

Stanislaus CONNECTIONS

Working for peace, justice and a sustainable environment

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Youth: You can make a difference! Attend the Social Justice Youth Leadership Conference

By MIKE CHIAVETTA

Modesto area youth, it is a new school year and time to become an agent for change in your community! You see the injustice and the suffering and you know that you can make a difference in the world but how? Well, come to a rendezvous of kindred souls at the Modesto Peace/Life Center's Social Justice Youth Conference.

On Saturday, September 25th, the 2nd Annual Social Justice Youth Leadership Conference will be held at the Modesto Church of the Brethren, 2301 Woodland Ave. from 8:30 AM to 3:30 PM.

The purpose of this youth conference is to Educate, Stimulate and Communicate with Modesto area high school students about the numerous organizations in the area that are working to make the world a better, more peaceful place. Last year's inaugural event saw about 70 students learn how they could be the change in their own group of friends, in their community and in the world. This year's

YOUTH. continued p. 5

Social Justice Youth Leadership Conference

9.25.10
8:30 - 3:30

Free and Open to Modesto Area High School Students who care about the Social Justice issues of the Environment, Civil Rights, Peace and Community Activism

Modesto Church of the Brethren
2301 Woodland Ave, Modesto

Registration: Fill out the attached form or email Michael Chaiavetta @
chaiavetta.m@monet.k12.ca.us or mike.chaiavetta@gmail.com
Any questions? Call 527-7530 or 204-7137

Registration Deadline: September 17th



Sponsored and organized by the Modesto Peace/Life Center

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Adventures in recycling

By ELAINE GORMAN

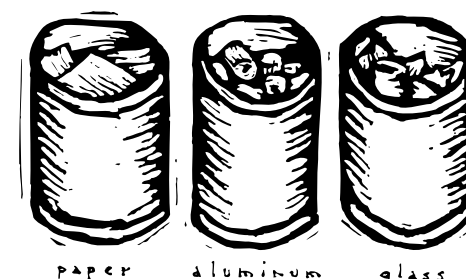
Recently, I took a four-month collection of recyclables to Yosemite Recycling. I wanted to find out what Modestans are able to take there, since the City of Modesto no longer includes recycling with their garbage service. I was pleasantly surprised to learn that I can now recycle more materials than I was able to recycle with the City of Modesto.

Yosemite Recycling is owned by Mohamed Rahimi and his brother-in-law, Fawad Ebrahimi. They own five other facilities, including two in Stockton, and others in Salida, Manteca, and Tracy. There are four employees in Modesto, and 60-70 total employees at all of the facilities. The Modesto facility has been open for about four months.

Since the City of Modesto has ceased recyclables collection, my husband and I have set up a mini-recycling center in our garage. We have boxes for aluminum, glass, plastic, and "tin" food cans. If we set up a more sophisticated system that includes containers of California Redemption Value materials only, we will be able to earn a bit more money for our recyclables than our current "commingled" collection. As it was, we were able to recycle fifty-three pounds of glass, aluminum, food cans, and plastic in exchange for \$9.23. This was 53 pounds of stuff that did not end up in a landfill or garbage burning operation.

Yosemite Recycling will take just about anything. Aluminum foil and plastic food trays/containers and packaging can be part of your commingled collections. They accept seven different types and grades of plastic. They will take food cans, from pet food, tuna, soup, etc., but that is the only material that they will not pay for. These cans will be recycled, but there is no redemption value.

A few months ago I attended a "Recycling Summit" held at Modesto Jr. College. One of the reasons that was cited by a Modesto official for discontinuing the recycling program was that there is not a market for recyclables. This didn't make sense to me,



since other communities in Stanislaus County recycle. Plus, Modesto residents who live in county pockets in Modesto, and have a different garbage collection provider, have their recyclables transported to Stockton to be sorted. Yosemite Recycling has their baled materials trucked to the bay area for recycling, and they are getting paid for these recyclables.

While chatting with Mr. Rahimi about his facilities and the collection process, he said that recycling is "investing in ourselves, investing in the earth, and investing in our children's future." He said that his company is helping to boost our economy by keeping jobs in the United States (the entire process occurs in the U.S.; materials/labor is not shipped overseas). As an environmental activist, I appreciate his concerns for the environment.

Recycling alone won't solve all of our environmental problems, but it is a relatively easy thing that everyone can do to help the planet.

ACTION: Learn more about available recycling opportunities. The City of Modesto Recycling website, www.modestogov.com/prnd/recycling did not list Yosemite Recycling on their "Buy Back" Centers chart, but it does show up if you click on the map of local centers. Take your collection of cans and bottles to Yosemite Recycling, 2413 Yosemite Blvd, Modesto 95354 (east of the bowling alley), 209-578-5857.



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Upcoming delegations to NICARAGUA

by SHELLY SCRIBNER

NOVEMBER 7, 2010 - JANUARY 11, 2011

COST: \$400 per week

Includes Full Day Spanish Immersion, lodging, most transportation and most meals. Airfare not included. Space per delegation limited to 8 people.

Our base is the city of MASAYA, 20 miles south of Managua Visit www.vianica.com for information. We reside at Hotel Regis. We will meet you at the Augusto C Sandino International Airport in Managua upon your flight's arrival.

Week-long delegations include but are not limited to:

MASAYA AND REGION

We explore the historical communities of Masaya, Monimbo, Niquiohomo; Granada and hike in the biosphere of volcanoes with total immersion in Spanish. DATES: November 7-14, December 5-12.

THE COFFEE ROUTE (Ruta de Café)

From Masaya we catch the popular buses to Matagalpa, one of the centers of Nicaraguan cloud forest and organically grown world-class coffees. We'll visit San Ramon and the Union of Small Farmers and Ranchers (UCA), and hike on up the mountain road to the cooperative, La Pita. We'll go step by step through the coffee-growing process from the

mountain to market.

From Matagalpa we bus to Esteli, and visit the cooperative union of small farmers, Miraflores. (maps, photos and descriptions, visit www.vianica.com) We will hike around in this cloud forest biosphere, find the waterfalls and raging streams, and see the coffee growing. We'll visit the processing plant the co-ops own and learn about tasting and the international grading of coffees. DATES: November 14-21, December 12-19

THE ROUTE OF SANDINO (Ruta de Sandino)

From Masaya we bus to Somoto and reside at the Hotel Colonial near the central square.

There is another genre of Nicaraguan music from Somoto which we discover walking the night-time streets. We will speak with the Mayor and other city officials and learn about the health, education, land reform, community councils and other aspects of Sandinista government.

In Ocotal we converse with Old Historians who will relate the popular struggle against the US Marines occupation 1925-1933. The community fought against the U.S. Contra incursion 1981-1990. Click www.vianica.com on Madriz to learn about Somoto. Clicking on Nuevo Segovia, you learn about Ocotal. DATES: November 21-28, December 19-26 (P.S. we're back in Masaya for Christmas.)

Teaming up for the Tuolumne

By KARLHA DAVIES

As part of National Day of Service on Saturday, September 11, 2010, the Hi-Tec Tuolumne River Trust and Hi-Tec Clean Up Coalition are "Teaming up for the Tuolumne." For this second annual river clean up event, local businesses, groups and families will be working shoulder to shoulder to cleanup the river and shoreline of Legion Park from 9:00 AM to 1:00 PM.

"The Tuolumne River Trust is excited to be partnering with Hi-Tec and their Clean-Up Coalition to beautify our River as a community," said Karlha Davies, Community Outreach Manager, "Families, businesses and groups are all welcome to join us for a morning dedicated to cleaning up our river for both wildlife and our neighbors to enjoy."

Local businesses are encouraged to bring a team of staff and set up a booth at the event. Tuolumne River Trust will launch their canoe fleet to volunteers on a first come first serve basis to clean up river debris. Volunteers are encouraged to bring along small boats or canoe's to help with the clean up and stay to enjoy the river with fellow volunteers following the clean up. There will be plenty of work to do on the nearly two miles of shoreline as well. So roll up your sleeves, bring your gloves and a picnic for your team of volunteers or yourself and have lunch in the park.

To volunteer log on to www.hi-tec.com/ourbackyard or www.tuolumne.org For additional information, booth inquiries or raffle donations contact Karlha Davies, 209.236.0330, via email at karlha@tuolumne.org or Dayna Panales, 209.545.1111, via email at dpanales@hi-tec.com

About Tuolumne River Trust: The Tuolumne Trust is the voice for the River seeking a healthy and vibrant river teeming with fish and wildlife and safe for drinking, fishing

and swimming and will be held in trust as a refuge for our children and grandchildren.

About Hi-Tec: Established in 1978, Modesto, CA-based Hi-Tec Sports USA, Inc. pioneered the original lightweight hiking boot. Today, Hi-Tec Sports USA designs and develops authentic outdoor footwear to meet the needs of the ever-evolving outdoor consumer.

Prison Project: a year-round effort

By DAVID HETLAND

"Thank you for all that you do. It's so easy to think that we've been forgotten in here, but you remind us that we are thought of." — Julie

For the fifth consecutive year, the Inmate Family Council at the Central California Women's Facility in Chowchilla will assemble a holiday gift packet for every inmate.

Once again this year, the Council intends to distribute almost 4000 packets to women who often receive nothing during the holidays. This requires a huge effort on the part of many individuals and organizations throughout the State. You can help, too, by collecting travel/sample size of the following: soap, shampoo, conditioner, skin/body lotion, toothpaste and tissue. There's also a need for adult size toothbrushes, full size wood pencils with erasers, and unused greeting cards.

Bring donated items to the Peace/Life Center Office (call ahead to ensure the office is open, 529-5750). For more information, contact Shelly Scribner (521-6304) or Dave Hetland (388-1608).

VISIT SISTER CITIES

Over the years of people's solidarity with Nicaragua, several communities here, from Oregon to Maryland, have established and developed working community relationships. We will visit three: Condega, El Sauce and San Juan de Limay. They welcome our visit and we'll be in people's homes. DATES: November 28 - December 4, January 4-11.

MAKE Reservations BY OCTOBER 1 for any of these trips. EMAIL your name and contact information, delegation date and flight arrival to nscchicago@igc.org. Mail a check for \$100 to: Nicaragua Solidarity Fair Trade Resource, 1221 W Lunt - 1A, Chicago, IL 60626-3075

You must have a passport. Customs at the Augusto C Sandino International Airport in Managua will issue you a Tourist Visa good for 60 days. We need your flight information and arrival time in order to meet you. We will communicate via email: nscchicago@igc.org

Nicaragua Solidarity Fair Trade Resource of Chicago, on the Executive Committee of the Nicaragua Network / Alliance for Global Justice and Chicago, is among the founders.

Learn about us at www.afgj.org, www.nicanet.org, www.lasolidarity.org

You are invited to the First Annual Outreach Affaire

By LEAH KNIPE

Come and enjoy an evening on chocolate fountains, hors d'oeuvres and silent auctions at the Church of the Brethren's first Annual Outreach Affaire held on Saturday September 18, 2010 from 5:00 PM to 8:00 PM Modesto Church of 2301 Woodland Ave., Modesto.

All proceeds go to support local outreach programs such as graffiti abatement, crime prevention support and the Agape Satyagraha conflict resolution program. To order tickets call the Modesto Church of the Brethren, (209)523-1438, Leah@modcob.org

Stanislaus CONNECTIONS

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- ☐ Keep sending me CONNECTIONS. (Check renewal date on mailing label)
- ☐ I am enclosing an extra tax-deductible donation for Modesto Peace/Life Center
- ☐ \$25 ☐ \$50 ☐ \$75 ☐ \$100 ☐ Other

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Shopping off the grid

By JENIFER WEST

I didn't set out to do it. It happened so gradually, I really didn't notice. But one day, looking at the brightly colored offerings in the big-box store's coupon book (which used to set my little bargain-hunter's heart aflutter), I was surprised to realize that very little in there actually appealed to me.

It's not that I don't appreciate industrial-sized bottles of laundry detergent, or even 36-roll packs of toilet paper. But a combination of accumulating a reasonable supply of what we use, and simplifying what that happens to be, means that I no longer feel compelled to lay in cartons of surface-sanitizing wipes and gallons of window cleaner when the coupons for them come around.

Like most folks, we've simplified our lives in many ways. By using a vinegar-and-water mixture to clean everything from windows and floors to stovetop and microwave, for example, we save lots of money – and need less room to store cleaning supplies. For really stubborn dirt, a sprinkling of baking soda (on surfaces where it's safe) adds extra punch. In fact, this vinegar-and-baking-soda combination will remove many carpet and laundry stains, as well. An alcohol-and-water mix takes care of the granite countertops in kitchen and bath.

Another way we shop "off the grid" and save money, is avoiding packaged foods. True, this requires some effort, as well as the habit of planning ahead, and we have accumulated various appliances that make it easier, and more convenient, to create healthy meals from inexpensive ingredients at home. A rice cooker (with delay timer), food processor, grain mill, crock pot, bread machine (also with delay), stand mixer, and water-bath and pressure canners have all found homes in our kitchen. But those investments have more than paid off – in many ways. We avoid trips through the drive-through, and we shun overpriced, chemicalized packaged foods (except, maybe, those great Marie Callender chicken pot pies...). And that's not to mention the opportunity to cook creatively, while avoiding waste – we eat what's in the kitchen, and throw very little away. (Those few things that might go to waste usually end up in the worm bin.)

Another strategy is buying grains, beans, pasta and other staples in bulk. Brown rice, too, if you can keep it cool. (Mine is in the freezer.) Recycled milk or juice jugs make great containers for grains and beans – rinse them well, and set aside to dry. When they're bone-dry, fill them with grains or beans – you'll need three and a half for a 25-pound bag of grains or beans.

If you own a bread machine, consider making your own mixes. Put all the dry ingredients, except the yeast, into a plastic bag or other container, and label. Be sure to include

a list of the remaining ingredients to be added, and what size loaf it will make. (A box of bread machine dough mix, by the way, can run around \$3 - \$4. The ingredients – flour, dry milk powder, sugar, yeast, put together at home, will set you back very little, a dollar or so, if you bought your staples in bulk, a little more if you use honey instead of sugar.)

Make a list of foods your family typically enjoys, and stock up when your favorites go on sale. Aim for a good variety of "go-to" dinner items. It's especially nice when you can stock up on things that will add interest or convenience. Some sauces, for example, can quickly dress up beans, chicken, pork or beef.

Seek out farmers markets, roadside stands and anywhere else you can buy fresh fruits and vegetables in season. They'll be much cheaper and far fresher than what you can buy in the store. Be adventurous; sample things you haven't tried before. Make it a point to talk with the folks selling the produce – they're often the ones who grew it. If you can, purchase in bulk. You'll usually get a better deal, and can share the bounty and the cost with a friend, or you can learn to can, pickle or dehydrate what you won't use right away, or you can share with someone who is struggling...

Buy freezer-strength plastic quart and gallon-size bags, and wash and reuse them. If you get serious, invest about \$20 in one of those little wooden devices designed to dry them (find them at www.realgoods.com). (Don't reuse any that have stored meat or anything that's gone moldy.)

Finally, planting a garden of any size will definitely help you get off the shopping grid. Anything from growing a few herbs or pea shoots on the kitchen windowsill, to a salad in a wheelbarrow (check with Anne Schellman at the UC Cooperative Extension for details) to ripping out part or all of the back lawn and tucking in carrots, tomatoes, cucumbers. With a little planning, your garden can produce all year.

So, happy shopping off-the-grid – and *happy saving!*

Help with local cats

By SALLY MEARS

Cruelty-Free Consumers; local citizen and cat-feeder

At the Tuolumne River there is scenic beauty. There are also hidden residents there that were never meant to contend and compete with the river's wildlife. Domestic cats, many of them pregnant, are dumped by uncaring, irresponsible people, or by misguided people who think dumping is a better alternative than taking them to the pound. If they could see what happens to these poor animals, and the injuries they sustain when attacked by a wild animal, or even by humans who use these newly homeless, still trusting pets for targets for their fighting dogs.

There are some long-term residents who have adapted to what has now replaced their comfortable home. The friendlier ones will come to you, even if it's pouring rain, just for some of the friendly human contact they used to know. Those of us who try to help with these colonies all over the county know that a majority of these cats won't make it long, because there are just too many, and the numbers are growing. But that doesn't deter people who still want to help. These folks feed and water the animals regularly, and when possible, trap the unaltered cats and get them fixed. It takes a certain mindset to continue helping all the individuals despite the fact the overall big picture is dismal and seems futile. Sometimes there's simply doing what we can, and trying to reduce suffering for some of these animals on a daily basis.

Here's the dilemma: We won't be around forever. Any one of the most dedicated, caretakers could be gone in an instant, with no backup. Help is needed, even a commitment as small as a couple bags of cat food and 10 to 15 minutes each week, to cover one day's feeding at a location probably near your home or work, or on a regular route you take.

All we ask is that you be dependable and dedicated to the group effort. Let us know what you can feasibly do, and we'll appreciate any help you can give!

Sometimes people come up while one of us is feeding and thank us for what we're doing, but anyone can do it. A.J. and his young daughter, Clarissa have been helping for a year or two, and they don't see it as a chore, but rather as a compassionate, teaching moment for a parent to his child, and something they both look forward to doing together!

Contact me at (209) 402-8923 or ryke40@ainet.com, and I'll help you to be a part of our feeding chain.


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Treaties Never Ratified...

By EUGENE L. CONROTTO

While we cannot undo history, perhaps — just perhaps — we can learn from it, especially in the mean-spirited climate our country is currently weathering on immigration. By recalling what happened 150 years ago here in the Great Central Valley and the foothills of the Sierras we may gain a bit of understanding of the dominant culture's inbred attitude concerning the "others."

The official U.S. policy regarding the "removal" of Indians from the western frontier starts in the 1820s. This policy becomes obsolete in the 1840s — the decade of the California Gold Rush — when the frontier ends at the Pacific shore.

Hitherto this quasi-humane course of action of removal had counterbalanced the more popular course of simply killing the Indians. In 1850 Governor Peter H. Burnett tells the California Legislature this war of "extermination" — whether of eviction or outright slaughter — "will continue to be waged between the races until the Indian race becomes extinct... [It is] beyond the power or wisdom of man [to avert the] inevitable destiny of this race."

California informs Washington that, "100,000 Indian warriors are in armed rebellion." Loosely organized California militias are active in what William Brandon calls "semi-pro Indian killing."

Congress acts to put space between Indians and whites by authorizing Indian Commissioners to negotiate a series of treaties. The Federal Agents are in a hard position. They cannot move the Indians westward (the Pacific Ocean is westward); reserved places for them will have to be carved out of their homelands. White citizens have made it abundantly clear that they will not give up the rumored 7.4 million acres for such set-asides — let the Government continue its historic policy of removing Indians entirely out of the boundaries of states, that is herd them onto the desert east of the Sierra.

Time is running out. The Commissioners must work fast. In the space of a year they enter into 18 treaties with 139 bands and tribelets. The pact at Dent and Vantine's Crossing on the Stanislaus is typical. "Head men" from the Stanislaus-Tuolumne area, now intruders in their own land, only need mark a piece of paper to finalize the deal. Commissioners O. M. Wozencraft, G. W. Barbour, and Redick McKee and their wagons, horses, cattle, sheep, foodstuffs, drivers, cooks, aides, interpreters, secretaries, and 100-man military escort are ready to make a fair peace. Like Gov. Burnett, the three are Southerners, but unlike him they have some humanitarian feeling for the Indians.

The Indian spokesmen agree:

1) To place themselves and their People under the exclusive jurisdiction, control, and management of the government of the United States;

2) Not to take the law into their hands;

3) To accept as full payment for their lands beef, flour, brood mares, harnesses, work mules, plows, oxen, axes, hoes, spades, shovels, picks, seeds, iron, steel, blankets, flannel shirts, pants, linsey cloth, cotton cloth, calico, thread, needles, thimbles, scissors, grind stones;

4) To take the advice of school teachers knowledgeable in farming, blacksmithing, and wood working; and, in the case of the Stanislaus-Tuolumne Indians;

5) To remove their People to a new homeland consisting of that flat valley land

"beginning at an acute bend of the river about half a mile distant from and above this place, running thence in a due line to the elbows of Tuolumne, opposite the point fixed in the former treaty, and running down in a straight line eight miles on said river, from thence across the Stanislaus river on a line parallel with the first, thence up the middle of said river to place of beginning, to have and to hold the said district of country for the sole use and occupancy of said Indian tribes forever; Provided, that there is reserved to the government of the United States the right of way over any portion of said territory... that they will never claim any other lands within the boundaries of the United States, nor ever disturb the people of the United States in the free use and enjoyment thereof."

In exchange the People give up that slice of Central California from the Crest of the Sierras to the Bay of San Francisco north to a line general prescribed by the Tuolumne and south of the COSUMNES rivers.

South of the Tuolumne the Commissioners swap that portion of California south of that river and north of the Merced, from the Sierra west to the Pacific, for reservation lands

"...forever set apart and held for the occupancy of said tribes of Indians; and it is further stipulated, that said tribes shall have free access to all the country between the Mercede and Tuolumne rivers...to the Sierra Nevada mountains, for the purpose of hunting and collecting fruits, nuts, &c...."

The California State Legislature, reflecting the impassioned will of its constituency, violently opposes the

work of the treaty makers.

There are some voices of moderation, particularly the *Alta California* which editorializes on 26 July: "No doubt the lands [reserved for the Indians] are good — so they should be — but that does not give the covetous any right to bring complaint against the Commissioners... The whole matter is simple. The policy of the United States has been to establish Indians upon reservations. In the Atlantic States most of these reservations are situated beyond the limits of civilization. Under the peculiar physical conformation of California and the unusually nomadic character of a large proportion of her population, that line of policy cannot be carried on here. The



consequence is that the reservations must be made where the Indians at present exist. And such, as we understand it, has been the course of the Commissioners."

Public outcry against the proposed treaties continues to mount. The Legislature is not of the mind to give up even a single crumb. A special Assembly committee re-appraises the lands, considered worthless by most only a few months before, assigned to the Indians, and discovers a bonanza: "Rich and inexhaustible veins of gold-bearing quartz have in the wisdom of the Indian agents been set apart for untutored tribe..."

The special Senate committee shouts down the lone dissenting voice of J. J. Warner and makes the recommendation the Legislature will adopt: to instruct its senators in Washington to oppose ratification. Governor John Bigler leads the charge. He tells General E. Hitchcock another: "infirmity of the Indian Character...is that their respect for treaty stipulations ceases at the moment when the inciting causes — self-interest or apprehensions of punishment — are removed."

Major G. W. Tatten tells the Governor the Indians wish to know whether they are to be protected or not by the Government on their own Reserves.

Bigler's reply is sententious: "it is proper for me to remind you that the Treaties by which districts of country were set apart for exclusive Indian occupation, have not received the approval of the Government, and recent information render it almost certain that they will all be rejected by the Senate..."

A month after President Fillmore submits the treaties, the Senate meets in executive session on 9 July 1852, and in secret, unrecorded debate, rejects the 18 treaties one at a time.

Actual text of the treaties is not made public. They are placed in secret files. The next year, to counter the possibility of Indian "revenge."

Congress accepts the proposal of Edward F. Beale, new superintendent of Indian Affairs for California, to establish a system of smaller reservations and military posts where the Indians can learn skills that will make them self-sufficient. Five such reservations of 25,000 acres each are authorized in 1853. The first, at Tejon in the Tehachapi foothills, attracts 2500 Indians. Reports of corruption, theft of supplies intended

Rivers of Birds, Forests of Tules: Central Valley Nature & Culture in Season

BY LILLIAN VALLEE

For those whose daily work--teaching or writing--involves language, summer recess can be a welcome liberation from the labor of articulation, a time to exercise the spatial imagination, not necessarily by traveling from one place to another but by staying put and arranging the spaces we live and work in. This year my summer months have been spent cultivating two gardens. The garden surrounding the house is the one constantly in progress, flirting with the wild, slightly unkempt, always on the verge of breaking the law; the other is just a ten-minute drive away, a community plot devoted to more sober food production, a realm of furrow, row and obligation.

Symbolically gardens have been seen as places of growth, cultivation of the inner life, and the innermost center of the psyche. Tending two rather different gardens may express something about a split psychic center, but I like to think my two gardens have been teaching me about ways of approaching the natural world and our role in it. The rush of the school year tends to be intolerant of pauses, and working slowly in two places, dreaming in them, has reminded me of how much art there is in husbandry of various kinds even though purists may emphatically separate gardening from farming. "Art is that which invites us into contemplation," writes Thomas Moore; it "intensifies the presence of the world."

"It would never occur to most gardeners to write a poem or paint a picture," writes Hugh Johnson in his book on the practice of gardening. "Most gardens are the only artistic effort their owners ever make. Yet the one art that everyone chooses, or feels in some degree qualified to practice, is paradoxically the most complex of all." In his opinion, gardening requires finesse because it mixes "aesthetic judgments with science and craftsmanship in a kaleidoscope of variables."

Philosophies of gardening express how people view Nature. "The essence is control," writes Johnson, who writes mainly about British gardens. "On the whole, though, since control means work, and work is out of fashion, the more extreme forms of artificial gardening...have become backwaters of the art." One need only think of the formal French gardens of Versailles with their precision shrubs and flowerbeds (and what must be legions of Edward Scissorhands) to understand how much of an artifact a garden can be.

More recent ideas about gardening and farming treat Nature as designer, self-organizing, -repairing and -perpetuating; people merely observe and facilitate. Toby Hemenway writes about "ecological" gardens, in which people "meld the best features of wildlife gardens, edible landscapes, and conventional flower and vegetable gardens" and "design sustainable human settlements."

Moore writes that "[t]he ordinary arts we practice every day at home are of more importance to the soul than their simplicity might suggest." Everyday life, with its rituals of time and consumption, "can be full of epiphanies." These are the moments in which the spirits of the world "move and speak" to us. So what did the spirits of two gardens have to

say to me?

My home garden tells me to *relax*. Stay outside. Shower outdoors. It tells me not to worry so much about native vs. non-native (it has even taught me to accept four-o'clocks, the bane of most gardeners, because they fill in the poky bare canes of the fuchsia-flowered gooseberry in the hottest months). Accept, this garden tells me, the unfinished, the incomplete. Observe. Be supple. Neatness is not necessarily productive; native bees will pollinate the apple tree as well as native annuals; the sticky, molasses-colored, oak gall exudate dripping onto the patio table is one of the oldest sweeteners known to people; and the jays and mockingbirds will stop fighting once the scrub jay nestlings have fledged. It has taught me urban gardeners have to make tough choices, that in pursuit of paradise in my backyard, I might have to slaughter snails, slugs, ants and various cute rodents, so that if there is a day of reckoning and they are allowed to testify, I'm in trouble. I might have to take down a healthy oak or accommodate a neighbor's satellite dish. The lesson is partnership.

The food garden has a different mission; our relationship is almost always more business-like unless a glorious sphinx moth (the Tomato Hornworm, *Manduca sexta*), the size of a small bird, appears, or a band of goldfinches comes to drink at the drip line. When I sit on the bright yellow bench painted by student helpers, I think about how much sweeter physical labor is when it is shared by many (enthusiastic) hands. I water or weed or enjoy the surprise of mallow or mustard greens I did not plant. Reading about the fertility of Central Valley alluvial soils is one thing, but feeding your family and neighbors with bounty from a small garden plot is an understanding of a higher order. Every second evening I would stay until sunset and return with a large basket spilling with tomatoes, cucumbers, chili peppers, squash and eggplant. I don't worry much about the gap-toothed corn, the undersized watermelons, or the solar gopher deterrent that doesn't always deter. I came to love processing foods and seeds, deadheading flowers, giving away early pumpkins, and dealing with what Johnson calls "plant thuggery" (aggressive weeds!).



It is with some resistance that I return to language and detach my imagination from the comforting primordial rhythm of ecstatic sunrises and long evening silences in two Central Valley gardens. "When the imagination is allowed to move to deep places," writes Moore, "the sacred is revealed." I just hope it's not too fond of Bermuda Grass.

Meanwhile, I am saving seeds for the next round.

Sources: Toby Hemenway, *Gaia's Garden: A Guide to Home-Scale Permaculture*; Hugh Johnson, *The Principles of Gardening*; and Thomas Moore, *Care of the Soul*.

Interested in growing your own food in a community garden plot? Contact Leah Knipe at the Modesto Church of the Brethren on Woodland Ave., 523-1438.

Youth Conference

... from page 1

event hopes to duplicate the enthusiasm and commitment that was demonstrated after last year's conference.

The keynote address will feature A.C.E. (The Alliance for Climate Education). This organization is committed to educating young adults on what they can do to combat the effects of global warming. Their dynamic presentation will set the tone for a wonderful day of learning and communication. The afternoon will be dedicated to workshops including a panel discussion of local groups on how the attendees can become involved in their organization, Peace Ambassador training and organizational strategies for civic activism. Some of the groups planning to participate include the Tuolumne River Trust, Sierra Club, PFLAG, Area Interact, Modesto Peace/Life Center, Free the Children, Habitat for Humanity, and Cruelty Free Consumers.

The Conference is open to all high school age students and is FREE! Lunch and lots of snacks will be provided. We are planning on 100 students so sign-up early. To attend, please email Mr. Chiavetta at: chiavetta.m@monet.k12.ca.us or mike.chiavetta@gmail.com. Include your name, high school, phone number, and your size in a men's t-shirt.

The peace community can also help. This conference has a budget of about \$2,000. Any and all contributions are welcome. As the Peace/Life Center celebrates its 40th Anniversary let's open our hearts and wallets and contribute! Who knows, maybe an attendee of this conference will be the leader of the 2nd 40 years of the Peace/Life Center! Send donations to the PLC, 720 13th St., Modesto, 95354 Attention: Youth Conference.



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Treaties

... from page 4

for Indians, and mistreatment become commonplace. *The San Francisco Bulletin* reports of 13 September 1856 that "nearly all of the employees [are] daily and nightly engaged in kidnapping the younger portion of the females, for the vilest of purposes."

By 1858 Federal investigators are able to report the reservations are pitiful failures. They are "mere almshouses for a trifling number of Indians." Alfred Kroeber sees the "reservations" as "little else than bull pens" founded on the principle "not of attempting to do something for the native, but of getting him out of the white man's way as cheaply and hurriedly as possible."

That same year enterprising Fresno and Tulare counties citizens continue the removal policy on their own. They round up 200 Indians from their homes and hunting grounds at King's River and the margins of Tulare Lake and take them to the Kings River Indian Farm. They tell Sub-Agent M. B. Lewis that "No violence was used in capturing these Indians...[but] should they return they will surely be harshly dealt with. *As abide with us they shall not.*"

From all of this emerges what has been described as "a curious mess--with over 116 'reservations' in California ranging in size from 2 to 25,000 acres: pieces of land usually the poorest there is. Despite the failure of this arrangement, it nevertheless becomes the model for the Federal Reservation System."

In 1904 a curious thing happens in Washington, D. C. Two clerks doing archival work for the Senate stumble upon the files of the 18 treaties. On 18 January 1905 the Senate lifts its injunction of secrecy, and after 54 years the public can now learn the details of the proposed land exchanges.

Not everyone, however, considers the uncovered treaties mere antique documents of limited historic interest. Several organizations, chiefly the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, go deeper into the matter starting in 1909, and leading, in 1924, to the Club's creation of a special Section on Indian Affairs for the purpose of "making a complete study of the rights, wrongs, and present condition of the California Indians."

Also active are the Native Sons of the Golden West which publishes articles in 1922 and 1925 which arouse public opinion. Other groups pushing for resolution of Indian grievances are the California Indian Rights Association, Mission Indian Federation, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Indian Welfare Committee of the Federated Women's Clubs, and the Northern California Indian Association.

All this activity leads to two conclusions: 1) The Indians have rights in land for which they had not received adequate compensation; and 2) The only remedy is in the Congress of the United States.

TREATIES continued p. 8

Trekking the Rivers: Place-based Envir

By LYNN M. HANSEN

For months the massive oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico has fixed our attention on tragedy and brought into sharp focus what we easily forget: our economy, culture, history and sense of well-being are inextricably tied to the health of the ecosystem. We also have heard generations of fishermen and coastal residents, dependent on these waters for their livelihood, voicing strong opinions that reflect their sense of place.

As a volunteer elementary school science teacher, I have noticed that "sense of place" is often an abstract and undervalued concept in our area. Students know much about endangered rain forests, structure of coral reefs, plight of polar bears and endearing stories about penguins. When I ask these same students to name the river closest to their town, describe a vernal pool, tell me where a local grassland is, or why any of these places are valuable, they often come up with blank stares and silence. They are disconnected from the uniqueness and importance of their immediate environmental surroundings. Simply put most do not have a sense of place.

Richard Louv, author of *Last Child in the Woods*, suggests that this problem arises from children spending less and less time outside exploring nature. On the other hand, David Sobel, Director of Teacher Certification programs at Antioch University New England (*Place-Based Education: Connecting Classrooms & Communities*), offers a solution to the problem of disconnection from place by developing a pedagogy known as place-based education. This curriculum is designed to promote learning rooted in what is local: the unique history, ecology, culture, economy, literature and art of a region.

Initially young students (age 4-7) are introduced to empathy with the natural world; lower elementary students (age 7-11) engage and explore nature; and middle school students (ages 11-14) effect social action in the form of community service projects. According to Sobel's theory, such experiences provide knowledge and connectedness foundational to sustainability, both of the ecosystem and the community.

Developing a sense of place, then, empowers people and motivates them to be problem solvers instead of powerless, unbridled consumers. It is not unusual to hear a young student exclaim, "This is the best day of my life!" or "I'm going to bring my dad back here."

Salida Elementary School has become a poster-child for place-based environmental education. Each year 4th and 5th grade students participate in a curriculum called "Trekking the Tuolumne River," sponsored by grants through the Tuolumne River Trust, assisted by the Great Valley Museum of Natural

History. Students are introduced in the classroom through activities like making a working model of the Tuolumne River watershed, playing a food chain game and developing a river health checklist.

Once the introduction is complete, the students are taken on a field trip to Big Bend on the Tuolumne River, where they record their observations on data sheets and use these experiences to create poetry, essays and artwork back in the classroom. The six California State Science Standards-based riverside activity stations include a trail hike introduction to riparian vegetation, testing river water chemistry, observing geology of river sediments and microscopic organisms in water, planting new trees and shrubs to help restore the floodplain vegetation, learning the many plant uses by native people, and identifying tracks, scat samples and animal evidence common to the river ecosystem.

Salida Elementary also provides a program for first and second graders at Caswell State Park where they hike, observe wildlife along the Stanislaus River, test the temperature of the water and sand, prepare leaf imprints of riparian vegetation on photosensitive paper, learn to identify animals tracks, hear stories about native people, determine the sediment size and composition of river sand, identify skulls and teeth of different riparian animals and play an exciting salmon life cycle game. Selected fifth grade students become expeditionary guides for their young colleagues at each activity station, giving the older students experience and confidence in sharing their knowledge of the riparian ecosystem. This fall, a \$20,000 grant from the California Coastal Commission will allow Salida 5th grade students to extend their trek to see the interconnection of the Tuolumne River with other rivers

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Environmental Education Motivates and Empowers Students

and the ocean.

Oakdale Unified Elementary School District offers another example of place-based education to fourth grade classes, who study salmon in the classroom followed by a field trip to Knights Ferry to observe spawning salmon and experience science activities at the Stanislaus River. A few classrooms incubate salmon eggs then release salmonid fingerlings into the river as a community service. Several Modesto City Schools campuses also take part in outdoor education treks at the Tuolumne River.

As of June 2010, the Tuolumne River Trust reported that 30 schools, 128 teachers, 3,600 4th grade students, 350 parent chaperones and over 21,000 visitors to the Tuolumne River

Watershed exhibit at the Great Valley Museum have been educated about their local watershed. Six other riparian outdoor education sites also are now being used for local river study: Waterford River Front Park, Fox Grove, Ceres River Bluff Park, Tuolumne River Regional Park and Gateway Park in Modesto and the Big Bend Outdoor Classroom near Shiloh.

Financial and technical support from community partners, a key component of place-based education, help birth earth stewardship and a sense of place, while allowing students to safely experience our local rivers and treasure them.

ACTION 1: Donations to our partners help insure the continuation of vital Place-Based Environment Education programs: The Tuolumne River Trust, Great Valley Museum

of Natural History, East Stanislaus Resource Conservation District, Pacific Gas and Electric, Modesto Irrigation District, Oakdale Irrigation District, Department of Water Resources of the Environmental Protection Agency, U.S. Fish and Wildlife, Caswell State Park and the California Coastal Commission. Treasure them.

ACTION 2: To participate as a volunteer presenter in Trekking the Tuolumne River programs contact Meg Gonzalez meg@tuolumne.org 236-0330 at Tuolumne River Trust or Molly Flemate flematem@mjc.edu 575-6196 at the Great Valley Museum of Natural History. See: Hansen, L and Meg Gonzalez. 2004. Trekking the Tuolumne River. Great Valley Museum of Natural History / Modesto Junior College.



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Money, power, love and work

By JOHN MOREARTY

Ria and I just read each other three gorgeous novels. What a summer!

At the end of the Great Depression, John Steinbeck's epic *Grapes of Wrath* sold ten thousand copies a week. Yeah, many of us skimmed those 503 pages in school—but now we understand more, plus the times are circling round eco-disasters that dwarf the Dust Bowl, bank foreclosures, jobless on the road, hungry families, Christian fundamentalists blaming the poor, greed gross and petty, the struggle for a living wage, deputies and vigilantes assaulting the “damned immigrants” with rifles and pick handles.

Yet in all the wrath, the book holds such beauty! Young green corn, the steady plodding turtle, the long road, Hoovervilles among grass and willows by streams, sunsets and campfires. So much courage, good humor, plain old crankiness and raunchiness, love and desire, and decent hard work

And the Joad “famby,” what an amazing collection. Young Tom, just out of prison, and we know his anger at what's not fair will get him in trouble again. Uncle John, ridden by sin and lust for whisky. Brother Al, gifted mechanic when he ain't tom catin' around. Rose of Sharon, pregnant and in love with daydreamer Connie. Rascally young Ruthie and Winfield. Grandpa and Grandma, each more ornery than the other. Pa the farmer, at the end of his wits. Ma, the tower of strength with tired eyes, the one who cooks their food and holds them all together.

And Preacher Casy. He ain't a preacher no more, he insists; after a baptizing he would always go and lay with a girl—so he went out in the hills, sat and thought, and gave it up. But he can still say a true grace at a meal, or a burying. “Maybe a fella ain't got a soul of his own, but on'y a piece of a big one—and then it don't matter.... I'll be ever'where—wherever you look. Wherever they's a fight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever they's a cop beatin' up a guy, I'll be there.” Shades of socialist presidential candidate Eugene Victor Debs at his trial—“While there is a soul in prison, I am not free.”

The Joads' hunger for work, this book thirsts for justice; “If only the poor would stand together in unions,” they keep saying. For a while, the Joads take refuge in the government camp, a kind of democratic socialist paradise, run by the people. But in the end they move on, because there is no work.

The historic irony is that in 1939, when *Grapes of Wrath* appeared, work was about to be created in America—by the Second World War. That war economy, hot and cold, kept collapse at bay inside imperial America till recently—but

the strategy has run out in the sands of Iraq and Afghanistan. Where is the work now?

Steinbeck won the Nobel Prize for literature, and this is his masterpiece. It expands our sense of Who is Family, it's about the kindness of strangers. Keep an eye on Rose of Sharon!

In the early 1960s Jackson, Mississippi was simmering, while the white power structure tried to hold the lid down.

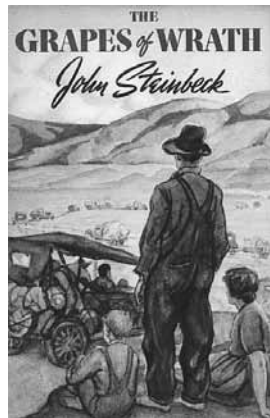
Governor Ross Barnett barred the doors of the university to James Meredith. NAACP organizer Medgar Evers was murdered on his own front lawn, in sight of his children. Martin Luther King, Jr. called for a march on Washington and 250,000 people came to hear his dream—60,000 of them white.

Kathryn Stockett grew up white in Jackson some years later. Her parents were divorced, her mother was often away on trips, and Kathryn remembers sitting on the lap of the family's black maid, Demetrie. “My forehead was against her soft neck, and she was rocking me like we were two people in a boat.... I was where I belonged.”

The Help is Stockett's first novel, a *New York Times* bestseller. It's about children, black maids and white women together in the boat that was Jackson in the early sixties. I won't give the plot away. I will say that for this Irish-American reviewer and his Dutch immigrant wife, *The Help* was full of love and affection, joy and laughter, stone cold cruelty and disgust. It's also screechingly funny. I look at black women I know and ask myself, “Is THIS where you come from?”

It's a helpful question for a white guy who never lived in the South to ask.

Edited from a longer version. See <http://www.pjnsjc.org/connections.php>



Treaties

... from page 6

The Commonwealth Club's Indian Affairs committee's formal report in 1926 suggests remedial legislation that will recognize the land rights of the Indians and provide for a forum to determine and evaluate claims based on such rights. The next year the California Legislature authorizes the state attorney general to bring suit against the United States in the court of claims in behalf of the Indians.

Such a bill, introduced by Representative Clarence Lea of Lake County, is passed by Congress in 1928. The Lea Act emphasizes the “equitable compensation for land, that is, any claim will be limited to 1851 real estate values—\$1.25 per acre.”

The law also provides *all* Federal expenditures made for the benefit of *all* California Indians from start to present be deducted from the award. On 14 August 1929 the California Attorney General files the original petition in the Court of Claims. It is a complicated matter involving millions of dollars and 30,000 claimants, plus 78 years of summarizing Government expenditures. The case starts off amicably but soon becomes partisan. The Department of the Interior considers the suit “an uninvited intruder in its domain, inspired by ignorant do-gooders.”

To the Department of Justice California's claim is “a raid on the treasury to be repulsed in all events.”

An amended petition is filed on 14 March 1932, leaving no question as to the Indians being the original owners of the lands in question. As facts are accumulated, it is estimated that under the quitclaim provisions of the treaties the Indians gave up 75,000,000 acres of land in exchange for a promised 8,619,000 acres; but lands actually made available totaled 624,000 acres.

From 1930 to 1943 every session of Congress wrestles with amendments to the settlement bill. On 4 December 1944 the Court rules that the value of the California lands taken from the Indians is \$17,053,941.98. Against this, based largely on Congressional appropriations directly or indirectly for the benefit of California Indians, is a setoff of \$12,029,099.64. Net recovery to the plaintiffs is \$5,024,842.34. This money goes to 23,540 living descendants of California Indians, as determined by a special census.

Congress in 1950 orders that each person on the corrected and up-dated roster be paid about \$200 in cash.

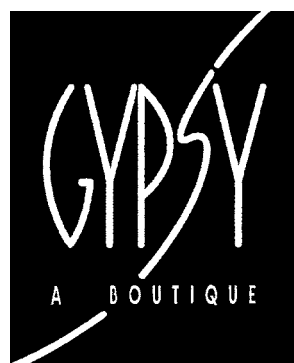
Some Indians call it their “television down payment” money.

The author holds an AB degree in anthropology from Stanford University and an MA in English from Stanislaus State University. He is a former editor/publisher of *Desert Magazine* and *Palm Desert Post*, and was English Dept. chair at Oakdale High School. The author of *Miwok Means People* and *Lost Desert Bonanzas* among other works, he is married to Katherine O'Brien Price Conrotto and lives in Modesto. Reach him at hypatia15@sbcglobal.net



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Linda Johnson – Humanitarian, Pianist, Poet, Nice Person

By TINA ARNOPOLE DRISKILL

Linda was born and raised in Berkeley and transplanted to Modesto forty years ago. She and husband, Jim, have been long time supporters of the Modesto Peace/Life Center. Currently she is an adjunct instructor of Humanities at MJC.



After completing her Masters degree in English Literature, she came under the spell of Shirley Woodward at Modesto Junior College and resumed her love of piano. Poetry was put aside as she pursued a graduate degree in Piano.

Recently retired from a twenty-five year career of piano teaching, she's returned to poetry and has joined two writing groups in town: "Meter Maids" and "AWG" (Another Writing Group). Her poems have appeared in several anthologies. She enjoys writing workshops and most recently attended two at the Tassajara Zen Center: one with Jane Hirschfield and another with Naomi Shihab Nye.

A peace and justice activist, Linda has participated in numerous anti-war activities since the late 1960's. She also has been involved with Poets in the Schools, Interfaith Ministries and the Susan Komen Breast Cancer Foundation.

Summer Haiku

Cricket's perfect pitch
Calibrates the evening stars
Love snores beside me

Regret

It's always there
Shrouded, invisible
In dense Tule fog

It rises like the
Undertones of the zendo bell
Or the sharp strike of the han: "You're late."
"What were you thinking?"

It covers memory
In poisonous waste
Where feral cats
And pill bugs
Avoid it for its stench

This time, instead of a burying
Let me take regret
From its hiding place

Hold it in my hand
Caress its prickly skin
Until it cuddles in my lap

Tamed
Blessed
Forgiven

The Other Side

The view is great from over here
Not much action, traffic
That's because everyone is dying to
Stay on the other side
Facelifts, fast cars, botox and younger women
On this side the hillside sags
To the valley
And knows it is right to do so
There is no biological necessity to
Be fruitful and multiply
One has already done that
At least to the best of one's ability.
Here the view and the vision are clear
And point in one direction
Not so the dizzyingly three-hundred-sixty degree
Possibilities of youth

I sit at the foot of the waterfall
The cool waters tumbling upon my shoulders
Tumbling from the source deep in the mountain
To me.

Things We Just Say

When I say "Drive Safely"
I mean "May the Road open clear before you and may your path
be a white light of confidence piercing the dark."

When I say "Call me when you get there"
I mean "The Fist in my gut of imagined terror won't let go until
you do
The forethought of grief suffocates – I'm a diver with my tank on
empty."

When I say "Kiss me goodbye"
I mean, "Press your love to me like a brand,
a sign scarred in stone,
impervious to everything--
even your leaving."

Transformation

Let me be a mountain
Shale out my weak lines
With dead ice, caught soil
Let wild roots and their seeds
Pry at my sheer walls
Crack change with thunder
Cleave me, whole.

Cast me down in boulders
Tumble me to streams
Where I'll hold the wet sides of webs
Grow green with moss
And the water's silver.

Rest me at each piecing
Grow me into many
Fine me to a hand's hold
Sand

Magic Nails

I sit in the massage chair,
Set the power to intense
Knead flap knock and press
I've chosen 'blueberry wine'
This color that turns my toes to rubies

The round vowels of Vietnamese
Murmur under the wide loud tales of women's days
Day care, soccer, the price of gasoline

I wonder at the woman who smiles and
Caresses my calves
How did I come to sit on this throne?
How did she come to kneel at my feet?
How did we both come to stop and meet
Along this strange silk road?



Thanks to all who made Peace Camp successful

The Modesto Peace/Life Center thanks all of the people who made this year's Peace Camp such a success:

Modesto artist James Christiansen for his scenes of camp. View them at

<http://fineartamerica.com/art/drawings/peace+camp/all>. Fine art america features Jim's paintings and drawings at <http://james-christiansen.fineartamerica.com>

Storyteller B.Z. Smith from Sonora, who shared enthralling stories. See <http://professionalstoryteller.ning.com/profile/BZSmith> and <http://www.mismaluna.com/storyquilters.htm>

Artist, author and teacher Linda Knoll who led a workshop on "Outdoor Sketching and Observational Drawing." See her work at <http://fineartamerica.com/profiles/linda-knoll.html?tab=artwork>; <http://web.me.com/llknoll/site3/Welcome.html> and <http://www.imagekind.com/GalleryProfile.aspx?gid=c7c35d04-abb3-4ce3-8fe4-752ff8ba888f>

Karlha Davies of the Tuolumne River Trust who offered "Know Your River, Love Your River." <http://www.tuolumne.org/>

And chef extraordinaire, Deborah Roberts for her outstanding cooking.

And last but not least, a great big thanks to Ken Schroeder for his monumental work at organizing this year's camp.

Stanislaus **CONNECTIONS**, published by the Modesto Peace/Life Center, has promoted non-violent social change since 1971. **Opinions do not necessarily reflect those of the center or editorial committee.** **CONNECTIONS** encourages free speech to serve truth and build a more just, compassionate, peaceful and environmentally healthy community and world. We seek to enhance community concern, bridge interests of diverse groups. **CONNECTIONS'** editorial committee views peace as built on economic and social justice and equal access to the political process. We welcome pertinent signed articles - to 800 words - and letters with address, phone number. We edit for length, taste, error and libel. Deadline is 10th of the month. Send articles to Myrtle Osner, 1104 Wellesley, Modesto 95350, 522-4967, or email to osnerm@sbcglobal.net or Jim Costello jcostello@igc.org.

Photos and ADS should be submitted as high-resolution JPEG or TIFF files. Do NOT submit as pdf files if possible.

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WE GET LETTERS



Dear Funstrummers,

There was mostly peace among Funstrummers at the Peace/Life Center's 40th Anniversary Party. We sang after the big electronic bands vacated the stage and the air vibrated back to normal. We sang our Funstrummers song, the obligatory "Ain't She Sweet," our cowgirl yodeling song, our currently "hot" rock and roll medley and songs of the people: "This Land Is Your Land," "May There Always Be Sunshine," "Step by Step," "Light One Candle" and "I Believe in Music." What a repertoire that seemed just right and appropriate for the occasion.

Did you ever imagine we could create an arrangement on Monday, practice it on Friday and sing it in performance on Saturday night? Whoa. You looked great and sounded better. You are just superb, just unique, just paying attention, just willing to jump in and go for it. I admire each and every one of you. But what would you rather be doing, really?

Your excellent 152-stringed band for the evening was Liz Carota, Norm Nomof, Rita Matthews, Pat Donze, Elaine Gorman, Sheila Rose, Ruby Ten Brink, Sharon Froba., Shelly Scribner, Danny Thompson, Deb Bow, Joy Chancellor and Lorrie Freitas.

We received many positive comments as the evening went on. People came up to me with appreciations and enthusiasm about what we are doing in building a community around song and music. They liked the songs we sang and enjoyed singing along.



Heard:

These two current wars in Iraq and Afghanistan have cost to date 1.06 trillion dollars. I went to this web site to see what a trillion dollars looks like: <http://www.pagetutor.com/trillion/index.html>

This could buy a lot of food, shelter and water, books and ukuleles.

Most of the people who die or suffer in wars are civilian women and children and young men and women soldiers

from low-income or less than affluent families.

Acknowledged:

The power and influence of ordinary everyday citizens for helping to take down the Berlin Wall, stopping U.S. money going to the Contras in El Salvador, healing the conflict between Ireland and Northern Ireland, the peaceful turn over of a white government to a black government in South Africa and the disassembling of the oppressive Soviet Union. **The message:** the power of small groups can change the world... and there is further evidence that small groups with songs can have even greater impact.

Honored:

Elaine Gorman for her contributions to the Peace/Life Center over the years. Howard Ten Brink, Ruby's husband and Julie's father for helping to start the Peace/Life Center forty years ago. Pat's aunt who was an active pacifist at Church of the Brethren (where Pat was also baptized). Shelly Scribner's contribution to the Peace/Life Center has also been substantial. She was acknowledged as a board member.

Seen:

Picture of Lorrie when she was younger and ever so thinner giving classes on conflict resolution and non violent communication for safer and healthier families and communities or, as Joy, after being drug over to see the picture, said "flappen" her mouth." There was also another one at Camp Peaceful Pines (owned by Church of the Brethren) of me playing peace songs around the campfire with a way too large guitar.

Picture of Lorrie's daughter winning the Peace Essay Contest in the 6th grade.

Picture of Sharon Froba on a trip to the Ukraine where, in addition to meeting people to establish open communication, she along with Paul Cosgrove, sang peace songs including "Let There Be Peace On Earth," "Ain't Gonna Study War No More" and "May There Always Be Sunshine" (In Russian).

Pictures of Elaine Gorman on hikes. Pictures of Ruby and Howard in younger days.

Remembered:

The contribution the Peace/Life Center activities gave to support me as a single mom; a community of people of like-mind and enthusiasm for a peaceful future for our children, role models for my daughter, a way to put a personal and social philosophy into action, creating a microcosm of what we would like to see happen in the world.

Hoped:

The continued constant exposure of people to education about what war really is and does so they will empower themselves to learn how other choices are available for change right now.

The language of love will continue to develop and outstrip the language of fear.

Inspiring music, inspiring evening.

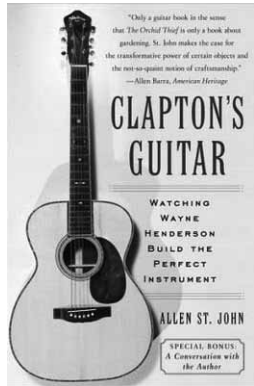
Lorrie Freitas

Modesto

Fun, summer reading: the “Guitar Memoir”

By DANIEL NESTLERODE

Summer is a good time for grabbing an interesting book. Lots of publications tout summer reading lists that run the gamut from light romance to current events. Why not a summer music reading list? Here are four guitar-oriented books worthy of your attention. These books constitute examples of a new genre in publishing I like to call the “Guitar Memoir.” They are about loving, building, and playing guitar as a personal experience.



Clapton's Guitar: Watching Wayne Henderson Build the Perfect Instrument, by Allen St. John. Free Press, New York. 2005.

Allen St. John stumbled across the work of a luthier from rural Virginia and fell in love. But the luthier, Wayne Henderson, does everything by hand, including correspond with the people who would like him to build a guitar them. He's a hard guy to pin

down; he builds what he wants when he wants. So if you can get him to agree to build you an instrument you may not get it for years.

The book begins with Clapton admiring a Henderson guitar belonging to his recording engineer, Tim Duffy, and Duffy calling up Henderson to order one for him... in 1994. A fan of Clapton's with more money than sense purchases Duffy's Henderson guitar for \$100,000 because Clapton liked it, and Duffy funneled that money straight into the Music Maker Relief Foundation.

Ten years later, St John learned that Clapton had not yet received his Henderson guitar. The confluence of Clapton's celebrity, Tim Duffy's largesse, and the as yet un-built Clapton guitar provided St. John with the impetus for both a good deed and an idea for a book. So Allen St. John asked Wayne Henderson to build *two* instruments for Clapton. One guitar would go to the man himself and the other would be auctioned off to fund the Junior Appalachians Musicians program in rural Virginia.

St. John then tells the story of getting Henderson to agree to the scheme and tracking Henderson's progress. It's a fun

years later the guitar called from the closet and asked him to reconnect with the joy he experienced in making music for its own sake.

story to read and very enlightening about the process of building a steel string guitar by hand.

Guitar: An American Life, by Tim Brookes. Grove Press, New York. 2005.

An airline destroyed Tim Brookes's guitar in transit and Brookes, with the support of his wife, set out looking for his dream guitar to replace the irreparably damaged instrument. Along the way he discovered, like Allen St. John, that dream guitars are built by hand and must be coaxed into existence. Decisions about wood types, ornamentation, string spacing, fretboard radius, nut width, and body size must be made. Making a decision about the dimensions and appearance of your dream guitar require research, and that research yields information about the meaning of the guitar in American culture.

The chapters alternate between Brookes's gleanings and an account of the construction of his dream guitar by Vermont luthier, Rick Davis. This work is a little more memoir and a little less story than *Clapton's Guitar*, but it's another fun read.

Guitar Man: A Six-String Odyssey or, You Love that Guitar More Than You Love Me, by Will Hodgkinson. Da Capo Press, Cambridge, MA. 2007

Will Hodgkinson has decided to learn how to play the guitar. Moreover, he's decided to perform as a guitarist in six months of the day he starts the process of learning. What ensues is an endearing and sometimes funny account of searching for instruction and inspiration. Hodgkinson seeks out professional musicians past and present to give him pointers. He meets Roger McGuinn in Florida and hunts up Davey Graham in London.

First published in London in 2006, *Guitar Man* is a very British book. While reading the book, I pictured Hodgkinson as a sort of amalgamation of Douglas Adams (*Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*), Michael Palin (Monty Python's *Flying Circus*), and guitarist John Renbourn. If you brush up on your British humor before picking this one up, it will make Hodgkinson's writing funnier.

Practicing: A Musician's Return to Music, by Glenn Kurtz. Knopf, New York. 2007.

Of the four books listed here, this one is my favorite. Glenn Kurtz was a wonder kid in suburban New York. He picked up guitar early, stayed disciplined in his study, learned fast, and became skilled. He fell in love with the emotional range and drama of classical music, especially Beethoven, as a teenager. He switched from folk and jazz to classical guitar, and enrolled in the New England Conservatory of Music as a young man and graduated. He studied in Switzerland, and

he tried to make a life as a classical guitarist.

The business of the classical music world eluded him, and, in bitterness, Kurtz packed his guitar away. He finished a program in comparative literature and arrived in the Bay Area as a college professor. But at some point in his life, years later the guitar called from the closet and asked him to reconnect with the joy he experienced in making music for its own sake. Kurtz writes about all this in a clear-eyed, engaging way.

I spent the first half of the book dreading the point in his story at which such a committed and skilled musician would feel so defeated that he would give up his instrument completely. And I reveled in the return. Kurtz's self-examination allowed me to look at my own playing with a fresh perspective, and I was able to drop all of my expectation and regrets about never “making it” as a musician. I learned from Kurtz how to enjoy the tone of a single note.

To this day I sometimes sit very still and simply strum a “C” chord.



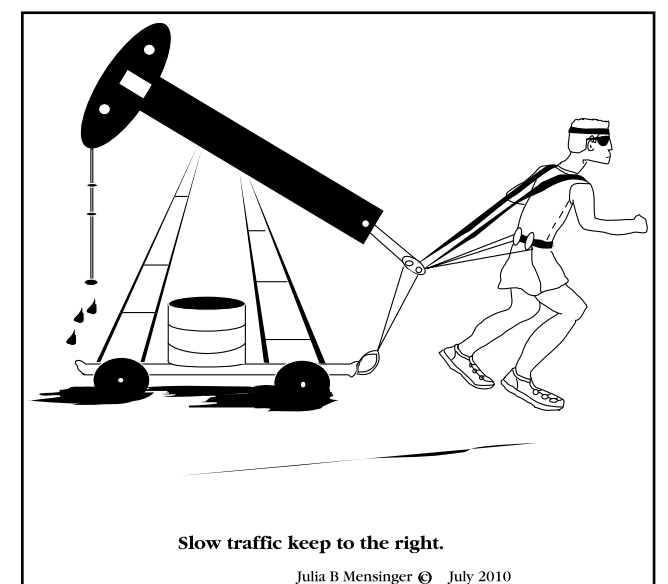
Converge on Fort Benning, November 19-21, 2010

Join thousands at the gates of Fort Benning, Georgia to commemorate the victims of School of the Americas (SOA) terror and to celebrate the resistance. Events will include a rally, nonviolent direct action, concerts, workshops and teach-



ins. Stand up for justice at the gates of Fort Benning, Georgia in November.

<http://www.soaw.org/take-action/november-vigil>



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