

COMING EVENTS

There will be a Swiss Steak Dinner at the Concow Grange Hall on Big Bend Road, on October 14, 1972.

Concow Grange Election of Officers will be November 1, 1972, at the Grange Hall.

LH NEWS

Reported by: Edwin VanGooden

The Community Meeting was held Tuesday, October 10th. This year there are 35 people registered for LH, with 7 leaders. They had a tremendously successful meeting, with installation ceremonies for new officers, and refreshments were served.

The new officers are: Cindy Hagood, President; Jim Pyle, Jr., Vice President; Wendy Pyle, Secretary; Shiela Stanfield, Treasurer; Tammy Hagood, Sgt. of Arms; Leslie Pyle, Jackie Pacino and Tracy Byrum, Song Leaders. Chairmanships appointed by the President to help her during the coming year: Money Raising Chairmanship - Debbie Bruner; Scrap Book Chairmanship - Johnny Harris; LH Fun Night Booth - Jerry Everett; News Reporter - Edwin VanGooden.

The members of the LH wish to thank all of the parents for their help and co-operation.

The next Community Meeting will be November 14th, at 7:00 P.M.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Capt. Schwab of the Butte County Sheriff Department, and his son, Jim, were deer hunting in our area on Tuesday, October 10th. Somehow when it came time to meet at the designated spot, son Jim did not show up. He was reported missing at 6:30 P.M. Tuesday evening. A search was instigated by the Search and Rescue Unit Wednesday morning. Jim Schwab was found at 11:02 A.M. Wednesday at the end of Dean Road in Paradise unharmed.



CAPT. JACK OF THE MODOC'S
See Story on Page 5

PEOPLE AND PLACES CONT'D.

Wendy and Leslie Pyle went to San Diego via a 727 PSA Jet to visit with their great aunt and uncle. They will be gone approximately 9 days, and are really missed by Mom and Dad. They should have a report for us on their activities when they return.

Ralph Miller is home from his stay in the hospital, we hope Ralph is feeling much better, and we are sure he is glad to be back home.

ATTENTION HORSE LOVERS

We should have said, Young Horse Lovers. Some people at one point in their lives would have done almost anything to own their very own horse. Well, Jo Wallace, of Lime Saddle Ranch, on the Pentz Magalia Road, is offering local children that chance.

She has 8 to 10 mares, which she is willing to breed back now, some of these mares are green broke, some are not even

broke to lead, and some are completely broke to ride and to drive. She wants some child to take a mare to train, love and care for, (children interested in the LH Horse Project who do not have access to a horse, for instance), then when the colt is born, the child may keep the colt and return the mare. Please remember children, this has to be with your parents full permission and cooperation, and the parent will assume the full liability for the mare during the time child and horse are together.

Mrs. Wallace is especially interested in those "true grit" girls who desperately want their own horse, however, she has not ruled out the boys either. She has put no age limit on the children. Her two main qualifications are a sincere desire to own a horse, and a suitable place to care for the animal.

Some of these mares can be registered, she has some Welsh mares, a pinto mare who is an excellent child's horse, a POA Appy with a beautiful blanket, etc.

Interested children and parents should contact Mrs. Wallace. Her address is 1777 Pentz Road, Paradise. She has no phone so getting in touch with her may be difficult, so how about dropping her a note if you are interested and setting up a date to get together.

TILT

The *Inscrutable Literary Trip.

Suggests that it, among other things, is/couldbe/ would be/can be/ should be/ WILL BE -

impromptu

inchoative - inceptive - just beginning

incomprisable

*incredible

*intrepid- fearless - daring

*itinerat - wandering around

immitigable

incalculable

inceptive) beginning

incipient) beginning

incomprehensible - unimaginable

inconceivable

indescribable

interminable-immensurable-boundless

indubitable-unquestionable-certain

ingenious!

The reader who offered these definitions, we are sure, did not intend they should all end up in type; however, it is something to ponder over in your mind. What interesting book have you read lately? Why does it stand out in your mind? Why do you think others should read it? What message did the author drive home to you? Was it fiction, non fiction, science fiction, biography, auto biography? What rating would you give the author - good material well written, bad material - excellent "authorship", did you get lost in the detail, was the author well informed? What did you get out of the book?

Enough of that, let's hear some suggestions on where we can meet, and what time is most convenient, afternoon? evening? Let us know.

HOROSCOPES

The lady who does our Horoscopes is on vacation, we will have the regular Horoscope section back on October 27th.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

This is good with game, ham, roast beef, pork or venison. It makes a nice Christmas gift packed in fancy "gift" jars. Make it now to "season" in the jar. From, Old-Time Pickling & Spicing Recipes, by Florence Brabeck.

APPLE & PEPPER CHUTNEY

Combine and bring to boiling in an enamel pot:

2 cups packed brown sugar

1 quart white vinegar

2 tbs. mustard seed

2 tbsp. salt

2 tsp. ground coriander seeds

2 tsp. powdered cloves

Add 6 green tomatoes, chopped

4 small onions, chopped fine

2 green peppers, chopped

1 cup seedless raisins, soaked

1 cup currants, soaked

Let simmer 40 minutes, stirring frequently with wooden spoon.

Add: 12 medium apples, chopped

1 cup water

Bring to boiling and cover. Cook gently until apples are soft - about 30 minutes. Stir from time to time. Seal in sterile glass jars. Makes 5 pints or 10 of the fancy half-pints.

THE SHAME OF ROCKY FLATS

Following are excerpts from an article appearing in Harper's Bazaar, June, 1972.

In the spring of 1969, Rocky Flats was the site of the most disastrous fire of America's nuclear age. Plutonium stored in a cabinet mysteriously ignited, spreading flames far and wide. Plutonium's primary use is reactor fuel in nuclear weapons. Inhaling only tiny quantities of this virulent radiological poison damages living tissues, leads to cancer of the bone and the lung, and may cause death, scientists agree on this.

Dow Chemical Company and the Atomic Energy Commission failed to make even routine tests for traces of plutonium spread in the soil around Rocky Flats. Early that fall an exasperated, Dr. Edward Martell, Nuclear Chemist with the National Center for Atmospheric Research, set out to conduct his own soil tests. He soon discovered that lethal plutonium particles had indeed escaped from Rocky Flats and had been carried by the wind all the way to Denver. Some of the worst contamination he found lay in the suburbs of Broomfield, Westminster, and Arvada. As reported by Mr. Rapoport, author of "The Great American Bomb Machine," "the contamination of Denver ranged from 10 to 200 times higher than plutonium fallout deposited by all atomic bomb testing." It was also 100 times higher, said Rapoport, than the amount Dow Chemical spokesmen would acknowledge.

Housewives of the area begin to worry more and ask more questions, tried to find out just what was stored at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal. They were told that all information about

what is stored in Rocky Mountain is highly classified for security reasons. Supposedly all of the nerve gas canisters were demilitarized, all except 21,000 canisters, for which the military O.K. has not been given. One housewife asks, "One small canister of nerve gas can destroy this entire area. Why did they feel they needed 20,000 canisters? A million dollar contract, no doubt. Back to the old dollar again."

Dr. Tamplin, group leader of the biomedical division of the AEC's own Lawrence Radiation Laboratory: "The evidence concerning the hazard of plutonium to man suggests that if you can measure it in the air, it's probably already too hazardous...Radioactive wastes propose a disposal problem, unique in human history. You have to protect them from getting into the atmosphere for a thousand, or in the case of plutonium, for hundreds of thousands of years."

Dr. Linus Pauling, twice winner of the Nobel Prize: "According to my calculations, one 20 megaton bomb tested in the atmosphere is responsible for 500,000 grossly defective children and 500,000 people caused to have cancer. That's a million casualties for one 20 megaton bomb."

Dr. John Gofman, research bio-physicist and director of the Committee for Nuclear Responsibility: "Unless we can do 99.9% perfection, the radiation all of us will get will start rising toward those numbers that would give us, for instance, 32,000 more cancers every year. But I don't want to scare anyone to death, I want to scare them to life."

Harold Greer and Paul Ehrlich, among other eminent scientists agree: The nation is impaled on a tragic dilemma. In the last twenty years, we have built more than 10,000 nuclear bombs, more than enough to kill everyone in the world three times over. We have spent over \$30 billion in the development and construction of nuclear weapons, more than 90 billion gallons of nuclear waste are already buried in the states of Washington, Idaho, South Carolina, and Tennessee. In its own report, finally released to the public, the AEC conceded, "None of the existing AEC disposal installations is in a satisfactory geologic location."

Bess Myerson, New York City's Commissioner of Consumer Affairs, "We call on the Atomic

Energy Commission to stop the testing of nuclear weapons. In the name of defense, we are poisoning our land, our air, our water and our children. There is no safe level of radioactivity. We who have given life must be dedicated to preserving it."

If you would like to dedicate yourself to that goal, please write to Bess Myerson at Another Mother for Peace, 1107 Maple Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

This nonpartisan organization, dedicated to non violence, and the elimination of war, has given the national issue of nuclear pollution top priority on its activities agenda for the coming year.

-***BACKYARD ADVENTURE NO. 111***
By: Lou Salzarulo

Pioneering with fruit trees can be a rewarding experience for the home gardener, as he has a wider selection than the orchardist who must pass by those varieties which bruise easily in handling. Home grown fruits can be left to "mellow" on the tree until fully mature and of prime flavor. There is no fruit as luscious as a full flavored, juicy, tree-ripened peach, and it is wise to choose the hardy varieties at our elevation: the Elberta, Early Elberta, and July Elberta, J.H. Hale (which needs another tree for cross pollination) and Halshaven.

Nectarines grow where peaches are productive, but two new varieties recommended for Northern California by the University of California are Mabel and Philip, as they have a high chilling requirement.

Stick with the 'tried and true' varieties of cherries. Give them plenty of room to spread out and good drainage. Black Tartarian will act as a pollenizer for Bing, Royal Ann, and Lambert. Montmorency is a good sour cherry.

The Bartlett is a good adaptable summer pear and Comice, a good fresh winter pear, performs well in California.

The European plums can be grown in colder climes: Green Gage, Stanley,

Italian Prune, President, and Damsen are recommended as they bloom later.

The persimmons Hachiya and Fuyu can be espaliered against a fence or outbuilding.

Since we have the ideal climate for apples we have an unlimited choice, so choose to suit your taste from early, mid-season, and the late maturing varieties.

Put your orchard on a slope where the cold air will flow downward on frosty nights. Fruit trees need full exposure to the sun and good air circulation and should not have to compete with roots of other trees. The valley nurseries stock varieties named for the lower elevations, so shop the higher mountain area growers, or those mail order growers who specialize in their catalogues.

POETRY CORNER

FREEDOM

By: Irene Shuptrine

1

They call me a Hippie
Because my hair is long
I wear no shoes
And I like to roam

2

I don't like to work
My whole life away
And so those high taxes
I don't have to pay

3

I have my freedom
To go where I please
Tho' my pants are ragged
With patches on the knees

4

I don't sit on a jury
Or vote for any one
I like my way of life
And I think it's fun

5

Go on and pay your taxes
And get all those permits
Vote for someone, and
Help to make them rich

6

Give your lifes history

To drive a new car
Like when you were born
And who you are

7

Live in a big house
And worry your life away
Over the high rent
That you have to pay

8

Use those credit cards
Worry about what you owe
It will make you wrinkle
And help you to grow old

9

So my hair is long and shaggy
I have no place to call home
My pants are old and raggy
And I like to roam

10

But me, I like my freedom
To me it means so much
To go where and when I want
And not have to keep in touch

11

So go on and call me a Hippie
If you think that's what I am
Because I like my freedom
An' travel this beautiful land

12

Maybe I am a Hippie tho'
I'm free as the breeze
But the only freedom we have left
Is to live the kind of life
That we please!

LOST HERITAGE

From Mountain Musings by Ola Sward
Submitted by: Jay Grieco

Poor little children of today
Start right out with organized play.
Don't know how to dream on a log,
Or find an exciting polywog.
No chance to discover a little trail,
Watch the slow progress of a snail,
Chase a gorgeous butterfly,
Lie in the grass and look at the sky,
Begrime themselves with healthful sod,
Or learn for themselves the things of
God.

A SQUARE FAMILY

A riddle submitted to us by Carol Pyle,
we will have the answer in issue #51 next
week.

A man had 9 children, all born at reg-
ular intervals and the sum of the squares
of their ages was equal to the square of
his own. What was the age of each? Every-
age was an exact number of years.

MODOC INDIAN WAR

Part II

A non fiction article submitted by
Lou Salzarulo, from the Siskiyou Play-
lander publication.

Gunfire shattered tension. A wild
barrage of rifle fire and war whooping
echoed through fading autumn air. A
frightened cry resounded above the clamor,
"God-almighty! Them injuns gonna fight!"

Trooper Harris jack-knifed backward,
a fountain of blood erupted through his
chest, smudging his unspoiled uniform.
He was dead before his rump thumped the
frost-ruffled earth. Blue coated figures
scrambled wildly, fleeing into sageland,
abandoning pleas of assistance from fall-
ing comrades. Sight-seeing citizens,
jolted by Indian audacity, scurried
helter-skelter in sheer aura of panic,
firing frantically and aimlessly as they
fled.

Capt. Jackson struggled back to Fort
Klamath with his blue-parade-coat tucked
between his legs. Eight dead and wounded
hindered his retreat. Capt. Jack regrouped
his people after the scuffle and bore
straight across Tulelake to a jungle of
rocks. To Modocs it was the land of
"burnt out fires," to those who had to
assault its formidable ramparts, it became
known as "Captain Jack's Stronghold." On
the bank of Lost River, Capt. Jack left an
infant child killed in its mother's arms
by the troopers volley. There was no
turning back now... Redmen and Whitemen
would meet again, and again, and again.

The most costly war in U.S. history,
including men and dollars, considering
strength and numbers of enemy redskins, had
begun. Before its end, the only U.S.
General killed in Indian Wars lay dead,
consecrated by a skimpy wooden cross in a

rocky swale; two Colonels relieved of their command; 1,000 American soldiers held at bay and defeated in every battle of the war by less than 60 braves; the northeast corner of California gripped by terror; President Grant's administration shaken to its core by incredible forbearance of the Indians; and terminated in 1873 as White's repressing wrath dropped Capt. Jack and three Modoc War Chiefs from an ugly gallows. But the most significant consequence was the resurgence of Indian resistance, from Canada to Mexico and along the abutments of the Rockies...inspired by Modoc determination.

Capt. Jack's neck rope jerked taut from its jolting burden, his muscles quivered as his neck snapped and the shadow from his swaying body in the day's light, raced across the plains. Custer fell before the Sioux at the Little Big Horn; Chief Joseph and his Nez Perce twisted the might of an entire military force; Geronimo and the Apaches terrorized the Southwest; it didn't end until 1890 at the Battle of Wounded Knee, as the Sioux Chief, Big Foot, pitched face-flat into blood sopped snow. Indeed, Jack's shadow was the darkest cloud over the American Plains.

Lt. Bcutelle's misjudgment at Lost River opened a score of years to Indian Wars....Ben Wright perpetrated the cause.

Young Ben, motherless at nineteen and overly prodded by a Presbyterian minister father, headed aimlessly westward. Blacksmithing, handiman, jack-of-all-trades, master of none, Ben found himself creeping down the Oregon Trail - as teamster and stock tender. His employer, caught in the swirl of "Westward Ho" in 1847, was seeking a new life for himself, wife and daughter, Ruth. Ben and Ruth became passionately inseparable. But young love has rare moments on a vulnerable, dusty wagon train. And ecstasies must be shared with mundane chores. After several weeks laboring along the trail, the wagon master grouped his charges and prepared for

a few days rest. Ben, sent to move stock to greener pasture, heard in the distance, cracking rifle fire and wailing war cries. Anxiety stabbed deep into his heart, Ruth and the wagons were under siege by marauding Indians. He spurred hard. Rowel tracks skimmed over quivering flanks of his horse, raising pimples of blood from its hide. Horse and rider, bolted through the circling Indians and into the ring of wagons. Ben was too late. The only emigrant casualty lay crumpled, a feathered shaft piercing her heart. Ben's young mind was distraught. His anger writhed. He stood over his lifeless Ruth and fought the remaining battle like a demon. Often, flaunting his boldness before a hail of arrows. The assault was repulsed and Redmen sent scurrying over the undulating land. It was whispered in Indian lodges, about a paleface devil, protected by spirits, who had fire and revenge in his heart....a fire only a war club could squelch.

As Ben knelt beside the unmarked grave, he cried before witnesses, "I will devote the rest of my life seeking revenge for her death." As he strode from the freshly turned earth, he was transformed, he was to become part Red, part White, but mostly a creature between, intolerable to either Redman or Whiteman. He was a fighter, hunter, trapper. His hair fell to his waist and he wore buckskin and rancid grease. His wild instinct surpassed the grizzly bear's and his cunning unmatched by the cougar. He was sought as guide and shunned as a companion.

By 1850, Ben Wright was settled twenty miles north of Yreka, California. At the edge of the slowly simmering Modoc Indian upheaval.

Continued in Issue #51 next week.

THE FIRST AND LAST FREEDOM

By: J. Krishnamurti
From Chapter 16 on Belief in God

Neither the believer nor the non believer will find God; belief or non belief in the unknown is merely a self-projection and therefore not real.....you all believe in different ways, but your belief has no reality whatsoever! Reality is what you are, what you do, what you think, and your belief in God is merely an escape.

You believe because it gives you satisfaction, consolation, hope and you say it gives significance to life. Actually, your

belief has very little significance, because you believe and exploit, you believe and kill, you believe in a universal God and murder each other. The rich man also believes in God; he exploits ruthlessly, accumulates money, and then builds a temple or becomes a philanthropist.

The men who dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima said that God was with them; those who flew from England to destroy Germany said that God was their co-pilot. The dictators, the prime ministers, the generals, the presidents, all talk of God, they have immense faith in God. Are they doing service, making a better life for man? The people who say they believe in God have destroyed half the world and the world is in complete misery!

Furthermore, belief invariably divides people: there is the Hindu, the Buddhist, the Christian, the communist, the socialist, the capitalist, and so on. Belief, idea, divides; it never brings people together. You may bring a few people together in a group but that group is opposed to another group. Ideas and beliefs are never unifying; on the contrary, they are separative, disintegrating and destructive. Therefore your belief in God is really spreading misery in the world...

The above was submitted by one of our weekly readers, inspired by the article Walking Buffalo in last week's issue.

GET WELL WISHES

Mr. George Hopkins, a former resident of our area, and now a resident of Paradise, is recovering from surgery in a Sacramento hospital. He had leg amputation, and doctors say his progress is coming along so well he should be up in a walker by next week. Mrs. Hopkins returned to her home in Paradise when she came down with a cold and was unable to visit her husband in the hospital.

COMMENTS FROM READERS

Mrs. Jay Grieco informs us that she especially enjoyed last week's issue, in particular the article WALKING BUFFALO and the poem by the late George Moak. She would very much like to see more of Mr. Moak's poems. We would be delighted to publish more, if you have some of his poetry we would appreciate having the loan of it to make copies for the paper, the originals will be returned to you.

Mrs. Grieco also informs us that she would be happy to open up her home for the first meeting of THE LITERARY TRIP any evening. She suggested that perhaps a Tuesday evening would be best, and we would not run into a conflict with Grange or School activities. Give Jay a call at 533-2279 with suggestions as to time and day. When a date has been set, we will publish it in the CYFI.

BULLETIN BOARD

FORSALE: 8 x 16' mobile home, 1½ bedrooms, range, refrigerator, and air cooler, with Coleman forced air central heating. Rototenna, mostly furnished. Located at space 23, Park Hills. Contact Park Hills Store or call 415-276-6475 collect after 6 on weekdays. Price is \$2,000.

PATIO SALE: Blender - \$15.00, set of dishes - \$10.00, hair dryer - \$18.00, black formal, size 18½, like new - \$10.00, E.V. - \$15.00, old bottles, and lots of miscellaneous items. Starts Friday and ends ? Georgia Dion, Pinkston Road in Yankee Hill, phone 534-1772.

HELP! Will beg, borrow, steal, trade for, or buy a used rabbit hutch, preferably one in fairly good condition, or one that can be repaired. Call Jimmie Pyle, Jr., at 534-7896.

FOR SALE: One small folding ironing board, \$5.00, call 533-3150.

FREE: Kittens, cute, good mousers, call Carol Smith in Big Bend at 533-0491.

FOR SALE: Cabin cruiser, 32 foot, steel hull, new Chrysler marine engine, sleeps

six, small galley, needs some repair. \$3,500.00, call Mary Hughes, at 533-5144.

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 533-0974.

BAKING DONE IN MY HOME (To Order)

Delicious cinnamon rolls and donuts
Large - 15¢ ea.
Small - 10¢ ea.
(Sale of no less than 1/2 dozen)
Pies, fruit or cream \$1.00 ea.
Pie shells, baked or frozen .35 ea.
Home baked dinner rolls, no less than 1/2 dozen
- Large - .15 ea.
Small - .10 ea.
Home made sweet dinner rolls, no less than 1/2 dozen
Large - .15 ea.
Small - .10 ea.
Home baked bread .75 loaf
Call 533-3150.

All items are welcomed for the Bulletin Board. There is no charge for listing, 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 Beend, 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.

PENTZ STORE: Located on Pentz Magalia Road, under new ownership. Offering beer, soft drinks, bait and tackle and deli groceries. Store hours are weekdays: 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., weekends:

9 A.M. to 11 P.M. or later. Phone number is 534-7587.

JARBOE GAP: Located on highway 70, tavern serving beer and wine, service station. Also professional meat cutting done for deer hunters at low prices. Meat cut to order. Also featuring live music on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. Phone number is 533-3428.

GRAND VIEW CAFE: Located on highway 70, cafe, service station, should have their beer and wine license any day now. Phone numbers are 533-4354 and 533-9861.

GARBAGE SERVICE: George A. Ward of Paradise, phone number is 877-7003. Twice a month service, 2 - 10 gallon cans, \$3.00 a month.

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

Our deadline is each WEDNESDAY NOON for the following week. Papers come out each Friday. We depend largely upon our readers for news stories, and contribution of material and articles for the paper.

If you are sending an article from a magazine or newspaper, we would request that you list that source and the author's name. All letters to the editor are welcomed, please try to limit your letters to 500 words.

Without dew and light flowers fade.
Charity and love are the den and light of the human heart.

By: De Geutis