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SEPTEMBER 1993

MOSCOW FOOD COOP

 MOSCOW FOOD COOP
310 WEST THIRD
MOSCOW ID 83843



20 YEARS

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LIBRARY:
UNIV. OF IDAHO
MOSCOW ID 83843



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Deadline for articles: 20th of each month

Opinions expressed in the newsletter are the writers' own, and do not necessarily reflect Co-op policy or good consumer practice. The Co-op does not endorse the service or products of any paid advertiser within this issue.

Co-op Reminiscences

by Karen Young

In 1978 I was hired to 'coordinate' the Moscow Food Co-op, located on Main Street, alias U.S. 95, directly across from the fire station. Decibels aside, that Co-op was radically different from today's Co-op. Board policy dictated that nothing could be sold in wasteful packaging; all items were housed in white plastic buckets, a favorite haunt of mealy worms. Pricing was three-tiered, and thrice confusing. Few but the long-haired and bug-tolerant made the Co-op a regular shopping stop. Needless to say, the Co-op's finances were tenuous.

Most Co-op regulars of the late '70s found the Co-op a community and commodity center. Our expression of community was flamboyant; the arrival of the Equinox truck was a weekly work party, with emphasis on the party. Board meetings often began with Sufi dancing (remember Dael Day, Sita, and Azim?) and ended, after another of our endless experiments in 'consensus' decision making, with hugs and tears. We were close, few, ragged, and righteous.

In 1979 I precipitously (without consent of the Board) moved the Co-op to Washington Street. Fellow Coordinators Charles Quinn and Mallen Kear pitched in; Bob Thyborg built us our first cold-storage room with a cadre of volunteers, and we set about to change the Co-op's image. We wanted a cleaner, brighter store, a store inviting to everyone in Moscow. Packages appeared on our shelves, candy bars on the counter; bins began to replace buckets. David Cook was instrumental in designing a

systematic financial program; Kenna Street's talents provided color and attractive design to showcase our increasingly diverse inventory.

As the Co-op entered the '80s it was shaping towards its present configuration. If we lost some of our communal closeness, we also shed pernicious cliquishness. We left behind business-day totals of \$500 and achieved \$1500 or more, insignificant today but a significant statistical change over two years. There is no one who worked at the Co-op in the '70s who doesn't admire our present Third Street Co-op, and probably no one, mealy moth population included, who doesn't have fond memories of the growing Co-op on Washington and the tiny Co-op, beleaguered by sirens and log trucks, on South Main.

SEE YOU THERE!

by Carol Hartman

So, you've been faithfully reading the Co-op newsletter and marking your calendars with the dates for our twentieth anniversary celebration. Now it's time to get serious and pencil in times and places.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

8:45 a.m. There's just a little time left to get in shape for the **Moscow Mountain Madness Fun Run!** The Co-op is a proud co-sponsor of the 12-mile run up and over the mountain this year. Sign up at the shop for the race, which starts at 8:45 and 9:00 a.m. (Cyclists get a head start, of course.) Fees are \$16 with a t-shirt, and \$8 without. Proceeds go towards constructing a cross-country trail in the Virgil Phillips Environmental Park 12 miles north of town, Co-op General Manager Kenna Eaton said. This is a local project between Better Living and area high school students.

Volunteers are also badly needed on race day.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

1 p.m. - 5 p.m. Co-op Fair in the parking lot. Look for food samples from regular Co-op suppliers: Paradise Farms, Health Valley, and Garden of Eating, as well as organic fruit and other food samples from the store.

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MOSCOW FOOD CO-OP

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Moscow

Charles Quinn

Graduate, Kototama Institute

A schedule of events will be posted several days before the fair. Be sure to notice the outrageous building decor! Mum's still the word, but rumors have it that Linda Canary and Ruby Valentine are going "all out."

The Moscow Parent-Toddler Co-op will provide face painting for anyone interested, and Ruby will lend her talents to organize a sidewalk coloring contest. Prizes will abound, Kenna promised.

Listen for the sweet sounds of local musicians throughout the fair. Check the schedule for your favorite music. A special attraction is a one-man band from Seattle. "He plays a wide variety of music and instruments simultaneously," marveled Kenna.

Look for any founding mothers and fathers and tell them a big "thank you" for keeping the Co-op alive during the early days and providing us with a great foundation.

7:00 p.m. - 11 p.m. Dance! Twist and shout to the tunes of The Cartel and Big Time Adam at the Moscow Community Center, on Third and Washington streets. There is no cover charge and complimentary refreshments will be available (no alcohol). Doors will open at 7, and music is slated to begin at 7:30. Come and bring a friend. Be extra friendly to any non-members you see so they join!

In this issue of *Moscow Food Co-op Community News*:

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by David Cook

Turn the clock back to the summer of 1973, twenty years ago. Inflation was just being introduced into the everyday vocabulary by OPEC. Watergate was big news, gas was 45 cents per gallon and, chances are, most of us had never heard of Moscow, Idaho. After the growth of ecological awareness in the 1960s and the appearance of books like *Diet for a Small Planet* and *Silent Spring*, a small but significant number of people were beginning to take a greater interest in what was in the food they ate in terms of nutrition and pollution. The skyrocketing food prices were of great concern to many, and there were those who shared a concern about the growing domination of major corporations in all aspects of our lives.

It was amid these sorts of forces that friends and neighbors in thousands of communities across America got together to form small food-buying cooperatives. Moscow, Idaho was no exception. Rod David, Jim Egan, and David and Katie Mosel got together and formed a little co-op store in Moscow. They got a tax number from the state, visited some of the co-ops on the coast, and hunted around for sources of good quality food. Back in those days, the government was more interested in the plight of low-income people, and a low-interest loan was secured from the Snake River Community Development Council in Lewiston to provide \$500 in start-up capital for the "Good Food Store."

The store opened its doors in August of 1973 at 112 E. Second Street in part of what is now Blondies'. The inventory consisted of peas and lentils (of course), cheeses, spices, and a few other miscellaneous items. It was entirely a volunteer operation aiming to provide food at reasonable prices. To save on costs, reduce waste, and for shoppers' convenience, all items were sold in bulk. Sales the first month totaled \$126.88; the next month sales were over \$1,000. Moscow was apparently ready and waiting for the Good Food Store.

After a number of months of running the store, it was clear that there was a need for type of

service in Moscow. It was also clear that a good deal more capital would be needed for the store to become self-supporting with a paid manager (which the volunteers saw a need for). The founders drew up Articles of Incorporation and filed with the State of Idaho as a non-profit cooperative association on April 25, 1974. The Co-op had 25 members, each of whom had put in a small amount of money and a good deal of time to keep their Co-op going.

The board of directors decided to apply to the Community Action Agency (CAA) in Lewiston for a grant to help the Co-op become a self-sustaining entity. A proposal was written for funds to do promotion, expand the inventory (now grown to about \$1,500), purchase a truck for hauling food, get more equipment, and to hire a UYA worker for a year. CAA provided grants to help several other Idaho cooperatives get started around the same time. Over the course of the next year, we were to receive \$11,000 in three installments. The National Food Co-op in Lewiston received a larger grant, but it lasted only a little over a year. The Good Food Store managed to survive this difficult early stage; in fact, its growth forced it to move to larger quarters in the fall of 1975. The new store was at 610 S. Main across from the Moscow Fire Department and the name was then changed to Moscow Food Co-op.

The following summer the Co-op organized a farmers' market which was held in the parking lot behind the Old Post Office Building (now the Moscow Community Center). The Co-op's goals included supporting local producers, providing access to quality food, and acting in the consumers' interest. Even though it meant some loss of business, the Co-op's board felt a farmers' market was in line with our ideals and would benefit the community. The farmers' market gained more momentum the next year. It moved across Jefferson Street to another parking lot and then down to its present location on Fourth Street by the Moscow Hotel (Friendship Square). The Co-op



has since turned over administration of the Farmer's Market to the city.

The Co-op has also participated in community gardening projects over the years, first at the southeast corner of Washington and A (now covered by the Ambassador Condominiums) in 1976, and then at First and Jefferson until the library addition covered it up.

Also in the summer of 1976 Co-op members participated in a regional co-op gathering held on a farm near Fairfield, Washington. One of the issues there was the need for a co-op wholesaler to serve organic farmers and co-op stores. A group of volunteer organizers formed the Equinox Food Exchange Cooperative Association in December, 1976 and the Moscow Co-op joined together with the Spokane, Colville, and Pullman co-ops to support this venture as members of the wholesale co-op.

In the spring of 1978 we began our participation in the Moscow Renaissance Fair. (That was the year the fair was held indoors at the Moscow Jr. High fieldhouse.) In the fall of that year we moved to yet a larger store, our former location at 314 S. Washington. Sales were up to a monthly average of \$12,400 that year.

The Co-op newsletter got up quite a bit of momentum in early 1980, and in April the board decided to put the Co-op's newsletter crew and budget behind *Wellspring* -- *A Journal of Regional Cooperation* to be published by Cumulus Press. *Wellspring* was distributed region-wide by Equinox with a

circulation of 6,000. After eighteen months of publication *Wellspring* fell prey to volunteer burnout and advertising competition from the new *Moscow Magazine*.

Survival became a watchword for the Co-op in the early 1980s with supermarket chains discovering there was a buck to be made in the natural food business, and then the severe recession in 1982-83. Managers were sent to co-op business seminars. The board got more involved in planning. More structure and training were introduced into the volunteer systems. Budgets and financial statements were seriously studied. A significant effort was begun to make the Co-op inviting to a broader cross-section of the community. Nothing seems to happen overnight at the Co-op, but the declining sales and membership trends of 1981 and 1982 turned around in mid-1983 and continue to look good.

The Co-op has made it through thick and thin primarily due to the support of its members and its dedicated staff. Everyone's support is needed and appreciated on all levels -- your patronage, your membership contributions, your time, and your good will. If we continue to work together to build and improve our Co-op, then twenty years from now we will be just as pleased with our progress as we can be today.

NOTE: David Cook was Co-op manager, coordinator, bookkeeper, and more from 1978 until 1985 when he resigned to return to college with his family. He now lives in Boulder, Colorado.

by Kenna Eaton



Yikes!!!! It's been 13 years... since I joined the Co-op. Tim and I drove over Lolo Pass the summer of 1980, through Cavendish and Southwick and up the Kendrick grade. We marveled in the lushness of the green fields, so pastoral and calm after the rugged beauty of Montana. We eventually rolled into Moscow and immediately spied the Co-op resting at the side of the highway (Washington Street) like an oasis. We leapt out of the Chevy truck and into the cool, welcoming space that lurked within. The funky blue carpet didn't deter us, having been active in co-ops before. Neither did the sink in the middle of the store, nor the sea of white buckets that housed all the beautiful grains, nuts, and beans. We were in love with the Co-op, Moscow, and the green, rolling hills of the Palouse.

Within a year Tim and I had moved to Moscow, largely because of the Co-op. My goal was to get a job here and live happily ever after, and amazingly I did! I was hired in 1982 as a co-coordinator, to work with Betsy Kessler and David Cook. We

were the only paid staff; everyone else volunteered (actually all members volunteered two hours a month). During the summer months when sales were low, we each took a six-week unpaid vacation. The rest of the year we worked hard, only charging for as much time as the Co-op could pay. The Co-op was definitely going through some hard times; sales were low, profits non-existent, and the supermarkets were putting a lot of pressure on us by selling bulk foods just like we did.

We were not the only ones in trouble. Our cooperative supplier, Equinox, felt the crunch from store-front co-ops in the Northwest unable to pay their bills. David, my co-coordinator, was heavily involved in the running of Equinox (as a Board member), so we felt a special tie with the health of our distributor.

By the mid-'80s things were looking up. Sales were on the increase, and we were getting more involved in helping downtown Moscow become a great place to shop. We helped to start the Pea and Lentil Festival with a cook-off in Friendship Square; entrants received a free bag of split peas or lentils from the Co-op.

As the grocery stores in the area gave up on selling bulk food (we could have told them it was and is not profitable) we felt a lessening of pressure. Gradually we remodeled the store, replacing the sticky blue carpet with white tile. The sink moved to the back of the store, and the white buckets (still in evidence today) have been

slowly replaced with gravity-feed bins and plexiglass containers that reveal the true beauty of the contents within. As the interest in natural foods grew, so did we. We still kept our commitment to local food, organically grown food, and minimal packaging. We also kept to our commitment to create a viable workplace for our staff, with realistic wages and benefits. And we kept our commitment to volunteers in a time when many Co-ops decided to drop their programs. Being a community grocery store means we want the involvement of everyone.

The Co-op's success has depended upon the involvement of many people--both paid staff and volunteers. Without them we would be just another ordinary business struggling with the daily demands of commerce. With them we have become a rich, diverse alternative to the regular shopping experience.



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LEARN MORE ABOUT PCEI

by Diana Higgins

If you would like to learn more about the Palouse-Clearwater Environmental Institute, there are two great opportunities coming up:

- After a summer hiatus, the monthly PCEI dinners are starting up again, the first dinner of the fall taking place on **September 26** at the Moscow Community Center. The menu is stuffed cabbage rolls and poppy seed cake by chef, Mary Jo Knowles! This one is sure to be a delicious and interesting feast.

As for entertainment, the Physical Scientists will be playing some of their early dinnertime music. The past programs have proven to be enjoyable and educational. The dinners cost \$7.00 for the general public, \$5.00 for members of PCEI, \$2.50 for children under 12, and under 5 free.

Another opportunity to meet with PCEI folks is during their open-house celebration of their new location (in the rear annex of the Moscow Hotel building) on **Saturday, September 11** during the Farmer's Market (8:00 am - 1:00 pm). There will be door prizes and refreshments; if you'd like to bring a housewarming gift, take a look at PCEI's "wish list" in this issue.

Everyone at PCEI hopes to see you at both of these sure-to-be-fun events.

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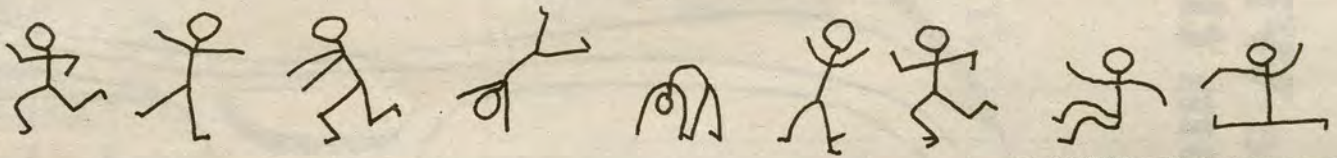


Oat-Dulse Scones

(from Rodale's Basic Natural Foods Cookbook)

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 cup loosely packed dry dulse | 2 1/2 cup rolled oats |
| 1 cup whole wheat flour | 1 cup finely chopped onion |
| 2 teaspoons dried thyme | 1/4 cup corn oil |
| 3/4 cup water | |

Soak and rise dulse. Chop it small. Combine with other ingredients and mix well. Preheat oven to 325K°. Shape into patties about 3 inches by 1/2 inch and bake on an oiled baking sheet for about 25 minutes. Makes 10-12.



We Need You!


Join us as a Moscow Co-op Board Member

Challenges. As a board member you will have an opportunity to be part of the planning team for Co-op tasks, such as:

- Strategic planning - developing our business plan, short term and long range.
- Planning for increased member participation.
- Working to increase staff participation and job satisfaction.
- Educating members and the community at large about nutrition, politics of food, themes of cooperation, and an environmentally sound lifestyle.

Activities. You will be involved in many types of activities, especially those which fit your own skills and interests.

- Monthly meetings.
- Chair and attend committees, such as: computer operations, financial operations, volunteers, personnel, planning, physical plant operations, elections, etc.
- Attend the annual membership meeting.
- Write articles for the newsletter.

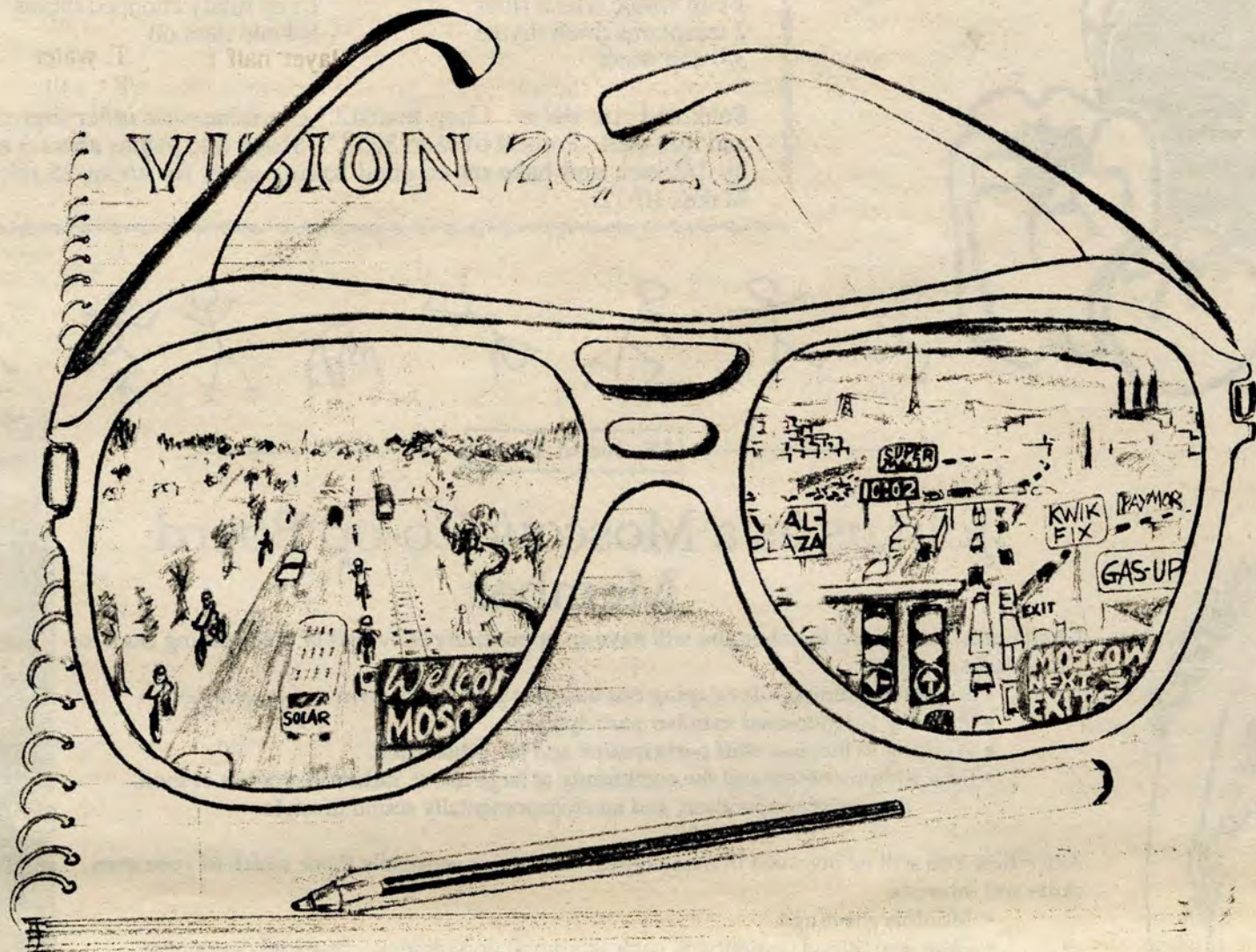
Minimum Qualifications:	Other Qualities We Seek:	How to apply:
Card-carrying member of Moscow Co-op.	Natural Food, nutrition, and politics-of-food familiarity.	For more information or to apply, please contact:
Commitment to the mission of Moscow Food Co-op.	Experience with Co-ops, management, law, advertising, marketing, public relations, grocery or retail business.	Peg Harvey-Marose 882-1593
Interest in serving the Co-op 10-20 hours per month for three years - that's about the same amount of time you spend in the shower!	Experience with organizational planning or volunteer coordination.	or Kenna Eaton 882-8537
Communication and meeting skills.	Financial experience a big plus (but not required).	
An open and critical mind.	People of color or with disabilities encouraged to apply	
A funny bone.		

Note: Thanks to Central Food Co-op, Seattle, WA for much of the above information.



MOSCOW VISION 2020 Contest

**You Can See the Winning
Entries from the**



by Bill London

Moscow in the year 2020-- what will it be like?

The future was the theme of the contest sponsored by Moscow Vision 2020. The 15 contest winners, which were chosen from 25 entries by a panel of judges, will be displayed at the Vandal Lounge of the UI Student Union Building from September 17 to October 1, and at the Moscow Public Library from October 4 to 31. A performance opening reception is planned for Friday, September 17.

Moscow Vision 2020 sponsored the contest to promote a community dialogue about the future of the city, and now this local citizens' group wants to continue the dialogue with these two displays.

The contest judges, seven Moscow area residents, gave high marks to the imagination and creativity displayed by the winners. They singled out essays by Stephen Lyons, Susan Baumgartner, and Susan Palmer as realistic portrayals of what Moscow might be like in 27 years.

Musician John Elwood of Garfield submitted two songs,

"Paradise Creek" and "Along This Road," while Paul Lindholdt of Moscow wrote two poems, "From the Air" and "From the Earth." Tom Lamar of Moscow created a visual display: his negative vision was a pair of old running shoes and the positive vision consisted of old automobile parts.

Judges were: Ray Dacey, professor of business, University of Idaho; Janet Fiske, civic activist; Cope Gale, a hardware salesperson and lifelong Moscow resident; Joan Ging, a seventh-grader at Moscow Junior High; Mary Gresch, a writer at Washington State University; Tristan Trotter, a University of Idaho student, and Michelle Ward, half of the classical guitar duo, Con Brio!

Here's a complete list of winners and their prizes:

Melissa Edwards, a massage from Laurie Cortright.

Susan Palmer, a \$25 gift certificate from the Beanery.

Paul Lindholdt, a \$20 gift certificate from BookPeople.

Rodger Stevens, a cassette called *The Meaning of Life* by the musical group the Physical Scientists.

Stephen Lyons, a selection of Backcountry Eco-cuisine from Paradise Farms.

Suvia Judd, a \$25 gift certificate from the Moscow Food Co-op.

Judith Finnell, a copy of *Umbrella Guide to the Inland Empire* by Bill London.

Charles Powell, a copy of *Sustainable Cities: Concepts and Strategies for Eco-City Development* from Inner Vision Bookstore.

Andrea Vogt of Lewiston, a one-gallon shrub from Native Habitat Plants.

Susan Baumgartner of Genesee, pottery from Rebecca Rod.

John Elwood of Garfield, a three-month subscription to the *Moscow-Pullman Daily News*.

Ed Clark, a copy of *Idaho's Top 30 Fishing Waters*.

Tom Lamar, a ceramic model car by Jim Gale.

Katie Pool, coffee mugs from Palouse-Clearwater Environmental Institute.

Bill London, gift certificate for a tree from Sweet Bough Nursery.



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Recipes

by Diana Higgins

I just love the Co-op's bread from the Upper Crust Bakery! My problem is, I buy everything that looks good to me without a clear plan as to how I'm going to use it all up. While browsing through a new cookbook, *Lean and Luscious and Meatless*, by Bobbie Hinman and Millie Snyder, I found several great recipes calling for different types of bread. I made a few adaptations in order to use specific breads available at the Co-op; if you have a different favorite, experiment and see how it turns out.

If your buns often get stale (your peace buns, I mean) before you can use them up, try these:

Antipasto-Stuffed Hoagies

- 6 peace buns
- 1 C. finely chopped tomatoes
- 10 small stuffed green olives, sliced
- 1/4 C. finely chopped green pepper
- 1/16 t. garlic powder
- 2 T. Italian dressing
- 1/4 C. finely chopped onions
- 10 small black pitted olives, sliced
- 1/4 C. finely shredded carrots
- 1 T. dried parsley flakes
- 1/2 t. pepper
- 3/4 C. shredded Cheddar cheese (lowfat)

Slice top from each peace bun, and cut out inside (you want a shell of about 1/2" thickness). Crumble bread insides into a large bowl.

Add remaining ingredients. Mix well. Pat mixture down firmly in bowl, cover, and chill at least one hour. (Meanwhile, wrap buns to retain freshness.)

Stir vegetable mixture. Then, using a teaspoon, stuff mixture tightly into buns.

Wrap each filled bun and chill several hours or overnight.

If you're not quite sure what to do with round loaves, this next recipe is for you.

California Layered Loaf

- 1 1-lb. round bread
- 1 T. spicy brown mustard
- 2 medium tomatoes, thinly sliced
- 1 small red onion, thinly sliced
- 4 oz. thinly sliced Cheddar or Swiss
- 1/4 C. finely chopped green pepper
- 2 T. mayonnaise
- 1 C. Romaine lettuce, torn into bite-sized pieces
- 1 small avocado, peeled and thinly sliced
- 10 stuffed green olives, sliced
- 1/2 C. thinly sliced cucumber (peel if waxed)
- 1 8-oz. can Mandarin orange sections (unsweetened), drained well

Carefully slice top off 1/3 of bread. Scoop out inside of bread and lid, leaving a 1/2" - 1" shell.

In a small bowl, combine mayonnaise and mustard. Spread evenly on inside of bread and lid.

Inside the bread, layer half of the lettuce, half of the tomato, and half of the avocado. Top with the onion and the olives. Then add half of the cheese, topped with the cucumber and the green pepper. Next layer the remaining avocado, topped with the orange sections. Top with the remaining cheese, remaining tomato, and remaining lettuce.

Replace lid and secure edges with toothpicks. Wrap filled bread tightly and chill several hours. Place something heavy on bread to compress layers. Remove toothpicks and cut into wedges and serve.

Wondering what to do with the bread you scooped out for the recipe above? Look no further:

Mediterranean Bread Salad

- 3 C. leftover bread, cubed
- 1 C. chopped cucumber, in 1/2" pieces (peel if waxed, and discard seeds if they are very large)
- 3 T. water
- 1/8 t. salt
- 1/4 t. dried dill weed
- 1 1/2 C. chopped tomatoes, in 1/2" pieces
- 1/2 C. chopped red onion
- 2 T. vegetable oil
- 3 T. lemon juice
- 2 t. dried parsley flakes
- 1/4 t. pepper

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Spread bread cubes on a baking sheet and bake until dry, about 10 minutes. Set aside to cool.

In a large bowl, combine remaining ingredients. Mix well. Add bread cubes. Toss until well mixed.

Chill several hours or overnight, mixing several times.

Stir before serving.

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This Month's Price

Item	MFC	MFC - 18%	Tidyman's	Safeway	Rosauer's
DAIRY					
plain lowfat yogurt, 32 oz.	1.05	.86	1.43	1.29	1.54
tofu, 1 cake	.41	.34	1.59	1.98	1.99
lowfat cottage cheese, 16 oz.	1.92	1.57	1.39	1.29	1.09
margarine, 1 lb.	.62	.51	.59	.64	.56
butter, 1 lb.	1.87	1.53	1.79	1.69	1.45
eggs, 1 dozen (brown)	1.35	1.11	1.19	1.25	1.15
PASTA (per pound unless noted)					
organic whole wheat spinach lasagne	1.74	1.43	N/A	N/A	3.78
organic whole wheat lasagne	1.74	1.43	N/A	N/A	3.38
wagon wheels, garden or plain	1.75	1.44	N/A	N/A	1.15
organic whole wheat spaghetti	1.35	1.11	N/A	N/A	2.15
artichoke spaghetti	1.25	1.03	N/A	N/A	N/A
semolina (plain) spaghetti	.94	.77	.86	.83	1.21
rainbow spirals	1.75	1.44	1.25	1.72	1.30
sesame spirals	1.93	1.58	N/A	N/A	N/A
rotelle (plain spirals)	1.59	1.30	.78	1.32	1.64
wild rice, 8 oz. box	4.68	3.84	N/A	2.85	3.39
PRODUCE					
corn on the cob, each	.25	.21	.25	.30	.25
zucchini, per lb.	.49	.40	.69	.59	N/A
round zucchini, per lb.	.79	.65	N/A	N/A	N/A
eggplant, each	.99	.81	N/A	.79 approx.	.99 approx.

by Diana Higgins

This month's price comparison centered on dairy products, pasta, and some fall vegetables. This survey made it really clear to me that for buying pasta, the Co-op has the biggest selection (as well as the healthiest), at very competitive prices.

I didn't expect that the Co-op's prices would be so competitive for the dairy products. The major supermarket chains always have heavily discounted prices on margarine, in particular, but the Co-op's prices were right in there.

Another important difference about shopping the Co-op: the zucchini and round zucchini featured during the comparison

were locally grown! That is one reason why the zucchini's price was so low, while no other store around even carried the round zucchini (I had never even seen this variety before; you can learn a lot by shopping the Co-op, too!).

Speaking of supporting the local crops, while the wild rice at the Co-op was not the cheapest in the survey, it is from St. Maries; the brand carried at the other stores is a large, national brand. Is it really worth saving a few dollars, on an item you probably purchase every once in a while, to support the trucking in from another state of a product that is grown right here in Idaho? Only you can make that decision, but it's something to think about....



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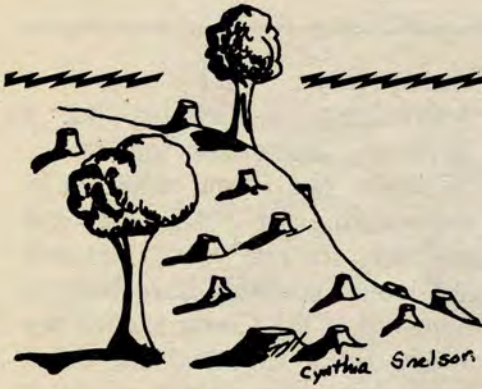
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Earth First! Holds Press Conference in Moscow

by Natalie Shapiro



On August 10, members of Earth First! held a press conference at Friendship Square to inform the public about the Cove/Mallard timber sales in the Nez Perce national Forest. Four panel members presented brief formal statements, and then opened the panel up for questions which lasted almost two hours. The panel members were Sarah Seeds, Ron Constable, Brandon, Cindy, and Jake Kreillick. About 100 people were present, including Bennett Lumber employees.

Sarah Seeds, from Collective Seeds of Peace, opened the panel.

Seeds of Peace is providing food, non-violence training, and moral support for activists at the Earth First! camp near Dixie. "The recent raid on our camp is an indication that the Forest Service would really like to confiscate the truth," stated Seeds. She was referring to a raid early on August 8 by 30-40 federal officers.

Ron Constable, a wildlife biologist, elaborated on the details of the raid: "... They confiscated tools we used for homesteading, took five inches of documents from my tent--one year's worth of research--that I got from Forest Service files on the Cove/Mallard area.

Much of the discussion focused on wildlife and ecosystem issues. Constable discussed the impacts of the timber sales on wolves. "They're [the Forest Service] ignoring environmental law. The Forest Service is putting in 145 miles of road, with 200 clearcuts in an area extensively used and populated by the gray wolf."

He explained that since 1983 there have been 85 documented observations of wolf activity in the Cove/Mallard area. Forty-three have been actual sightings. Most of these have been reported by Forest Service biologists, hunters, and outfitters, "people who have seen both wolves and coyotes and who know the difference."

"There are quite a few photos of wolves--a pack of seven, a pack of five, a pup," he added. "There is a photo of a 139-pound canine track near the Noble Sale that the Forest Service will not call a wolf. If you have a 139-pound canine out there, seven miles from the nearest road, it probably isn't a coyote or dog."

Constable felt that Forest Service biologists' methods of looking for endangered,

threatened, and sensitive species were very poor because they are given a certain amount of time to conduct their surveys. "The surveys that they have done, a lot are done after the final EIS (Environmental Impact Statement) is out. After that, the Forest Service puts out a statement saying that the sale won't affect those species. It's then that they do the surveys.

"They are surveying for goshawk now on the Noble Road, a road that's already been built. Their survey method is bad; they play a distress signal and wait for a response. There's a slim to nil chance that they'll find a goshawk using this method; they have to do a canopy search for goshawk."

Constable added that wolf howling, used to find wolves, is a poor survey method. "They are all done from roads, and wolves are shy of roads. They give people an hour and a half training session on how to howl like a wolf; then they go out and drive, stopping every half hour, howl, and wait for a response." He said that there have been some responses with this method.

Brandon explained why he felt that logging shouldn't be done in this area. "Not all the areas to be logged will be replanted; barely over half will be replanted." Constable added that the Cove/Mallard area is high elevation (6,000 feet) and that trees don't grow back quickly at such elevations. "Looking at older cuts in the area, that are 30-40 years old, they're not growing trees back."

Kreillick briefly discussed the forest community of the area. He explained that much of the area escaped the fires of 1910. "There are pockets of old-growth in north-facing slopes and ravines, such as Engelmann spruce, subalpine fir, Douglas-fir and

grand fir. On the south-facing slopes are lodgepole, the product of older, cooler fires. This forest community is diverse because of its unique fire history."

"The pockets of old-growth is what I think the Forest Service is after," he surmised. "It's been growing for about 200 years; you won't get it to regenerate if it's clearcut. It evolved under mixed species, mixed age, where it needed shade, cover, coolness to hold moisture better, and if you open it up with a 40-acre clearcut, it would dry out the land and only lodgepole could grow back."

Constable also felt that the Cove/Mallard area is a vital connector in an ecological corridor. "If it is severed, it will interrupt migrations between Gospel Hump Wilderness and Frank Church River of No Return Wilderness. Species that can't cross roads would have a problem, such as pine marten, fisher, goshawk, etc."

A member of the audience asked how much money was being spent on the sales. Constable stated that the Forest Service didn't give him an exact figure, but it is estimated to cost \$6 million dollars from the U.S. Treasury. It would provide jobs for about 500 people for about five years, he added.

At the close of the press conference, Seeds remarked that she was pleased to engage in dialogue with loggers and mill workers concerned about the future of jobs in the area, grizzly and wolf reintroduction, and future sources of timber if sales such as the Cove/Mallard are halted. She noted that both the Earth First!ers and the mill workers were critical of the Forest Service; perhaps that could lead to finding common ground between the groups.

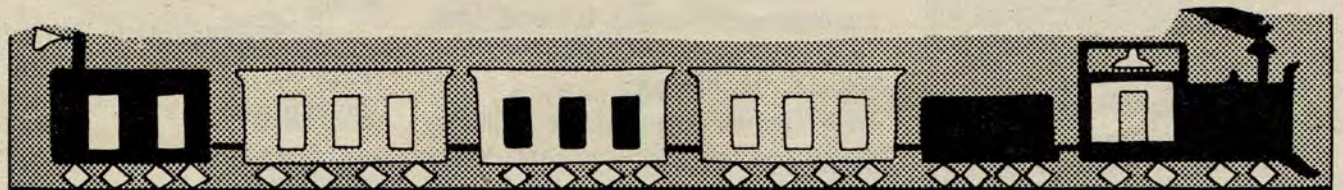
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As Maia Cunningham prices, stocks, and shelves at the Co-op Wednesday afternoons when the delivery from Mountain People arrives, she may be secretly studying the heads of people around her. But don't take it personally; it's one of the hazards of her trade.

"I love bones. It's weird!" she admitted. "I've been known to come up and feel people's heads, but only people I know well. I'll be walking down the street and I'll go 'Oh my God, look at that guy's brow ridge!'"

Bones are the primary focus of Maia's graduate studies at WSU. Where archaeologists conduct digs, cultural anthropologists identify what they dig up. "It's similar to a coroner, except we study skeletons, not bodies," she explained, adding that the chief responsibility is studying skeletal evidence of primates.

After taking a course in cultural anthropology at the UI as an undergrad, "I fell in love." She earned her bachelor's degree and after working as an office manager at Marriot's for one year, she headed to Pullman to study physical human anthropology with Prof. Grover Krantz. She hopes to study for her doctorate and plans to apply to several schools this year.

The *Australo Pithicines* are her chief interest. Evolutionists consider the pithicines the "kickoff point for humans, where chimps and humans split," she said. The first evidence of pithicines is dated at 3.9 million years ago, and it's suspected they were around about 5 million years ago.

To be a cultural anthropologist, Maia has been studying anatomy, history, animal physiology, geography, and other topics. When analyzing a bone fragment, she can tell with 70 percent accuracy the sex, age, race, possibly the cause of death if shown in the skeleton, and some health conditions like arthritis. The bone condition provides these clues, she said. For example, an arthritic bone will have a bubbled texture. Bones from a young person will have a different shape, length, and density than those of an older person. An Asian's skull is the easiest to identify for its distinctive bone structure, while "the Australians have short, broad heads and the biggest teeth in the world."

As Maia learns to differentiate skeletons of different races, she staunchly objects to racism.

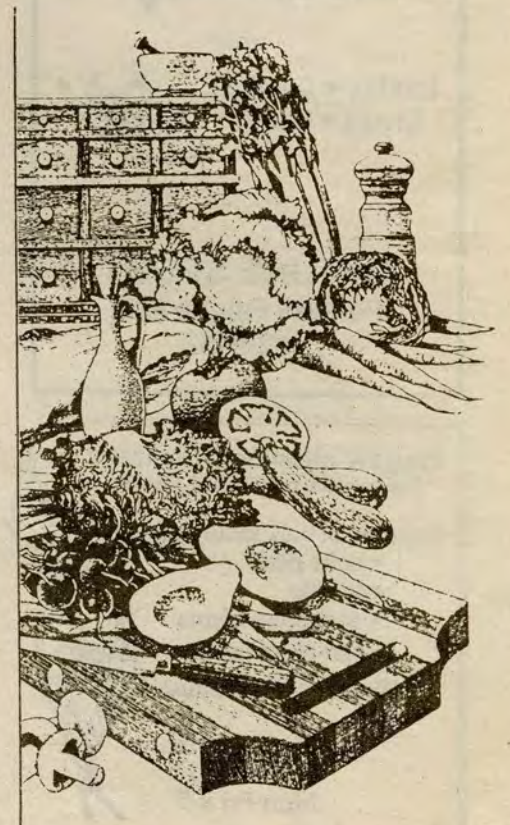
"I get angry when people use race as determinant, because we're all different. Race is a physical

characteristic; it's not a determinant of anything but a physical characteristic," she said.

Maia has been unofficially volunteering for 2 1/2 years and routinely for one year. She said she would probably have become involved at the Co-op even if her sister, Erika Cunningham, didn't work there because she wants to support what the Co-op stands for. She believes we should all be concerned about buying environmentally and human-friendly products with less packaging. For her shopping goals, the Co-op makes that all easier. However, Erika did introduce her to the Wednesday-night stocking spree.

"Basically, she'd just sort of suck me in. 'Come and do this for a minute.' It's hard work, but not very challenging. I don't mind doing it because it's a place I choose to work for," she said. "The atmosphere is really good. People are really friendly and (shoppers) are more willing to wait a little longer vs. Safeway, where someone goes in for a roll of toilet paper and wants to be out in two seconds."

She is a native of southern Idaho and came to the Palouse for school. Maia recently received cashier training in addition to her pricing and shelving duties. Shoppers are welcome to test Maia's skills at reading individual physical history. Rumor has it she promised not to feel shoppers' heads unless they request it!





From the Mundane to the Mystical

by Carol Hartman

Just as the products lining the Co-op shelves are themselves unique, so are most of the people joining, working or volunteering at the Co-op. We all have our own reasons for being involved; most relate to believing in what the Co-op stands for. However, even some of the more mundane jobs are done with that same kind of pride and commitment. Tim Eaton fits that category.

As one of three Co-op janitors, Tim spends several hours three evenings a week cleaning the store and performing minor maintenance tasks.

"I have the lowest form of employment there," he joked. "There's a routine--you just sort of get in the groove."

Perhaps he is more attentive in his janitorial work than he would be at a commercially owned store. As all the products lining the shelves are quality items, many made locally, Tim is more motivated towards doing a good job.

"I like Co-op work. I like working with all the things there. They have animated presences. You get a sense of care throughout the whole process: the people who produced them or grew them

took great care. It's not like I'm working at Wal-Mart or something," he said. "Everything's very personal, kind of endowed with a love."

Janitor hours suit Tim perfectly. Since he works nights and Kenna, his wife, works during the day as Co-op general manager, this leaves him free to care for their two children, Robin and Caitlin. This also provides plenty of time to pursue his real interest: experimental writing. He quit as manager of Kinko's nearly two years ago to pursue writing, and he's found his style and interests expanding.

"I focus on the level of language. That's how my writing has turned since I left Kinko's--I've started exploring how landscapism is embodied in language," he said. "I really live in language and books."

Tim's language studies expanded when he and Kenna bought a cabin and some property near Deary. He relied on books to carry him to places he couldn't physically travel because of their commitment. Then he began exploring how language resonates with the time and space that the reader is in. He believes that "language fortifies our habitual living, so when you break open language, you lose the tyranny of syntax."

Reading from a de-centered self, that is, tossing away the ego-centered reading habits and letting the self be defined moment by moment, is perhaps what enchants Tim most about mysticism.

"How you look at language structure and how language moves toward openness and the definition of self--that's the decentered self," he patiently attempted to explain. "When you look at referential language, language-centered poets criticize the idea that a poet on a platform

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creates a picture of the world that is consumed by an audience. The idea of consumptability--the reader participating in the work--is foreign."

Tim will also be writing a book for a Portland press this winter on native plant landscapes. When offered an opportunity to retail native plants, Tim accepted and started his own nursery, presently sporting 45 plants. He hopes to double that amount over winter, starting all plants from seed.

"Native plants are my embodied voice; I can't just do my hermetic writing," he explained.

He began landscape work with volunteer Steve Hanchet. Just as language becomes personified through language studies, so do native plants in landscape. Tim finds many of his clients gain a better understanding of nature through the mini-ecosystem on their property.

"There are certain things people like to do with landscaping. With native plants, people have an experiential understanding of space. When people start to see native plants (away from their property), they see taste, texture, and place," he said. "By noticing those details, one has more allure to where you're living. Plants become personified in the landscape."

People looking to restore native plants to their property is one positive thing about the expanding Palouse population. People are reclaiming a lot of the Palouse character, rejecting sterile landscapes. "Grass here is the same as in Nevada, in Kentucky.... People are trying to bring back the sense of individuality, of voice, of place," Tim stated.

Developing "grey" landscapes--using reclaimed water--is next on his list of projects. He attributes his own awareness of nature's

processes to his childhood and schooling in California. Born in the age of general ecological awareness, Tim says he had "a scientific understanding of the relatedness of life." Unfortunately, he said, he had to leave California to find an unspoiled place.

He landed in Montana, working in a research station near the Blackfoot River and studying botany. He met Kenna there and when they began looking to buy property, recalled an article in the *Wellspring* newsletter discussing a distributor called Equinox, which brought produce from local growers and delivered it to area co-ops. That attracted the two to the area 12 years ago. They lived in their rustic Deary cabin for a while, eventually buying a place in town, but keep the cabin for weekend escapes.

Co-op members can find Tim and his plants most Saturday mornings at the Farmer's Market downtown and some afternoons in the Co-op parking lot.



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by Paul Lindholdt

They never read those pamphlets in his bottom drawer. They never read that tattoo on his arm. They thought that it was just a boy's club badge he wore. They never thought he'd cause folks any harm.

I

These lines from a song by the rock group XTC rushed to mind for me the day after four members of the Aryan Nations crashed a conference sponsored by the Pacific Northwest American Studies Association in Coeur d'Alene on April 13, 1991. Taking "Ethnicity and Diversity" as the conference theme, meeting only miles from the home of Richard Butler and his Church of Jesus Christ-Christian, the conference sponsors issued a quiet affront to any white supremacists near Hayden Lake in northern Idaho.

The would-be militants who crashed the conference that day wore ambiguously baggy jackets, insignias and berets and shades. They stood directly behind me, and the several minutes before they spoke ticked by like a nervous eternity. When one of them finally tried to explain why they choose to home-school children, hotel security hushed and collared and ushered them out.

II

In Washington state I grew up, yet knew little about Idaho to the east, when I took a job at Idaho State University in 1984.

Bears and wolves and wolverines--"top level, wide-ranging predators" in the words of biologists--were said to inhabit the Selkirk and Bitterroot and Sawtooth Mountains. Moose still ambled into smaller towns. Yet when the media reported that a

pack of white separatists also called the region home, I dismissed such news as noise, the racket of flaky journalists.

My first hours in the Gem State suggested otherwise. At a truck stop near Mountain Home, in ten-inch letters on a toilet wall, I read a boldly painted message: SAVE THE LAND, JOIN THE KLAN, KKK. Over coffee I scanned the faces at the counter. Maybe the journalism hadn't been so yellow after all.

Soon I grew to treasure Idaho. The people are friendly and honest, and there's lots of wilderness left to save. I jumped at the chance to teach at the University of Idaho, despite the Panhandle's continuing reputation as a haven for racists.

In *The Nation* for July of 1990, associate editor Andrew Kopkind wrote, "The neo-Nazi current has swelled in part through a tendency of the media to treat them, if at all, as a freak show, and through a general unwillingness to confront the meaning of this virulent movement." Kopkind charged that the media has not been objective, and that such a lack of objectivity can benefit hate groups by depicting them in larger-than-life terms.

Kopkind suggested that journalists had failed to get at the truth of the movement and had risen too often to the baited hook of sensation. The way the media

reported the unfortunate suicide in the university arboretum two summers ago confirmed it.

The same sensationalism can be seen in the films *Betrayed* and *Talk Radio*, in the books *Talked to Death* and *The Silent Brotherhood*, and the play *God's Country*. Meanwhile ethnic cleansing is being practiced openly in Bosnia, neo-Naziism continues to be on the rise in Germany, and a group of guys in California got busted for conspiring to blow up a black church.

But personal experience is better. One of my students recalled how Grandpa used to pitch a fit when he caught her watching Oprah or Cosby or Michael Jackson. Another moved here to escape the "Asian invasion" in the San Francisco area, later computer-plotting grenade launches on the rash Iraqi invaders of Kuwait. Yet another student, primed by several beers at a party, boisterously enquired, "How do you wink at a nigger?" His friends admitted they did not know. "Like this," he finished squinting down the finger-barrel of an imaginary pistol.

The "freak show" aspect of some media coverage of racist events can blind us to the mundane but more insidious traits of white supremacy. The media renders us less sensitive to everyday intrusions of bigotry in our lives. By depicting the white power people of northern Idaho as freaks in a savage and provincial region, the media seem to imply that the drunken bubbas telling "nigger" jokes at kegger parties will never take up arms.

To discover what white supremacists believe--and why--would do as much to enhance the cause of tolerance as any laws we might try to legislate. Let us look our bigoted neighbors straight in the face, even allow them to speak in public forums if need be. Society as a whole would benefit by confronting and refuting the crazy notions that arise from cultural diversity's flip side.



read Page 5....

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Book Review

by Paul Lindholdt

Kristine Rosemary, *The War Against Gravity* (Seattle: Black Heron Press, 1993). 193 pages. \$9.95.

The author worked as a radio and newspaper reporter in Washington and Oregon before publishing *The War Against Gravity*, her first novel. As a journalist she became privy to lots of information about radical environmentalism or, as I think it's more aptly called, activist environmentalism.

The western states have spawned many grassroots green groups in recent years, and the Northwest in particular has been witness to numerous coalitions of committed folks who treasure the scant temperate forests that remain, forests administered by government agencies that mostly fulfill the will of business and industry.

Stories flourish throughout the West of reporters who come to sympathize with environmentalists, reporters who grow likewise to believe that human populations are creating a biodiversity crisis. Such reporters, practitioners of "advocacy journalism," hear the words more loudly and see the devastation more clearly than the average reader of the daily news. The upshot, from the point of view of newspaper editors and radio station managers, is that the reporter has become radicalized, brainwashed, swayed by the rhetoric, converted to the cause of saving the planet.

Because maverick journalists alienate big advertisers and business people--which are the lifeblood of the media--most such reporters end up being ousted, rusticated to another job or profession, marginalized, politicized. Sometimes these disaffected reporters abandon their so-called professions for good and come to front environmental groups themselves.

Kristine Rosemary appears to have personally engaged in the ideological greening of America. She knows the issues, the scientific facts that demonstrate how we're trashing the planet, the



politics and economics that continue to dictate how our resources are managed. The back cover of the book tells us the author now is involved in a project to restore natural plant communities to the Columbia Plateau, a praiseworthy plan.

In spite of honest intentions and credentials, however, Rosemary has written a novel that co-opts and sensationalizes activist environmental issues and renders them in a way just formulaic enough to be potentially attractive to Hollywood. I am not predicting *The War Against Gravity* will appear next year as a made-for-TV movie, but it has all the elements.

Devin Carey and her best friend Marlow get fired from their jobs at a radio station. Marlow is mysteriously murdered. Devin mourns deeply, begins to seek clues, and then slowly uncovers a seamy plot of eco-terrorism and assassination in coastal Oregon. As reporters she and Marlow had dug up stories of survivalists and greedy chemical companies. Now they know too much.

When the FBI seeks her for questioning, Devin flees to the arms of family friend and lover Dana, who, despite his marriage to independently wealthy Claire the Ice Queen, gives Devin just the comfort and security she needs. But then she learns that Dana too has been in cahoots with "the Group," that Dana has murdered officials of polluting companies. After several chase scenes and helicopter explosions near a base being used covertly by the CIA, the heroine finds herself off the investigative hook when a pair of mercenary veterans become the fall guys framed for the crimes of everyone else.

Even if you're seeking only fast-paced escapist fiction, this book is bound to disappoint, for

the plot is spelled out in only the very most oblique terms. As another reviewer wrote, the novel is mostly "ecoglitter and West Coast trendiness, more activist yakking than action." Between the lines the reader has to wonder what happened, what's happening, who's speaking, who's who. The character development is so far lacking that the good guys start to resemble the bad guys, wear the same hats, use the same stiff banter that passes for dialogue. But none of that ultimately matters because the heroine

herself doesn't register who's changing or what's at stake. Finally she flees to the California countryside to grow herbs with her wise grandmother.

This is a genuinely bad novel which I spent the time to review chiefly to demonstrate the weight of political correctness and trendiness in America today. *The War Against Gravity* proves also, once again, that any aspiring novelist with the right connections and a taste for sensationalism can get into print.

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13



"Not In Our Backyards!"

Sacred Sweat

by Jim Gale

The earth and the people are in trouble. There is a deep need for healing everywhere. All those little wars going on and people suffering. Greed is at the bottom of it, greed and laziness. People must learn to care for the earth and its land and its forests. When will we all learn to be sincere and kind to all things?

Modern life is very stressful. So many of us are doing things we do not really want to do. There is a great emptiness which must be repaired, but the remedy is not to have more conveniences and comforts. More technology will not make a better world. In fact, excessive dependency upon technology has brought us all to this extreme. Money is not the answer. More televisions and cars and oil wells and computers are not the answer.

Honesty and compassion are the only things that will make our lives better.

Recently I participated in a ceremonial cleansing and prayer ritual. It is called the sweat lodge ceremony. Far out in the forest



THREE TIMES, AND MEAN

IT

by Nancy Casey

Eye of newt and
toe of frog
oh! look
what the cat dragged in.

near a pond and a little creek we cut small willows and push them into the soft earth in a circular pattern. We lash them all together at the top, where they bend over to form a low dome about five feet high. The diameter is nine feet. Before we cut each willow branch we ask permission from the tree and then thank it. The entire process is one of reverence and caring. A small pit is then dug out in the center. It is two feet across and two feet deep.

Then we go to the river and get rocks, thirty of them, ranging from six inches to one foot in diameter. Each rock is selected with care, and spoken to. The rocks are the grandfathers. The earth is the mother of us all. Everything on it and in it is sacred, special. We bring the rocks back to the sweat lodge and build a big fire with the rocks on it. We burn big slabs of dry wood over those rocks until they become red hot.

The willow frame has been covered with blankets and sleeping bags and tarps so it is totally dark inside. It is a womb. We use the earth from the pit to make an altar four steps from the entrance, which is covered by a movable flap. Four is a special number. The circle is a special shape. The earth and the sun are round. They are the source of all life. There are four directions, and each is important for its own reasons.

When the rocks are hot and glowing red, we all take off our clothes and crawl into the dark lodge. One person remains outside. He is designated the door man, and his duty is to remove rocks from the fire with a pitch fork. He brings them one or two at a time and the rocks are greeted and welcomed into the lodge, then placed into the pit with antlers from a deer.

Water, the water of life, is brought in a pail. The water is blessed by the leader. The door man gets into the lodge and pulls down the flap, securing it so the lodge becomes completely dark. The rocks glow in the pit. We can not see one another at all. We can hear each other breathing in the darkness and silence. The leader of the ceremony prays to the grandfathers, the rocks which are the foundation upon which we all walk and live, the basis of everything humankind does and is. We all pray together for mother earth, the source of all life. We pray for the air, our poor polluted atmosphere. We pray for our relatives and ancestors, for help in our lives in managing stress and all our various problems. We take turns praying aloud in the warm darkness, going clockwise around the circle, the same path followed by the sun through the sky, left to right around the circle.

Then our leader pours a cup of water onto the rocks, causing the lodge to fill with hot steam. It grows very hot. We are sweating suddenly, concentrating on our prayers to the Creator. We are nine men of all ages and backgrounds, but inside the lodge we are all equals. No one is better than another. The water is poured again, and it becomes even hotter. The rocks are 1400 degrees; the temperature inside the lodge is about 150 to 180 degrees. We all suffer in there. It is very difficult to undergo this process, but going through it makes us stronger. It makes us more respectful.

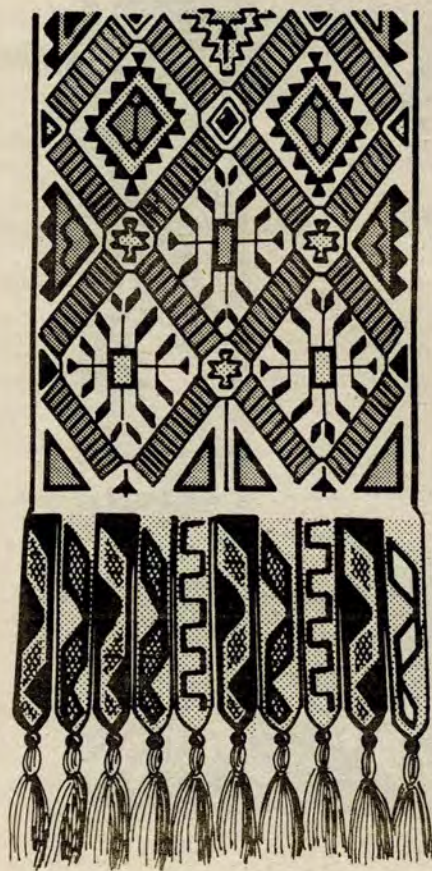
After a time the door is opened, and fresh air comes flooding into the lodge. We are grateful for the fresh air. Some of the people crawl out, going one by one clockwise around the pit of hot rocks on their hands and knees, taking care not to burn themselves. As they crawl out

through the doorway each man touches his forehead to the cool ground and says a special phrase in Sioux language, "Ok-we-tok-wee-essay," meaning "all my ancestors." Then we jump into the cold water of the pond where frogs are calling. Somewhere off in the woods an owl is calling. Otherwise there is no sound except for the yowps we make when we hit the cold water. Earlier this spring we had a sweat ceremony when we had to chop a hole in the ice to get to the water. That was sensational.

Then we reassemble, and it is time for round two. The process is repeated. The doorman brings in more rocks; they are set reverently into place in the pit with the antlers, and the door is carefully secured. More steam, more prayers. Stories. We sing Indian songs and learn some chants which help us to better endure the heat. The songs are sung in praise of the earth, the sky, the grandfathers. We pray for our families. We ask them for strength to be kind to others. Then the door is suddenly opened. Some of us stay inside this time, while others go out to cool off for a while. It is time for round three.

We pray for the community. We ask forgiveness for those who are so busily despoiling the earth. More steam. The heat becomes intense. It seems unbearable. I press my face to the cool earth covered with cedar boughs. I reel as though I cannot endure another minute, but force myself to remain. One man feels dizzy. Another breathes loudly through his mouth. It is intense in there. We are suffering together for the earth, for our relations, to gain strength. We all breathe in the hot moist air. It cleanses our lungs.

Open the door! We cool down a little, groan and sigh and breathe deeply. Then more hot rocks are





brought by the doorman, set into place by the leader who holds them with the antlers; the door is secured again, and it is now round four. We pray for the world, for the entire human community, for the animals and plants, for the poor little children everywhere who have no food, who have lost their parents. Our leader prays for the people he killed in Vietnam. He sobs and sobs, asking their forgiveness, and talking about firing cannons and rockets into sleeping villages. He did not want to fight in that war, but like so many of us he was forced to go. We pray/sing for peace, and sing songs of love and forgiveness. God, it is hot in there, and totally dark. We gasp for cooler air. There is no relief except right against the floor at the edge of the lodge. I feel I must escape, and fight down the panic, concentrating on my purpose for being there. After what seems like a long time the door opens and we all crawl out into the cool darkness.

It is only 35 degrees outside but we are not at all cold. I feel as though I will never be cold again. We jump into the cold water and the shock actually feels wonderful. I feel transparent. My entire body tingles and rejoices.

We all shake hands and wish one another well. Then we find our clothes in the cold darkness and put them on again. Some of us stay behind to cover the rest of the firewood with a tarp. Our sweat leader gathers up all of his equipment and bids us farewell. We walk back up the hill where the black silhouettes of horses loom against the trees. Then it is a long slow drive back into the bustling town. We all feel different than we did before. We feel cleansed and resolved to do better in our individual pursuits.

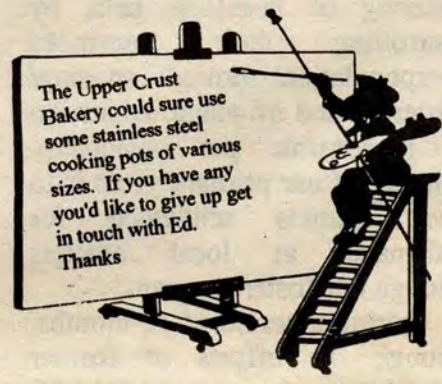
The sweating ceremony is very ancient. It is probably 35,000 years old, maybe more. No one knows for sure. The ritual was originally explained to an individual in a vision long, long ago. The Indians have practiced it from the beginning. There are variations of the ritual from one region to another, some practices being much more formal and complicated than others.

I have done this many times now, and each time it is the same, wonderful. I feel very fortunate to be able to participate. It is a gift, like life itself.

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The Companion Animal Aid & Placement Society

by Bruce Harding

A nucleus of members from the Pullman Animal Welfare Society (P.A.W.S.) has recently regrouped to form a new organization, the Companion Animal Aid and Placement Society (CAAPS), to offer assistance for companion animals within a region centering on Pullman/Moscow. The goals of our Society are prevention of cruelty to animals by adoption and fostering of homeless pets, by controlling their enormous overpopulation through spaying/neutering and by public education of responsible pet ownership. Another of our primary goals is to save animals scheduled for euthanasia at local shelters through our foster program.

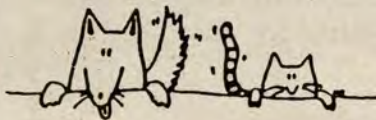
During a period of 12 months, through the efforts of former P.A.W.S. and present CAAPS members, over 260 unwanted dogs and cats have found permanent homes. Many adopted pets have been neutered and our current spay/neuter program (SNAP) offers low cost sterilization of dogs and cats regardless of

whether they were adopted through our organization. We also promote a fostering program that has helped save the lives of many wonderful pets for whom we eventually found good, loving, permanent homes.

In addition to the above mentioned programs, CAAPS works closely with members of our communities by providing services such as pet transportation for veterinary care. Our immediate needs include funds to continue our adoption service and foster care; we also need your help to assist with our co-payment for the spay/neuter programs and to purchase medicine, dog houses and crates as well as educational materials. Approximately \$38.00 a month are required for a 24 hour/7 day-week telephone pet adoption service.

Please remember that unwanted animals face neither an easy life nor an easy death and it is only with the support of humanitarians like yourself that their suffering can be reduced.

CAAPS meets every third Wednesday evening. Please join us. For more information call 208-883-5080.



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Parable of the Month: The Sower

by Rodger Stevens

The owner of a very large garden decided to plant it. He hired a wise gardener and gave him a large sack of seeds. The owner knew that the seeds would bear fruits of many different kinds, and it was the gardener's job to discover which were the most important.

So the gardener went about his task. Since the seeds were all mixed together, the only choice was to throw them all over, in the good soil as well as the poor, and then observe how they did. This he did.

Some of the seeds fell on the path. These were soon eaten by birds and small animals, and they were nourished. The gardener noted with delight the health of the creatures who found these seeds.

Some of the seeds fell onto rough and rocky ground poor in soil. Some of these seeds sprouted, then withered because they were unsuited to the conditions. Others sprang up as tough, hardy plants which provided both food and shelter for the creatures of the land.

And some of the seeds fell into the good, rich earth, and when the rains came, they flourished into many different varieties. Some became trees, others shrubs, and others flowers and grasses, each providing some important link in the web of life.

When it came time for him to begin to assess the relative importance of the seeds, the gardener found himself at a loss to summarize. It was a long and arduous, but still comparatively simple, task to determine which seeds were useful to his own human purposes, but since he was asked to give a full report, he

refused to limit his assessment to the tiny realm of direct human utility.

No plant grew everywhere, but every plant grew somewhere. He learned that some plants wouldn't grow but in the presence of some other plant or animal, or that some animals could not survive without some certain plant. He studied the relationships between the plants and the animals, and between these and the land, but the more he studied each plant's likes and dislikes, the less he discovered he really knew about the plant's overall place in the garden.

When the owner called the gardener and asked him to give account, the gardener could only point to the garden and say, 'There it is ... everything is important to everything else.' The owner smiled.

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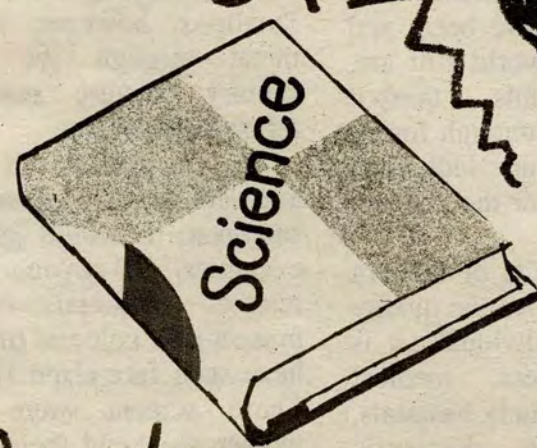
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Kids' Page

Sept. '93



Book Covers



Hi - boys and girls

Back to School

Where did the summer go? The weather finally gets nice and back to the classroom we must all go.

So here is a recipe just for you to enjoy after school while the weather is still nice.

- Basic Bubble Recipe
- 1 cup of liquid dish soap
 - 1/4 cup of sugar
 - 10 cups of hot water

Measure sugar and pour into a clean pail. Add water and stir gently to dissolve sugar. Add soap and again stir gently. Be careful not to make froth on the top of the mixture because it tends to break the bubbles.

bubble blowers

Kids, here is an excellent way to protect your books and create your own personalized covers.

Cut down the side of a large paper bag until you reach the bottom. Then cut all the way around until you have cut off the bottom part. You will have a long piece of paper bag now.

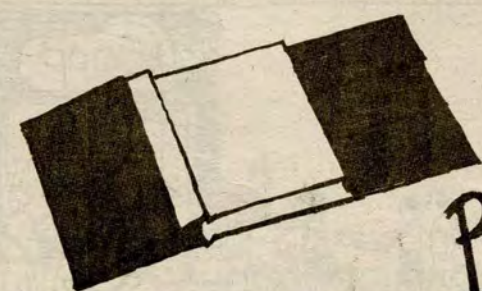
Hold the book you want to cover in the center of the paper. With a pencil, make a mark on the paper at the top and bottom of the book. Fold the paper all the way across lengthwise on each marking.

Again hold the book in the center of the paper. Fold one side of the paper over at the edge of the book. Do the same to the other side.

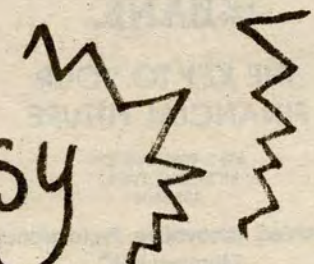
Take the book out and decorate the cover with crayons or markers. Be creative on your own or have your friends help. Don't forget to write the title of the book on the outside somewhere where you can read it. On the inside of the cover write your name, address, and phone number.

You can use tons of different things for this. Try a plastic holder from a six-pack of canned soda pop for a giant bubble blower. You could also try a funnel or a paper cup with the end removed. The possibilities are endless.

Enjoy!!!



by: Krissy Beaka



by Nina Stoyan-Rosenzweig

I write this in response to the editorial by Nancy Draznin, to give newsletter readers the complete picture on the vaccination issue.

As an historian of science and medicine, I hope that some of the information that I provide will shed further light on this subject. I also write to say that I endorse the effort to vaccinate an entire population; only by so doing is it possible to control many epidemic diseases, as well as diseases such as tetanus, which have been, and in the developing world still are, major killers of infants. I think it is a goal important enough for all citizens to give up individual prejudices and act for the good of the group.

While the benefits of modern medicine may improve the quality of life for some individuals, it is clear that modern medical practices per se, namely hospitals, chemotherapy, and diagnostic procedures, have not really contributed to longer average life spans in the twentieth century. The chief factors responsible are modern sanitation: sewers, refrigeration, sterilization procedures, education, increasing focus on personal and societal hygiene, and finally vaccination.

As for vaccination, I hesitate to consider it a medical procedure; ideas and practices of vaccination, or at least inoculation, are relatively ancient. Inoculation against smallpox, an old and much-dreaded crowd disease, was practiced in Asia and Africa for centuries before the procedure was known to Europeans. In fact, it was an African slave owned by Puritan clergyman Cotton Mather who, in the 1720s, showed Bostonians how they might

protect themselves against the disease.

Inoculation, however, did carry some risk because it involved giving a healthy person a mild case of the disease. The invention of a vaccine from cowpox (a similar disease affecting cows) was made possible in the late eighteenth century, after Jenner observed that milkmaids did not catch smallpox--their exposure to the bovine version rendered them immune. With the invention of an effective vaccine, it became possible to begin a push to eliminate a disease which had been a scourge for centuries. Smallpox, however, was still a threat through the nineteenth century because many people refused the vaccine.

For some idea of the social and demographic consequences of smallpox, I would give a few examples. If anyone has visited restored colonial homes, or museums of colonial life, you may have seen face-sized fire screens. These screens were used by women to shield their faces from the heat of the fire--otherwise the heavy layers of makeup they wore would melt. Why did they wear so much makeup? Because their faces were so heavily scarred by smallpox, which they often caught as children.

Europeans had been exposed to smallpox for centuries; most had some degree of immunity to it, and those who didn't tended to die as children. The effects of the disease on populations not exposed were much more severe. The Native Americans, for instance, had lived in an environment virtually free of infectious disease prior to the arrival of Europeans, and they had no immunities to fight the concurrent arrival of European, Asian, and African diseases. As a result, 50 to 90 percent (estimates



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vary; effects were different in different communities) of the Native American population died of disease. Some died as disease swept through the countryside ahead of the invaders; smallpox spread from the Spanish into Peru ahead of the conquistadors.

At other times, the ravages of disease could decide the outcome of military engagements. Cortes, for instance, was repelled from Mexico City with his men. They left something behind, however, for upon their retreat pestilence raged through the city: "it spread over the people as great destruction. Some it quite covered on all parts--their faces, their heads, breasts, etc. There was great havoc. Very many died of it. They could not walk; they could only lie in their resting places and beds. They could not move, they could not stir, they could not change position, nor lie on one side, nor on their backs. And if they stirred, much did they cry out. Great was its destruction." After smallpox visited the city, Cortes and his men were able to return, entering a city where "The streets, squares, houses and courts were filled with bodies, so that it was almost impossible to pass."¹

The devastation from many European, Asian and African diseases, measles, influenza, chicken pox, mumps, typhus, plague, malaria, smallpox and others continued through the centuries as previously isolated nations of Native Americans were exposed to the diseases. In 1832 smallpox struck the Pawnee nation of 22,000 people; half of the number remained after an outbreak reached their towns. In 1838, smallpox reached a Mandan

village on the Missouri, and the results were reported to George Catlin, who later wrote that, out of a population of 2,000 only 30 or 40 people survived. Trapped in their village by the Sioux, the people could not escape infection, and "the disease in a few days became so malignant that death ensued in a few hours after its attacks, and so slight were their hopes when they were attacked that nearly half of them destroyed themselves with their knives, with their guns, and by dashing their brains out leaping head-foremost from a thirty-foot ledge of rocks in front of their village."

The Kiowa, too, were so affected by smallpox that it left its mark on their history and folklore. They have a legend in which "a Kiowa man meets Smallpox on the plains, riding a horse. The man asks, 'Where do you come from and what do you do and why are you here?' Smallpox answers, 'I am one with the white men--they are my people as the Kiowa are yours. Sometimes I travel ahead of them and sometimes behind. But I am always their companion and you will find me in their camps and houses.' 'What do you do?' the Kiowa asks. 'I bring death,' Smallpox replies. 'My breath causes children to wither like young plants in spring snow. I bring destruction. No matter how beautiful a woman is, once she has looked at me she becomes as ugly as death. And to men I bring not death alone, but the destruction of their children and the blighting of their wives. The strongest of warriors go down before me. No people who have looked on me will ever be the same.'"²

Obviously, then, the effects of the disease on unexposed populations can be severe; results were similar when smallpox spread through the islands of the Pacific, and when, in fact, it reached the Mediterranean in the first few centuries after the birth of Christ. Cholera had a devastating impact on American cities and American psychology when it first spread from India and across Europe in the 19th century. Modern sanitation tends to contain the spread of cholera; widespread vaccinations have made smallpox a thing of the past. Vaccinations have been able greatly to reduce the prevalence of other diseases such as measles, polio, diphtheria, and to protect people against diseases such as yellow fever, which visited southern cities throughout the nineteenth century. In fact, we now have the luxury of being able to refuse vaccines only because they have been so effective at reducing the spread of epidemic disease.

So vaccination programs can work. In particular, however, mandatory vaccination programs are aimed at populations living in the inner-city areas where crowding can result in the easy spread of disease, and where family structures and maternal care are fragile. In these situations, breastfeeding, which Draznin proposes as the alternative to vaccination, could be difficult to encourage. Should there be laws which mandate vaccination in some areas--or will that result in a reinforcement of structures of discrimination?

And how effective is breastfeeding as an alternative? How can it function as an alternative strategy? In the first place, breastfeeding does result in the transfer of maternal antibodies to children. But in order to give their children antibodies, mothers have to produce antibodies. In order to produce them, mothers



have to be exposed to the diseases. How can a mother tell if she has the antibodies, when few if any immunizations last a lifetime? In order to answer that question, a mother probably could be tested to determine if she has an antibody response to different pathogens. But that would involve significant cost and would require modern medical procedure. She could, herself, be vaccinated. But if she is going to be vaccinated, she might as well have her children vaccinated as well.

In addition, the antibodies passed to a breastfeeding child are the mother's. They only protect the child for the duration of the breastfeeding period and will pass out of the bloodstream after weaning. But it is not really known how much maternal antibody is enough; if the child is being weaned, is it vulnerable because the supply of breast milk she or he receives is less? Should he or she be vaccinated at the beginning of the weaning process? In the middle? Should his or her levels of maternal antibodies be monitored?

While I am an advocate of breastfeeding, I do not see it as an adequate replacement for vaccinating children. It can be effective, but most parents, it seems to me, would want to be sure their child receives the proper antibodies. If a mother opposes vaccination because it is a modern medical procedure, then she also, presumably, would be opposed to other procedures that could tell her whether she can, in fact, pass antibodies on to her child. But she can also view vaccines as a traditional form of medicine which has been streamlined by recent medical techniques. Vaccination stands out as one of the few means by which we can protect populations by restricting the number of individuals that can propagate and transmit diseases which devastated entire continents and civilizations in the past.

¹ Alfred Crosby. *The Columbian Exchange*. Westport, Conn: Greenwood Press, 1972.

² Alice Marriot and Carol K. Rachlin. *American Indian Mythology*. New York: New American Library, 1968.



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Scissors, pens, stick note pads, staple

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Sept. 16
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Sept. 25
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1-3 pm **"Daisy Chain and Cousins"**
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7-9 pm **"Nutrition for Vibrant
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