

## \*\*COMING EVENTS\*\*

Concow Grange election of officers will be November 1, 1972, at the Grange Hall.

The next Community Meeting of the Hill will be November 14th, at 7:00 P.M. at Concow School.

## \*\*THE EMERGENCY TRIP\*\*

The first tentative date for a meeting has been set for the second Tuesday in November at 10:30 A.M., at Jay Grieco's home. If you have any other preference as to date or time, please give Jay a call at 533-2279. Jay felt that perhaps a morning meeting would be more convenient for the first time, rather than an evening meeting, considering mothers with children in school, and the possibility of driving at night in inclement weather.

## \*\*GOLDEN FEATHER CHAPTER OF THE GOLDEN STATE MOBILE HOMEOWNERS ASSOCIATION\*\*

At the last meeting, new officers were elected for the coming year, they are as follows:

President -	Raymond Gaither.
V. Pres -	Hurl Cates
Secretary -	Delilah Hollopeter.
Treasurer -	Les a Williams

## \*\*PEOPLE AND PLACES\*\*

Mr. George Hopkins is making tremendous improvement, and is up and about in a wheel chair. He is getting anxious to return to his home in Paradise. Mrs. Hopkins is in Paradise, but she is getting ready to return to Sacramento to be with her husband. Mr. Hopkins is in the Sacramento Medical Center.

Grand View now has their beer license, after a long wait. We understand from Thelma Daniel, that many



GEN. E.R.S. CANBY, KILLED IN THE MODOC WAR. ONLY U.S. GENERAL KILLED IN AMERICAN INDIAN WARS. SEE STORY ON PAGE 7

## \*\*PEOPLE AND PLACES CON'T.\*\*

Local residents have been anxiously awaiting this date. Thelma will have information for us later on their grand opening, etc.

Several people have asked us if this area still has a Deputy Sheriff on patrol, after the transfer of Bob Hopkins to Paradise. Well, we are not the ones to ask, try the Sheriff's Department, Capt. Woods should be able to help you. The best that we can ascertain, from Capt. Woods office, is that we do, a Mr. Myers. We have not seen him, but a couple of people in the area of Yankee Hill and Big Bend have.

Coleen Stewart is a new resident to Concow. Coleen formerly resided in Sacramento. She is making her home, at present, with Debrah Redding.

We hope the readers in the area have been having better luck with their phone lines than we have. Our's has been out most of this month, off and on. Seems we have more trouble with "the new cable" than we did with

the old lines.

Cathy and Norval Engasser have their brand new double wide mobile home all set up at Park Hills. Norval says they got a "good deal," with lots of goodies included at no extra charge. Congratulations you two! It's a lovely home.

Anthony Salzarulo has excavated a goodly portion of his back yard, and has found some large Indian grinding rocks. One with 13 holes. Anthony is planning on constructing a replica "Indian encampment" on the site.

Speaking of Indian artifacts, those of you who hunt and collect them, may not be aware that the Forest Service and Department of Agriculture now impose a penalty for picking up an artifact from Forest Service or National Forest lands, that includes even an arrowhead. Oh yes, the fine can run up to \$500.00.

#### \*\*\*EDITORIAL\*\*\*

On Sunday, October 22nd, the CYHI will have been printing for 1 year. The staff of three people, who created and started the paper, dropped down to one, shortly after printing had begun.

Sometimes getting the paper typed, printed, assembled, mailed out and delivered has been a headache. Many times a car has not been available, and if it were not for my father, Earl Simmons, the paper would not have been delivered at all. All in all, doing the paper has been enjoyable, and not really as hectic as many people believe.

There are some very faithful subscribers who never let their subscriptions lapse, also some faithful weekly readers who purchase their copies each week at Park Hills or one of the other locations. These wonderful people keep the paper "in print." Their support is invaluable.

Lou Salzarulo, Jimmie Lee, Irene Shuptrine, Jay Grieco, Elice Neher and Carol Pyle, do more than their share in contributing various articles, recipes, poems and letters. Their interests are sincere, and they never

fail to take time from their other duties to send in material. All of their efforts are greatly appreciated by the readers and especially by the editor. Thank you ladies, one and all!

There have been some controversial articles in the paper, many of those written by yours truly. Others, have, in the form of letters and weekly columns, delved into controversial areas and voiced their opinions and ideas freely and openly. This is good! Whether one agrees, disagrees or is outraged at what he reads, he is utilizing one very important function, his "thinking power." Anything that makes the reader stop and think is good. He, is, at all times, just as welcome to voice his opinion or idea, just as freely and openly. Consequently, the CYHI has not performed or been responsible for any "monumental community service;" however, in all probability, it cannot have hindered to to great a degree.

Hopefully, the readers will find enough to catch their interest in the forthcoming issues to keep the CYHI printing for another year or so. Perhaps the paper can be a little larger, a little more interesting, a "little more accurate," and a lot more enjoyable to all its readers this year.

A special thanks to my husband, Abe, who has been most understanding in this endeavor and who has faithfully helped to get the paper printed and assembled each week.

Thank you all for your loyalty and support,  
Joyce Clark  
Editor

#### \*\*\*HOROSCOPE\*\*\*

The weekly Horoscope section will be back next week.

#### \*\*\*RECIPE OF THE WEEK\*\*\*

The following was submitted to us by Jay Grieco, Jay says "I like this for salad-dessert."

I vary fruit flavor gelatines - vary home canned fruits and berries.

1 envelope plain gelatin - softened in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water or fruit juice  
1 package store jello  
3 cups boiling water  
When the above is dissolved, add  
1 cup canned crushed pineapple  
2 cups canned diced pears  
2 cups cottage cheese

3/4 cup hulled sunflower seeds  
Stir as it cooks so fruits won't  
float and cheese settle.  
Serve with mayonnaise or flavored  
sweetened whipped cream or sour cream.

Jay also says: One will be pleased  
and surprised by substituting honey  
in recipes that call for sugar. With  
honey - lower temperature used.

**\*\*SHOW US A FOREST & WE'LL SHOW  
YOU A CITY\*\***

The following is from the CHICO  
RISING, a small, independent newspaper  
out of Chico, California. We think  
readers may find it as amusing as we  
did.

"Right now you can own a beautiful  
pine-studded site in Paradise Pines,  
soon to be one of California's most  
diversified recreational communities.  
Low down payment. Easy monthly terms."  
Doesn't that sound exciting? You can  
leave the L.A. or S.F. Bay Area and  
bring it up here with you, along with  
all its wonderful advantages: smog,  
overcrowding, and virtually treeless  
lots. You can fly up on one of our  
727 Boeing Jets from either L. A. or  
Oakland; we have three coming up  
every weekend and you can join in  
the fun and frolic. We will treat  
you to our "Free Deluxe Scenic Tour",  
complete with meals and a ride in what  
is left of the countryside after our  
bulldozers have cleared the way for  
you.

Our salesmen will be nothing but  
the most courteous of hosts (they  
don't even have to try very hard be-  
cause if you buy a lot, they make  
a sound \$1,000 commission." We have  
50 touring cars available for your  
convenience...Travelalls, Toyotas,  
and such equipped with air condition-  
ing and short-wave radics. Sometimes  
there is a wait for these cars, however,  
because there are so many interested  
buyers they are all in use. But re-  
lax, have a hot dog, courtesy of us,  
and a cup of coffee. We'll be glad  
to answer any of your questions.

1. WHO EXACTLY IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS  
MARVELOUS DEVELOPMENT? IT MUST HAVE  
TAKEN A LOT OF MONEY AND A LOT OF  
FORESIGHT.

Yes, this is true, but it was very easy,  
really. Paradise Pines is a project of Lar-  
win Development, Inc., a subsidiary of CNA  
financial corporation, commonly known as  
Continental Insurance. CNA, listed on the  
New York Stock Exchange, has assets of over  
3.3 billion dollars and 2.7 million crooks,  
opps, politicians. As we say, "It takes a  
company like Larwin, with vision, experience,  
and reliability to create a community of  
lasting value. The Larwin group is one of  
the nations largest housing producers, with  
interests in mortgage banking, financing,  
commercial and industrial developments, re-  
creation land and mobile home parks."

2. HOW BIG IS PARADISE PINES AND WHAT  
SIZE LOT CAN I BUY AND HOW MUCH DOES  
IT COST?

Well, all together, Paradise Pines includes  
2,100 acres. We have divided this into 3,800  
lots, which range in size from a quarter acre  
to just under an acre. We can't sell an acre  
or more because that would allow people to  
keep livestock (i.e. pigs, chickens, horses)  
on their land. They can have dogs and cats  
but that's all. The price range is indeed  
reasonable for the beauty of the land. We  
have tried as hard as we could to keep the  
natural environment as close to what it was  
as possible - cutting down as few trees as  
necessary for our roads. The natural animals  
of this area are still around although they  
never come out where you can see them. For  
a quarter acre we start asking just above  
\$5,000 and go all the way up to \$20,000 for  
those just under an acre depending on where  
it is located. Of course, if you are near  
the Recreation Center or near the golf course  
it's a bit more, but obviously worth it. One  
more thing, there is also a bond; you must  
pay for the improvements which come right  
to your home - paved roads, water and elec-  
tricity - but it's only \$1,600. Extremely  
reasonable, don't you think?

3. WHAT DOES THIS AREA OFFER THAT MAKES  
IT SUCH A GOOD INVESTMENT AND WHAT  
ARE YOUR PLANS FOR THE FUTURE?

The Chico-Paradise area abounds in recrea-  
tional activity unsurpassed practically in  
the whole country. Lake Oroville is just 12  
miles away and you can fish, swim and waterski



in over 15,000 acres of water. There is one golf course in Paradise, two in Chico and one being finished in Paradise Pines itself. Our Recreation Center will be open soon with a huge swimming pool and any other kind of recreation desired. We're also building stables for your horses. Oh, we'll also be damming Middle Butte Creek to provide Paradise Pines with another fishing area.

#### 4. WHAT ARE THE WINTERS LIKE HERE?

Well, we get some light snowfall about three or four times a year, two to six inches. The county highway crews will be sure to keep your roads clear. (AUTHOR'S NOTE: This is an outright lie. For those of you familiar with the Paradise area, Magalia, which is three miles below Paradise Pines has trouble keeping the Skyway open in the winter. Other roads are sometimes inaccessible for days. Isn't it strange that there is snow skiing at Inskip, only 16 miles away? Isn't it also a shame that perhaps some Paradise Pines residents won't be able to get out of their Paradise once they've made it in?)

#### 5. WHAT ABOUT SEWAGE?

Well, each lot will have its own septic tank- eventually we will have to put in a central sewage line, but it would take about 75 years for septic tanks here to cause any trouble. The rumor that it will cause problems ecologically in a couple of years and pollute the Paradise water supply is totally unfounded.

We would like to leave you with some optimistic conclusions. The development of Paradise Pines is nearly completed. Good old Larwin won't leave you with just one super feat though. No, at Larwin our motto is "Show us a forest and we'll show you a city!" To live up to that motto, we are in the process of purchasing 2,000 more acres above Paradise Pines. Yes, if you would like to escape the drudgery of living on a quarter acre of hilly, treeless terrain, come visit us at Westmoreland Woods, a few miles from gorgeous Paradise Pines.

### \*\*\*A SQUARE FAMILY\*\*\*

Answer to last weeks question: The ages of the nine children were, respectively: 2, 5, 8, 11, 14, 17, 20, 23, 26 and the age of the father was 18.

### \*\*\*HOMESPUN FAIR\*\*\*

Several local residents have asked if we could set up another Homespun Fair before Christmas. Well, we would love to; however, we cannot acquire the Grange Hall due to the probability of increased rent, plus various functions the Grange has coming up.

The School is available for school and community meetings; however, it is doubtful we could obtain it for the Fair. Mr. James Quilter informs us that even if the Governing Board did give the O.K., there would be a salary to be paid to one of the employees of Golden Feather to open the building, supervise, lock up, etc. Since this would be held on a weekend, it would involve overtime.

Thus, we seem to be without a domain to house the event.

We had not planned on charging for tables this year, but instead would have asked people utilizing tables to bring a cake, cookies, punch, etc. However, we are not financially able to put out \$25.00 to \$45.00 dollars, with no guarantee of replacement.

We would suggest to those people who have items they wish to display, and who are interested in having a Fair, to contact the Grange and see if they can be persuaded to sponsor the event themselves.

### \*\*\*LAND OF ENCHANTMENT MAY BECOME NEW DUMP\*\*\*

By John Webster  
CARLSBAD, N.M., (UPI)

New Mexico, the "Land of Enchantment" may become the dumping ground for 27 years of atomic waste.

The Atomic Energy Commission began an inspection last month of salt beds west of Carlsbad to bury waste from nuclear power plants hundreds of feet beneath the ground.

The proposed dump has drawn little opposition in a state long identified with the "nuclear age."

Civic leaders at Carlsbad, famed for its underground caverns, have endorsed the project. State and congressional officials have been

generally cautious and the Sierra Club's New Mexico chapter has said only that it will make a study.

"We will conduct a relatively lengthy and comprehensive examination without any preconceived notions that it is good or bad," said Brent Calkin of the Sierra Club's executive committee. "We'll take the AEC information and subject it to a review by noninvolved scientists. If it looks like the AEC has done a good job, that's great."

The AEC first plans a pilot disposal site in which waste would be stored in canisters and buried 2,000 feet deep. The canisters, transported by rail, would be retrievable for monitoring purposes in the pilot project but not in the permanent facility to be constructed later.

The AEC will conduct tests for the Carlsbad site 45 miles from the caverns, this fall and is expected to announce a decision early next year on where the pilot project will be located. The pilot facility will be ready to go in operation in 1979 or 1980.

Calkin said besides the geology of the site, the Sierra Club would examine such factors as transportation of the waste materials, lifetime of storage canisters, and availability of water at the facility.

Gov. Bruce King wants the project "very carefully studied and wants the people of Carlsbad to make known their feelings about it," according to his press secretary.

The governor's spokesman said King would not oppose the project if "the people of Carlsbad want it all that bad."

"I think the people realize that the AEC is not going to propose anything that will be detrimental to human life or the environment," said Carlsbad Mayor Walter Gerrells. He said the facility would have a "much needed stabilizing effect" on the city's economy."

Ed. Note: Mayor Gerrells, another

of the uninformed American people, to make such a statement of untruth and ignorance would seem to show that he is solely interested in the latter facet, "the economy." To even think that the AEC would not do anything which would be detrimental to human life or the environment is ridiculous. They have already done wonders with their nerve gas canisters, their plutonium mishaps, as for not harming the environment, that speaks for itself. See article in Issue #50 THE SHAME OF ROCKY FLATS.

The irony of this situation, along with countless others, is that the American people will vote such uninformed, insincere, unknowledgeable, money-power seeking, so-called politicians into office. Mayor Gerrells, is a small, relatively unimportant example, but he exemplifies "the whole breed" perfectly!

### \*\*\*POETRY CORNER\*\*\*

The lady I love is neat and trim  
She is fair of face and quick of limb.

Her eyes are blue as the sky above  
And full many a year she has held my love.

Her waving hair has a glint of gold  
She is neither young, nor yet too old.

I dream of her in my nightly sleep  
And wake in the morning to almost weep.

For we live apart and I'm all alone  
And sigh for a sweetheart long since gone.

Yet I live in hope that the time may come  
When these two hearts shall again be one.

And cling to each other as leaf to a vine  
As we gladly stroll through the soft sunshine.

And when the journey of life is o'er  
Be laid together, to part no more.

Then lestern friends as you pass through life  
Down the thorny path, be you man and wife.

Don't speak the word that can pierce the heart  
So fond and true like a poison dart.

Lest there come a time in the journey o'er

When that pierced heart shall beat no more

And you weep as you look on the cold  
gravestone  
And say these words "If I'd only known."

The above is entitled TO ONE I LOVE,  
by the late George Moak. Mrs. Mary Ellen  
Brown has sent us several of Mr. Moak's  
poems which we will be publishing in  
coming issues.

"WHAT'S THE USE?"

By: Irena Shuptrine

I got up one morning, my feet was cold.  
Sit all humped over just hugging the  
stove  
Looked out the window, all I seen was  
snow  
Well...I don't care, I have no place  
to go.

Next morning it's not the same  
Noise on the roof, its just rain  
I have nothing to lose, or nothing to  
gain  
But I don't care, aint that a shame.

The next morning everything's fine  
Look out the window, see beautiful sun-  
shine  
Everything's warm, nice and still  
"Yes", down town to pay the bills.

But as I struggle through the storms  
of life  
Taking the bad and good alike  
I hate the bad, but I enjoy the good  
Then I think maybe I  
Haven't lived the way I should.

So I say to myself, why not be wise  
Why struggle, worry and strive  
Why not laugh, be happy and gay  
You'll never "ever" get out of this  
World alive anyway!

\*\*\*BACKYARD ADVENTURE NO. 15\*\*\*

By: Lou Salzarulo

Rain, rain, go away. Come again  
some OTHER day! Seems all the moun-  
tain folk have cabin fever, but the  
plants are happy enough. My chard

looks as if it could just get up, and walk  
right out of the garden! The parsley is  
frilled out in a new green gown, and the  
fresh shining faces of the leaf lettuce  
smile up at me like teenage kids at a  
country dance. Even the winter radishes  
are "swelling" with pride, the chicory has  
"perked" up and the turnips have "turned-  
up" lavender pates in recognition of the  
Autumnal blessings. The bean tendrils are  
doing a "Grand Right and Left" around one  
another, while the carrots stand staunchly  
at attention in their rows. The energetic  
beets are doing "push ups", the Jerusalem  
artichokes may march off on a pilgrimage  
to the holy land and the tomatoes are  
"splitting their sides" at all this merrim-  
ent.

But the manifold blessings of nature  
can be carried to excess; "everything in  
moderation," my father's words stay with  
me. **AND** perhaps we are too far removed  
from nature to know her moods. If we had  
gone out to experience the rain, the wind,  
the lightning and thunder we would know  
the reality of the storm and we could  
share in her beneficence.

"And forget not that the earth delights  
to feel your bare feet

And the winds long to play with your  
hair."

Kahlil Gibran - The Prophet.

\*\*\*POLITICAL NONSENSE, OR IS IT?\*\*\*

The following was sent in to us by Mary  
Ellen Brown. To make it appropriate for  
each individual reader, simply change the  
initials to fit your own "favorite" president,  
i.e., H. S. T., D. D. E., L. B. J., etc.,  
we have used R. M. N. to be more current.  
Oh yes, if you change the initials then you  
must change the year accordingly, but it  
won't change the context of the letter!

The Pentagon  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

I have the distinguished honor of being a  
member of a committee to raise the \$50,000,000  
to be used for placing a statue of RMN in the  
hall of fame, Washington, D.C.



The committee is in quite a quandry about the selection of a proper location for the statue. It was thought not wise to place it beside that of George Washington, who never told a lie; nor beside that of FDR who never told the truth; the reason being that RMN could never tell the difference.

After careful consideration, we think it should be placed beside the statue of Christopher Columbus, the greatest "new society" man-of-all times, in that he started out not knowing where he was going and arriving did not know where he was, and in returning did not know where he had been and did it all on borrowed money.

The inscription on the statue will read "I pledge to RMN and the national debt, for which he stands, one man, expendable with graft and corruption for all."

Five thousand years ago, Moses said to the children of Israel, "pick up your shovels, mount your asses and camels and I will lead you to the promised land."

Nearly five thousand years later FDR said, "Lay down your shovels, sit on your asses and light up a camel." "This is the promised land."

Now in 1972, RMN is stealing the shovels, kicking your asses, raising the price of camels and taking over the promised land.

If you're one of the citizens of the great society, who has any money left after paying your income tax, we expect from you a generous consideration for this worthwhile project.

Sincerely yours,

Senator Dogood  
for the committee to  
marbelize RMN.

Now, we are sure we have alienated a few readers with that letter, but try to remember it's all in fun, or is it?

\*\*\*MODOC INDIAN WAR\*\*\*

### Part III

A non fiction article submitted by Lou Salzarulo, from the Siskiyou Playlander publication.

The gold rush of '48 slopped over onto Modoc lands and by early 1850, prairie schooners and mule trains, the unstoppable gold-grubbers, snaked down the South Emigrant Road across the breast of Modoc homeland to newly discovered gold fields in Yreka. Although Modocs were generally amiable, Eastners moving Westward across their land aroused inimical instincts. Wagon columns were waylaid; Whites slain. Volunteers and cavalrymen galloped over Tulelake basin seeking retaliation, with Ben in the thick of hostilities. Meaningful negotiations could avert major entanglements, but Ben pushed fate beyond reasonable limits.

During a minor foray, Ben and a few eager Indian fighters accosted an aged squaw. She stood along a foot-worn path, a bundle of twigs in her arms. Ben demanded from the squaw the direction and purpose of the Indian trail. She replied it was merely a wood tail, a path used by women to gather wood. Ben was unconvinced. He turned to Swill, a renegade Umbilla Indian, and nodded nonchalantly. Swill instantly raised his rifle and shot the old woman through her breast. Members of Wrights party winced. There wasn't a man among them to interfere as Ben scalped, sliced ears from the wrinkled-faced head and mutilated her body. Ben was as feared by Whites as the enemy they pursued.

Climatic events occurred during late summer of '52. Several wagon trains were ambushed at "Bloody Point" along the eastern shore of Tulelake and the surrounding sage-land sullied with Whitemens bones and blood. Ben Wright bounded to the tragedies pulling in his wake a horde of Yrekean volunteers. A few skirmishes were fought but the Indians avoided Ben like the plague that decimated their ranks years earlier. Refuted by stalemate, Ben sought a new purpose. After destroying caches of Indian food, a necessary link of winter survival, Ben suggested peaceful pow-wows. But foresight prevailed over hindsight. Modoc braves knew Ben's black heart more intimately than pity of squaws sharing their lodges. Finally, by repeated

Lieutenant, a few Indians ventured into Ben's camp. White's complaisance invited acquiescence; they were treated kindly. . . fattening of the hog before the slaughter.

Wright's company was camped on the banks of Lost River. A beef was butchered and skinned over embers. Fifty suspicious Redmen edged into the white flagged palisade camp. Juicy chunks of the barbecued beef was offered to the Indians, but Ben's ominous smile racked their hungry bellies and they refused the meat. It was whispered among the braves, the peace offer was saturated with strychnine. Warriors backed away from Ben's hospitality, retreating to their camp. Ben was infuriated. The savages weren't to slip from the noose when the knot was so nearly tightened.

During the darkness, Ben deployed his volunteers around the Indian wickiups. As the eastern sky paled he brazenly strutted unattended into the hostile camp, strengthened by the frontiersmen's flag of truce. He demanded recourse for Indian incorrigibility at the "peace meal" and shunting of his congeniality. Stoic Modocs stood stone faced, fingering taut bowstrings. Pistol shots altered the awakening land to the ensuing massacre. As Ben shot dead his nearest rival, lurking volunteers leveled a surrounding volley of rifle fire. Miraculously, Ben Wright evaded arrows and bullets as he skipped and danced through the camp and back to the siege line.

Modoc braves fell silently, the curse of Ben Wright snarled across their lips. But the young cried in terror and shrieked into the autumn air. The old moaned, clawing at torn flesh and gasping at fleeing blood. Of the more than fifty Modocs, only two escaped to utter the dark hour to distant kinsmen. On the banks of Lost River many of the most eligible and trustworthy Modoc warriors lay dead; among them a Chief. It was this tale of Modoc

courage that filled the ears of young Keintpoos, later dubbed Capt. Jack by ludicrous Whites.

The volunteers suffered three casualties: one dead, two wounded. Ben mutilated the slain Indian bodies and returned to a rejoicing Yreka, displaying scalps, ears, fingers and other atrocities. Modoc resistance was broken. Remaining tribesmen were forced onto an unfriendly reservation and hopefully abandoned to unending misery.

Ben moved on to greener pastures. Ironically he was appointed Indian Agent of the Coquilles-tribes living along the Rouge River in Oregon and preparing to pounce on intruding Whites.

In 1856, Ben came face-to-face with his war club. During a fit of rage, he openly and flagrantly, flogged a nude and feeble squaw through the streets of Port Orford, Oregon. Loggers, miners, and frontier toughs, stood back dismayed, as Ben lashed the bare, wrinkled skin of the old squaw. A short time later, Enos, an Indian in good standing with Whites, knocked on Wright's cabin door. As Ben flung open the door, Enos neatly halved Ben's skull with an axe. Ben was only slightly mourned, but his skin was tinted white. . . . Enos was dropped through a gallows door.

In 1872, near Wright's Modoc massacre, Lieutenant Boutelle's brashness sparked a coal. In his eyes loomed the image and ugliness of Ben Wright. Capt. Jack, Scar-faced Charley, and fifty Modoc braves met the challenge.

Today, the vantage of a Modoc tribe remembers little of Lt. Boutelle, but memory of Ben Wright is seared on the heart of every Modoc child as it squawls for its first breath of life.

In next week's issue, THE CAUSES AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MODOC WAR, By Cadet Hugh Wilson, Jr. Continued in Issue #52.

### \*\*\*GRAND VIEW\*\*\*

Thelma Daniel, would like to remind the readers that Grand View is, of course, under new management. They have their beer and wine license, on and off sale.

The combined Grand Opening and Halloween Party will be held on Saturday, October 28th, from 8:30 P.M. til closing time. Wear a



costume and bring along your musical instruments. Thelma has some more surprises in store for residents, but she isn't going to advertise them. Stop in and find out what is in store, they are open now until 1:30 A.M.

**\*\*\*BULLETIN BOARD\*\*\***

**WANTED:** A German Shepard, puppy to older dog O.K., also doesn't matter if a male or female. Also, want 1 or 2 bedroom house to rent in Concow or Paradise area, unfurnished. Leave message for Coleen Stewart at 533-0714.

**FOR SALE:** 14' row boat, in first class condition, has small wheels attached to boat. Can be seen at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Earl V. Hoecherl. Priced to suit, all papers in tact. Phone number - 533-0230.

**FOR SALE:** 8' x 16' mobile home, 1 1/2 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 18 1/2, like new - \$10.00, T.V. - \$15.00, old bottles, and lots of miscellaneous items. 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

Any 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 or trade. 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.

**PENTZ STORE:** Located on Pentz Magalia Road, under new management. 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.

GRAND VIEW: Located on highway 70, cafe featuring fine food, on and off sale beer and wine, and a FULL SERVICE SERVICE STATION. Phone numbers are 533-4354 and 533-9861.

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.

GARBAGE SERVICE: George A. Ward of Paradise, phone number is 877-7003. Twice a month service, 2 - 40 gallon cans, \$3.00 per month.

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All correspondence to and for the CYHI should be mailed to Route 1, Box 238-A, Croville, California. Phone number is 533-0714. Editor is Joyce Clark.

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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. Avoid using malicious or slanderous material aimed at a private individual or group of individuals. Obscenities will be censored, otherwise letters will appear exactly as written.

\*\*\*ON SIMPLIFIED SPELLING\*\*\*

By: Mark Twain

From Letters From the Earth

The English alphabet is a pure insanity. It can hardly spell any word in the language with any large degree of certainty. When you see the word c-h-a-i-l-d-r-o-n in an English book no foreigner can guess how to pronounce it; neither can any native. The reader knows that it is pronounced chaldron - or kaldron or kawldron - but neither he nor his grandmother can tell which is the right way without looking in the dictionary; and when he looks in the dictionary the chances are a hundred to one that the dictionary itself doesn't know which is the right way, but will furnish him all three and let him take his choice.

...The trouble is not with the spelling; it goes deeper than that; it is with the alphabet.

...What is needed is that each letter of the alphabet shall have a perfectly definite sound, and that this sound shall never be changed or modified without the addition of an accent, or other visible sign, to indicate precisely and exactly the nature of the modification.

\*\*\*QUOTES\*\*\*

It's not what you'd do with a million  
if a million should be your lot

It's what you are doing now with  
the buck and a half you got that counts!

-Unknown

No man is poor who had a Godly mother.

-Abraham Lincoln

Song brings of itself a cheerfulness  
that wakes the heart of joy.

-Euripides

Life is a mirror; if you frown at it,  
it frowns back; if you smile, it returns  
the greeting.

-Thackeray