefs, their opinions, their experiences are destroying them and are

keeping them separate - you are a Hindu and I am a Catholic; we both preach brotherhood, and we are at each other's throats. By talking about brotherhood, we have not solved the whole problem of beliefs but have only theoretically and intellectually agreed that this should be so; inwardly and deeply, we are against each other."

" - Our difficulty is that each of us is so identified with a particular belief, with a particular form or method of bringing about happiness, economic adjustment, that our mind is captured by that and we are incapable of going deeper into the problem; therefore we desire to remain aloof individually in our particular ways, beliefs and experiences."

" - So long as we deceive ourselves in any form, there can be no love."

*****BULLETIN BOARD*****

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

FOUND: A pair of eye glasses, could be prescription lens. If you have lost a pair of glasses at one of the local swimming holes, call Jay Grieco at 533-2279.

FOR SALE: German Shepard puppies, \$15.00 each. Also, geese, ducks, ducklings, and rabbits. Call Carol Hill at 533-3872.

FOR SALE: Twelve fryers, hens and roosters. See Francesca Deleon at 175 Table Mt. Circle in Groville. \$2.00 each for fryers.

BABY SITTING: Rates: 50¢ per hour, 75¢ 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 \$ 1.00
Streaked cascade, human hair 5.00
Red wiglet, human hair 3.50
Brown wiglet, " " 3.50
Blonde wiglet, " " 3.50
Blonde wiglet, " " 2.00
Red wiglet, " " 3.50
Blonde fall, " " 15.00
Blonde braid, artificial 1.00
Call 533-3150. All are cleaned and styled. Also for sale, used dresses, different sizes, 25¢ to \$1.00.

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, jade from local mines in the area. Jewelry, rough material for rock 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 and bait and tackle for fishermen. Phone number is 533-2086.

JARBOE GAP: Located on Highway 70, tavern serving beer and wine. Phone number is 533-3128.

*****STRANGER IN GOOD SPRINGS*****

Part VIII

A rifle shot cracked through the air. Grid Smotley held his hand up, his men obediently reined in their mounts. "Must be Willis and the Sheriff, came from over by the Sheriffs place. Let's go!" A look of confidence replaced the worried expression in Smotleys eyes.

As they crossed the fields at a fast gallop, one of the horses stepped in a sopher hole and went down. The rider was thrown free, the others did not look back nor hesitate. The horse floundered but could not get to its feet, the man did not move.

When they were almost to the Keller barn, the man halted. "Here in front of them was another horse, shot in the head. Beyond was Mrs. Keller aiming her rifle at the rider. She beamed at the men as they cried open mouthed.

"Well Mr. Smotley, I got him, he was scooping around my barn. Tried to tell me he works for you. Can you imagine that? Anybody like I said--"

"You fool!" Smotley's eyes were blazing. "He does work for me, his name is Pablo, he's not even an Injun! You just shot one of my horses! It'll come out of your husbands salary. If I ever catch you with a gun again, I'll bust it over your empty head! Takes that rifle from her!" Smotley was on the brink of screaming.

One of the men climbed down and grabbed the gun from Mrs. Keller with such force she nearly fell. She regained her balance, ran for the house in tears.

Pablo pulled his saddle from his dead horse and carried it to the Keller corral, he picked the best looking animal there and saddled him.

This time the men waited, they remained silent, they were aware Smotley was near the breaking point. They rode out together, when they reached the fallen rider, Smotley crew his gun shot the horse, and screamed for his men to pick up the rider.

The town remained quiet, Adam worked in silence, sometimes writing down notes. Rosie had been sent out with printed invitations to a meeting for that afternoon. Mary and Julie were working to set the type for the special edition Adam has dictated.

Suddenly Rosie burst through the door, "The Sheriff and dumb Willis just rode in! Their on the way to the jail!"

"Good, I think its time the Sheriff and I had a nice little talk!" Adam seemed eager now to get on with the whole procedure. He snapped on his badge as he walked out the door.

Mary, Julie and Rosie stood by the window with horrified looks on their faces.

Adam walked through the lobby, into the saloon, all eyes were following him. He stood silently behind Smotley and Keller. Willis turned and grabbed Keller by the arm, "Get him Sheriff, kill him! Kill him!" Smotley was frightened, and this time it was obvious.

"Relax, the Sheriff isn't going to shoot anybody, we're all going over to the jail and have a nice long talk. Thats right, Sheriff Keller, I'm a Deputy U.S. Marshal, use your head and cooperate. You too boy!"

Willis was bewildered, he didn't know what to do, this man would probably kill him if he didn't cooperate, and his father would kill him if he did. He was smared at the sudden docile mood of the stupid Sheriff.

Sheriff Keller was secretly relieved, he handed the Marshal his badge, then to the surprise of all not only relinquished his own gun, but that of Willis as well. Sheriff Keller then pulled Willis along with him through the door. None of the men in the saloon made a move, they sat in amarement, but none tried or perhaps even thought of interfering.

To be continued next week.

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