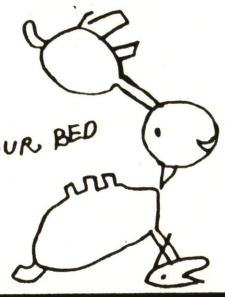


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- MESS-UPS
- BAD THINGS
- PEEING IN YOUR BED
- BOMBS



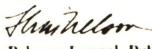
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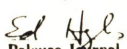
**MOSCOW FOOD COOPERATIVE NEWSLETTER**


Palouse Journal's  
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**May, 1990**

Editor: Nancy Casey  
 Graphics: Pam Palmer  
 Advertising: Andrea Kruse  
 Typesetting: Nancy Casey

Published by the Moscow Food Co-op  
 310 W. Third St.  
 Moscow, Idaho 83843  
 208-882-8537

Printed on 100% recycled paper

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## THE PROFITS AND THE POISONED

Mary Butters

Something different has begun to make itself felt—a movement that is community based, pulling together people who have been poisoned. People who know first-hand about plutonium, toxic waste, and the contamination of their drinking water, as opposed to traditional environmentalists concerned about in-stream water flows or national peace groups who talk “ratification and Salt II treaty.”

Over the years, mainstream environmentalists have relied heavily on lobbying, litigation, and science, creating a kind of technical peace or environmental expert able to reel off lots of government acronyms, facts and figure, and pieces of legislation. I call it toxic talk. It smothers public concern. Toxic talk intimidates the very people who, in large numbers, are out there waiting to rally and to stand up and sound off.

Suppose I'm a victim of radiation. I grew up in Utah downwind to the Nevada Test Site where atom bombs' blasts covered us with radioactive dust. I've suffered. I feel very alone. Some of the big name professional peace and environmental groups are meeting frequently to strategize on how to stop the SIS and the NPR—government acronyms for the factories where nuclear weapons are manufactured. I need to talk about my feelings—my injuries. That is what motivated me. I need support. Everyone there is saying ERDA, RCRA, programmatic EIS, TSP panel, the 2010 report, the Clean Air Act, vitrification, and vaporization. My health is talked about in terms of dose reconstruction and studies that will take years and cost millions of dollars. Even there, I am still alone.

Across our country poisoning for profits escalates. More people get sick or die. Most do not say, “They are killing me,” but “I am sick now.” We are beginning to stand together seeing the connections that bind us—the same poisons, the same corporate citizens, the same regulatory denial, the same interests who profit from the poisons and the poisoning.

People who have been personally affected by the arms race, toxic pollution and human injustice have the strongest, most motivating, most neglected voice on these issues.

We are beginning to stand together. We are slowly grouping—even gathering nationally. We are joined by our families and friends and others in our communities. Voicing our pent-up feelings does not require expertise. Our numbers grow organically. We identify who poisons using a tangible fashion: THIS community poisoned by THIS company—THESE people suffer. We realize we're not alone. We talk in our own language without embarrassment. We build hope and community. It's a strain to discover that the changes we ask for end up changing us and how we relate and work together.

It's not a big movement yet. It will be. Establishment environmentalists needn't be embarrassed by our lack of scientific knowledge. Though influenced



to some extent by our grassroots work, they still adhere to the debate as defined by our government and the poisoners.

In order to stop the poisoning of our bodies, we need to clean out the pollution of our minds by beginning to talk new and clear. We can get there if we keep it simple, go door to door using our emotions, our kindness. We need to find and help others who suffer, people who cry, people who are afraid. That will be our common ground.

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**FEED THE PEOPLE  
NOT THE PENTAGON**

### CORN CHOWDER

serves 2

A thick, creamy chowder, high in protein.

- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dried corn
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup dried potatoes
- 2 Tbs corn meal
- 2 Tbs whole wheat flour
- 2 Tbs soy milk powder
- 1 tsp parsley flakes
- 1 tsp onion flakes
- 1 tsp celery flakes
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$  tsp paprika
- dash pepper
- 1 Tbs butter
- 4  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups water

Bring water and oil to a boil. Add all other ingredients except tamari. Cover and keep at high simmer for 10 minutes. Add tamari at end.

### NOODLE SOUP

serves 2

- 6 ounces uncooked noodles
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup dried mushrooms
- 1 tbs onion flakes
- 1 tbs vegetable broth powder
- 1 tbs parsley flakes
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp oregano
- $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp garlic flakes
- $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp pepper
- 1 tbs olive oil
- 4 cups water
- 1 tsp tamari soy sauce

The dry ingredients for this recipe can be mixed ahead of time. When you are ready to prepare the soup, add the water. Bring to a boil, stirring often. Simmer for 10 to 15 minutes and serve hot.

## VEGGIES FOR THE ROAD

Kenna S. Eaton

*NOTE: Dried vegetables are 20% off during the month of May*

Dehydrated vegetables retain most of their natural food value because it has been "locked in", not cooked out. Since dehydrating changes the cellular structure of the vegetable, it will not absorb as much water as it originally contained. Rehydrated vegetables therefore will have a higher concentration of solids, color and flavor than fresh, canned or frozen vegetables.

With bulk dehydrated vegetables, you pay only for the usable product; there is no waste, and no extra weight to carry.

The time and method of rehydration will depend on the product size and final "end use" recipes. The larger the dried vegetable size, the longer the rehydration time. Powdered and granulated foods will rehydrate in 1-10 minutes in cool water. Flaked, chopped, sliced and diced vegetables will rehydrate when placed in cool water, then brought to a boil and simmered 15-20 minutes. Products of this size can also be rehydrated when soaked in cool water for 1 to 3 hours without cooking. The general rule is to use slightly more water than rehydration will absorb, usually 3 parts water to 1 part dry matter. Drain after rehydration if necessary. For maximum quality retention, rehydrate in the shortest time needed.

Enjoy!

---

**Topless Pizza Party (bring a topping!)**  
**5:30 pm - Sun. May 13 - Upper Crust Bakery**

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**DEAR FRITZ & MEMBERS OF THE MOSCOW FOOD CO-OP...**



Chris Lanning

Education Director, Davis Food Co-op

I'm flattered to see us mentioned as a "shining" (?!?) example in your latest newsletter.

Far be it from us to suggest anyone else publish Board members' names and phone numbers in every issue just because we do! We had the "but all the other co-ops do it" argument used on us often enough in our earlier days, and we RESISTED IT! We had our own ways of doing thing and we stuck to 'em (for the most part). Result: We've outlasted many of those once held up to us as examples.

However, if it makes you feel better, hardly anyone ever actually CALLS the board members whose names we list. Our Suggestion Box seems to be the main place people go with gripes (as it should be). The main reason we keep publishing them is to make sure our members know we are WILLING TO LISTEN to member input, through whatever channel.

Cooperatively yours,...



DEBBIE DEAN

SETTLING IN AT THE COOP  
Candace Cloud



Debbie had just returned from the Philippines when she began working as a cashier at the Co-op in 1988. When asked what her job entails, she replies, "Cleaning messes. I make messes. I clean them up." She laughs, "Other people make messes, too, and I clean those. I answer questions, call special orders, and cashier." She pauses. "I just became one of the official janitors. I'm excited. That will get me up and out of bed in the morning since the time I have available to clean is in the morning."

Debbie was born in Ogden, Utah, but her family moved to Burgdorf, Idaho a year later and stayed there until she was four years old. She grew up in McCall and Council, graduating from high school in 1983. She attended Boise State University for 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  years before working for the Forest Service at Moose Creek Ranger Station in the Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness. "It's an awesome spot," she declares.

Her trip to the Philippines was a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ Latter Day Saints. "I was there for a year and a half. We worked in a community to set up programs for mothers about nutrition and talked about our religion to those who were interested." Debbie pauses and adds with a giggle, "We lived in the culture, and I'm short, so I fit in. I lived with a Philippine woman my age and we worked together as companions. We did health seminars, checked blood pressure, learned to give shots."

Then Debbie came back to Moscow where she had attended the University of Idaho for a semester before leaving for the Philippines. She is working on a degree in Special Education. She chose this field because one of her brothers has Downe's Syndrome and another has autism.

Debbie's hobbies are "...outdoor things; hiking. I love to do trail work. It's hard for me to just hike along, but I love to work and look at scenery. I like to go horseback riding and cross-country skiing. I like to work with stock."

Debbie's dreams for the future fit well with her interests, "I want to build a log cabin and live in it. I'd like to teach in a rural community in a Special Ed classroom." She sighs. "I'd just like to settle down."



## WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT DAY?

Nancy Casey

I really liked Earth Day. In fact, it's still Earth Day, isn't it? We have said all along that Earth Day isn't just *one day*, rather it's a whole period in which we are aware of our place on Earth, Earth's place in the scheme of things. The calendars hanging up around town show that the Earth Day celebration started several weeks ago and runs until the Renaissance Fair. But we don't have to call off Earth Day just because the Renaissance Fair comes and goes.

Earth Day hasn't been easy. I've had to struggle to hold back on the cynicism about it being a bandwagon. Every time the media shot another appropriate Earth Day sentiment my way, I was uncomfortable, I didn't like it. The cynicism was a front. Behind it, I found I was afraid, and sad. Sometimes I feel like the only one having so much trouble finding a satisfying way to arrange the pieces of the Big Picture. Earth Day was everywhere, and I was overwhelmed by the contradictions its subject matter exposes. So I quit wearing matching socks.

But Earth Day has been just great. Starting with the weather. Remember how the sun came out and began heating things up a couple of weeks before the 22nd? Oh, what a gift! I biked with Elizabeth to the U of I Kindergarten on the bike/walk day, and the gentle rain felt appropriate. It was what the earth needed—water to nourish all the life which had burst forth in the warm sunshine. I appreciated bicycling around town in it.

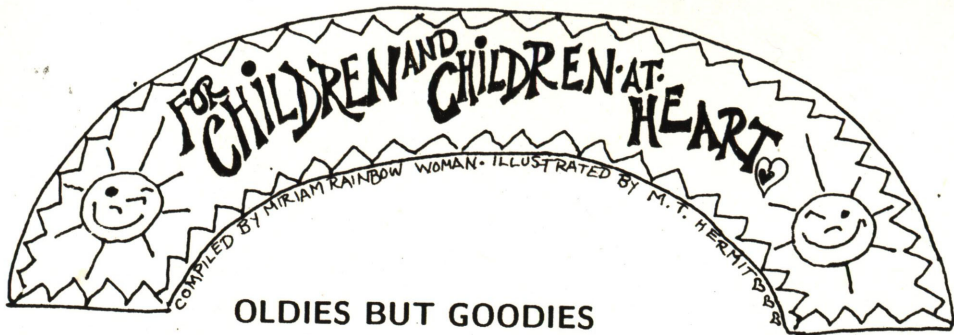
The kids rejoiced at the discovery of yet another major holiday on the calendar, right here between Easter and the Renaissance Fair. Patrick marched home from school on Friday, arms full of trash. "Got to be cleaning up for Earth Day!" He organized the neighborhood kids in gathering litter like it was going out of style (oh, it is), spit-shining old Mother Earth like they were cleaning house for a party. "You mean Earth Day isn't TODAY," demanded Patrick when I said something about going to Mountain View Park on Sunday.

Well, yes and no, Earth Day is this whole big *time* where you pay extra attention to the earth and think of special things to do. I decided that for Earth Day, I would garden. Which is exactly what I'd been doing—digging and planting things and getting dirty until it's too dark in the evening to see. Greeting the worms.

The cold at Mountain View Park was okay. More people probably would have come out if it hadn't rained. But you can't hardly say that Earth Day was marred by the weather. I didn't get cold, I got dirty—planting trees. And then I ate a whole bunch of cookies.

Now it's raining. It's been precipitating steadily for two days, as this Palouse clay soil sponges up its supply of water for the summer. If I said it would be just OK and fine if it kept raining all through the Renaissance Fair, well, I'd be wearing matching socks.





## OLDIES BUT GOODIES

Bored with T.V.? I hope so! Instead, why not try some of these:

- Old Maid (it's silly)
- Pick Up Sticks (takes concentration)
- Chinese Checkers (requires strategy)
- Dominoes (with the old rules)
- Jacks (takes practice)
- Marbles (in the dirt is best)
- Jig-Saw Puzzles (hard ones)
- Monopoly (can last for days)
- Good Ole Cards

### A COIN-Y GAME

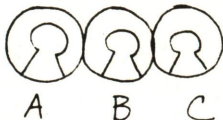


Figure this out!

Place three coins on a table.

Coin A you may move, but not touch.

Coin B you may touch, but not move.

Coin C you may both touch and move.

Using all three coins, can you move Coin A?

### A Poem in Your Pocket

Keep a poem in your pocket  
 And a picture in your head  
 And you'll never feel lonely  
 At night when you're in bed.

The little poem will sing to you  
 The little picture bring to you  
 A dozen dreams to dance to you  
 At night when you're in bed.

So—keep a poem in your pocket  
 And a picture in your head  
 And you'll never be lonely  
 At night when you're in bed.



from "Something Special"  
 by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

Answer to last month's riddle:

A Coconut

### ANOTHER RIDDLE!!!!

What is it when you give it away, you end up having more?

The first child who provides the correct answer to our riddles wins a free cookie. You have to be really clever to figure out the answers. How clever do you have to be to think up a riddle all on your own? If you think up a riddle that we can use in the newsletter, we'll give you a free cookie, too.

## TIME, FOR THOUGHT

Nancy Ging

I've been thinking of time a lot lately. We talk of time as "short", we say there is "never enough time", and we rush through our daily lives trying to "fit everything into the time available." It is something that can "pass us by", or that we can "lose". Somehow time seems to have become the taskmaster. We have clocks in our offices, our cars, and nearly every room of our houses. We have watches strapped to our wrists. We feel some sort of existential anxiety if we suddenly realize we don't know what time it is as we move from deadline to deadline throughout our day. Even the word "deadline" suggests annihilation if we don't meet the demands of our taskmaster, time.

When we define time in terms of past, present, and future, the words make it seem concrete and tangible. But words do not necessarily guarantee truth. Ancient Eastern philosophy teaches that time is an illusion. What if this is true? Could it be possible that we have given so much power to a figment of our collective imagination? Perhaps it is "time" to take a critical look at time.

H.P. Blavatsky describes the present as "a mathematical line" between the memories which we name the past and the ideals which we call the future. She goes on to say that the illusion of time passing is produced because our senses blur our moment-to-moment experiences, much like a movie projector blurs individual still pictures into the illusion of motion. If this is true, what would it mean in our daily lives? What would be different about how we are?

First, it seems to me, the emphasis would shift dramatically. What we used to think of as time would now consist only of this moment, the infinite and always moving NOW. How we experience NOW would thus become our most central concern, the primary focus of our efforts to live well. Am I happy NOW? In fact, I can ONLY do something about it NOW, because there would be no other "time".


Secondly, we could all breathe a great sigh of relief. Memories would no longer accumulate as "the burdens of the past." Ideals would not be mutated into "the challenge of the future". Instead, they would be simple, vibrant tools for informing and guiding us as we strive to BE HERE NOW. If we concentrate all our efforts on doing what we can NOW, perhaps we won't have "time" to feel so guilty that we haven't done more in the past, or so overwhelmed about what still needs to be done in the future. If I see weeds in my garden, I can pull three as I go by in the morning. I don't need to wait until I have "time" to pull them all. It won't occur to me to feel guilty that the weeding isn't already done. I can be free to simply see and experience that there are weeds which aren't healthy for the garden.

Finally, as we start to experience our new-found freedom to truly and responsibly live in the moment, a deeper and more profound realization may begin to dawn. There's a growing glimmer of knowledge on the periphery of my awareness that when I live fully in the potent and glorious moment, I then truly have all the "time" I need—all the "time" in the world. What a gentle cosmic blessing!

Has it been there all this "time"?



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© 1985 by Michael McCurdy, from *The Man Who Planted Trees*

## THE MAN WHO PLANTED TREES

J. Jordan

It is Earth Day. I'm waiting for my son to bring the rototiller to dig in the dirt & plant a small garden. It is cold & I have on 2 sweaters & a jacket, but want to be outside. I've been reading Jean Giono's book about a man who spent his life planting trees. It has photos of beautiful wood cuts & tells a tale that fits Earth Day just right. At the end of the book is a section about the author & I would like to write it down:

"Giono termed his confidence in the future *esperance*, or hopefulness, not *espoir*, which is the basculine word for hope, but *esperance*, the feninine word designating the permanent state or condition of living one's life in hopeful tranquility. Whence springs this well of *esperance*, Giono wondered?

"Hopefulness must spring, he decided, from literature and the profession of poetry. Authors only write. So, to be fair about it, they have an obligation to profess hopefulness, in return for their right to live and write. The poet must know the magical effect of certain words: hay, grass, meadows, willows, rivers, firs, mountains, hills. People have suffered so long inside walls that they have forgotten to be free, Giono thought. Human beings were not created to live forever in subways and tenements, for their feet long to stride through tall grass, or slide through running water. The poet's mission is to remind us of beauty, of trees swaying the the breeze, or pines groaning under snow in the mountain passes, of wild white horses galloping across the surf.

"You know, Giono said to me, there are also times in life when a person has to rush off in pursuit of hopefulness."

Giono said his purpose in creating the character Bouffier in the book "was to make people love the tree, or more precisely, to make them love planting trees." This was in 1953. Today it is 1990 & more of us are celebrating Earth day while our fingers itch for dirt. I plant hopefulness for us all.

## ATTENTION PULLMAN MEMBERS!

Bruce Harding

My name is familiar to some of you as the Co-op's Consumer Education Project Coordinator. I have applied for the City Council vacancy being filled by appointment for Ward 2. I am retired from WSU and have been a resident of Pullman since December, 1974.

There are four reasons why I am seeking this appointment:

- 1 To concentrate my efforts to improve the already-good quality of life available in Pullman:
  - a) Upgrade the level of cultural and recreational opportunities available other than those offered by WSU.
  - b) Be more aggressive in the struggle to enact state law giving local governments greater flexibility to raise funds to meet the needs imposed by the state and/or federal government.
- 2 Develop a greater spirit and commitment of community residents to the needs and desires of Pullman.
- 3 Cultivate and emphasize the student population at WSU. They are a major part of the community's resources.
- 4 Build the tourist and convention facilities of the city so as to attract more people to Pullman.

I welcome questions on this matter. Write or call. N.E. 1105 Myrtle. 332-7748.



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page 4

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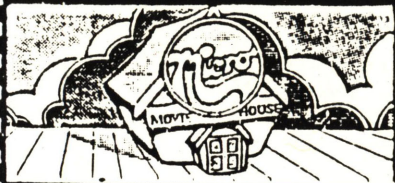
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