

NEW OFFICERS

Election of officers for the Concow Grange was held on November 1. The new officers are as follows:

- Master: John R. Johnson
- Overseer: Don Moore
- Lecturer: Shirley Check
- Steward: Bill Hill
- Asst. Steward: Roy Emerick
- Lady Asst. Steward: Margie Bush
- Chaplain: Ronnie Bush
- Treasurer: Bob Bush
- Secretary: Dee Williams
- Gatekeeper: Steve Moore
- Ceres: Rita Moore
- Pomona: Audrey Holden
- Flora: Belle Harris
- Ex. Com.: Andy Stevenson
- Musician: Betsy Lee

And, the following is a list of the new officers of the Concow Yankee Hill Ladies Club:

- President: Rose Hunt
- V. Pres.: Jean Moore
- Secretary: Betty Bruner
- Treasurer: Janice Brown
- Sunshine Chairman: Carol Hill
- Birthday Card Com.: Dorothea Stone

Their next meeting will be November 14th, at 2:00 P.M. at Carol Hill's home.

4H NEWS

The next Community Meeting of 4H will be November 14th, at 7:00 P.M. at Concow School.

DEATH OF FORMER RESIDENT

E. R. "Gene" Justice died of a heart attack last week. He was a former resident of Lake Concow, residing in the ranch now owned by Eugene Ringel. For the past several years he has lived in the

Los Angeles area. He owned a Crane Company there and made his home in Canoga Park.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Georgia Dion spent a weekend in Placerville visiting with friends, Mr. & Mrs. John Elam and Mr. & Mrs. John Crippen. By the way, Georgia states that she still has several good items left from her patio sale.

SURVEY ON ELECTION

In view of the Horoscope Section, we thought you might enjoy an interview with the most typical species of each sign, on the election outcome.

"Hello there. I'm glad you could all make it, now when I call on you, just step right up here and have a chair. Meanwhile, the rest of you just converse among yourselves and have a cup of coffee." O.K., let's get started, my name is Mr. Johnson, will the Virgo representative please come up?"

Q. Will you give us your name please?

A. Well of course. That's precisely what I'm supposed to do. My name is Henry C. Correct. Let's not waste time. You want to know how I feel about the outcome of the election, I have no complaints. I just feel they need some precise organization. They should punch time cards in the federal offices, no pay when they fail to show up. Thank you.

Q. Yes, 'eh thank you. Our Aquarius please? What is your name?

A. Just a minute, oh yes, it's Connie Chaos.

Q. How did you feel about the outcome of the election?

A. Which one was that?

Q. The Presidential election.

A. Oh, that. Well I'm just really pleased, I think Mr. McGovern will be a wonderful Premier.

Q. That's President, and he wasn't elected, Mr. Nixon was.

A. Really?

Q. Thank you Miss Chaos, will the Leo please come up next?

A. I'm here!

Q. Your name please?

A. Andrew James Bold!

Q. And how did you feel about the election Mr. Bold?

A. Are you serious? There was only one born leader, one man to do a great job, really take command of things and straighten this country out!

Q. Who is that?

A. You really are something! Me, of course!

Q. Why didn't you campaign then?

A. People want me, they come to me, I don't go to them!

Q. Thank you Mr. Bold....

A. I haven't finished yet! You really ought to be in some other line of work, you're not very forceful! Ever think about becoming a gardener?

Q. That's all Mr. Bold! Will the Taurus representative step up?

A. Only if I want to!

Q. Well would you please, so we can get on with this interview?

A. I don't think it's much of an interview, but maybe I'll come up.

Q. Thank you, what is your name?

A. What's it to you?

Q. Just a routine question.

A. You want to argue?

Q. NO!

A. Don't get uptight with me! Name is Clarence Conflict.

Q. Alright, what do you think of the president?

A. What do you think of him?

Q. Well, I think he has done a good job, how about you?

A. Well in that case, I don't like him, what do you think of that? How do you know he really won anyway?

Q. Thank you Mr. Conflict, will the Aries please come up here?

A. Of course, here I am, tell me have you ever seen a more lovely dress than the one I'm wearing?

Q. No, its just beautiful. What is your name please?

A. Alice Arrogant, isn't that a great name?

Q. Fantastic! How do you feel about the election?

A. I feel very strongly about everything. My feelings, my opinions, and my emotions are very important to me. I feel this country is really mine, and I feel that we could have had a much better man for the job. I'm always concerned about my country.

Q. Thank you Miss Arrogant..

A. Just a minute, I have my foot caught in the hem of my gorgeous dress, oh, there we are.

Q. O.K., let's have the Pisces.

A. I'm here, do I sit here?

Q. Yes that's just fine, could you speak a little louder please, what is your name?

A. Mickey Meek, can you hear me now?

Q. Yes, that's fine. What did you think of the election?

A. Oh, well, let's see, now you said you thought the President was a good man, so I'll say that too O.K.?

Q. No! I want to know what you really think?

A. Please don't shout at me, I think that either one of those men would have done just fine, especially Mr. Nixon, because you like him. I'll like him too.

Q. Great! Just great! Can we have the Gemini please?

A. Of course you can!

Q. What's your name?

A. Veronica Veried, I'm a teacher. I teach ballet, singing, psychics, karate and sky diving.

Q. Wonderful, simply wonderful! What did you think of the presidential election?

A. I'm glad you asked. I think we should have a more progressive man in the White House, my first choice would have been Howard Hughes, but since he is unavailable, my second choice would be Joe Naimath or Roman Gabriel, and third I think Johnny Carson. You're really cute, do you find me terribly irresistible?

Q. No! O.K. let's have the Libra please?

A. Here I am, my aren't you nice to ask me up here, you have lovely teeth, that's a lovely suit you're wearing. This is just a charming group of people.

Q. Yes, well what is your name?

A. Willard Wonderful, you have a nice name, Johnson is a good name.

Q. Fine! What did you think of the election?

A. Oh, I thought it was just beautiful, so artistically done, such excitement and those wonderful T.V. shots, just gorgeous. Both men were just really great, wonderful people, it all just overwhelmed me. I couldn't be happier!

Q. Terrific! Thank's a lot! Where's the Capricorn?

A. I'm coming, I was in the back lying down, I felt a little dizzy.

Q. You alright now?

A. No, not really, but I'll manage to do this interview, please don't worry.

Q. I won't. What is your name?

A. Wilma Woe, my back is starting to hurt again, please hurry.

Q. I will! What did you think of the election?

A. I'm terrified! This whole country is in such peril, terrible, terrible danger. I just don't know what we are going to do. We will blow ourselves to bits in the next year, I just know it. Those two men were both insane. Listen I feel my liver acting up, I really must get to my doctor.

Q. O.K. what's next? Oh, yes, the Scorpio.

A. Shhh! You don't have to shout, I don't want the whole world to know when I was born you know!

Q. Sorry, what is your name?

A. John Doe, that's all you need to know.

Q. Whatever you say. What did you think of the election?

A. The president is an espionage agent, and he is here to sabotage the whole country. Even some of his agents here in this group. That one

there, see him? That case he is carrying contains explosives!

Q. How do you know? What do you do for a living anyway?

A. I don't divulge my secrets to anyone, I work that's all you need to know. And don't try to follow me when I leave, you got that?

Q. Certainly! Next, the Cancer please?

A. Listen, you kept me waiting long enough, I lose time from work, I lose money you know that?

Q. Sorry, what is your name?

A. Mille Melancholy.

Q. How did you feel about the election?

A. Ridiculous, simply ridiculous! Spending all that money on those two fools. I don't know why we can't have a good, sincere man in there for once, somebody with a heart who loves children and animals, could I borrow your hankie, you've made me cry!

Q. Sorry, you O.K. now?

A. No, nothing is alright, we need a good, kind loving man like Danny Thomas, I'm sorry I can't go on.

Q. Wow! O.K. where is the Sagittarian?

A. Right behind you. Say you know you have dandruff? Really shows up on that pretty blue suit. Your hair is nice though, if it weren't for that one bald spot, of course it doesn't show much, only from the back.

Q. What is your name?

A. Tom Truthful, you know this building is really a dump, plush decorations, but still a dump.

Q. I've noticed! How did you feel about the election?

A. Well, I'll tell you, I think we have a good man in there, better than that other fool. Of course Nixon has his faults, he's a sloppy dresser, he is not all that intelligent, but he'll get the job done. Say you have a spot on your tie, must be one of those sloppy eaters. That's O.K., they say you enjoy your food more that way. Of course, you always walk around looking like a slob, but at least you're happy right?

Q. Thank you, thank you, one and all, whatever you were.

POETRY CORNER

By: George Moak

Ed. Note: The following poem was written before the birth of George, Jr., their first child about 1907.

Wanted, a boy that is manly and just.
One that you feel you may honor and trust
Who cheerfully shoulders what life to him brings.
It's sunshine and pleasure or troublesome things
Whose eye meets your own with no shadow of fear
No wile on the face that is open and clear
Straight forward in purpose and ready to push
For "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Who scornfully turns from a something to gain,
If it bring to another a sorrow or pain
Who is willing to hold what is right ever dear
And is patient unheeding the scoff or the jeer
Who does all he can with a heart that's elate
He is wanted, that boy, whatever his state.
Wanted - a girl, not a butterfly gay
Who is gentle and sweet in a womanly way.

No beautiful picture so languid and fair
That always seems labelled "please handle with care"
But one in whose heart there is hidden true worth.
Who faithfully follows her mission on earth
Hopeful and earnest in helping and giving,
Finds plenty to do in the life she is living
Filling its duties with quiet content
Whether adverse or pleasant just as they are sent,

In the garb of a queen or in homespun arrayed
Whatever her station is needed that maid.

RECIPE OF THE WEEK

OZARK PIE

By Stella Bratton

1 egg
½ cup brown sugar
2 tbsp. flour
1½ tsp. baking powder
1/8 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla
½ cup chopped nuts
½ cup chopped apples

Beat egg slightly and add sugar, beating smooth. Stir in flour, sifted with salt, and baking powder. Add vanilla, nuts and apples. Bake in pie tin at 350° for 35 minutes. Serve with whipped cream or ice cream.

MODOC INDIAN WAR

Part VI

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

The Causes and Significance of the Modoc War, by Cadet Hugh Wilson, Jr., continued.

V CAPTAIN JACK'S STRONGHOLD AND THE LAVA BEDS

By January, 1873, the Modocs were safely located in the lava beds. Captain Jack situated himself in one of the largest caves, a few hundred yards from the Southern edge of Tule Lake. The rest of the braves and their families made homes in various other caverns nearby. The chief's headquarters proved to be the main defensive point for the Indians throughout the entire campaign, and through excellent use of his natural fortification the Modocs were able to inflict heavy casualties on the soldiers, sustaining few losses of their own. Captain Jack's Stronghold was made up of a series of caves and defiles, connected by a near-perfect system of battlements. What few defects the fort had were corrected by completing nature's

rk manually. Today this stronghold can be seen intact, and it is visited each year by thousands of tourists. Surrounding the stronghold are miles of jagged volcanic rock formations. It was on such terrain that the inexperienced troops were forced to fight.

War was now inaugurated, General Wheaton was dispatched to the scene, and troops from all over the West began to assemble at Fort Klamath. Many were first rate soldiers, direct from the Apache Wars, but for the most part the army was comprised to inexperienced regulars and volunteers. Indian scouts from the Klamath and Warm Springs tribes were inducted into service. The veterans were no doubt confident that the matter of quelling a small band of seventy Indians would be a simple task, but they were soon to learn differently.

VI WARFARE BEGINS

Numerous minor contacts with the Modocs were made during the months of December, 1872, and January, 1873, with the Indians more than holding their own in battle; the first major attack was delayed until January 17. Concealed by an intense early morning fog, an army of 400 men advanced upon the stronghold. The force met resounding defeat on all sides, and by four o'clock was compelled to withdraw. The casualties ran high, and morale was not at its lowest ebb, as a contrast, not a single Modoc had received so much as a wound. By reason of the defeat General Wheaton was relieved of command, and it was now assumed by Col. A.C. Gillem.

The army was soon greatly reinforced, and General Canby appeared on the scene to personally supervise the operations. Several battles followed; still the army was unable to unseat the stubborn Modocs, or even to inflict a serious injury. Finally instructions from Washington notified Canby that all offensive action was to cease

and that the Indians were to be treated "with as much patience and forbearance as possible." This made possible a final attempt to restore order by the peace commission.

As bitter skirmishing continued through January and February, a committee headed by A.B. Meacham was chosen to attend the conference to see that the mission was thoroughly completed. All of the members of the party believed this to be an unwise move, as Captain Jack violently distrusted the army, but the General was not to be dissuaded. However, for precautions, he made plans for battle if all did not go well at the council. In letters to his wife he disclosed his decision:

"The troops will be in their new positions in a few days and I think that will change the tone of the Modocs.

By the end of this week our troops will all lie in position and ready to give Captain Jack notice that he must keep his promises or take the consequences. Shells firing spherical shot, and hand grenades will be freely used and the Modocs will learn, I think, that we can reach them in other ways than by a direct attack where all the advantages would be on their side."

Messages were sent to Captain Jack asking him to meet the commission. At first he insisted that the representatives come to the stronghold if they desired to talk to him, but after much persuasion it was agreed that a peace tent should be set up mid-way between the front lines. This set the stage for what was to be one of the most poignant examples of Modoc treachery.

VII CANBY'S MASSACRE

The night before the council Captain Jack's braves decided to deliver the supreme blow. Rather than hold to the agreement that all members of the peace party go unarmed, it was planned that the whites would be massacred. Each man was given a specific assignment, and the killing of Canby was left for Captain Jack. On April 11, Indians were posted in concealed positions around the tent, while Captain Jack and the four authorized representatives situated themselves near the peace tent.

Meanwhile, at the army camp, a mile distant, Meacham and Riddle attempted to persuade Canby to forget the whole affair; because, being well acquainted with the Modocs, they were certain that nothing but foul play, would evolve from the meeting. Even after pleas from Wi-Ne-Ma, Riddle's wife and Captain Jack's cousin, who served as a messenger and interpreter, Canby could not be swayed. It was disclosed then that Weium, a Modoc brave, had slipped through the lines to warn Wi-Ne-Ma of the impending disaster. With this news Meacham was extremely wary of the meeting, but there seemed to way to call a halt to the proceedings. A few minutes before leaving he hastily scrawled a note to his wife:

Lava Beds, Apr. 11,
1873

My Dear Wife:

You may be a widow tonight, but you shall not be a coward's wife. I go to save my honor. John Fairchild will forward my valise and valuables. The chances are all against us. I have done my best to prevent this meeting. I am nowise to blame.

Yours to the end,
Alfred

p.s. I am giving Fairchild six hundred dollars currency for you.

The party was seated in a semi-circular group with Captain Jack immediately in front of Canby. Jack appeared nervous as he stated his claims and conditions for surrender, but the rest of the Indians were bold and indignant. The conference went on for over an hour, with the chief enumerating the false promises of the whites. Each minute the tension mounted. The white men began to sense that they would never leave the tent alive. Finally Jack demanded that Canby grant them a huge reservation near their old LostRiver home. This was Canby's last chance to save the lives of the white party, but rather than falsify his word, he told the renegade that

he would have to ask the Great Father at Washington. Jack turned his back to the party, and before Canby could finish his sentence he turned, with pistol drawn, screaming, "Dau-Tux" (All Ready). Out of the brush came two braves carrying rifles. Captain Jack pressed the trigger, but the gun missed fire; Canby stood unflinching. The Indian set the hammer again, and fired. The charge struck Canby in the face, and staggering a few yards, he fell on the jagged rocks. Simultaneously the other members of the party were attacked. Dr. E. Thomas fell mortally wounded, and was quickly stripped of his clothing. L.S. Dyar, an Indian agent, and Riddle made good their escape, but Meacham was shot in the body seven times, by the sub-chief, Schonchin John. The Indian had made a large gash in the head of his victim preparatory to removing his scalp, but he was stopped before he could finish the work when the quick-witted Wi-Ne-Ma screamed that soldiers were coming. Although there were none in sight the Indians hurriedly mounted ponies and retreated to the stronghold.

More than an hour passed before the troops arrived, although the camp was but a short distance away. Why they came at such a delayed hour is still a puzzling question. Miraculously, Meacham was still alive, and was carried by stretcher to Gillem's camp at the foot of the bluffs bordering the lake. The dead were taken to the camp and prepared for burial.

To be continued next week.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

I receive your paper from someone else, namely - my mother, it is a nice gesture. It keeps me up on what's going on back home. Living in Mendocino it reminds me of how things go on day by day up there in the mountains.

I see that there is still a pressure between the "hippy types" and "the Good Concerned Americans." Here people take people as humans instead of putting them in separate categories. Maybe downgrading your own race (the

human race) gives you kicks, or maybe the people here are just too busy, happy, and helping the community to be putting down their fellow man.

Alcohol is the No. 1 legal drug used in our land. Alcohol deteriorates brain cells and causes cirrhosis of the liver, and they knew that before the days of prohibition.

"The conservative authorities all agree that marijuana is not addictive, doesn't lead to other drugs, does not damage the body, does not produce mental illness, crime or violence, and had no lethal dose." I took that from the argument in favor of Proposition 19.

War is murder and it's legal, and smoking pot is a felony. If the law is not changed in 10 years anyone without a felony including policemen, housewives, doctors and judges will be a "freak."

There are enough murders, thefts, and rapes to keep our police force busy, without looking out to bust people who are smoking a little of Mother Nature's Finest. They should be more concerned with real crimes instead of "victimless crimes."

I'm old enough to be mother to a healthy 8 lb., 12 oz., baby girl, but I wasn't old enough to vote, so it was up to you voters to keep our jails empty for the real crimes. The person who fills that cell next might be your own child.

Yours sincerely,
Sue Roll
Mendocino, Cal.

Dear Friend:

A very dear old Indian lady passed away recently. I do miss her, perhaps almost as much as the family misses. However, I am grateful to God for having touched my life with this good person. I always called her "mama" because she was so good, so kind and so understanding. In times of worry

and concern, I would visit her and always come away comforted and ready to carry on.

A few days after her funeral, I took the family to Billings, Montana, 125 miles west of St. Labre. We stopped at a restaurant, and as we were placing our orders for hot beef sandwiches or hamburgers, Marcella, a little nine year old adopted daughter yelled out: "Who is going to pay for all this?" Eating in a restaurant was a new experience for her and seeing the prices frightened her.

We all laughed when she asked "Who is going to pay for all this?" but seriously it is a question I have asked many times here at St. Labre. Each day we feed nearly 900 children. As the food bills pile up that question returns, "Who is going to pay for all this?" In the past you have. Dare I, may I hope that you will do so again?

Soon all over this land, families will gather to share the traditional Thanksgiving dinner. Before enjoying your dinner, you will pause for a moment in the busy pace of your life to offer words of gratitude to the generous God who gives us the fields, the sun and the rain.

I will offer thanks because your generosity has been an inspiration to me. You have responded to the haunting plea in faces of young and old. Your answer has been an out-pouring of life-giving help. Somehow I am confident that your contribution will feed, clothe, keep warm and educate those most in need.

This Thanksgiving may the warmth of knowing that you have again shared your harvest with your less fortunate Indian brother and sister, greet your morning and bring you and yours happiness and joy.

May God the Creator and Great Spirit fill your heart with His riches and His blessings.

Your grateful beggar,
Father Emmett
St. Labre Indian School
Ashland, Montana, 59003

*On the first Thanksgiving we gave thanks for the corn, venison and squash the American Indian shared with us. Will you now share with them on this

Thanksgiving? Ask an Indian child to dinner.

Hear Ye:

In light of the fact that ye have received little or no response to the Homespun Faire, me thinks ye lack enthusiasm in thy faire community. Where lies the spirit of thy people? Where can thy artisans display their wares? Perchance thee could advertize a "thieve's market" where those articles (from cook pots to precious jewels) which are purloined from the populace are offered for sale to anyone (even the previous owner). As an example: Shouldst thou venture out one fine morning to find thy front gate missing thou wouldst, with haste, to the Thieve's Market make thy way to purchase, with no quibbling, the gate that fits thy gate post - exactly. And if thee shouldst see fit to guarantee me the lions share I will forthwith draft certain of my henchmen into thy service. I guarantee a fine attendance from thy citizen's and the artisans may hawk their wares on the sidelines.

In anxious anticipation,
Robin Hood

An Open Letter to Jimmie Lee:

Dear Jimmie Lou,

We miss your weekly column, and many of the readers have expressed the same sentiments.

Now we all realize that you are busy going to college and attending the needs of your family. So how about, instead of a weekly column, a semi-monthly or a monthly column? Perhaps you could include the events of interest from the campus.

Give it some thought, and we are hopeful that you will find time for a column again in the near future.

Sincerely,
CYHI

BACKYARD ADVENTURE NO. 18

By: Lou Salzarulo

Turn over an old leaf this month. In fact turn over all the old leaves you can rake up. Then add some new sods from the winter grasses that are just starting to sprout. Spread a layer of manure over this and top it off with household garbage. Now start over with a layer of leaves or spoiled hay. Clean out the goat shed, the chicken house, the cow barn; VOILA, you are composting.

I always crush my egg shells to distribute them evenly as they break down more quickly and add lime. If you can get any kinds of sea shells they will help too. Pound them up with a ball hammer. If you have leaf mold or compost that is ready now use it for winter mulch.

A mulch during the rainy season will keep red clay soil from packing. A driving rain will pound the air out of the top layer of soil and leave a hard crust. When mulching heavy clay soil sawdust is best as it decomposes more slowly.

Nature mulches with dry grasses and weeds knocked down flat by wind and rain. In the woods the leaves pile up trapping air pockets for insulation. As they pack down through the winter months they decay and become leaf mold. If you choose to play the part of Mother Nature by mulching follow her methods, and you can't go wrong. Just don't brag about your "green thumb" you may fool your neighbors but "it's not nice to try to fool Mother Nature!"

WE LAY MORE EGGS

By Will Rogers, excerpted from Readers Digest article "All I know is What I read in the Papers..."

I don't know why I did the politicians-they've provided me with more hours of merriment than anything. Take this old gag about "America must be the moral leader of the world." The thing we do worse in this country is mind other folks' business, I swear. Where can you find me, folks, a Senator or a Congressmen who will not stand up from time to time and say, "My fellow Americans, America must lead the world. We must show these other poor boobs that our way is the way." So we set out helping the

world. Though it seems to me lately we've been yelling "help" more than giving it.

Folks, you know, we'll send marines to any nation that can get ten people to say they want us. And, have you noticed, we love to send delegates. By golly, it's in the blood. I tell you honestly if there were an egg-laying conference in Czechoslovakia, and we could find it, we would send more delegates and lay more eggs than any other country.

You see, what it is, is we're in the humanity business. We send the marines over there, now, to keep them folks from shooting each other. And, if necessary, we'll shoot 'em to keep them from shooting each other.

At one point, the United States Marine Corps was enforcing American diplomacy all the way from the Yangtze River in China to the headwaters of Lake Managua in Nicaragua. Let me ask you something, my fellow Americans, what would we say if the Chinese was to send a gunboat up the Mississippi? With their marines in it?

I mean, all they'd have to do was just say, "We're protecting our laundries in Memphis."

I'm a man of peace myself, I see no humor in wars and no reason for them. And I got a couple of schemes to stop them. The first one is that no nation be allowed to enter into a war until it's paid for the last one. Now that ain't going to stop them, but it'll slow them down considerably.

The other scheme is called the Rogers Moving Plan for Ending Wars. There's Germany and there's France, for example. They've been cheek by jowl for centuries and fighting for centuries. All right, just take France and move it- put it over there where Japan is. Then there's the British and Irish, all right, get the British away from the Irish and put 'em up in

Canada. Just don't tell the Irish where you put 'em or they'll go get 'em, that's all.

BULLETIN BOARD

WANTED: Short Wave Radio. Write or come see Wayne or Roberta, Route 1, Box 240-C, Oroville. Cabin next to the big garden, Pinkston Canyon Road.

FOR SALE: 500 gallon water or gas storage tank, \$50.00; two windows, 2 x 4, aluminum frames, \$25.00 each; Roaster, blender, dishes, glasses, old bottles, miscellaneous items. Georgia Dion, Pinkston Canyon Road, phone number is 534-1772.

FOR SALE: Rambler station wagon, 1959, good condition, motor just overhauled. \$150.00, call 533-0491.

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

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 for the Bulletin Board

are welcomed. 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, also draught beer, 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. Featuring live music on weekends.

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

CYHI should be mailed to Route 1, Box 238-A, Oroville, California. Phone number is 533-0714. Editor is Joyce Clark.

Rates:

20¢ per copy

75¢ per month 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. All contributions of material are encouraged. Letters to the editor should be limited to 500 words, and contain no slanderous or malicious intent toward any private citizen or group of same. Names must appear on letters but can be withheld from the paper on request.

We are making a request for people to take over new columns for the CYHI on a weekly basis. Such as a political column, a health food column, a book review column, sports column (consisting of local events preferably), a young people's section, etc.

If you do not have the time to devote to a regular weekly column, make it a monthly or semi-monthly column. We are also in great need of a roving reporter, since we are without a car during the week. Anyone who is interested please give us a call before Friday and we will give you the details.

There is no home for me in this land today.
For soon my land will be all but wasted away.
From across the great oceans I hear the waves call,
Oh, do you see how the great armies start to fall,
Peace, merciful peace cries the inward tide,
But the answer is hopelessly lost, locked deep inside.

All correspondence to and for