

GULCH MULCH

Ronnie Lies Again

Reagan, the president, had his first news conference in four months last week and the old boy held his own. The style was back though there were still a lot of unanswered questions about the substance. Carefully rehearsed and using his notes a lot he didn't miss a beat and even managed to snap off a couple of one-liners. (Commented one observer "Nowadays if the guy doesn't make a complete fool out of himself they call it a successful news conference".) Tonight we had Reagan at his best, rarely answering a question directly and sweating. When asked how he could have been unaware of the millions of dollars going to the Contras through Oliver North and what that said about his management style responded "I set the policy and they implement it." (Good show Ronnie but are you sure you "can't remember"?).

Phone News

The phone situation is currently at a standstill-it seems that there are only twenty-five lines available between Whitethorn and Chamise Mt. Rd. The phone company is going to do a modification to supply more lines, which should be in by August. Actually, they would like to lay more lines if they can get right-of-way, possibly up Mill Creek.

The equipment they were interested in testing, which was discussed at the meeting we had in G'ville, has finally been licensed by the FCC. Hopefully they will proceed with the test.

Being a firm believer in "the squeaky wheel gets the grease", I feel that all those interested in phones should individually get in

touch with Lew Florence, the Garberville manager. His number is 923-3216. The more we let him know we are anxious the quicker we'll get phones. They will probably suggest land lines-just say **no**. Maybe later this year we'll have a working system.

By Keith

Mexico New Years

Three hundred miles south of the border the Gulch-7-Mobile's left rear steel belted radial slammed into and out of a half foot deep pot-hole at seventy miles per hour on carraterra (hiway) 57 in the Huichol desert twenty miles out of Matehuala late at night on December 31. I was letting Carl drive as fast as he wanted because I felt bad about throwing my beer on him a few miles back after he had asked if it was alright to turn the heater on.

We limped into town on the spare arriving at the new guest house of La Huerta where our considerate hosts, Roberto and Cynthia, have left a stick of incense burning and a doobie on the side-table. Villa and Zapata are back up on the wall as well as a huge Geo-map of Mexico showing every peak and vally. A surf-board hangs along the bamboo ceiling and a few 50 lb. bags of pecans lay on the floor. Everyone has already gone up to Catorce for the party. (And so it was that as the year ended I found myself back in La Huerta, an orchard compound on the edge of Matehuala, where wandering around a shed I found a drawer full of little rooster boxing gloves.)

We raid the Zacatecas purple, stop for a case of beer, and head out of town in the desert-cruisin', low-ridin' Gulch-7-Mobile. We drive the flat run to Cedral then turn off into the Sierra and up the grade to the tunnel of Real de Catorce. With the purple smoke burning

bright we blaze down the cobbled roadway under the mountain of silver, entering the narrow streets of the old town which once thrived with mineral wealth and now features a little off-the-beaten-path tourism. We creep slowly past the church and stop at Roberto's place The Hotel El Real.

There's the usual assortment of travelers, peyote-eaters, and artists hanging out at the El Real; South Americans, Texans, and Europeans high in the mountains of Mexico waiting for the traditional chicken dinner. We drink and smoke then go outside, en masse, to watch the fireworks in the street which soon becomes a smoky mess amidst the gay laughter of the town kids. We head up to Roberto's apartment above the plaza to work on some cactus, cleaning the little white hairs from the buttons. Then the green meanies are cut up and cooked into peyote chocolate bars! (I took a bite, chewing with a cringing jaw the bitter mouthful raw.)

Its 1987!!! We're back at the Hotel hugging the helpless heathen as many bottles of Mexican wine are opened with dinner. The Americans and Europeans chow down in the early morning cacaphony of music and talk. We are dancing the midnight electric in the heights of San Luis Potosi here in the steepness factor, the cobbled streets of Catorce: party town, get-down geological formations, the feast of San Francisco, and one group of daze-eyed peyote-eaters, faces burned by the mid-day sun on the wild trail up to Que Mado.

Back Room Boogie

Last week Harry Prichard and the Garberville good-old-boys attempted to rezone the North Locust Street area to allow for auto-wrecking facilities from the old firemans hall site to the court-house. When some Mateel Community Center(MCC) board members found out about the plan they were invited to go along but according to one board member "We don't make deals, we're not free to make deals." So instead of supporting the rezoning at the Board of Supervisors the MCC board members spoke against it and "everybody looked at Harry."

MCC Notes

Gene Parsons Band this Friday at the Veterans Hall. (Check it out.) Summer Arts Festival applications are out. (40 are back). MCC gives K-MUD \$1000 for underwriting a radio program for a year. The MCC announcement will include 15 to 20 words on top of name and address,broadcast before and after a show once a week.

Building Design: Soils report authorized (\$300). Tom McBride is doing soils profile. County wants R-1 geological report.

Define needs of building, other groups input (Feet First?) Dance barn *and* theatrical, conduits for wire. Stage design. Plan now for future. Display space/ art shows.

Phase 1 show county, phase 2 think future.

MATTOLE WATERSHED PRESERVATION ASS.

On Monday, March 16, 1987, the Barnum Timber Co. sent two reps. to Whitethorn for a meeting with two CDF foresters, a Fish & Game official and seven concerned community representatives. The meeting was arranged after contact was made with the Barnum Timber Co. by the newly formed Mattole Watershed Preservation Association.

Barnum Timber has two Timber Harvest Plans that call for the logging of land at both ends of the town of Whitethorn adjacent to the river and its local tributaries and many family residences. (THP# 1-86-635 and # 1-86-636) Concern has been expressed by many community members about the short and long term effects of this proposed logging. The Salmon Restoration Project in the upper Mattole River is jeopardized by any increase in siltation of the River and/or its tributaries. Equally important is the shade canopy providing protection for the conditions necessary for salmon spawning. The view shed along the county road and surrounding peoples' homes will be effected by the logging. Water sources can be affected by intense lumber harvesting.

The meeting was informative and productive. With open channels for communication concerns can be handled in a positive and effective manner. Detailed information about the THP's were communicated to the general meeting of the MWPA on Monday evening. There was discussion at that meeting about a proposal to investigate the possibility of purchasing approx. 5 acres of land on the River across from the Whitethorn School before it is logged. There are several large virgin Redwoods on this property as well as salmon spawning grounds in the river

immediately adjacent to this property. Making this a memorial to Little Stevie as a preserve/park was proposed.

The clean-up of Whitethorn and surrounding areas continues, hopefully to be enhanced by the removal of all abandoned vehicles. MWPA is contacting sources who can facilitate the removal of these health hazards in our community.

The MWPA raffle is in progress. Tickets are available in town for a chance to win a large number of donated prizes. Proceeds go to further fund the MWPA in its efforts to better life in this area.

by Eric

JR. HIGH FIELD TRIP

The Jr. High decided they needed a field trip and their teacher Ray agreed, packing it with lots of stuff to do. In Redway we saw Ray's writing computer, and went next door to see a beautiful chess set with musicians for pieces. We left Monday morning, March 16th, from Ray's house in town to go to the Scotia Pacific Lumber Co. for a tour. Ray drove the boys and Richard E. drove the girls, (Richard really kept us laughing). The tour of the lumber company was great. We walked above the huge machines, logs and workers. When the humungus logs got pushed around the whole building shook. All the machines made quite a racket. We saw how the boards were cut and sorted, it was fun.

We then went to Fort Humbolt Logging Museum and saw old logging machines, which was interesting.

We ate dinner out at Round Table Pizza. We then went to Humbolt State University and saw an art show, two of Kathy Hartje's paintings were there. After that we ran around

campus (at the football field) and tried to scare each other. We then hung around in the game room, it had pool tables, video games and music videos. After that we went to Kathy's house we only got five hours of sleep, it was like a slumber party (in Arcata).

In the morning we went to the Samoa Cookhouse and had french toast and ham. After we went to the Press conference for the Sanctuary Forest. Rondal, a Sister from the Whitethorn Monastery, the treasurer and two other people were there. Also Channel 6 and Channel 3 were there. (Rosa was on TV for a fleeting glance.) Rondal talked about why it should not be logged and what would happen if it was (that would be sad). Other people told what they thought. I brought up the subject of the money. We only have the down payment and will need more money throughout the next few years, if our bid is accepted. Coyote, Salmon, Redwood tree, Spotted Owl, Crow and Wild Cat came with their bids. They bid for life, health and love. Redwood tree pointed out that it was already his (hers).

We ate lunch at an ice cream parlor. Then we went to the "Clarke Museum" to look at Indian artifacts, that was interesting. Then we drove home cracking jokes and having fun. It was quite an interesting field trip, I enjoyed it a lot.

by Blossom Madrona

Enquiring Minds Want To Know

Last week I was asked to write an article about the sex and drugs "scene" at South Fork. However, the more I discussed it with my friends and thought about it the more I realized that sex and drugs are not isolated issues but are just two of many aspects of life. (Not only at South Fork but also in the rest of the world.) Also I feel that to discuss the details of this so-called "scene" would lead to unwanted and uncared for questions and would sound like an article from The National Enquirer.

All "scenes" are made up of individuals and while many people may have things in common they are still unique. Some people may have problems, addictions, and pregnancies; I have my opinions about these subjects just as anyone does, but is it my place to judge these people, to classify or stereotype them? That is exactly what I would have to do in order to write the assigned article. It would be easy to take this route. You can put anyone in any given category but as you look closer it becomes more complicated. You see this can get pretty tricky when dealing with "real" people. (Are there any "fake" people?)

What is the point or issue of this article anyway? Is it to let the "public" know that today's students have sex and do drugs? Come on man, do you really think things have changed since you were in high school? Maybe the point is to expose some of the truly weird, wild and crazy things that do go on so as to freak out some parents that are going to or are currently sending their beloved children to South Fork. But what good would that do? It would probably change from "enquiring minds" attempting to understand the South Fork "scenes" to a game of twenty questions. Who, what, where, when,

how, how much, who else, etc? And frankly I don't want to be responsible for what those types of questions could lead to, or should I say what the *answers* could lead to.

It is often because of these kinds of questions that teenagers(as a stereotyped group) do not confide in adults(as another such group). Names, dates, places,etc, are not important. Yes, sex and drugs do exist(as I'm sure you knew)-for many these are loaded issues. Because of this I don't feel I can discuss other peoples' private lives, nor do I wish to discuss mine.

By Deva

Here Comes K-MUD!

K-MUD had a general programming meeting at The Civic Club last Tuesday. If your program idea is approved by the Program Selection and Review Committee (made up of all the heads of the departments) then on-air training is facilitated by the likes of Harold Day. If your programming is denied you have the option to appeal to the Board of Directors. In addition there will be a citizens advisory group. (K-MUD will be associated with the Pacifica Foundation).

Who was there?: Andy from Whitethorn interested in religious programming; someone from Borderlands Science who wants to do the classical show; a couple of young wise guys all set to rock and roll on Friday nights; and other ego-maniacs who want to get their voices out over the ether and into your houses and cars.

Though most of the prime radio time is already penciled in there are still some odd-ball time-slots left. K-MUD plans to be on the air sometime in April.(Studio located 973 Redwood Drive- 3rd cottage in. Subscriptions \$35).

You Can Lead An Audience To A Comedian But You Can't Make Them Laugh (P.B.)

Andy Warhol is gone, the fifteen minutes of fame live on, and now it is *our* turn. The smoke machine is belching eerie atmosphere here at the Cellar, here in the pits of Hell, a night club in Hell to be exact. Susan paints garish hollows onto our chunky purple faces; she hasn't used this much make-up since high school.

We are the extras in the filming of a scene from **Broccoli and Youngams**, King Fred's latest flick featuring our local heroes P.B. and Owl as two comedians on a trip to Hell and back. Our job as extras is to provide the applause whenever Danny Broccoli says a one-liner. As extras we are self-proclaimed assistant directors trying to order free drinks from the production staff headed by Leia, bonded in that delirious camaraderie that actors know.

King Fred sets us up to record a laugh track then brings on Broccoli and Youngams. We laugh at Broccoli's bad jokes, the ideal roaring audience, but we have a hidden agenda: we are seducing him with our laughter. Youngams becomes suspicious and says to Broccoli "I don't think this is Atlantic City anymore."

LOCAL DIRECTORY

- When Ever — Garbage pick-up; Puaa & Tim
- Wood Ever — Tree trimming, firewood; CB# 20
- Keith Rashall Metal Fabrication; POB 282 Thorn
- Beadz — Semiprecious stone; Star & Yerba POB 55 Thorn
- Carrie Pierce • Massage Practitioner \$25; CB# 20
- Sharon • Massage & Deep Tissue; Hot tub optional
- Yerba Santa • Futons & Slipcovers • Kiehl's Essential Oils, Talismans. POB 112, Thorn, CA 95489
- Rondall Snodgrass • Mediation & Counselling
- Lost Coast Llamas & Shady Bay Stables. 77321 Usal Road
- Syreeta — Open Channeling Session. 1st & 3rd Wed beginning April 1, 7:30 - 9:00 pm. Also energy work, healing, and trance reading. Donations or firewood accepted.