U.K. TANKS

The British are coming!

The Queen Elizabeth came to this miles of nicely ploughed land continent. David Frost followed in its wake. Now the British army blemish to the eye, and, because is moving into Souther Alberta. of the dust, forever a nuisance to After the Canadians were through with its tests on chemical and be around in ten years anyway, so biological warfare, they leased the Suffield suffering grass-roots for ten years to be uprooted by the What;, however, really surprises British tanks. The Americans are a me is the double policy of the little annoyed that They did not British. Aspiring to enter the EEC, get the assignment, because they couldn't they scar up some were to do the job in five years. European countryside? Or else, But, not all is lost. The Alberta why not ask the USSR for a mere government will be around \$12 thousand square miles? If those million richer when the tanks tanks are ever going to be used, it

move out. When those are gone, they'll even get the 1000 square back Forever useless, forever a the nose. But then, the PC's won't why should they worry:

will be against that nation. Then the British might as well get acquainted with the local conditions from the start. But no, the compromising British choose Canada. It is just about as big, but far less hostile. Perhaps Canada is still British, or American, or who knows? Russian. Kosygin will soon be here to look the possibility over. It could then be conceivable, that the Russian will have a look at the British exercises for the American NATO on Canadian soil.

The Federal government, acting in true Canadian tradition, got into gear to close the deal with the islanders before those insipient naturalists, conservationists, or any other dubious conspiacy against the profit motive, could get at them first. What, after all, is a thousand square miles of beautiful dust to the Ottawa bureaucrats? They even might consider to lease the residue of the British to the Americans as a recreation area for their countless inmates. However, be not alarmed. Your government will look after YOU!

Joseph Prins Ed. 2

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COFFEE

by David Schleich

The double-stemmed plant in my kitchen window blossomed again on Sunday. The new blossom is rich, red, celebrating and young. In its heart, fertile stamens and pistils. Tall, green and strong? joyous in its time. But the other flower, on a different stem of the same plant, older, is shrunken, browned and dry. Only a few weeks ago, though, it too was rich, red and celebrating. An important juxtaposition. Because in only a few weeks the new blossom, bright and brave, will have been transformed, will have browned.

For now, however, the two, one little and old, one tall and young, sing in tension, sing in harmony, all at once. Without the other, one is nothing. Without the brown, the red is not rich. Without the red, the brown is not gentle in its dry and lifeless vigil. And vigil it is for the little, brown, dried flower hides the signals for the process to begin again.

I saw the flowers on Sunday morning, as I have said. Ever since they've been teaching me much. In my world of affairs, appointments, directions of interest, busy people, careful calculations, shrewd movements, I seldom see the 'off' to my 'on', the 'brown' to my 'red'. And that's where Morgan comes in.

Morgan's my pet spider. He's been keeping a garden on my bookshelf for almost a year now. Sometimes he just clings there staring at the blossoms. Once he tried to paint a picture of one of his petunias. It was when I was thinking about the two blossoms on the same plant that I remembered Morgan's painting.

I can't catch the heart of that flower. You know, where the stamens and pistils merge, Morgan told me one Wednesday afternoon.

I was busy at the time but not too busy to show Morgan how to set up a camera so that he could catch it without difficulty and with almost guaranteed perfect results. No trouble with mixing paints and trying to reproduce something already perfect. When the pictures came back from somewhere in a neat little envelope Morgan wasn't at all impressed.

-But Morgan, I pleaded, look! look at that red, that perfect reproduction -why, that's a picture of you flower's heart if ever I

Morgan frowned. He looked up at me in that curious way of his, forelegs folded twiddling his hind legs, sort of whistling, moving his head slowly back and forth.

A few mornings later there he was again, trying to work a colour on his easel.

-Morgan, I declared, that's not the same red as the blossom, I looked at the finished canvass critically.

Morgan cocked his black beret and stroked his new beard. —I know it's not exactly the same, but it's mine.

I remembered Morgan's saying that I wondered if he and I were seing the same blossom or not. It's hard to see things during the

Vancouver (CUP) - The Halibut Boat Greenpeace today is somewhere is the Gulf of Alaska on the sixth day of its voyage to Amchitka Island--scene of a United States five-megaton nuclear blast scheduled for early October.

The 12 men who comprise the vessels crew intend to be three miles from the shores of the island in the Aleutian Chain when the nuclear device, code named Cannikin, is set off.

underground nuclear test in history.

Scientists 'eel the blast will set off earthqual as and tidal waves as Amchitka is in an unstable earthquake prone area.

They're also afraid the Cannikin blast will release radiation from the 1969

one-megaton est site only three miles away. The Greenpeace is expected to reach Amchitka by September 26,

the day U.S. President Richard

Nixon is scheduled to hold talks with Emperor Hirohito of Japan in nearby Anchorage, Alàska.

The Greenpeace 12 intend remaining at least 12 miles from the island until the time of the blast when it would move into the three mile territorial limit to take radiation samples. Also, the possibility of sending a small boat discounted.

The crew has taken along enough food and water and The blast will be the largest supplies to last for six weeks. Also on Board are some 2000 seasickness tablets.

Jim Bohlen, a co-founder of the "Don't Make a Wave Committee" which is behind Greenpeace says he is not worried.

About the ability of the 72 foot Halibut boat to withstand the constant gales in the NOrth Pacific - he said The Greenpeace whose actual name is Phyllis Cormack, was fishing in the area of Amchitka at the time of the last nuclear test.