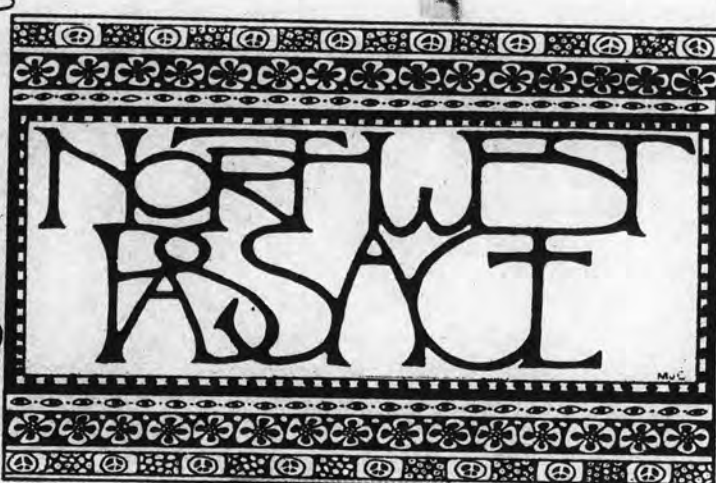


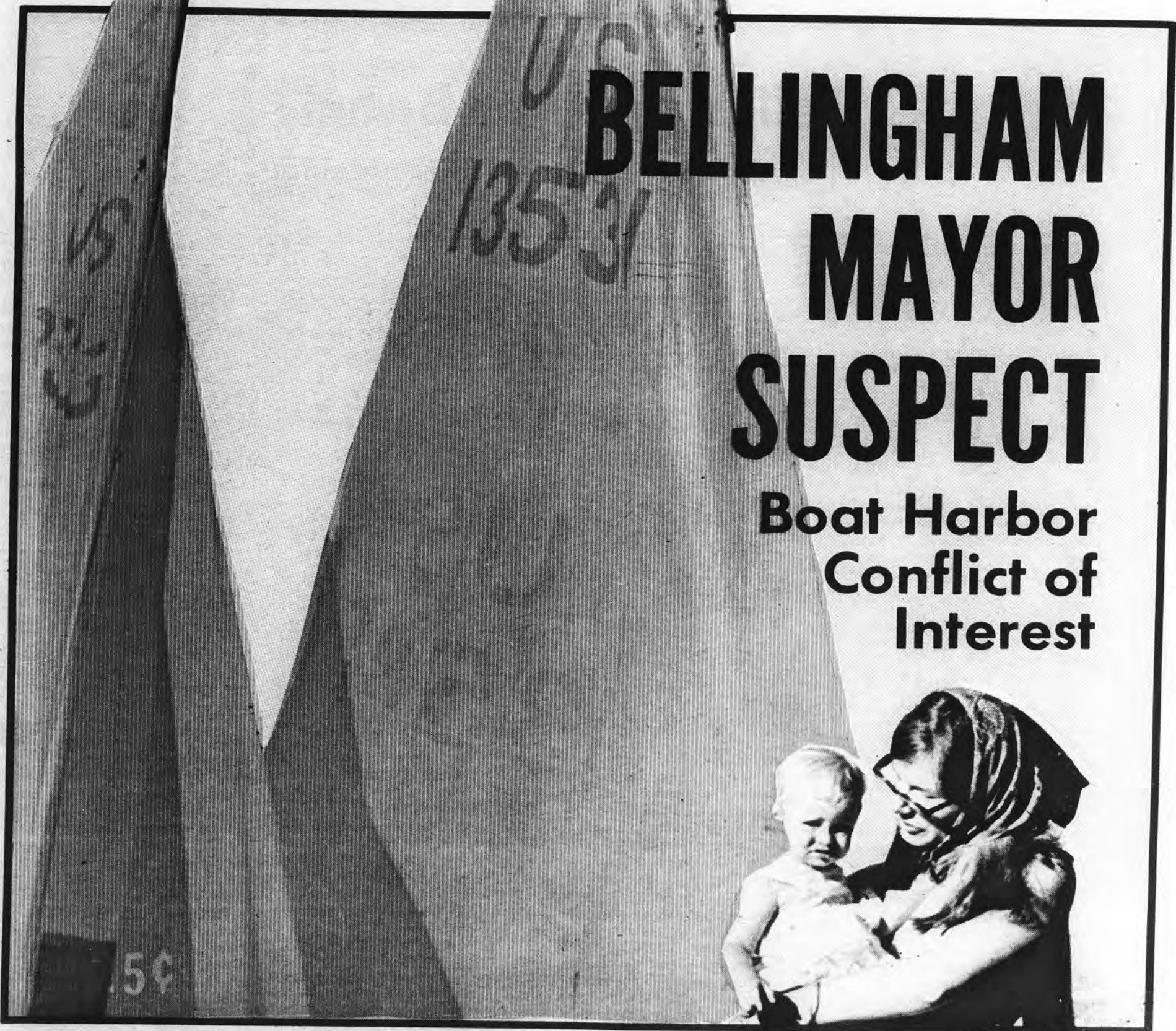


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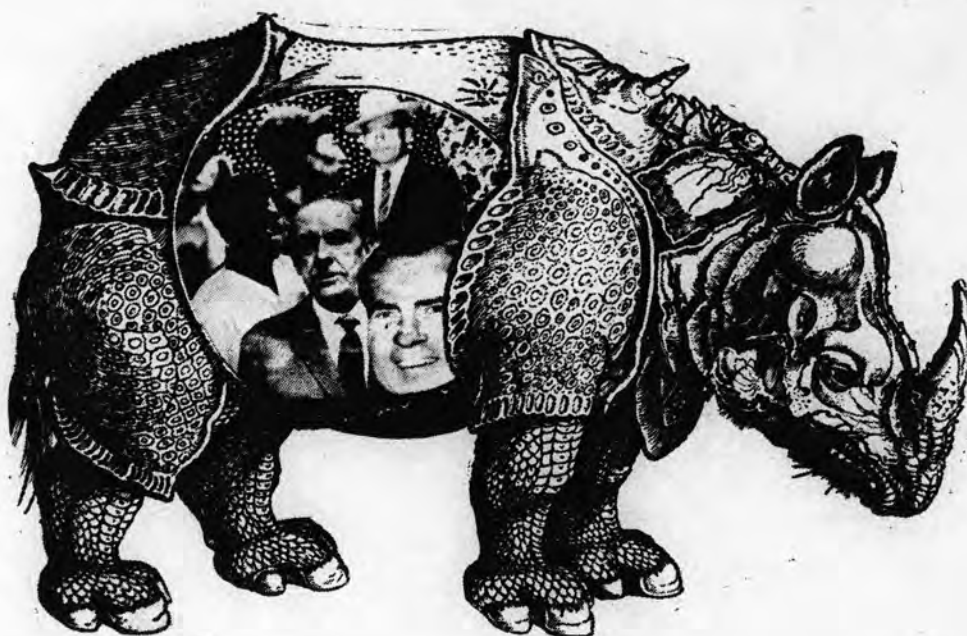
BELLINGHAM, WASH.
JULY 22, 1969

"In the beginning was the word . . ."



BELLINGHAM MAYOR SUSPECT

Boat Harbor Conflict of Interest



Bellingham or Boom?

A Study In Corporate Schizophrenia

Recently, a longstanding and much debated issue involving a proposed boat launching ramp and park area on Bayview Drive has flared tempers and reached a new peak of controversy on the Bellingham scene.

The issue is reaching a climax on the local political scene because, unless the city decides to go ahead with construction by August 15, it will lose the chance to get \$40,000 in Federal matching funds through the State of Washington. A decision must be made.

Two years ago, the Park Board director, the County Planning Director, and the Port Authority Director met to determine the best site on Bellingham Bay for a new boat launch. They chose the Bayview Drive location. The issue was presented to the City Council, which approved the site. So the County Park Board purchased property for the boat launch.

In September, 1968, plans were completed for the boat launch and for a proposed park area around it. Since then, so many complications have arisen that virtually nothing has been accomplished to this day to make the park area a reality. Here are the facts, as best could be determined.

First of all, the project is a county project under the auspices of the County Park Board; it is, however, a project which, because of its location, must be undertaken in co-operation with the City of Bellingham.

The City Council has repeatedly shown a will to co-operate with the county to establish the boat launch. Where, then, is the source of all the complication?

The Park Board has presented its plans, and the Council has expressed its general approval, but it is Mayor Reg Williams who has raised most of the technical objections to the plan.

Northwest Passage interviewed the Mayor and asked him to list all of the obstacles to the project as he sees them. The following is a list of his

objections to an immediate go-ahead of the plan:

1) The plan has been handled in a piecemeal manner. All parties involved in the situation have never gotten together to settle the problems.

2) Legality problems regarding the city charter.



3) Railroad right-of-ways are involved and must be obtained in order to go ahead. For instance, the plans call for a relocation of Bayview Drive which would put the road in what is now the Great Northern Railroad's right-of-way. Also, the no longer used Northern Pacific right-of-way is involved.

4) The city plans to run a sewer line through the area and may want to widen the road in the future.

5) Williams does not want to sign away exclusive city rights to land for twenty-five years; the state will not grant funds unless on at least a twenty-five year basis.

6) Legal problems involving liability at the railroad crossing, in case of accident.

7) Not enough parking in area.

Mayor Williams has presented numerous enough complications, but to someone who is committed to having a good public recreation facility, they seem minor:

Legal problems are cited, yet never once has the city attorney presented a brief to show exactly what the legal situation is on the various

The Park Board and the City: these two parties are quite aware of each other's positions after months of hassling over the issue.

The Railroads: it has been shown that they have expressed willingness to co-operate with whatever decisions are made.

Bellingham Boom Co.: This company harbors logs for Georgia Pacific and the waterfront wood industries. Surely the mayor is aware of their position since his wife is an employee of Bellingham Boom. Its interests in the area are that they use Bayview Drive for trucking in logs and they own property on both sides of the Park Board's boat launch site.

Bellingham Boom is a subsidiary company of Foss Launch and Tug, the largest tug operation on the west coast. A telephone conversation with a Mr. Rondeaux, a Foss executive in Seattle, revealed the following:

Rondeaux said that his company is not formally opposing the installation of the boat launch and park, but they want to be "kept advised" on it. (It is interesting, though, that Bellingham Boom has had representatives before the local government who were advancing arguments discouraging the project.)

It was Rondeaux's "horseback opinion" that it is not a good site for the park. He said there were dangers of logs breaking loose and that the area during storms was "wild water" and hardly a place for launching boats.

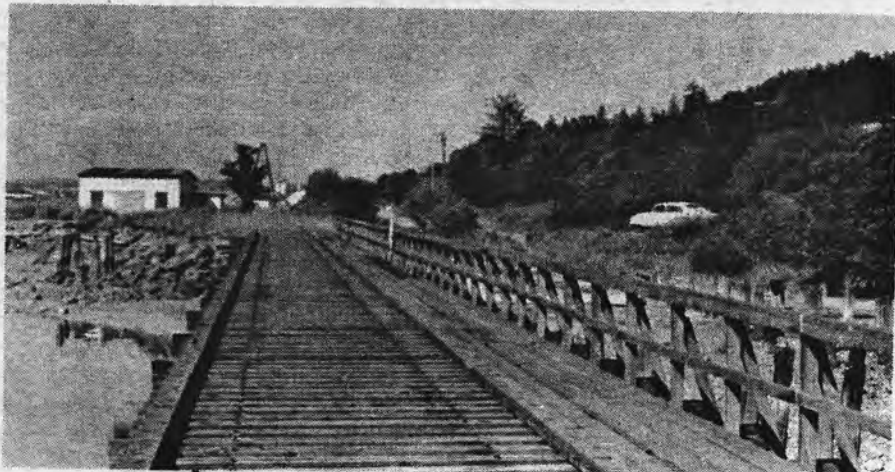
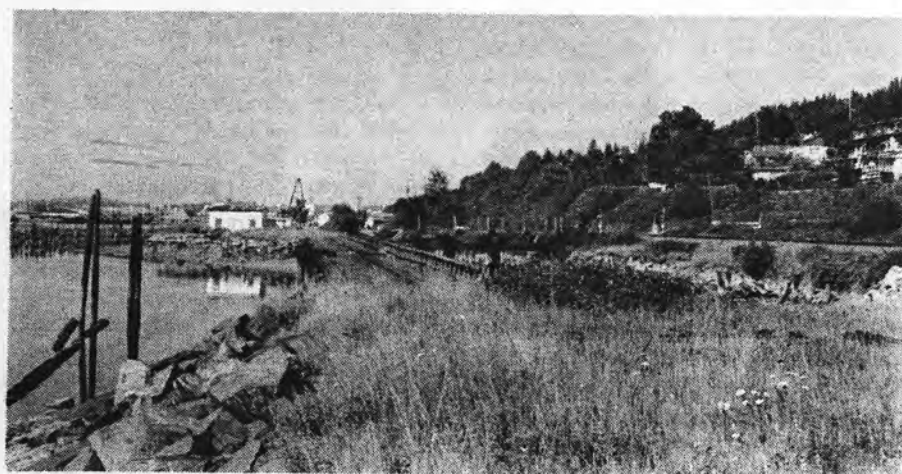
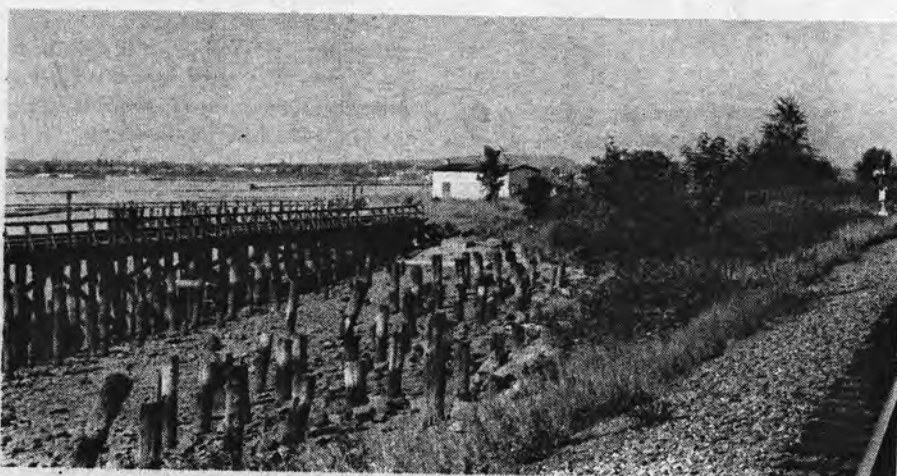
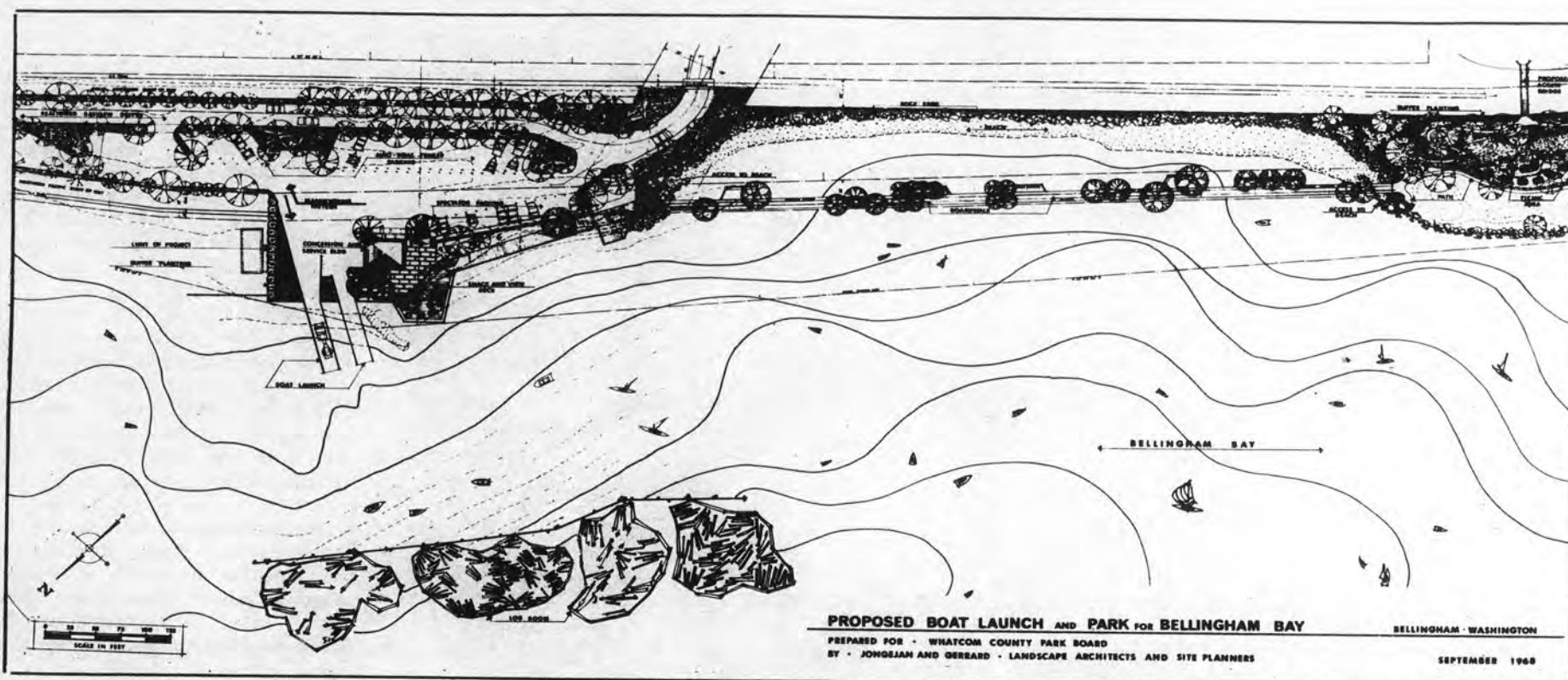
However, the Bellingham Port Authority has already offered to put in more pilings to eliminate the log danger, and the port manager has already established that the area is one of the calmer parts of the bay during stormy weather.

Rondeaux further stated that, should the launch and park go in, his company wants to be released of all

Williams' wish for a meeting of all involved parties is a valid one, but not absolutely necessary as the following will show. Let us examine the parties and their interests:

cont. on pg. 3

Why All The Delay?



B'h'am?

cont. from pg. 2

liability on the Great Northern Railroad crossing, which his firm now holds the right-of-way on. Also, they want partial or whole reimbursement for the \$7,000 they invested in signals at the crossing. (It is likely, though, that the company never really paid the \$7,000, since it would be a business expense and, therefore, tax deductible.)

Rondeaux happened to reveal that Foss Launch and Tug was purchased

this month by the Dillingham Corp., not for their tug operations, but for their property holdings.

Research shows that the Dillingham Corp. is one of the largest concerns of its kind in the world. Its main enterprises are: land development, all phases of construction, dredging, oceanographic engineering, ship agency, ship repair, surface transportation, and merchandising. In 1968, it had operating revenue of \$390,000,000, and in 1967 held rental property alone worth over \$84,000,000, not to mention property which it purchased, developed, and sold. It once considered buying the United Fruit Company.

It occurs that the boat launch and park project would be detrimental to the interests of a corporation that bought Foss and Bellingham Boom for the purpose of developing their land holdings, especially considering that so many of Dillingham's enterprises are marine in nature. The development of the launch and park on this prime waterfront site would not only mean the permanent splitting of Bellingham Boom's (Dillingham's) property holding in the area, but it may even require governmental appropriation of most of their property.

Indeed, Mayor Williams himself once raised the objection that the relocation of Bayview Drive as it is

called for in the Park Board's plans, would make it more difficult for Bellingham Boom to gain access to their property next to the boat launch site.

This, then, being the objective perspective on the situation, it is to be considered that Mayor Williams' emotional involvement with Bellingham Boom (his wife being an employee) is not necessarily in the best public interest in this particular situation.

The Mayor's apparent lack of commitment to try to establish the boat launch on this site needs to be viewed from afar.

Burger Evades Arrest

LNS

Chief Justice-designate Warren E. Burger sailed smoothly through Senate confirmation hearings on June 3. The Senate Judiciary Committee headed by Senator James O. Eastland (D.-Miss.) voted unanimously to confirm his nomination, but outside the hearing room, the people voiced sharp opposition to his appointment.

Reies Lopez Tijerina, a leader of the Mexican-American people of New Mexico, stood at the hearing room door with a warrant for Burger's arrest in his hand. One hundred citizens crowded around him.

"I am trying to make a citizen arrest of Burger for conspiracy to violate the rights of the poor—for actual violation of their rights," he said.

"Mr. Eastland, the chairman of the committee, was expecting me. They are aware of how powerful the laws of citizen's arrest are. They are helping Burger evade this arrest."

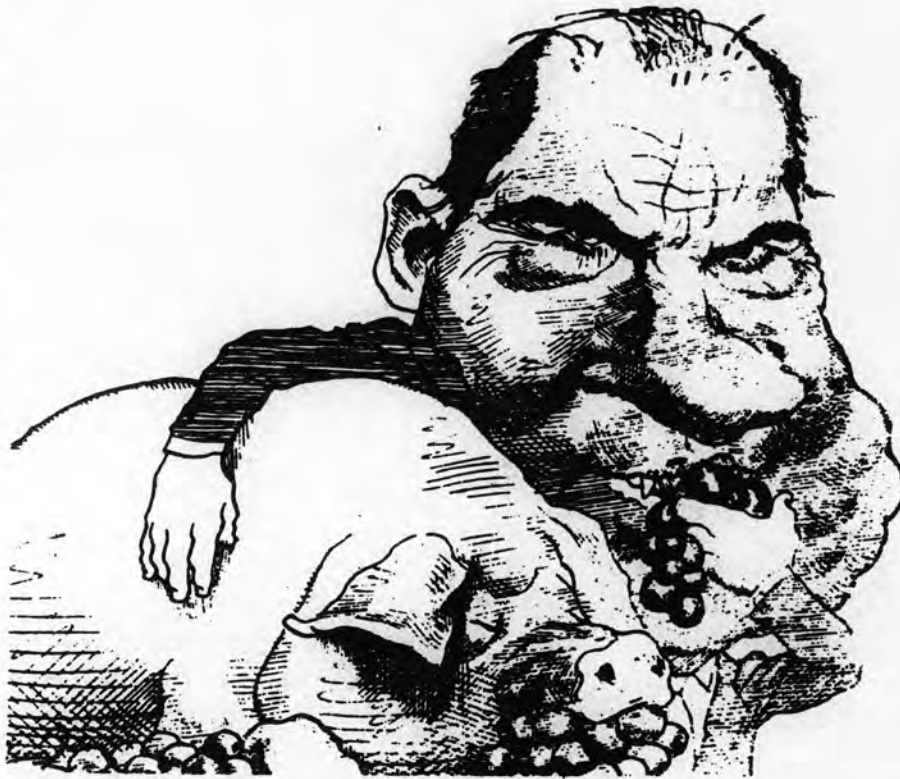
Reinforced detachments of Capitol police blocked the doorway.

Inside, Sen. John McClellan(D-Ark.) praised Burger for his get-tough law-and-order "philosophy". A mob of attorneys hogged all the seats. Not one senator challenged Burger's record as a McCarthyite witch-hunter who led the anti-communist persecution of Yale professor John P. Peters in 1955.

The judiciary committee, dominated by Southern Dixiecrats, is preparing a new internal security bill S-12, aimed at resurrecting the McCarran Act. Burger will be in a position to reverse the anti-McCarran decisions of the Warren Court.

Warning of this danger, Tijerina read to newsmen a long list of Burger's decisions as a member of the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington:

In *Smuck vs Jobson*(1969) Burger voted on U.S. Court of Appeals to uphold school segregation.



In *Kennedy vs. Secy of Navy* (1968), Burger voted to uphold firing of Kennedy for alleged attendance at Communist Party meetings.

In *Kent vs. U.S.*, Burger dissented in a decision to extend the "right of due process to juveniles at all stages of court proceedings."

In *Herman-Harris vs. U.S.* (1968), Burger voted that "technical violations" by the police are not grounds for over-ruling convictions.

In *Cawood vs. Udall*, Burger "wrote a violent dissent against the right to demonstrate", Tijerina stated.

Tijerina said, "Why won't Congress allow us to make this peaceful arrest? We are a minority. We are the victims of his decisions."

The warrant charges Burger with "engaging in a conspiracy to create illegal vacancies in the Supreme Court of the U.S. and to pack said august court against the civil rights and liberties of the poor, the minority and the oppressed citizens of the U. S."

The committee not only ignored Tijerina but also syndicated writer Drew Pearson, who charged in his column that Nixon and Burger were allied in "witch-hunting when Nixon was a rootin'-tootin' member of the House UnAmerican Activities Committee backing up Sen. Joe McCarthy and, in some cases, ahead of him. Warren Burger at that time was his (Nixon's) chief operator in the Justice Department."

"Viva La Causa !"

by elinor stillman

The United Farm Worker's (UFWOC) strike against California table-grape growers has reached a critical point. Ten growers—located mainly in the Coachella Valley where the UFWOC has concentrated its organizing efforts this spring—are now meeting with UFWOC representatives to discuss possible contract terms.

UFWOC has already negotiated contracts with ten wine-grape growers in Northern California, and they are using these contracts as a basis for discussion with the table-grape growers. The workers are seeking paid sick leave and other benefits most urban workers enjoy, but most important is simply the demand for written, enforceable contracts. Workers have, up to now, been almost completely at the mercy of growers, being promised wage raises "next month" only to have the growers renege on the promises time and time again.

The talks with the growers seem to be moving ahead, but UFWOC is taking no chances. The boycott is still on, and "la causa" is still being vigorously pressed in the courts. UFWOC lost one court battle last week when a federal district court judge ruled that legislation ending the bracero program did not forbid growers from hiring Mexican nationals with work permits—the "greencarders" who have used as strikebreakers in the past.

UFWOC lawyers are now seeking an injunction to prevent the U.S. government from buying large quantities of table grapes. UFWOC argues that by making large purchases of the grapes at a time when the grape boycott is the union's only effective pressure on the growers, the government is, in effect, supporting the growers. By far the largest government purchaser is the Department of Defense, which will buy 11 million pounds of grapes during this fiscal year—4 million pounds of which will be shipped to Vietnam. That amounts to 8 pounds of grapes for every American over there.

It is too soon to tell how this phase of the farm workers' struggle is going to turn out; but it is possible that we may be able to eat grapes in good conscience sometime this year. UFWOC has promised to help market the grapes of any growers who sign contracts.

Peninsula Observer/UPS

Who Are They

Trying To Kid?

Thursday, July 17. Police raided a residence here and confiscated what were alleged to be marijuana plants growing in the yard and some seeds.

Two people were arrested, Mike and Karyl Matthaeus, the residents of the house. Arraignment proceedings took place Friday, July 18, when they were formally charged with "possession with intent to sell a dangerous drug." They have been released on personal recognizance. A preliminary hearing will be held August 7, at 9:30 a.m.

The charge "intent to sell" can be

levied against anyone who is found to possess 40 grams (about one and one-half ounces of the illegal substance). "Sale" legally constitutes, not necessarily a business transaction, but only that one gives away some of the substance or shares it with friends. It is a felony charge.

There will be a "Bust Benefit" held in the near future to help defray court and attorney fees. Jack Hansen and Shirley Shockey have agreed to provide music for the benefit. A further announcement will be made when a place and time have been verified.



FIVE DAY OUTLOOK—The warm front that moved into the Bellingham community a few weeks ago is expected to increase as fall quarter approaches. Several citizens have reported hot blasts of extreme intensity that tore their front doors open without warning. The Fairhaven Unified Citizens for Kool again advises all matter affected by the heat to be kept in dry, cool places.

Attention Fort Lewis



I'm on my way to Canada
that big and friendly land
the sad effects of slavery
I can no longer stand.
(A fugitive slave song of the 1850s)

Since the war began, there have been officially 250,000 "deserters" (AWOL over 30 days) from the U.S. Army. Of those who leave the country, the majority go to Canada. It is legal to immigrate to Canada as a deserter; your military status is considered irrelevant to your application. Under pressure from the State Department, however, the Canadian Government has tried to make it somewhat more difficult for U.S. deserters to get landed immigrant status which allows you to stay and work indefinitely. Nevertheless, you can come to Canada and consult with war-resistance committees about the possibilities of getting immigrant status; and the exile community in Canada will aid and support deserters. We know of no one who has been sent back to the U.S. specifically for being a deserter.

The safest country to go to is Sweden, which grants asylum to U.S. military deserters (it is best to have orders for Nam to get in there.) You can try to get there from the U.S. or go through Canada to Sweden. Do not go to Mexico or other parts of Latin America, and avoid Italy, Greece, Spain and Germany.

It is best to enter a foreign country just as an ordinary American tourist would. Tourists entering foreign countries are questioned by frontier (border) or airport officials. A tourist may be asked the reason for his visit and the length of time he plans to stay.

He should have with him a round-trip ticket plus enough money to cover expenses for whatever time the trip is supposed to last.

When you enter Canada, you must enter as a Visitor. Do not show your military I.D. (you can, however, use military I.D. when entering Sweden), use a driver's license or birth certificate. The border guard may ask you how long you're going to visit. You should give a definite answer (e.g. "until Monday"). Have at least \$10 for every day you'll be visiting.

The official will also want to see whatever documents the country in question requires of an American tourist. To enter most countries other than Canada an American needs a passport, and for some countries they need visas too. To visit in some other countries Americans do not need passports but they are usually asked for identification and proof that they are U.S. citizens. Custom officials may inspect the baggage of an entering tourist. Officials are least likely to ask extra questions of people who appear to be routine tourists. Unless an American needs a visa to enter a country as a tourist, there is no reason to approach the Embassy or Consular officials of that country in the U.S. Diplomatic personnel stationed in the U.S., whatever their sympathies, will

not be of assistance to people they know to be violators or potential violators of American law.

When time and/or money has been short, some deserters have gotten to their destination by stages. For example, they have gone first as visitors to a country nearer the U.S., stayed there for a while to make extra money, and then gone on to the country they wanted to live in. Other deserters have taken jobs within the U.S. for several months.

Preparations:

Deserters have found that it is a good idea to have as many documents with them as possible. Many don't think at first that they will need them all, but they have found that sometimes things don't work out the way they planned. Those who have had all their documents have had more room to maneuver. If you do not have them all, come up and send for them; don't take a chance of getting busted.

A passport is the most valuable single thing to have.

A birth certificate is necessary to get a passport. It may also be needed to get into countries where American tourists don't need passports, and it comes in handy at other times. Get one from the Bureau of Vital Statistics from the state where you were born. Usually costs from \$1-2.

A driver's license is used to get a passport, and is a good piece of identification to have at other times. Some other basic civilian identification which carries a photograph of physical description might be an adequate substitute.

Diplomas, Job Records, and Letters of Personal Reference are useful in immigrating, and finding work.

Marriage and divorce records, if any, may be required by foreign governments. People who don't have copies of these can find out how to get them by sending 10 cents to Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C. and asking for the booklet, "Where to Write for Marriage Records or Where to Write for Divorce Records"

Military identification (and orders for Nam, if applicable) may be needed if a person is going to ask a government for special treatment on account of being a deserter. This identification should not be used when first entering a country as a tourist, and should be kept in a place where officials and others will not see it.

Evidence of beliefs: if a man has any evidence of his opposition to being in the U.S. military this would help with certain governments. For example, he might have copies of papers filed in an attempt to get a discharge of non-combatant duty as a conscientious objector.

Visas and a vaccination certificate are needed to get into some countries as a tourist.

For further information on vacation travel to other lands contact the American Deserters Committee, Box 3822, Station D, Vancouver, B.C.



QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"... Only men are capable of getting psyched up about an abstract idea like going to the moon. Which is why men no longer live in trees and monkeys do.

It also may be why disputes between bands of monkeys seldom result in death or serious injury. And disputes between nations of men do."

Willard K. Fowler

Gayle Stuard Killed



Gayle Lee Stuard, 22, a member of our community for the last few years, was killed last week when a car in which she was riding was struck by another vehicle at a blind corner in Fairhaven.

Gayle was born in Tacoma where she graduated from Curtis High School with valedictory honors in 1965. She was an honor student at Western Washington State College for the past three years. This summer Gayle was active in getting the food co-op organized and put into action and she was preparing to return to Western this fall.

She was killed at what the city of Bellingham calls an "uncontrolled intersection", a common phenomena in any aspiring city. But the natural foliage and contours of the land at the corner of Donovan and 10th Street lend such a visual problem that any driver that goes into the intersection without stopping is doing so on faith alone. Traffic engineers with the city of Los Angeles call such an intersection a "kill corner" because of the extreme danger to even the most careful driver.

It doesn't take a traffic engineer or a city planner to recognize potential driving hazards on the city streets. We, the citizens, pay professionals to do this job for us. But it takes a traffic

fatality for us to realize that these "professionals" are lying down on the job.

That Fairhaven corner should have been marked with stop signs. But now, of course, it is too late for at least one of us. Who will the next victim be at the hands of the Bellingham bureaucracy? What are you going to do about that one intersection at least, Bellingham Planning Commission? Are you going to sit around on your collective ass while we die because of the implications of your indecision or ignorance?

Now is the time to upgrade the road standards in Bellingham and Whatcom County. How many more people are going to be killed on the crowded Guide Meridian before the Bellingham Planning Commission stops playing corporate games and gets into the nitty gritty grind of why they get paid? The traffic at times on the Guide warrants an eight lane freeway, but all we're asking for is a little extension on the sides.

So listen, people of Bellingham. Ask Carter Watson, planning commission chairman, what he intends to do about the obvious lack of facilities for safe driving in Bellingham. Tell him Gayle Stuard sent you.

Fire Bond Proposal

The Bellingham City Council recently approved a Fire Department proposal for a Bond Issue to go on the ballot. Voters will be asked to approve the Fire Department request for \$356,500.

The listed needs are : alarm room and alarm boxes (\$138,500), new station and property in the northwest area (\$100,000), new 1500 GPM pumper truck and equipment (\$75,000), station no. 1 - remodeling (\$20,000), station no. 3 - remodeling (\$15,000), station no. 4 - hose tower (\$8,000).

Meanwhile, inflation has caused drastic increases in equipment costs over the last few years. The cost of a new pumper truck rose from \$36,000 in 1965 to \$48,000 in 1968 to an estimated \$75,000 in 1969. And the hose tower which Chief Baker requested several years ago at \$4,000, is now \$8,000.

An additional \$120,000 per year will be needed to pay the twelve men needed to staff the new station. This does not appear on the Bond Issue. It is the duty of the City Council to allocate manpower funds. The Fire Department will also request an additional ten men to bolster the presently undermanned department staff--at an additional cost of \$100,000 per year.

Hack Hack Dept



Those who find it in their heads to take some much needed action on the issue of air pollution in the Bellingham area, please take note.

The Northwest Air Pollution Authority, located in Mount Vernon, is waiting for you to call if you should perchance observe any violation of existing, if somewhat inadequate, anti-pollution laws.

NAPA has a roving truck which they will send to investigate any complaints received. If the complaint proves to be valid, NAPA will issue a warning to the offender and, if further violations occur, will prosecute.

Northwest Passage, at press time, was unable to obtain a list of specific grievances, but will publish a detailed list of the same in the next issue.

Meantime, one such violation is the spewing of black smoke into the air. Any industry or private party seen to be darkening the sky is subject to warning and prosecution. Regular violators of this law in Bellingham are the Georgia Pacific Corporation, The Lighthouse Mission, and--almost every afternoon around 4 p.m., The Bellingham Herald.

Call Northwest Air Pollution Authority at 336-5705. Puff Puff...

Bellingham Town Meeting

The American Civil Liberties Union has announced a July 22 Bellingham Town Meeting on the subject of "Gambling, Law, and Order: What is Good Legislation?" The forum will discuss a recent opinion by the State Attorney General which ruled that all amusement devices and gambling such as card games, slot machines, punch boards, and bingo are illegal and that as of June 23 all gambling laws must be strictly enforced.

The impact of the ruling, problems of enforcement, and the question of "tolerating" violations of the law (which was past policy), will be examined during the meeting.

Participants in the discussion include County Prosecutor Stan Pitkin, Acting City Attorney Craig Davis, Police Chief Cecil Klein, and Sheriff Bernard Reynolds. Other members of the panel will be Park Gagnon, Manager of the Elks Club, John Kienast of the Bellingham Golf and Country Club, and Robert Keller of the ACLU.

The meeting is scheduled for Tuesday, July 22, 8 p.m., in the County Commissioners' Hearing Room on the second floor of the courthouse. It is sponsored by the Whatcom ACLU and there will be an opportunity for questions and opinions from the audience.

LETTERS

Dear Editor:

Let's get something straight. The Law Enforcement Agencies of this nation are just exactly that. They are conceived and dedicated to the principle that whatever the legislative branch says is wrong is wrong. While there are those who might differ, simple logic will show that "truth, justice, and the American way", find their fitting place, not in the minds of the "men in blue", but in Superman Comics. If you doubt this I invite you to stay tuned.

Laws are produced by the various legislative bodies which operate on the premise that if they should accidentally overstep the bounds of justice, their error will, in short order, be corrected by the courts. This is sometimes the case. But when this happens, it is only after a long and expensive battle costing many thousands of dollars. These dollars do not come from public funds but from private sources. It is safe to assume that more than one person is rotting in jail or prison because he lacked the funds to fight the "Law" far enough to get a fair judgement. The high cost of taking a case to the Supreme Court is often defended on the grounds that if such court action were free, every petty crook would demand that his case go all the way. This would swamp the courts with appeals and bog down the wheels of justice. Why don't they just say that first class justice (assuming that the justice mediated out by the Supreme Court is the true and immutable "right") is reserved for the wealthy. Wealthy in this case is usually defined as being in a tax bracket so high that no taxes are paid at all. It is also the case that most of the battles at the high court level involve technicalities and very seldom is a bad law overturned.

So where does this leave the poor slob who gets busted on any phoney charge? "Oh, him? He couldn't make bail so's we're keepin' him upstairs. His turn in court 'll be in about three

months." Unless his case is one of interest to one of the few organizations offering legal aid, he'll get about as much consideration as a turd in the punch bowl at a Tricia Nixon party.

If you point out to the arresting officer or the prosecutor that the "crime" in question is not considered to be wrong by a large portion of the populace (as is the case with many of our sex and drug laws), he will tell you that "The law's the law. If it's wrong, it's the court's job to change it." But if you fight him in court he will bring up the reserves and heavy guns. Fourteen second assistant prosecuting Attorneys, a lab full of criminal technicians, and as many expert police witnesses as necessary will be called in to support the cops. All of these people will be paid for with tax dollars. And once again, unless the case is of considerable significance, the accused will be lucky if the court appoints an unemployed itinerant barrister to say the lines of "defence council" before the sentencing.

What I really want to know is, why doesn't the "criminal" have immediate and automatic use of the amount and type of facilities available to the "law enforcement body" which has already decided he is guilty? *steve cunningham Bellingham*

Dear Steve:

The answer to your question lies in the fact that our judicial system is geared to the preservation of an order that thrives on the political, economic and social ruin of the individual. If the defendant were allowed the funds necessary to emulate the State's procurement of authoritative opinion and investigative facts, he might become a threat to the system. He might win the case.

As it is, the defendant isn't even allowed a court appointed "itinerant barrister" in gross misdemeanor charges of possession and use of marijuana. One has to be a dope DEALER to qualify for "full protection" under the "law."

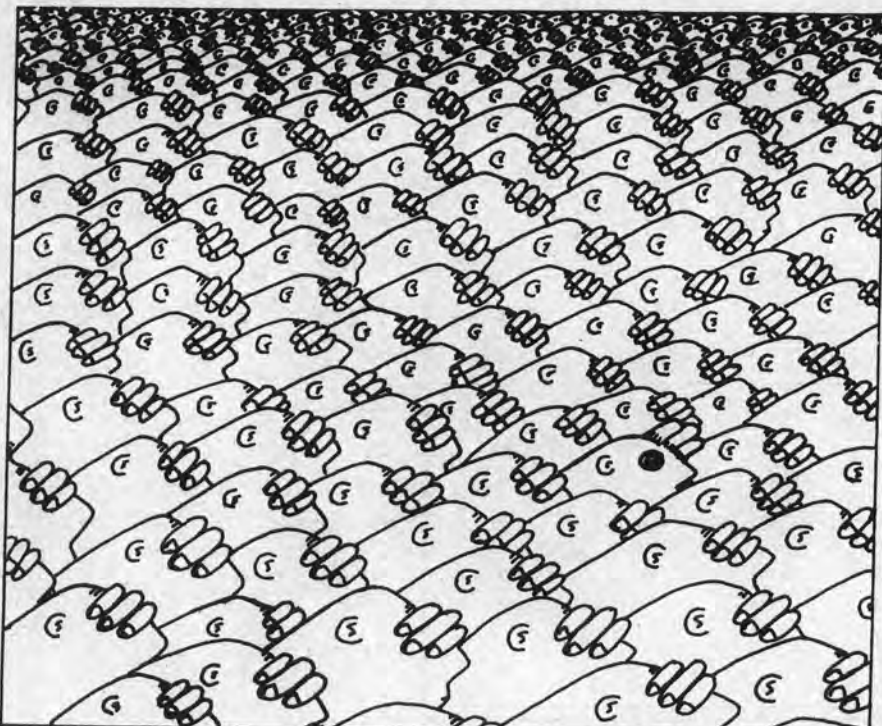


A man waits nervously in line at the racetrack. He's sure he's got a winner this time. So do all the others in the line. He glances back at the big board and sees that his horse has fallen to 13 to 1. He waits nervously. He looks back again and sees that there's \$30,000 in the win pool. He thinks, "the track takes 15% off the top. We bettors split the rest. The track never loses, always skims the cream off the top. The fans are all betting against each other." He thinks no more about it, buys his ticket, the horse loses, and he goes home, disgusted.

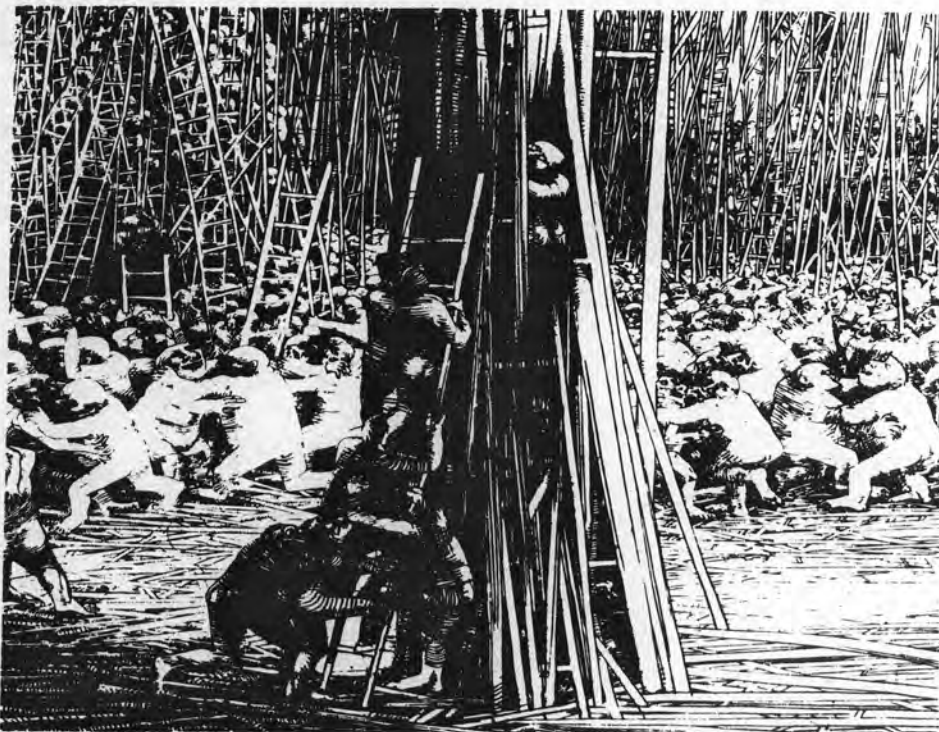
What's the point of going on with this story? It might be more interesting to think awhile about the Attorney General's recent decision to begin strict enforcement of anti-gambling laws. The racetrack will still be there next week, next year, ad infinitum. But, next week, you and I might be arrested for having an all-night poker party. The racetrack, the corporation, will still be free, though. But let's think a little bigger. Let's think about Wall Street. It's quite legal, you know, if you happen to be a millionaire, to walk into the Stock Exchange and take a chance. You lay down your capital, take a risk -- and what's the goal of it all? -- To gain capital, to win money. There is no productive work involved, only the investment and manipulation of capital. If the hub of our economic system works on such a basis, it is totally illogical to make gaming speculation, such as gambling, a crime.

Gambling is probably as old as prostitution and equally as hard to enforce laws against. Such laws place absolutely no faith in individuals to decide for themselves, on the basis of experience, what is right or wrong for the individual. And experience is the sole basis of wisdom.

If indeed, there is something "wrong" about gambling, then it is up to each person to decide for himself. This requires the freedom to go out and lose his money -- to learn from experience.



Javorcek



An Open Letter To President Nixon

drafted by gary hallgren

Mr. President:

Your proposed crackdown on drug abuse no doubt makes many millions of Americans happy. These people, sober, hard-working, tax-paying and righteously indignant over present social unrest in America, see the relationship of drugs and young people as a key link in the chain of anarchy, protest, and lawlessness that is slowly growing across the country. There is a deep well of anger here, and you, Mr. President, have pledged to support the desires of these millions of people.

Unfortunately, there are also millions of people who are unhappy about the proposed crackdown. These people are hoping for a more relaxed legal attitude toward the consumption of marijuana (as separate from narcotics) rather than still harsher legislation.

We agree that narcotics, such as heroin, opium and cocaine, are a problem. The narcotics addict is a serious social liability on the broad scale, and personally destined to become a desperate, unhappy person as the cycle of addiction runs full circle. But we believe that the distinction between narcotics and marijuana has been adequately shown by clinical method and we believe that official recognition of this distinction must be seen to uphold the standard of "government of the people."

The Wootton "Cannabis Report," recently published on Her Majesty's stationery by the Hallucinogens Sub-Committee of the Advisory Committee on Drug Dependence in Britain says, "Our objective is clear: to bring about a situation in which it is extremely unlikely that anyone will go to prison for an offense involving only possession for personal use or for supply on a very limited scale." This statement from very proper British researchers should hopefully go far in easing the fears of the non-smoking public.

Central to the argument for legal reform are these findings: "Having reviewed all the material available to us we find ourselves in agreement with the conclusion reached by the Indian Hemp Drugs Commission appointed by the Government of India (1893-94) and the New York Mayor's Committee on Marijuana (1944), that the long-term consumption of cannabis in moderate doses has no harmful effects." The report also states that cannabis use "does not lead to heroin addiction."

We strongly urge reform of marijuana laws to help get our juvenile crime rate into proper perspective. The violation of drug laws has become a major portion of juvenile violations in general. You yourself pointed out an 800% increase in juvenile arrests involving drugs between 1960 and 1967. It is now two years later and the percentage is still higher. And one would suppose that there are many young offenders who haven't been caught.

The Wootton report finds any time with violent crime "is far stronger with alcohol." This is important. For example, a fist fight at a teen-age party is much likelier to occur if large quantities of beer are consumed rather than ice cream or pot. Also, drunken driving is a serious and widespread offence among young and old.

The effects of cannabis on driving ability was recently tested by the University of Washington in a strict scientific situation and the results were that grass either had no effect on driving ability in an experienced user, or driving

ability was actually slightly improved. As more and more objective reports on marijuana come to light, it is increasingly difficult to see what the fuss is all about. The Attorney General's report you called for cannot help but bear this out.

Unlike hard drugs, "cannabis does not cause physical dependence and withdrawal effects do not occur when its use is discontinued." If there is some form of psychological dependence, and even this is debatable, "it is of a different order from the intense psychological dependence which normally follows the use of hard drugs." The report claims that more widespread drugs like amphetamines, alcohol, and cigarettes are far more dangerous than pot.

In our own experience we have found that radical activists tend to be as puritanical about pot as their elders. The "establishment" really has nothing to fear from pot smokers -- it is social injustice that fires up young people, smokers and non-smokers alike. Present marijuana laws are only one form of social injustice in the eyes of a growing segment of our nation's people.

As this segment grows, it gains power, and harsher laws would only tend to anger millions more who want the cultural and social gap in our nation to close. The issue is not really marijuana use, or good vs. bad effects. The issue now is in the denial of personal freedom and constitutional guarantees to millions of people. The issue is in holding the power to tell Americans what they CAN'T do with their personal lives and private time if no one is being harmed. Mr. President, the ghost of "Big Brother" is too much a reality to millions of Americans who, if pressed hard enough, will be forced to demand their God-given personal liberty.

In conclusion, Mr. President, we urge your study in-depth of the Wootton report as a preliminary to drafting of new drug laws. Reform takes time, and not all reformers are impatient radicals. The Report suggests "...to remove, for practical purposes, the prospect of imprisonment for possession of a small amount [of marijuana] and to demonstrate that the taking of the drug in moderation is a relatively minor offense. Thus we would hope that juvenile experiments in taking cannabis would be recognized for what they are, and not treated as anti-social acts or evidence of unsatisfactory moral character."

The committee's recommendations include

- 1) maintaining restrictions on cannabis availability for the time being,
- 2) encouragement of wide-ranging research,
- 3) unlawful possession should be legally defensible,
- 4) no prison for small amounts,
- 5) reduction of fines for possession, and
- 6) a review of police powers of arrest and search.

We submit this is a first step in reform of drug laws that most Americans can live with. Please don't take that first step backwards.

"The Cannabis Report" is available from Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 49 High Holborn, London W.C. 1, England. Cost, about \$1.50.



Latin American Social Scene

by skip richards

To provide a perspective for a series of articles on U.S. economic, political and military involvement in Latin America, Skip Richards explores and analyzes the social structure and class lines which have evolved there due to centuries of rule over the many by the few.

Latin America as a social area is characterized by divisions, conflicts, and inequities of proportions that should astound the middle class American. Owned and ruled by small groups of foreign and national elites, governed politically by extremist dictators or corrupt political machines, the Latin land and people are held in misery and poverty by ancient social systems maintained by cynical military opportunists. The landed oligarchy, in close familial and financial relationship with the various other elite groups, runs Latin America for their own interests and look with contempt upon the rural masses and urban proletariat. Some specific socio-economic characteristics of Latin society follow; a look at political and military factors will come in later articles, with finally an analysis of the effects of U.S. economic policy in the Latin context.

The total population of Latin America exceeds the U.S. population by only a few millions, but it has the highest growth rate in the world (about 3%); clearly an explosion. About two thirds of that population, what Peter Nehemkis in his book "Latin America: Myth and Reality," calls "the invisible Latin America", lives in a situation of political powerlessness, technological inadequacy, social frustration and low productivity that add up to extreme poverty and despair.

A perusal of the table gives some idea of the economic and social realities of Latin America, but severe problems are hidden in the statistics. For one thing, the income distribution in most countries is so inequitable that fully one third or more of the population is out of the money economy altogether. People with the average per capita income are lucky; most have a lot less. Another factor is Latin America's rapid urbanization, many of the problems of which cannot be sketched statistically. Urban migration is the result of a lack of employment opportunities in rural areas plus some chance of betterment in the city, where there is some work, and plenty of begging and stealing. Most of the immigrants move into the vast and growing slum areas that are prevalent in every city. According to William Flinn's article in the Autumn 1968 issue of "Inter-American Economic Affairs," 4.5 million families lived in these slums in 1962, and the growth rate is about 15 per cent per year.

The major problem behind the conditions of the invisible Latin Americans is their social structure. The oligarchical landowning classes,

descendants in many cases from the "Conquistadores," are the major obstacle to social change there today. To realize this, one must understand the agrarian structure in Latin America, which has been admirably studied by Solon Barraclough and Arthur Domike in the November 1966 issue of "Land Economics."

According to them, land ownership in Latin America is highly concentrated. In Peru, for example, 88 per cent of the farms comprise 7.4 per cent of the land area, while 1.1 per cent of the farms comprise 82.4 per cent of the land. Peru is about the worst; the best, however, is not good. In Argentina, 43.2 per cent of the farms comprise 3.4 per cent of the land, while 0.8 per cent of the farms comprise 36.9 per cent of the land. By comparison, the U.S. has about 1 per cent of its cultivated land in the form of large multi-family operations. Many of these large landholdings called "latifundia", are controlled by one family; Latin American landowners control, through business or family connections, about twice as much land as is reported in the census data.

The farm laborers are controlled from birth to death by a repressive land tenure system. "Renting out" workers and corporal punishment still exist in many places, and a whole set of restrictive practices faces the peasant (or campesino) all his life. Landowners in many cases ignore social legislation-- in Chile, it is estimated by Barraclough and Domike that the rate of compliance with social legislation is about 20 per cent. Farm wages are outrageous as well-- in Chile again, rates are from 1/80 to 1/230 of the income of the landowners. From 1950 to 1965, real wages dropped 30 per cent.

Latin America's Malthusian problem (population growth rate greater than food production rate) is well known, yet the most startling thing about the large landowners is their seeming disinterest in increasing agricultural production. They consume most of their earnings, but what little reinvestment does take place is in areas other than agriculture. Also, their system of absentee ownership, their policy of leaving lots of land uncultivated, plus many other inefficient practices leaves the capital-to-product ratio around 6, as compared to 2.5 for the U.S. This means the Latins are losing their food race.

The basic reason for this inefficient system is clearly explained by the authors: "In effect, for the hacienda-owner to maintain his social and economic power it is necessary that he maintain the peasants in a situation where they have low incomes, insecure tenancy and few alternative sources of employment. He has a constant motive to limit rather than to

cont. on pg. 16



Marvel Comics -- Amazing Spiderman

by roger flescher

Did you ever wonder what would happen if a tiny radioactive spider bit a meek young school boy? The young boy may have gone on as always and not been affected, but the way Stan Lee tells it, that meek young school boy, one Peter Parker, is sure to turn into the Amazing Spiderman -- one of Marvel's most popular super-heroes.

What happens to a guy's life when he is catapulted into super-herodom is history, but if you aren't up on your history I'll try to fill you in.

After that fateful bite (which came about while doing some experiments with radioactivity in conjunction with insects) which turned meek Peter Parker into the Amazing Spiderman, Peter's life changed drastically. Peter started his new super-hero life on the precept of (as Frank Zappa says) "only

in it for the money." It's easy to see how a super-hero could make money. But fate had different plans for the world's most amazing teenager. Spidey was just "minding his own business" when a criminal escaped and fled by him. Not wanting to "get involved," he made no move to stop the fleeing bad-guy. Subsequently Peter found out that the fleeing criminal was more than a bad-guy -- he was a murderer, and he had just killed Peter's uncle Ben. From that fateful moment on, money didn't matter anymore, but rather the ultimate conquest of evil -- in whatever form it might take -- became Spiderman's only concern.

Peter not only has to worry about vanquishing evil, but also about protecting his frail old Aunt May. It seems that Peter's aunt is always either

on a sick bed or being rushed to a hospital for one affliction or another. Peter is worried about his aunt being sick and is plagued by doubts about his responsibilities toward his aunt (when they conflict with or contradict his Superman alter-ego) and also worries about "being around when she needs me" instead of fighting evil in the guise of Spiderman.

Peter used to have to be wary about coming in and leaving his aunt's house in costume because "if she knew" the shock might have killed her (in her perpetually weakened condition). The dangers of discovery have lessened somewhat of late (in the past 20 issues or so), because Peter is now attending Empire State University of New York on a science scholarship and has his own apartment. Peter's roommate

Harry Osborn (whose father incidentally is the evil Green Goblin, a long time foe of Spidey's) never seems to pick up on Peter's secret, so that's cool on Peter's mind.

Probably the most distressing facet of Peter's dual identity is what might be called the "Super-hero Syndrome" (because it affects most super-heroes -- Iron Man, Captain America, and Daredevil to name a few). This involves the problem of romance. None of the above mentioned people, including our own Spiderman, feel they can become entangled with a member of the fairer sex because of the constant danger and peril they face day-to-day. Generally, super-heroes feel that they couldn't ask a chick to put up with all the hassle of

cont. on pg. 16



"Pigs Is Pigs"

by ellis parker butler

Mike Flannery, the Westcote agent of the Interurban Express Company, leaned over the counter of the express office and shook his fist. Mr. Morehouse, angry and red, stood on the other side of the counter, trembling with rage. The argument had been long and heated, and at last Mr. Morehouse had talked himself speechless. The cause of the trouble stood on the counter between the two men. It was a soap box across the top of which were nailed a number of strips, forming a rough but serviceable cage. In it two spotted guinea-pigs were greedily eating lettuce leaves.

"Do as you loike, then!" shouted Flannery, "pay for thim an' take thim, or don't pay for thim and thim be. Rules is rules, Mистер Morehouse, an' Mike Flannery's not goin' to be called down fer breakin' of thim."

"But, you everlastingly stupid idiot!" shouted Mr. Morehouse, madly shaking a flimsy printed book beneath the agent's nose, "can't you read it here-in your own plain printed rates? 'Pets, domestic, Franklin to Westcote, if properly boxed, twenty-five cents each.'" He threw the book on the counter in disgust. "What more do you want? Aren't they domestic? Aren't they properly boxed? What?"

He turned and walked back and forth rapidly; frowning ferociously.

Suddenly he turned to Flannery, and forcing his voice to an artificial calmness spoke slowly but with intense sarcasm.

"Pets," he said "P-e-t-s! Twenty-five cents each. There are two of them. One! Two! Two times twenty-five are fifty! Can you understand that? I offer you fifty cents."

Flannery reached for the book. He ran his hand through the pages and stopped at page sixty four.

"An' I don't take fifty cints," he whispered in mockery. "Here's the rule for ut. 'Whin the agint be in anny doubt regardin' which of two rates applies to a shipment, he shall charge the larger. The consign-ey may file a claim for the overcharge.' In this case, Mистер Morehouse, I be in doubt. Pets thim animals may be, an' domestic they be, but pigs I'm blame sure they do be, an' me rules says plain as the nose on yer face, 'Pigs Franklin to Westcote, thirty cints each.' An' Mистер Morehouse, by me arithmetical knowledge two times thurty comes to sixty cints."

Mr. Morehouse shook his head savagely. "Nonsense!" he shouted, "confounded nonsense, I tell you! Why, you poor ignorant foreigner, that rule means common pigs, domestic pigs, not guinea-pigs!"

Flannery was stubborn.

"Pigs is pigs," he declared firmly. "Guinea-pigs, or dago pigs, or Irish pigs is all the same to the Interurban Express Company an' to Mike Flannery. Th' nationality of the pig creates no differentiability in the rate, Mистер Morehouse! 'Twould be the same was they Dutch pigs or Rooshun pigs. Mike Flannery," he added, "is

here to tind to the expriss business and not to hould conversation wid dago pigs in sivinteen languages fer to discover be they Chinese or Tipperary by birth an' nativity."

Mr. Morehouse hesitated. He bit his lip and then flung out his arms wildly.

"Very well!" he shouted, "you shall hear of this! Your president shall hear of this! It is an outrage! I have offered you fifty cents. You refuse it! Keep the pigs until you are ready to take the fifty cents, but, by George, sir, if one hair of those pigs' heads is harmed I will have the law on you!"

He turned and stalked out, slamming the door. Flannery carefully lifted the soap box from the counter and placed it in a corner. He was not worried. He felt the peace that comes to a faithful servant who has done his duty and done it well.

Mr. Morehouse went home raging. His boy, who had been awaiting the guinea-pigs, knew better than to ask him for them. He was a normal boy and therefore always had a guilty conscience when his father was angry. So the boy slipped quietly around the house. There is nothing so soothing to a guilty conscience as to be out of the path of the avenger.

Mr. Morehouse stormed into the house. "Where's the ink?" he shouted at his wife as soon as his foot was across the doorsill.

Mrs. Morehouse jumped, guiltily. She never used ink. She had not seen the ink, nor moved the ink, nor thought of the ink, but her husband's tone convicted her of the guilt of having borne and reared a boy, and she knew that whenever her husband wanted anything in a loud voice the boy had been at it.

"I'll find Sammy," she said meekly.

When the ink was found Mr. Morehouse wrote rapidly, and he read the completed letter and smiled a triumphant smile.

"That will settle that crazy Irishman!" he exclaimed. "When they get that letter he will hunt another job, all right!"

A week later Mr. Morehouse received a long official envelope with the card of the Interurban Express Company in the upper left corner. He tore it open eagerly and drew out a sheet of paper. At the top it bore the number A6754. The letter was short. "Subject--Rate on guinea-pigs," it said, "Dr. Sir--We are in receipt of your letter regarding rate on guinea-pigs between Franklin and Westcote, addressed to the president of this company. All claims for overcharge should be addressed to the Claims Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Claims Department. He wrote six pages of choice sarcasm, vituperation and argument, and sent them to the Claims Department.

A few weeks later he received a reply from the Claims Department. Attached to it was his last letter.

"Dr. Sir," said the reply. "Your letter of the 16th inst., addressed to

this Department, subject rate on guinea-pigs from Franklin to Westcote, rec'd. We have taken up the matter with our agent at Westcote, and his reply is attached herewith. He informs us that you refused to receive the consignment or to pay the charges. You have therefore no claim against this company, and your letter regarding the proper rate on the consignment should be addressed to our Tariff Department."

Mr. Morehouse wrote to the Tariff Department. He stated his case clearly, and gave his arguments in full, quoting a page or two from the encyclopedia to prove that guinea-pigs were not common pigs.

With a care that characterizes corporations when they are systematically conducted, Mr. Morehouse's letter was numbered, O.K'd, and started through the regular channels. Duplicate copies of the bill of lading, manifest, Flannery's receipt for the package and several other pertinent papers were pinned to the letter, and they were passed to the head of the Tariff Department.

The head of the Tariff Department put his feet on his desk and yawned. He looked through the papers carelessly.

"Miss Kane," he said to his stenographer, "take this letter. 'Agent, Westcote, N. J. Please advise why consignment referred to in attached papers was refused domestic pet rates.'"

Miss Kane made a series of curves and angles on her note book and waited with pencil poised. The head of the department looked at the papers again.

"Huh! guinea-pigs!" he said. "Probably starved to death by this time! Add this to the letter: 'Give condition of consignment at present.'"

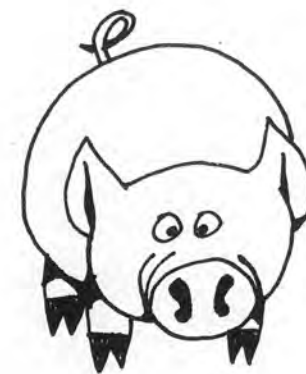
He tossed the papers on to the stenographer's desk, took his feet from his own desk and went out to lunch.

When Mike Flannery received the letter he scratched his head.

"Give prisint condition," he repeated thoughtfully. "Now what do thim clerks be wantin' to know I wonder! 'Prisint condition,' is ut? Thim pigs, praise St. Patrick, do be in good health, so far as I know, but I niver was no vetinary surgeon to dago pigs. Mebbly thim clerks wants me to call in the pig docther an' have their pulses took. Wan thing I do know, however, which is they've glorious appytites for pigs of their soize. Ate? They'd ate the brass padlocks off of a barn door! If the paddy pig, by the same token, ate as hearty as these dago pigs do, there'd be a famine in Ireland."

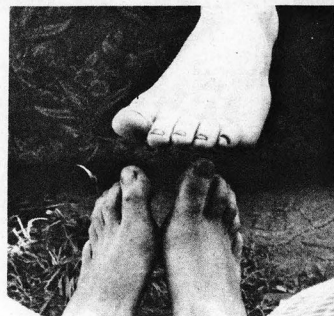
To assure himself that his report would be up to date, Flannery went to the rear of the office and looked into the cage. The pigs had been transferred to a larger box-a dry goods box.

"Wan, - two, - tree, - four, - foive, - six, - sivin, - eight!" he



cont. on pg. 16

OUT OF THE MOLASSES JUG



MOLASSES BREAD

put some water on to boil, and in the biggest mixing bowl you have, put 1 cup of molasses (grandmas molasses is best), 3 tablespoons of oil or shortening, & 1 tablespoon of salt. when the water boils, pour a cup of it into the bowl, & mix well (especially if you've used shortening; stir until it melts).

in the meantime, you have put 1 package (or 1 tbsp) of yeast in 1/2 cup warm water. now put three-fourths of a cup of cold water in a bowl & stir. this ought to make it lukewarm enough to dump in the dissolved yeast. (if it doesn't, wait for 5 minutes). add 4 cups of wholewheat flour & 2 of unbleached white flour. alternatively, you can use rye & wholewheat, wholewheat alone or rye alone (but it makes really flat bread).

now remove the dough from the bowl & knead for as long as you can stand to. make 25 minutes a minimum, especially if you aren't using any white flour. put it in a greased bowl, turning it over in the bowl to grease it on all sides. let it rise till doubled (can be as much as 4 hours), punch down, let rise about an hour, punch down & put into loaves, either bread-pans or cookie sheet, & let rise one hour and fifteen minutes. bake around 350 for 35 to 50 minutes, depending on how moist you want it to be. brush the cooked loaves with butter for a softer crust.

Co-op Needs Help

HELP!

We all know that we want a co-operative store with lots of good, cheap, healthy food. And we're all willing to work on it. But the hard part is getting started. Some of us have to do some instigatin' and a little prodding and a little paperwork. And some collectin' of finances. And some searchin' for a building. So we gotta have a meeting. And you all gotta come! We've got some price listings and a few people who know what they're doing and a lot of folks to provide the labor. So let's get together Thursday night, July 24, at 7 p.m. at 1610 10th Street (right off downtown Fairhaven). If we're building a new world, we've gotta take care of our bellies, so please come!



With Love to Gayle Stuard: January 1947--July 1969

Then Almitra spoke, saying, We would ask now of Death.
And then he said:
You would know the secret of death.
But how shall you find it unless you seek it in the heart
of life?

The owl whose night-bound eyes are blind unto the day
cannot unveil the mystery of light.

If you would indeed behold the spirit of death, open your
heart wide unto the body of life.

For life and death are one, even as the river and the sea
are one.

In the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent
knowledge of the beyond:

And like seeds dreaming beneath the snow your heart
dreams of spring.

Trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity.
Your fear of death is but the trembling of the shepherd
when he stands before the king whose hand is to be laid upon
him in honour.

Is the shepherd not joyful beneath his trembling, that he
should wear the mark of the king?

Yet he is more mindful of his trembling.
For what is it to die but to stand naked in the wind and
to melt into the sun?

And what is it to cease breathing, but to free the breath
from its restless tides, that it may rise and expand and seek
God unencumbered?

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you
indeed sing.

And when you have reached the mountain top, then
you shall begin to climb.

And when the earth shall claim your limbs, then
shall you truly dance.

Kahlil Gibran



RATWIPIE MOLLY'S GRANDFATHER TALES

"Formerly one knew (or perhaps one guessed it) that one had one's death within one, as a fruit its kernel. The children had a little death within them and the grown-ups a big one. The women had it in their womb and the men in their breast. One had it, and that gave one a singular dignity and a quiet pride... And when I think of the others whom I have seen or about whom I have heard: it is always the same. They all have had a death of their own. Those men who carried theirs inside their armor, within, like a prisoner; those women who grew very old and small, and then on a huge bed, as on a stage, before the whole family, the household and the dogs, passed away in discreet and seigniorial dignity. Even the children, and the very little

ones at that, did not die just any child's death; they pulled themselves together and died that which they already were, and that which they would have become."

djuna barnes' way, the Baron's way, is not mine. I belong to my huge southern family, like it or not, and I think more often of rilke's way, which is my aunt ida's way.

gayle died in a car wreck, and whether she knew or not no one can say. all day she had cried without knowing why.

when my aunt ida was 89 and very weak, she passed out one night by her bed. "everthing got dark on me, honey, and i fell to my knees holdin on to th bed, and i said 'im ready, Lord,' but he didnt take me that time."

my father is 77, and so my aunts & uncles are very old people. a lot of them have died while i knew them. my father, being very southern-puritanical, would never let me see any animal give birth on our farm. he couldnt do much about dogs except kick them apart, but in general he tried very hard indeed to keep me away from conception & birth. on the other hand, he led me to death a lot. when a cow, horse, kitten or whatever was dying, he always took me to it & made me watch. it seemed to be, somehow, the one aspect of life that didnt embarrass him, that he could be calm about. and now that my friend gayle is dead, what else am i to think of?

"...And indeed that night he died. He had caught a chill the evening that Moydia left, and it had grown worse and worse. It was reported that the Baron was always with him, and when the Baron saw that Monsier X was truly going to die, he made him drink. They drank together all night and into the morning. The Baron wanted it that way: "For that," he said, "he might die as he was born, without knowing."



Oogruk Intestine Soup

Wash the intestine very carefully. Push the inside meat off the intestine with a spoon. Then take the meat out of the intestine and wash again. Cook it in a pot with water. Cut blubber into little pieces and put them in to boil. Add salt.

By Agnes Kiyutelluk
From the Eskimo Cook Book





"For their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges.

For their vine is of the vine of Sodom, and of the fields of Gomorrah: their grapes are grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter:

Their wine is the poison of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps." Deuteronomy 32:31-33

OR

"To thine own self be true..."

W. Shakespeare

Once upon a time in the Kingdom of Capital, there lived a fair prince with long golden locks, a charming smile and the finest of threads. The prince was hailed the kingdom over for his quick wit and hearty coffers, and his name was known to every ear as sunlight is to witch's night.

The full extent of the prince's holdings was never known, but all knew by the beauty and strength of Capital Castle that the prince was in full contention for the Throne.

As in other lands, Capital Kingdom was host to yearly Games of archetypal festivity where the strongest and most popular knights and wizards would meet on the field of honor for displays of battle skills and esoteric fortitude. The prince, as a favor to the people of the land, would send his messengers out to the far corners of the world to beseech in behalf of his kingdom the presence of the grandest knights and wizards at the Games. And so great were the Capital Games that one year the Most Holy Merlin Himself agreed to appear (literally) before the thousands of loyal subjects.

As soon as the word of Merlin's commitment was presented to the kingdom, the people rejoiced in anticipation of his presence and the prince rejoiced too.

But the prince's acclamations were of a different tone. "Since Merlin is such a grand figure," thought the prince, "the people of the kingdom would surely not object to honoring me for having brought him here. Methinks I'll place my knights about the field to send away ungrateful subjects who would not bear me honor by golden coin or two."

So the prince, contented unto himself with his plan, spent his days in making arrangements for the Games and his nights in dreamful anticipation of the Throne.

Finally, on the Day of the Games, all was ready -- the field was soothed with finest turf, the banners were hung in multitude, the guilds were present with their goods, birds sang to a cloudless sky, and the prince's knights were stationed in two's all about the area with large pots that were inscribed with these words: "Merlin Here Today -- One Showing Only"

As the thousands of subjects started arriving, many were offended by the prince's knights who demanded payment before passing. Many could not pay and were turned away and the rest reluctantly paid amidst great grumbling and hesitation.

And as the people took the stands, their clamor rose to such heights that the prince came out on the field to announce that Merlin would arrive at any moment in hopes of soothing over the difficulty. But the words were scarcely out of his mouth when Merlin did appear amidst a tremendous clap of thunderous confusion and smoke.

Merlin stood for a moment enshrined by a beautiful array of color as he sized up the situation and picked up on the vibes of the people.

Then with a swish of his magic wand he turned the gold laden pots into long banquet tables complete with wine and feast for the people's enjoyment.

The crowd cheered and the startled prince gasped in horror as he started towards Merlin with drawn sword.

With another swish of his magic wand Merlin transformed the fuming prince into a fat, pink pig, saying:

"God of East and God of West
Lord of making money best
Least we lack in what we dine
Turn fair prince to tasty swine."

So the people had a feast in remembrance of the prince, the Games went on in great festivity and Merlin entertained well into the night with the most phenomenal of parlor tricks.

After a warning from Merlin to keep an eye out for greedy princes who would exploit everyone for their own personal fortunes, all the people went back to their homes to live happily ever after.

Moral -- Power of the people makes pigs out of princes and good out of ill-gained gold.

OR

"... be sure your sin will find you out."

Numbers 32:23

Anyone desiring a ministry with the Universal Life Church can obtain minister's credentials that are legally sanctioned by the State by writing to: Universal Life Church, 1766 Poland Road, Modesto, Calif. 95351

The Universal Life minister's credentials entitle you to all the rights and privileges afforded by the State. Marry people, ordain other ministers, dedicate, baptize, sanctify, ride airplanes half fare, perform last rights and call upon the name of the lord. Be the first on your block.

STAFF

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Articles of incorporation pending under auspices of the Universal Life Church.

Member--Underground Press Syndicate

To the brothers aboard ship 448, U.S. Navy

Man, I am a black face revolutionary, and today
some black brothers came marching up on campus
all grouped together in their dark blue uniforms.
Man, they were clean, shoes shining with spit and
polish-- looking for a good time.
Yes! we the cool black revolution stood around
not knowing how to act.
Just stood there with our tongues hanging out.
Why did we not welcome the brothers into the fold?
The only thing I can do now is to say, Sorry to
the brothers on ship 448.

bill a. little

Trying to be is not Being...
Trying to love is not Loving...
Trying to live is not Living, Loving,
or Being.

but it is (!) Trying.
Aren't you glad we all ARE
?!

kenneth fox

CYNTHIA

*I think that you are all...
pink flowers,
every minute, though,
a different season--
the music is your rain.*

*You sketching tonight,
me laughing,
the music pouring love
into the changes
of your lines--
I live among your colors.*

frank kathman



HIP POCRATES



by eugene schoenfeld m.d.

QUESTION: What are the potential dangers of the new "3-way" tablets (mostly mescaline plus a little LSD and a wee bit of cocaine)?

One of my friends got stoned wild for 9 hours on this but spent the last 3 hours on the john. What's coming off?

ANSWER: Maybe your friend's intestinal lining. How can you be sure of the purity of these drugs? Or the dosage? Or even that they're the drugs you believe them to be?

QUESTION: My wife had a baby 2 months ago and is breast-feeding her, which we both wanted. The problem is that my wife doesn't want to make love, though she always really liked to before.

I think it's because she is nursing but she doesn't think so. Breast-feeding means a lot to her so we are reluctant to stop.

Could you please tell us if you've ever heard of sexual desire being affected by nursing? Please hurry - I'm getting awful horny.

ANSWER: The opposite reaction is usually the case for both mother and father. You and your wife should feel free to discuss this matter frankly with each other. A talk with your family doctor together or separately would be very useful.

Breastfeeding can be one of the most satisfying experiences in the lives of both mother and father - and don't forget baby. Detailed information about breastfeeding may be obtained by writing to La Leche League International, Inc., 3332 Rose Street, Franklin Park, Illinois.

QUESTION: There is a painting by Rubins of an old man at the breast of a buxom blond (plate L111 - Mysteries of Sex - Waldemar). It is said that a young wet nurse can help an old man to prolong his life.

Is there anything to this great idea?

ANSWER: His life might be prolonged but it's the container rather than the contents acting as a tonic here.

Decreasing membership and increasing activism by young physicians and medical students has forced the A. M. A. to consider some basic changes.

The weekly A. M. A. News has now become AMERICAN MEDICAL NEWS. According to a recent editorial "Every attempt will be made to give all sides of every issue."

Some interesting items reported in recent issues of the AMA News:

Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine and School of Hygiene and Public Health have banned the sale of cigarettes and ordered cigarette machines removed from their buildings.

The U. S. Air Force has banned smoking by patients in all its medical facilities unless written permission is granted by a physician. Sale of tobacco products is also prohibited.

The U. S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare has circulated a newsletter which estimates that 5 to 7 million Americans have used marijuana at least once. An Indiana medical association has passed a resolution condemning sex education in grade schools. The Daviess-Martin County Medical Society voted unanimously and urged the Indiana State Medical Association to take a similar stand. The resolution says, in part, "...whereas a careful study of the education programs indicates that their principle purpose is to further deteriorate the morals of our youth..."

Proof of a world-wide sex education conspiracy comes straight from Russia. Prof. Viktor Kolbanovsky of Moscow's Institute of Philosophy believes that sexual maladjustments hang up thousands of Soviet citizens. He urged the establishment of sex clinics throughout the Soviet Union.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 9002, Berkeley, Calif. 94709

Latins

cont. from pg. 9

raise his labor requirements."

By systematically ensuring that campesinos receive little or no education, the landowners maintain their serfs as did the feudal lords of old. And their power in the community is tremendous. Barraclough and Domike say: "In communities dominated by the traditional 'latifundia'...practically everyone is dependent on the land-holder or 'patron'. Public officials including the police and army are commonly at his disposal... Banks and marketing institutions operate for...(his) convenience.... Churches and schools must obtain the landowner's patronage if they are to prosper."

And the cynicism of the oligarchs is appalling. According to Gerald Clark in his book "The Coming Explosion in Latin America," one such Latin "fat cat" referred to the present day descendants of the Incas (the Indians) as "human cattle" and claimed: "Unfortunately, we Peruvians were not born equal and never will be." This, then, is the core of the Latin American ruling class.

TABLE 1 Selected Socio-economic Indices for 19 Latin American Nations

Country	Per Capita Gross Nat'l Prod. (1966)	Overall Average Life Expectancy (in years)	Inhabitants per doctor	Education: Sec. or Technical (% of pop.)	Population	
					Urban (in millions)	Rural (in millions)
Argentina	\$ 716	51	760	6.0	14,205	6,795
Bolivia	156	43	3,900	0.3	1,380	2,220
Brazil	307	36	2,500	0.8	27,380	38,480
Chile	556	45	1,900	4.1	5,010	2,625
Colombia	293	44	2,900	1.4	7,065	7,705
Costa Rica	405	50	2,700	4.0	460	685
Dom. Republic	266	45	5,200	0.4	865	1,980
Ecuador	237	49	2,900	1.5	1,500	2,785
El Salvador	281	48	5,400	0.4	1,020	1,395
Guatemala	309	42	6,300	0.2	1,205	2,775
Haiti	--	29	9,800	--	710	3,015
Honduras	230	47	4,800	0.3	590	1,165
Mexico	493	34	1,900	3.2	17,510	17,605
Nicaragua	331	46	3,100	0.5	625	840
Panama	546	56	3,300	3.3	430	850
Paraguay	225	32	3,700	--	565	1,060
Peru	295	41	--	0.8	4,480	6,030
Uruguay	569	58	830	8.1	2,245	515
Venezuela	879	49	2,100	0.7	4,515	2,420
U.S.	4400	70	780	approx 35%	140,000	30,000

Spiderman

cont. from pg. 10

being a super-hero's chick, plus the fact that at any moment some super bad-guy may find their Achilles' heel and remove said hero from existence on this earth (which isn't likely 'cause then who would be the star of the comic?).

Lastly, and maybe most important, is the problem of having friends. Early (about the first 20-25 ishes) in his Spidey career, Peter had many problems with friends. Most all of the people he could call friends thought he was an unfriendly, insensitive clod 'cause he never seemed to notice them or take an interest in them. Actually Peter could hardly keep his eyes and head open enough to walk because of

all the worries and sleepless nights he spent worrying about his aunt and chasing baddies. But as Stan Lee would have it, Pete has finally (in the last 10 ishes or so) started to get into his friends enough so that they may even be called close (anyway as close as the world's most amazing teenager could get to anyone).

Spiderman is the easiest of the Marvel people for our age group to relate to. He has problems-- an "apron string" type aunt, a dual identity (a place which many freaks and other fine people find themselves) and conflict within his peer group (we all know about that one). Stan Lee has an insight into the heads of a group of people that he shows best in Spiderman.

Pigs Pigs

cont. from pg. 11

counted. "Sivin spotted an' wan all black. All well an' hearty an' all eatin' loike ragin' hippypottymusses." He went back to his desk and wrote.

"Mr. Morgan, Head of Tariff Department," he wrote. "Why do I say dago pigs is pigs because they is pigs and will be till you say they ain't which is what the rule book says stop your jollying me you know it as well as I do. As to health they are all well and hoping you are the same. P.S. There are eight now the family increased all good eaters. P.S. I paid out so far two dollars for cabbage which they like shall I put in bill for same what?"

Morgan, head of the Tariff Department, when he received this

letter, laughed. He read it again and became serious.

"By George!" he said, "Flannery is right, 'pigs is pigs.' I'll have to get authority on this thing. Meanwhile, Miss Kane, take this letter: Agent, Westcote, N.J. Regarding shipment guinea-pigs, File no. A6754. Rule 83, General Instructions to Agents, clearly states that agents shall collect from consignee all costs of provender, etc., etc., required for live stock while in transit or storage. You will proceed to collect same from consignee."

Flannery received this letter next morning, and when he read it he grinned.

"Proceed to collect," He said softly. "How thim clerks do loike to be talkin'! ME proceed to collect two

cont. on pg. 17

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Pigs

cont. from pg. 16

dollars and twenty-five cents off Mister Morehouse! I wonder do them clerks know Mister Morehouse? I'll git it! Oh, yes! 'Mister Morehouse, two an' a quarter, plaze.' 'Cert'nly, me frind Flannery. Delighted!' NOT!"

Flannery drove the express wagon to Mr. Morehouse's door. Mr. Morehouse answered the bell.

"Ah, ha!" he cried as soon as he saw it was Flannery. "So you've come to your senses at last, have you? Bring the box in."

"I hev no box," said Flannery coldly. "I hev a bill agin Mister John C. Morehouse for two dollars and twenty-foive cents for kebbages aten by his dago pigs. Wud you wish to pay ut?"

"Pay— Cabbages—!" gasped Mr. Morehouse. "Do you mean to say that two little guinea-pigs—"

"Eight!" said Flannery. "Pappa an' Mamma an' the six childer. Eight."

For answer Mr. Morehouse slammed the door in Flannery's face. Flannery looked at the door reproachfully.

"I take ut the con-sign-y don't want to pay for thim kebbages," he said. "If I know signs of refusal, the con-sign-y refuses to pay for wan dang kebaage leaf an' be hanged to me!"

Mr. Morgan, the head of the Tariff Department, consulted the president of the Interurban Express Company regarding guinea-pigs, as to whether they were pigs or not pigs. The president was inclined to treat the matter lightly.

"What is the rate on pigs and on pets?" he asked.

"Pigs thirty cents, pets twenty-five," said Morgan.

"Then of course guinea-pigs are pigs," said the president.

"Yes," agreed Morgan, "I look at it that way too. A thing that can come under two rates is naturally due to be classed as the higher. But are guinea-pigs, pigs? Aren't they rabbits?"

"Come to think of it," said the president, "I believe they are more like rabbits. Sort of half-way station between pig and rabbit. I think the question is this— are guinea-pigs of the domestic pig family? I'll ask Professor Gordon. He is authority on such things. Leave the papers with me."

The president put the papers on his desk and wrote a letter to Professor Gordon. Unfortunately the Professor was in South America collecting zoological specimens, and the letter was forwarded to him by his wife. As the Professor was in the highest Andes, where no white man had ever penetrated, the letter was many months in reaching him. The president forgot the guinea pigs, Morgan forgot them, Mr. Morehouse forgot them, but Flannery did not. One-half of his time he gave to the duties of his agency; the other half was devoted to the guinea-pigs. Long before Professor Gordon received the president's letter Morgan received one from Flannery.

"About them dago pigs," it said, "what shall I do they are great in family life, no race suicide for them, there are thirty-two now shall I sell them do you take this express office for a menagerie, answer quick."

Morgan reached for a telegraph blank and wrote:

"Agent, Westcote. Don't sell pigs."

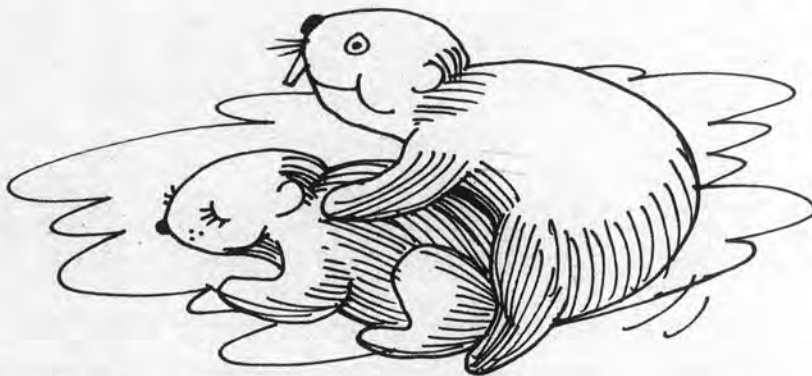
He then wrote Flannery a letter calling his attention to the fact that the pigs were not the property of the company but were merely being held during a settlement of a dispute regarding rated. He advised Flannery to take the best possible care of them.

Flannery, letter in hand, looked at the pigs and sighed. The dry goods box cage had become too small. He boarded up twenty feet of the rear of the express office to make a large and airy home for them, and went about his buisness. He worked with feverish intensity when out on his rounds, for the pigs required attention and took most of his time. Some months later, in desperation, he seized a sheet of paper and wrote "160" across it and mailed it to Morgan. Morgan returned it asking for an explanation. Flannery replied:

"There be now one hundred sixty of them dago pigs, for heavens sake let me sell off some, do you want me to go crazy, what?"

"Sell no pigs," wired Morgan.

Not long after this the president of the express company received a letter from Professor Gordon. It was a long and scholarly letter, but the point was that the guinea-pig was the Cavia



aparoa while the common pig was the genus Sus of the family Suidae. He remarked that they were prolific and multiplied rapidly.

"They are not pigs," said the president, decidedly, to Morgan. "The twenty-five cent rate applies."

Morgan made the proper notation on the papers that had accumulated in File A6754, and turned them over to the Audit Department. The Audit Department took some time to look the matter up, and after the usual delay wrote Flannery that as he had on hand one hundred and sixty guinea-pigs, the property of consignee, he should deliver them and collect charges at the rate of twenty-five cents each.

Flannery spent a day herding his charges through a narrow opening in their cage so that he might count them.

"Audit Dept." he wrote, when he had finished the count, "you are way off there may be was one hundred and sixty dago pigs once, but wake up don't be a back number. I've got even eight hundred, now shall I collect for eight hundred of what, how about sixty-four dollars I paid out for cabbages."

Flannery was crowded into a few feet at the extreme front of the office. The pigs had all the rest of the room and two boys were employed constantly attending to them. The day after Flannery had counted the guinea-pigs there were eight more added to his drove, and by the time the Audit Department gave him authority

to collect for eight hundred Flannery had given up all attempts to attend to the receipt or the delivery of goods. He was hastily building galleries around the express office, tier above tier. He had four thousand and sixty-four guinea-pigs to care for. More were arriving daily.

It required a great many letters back and forth before the Audit Department was able to understand why the error had been made of billing one hundred and sixty instead of eight hundred, and still more time for it to get the meaning of "cabbages."

Immediately following its authorization the Audit Department sent another letter, but Flannery was too busy to open it. They wrote another and then they telegraphed:

"Error in guinea-pig bill. Collect for two guinea-pigs, fifty cents. Deliver all to consignee."

Flannery read the telegram and cheered up. He wrote out a bill as rapidly as his pencil could travel over paper and ran all the way to the Morehouse home. At the gate he stopped suddenly. The house stared at him with vacant eyes. The windows were bare of curtains and he could see into the empty rooms. A sign on the porch said, "To Let". Mr. Morehouse

had shipped two hundred and eighty cases of guinea-pigs, and there were in the express office seven hundred and four more pigs than when they began packing them.

"Stop sending pigs. Warehouse full," came a telegram to Flannery. He stopped packing only long enough to wire back, "Can't stop," and kept on sending them. On the next train up from Franklin came one of the company's inspectors. He had instructions to stop the stream of guinea-pigs at all hazards. As his train drew up at Westcote station he saw a cattlecar standing on the express company's siding. When he reached the express office he saw the express wagon backed up to the door. Six boys were carrying bushel baskets full of guinea-pigs from the office and dumping them into the wagon. Inside the room Flannery, with his vest off, was shoveling guinea-pigs into bushel baskets with a coal scoop. He was winding up the guinea-pig episode.

He looked up at the inspector with a snort of anger.

"Wan wagonload more an' I'll be quit of thim, an' niver will ye catch Flannery wid no more foreign pigs on his hands. No, sur! They near was the death o' me. Nixt toime I'll know that pigs of whatever nationality is domestic pets—and go at the lowest rate."

He began shoveling again rapidly, speaking quickly between breaths.

"Rules may be rules, but you can't fool Mike Flannery twice wid the same thrick—whin ut comes to live stock, dang the rules. So long as Flannery runs this expriss office—pigs is pets—cows is 'pets—an' horses is pets—an' lions an' tigers an' Rocky Mountain goats is pets—an' the rate on thim is twinty-foive cents."

He paused long enough to let one of the boys put an empty basket in the place of the one he had just filled. There were only a few guinea-pigs left. As he noted their limited number his natural habit of looking on the bright side returned.

"Well, annyhow," he said cheerfully, "tis not so bad as ut might be. What if thim dago pigs had been elephants!"



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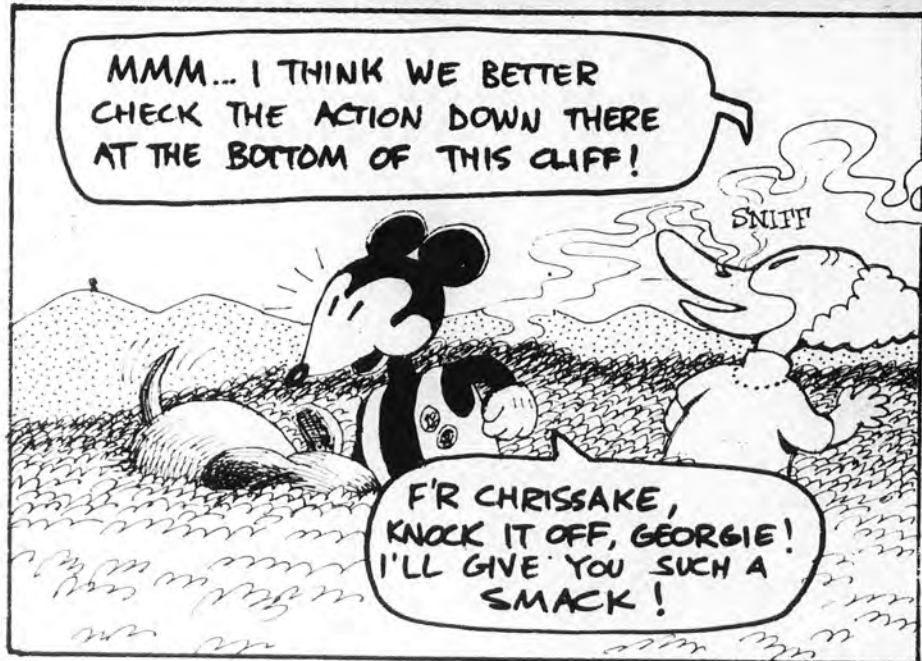
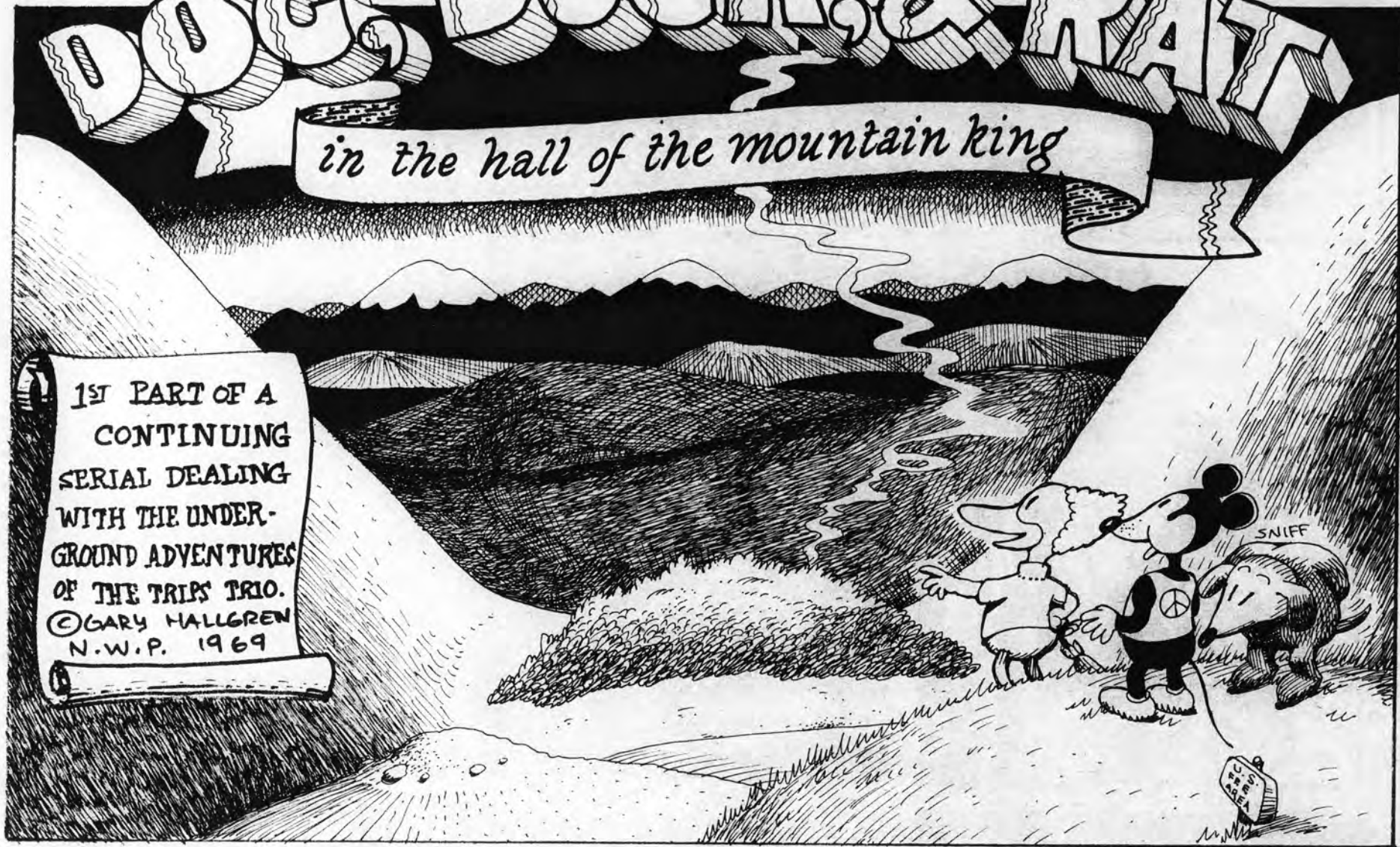
WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS.....
 TIRED AND DISGUSTED P.F.C WARD
 STOPS TO PONDER WHETHER ITS
 ALL WORTHWHILE.

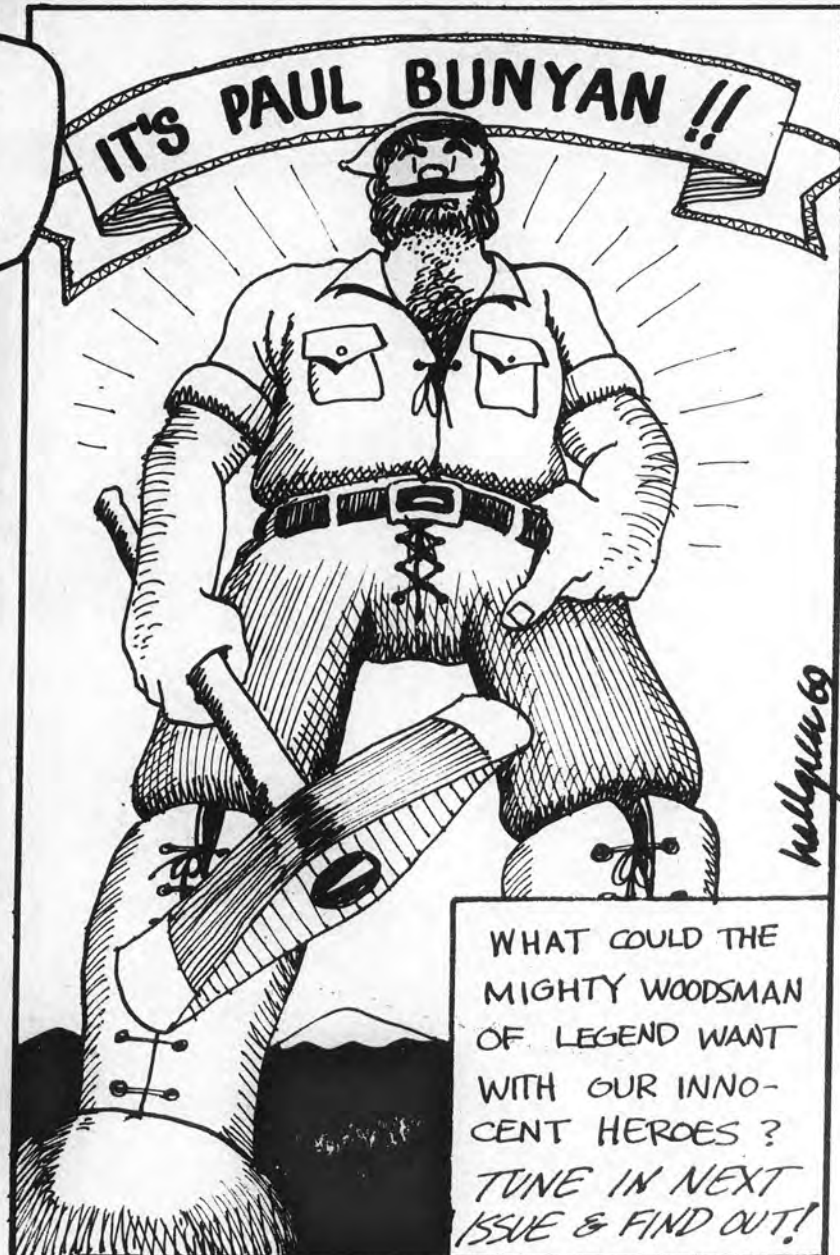
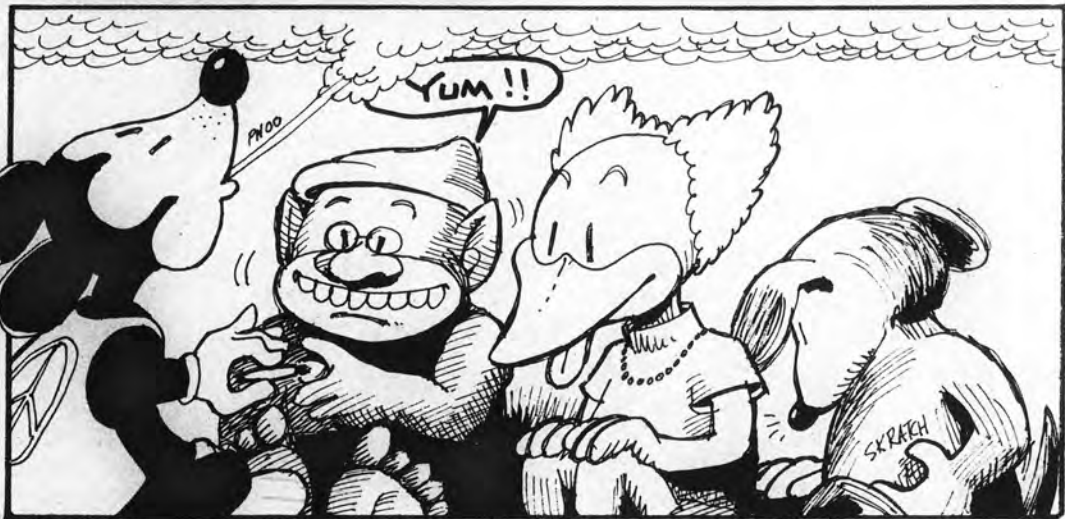


DOG, DUCK, & RAT

in the hall of the mountain king

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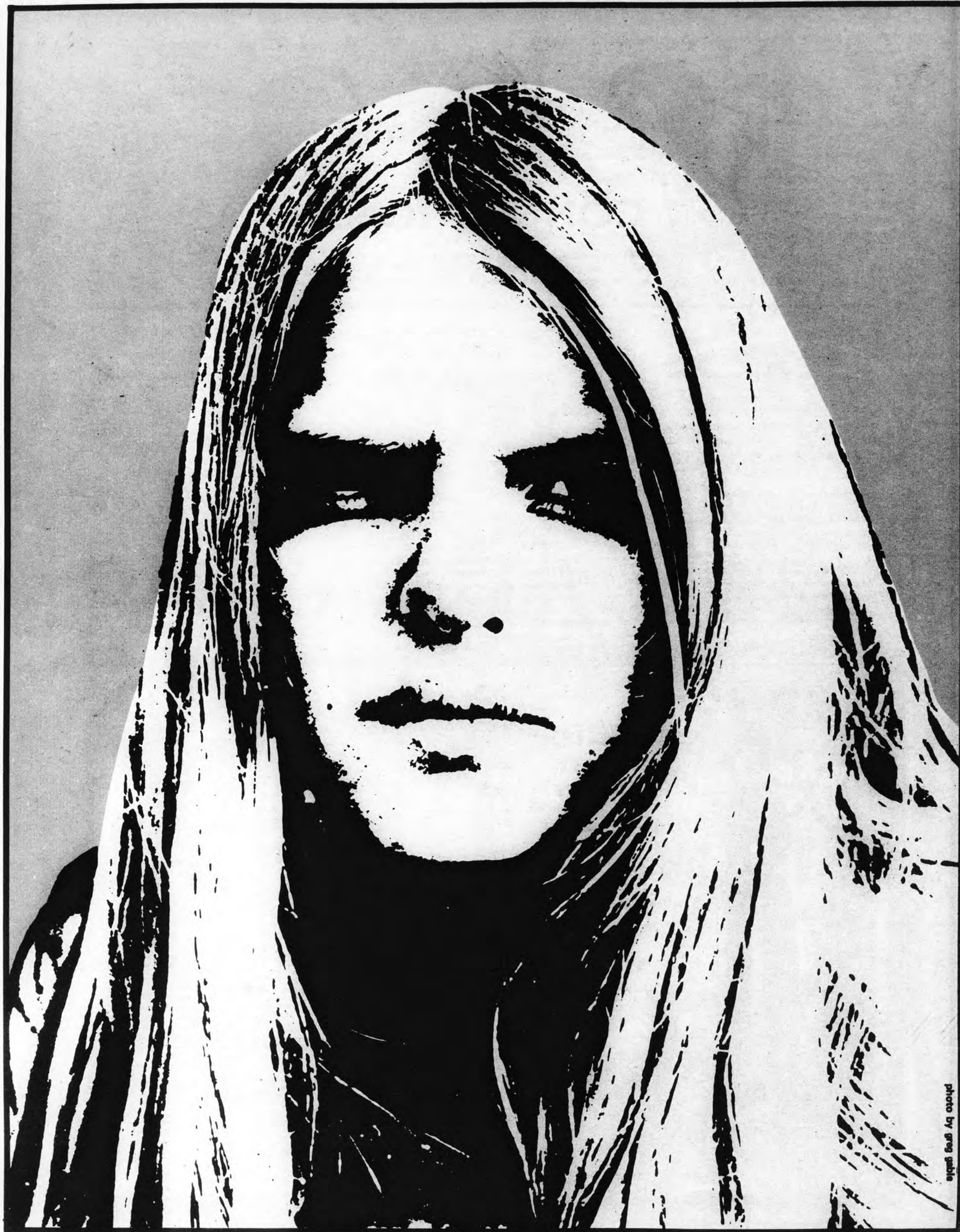


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