

Our sympathy goes out to the wife and family of Elmer Glenn, who passed away last week.

Elmer was a long time resident of this area and had been living in Orland for the past few years.

Elmer and his wife, Irma, ran the service station at Jarboe Gap for many years and they later ran Grand View Cafe and service station. They were well liked and made many friends here.

Funeral services were held Monday at the Sweet Funeral Home in Orland, California.

GRAND VIEW

Grand View cafe and service station are now open. Their hours are 6 A.M. to 9 P.M. daily. They expect to have their beer and wine license in four to five weeks. Bill and Thelma Daniels are the new management.

CALL IT APATHY?

By: Evalyn Bennett

Tonite Israelies have died, "lets see the special report" - phone rings "Did you hear about the killings?" - "My aunt just died yesterday" - "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that, well call me on the weekend" back to the T.V. "Come hear the report." "Isn't that shocking?" "Well that's over, let's look at the guide and see what we have missed." "Hawaii Five-0 is on - look at those tall buildings, would you like to live there?" -- I have now withdrawn to the front room and am locked up inside my head. These people are not mine, why do I mourn? Do I feel guilt for being human? Are these Arabs not my brothers as much as the

Israelies who died? Whom do I mourn for? Myself? This is only one more Knell on the death bill, saying, MAN YOU ARE STILL BARBARIC, NOW DARE YOU REACH FOR THE SKY. This is the depth of my despair. Until the least or worst of us is uplifted, man has no hope of gaining access to the greater portion of his nature. Here we have the Olympics, a symbol of world wide competition on a peaceful level, for the first time in history, interrupted by criminal atrocities of an unprecedented nature. Here is a nation attempting to lift its head from the mire of prejudice it's government had fostered, only to be brought again to it's knees in horror by the thought that still ferments in the hearts of it's people. It does not matter who killed whom. The truth will never see the light. No one really wants to know. No one wants to hate anymore. No one wants to try or prosecute or persecute. "How did that program end anyway? Was it Hawaii Five-0?" If thats all there is then let's keep dancing. Call it despair!

BACKYARD ADVENTURE NO. 10

By: Lou Salzarulo

Fall has arrived heralded by Polyporus Sulphureus! I espied him clinging tenaciously to the trunk of a white oak up on Ponderosa Way. If you wish to share in my joy go about a mile from Jarboe Gap just past the fork in the road. Keep watch to your left. You can't miss his sunset shades of red to salmon, bright yellow to cream.

Aside from the fact that he glows in the dark, the book tells us that he is very good eating. Cook in butter in a double-boiler with mace or nutmeg and a few peppercorns and serve creamed. He is better when taken young, as he soon becomes tough. Don't feel anxious about it, he kills trees: oaks, maples, alders, pines, walnuts and apples. So, if you are a tree lover enjoy him with gusto! "This spectacularly colored polypore is not likely to escape the eye of the roaming and hungry mushroom hunter." So true! He is, sadly, missing a bottom

lobe, while I am, gladly, enjoying nature's bounty in one more backyard adventure.

Observe, I do not limit my backyard to a fenced-in plot. It is hard for me to acknowledge that parcels of earth can be owned merely by holding a piece of paper that says so. How can you own a tree or a stream anymore than you can own the patch of sky above it? We may have use of it for a time, but when we have gone the oak still stands.

My G.O.D. is the Great Out Doors, and I break the law of man almost daily! I am an intrepid trespasser, and I gather wild flowers with gay abandon tagging them and returning to harvest seeds. I am an avid specimen collector-sans permit. I toss fruit pits from "the moving car" window, undaunted, in hopes that they will find a fertile spot in which to nestle and sprout, and at the least afford a tasty morsel for a foraging ground squirrel. I often think of these pits; tumbled along the ditches, by fall rains, caught in the crook of a protruding root, then covered by a rich mixture of eroded earth. And in spring, warmed by old Sol, sprouting to bear fruit for future seed throwers.

I broadcast my "leftover" sprouts and herb seeds in the roadside ditches. If we must have weeds why not useful ones? By nature man is a collector, a gatherer. Ol' Henry David (Thoreau) proved this to himself at Walden. Our Original Americans were seed gatherers; drying, winnowing, and putting away for the winter. There is a certain security in putting away for a rainy day, and absolute joy in sharing nature's bounty with a friend.

HOROSCOPES

Weekly Horoscopes for the week of September 15 to September 22, 1972.

CAPRICORN December 21 to January 21

Confront all problems straight forwardly, keep all feelings and suspicions out in the open. Deal with all situations rapidly, then set your mind at rest.

AQUARIUS January 22 to February 18

Time to clean out all those difficult points in your life. Get a better understanding of your own position, but don't lose touch with needs of family members.

PISCES February 19 to March 20

Keep financial worries at a safe distance, by utilizing the advice of business consultants. Do not stretch your budget and go lightly with credit cards.

ARIES March 21 to April 20

Your job will take on a new meaning, you will achieve greater satisfaction from your work, and more contentment at home.

TAURUS April 21 to May 20

Food, wine, friends, and happy times can make you emotionally happy, and physically weak. Your digestive system is very delicate and should be pampered now.

GEMINI May 21 to June 20

Consider your position before making a stand. Investigate all situations carefully, but with discretion. Financial transactions should be avoided at this time.

CANCER June 21 to July 20

Try a new way of diverting your mind from everyday, routine problems. Read a new book, try a brand new recipe, etc., something which will relax you, but not bore you.

LEO July 21 to August 21

Avoid precarious situations, keep your dealings "clean." Others may be more attracted to you now. Do not let your ego get out of hand.

VIRGO August 22 to September 22

New endeavors may not meet with much success at this time. Stick to things as

they are. Do not attempt major changes until later in the month.

LIBRA September 23 to October 22

Do not take undue advantage of friendships. Be gracious, thoughtful and remember your slacking off on responsibilities can make you bothersome.

SCORPIO October 23 to November 22

Embark on a new study program, a long forgotten dream may begin to unfold into reality. This will set your thinking straight on other unrelated matters.

SAGITTARIUS November 23 to December 20

Keeping track of the activities of your family may keep you pretty close to home. Offer helpful criticism, but do not attempt to live the lives of others for them. Stand back and use a firm, but fairly free rein.

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

From the Mushroom Handbook by
Louis C. C. Krieger

"Mushrooms lend themselves to a great variety of culinary treatments. They may be baked, stewed, fried, broiled, creamed, roasted, pickled, and (in the case of morels) stuffed."

"But he who will have roses must look among thorns. In the mushroom world, fortunately, thorns are few and roses plentiful. At most there are not more than a baker's dozen of poisonous kinds that must be avoided at all cost, whereas those that are known to be edible run into the hundreds. The answer is, first learn to know the killers, that you may recognize them instantly on sight, and then make the acquaintance of the edible kinds, one by one, beginning with such as have an unmistakable identity."

MUSHROOM SALAD

"The Beefsteak Mushroom - young mild Russulas, and Polyporus Sulphureus are sometimes used as

salads with French dressing. The Polyporus should be parboiled and then cooled. Served with shrimp or lobster, it's colors join with those of the crustaceans in a delightful Whistlerian symphony of orange, pink, lemon and white."

MUSHROOM FRITTERS

Fleshy caps of Boletus or large puffballs are cut into slices about half an inch thick, dipped into egg batter and fried til brown in very hot butter fat or oil. Add pepper and salt at the table.

BAKED MUSHROOMS

Russulas and Lactarius species are delicious baked. Butter, olive oil, or better still, strips of fat bacon should be added. Sprinkle over them fine herbs, dry break crumbs and season to taste.

BROILED MUSHROOMS

This style of cooking is recommended for the camper. Revolve the caps - on a green twig - over a lively fire until hot and slightly crisped.

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

Dear Editor,

Since nobody else has written to your paper about the conditions at Jarboe Gap Cafe, I will fill you in on what has been going on up there.

First off some local people have robbed the place three times. They were caught and booked at the Sheriffs office. Next the water hoses were turned off and left to run all night so the water tank ran down. Next whoever was taking their spite out on the new owners actually cut the pipe from the tank and drained the tank.

You can call up there and find out the details on these crimes and print them in your paper, and you don't have to print this letter. Maybe I'm getting involved like they are asking us to do, but I do care about people who are just trying to make a nice place for us to go on the weekends and these skunks do this to them and if that's slander they know who they are. We know who they are too and they are out on bail loose to rob again so we all can keep an eye on them and next time the heck with the sheriff, we'll get out the

old shotgun and aim low.
Somebody who does care.

Ed. Note: After checking with the Sheriff's Office, we were told by Undersheriff Richard Stenberg that the burglary occurred on September 8th and 3:00 A.M., there were two people involved, they were arrested and are presently out on bail.

If there were more breakins, they apparently were not reported.

Dear Editor;

You made a big mistake on the poem I sent you to put in the paper, last week. Would you reprint it like it was written, if you can't print things like they were written, then I shall stop sending you material and withdraw my address and stop taking your paper.

Inclosed is a copy of Advice and Faults, as it was written and also a copy from your paper, they way you printed it.

Advice and Faults
written by: Flo Tina
Submitted by Irene Shuptrine

Advice, is a thing freely given
I've had my share in this life of
living,
Advice is something you give to
others,
It keeps them so confused,
So don't give away something
That you can still use.

Everybody has their faults,
From birth till they are gone.
We can see others faults
But never see our own.

Because of all our faults
We get a lot of free advice
Before we judge others
We should stop and think twist.

Ed. Note: We apologize, as we have stated before, we do make mistakes, we try to catch them all, but that just isn't possible. If you will call them to our attention we will do our best to correct them, and print things like they were written.

POETRY CORNER

The Neurotic Landlord of Friendlyville
By: John Unknown

Jesus! You dropped
by my house today
and I threw
you out.

I am sorry
I didn't know
it was you.
You wore faded
blue jeans
with patches,
and a wholly
blue shirt
Your hair was
long and matted
Your bare feet
were dusty,
and little bells
dangled from around
your ankle,
A tamborine
you carried, to
sufi dance with.

Really! I thought
you were
A hippie freak
wandering aimlessly
without a responsible
job or home,
using rocks
for pillows
and that twinkle
and joy from
your eyes
suggested you
smoked grass
and sniffed flowers

But back in my self's!

Condemned conscience
I knew He was Christ
The moment I threw
Him out.

I ran 5 blocks
madly yelling
Jesus! Jesus!
Come back
I'll feed you
And when I caught
and grabbed you
I laughed insanely
When you told me
your name wasn't
Jesus; But
Rainbow Clear Flash.

Then you looked
at me and said
"I must be going
find yourself in
the next traveler."

Spring Time
By: Irene Shuptrine

When spring time comes
and flower's are in bloom
Gives me a good feeling
To know summer
Will be here soon.

I love to see the bird's
as they go flying by
I love to hear them sing
In a tree up so high.

I love to watch the deer
They look like Cahahawa dog's
It makes me unhappy
To see them killed, like hogs.

Watch out for the hunter's
The season is here
They shoot anything that move's
They think it is a deer.

The hunter's are careless
From the city's so far
They have been known
To shoot people
Before they know, what they are.

OPENING OF SWIMMING POOL

Saturday, September 16th, is the date for the opening of the Swimming Pool at Concow. The public is cordially invited to attend from 12 to 4 P.M. There will be cookies and punch. Bring your suits, those of you who do not wish to swim, please bring your folding lawn chairs.

MORE DISENCHANTED POLITICS

By: Jimmie Lee

I'm back on my least favorite subject this week - politics. However, it seems to be an area which cannot be ignored any longer by ostriches like me if we hope for the world to survive.

Having given the matter some thought, I have come up with a tentative escape from our dilemma. Although it seems we are faced with a situation in which we, as voters, are offered only a choice between two or more evils (politicians), if we can present a united and concerned front and keep voting those people who seem unconcerned with what the people want out of office every term, some smart politician is going to come along and realize that it is to his benefit to care what the people want. In this way we can begin to turn things in our direction - hopefully. It will be a time consuming project and it will involve a lot of people having to remain alert and aware of what is going on at government levels - and everybody will have to register and vote and keep prodding his neighbor to keep everyone going. The only real drawback that I can see to this plan is that with the wars and pollution and ethnocentric tendencies of man, our world may not survive long enough to accomplish it.

CONCOW LH NEWS

The first meeting held September 12th, met with great success. A special thanks to Cindy Hagood who acted as substitute President and to Sandy Daniels who acted as substitute Secretary, both girls did a magnificent job. There are two more

projects being offered, poultry and horses, there must be eight children to have the horse project. Also, Guide Dogs will be offered, this of course has a waiting list, there will be a County Leader to work with chosen children in this project.

So the projects being offered are:

Poultry
Horses
Cooking; year II and V
Livestock
Home furnishings; year II
Electricity; year II
Guide Dogs

All members must provide their own transportation to and from all community and project meetings. All members must take a project in order to join LH. The cost of joining is 7½¢ for the member's insurance for the entire year.

Old and new members will have until October 10th to join. There will be NO EXCEPTIONS. If you will not be able to attend the October 10th meeting, call Carol Pyle, the Community Leader, at 533-7896 to make other arrangements before that date. Community adults would be welcomed to take over a project, leather crafts, sewing, etc., Mrs. Jones could use some help in livestock also. Call Mrs. Carol Pyle for complete information.

GET WELL SOON

We hope that Loren Balsley will soon be out of the hospital and back to his home in the mountains. Loren had an emergency appendectomy, he is in Medical Central Hospital in Croville.

NEW DEPUTY

Bob Hopkins will no longer be acting as deputy for this area. Roy Myers will be the new deputy with approximately the same schedule as Bob had. We understand that Bob is now working in Paradise, and he will be missed

by many of us.

BULLETIN BOARD

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

FOR SALE: Cabin Cruiser, 32 foot, steel hull, new Mercury marine engine, needs some repair, \$3,500.00. Call Mary Watson at 533-5114.

LOST: Brown cocker spaniel mix, answers to name of "Fuzzy". Lost in area of Cow Dump approximately 3 weeks ago. Owners are Norval and Cathy Engasser of Park Hills Store, phone number is 533-2086. If you have this dog or have seen him, please give them a call.

BAKING DONE IN MY HOME (To Order)

Delicious cinnamon rolls	\$1.50 dozen
or 75¢ for ½ dozen, or 15¢ each.	
Tea rings	\$1.00 each
Donuts	\$1.50 dozen
or 75¢ for ½ dozen, or 15¢ each.	
Fruit pies	\$0.75 each
Cream pies	\$1.00 each
Pie crusts, ready baked shells	.35 each
Unbaked frozen shells	.30 each
Home baked buns	1.50 dozen
Home baked bread	.69 loaf

Please call 533-3150.

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

FOR SALE: Guitar with three extra sets of new strings, \$20.00. Also, Early American table lamp, good condition, \$7.00; call Stephanie Rowe at 533-0714.

WATER WITCHING: Excellent results in this area, with many successful wells to attest to this. Will also be able to tell you the depth. For complete information call 533-0971.

TYPING: Legal typing, manuscripts, etc., done at reasonable prices, call 533-0714.

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.

JARBOF GAP: Located on highway 70, tavern serving beer and wine. Phone number is 533-3428.

GRAND VIEW CAFE AND SERVICE STATION: Located on highway 70, cafe, service station, should have beer and wine license in four to five weeks. Phone numbers are 533-4354 and 533-9861.

STRANGER IN GOOD SPRINGS
Part X

"Just hold it right there Mr. Smotley," the voice came from behind the men and horses.

Grid whirled around, and disbelief shadowed his face.

"That's right Mr. Smotley, we've decided we don't want any more of your long term loans with the interest we can never pay up, none of us want any more of your dirty jobs, and no more credit at your stores. There's men up on the roof tops too, so you and your men just drop your guns." The man was Dr. Henry, he stepped forward, a small, kindly man with silvery hair and a twinkle in his alert eyes.

Smotley and his men did exactly what Adam expected, they opened fire in all directions, gun shots echoed

through the town, horses were running wild in terror. When it was over, Smotley lay dead along with six of his men. Some of his men and some of the townspeople had been wounded, the remainder of the Smotley band was quickly headed toward the jail with little protest.

Dr. Henry began to attend to the wounded immediately, barking orders to those around him. Rosie ran to assist him, and she was smiling for the first time in years. "Well Doc maybe I can move to town now, maybe I could even work in the store, do ya think?"

"Don't see why not Rosie, looks like we all owe that Indian fellow a great deal. By the way where is he?"

They stood and looked through the jumble of dust, horses and people, but there was no sign of Adam. Dr. Henry snapped at two men nearby to go and find him, then he and Rosie bent back to their work.

They searched for Adam for several hours to no avail. Day turned to night, still no sign of Adam. People were happy and held high hopes of a new start, and a progressive, growing town with profits evenly distributed.

The following morning the Federal Marshal rode in, he met with Dr. Henry and three of the men in the jail. The mystery of Adam continued to grow, still he could not be found. The marshal proceeded with his business, and when he boarded the train with the remainder of the Smotley men, a cheer went up from the people on the platform.

It was then that someone noticed that up on the hill near the cemetery, a white horse with a rider. "Look Doc," Rosie was aghast, "it's Adam, but he's wearing full Indian head dress, and he's holding a spear."

"Did any of you men check the cemetery?" Doc was snapping as usual.

Some said no, some did not remember, others shrugged.

Doc ran up the hill toward the horse, when he was near enough to make out the face, he was able to recognize Adam clearly, he had a peaceful, contented look on his face, and he held Doc's penetrating gaze steadily for a few seconds, then horse and rider seemed to vanish. Doc ran forward, panting, and falling, there by the cemetery gate was Adam's riddled body, dead since

the day before with Smotley bullets.

"Thank you son, we owe our new beginning to you. May peace be with you always." Doc's words had a sort of reverence in them, then he slowly walked toward the people waiting anxiously at the Good Springs Depot.

The end.

Next week we hope to begin a new story for this section, is anyone has a story they would like to submit, please do so. It can be fiction, non-fiction, science fiction, etc

THE BUS RIDE

Here is a problem for you active minded people to think about for next weeks issue. This comes from a book of puzzles by Henry Ernest Dudeney and Martin Gardner, and we thank Carol Pyle for submitting it to us.

George treated his best girl to a bus ride, on account of his limited resources it was necessary that they should walk back. If the bus goes at the rate of 9 mph, and they walk at the rate of 3 mph, how far can they ride so that they may be back in 8 hours?

We will have the answer in next weeks issue.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

These quotes were submitted to us sometime ago by Mrs. Jay Grieco, some we find especially nice.

"The world does not require so much to be informed as to be reminded." - More

"After the verb - "to love", "to help" is the most beautiful verb in the world! - Baroness Van Sattaer

"What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other?" - George Eliot

NEW ORGANIZATION?

One of our readers has suggested an idea be thrown up to our readers for discussion and thought. Why not have a monthly get together and discuss books we find especially interesting and exciting. She points out that many times one will not bother to read a book, but if that person were told a little of the background of the particular book, chances are they might. For want of a better word, and rather than using "club", "organization", "meeting," etc., why not call it "The Monthly Literary Trip". Perhaps the readers who find this idea interesting could give us a call, and we could work on organizing TMLT, in next week's issue.

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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 newspaper, we would request that you list that source and the author's name.

We always welcome household hints, recipes, quotes, etc., for our stockpile of fillers. If you send such item in and do not see it in print immediately, it is because we are saving it for when it is in greater need.

LAST MINUTE ITEM

George A. Ward of Paradise is starting a garbage collection service in our area. Twice a month service - 2 - 40 gallon cans. \$3.00 a month. If he can get 3 customers this weekend he will start Monday, Sept. 18th. Call 877-7003.