

Moscow Food Cooperative Newsletter



MARCH SPECIALS



❖ Blueberry juice 8 oz	reg .82	sale .66
❖ Apple Raspberry juice 8 oz.	reg .66	sale .53
❖ Callistoga Water 10 oz.	reg .46	sale .37
❖ Crystal Geyser Colaberry 10 oz.	reg .48	sale .38
❖ Dijon Mustard	reg 1.16	sale .89
❖ Whole Wheat Lasagne 16 oz pkg	reg 1.49	sale 1.19
❖ Whole Wheat Spinach Spaghetti 16 oz pkg	reg 1.99	sale 1.59
❖ Pasta Alfredo pasta mix	reg .99	sale .79


OPEN MONDAY TO SATURDAY: 9am to 7pm
SUNDAY: Noon to 4pm

March 1989

Editor: Nancy Casey
 Graphics: Barbara Shelly
 Advertising: Peter Basoa
 Typing: Kim Stockton

Published by the Moscow Food Co-op
 314 South Washington
 Moscow, Idaho 83843
 (208) 882-8537





THE SIBERIAN EXPRESS
OR
WINTER VACATION IN OAKESDALE,
WASHINGTON
By Bill Lloyd

WHEAT

Ordinarily the flour run to Oakesdale is not an occasion worthy of chronicling in the August pages of the Co-op Newsletter, but the February 1st trip was a notable exception.

It began on a cold, snowy Wednesday morning: snow not being a big deal as I have chains, shovel, and four-wheel drive. As I headed north on 95 into blowing, drifting snow, I was encouraged to see chip trucks still hauling and without chains, even. Shortly after turning off the highway on the road to Palouse, I ran into the first harbinger of things to come -- a white-out which lasted about fifty feet or so where the snow was drifting across the road. I ran through a few more of these between Palouse and Garfield. From Garfield to the Farmington turn-off I followed another truck, somewhat thankful for the trail-breaker; after he turned off I was on my own, the white-outs were becoming more frequent and prolonged and the heater in my pickup was having a diminished effect on the frost on the inside of the windshield.

Nevertheless, I arrived at Joe Barron's flour mill without incident, and sat down in his kitchen for a cup of coffee before loading.

He was very surprised to see me and expressed some concern about my getting back. All I could do was shrug my shoulders. (The flour must get through!)

Once loaded, I discovered to my chagrin that my starter was iced up and wouldn't work. After several futile attempts to thaw it with hot water, I began calling around town to see if someone could pull me to get me started. This took two hours to accomplish, and meanwhile the wind was howling even louder, and the snow getting ever thicker. Visibility was reduced at times, to less than fifty feet.

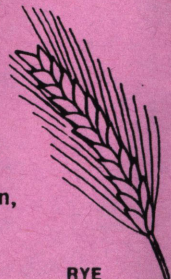
I finally got started but had to wait awhile for the windshield to thaw before I could leave town, so I stopped at the Mill Creek Inn for coffee, and left the rig running and hoped it would de-ice the windshield. (Ha!)

After dire warnings from the owner of the Inn, a rather taciturn, sixtyish man named Del, and with no small apprehension on my part, I headed out of town, peering through the small openings in the iced-over windshield and scraping madly on the inside while praying for an occasional glimpse of the blacktop where the snow had blown off.

I had traveled about three miles when I rear-ended a pickup stuck in a four-foot snowdrift. (I was crawling along at five or ten mph, so damage was slight.)

I consulted with the driver whose name was Monty and we decided to try and pull him out. I backed up, hooked my chain on and immediately broke the chain. At this point we had both had enough exposure to the -50 degree wind and snow and decided to leave his truck and head back to town.

After carefully turning my truck around in the blinding snow, the engine stalled -- no starter! So we put my tire chains on Monty's truck and got him out of the drift and turned around and headed for Oakesdale. On the way we picked up another soul, Ron, who had gotten stuck not thirty feet from us.



RYE



Knowing there was no motel, I decided to go back to Joe Barron's house. He had previously told me I was welcome to stay if I wanted. So all three of us arrived and Joe graciously offered to accommodate us.

We spent the afternoon and evening watching news reports about the "Siberian Express," the media's name for the storm: power outages, closed highways, trees blown down on homes, and various tales of woe and strife.

After breakfast the next morning we headed out in Monty's truck to see if we would rescue the other two rigs, but were thwarted by a series of snowdrifts blocking the road about a mile from our trucks. So we went back into Oakesdale and stopped at the Mill Creek Inn to see if we could gather any news and perhaps call the State Highway Department shop and find out where the snowplows were. Alas, no luck on either score, just more dismal news on the tube.

Soon, a group of about eight skiers came in for breakfast and we learned that they and several others were stranded near where our rigs were and had spent the night in the Presbyterian church.

Soon word spread that the road north via Tekoa and Rosalia was open and so we lost two of our party of refugees who were heading back to Spokane. As Monty was one of them, we went out and pulled my tire chains off of his truck and sent him on his way (not without a few pangs of jealousy, I must admit.)

Presently we learned that the plows stationed at the state shed in Oakesdale only worked northward and under no circumstances would they go south the three miles to free our vehicles. We had to wait for a rotary plow from Colfax which wasn't due to leave there until 12:30 or so and would not get to Oakesdale until late afternoon. So we all trudged back through the icy arctic gale to the Presbyterian church to ponder these things in our hearts and to wait. And wait.

Around 4:30 a delegation was headed up to hike downtown to acquire news and provender for the evening meal as it was becoming painfully obvious that we were destined to spend the night as guests of the Oakesdale Presbyterian "Hilton." The news was that the plow hadn't been seen nor heard from since leaving Colfax but was expected in Oakesdale around eight or so.

We all had a big chili feed at the church and then headed for the Mill Creek Inn (now dubbed Del's survival center) for happy hour, news, and to await the coming of the plow (which finally came through at 8:30.)

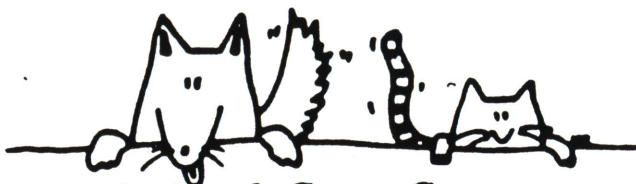
Then it was time for fun and games.

A local resident, Randy Hurlburt, (Bless his everlovin' soul!) was noble enough to give us all rides out to our vehicles, tow them out of ditches, and in the case of those whose car wouldn't start, me, tow them the three miles back to town. All this in twenty

below weather with only a ten mph breeze blowing to keep us from working up a sweat.

When all this hubbub died down around 10:30 or so, we went back to the church, slept, and on Friday morning began the battle of thawing out engines and such and leaving town. It wasn't until one o'clock that the last three vehicles (mine among them) saw the welcome sight of Oakesdale in the rearview mirror, and not until I reached Pullman that my windshield thawed sufficiently that I could quit scraping the inside every five minutes.

To make a long story yet a bit longer, I was mighty glad to get home, and very relieved that not a speck of Joseph's organic flour was lost to the "Siberian Express."



Animal Care Center Kathy Babson, D.V.M.

**328 N. Main Moscow, Idaho 83843
(208) 883-4349**

GARLIC

By Jerry McGovern

The English name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "gar" meaning a lance in reference to the shape of its leaves and "lac", a plant. Originally from Asia, it quickly spread throughout the sunny temperate zones of the planet (the garlic capital of the world happens to be Gilroy, California). Garlic lovers have their own society: the Order of the Stinking Rose.

Recent scientific research has confirmed many of the traditional medicinal claims for garlic. Garlic has been found to be effective in treating a myriad of conditions in the circulatory, urinary, respiratory, and digestive tracts by a remarkably simple mechanism. Its vast arsenal of sulphur-containing volatile oils are readily absorbed and transported throughout the body (except through the brain-blood barriers).

Garlic is effective against conditions in the circulatory system by lowering blood sugar, low-density lipoproteins. It eases bronchial secretions, stimulates the cleanse-by-purge mechanism of the kidneys, and stimulates the production of bile thus aiding digestion. The close chemical relationship of certain sulphur and selenium complexes has led researchers to look for anticancer links in the sulphur-containing molecules of garlic. Indeed the New York Times has recently reported studies which indicate lower rates of stomach cancer amongst people who include onions and garlic in their regular diet! Finally, Ajonene, a trisulphide in garlic, has been demonstrated to increase the clotting time in blood and thus is antithrombotic. A recent study showed that ajonene is produced and

preserved when the bulb is raw and crushed/chewed before ingestion.

As for the odor, parsley, with its wealth of chlorophyll, acts to neutralize the deleterious effect on the social relations.

Although many people plant garlic in the fall, you can still reap a summer harvest by planting a spring crop. You can start garlic from seed or clove. Planting is done as soon as the ground can be worked in order to have a developed plant in time for the summer sun. Soil should be rich, well drained and deeply cultivated. Plant cloves two inches deep and six inches apart in sunny spots of the garden. When flower stalks appear in early summer, cut them back so that the plants can devote their energy to

CAFÉ SPUDNIK

**OFFERING A NEW
DINNER MENU -
EXPERTLY PREPARED**

**CALIFORNIA /
NORTHWEST CUISINE**

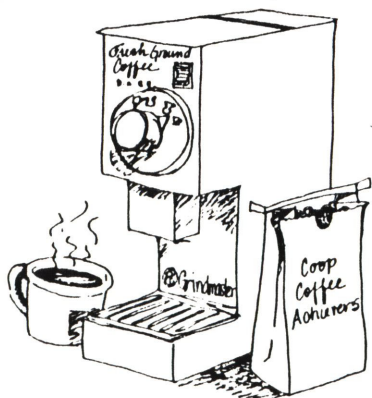
**NORTHERN ITALIAN
COUISINE**



Espresso for a New Era
215 S. Main Moscow 882-9257

developing bulbs. Eventually the tops will begin to bend and turn to brown. If they have not by midsummer, knock them down yourself, withhold watering for a few days and then pull. Dry them on a screen for a few days then store in a cool, dark place, same as for onions.

In the meantime, the Co-op always has a generous supply of this most healthy herb.



☺

Buy a membership or
renew your old one-
Membership dollars
go towards improving
your Co-op!

RESPONSIBLE WASTE QUIZ

Where in the Moscow-Pullman area can you buy a cup of fresh-bean-tasty coffee "to go" that comes in a paper (not styrofoam) cup???

MUFFINS: THE INSIDE SCOOP

By Lynn Lloyd

Do you have a favorite muffin recipe? If not, then you may want to try this one. It comes from my sister-in-law who cooks in a yuppie Seattle area restaurant. (They sell for \$1.00 each - think of all the money you are saving!)

CINDY'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup whole wheat flour
1 cup raw bran
1/2 cup oats, wheat germ, or seven-grain cereal
1/2 cup honey or brown sugar
2-1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp baking soda
Mix the above dry ingredients together. Combine:
1 cup milk
1 egg
1 TBSP molasses
1/2 cup oil (I use less)

If you are using honey instead of brown sugar, mix it in with these ingredients. After combining these ingredients, mix them together with the dry ingredients, don't over-beat the batter. Bake in greased muffin tins at 400 degrees for twelve minutes. Add nuts and raisins if desired.

CO-OP MISSION: DON'T FORGET CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING


By Nancy Casey

When the Fruits, Nuts, and Flakes of the Co-op tumbled from their cereal box during the Mardi Gras parade, they flung into the crowd handfuls of (almost) everybody's favorite three-can't-treat sesame seed candies.

Two teenage boys dove for a handful that landed near them. The one who got their first yelled, "Yikes! They're throwing birdseed!" and dropped his handful.

His friend scooped them up and opened one. "Don't eat that!" cried the first one. "It's bird seed!" "No it's not. It's made of sesame seeds." "What are sesame seeds?" "They're good. Here, try one." Did he try it? Did he like it? We'll never know. The whistle blew, the Fruits, Nuts, and Flakes scampered back into the box and marched on down the street.

Ice cream, pasta, royal jelly!
Come and get a treat for you belly!
At the Co-op.

farm fresh

chicken duck



The
Moscow
Fine Craft
Co-op
312 S. Ma
Moscow

**TYPE-RIGHT**
WORD PROCESSING

110 E. 2nd (Between Washington &
Moscow, Idaho 83843

208-882-5546

Cherle Mortensen Nola S
Printing Available

WHY USE HONEY? ...AND MORE ABOUT SUGARS

By John Cunningham

What is honey? Why is it more beneficial to our health than ordinary white sugar (sucrose)? Often it is confusing to hear that one "sugar" or sweetener is more favorable than another from the standpoint of health. First, it is important to define the word "sugar."

Sugar is a carbohydrate. That is, it is comprised of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. These basic elements or building blocks combine in different ways to make different sugars. Glucose, fructose, maltose, and lactose are all sugars. Sucrose is the granulated white sugar that is most often used in desserts.

Fructose (also called levulose) is fruit sugar. It is found in most fruits and in many vegetables. Unlike cane or beet sugar (a disaccharide), fructose is a simple sugar (a monosaccharide) which is easily digested and assimilated by the body.

Maltose is a sugar found in malt. It is formed naturally from starch during the germination of the grain.

Lactose is milk sugar. It is not so sweet as other sugars (and not as fattening). Lactose is food for the bacteria in our intestines, which change it into lactic acid, providing a necessary physiological action.

Glucose (also called dextrose) is grape sugar or blood sugar. It constitutes over one-half of the solid matter of honey and grapes and is found in almost all fruits and vegetables. Many foods are converted into the energy everybody needs to live "normally."

Sucrose (cane or beet sugar) is a disaccharide. In simpler terms, it is a complex sugar and requires digestive changes before the body can assimilate it. In its effect on the body, sucrose has been compared to alcohol in broad terms. Why? Like alcohol, sucrose furnishes only calories to the body, since it is pure carbohydrates with no nutritive value. Also, like alcohol, it can create an addiction, which may change our body's metabolism and contribute to unbalance and illness.

I doubt that many of us are surprised to hear such things about sucrose - the common table sugar we all know. Nutrition experts have encouraged a decrease in sucrose consumption for many years. It is not my wish though to down grade C&H Pure Cane Sugar! What I want to talk about now is that pure sweet and colorful stuff we call honey. Before I begin, I am not suggesting that honey is a cure-all by any means but I will emphasize that besides being delicious, there are many ways honey helps us.

First, honey consists of many sugars. Glucose (dextrose) and fructose (levulose) are its two main sugars. Sucrose makes up only about one percent of the whole. With only one-percent sucrose



The
Moscow
ne Crafts
Co-op
S. Main,
OSKOW

GHT
SSING

hington & Main)
83843

546

Nola Steuer
able

Remember...

Local milk in glass bottles?
We've still got it.
Milk in recyclable glass bottles
from Stratton's Dairy in Pullman.

in the final product, it is odd to think that honey begins as sucrose. How so? The nectar that is collected by honeybees consists of sucrose (or cane sugar) plus various other ingredients and water. Each load of nectar is changed by enzymes and juices into the monosaccharides - particularly glucose (dextrose) and fructose (levulose). This process takes place in the worker bee's tiny honey sac. (Contrary to what you may have heard, the honey sac is an actual body part and not a magical sac woven with golden thread by the Honey Wizard!) That, at any rate, explains how honey is made in fifty words or less. It does in fact involve a lot of magic!

Besides tasting good and being easy to digest, in what other ways can honey be beneficial?

To answer that question, I have listed some medicinal uses of honey taken from several sources. I will not go into great detail so I suggest further reading and/or consultation of a professional before their applications. Above all, moderation of its use, particularly its consumption, should always be considered.

HONEY AS A BACTERICIDE: Much success has been reported in treating either wounds or burns with honey. Several scientists have isolated the substance in honey responsible for such healings - a "bactericide substance" called inhibine by the German scientist, H. Dolds. The use of honey as a topical ointment or dressing inhibited growth of the tubercle bacillus and Salmonella.

Besides its curative powers, honey has no ill effects on damaged tissues, as most bactericides do.

HONEY AS A TREATMENT FOR INTESTINAL ULCERS: There are many instances in which honey has been used to treat and cure intestinal ulcers - without operations. There are two suggested effects that honey has on the ulcer. Research suggests that a combination of these two effects can bring about healing.

First, honey's antibacterial component might be given credit. If an intestinal ulcer is similar to a decubitus ulcer (bedsore), the healing might take place in the same way - if honey is able to adhere to the internal ulcer.

Secondly, because honey is immediately assimilated, it does not remain in the stomach as sugar (sucrose) does, creating fermentation and gas that would agitate an ulcer.

Other medicinal uses of honey:

Helpful in alleviating coughs

A treatment for fatigue

Heart Malfunctions

High blood pressure

Indigestion

The list continues! Enjoy honey in good health. The Co-op carries bulk honey, packaged honey, and comb-honey - all produced locally. Ask about them next time you are in to shop.



**COMICS
FOR THE
MASSES**

220 West Third
(Inside Twice Sold Tales)
Monday-Saturday, 11-6

JUST FOR KIDS
"THE ADVENTURES OF SCOTT AND TOM"
By Sunshine Storholt



Scott and Tom did not think much of the new girl who had moved in across the street. In fact, they did not think much of girls at all.

Scott and Tom were both eight years old. Their birthdays were even in the same month: September. Tom's was the 12th and Scott's the 14th - only two days apart. They lived next door to each other, with a vacant lot between that became woods behind their houses. They had rigged up a clothes line that was looped all the way across the lot, so the could send secret messages back and forth from their upstairs bedrooms. These boys were best friends and had been for three years now.

Tom had lived in St. Maries all his life. He had even been born in the same house that he lived in. He was born with and kept black hair and bright blue eyes.

Scott had orange hair and green eyes that sparkled with mischief. He and his parents had moved into the old Anderson place when he was five. It is funny how houses and places keep the names of people who are long gone as if the new folks who have purchased the house and land are only visitors expected to leave any day.

Early one day in March, the boys got together and decided that they would like to go for a walk in the woods and bring along some food for a lunch. The day was warm and sunny, reminding them of summer days. They were basically good kids so they went home to ask if they could go. Each mother said yes and packed a nice lunch. They both told their sons not to go past the old mill pond about one-half mile out in the woods.

So off they went, stopping to look for salamanders under some old boards that were scattered around an old spring that loggers or others may have used a long time ago. Soon they found the road that went to the mill pond and beyond so the going was fast and easy. It did not take them very long to get to the old mill pond but they both declared that they were starving. They checked out each others lunches of course and decided to trade sandwiches.

After lunch they lay comfortably in a bare spot. The sun had been out for nearly two weeks now so the bare spots were mostly dry.

"Hey Tom, let's walk down the road a little further. It's a great and glorious day, just right for exploring." "But Scott, my Mo-" "I know, my Mom said the same thing, Don't go past the Old mill pond." "But I don't see why we couldn't go a little further. It is so nice. We won't go very far and we'll come back soon. Come on Tom, what could it possibly hurt?" "Well, I suppose. Mom said to be home by dark." Tom looked at the sun with his hand shading his eyes. "I think it's barely noon now, so we have some time."

The boys headed out the road that took them further and further into the woods. They had never been this far out before but that only made things more exciting. They talked of cougars and grizzly bears - snakes too - and rattlesnake bend. They did scare each other a little but neither one would admit to that, of course.

Tom began talking about turning around and going back and Scott said, "Let's just go around the next bend, ok?" "Then we will head home." So Tom agreed to that plan.

When they did turn the next bend, they were sure that they



Five Element Acupuncture

Karen West
835-3181



*A tea of this uncommon
flower is a time-tested remedy
for breaking a fever.*

had found rattlesnake bend. Above them on the left was a whole hillside of rocks and boulders. It looked like the perfect hangout for snakes. Tom spotted something golden, really sparkling in the sun. "Hey Scott! Look up there. Do you think that could be gold?" "I don't know Tom, but lets climb up there and find out."

Unmindful about danger or time, they both began to climb. Before they reached the golden object, the whole hillside began to move. Now the boys were frightened and had every right to be so. They were calling to each other but neither could help the other as they found themselves being tossed and turned, now under the rocks and then above, and under again.

TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT MONTHS
NEWSLETTER!

A REACTION By Mary Butters

With a hot cup of Co-op tea I sat down to enjoy the Co-op's February newsletter. My reaction to Phyllis Reasoner's bookkeeping report - "1988 Was A Very Good Year" was three words: Mary Jo Knowles

RETREATS ... AND THE BOARD MOVES FORWARD By Lynn Lloyd

The board retreated last weekend to the environs of Elk River in order to refocus our efforts as board members. Those that were too busy came for Saturday only, and some of us loafers spent the night and went skiing the next morning. In all, we enjoyed each other's company, along with the discussion of various topics on the agenda (which went on until midnight, I might add, amidst the clinking of wine bottles). Speaking of refocusing, my note were a

DR. ANN RAYMER

chiropractic physician

Palouse Chiropractic Clinic
(208) 882-3723

803 S. Jefferson
Suite #3
Moscow, Idaho 83843

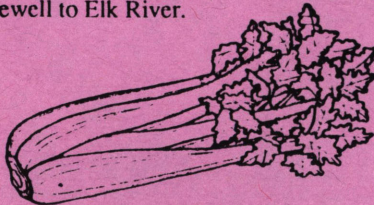
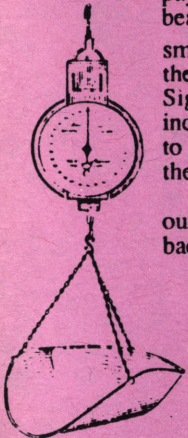
bit illegible toward the end of the meeting...

The first, and probably most meaningful exchange was the "why are we here" discussion. Why have a Co-op? What is its purpose? "The mission of the Moscow Food Co-op is to provide food and other products that are reasonably priced, especially locally grown and/or organic, consciously selected for healthful consequences to both the consumer and the environment. The Moscow Food Co-op provides an information network that fosters progressive social, political, and ecological change. The Co-op strives to promote a sense of community for its constituency and right livelihood for its staff. Our goal is to continue providing these services."

Later on we discussed the roles of the board and staff which can be summarized thus: the board sets direction, the manager implements plans and reports back to the board, staff delivers services to the customers, the customer is the focus of all effort. We also tried to define where we are going as a business in the future. Our next step, it seem, should be to acquire a little more space, roughly 3,000 sq. feet. We need a better receiving area and better parking for customers.

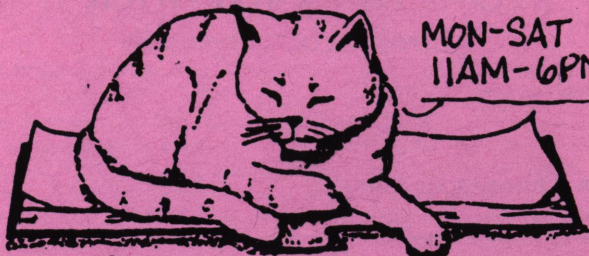
We also had a business meeting wherein Candace Cloud was officially promoted to Assistant Manager and given a small raise in pay. It was also decided that we needed to look into getting a new bean/pasta dispenser system. The present one is certainly fun for small children, but sometimes not so fun for the person left holding the bag. Our membership system needs some reconsideration. Signing up for new membership or renewing an old membership is inconvenient for those in a hurry at the checkout line. We also voted to give each employee a bonus to let them know what a good job they are doing.

Having accomplished what we set out to do and enhanced our feelings of camaraderie, we packed up bag and baggage and bade farewell to Elk River.



Twice Sold Tales

QUALITY USED BOOKS!



MON-SAT
11AM-6PM

Sell - trade - visit the cats.
220 W. Third St. (208) 882-8781

Main Street
deli

Sunday
Champagne
Brunch

A black and white line drawing of a person sitting at a round table. The table is set with a plate of food, a glass of champagne, and a small bottle. There are plants in the background.

Full Service,
Live Music,
Champagne,
Fresh Flowers,
Limos and a
Great Host
Sundays
9am-1pm

Reservations accepted 882-0741

Mikey's
GROS

A black and white line drawing of a classical building entrance with four columns. A sign above the entrance reads "527 MAIN ST" and "CATS". A person is sitting on the ground in front of the entrance, reading a newspaper.

527 SOUTH MAIN ST
MOSCOW
882-0780

HOURS: 11-8 Monday-Thursday
11-9 Friday & Saturday

