

# GULCH NEWS

The rag with a sense of humor

## WHITETHORN JUNK

Drug abuse in Whitethorn became an issue last week with the death of "Little Stevie" Doyle, from an apparent overdose of horse, shit, smack, junk ... ~~HEROIN~~. Stevie's was the third ~~O.D.~~ by a local man within the last year. A few nights after his death someone painted the forms of the fallen bodies on the sidewalk with red paint. Within the bodies were written the names of the victims; one more was half-painted with a question mark instead of a name. That graffiti set the stage for the meeting that took place last Monday at the Whitethorn School.

More than 75 residents of the greater Whitethorn area gathered to try to find a solution to the using and selling of hard drugs in Whitethorn. An alarming scenario was painted by a local resident. It turns out that junkies from all over Southern Humboldt regularly come to Whitethorn to score their shit. They then drive a little ways outside Whitethorn to shoot up the drugs, often near what used to be a popular swimming hole on the Mattole. As totally disgusting proof of this, one person brought in a bag of ~~old needles and empty heroin bags~~ found by the river and poured them out onto a newspaper on a table. (Hepatitis, AIDS, anyone?) There was a horrified gasp as this display was shown.

The rest of the meeting was spent trying to figure out how to get the dealers of death out of town. Local law enforcement had heroin contained in Whitethorn; a hands-off attitude that had to change if these concerned citizens were unable to rid the town of this scourge by petitioning the pushers themselves. It was also pointed out that the *drug addicts* needed help. Next meeting Monday, March 9 at 7:00 p.m. at the Whitethorn School.

## Mattole Clearcut

Last Monday all the cars on the road were heading for the Whitethorn School. By 6:30 P.M. eighty adults were jammed into a classroom town-meeting style. It looked like a reunion, back to the days when Whale Gulch kids were a big part of that school. As in the past Bill Jackson initiated the talk, sounding like the "Tuna" of the old days. Rick Thorngate skillfully cut through the rhetoric and emerged as the facilitator. Stephanie Lusak, in her sincere way, handled questions and presented a petition directed toward Barnum Timber Company. Everyone was given maps from the approved Timber Harvest plans and got the picture of where the clear cuts are planned and the extent of the harvest plans. There was unity among those gathered shown by shouts and applause as the cause was presented.

First things first! The group needed a name, so suggestions were voiced and listed on butcher paper and a vote was called. Three choices: Greenthorn, Whitethorn Liberation Army and the winner ... Mattole Watershed Preservation Association. The hat was passed and \$145 is in the treasury. Some volunteers stepped forward to be on committees and they are at work. The first decision was when the next meeting would be and everyone knew that it had to be soon. With the THP's approved and winter logging okayed it could be today that the first equipment rolls into the valley. The MWPA meets Monday, March 9, 6:00 p.m. at the Whitethorn School.

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## Mateel Community Center

The MCC had its bi-weekly board meeting Tuesday night. Even as the organization is moving toward getting the necessary permits to rebuild the "fireman's hall" in Redway, the possibility of purchasing the Redwood Inn land in Garberville refuses to die. It was brought up that the Jewish organization B'nai H'ar Arretz, reportedly in possession of a large endowment, is interested in buying the property with the MCC. However, that lot is still way too expensive as the owners are asking for more than fair market value. The majority of the board, backed by overwhelming membership approval, is moving ahead with the Redway land on Rusk Lane just above the CHP. The county planning department will grant a parking exception if the MCC widens Rusk Lane to 40 feet - another obstacle but not insurmountable. The permit process continues, steered by a very capable board of directors.

In other news Deerhawk, representing KMUD, asked for \$500 for underwriting a program on Redwood Community Radio. Before and after one weekly program the MCC organization would be mentioned for an as yet undetermined number of weeks. The money is needed now for start-up costs for the listener-sponsored radio station that hopes to be on the air sometime in April. All businesses and organizations are being asked to underwrite programs. Anyone wishing to volunteer now or later should call Mary Anderson. (The MCC board said "Yes, here's the five bills.")

Short shit: Tim Clark has been selected to design the new Comm. Ctr. for \$16 an hour.

E.F. Hutton lost the signature card MCC sent (then hung up on Carol); we'll take our 50 grand elsewhere. (Home Federal Savings)

## Is The Pope Catholic?

Houston Airport

The Hari-Krishna man in the business suit reads this intonation: "Earl Campbell is God". I laugh, ignoring his manicured insistence. Hello bean belly! One more desert to fly! Goodbye to the power-brokers stalking the terminals and first-class sections. Goodbye to the southern belle stewardesses who bring me pre-sweetened orange juice. Goodbye America I love you; don't you know I'm your Yugoslav son.

My levi image needs a Monterrey shoe-shine; the inevitable beggars need a winter shower of Pope pesos. The pontiff beat me to Mexico though I may beat the tiara glow to Monterrey. Ah Mexico! White turns to brown - the desert saturated yawn, then I'm lost in her. Fifth Avenue rags slinking along the tan-lines in the Houston, Texas airport.

Aero-Mexico: walk the ramp and enter the head of the flying beast; the computerized bird which could drop like a turd. Each destination a different flame of an idea, a metal module of dials and controls, and then another irresistible glance into her silk blouse and soft breasts inside. Oh America! I shall soon be in the land of the endless bra! So go for it sweet Boeing 727 - the thrill of the thrust is the air-travelers lust! My eyes devour your body but I am no sexist pig - I just love beauty. Is that what they all say? The vacant seat beside my dream is sooner filled by an inner scream. Goodbye power-brokers, hello tortilla jokers!

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They all wore shoes when they welcomed me and the Pope to Monterrey, Mexico. The airport is jammed ... (To be continued ...)