

GULCH MULCH

All The Pulp Thats Fit To Gulp

MATEEL TO ROTARY:

"Lets do lunch..."

The saga of the Fireman's Hall continues. As you may recall there was this old boogie-barn at the edge of town. At those dances we would redefine ourselves, were we "with it" or a wallflower? The dancers danced, the basketballers hooped, the seniors were there and any other use that anyone wanted to rent the hall for. All kinds of performances, the meeting place of art and music.

At Thanksgiving 1983 the hall burned down. For 3 years the Mateel board tried to get a building permit but were stymied by zoning after also buying the adjacent lot from the Fire Dept.

Early this year the Mateel board grabbed the bull by the horns and purchased a piece of land in Redway on which to rebuild. There was much discussion on this point with some board members wanting to build in Garberville on the Redwood Inn land (which will soon become a McDonald's).

So this year has been spent getting the permits and designing the building. Timothy Clark has designed a useable building and ground breaking should take place next year. Major agreements have been made with the Redway Water District along the way and the permit will be handed in to the county and hopefully approved by Jan. '88. The old hall was never a dream, it's just a burnt up reality.

Which brings us to the Mateel General Membership meeting held last month. First of all the food was great, those folks can cook.

So everyone had a chance to speak. First someone from the Rotary Club took the first 5 minutes to tell us how dumb he was, then said he and his group wanted to "share the dream" of building a community center in this neighborhood. He said the various groups, Kiwanis et. al. would have to match the Mateel's \$160,000 building fund to build a really great building that can be a convention center as well as youth and senior center. He said

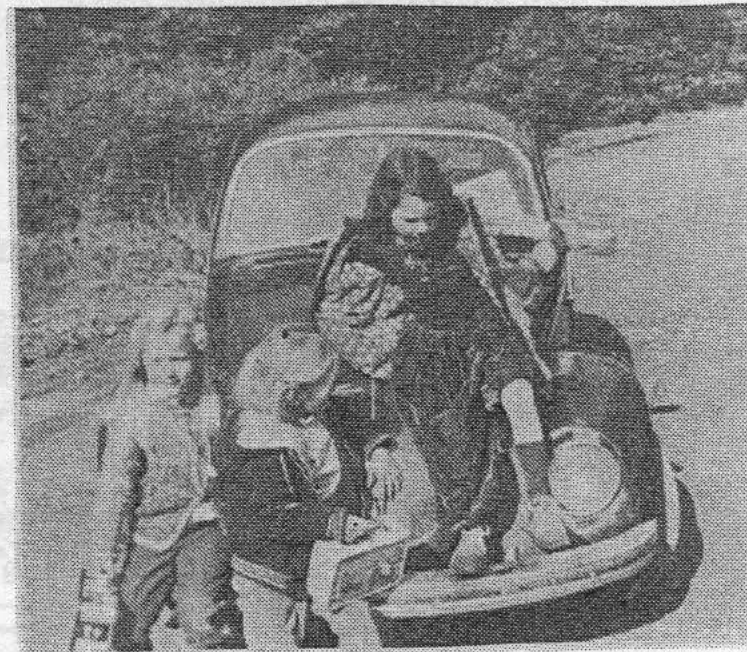
let's let bygones be bygones, let's forget about that nauseating takeover attempt a few years back. As he walked off the podium he said "O.K. if we get together on this, fine, otherwise I'll just drive on by." (If the Rotarians' hall burned down you get the feeling that they would probably rebuild within the first year. They could bring efficiency to the Mateel.)

Then more people spoke. One person said, "Jack, you say you want to share the dream. That dream is a counter cultural one saying No to war in Central America, to nuclear stockpiles." Another person said, "I might want to smoke herb in my birthday suit while dancing to the Neville Brothers. Is that your dream, too?"

Many comments spoke to the fact that the Mateel had always been open for anyone who wanted to use it, that if Rotarians or even Martians wanted to join and get involved, fine.

There were some conciliatory voices among the speakers but not many. Most people said let's build the building and not get side-tracked by meaningless negotiations carried on by a moderate board trying to appease the Garberville good old boys who might still try to throw a monkey-wrench into the Redway rebuilding plan if we don't talk to them. Then again if substantially more than \$160,000 is needed to build a good hall, more money would be gladly accepted by the Mateel.

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In other news Harold Murrish has offered to donate some land adjacent to the Redway building site with the condition that the community groups get together to build a building that even the homeless would enjoy. However, with \$100,000 a day flowing into his cash registers he knows which side of the bread is buttered and probably will donate the land (which is not even necessary for the building plans) with no strings attached after this "post-hospital drive" frenzy of involvement runs its course.

As the Mateel attempts to rebuild some neighbors by the Redway site aren't too happy about having a boogie-barn built in their back yard. (Look on the bright side Bud, there's always Benbow.)

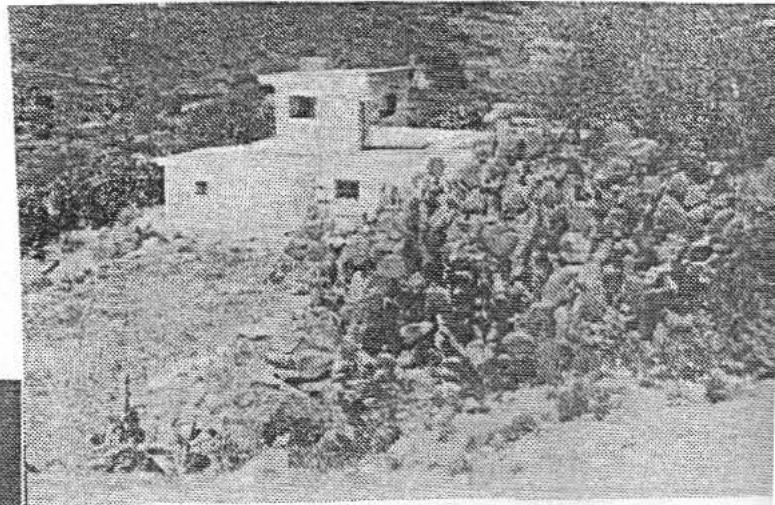


Bye-bye Bay Trees

This is a place where some bay trees grew
J.D. is a man with a chain saw in his hand
He cut 'em down, we cleared the land
And the bulldozers came rolling in

This is a place where some bay trees grew
Tall and beautiful by the spring
The people came to lend a hand
And the cement truck came rolling in

This is a place born from a dream
A step beyond the usual thing
And the Valients and Volvos come rolling in

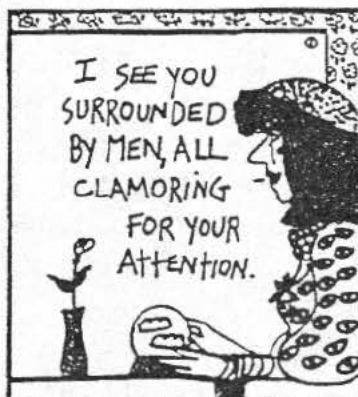


MEXICO SCENES

This is the land of peyote where bleary-eyed hips from Mexico City straggle in after a few days on the mountain in the hands of the one-eyed monster. They come off the train bright-eyed and bushy-tailed and become one with nature and those little deer foot-prints. Peyote grows in clumps under bushes all over the northern desert. The peyote fiends go out human and return cactus. They asked me to come but I have no desire to change my perceptions and upset my stomach. Some people party till they puke...with peyote you puke until you party.

* * *

I gaze upon the star-lit Mexican sky in Matehuala, the town my grandfather brought me to 14 years ago. I try to talk to him, oh grampa do you hear me? Is that the difference, that childless I would have no one calling up to me when I'm gone? Are these the telegraphic wavelengths that I will miss, or will there just be one less fool a-talkin' to the stars?



THE ZONERS

Understanding Youth Today

First of all if you're not tech, you're lame. Any attempt to get anything in life is scammy. Words have been refracted, everything is a "factor" like when Seth asked for more enchillada 'factor' at Marshall's birthday. Then the factor becomes the factoid leading to the Yerbold, Rosoid and Android. So after you're factored out and past the oid zone it will be necessary to further your mega-ambitions in some other zone, preferably not a skanky one.

Yes, these are the zoners speaking skateboard-ese in the dawn of tomorrow's unbearable possibilities

EATING IN AMERICA

After months of mukini- extraordinaire I'm ready to trade the milk in for the juice- bar but what if I fall over playing basketball? So I finally got it together to cook a pot of beans only to be bored with the results. Even the World's Most Fattening Food, avocado, couldn't allay that mundane tortilla factor. Wanted: juice -bar, health food cafe, cook!

LOCAL DIRECTORY

When Ever - Garbage pick-up; Puao 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&Slipcovers- 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

BIRTHING U.S.A.

Welcome Joshua
(No One Else is Pregnant)

Channel 17 was the birthing channel, the number I'd leave it on at night since I was the back-up phone to call the midwife. We were all up at the birth house when the call came via C.B. for nipple stimulation.

I remember the birth I witnessed down in Willits ;those were the days of the communal birth experience, all the neighbors in the tipi as Alhena, down on her hands and knees pushed that baby out, screaming and pushing for hours

That was the Willits hitch again where earlier that year I'd cut down 10,000 bull rushes north of town and hitched all the way back with those 20 bundles. I was turned on to the bull rushes outside Willits the day Sage was conceived.

DREAM #211

Sitting by the ocean when a big garbage truck squirts over the cliff and out into the sea. It turns into a whale and 2 people emerge and swim non-challantly back to land. Later we all go swimming in the breakers.

Frank is corresponding with a ham friend on Sakhalin Island (Eastern USSR). This man's wife wants someone to correspond with to improve her English. She is 21 and has a 1 year old daughter. Contact Frank for address.



W.G. WEATHER REPORT

What is happening to my dear little gulch? First there are signs all over town (as well as Burma Shave style all along the road) urging people to party down in the meadow for Sun Bear's going away party.

And then, in a flurry of activism, signs began to sprout up all over town saying, "Do You Know Where Your Wilderness Is Tonight?" and "Big Red Phone Home".

Then a bottle of milk was found in the newspaper box one day, the Chronicles on the ground. The next day a chicken salad sandwich was found in the box along with a note that said, "Don't put your God-damn milk in the Chronicle box" touching off the Great County Road Goat's Milk Caper.....meanwhile Rude Boy was up above Spain playing liscense plate.

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The Petrolia Dancers took over the gym for day ,grunting and groaning on the floor, intertwined bodies rising up again while the band played some sometimes incredible saxophone riffs.



Manners For The 80's

At someone's house when I'm asked if I want a cup of tea I will usually decline because of the Dilemma of the Dirty Cup. Like what do you do with the cup when you're done drinking? Do you wash it? Do you just put it in the sink? Do you rinse it then leave it in the sink? Or do you just leave it on the table? On those occasions when I have to decide I usually just throw it against the nearest wall and walk off in a befuddled rage.

Is chivalry dead?(I know this question doesn't concern most of you home boys and girls with 1.73 kids, a chicken in every pot, and a 3- holed shitter.) On a date doesn't that first move define everything? Do you open the door for her? Do you wait till she's at the threshold, then casually open it with her going in first?

Is chivalry dead? Who cares? Certainly none of you fog-eaters with the washing machine in the garage. You don't want to hang out at the laundromat with us. We do miss you.

{ P.S. In Mexico chivalry is alive and kicking with the senoritas on a hot Saturday night. You'd better open that door! }

