

GULCH MULCH

All The Pulp That's Fit To Gulp

SINKYONE NEWS & UPDATE

EVA'S SONG

Sept 2/Wed. Community meeting - "What's Going On?" -
Carol's house 3:30 pm

Sept 29/Mon. Final Organization - Nancy's house 3:30pm

Sept 30/Tues. Community meeting with Park Rangers - Time
and place to be confirmed soon.

Is it because we like meetings? No! It's because a lot is going
on and we need the support and organization of this whole
beautiful community.

Seems like the Harmonic Conversion made some waves. Our
Public Servants had some objections and would us to know how
we defile Park regulations --- Sept. 30th meeting.

Because we all do not share exactly the same feelings and
needs in regard to that spot they now call "the park" and we
continue to call the Mouth of the Gulch, we would like you to come
to the Sept 2nd meeting with your feelings and needs in writing so
we can compose a greater community statement to be offered up
at the Sept 30th meeting as well as mailed off to all the
appropriate places.

We don't need to all agree but we do need to support each
other and Stand Together!

Also more info about herbicide injury claims - bring any new
info with you.

Sept 29th we will prepare our statements and focus the
energy like we did for the herbicide meeting.

On a lighter note --- Remember - if you buy any polystyrene
(styrofoam) products or packaging - don't complain about holes in
the ozone. Berkeley is trying to outlaw all use of the stuff
because of Chlorofluorocarbon release during manufacturing and
storage. The "CFC's" rise to the stratosphere and decompose
through the effects of ultraviolet radiation. This process releases
chlorine atoms that react with atmospheric ozone to create
chlorine oxide. Chlorine oxide releases its oxygen atom and frees
the chlorine atom to repeat over and over again the destruction of
the ozone. Murrish will happily repackage anything for you.

If more and more of us refuse to bring it home - they'll get
the picture. Little things add up!

Survival depends on daily decisions made by every single one
of us.

By Carol

I am flying like a hawk does drifting over mountains and
valleys searching for the light within myself.

I am running like a fox does sneaking through fields and
forests loving the life I lead.

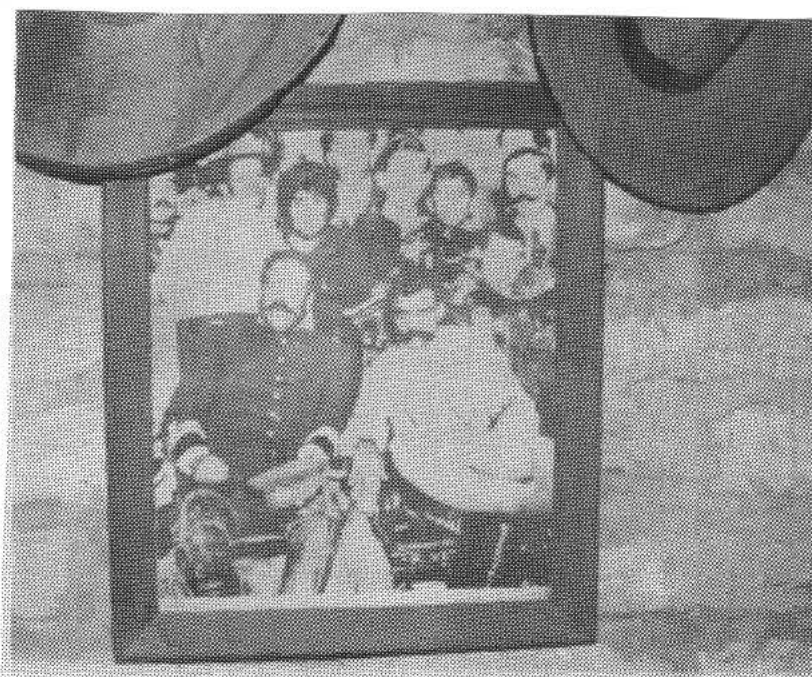
I am hissing like a snake does crawling through dark holes and
deserts angry with the way it is.

Nature conceives life to us the sky brings light to us but
what do we do we do we abuse life we let light go by.

I am fighting like a politician does. I am driving like a knife
blade. And I'm stealing like a thief does.

And you know society and head games have brought me here.
I do regret what I have done but I hold great resentment to the
ones who made up the rules.

I am crying like a child does. I am screaming like a lunatic.
I'm gonna go to war I'm gonna take your hand and we're gonna
start a revolution we're gonna change the world and we'll fight
like soldiers do so we can dance like a deer does and sing like a
bird does and travel the world show all the people that it's o.k. to
be yourself and prance like a deer to be free.



Villa y Zapata

GULCH GOES CONDO

"THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A WHALE GULCH HIPPIE WITH
A TELEPHONE" - Arnie.

Phone lines may be coming into the Gulch. Do you care? Do you want one? How would you feel about over head lines, like how gross! The Woolens have applied for a phone and according to a Contel employee it would cost \$1.30 a foot to underground it. Doubtless there will soon be one of those little green boxes at "Spain".

Do you want phones, PG & E, The Road Paved? The Future is now; are you ready to plug-in?

(Editor's Note: At press time the Woolens had withdrawn their request for a phone.)

PERSIAN GULF

Iran is a jewel in the desert, a lake of oil. The people, with memories of the Shah's white heat table, prepare to defend what thirsty autos want to gulp.

We're the cops of the world no matter how many well-meaning citizens register their disagreement with Contra Support in the opinion polls. As an armada of American warships (44 by next week) enters the Persian Gulf the Soviet Union is finalizing a deal with Iran to ship Iranian oil across Soviet territory.

The Iran Contra scandal has brought us manoevers in the Persian Gulg. The policy of selling arms to Iran has forced this militaristic provocative action by Raygun. When a U.S. warship hits a mine then the conflict could be widened. (When war starts with Iran, blockade Hiway 101.)



4th DISTRICT NEWS

At the Salmon Barbecue they were throwing horse shoes on to a hardpan pit till Jeff Hess came along. He soon procured a shovel and began to dig up the hardpan pits. He is running for Supervisor in the 4th District of Mendocino County to replace Cimolino who is retiring. JoAnne Jury is his main opponent for the June, 1988 primary.

I beat him, then he beat me so I bought him a beer and asked him about the campaign. His chances depend upon registering people to vote who have so far refused to do so. Perhaps the apathetic adults' children will be voting before the "adult's". So you register, vote, then you get a notice for jury duty which you send back declining to serve since you live more than 100 miles from Ukiah and that's all folks.

So here comes Jeff Hess digging up every horse shoe pit within 50 miles and glad-handing the electorate. (He's got my vote.)

LOCAL DIRECTORY

When Ever - Garbage pick-up; Puaa and Tim

Wood Ever - Tree trimming, firewood; CB #20

Keith Rashall Metal Fabrication; POB 282 Thorn

Beadz-Semiprecious stone; Star and Yerba POB 55 Thorn

Carrie Pierce-Massage Practitioner \$25; CB#20

Sharon-Massage & Deep Tissue; Hot tub optional

Yerba Santa- Futons&Shipcovers- Kiehl's Essential Oils

Talismans. POB 112, Thorn CA 95489

Rondal Snodgrass-Mediation and Counselling

Lost Coast Llamas & Shady Bay Stables. 77321 Usal Road

Whitethorn, Ca 95489

Janis Gray- Therapeutic massage. POB 244, Thorn

Bryce Gray- Redwood lumber, milled to specifications
CB#20

Syreeta- Open Channeling Session. 1st & 3rd Wednesday- healing,
and trance-reading.

Frank Letton-Electrical work, CB & FM Antennas
POB 294 Whitethorn or CB# 20

WHALERS AND REDEYES AGAIN

While the wannabes were converging at the ocean, the Whalers and Redeyes were staging an old-timers game at the old Redway field. They say many an ankle was sprained in that gopher hole outfield. So Redway and Miranda were abandoned and the local slo pitch league took over the Phillippsville flat, in the process accepting grounds- keeping responsibilities and upping dues to \$500 per team. So for a few years the Saw Blade Tavern saw excellent business until the responsibility became too much and the league fell apart.

So there we were back on the Redway field where the Whaler's had busted Owl's dreams in a hot Labor Day tournament 5 years before. After whipping the Briceland Buzzards ("like Jehovah rising from the desert" observed Rick Klein) we drove up to Miranda and vanquished Garberville with the skyball dropping out of the late afternoon sun. The next year the skyball was made illegal. They couldn't handle it. (It was too boring.)

THE LAST WHALE GULCH FOG REPORT

"Like what are you doing for the Convergence, man?" was the most-asked question this month. (It was like the last week of the Chicken Fights in Matehuala when all you hear is "Los Gallos! Los Gallos!!!"....**Boola** did his job sending the New York tourists to the Mouth as well as the rest of KMUD Nation.

So this is it for the gossip boogie, yacketty yack. No longer will the Ace #1 Gossip-Monger Extraordinaire tell you who was yelling at whom over a \$26 loan at the Salmon Barbecue....And we're definitely not going to get into **The Grinch Who Stole Recess**, that's

off-limits, locked up.....hey four-square this punks.....

Call of the Wild

We've got to go back, they said,
Back to the "Call of the Wild"
There is something better than this,
What we dreamed about as a child.

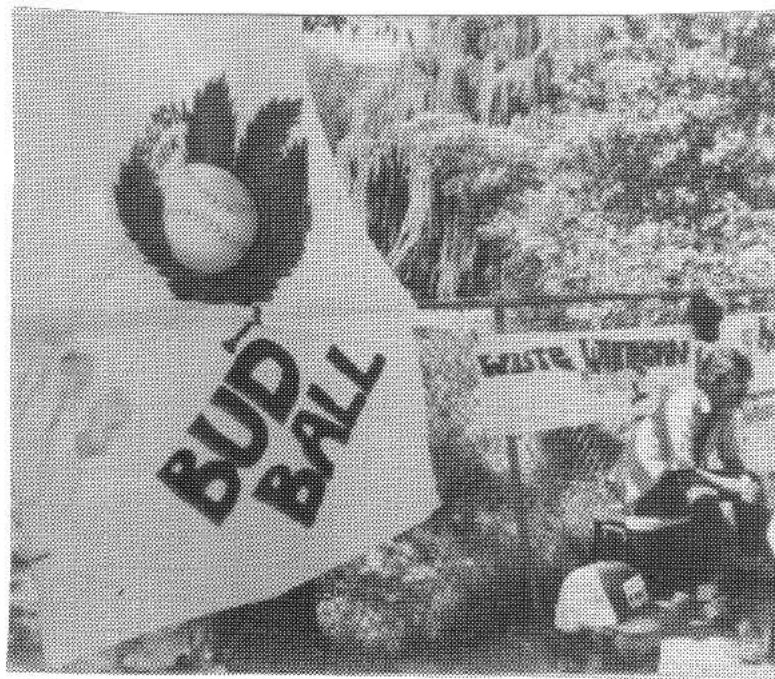
Back where mountains are nameless,
Back where the hills are in bloom,
Back where rivers are endless,
Back where the wild flowers bloom.

Out where winds of the Pacific
Blows gently over the hills,
Out where life is unhurried,
And no desire for thrills.

Out where we can teach our children
The wonderful things of life,
That beauty and love and splendor
Are worth more than money or strife.

Out where a hand shake is sufficient
To bind a sale with a friend,
Out where love is still primitive
And honor endures to the end.

(Poem Jan's grand father wrote
after Doug and Jan were at his
home for Christmas



BACK TO CATORCE

When I got back to La Huerta from the laundromat the gate was open and a truck with Texas plates was parked inside the walls. The roosters crowed as the men built the new room next to the chicken ring.

At first I didn't recognize him, then I saw it was Carlos the notorious pig shtupper from Colombia, who couldn't hold a vet job in the area because of that proclivity. He had gone to Chiapas where his barnyard antics weren't known. Plus he had a woman now, a nice looking Americana from Texas, a refugee from the anti-Marxist classrooms of Austin. She was a graduate student gone wrong and had moved to Mexico to get away from the pressure of feeling she should be a lawyer like her friends. Then she shipped half of her life savings, \$20,000, down to San Cristobal de Las Casas to buy a beautiful rancho: 20 hectares and a fine house with lots of water. Then the water rights fell through, he started to beat her, and the baby entered the second trimester. She was thinking of breaking up with him and all the money was in his phoney name in the bank.

Fernando Sanchez was born Jan 10, 1957. He died later that year and was quietly buried in a village in the desert of Zacatecas. Fernando Sanchez was back on the streets after 28 years. It was the oldest trick in the book: Carlos carried the birth certificate of a dead infant to legalize his existence in Mexico, for as bad as conditions were in Mexico they were worse in Colombia.

We unloaded all their earthly belongings and reloaded the truck with propane tanks and rocking chairs to be taken out to the hotel our friend ran in Catorce, a little mountain town of long lost fame and fortunes. To get to Catorce from Matehuala you go through three types of terrain: The flat desert, the gradually rising foothills, and the tunnel. We whizzed along the pavement past men loading up on water and hauling it away on horse-drawn wagons.

All seemed jolly between Allison and Carlos as we cruised at 70, occasionally passing patches of irrigated green fields. Then we left the hiway and turned up the cobblestone road heading gradually into the purple grey mountains ahead. We stopped halfway up the hill to smoke a little Zacateces Morado which proved to be too much for Carlos on top of the wine, beer and

tequila that he had been quaffing all day. He decided to lay down beside the road.

"Go on", he told us.

"Hey, let's go to Catorce", I replied in vain.

I took a little walk on the old peyote patch that was now a cornfield as Allison began pleading in earnest with Carlos. I walked further into the cactus and upon returning found that Carlos still refused to go in the truck. We began to walk to Catorce but after a few hundred feet he decided he was ready to continue driving after all.

"No way am I riding with him driving drunk", I stated.

"Allison should drive."

I'd had enough so I started walking the 5 miles toward Catorce but after 400 yards I thought, "Forget this. Let's just leave him by the side of the road if it's come to that!"

I heard the 77 Dodge pickup rev it's engine, then begin to move slowly down the peaceful mountain road. Allison was driving and Carlos was hanging on to the side. When I got to the truck he pulled the window apart, shattering the glass. Then he opened the door and grabbed his knife off the dashboard. Allison scrambled out the other door terrorized.

"Don't leave me!" she cried. "He will kill me!"

I was about to make a move for his knife when he, out of the blue, handed it to me! I stuck it in my coat pocket then switched it to my back pants pocket when he wasn't looking. A few minutes later he asked for it back and reached into my empty coat pocket. I refused to return it. He made a move toward Allison, she ducked behind me, and I raised my voice for the first time.

"I've had it with these games", I shouted.

He shouted back at me - it was a stand-off. I was ready to knock his block off if he made another move toward Allison.

Then we're back three in the cab, Allison's driving, and we're heading past Protero and thru the tunnel. A truck was coming the other way and when we stopped Carlos tried to get out in the middle of the tunnel. I locked the door and held him back. I couldn't hack another sit-in. The truck passed and we continued on thru the tunnel. With his sleeping bag, poncho and precious papers he got out of the truck and lay down beside the road dead drunk. Allison and I drove on to the hotel to make some dinner.