



1969

# Ignite

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~~MEMO~~

54



HELLO, I am JOE  
PLASTIC. I BELONG  
TO A GREEK ORGANIZATION.  
WE HAVE FUN. ZOWIE!  
EVERY MONDAY NIGHT MY  
BROTHERS AND I EAT TOGETHER.  
ZOWIE!! EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT  
WE DRINK BEER AND TALK, AND  
ESPECIALLY WE TALK ABOUT  
OUR SEXUAL EXPLOITS. ZOWIE!!  
BOY OH BOY! THEN SATURDAY,  
JEEPERS, DO WE EVER GIVE THE  
GIRLS (YOU KNOW, COEDS) A  
REAL BREAK, WE GO OUT  
WITH THEM. Wowie! Boy, are we  
SHARP. I HAVE IT MADE, Golly!  
WHAT IS REALLY NEAT IS THAT  
WE ALWAYS HAVE SOMETHING TO  
DO, BECAUSE EVERY FRIDAY WE  
TELL WHAT WE DID LAST SATUR-  
DAY AND PUKE LIKE WE DID LAST  
FRIDAY.

DORNHEIM

We, the editors of IGNITE, make no pretenses about being unbiased.

WE ARE BIASED !

conspirators  
The Weed  
Janelle Hongess  
L.N.  
and others...more to come

WE NEED YOUR HELP !

Got something to say?

Say it.

You write it, we'll print it.

We need articles

drawings	send to
stories	IGNITE
editorials	522 Hamline
cartoons	Grand Forks
anything	

It feels good to be back in print. Sorry it took so long but we were hard pressed to find a printer. We have lost a little class, I fear...you just can't get the same quality printing from a mimiograph as from an offset press. Still we are happy to be back in print at all. (We love you W.M.)

Due to the extended holidays our spies have been on vacation. There won't be any local news in this issue. The revolution grinds to a halt at Christmas. (And I used to think the revolution began on Christmas...?) I know how patient our readers are...still, I didn't want to press my luck so I went to press with what I had. Hope you like this issue anyway.

Now I must ask for your help. It will be necessary now that we are using a mimiograph to make two copies of the master units to run off on the machine. I type very S L O W . If you type (at all) and would like to help ...WE NEED YOU ! There's not much money involved but think of the service to humanity...and maybe a couple of free beers. We are also in need of a few more spies...our network is somewhat weak. Do your ears hear things they shouldn't? Let us know. Become a member of the staff. A little fame...not much fortune, but lots of fun.

WANT TO HELP GET OUT IGNITE?

visit,

write or call

Janelle Hongess

522 Hamline St.

775- 7129

(That's just a block and a half

from the University Center if you  
want to stop over.)

## GI COFFEE HOUSES

By Donna Michelson  
from Mobilizer

Oct. 25, 1968

You've probably heard about the GI coffee-houses by now. If you read the Guardian, you saw the fine piece Barbara Dane did after singing to 6-700 soldiers -- most of them in beads and sandals -- at a 4th of July "love-in" by GI's and other members of the Oleo Strut "community." Or perhaps you saw some of the other stories that have been done on the project (N.Y. Times, Esquire, Newsweek, even the Wall Street Journal, as well as LNS and the San Francisco Times). It's now been close to a year since the first coffee house was opened in Columbia South Carolina. Most likely the last thing you heard about was a "Summer of Support". Now that the leaves are falling, you wonder what ever became of rapping and espresso for the guys with shaved heads facing bayonet training shitsville.

There are some differences: The name has been changed to "Support Our Soldiers." Headquarters are in San Francisco instead of Chicago. And Mad Anthony's Headquarters, in Wayesville, Missouri, has been closed, mostly because of harrassment.

But two coffee houses are still going strong; a third has just opened and a fourth and fifth are expected to open up shop by Christmas. For the most part, increased

harrassment by the Army, local police and officials in the towns has only gone to show that the brass is threatened but can't in the end do much. One information officer was quoted in the Kansas City Star, "Sure, the Army isn't happy about such a place. But it's not off limits. Nobody would want to take a bunch of raw recruits downthere and subject them to the Berkely Barb, L.A. Free Press or San Fransisco Exe press Times... before they studied their rifle manual. But that's just common sense. The Army isn't a closed society. I've got my own views. But we all have our duty."

Duty as seen by some local police and Army brass is not quite so libertarian. Killeen, Texas has seen a rash of trumped-up and framed-up drug arrests of Oleo Strut staff and GI friends. This began when manager Josh Gould was held for 3 weeks under an unprecedented \$50,000 bail on completely phoney marijuana charges made just before he was scheduled to fly to Chicago during Convention week. Even a Texas court had to rule for his release in the face of the prosecution's conflicting stories, factual discrepancies, and unnamed informers. But the coffee house is still going strong. In spite of the arrest of its editor, the Fatigue Press, a mimeographed underground

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Fort Hood newsletter, continues to publish. And plans are being made for a teach-in.

The staff of the UFO, the GI coffee house in Columbia, S.C., reports stepped-up interrogations of the GI habitues by Army and civilian investigation units, but at the same time tells enthusiastically of re-modeling, and plays being produced in the loft by soldiers, and a headshop arts co-op that will go upstairs. The newest addition to SOS is the Shelter-Half, which opened in Tacoma, Washington for the St. Lewis soldiers (Ft. Lewis is a major deployment point for Vietnam).

Meanwhile, four people are working toward setting up shop in Monterrey, California for Ft. Ord, and there should soon be a place in Washington D.C. for GI's from the many bases in that area.

For those of you who have not read or heard anything about us before, the idea is really simple: it is to set up a place where GIs can come and not be exploited, can rap with people who will treat them like human beings, can read anything from the New York Times to Vietnam GI and can hear goodm cheap entertainment. Nothing more revolutionary than showing them that they're conscripts, brothers, victims -- and citizens who still have rights and a role and a voice.

The project is so alive that volunteers are needed badly. If you want more info. and some reprints of Barbara Danes article or if you want to volunteer, give or help raise money, or you have an idea of something the coffee houses could do to be more

effective, get in touch with us.  
Our address is: SUPPORT OUR SOLDIERS

373 Green St.  
San Francisco, Calif.  
(415)434-1619



# NEWS NOTES

## ARMY IN RETREAT AT FT. HOOD

FT. Hood, Tex. (NLS) - Looks like the Army is in full retreat. There were 13 cases left to be tried of the 46 which arose out of GI's refusals to go to Chicago during the Democratic convention.

Originally, the remaining 13 were to be tried in special courts-martial, but when the American Serviceman's Union came into the fight, the Army sought to intimidate them by changing the trials to general courts -martial, according to Andy Stapp, head of the Union.

The Army announced on Oct. 28 that it had changed its mind again - special courts martial for all 13 - maximum sentences of six months rather than five years. Another victory for soldiers on the left.

## BEER BUST

Ft. Collins Colo. (LNS) Let them drink beer!

A drink-in was held last month in the student center of Colorado State University. While a rock band did its thing, 2000 students guzzled illicit suds, imbibing a blow for student power.

A week before, students had occupied the student center and voiced their demands to the administration. Having been ignored, they were forced to turn to the bottle.

The drink-in was held with the official approval and support of the student gov-

ernment. When the cops came and ordered the students to split, 179 remained and were busted. Those arrested were booked on campus with the cooperation of the university administration.

## THE LAOTIAN FOLLIES

There are more Green Berets in Laos than in South Vietnam. The Laotian administrative capital, Vientiane, is rapidly becoming Americanized. Air America, a "private" airline doing most of the Royal Laotian Army's logistical work, has a bigger operation at the capital's airport than all the commercial lines combined. Most of the air strikes are carried out by US bombers based on Thailand, just across the Mekong River. U.S. planes snap on Laotian markings as they take off on bombing runs, then remove them back at the base. Much of the bombing is against "North Vietnamese regulars" that is, Laotian villages where Pathet Lao guerrillas are strong. U.S. officials deny everything.

### THE MEXICO CITY MASSACRE

by Tim Reynolds

#### The Rag

Mexico City -- The fact that something happened at the Plaza de las Tres Culturas in Mexico City on Oct. 2 seems to have filtered through to news sources in the United States, but the extent of the massacre seems to have been covered up in the U.S., as well as in Mexico.

The crowd started to gather in the Plaza about 5 P.M.; by around 6 it had grown tremendously. Speakers were addressing the crowd from the first balcony of the Chichauhau Apartment building.

Fairly early during the demonstration it had been announced that provocation by the government and repression, were planned en route to Santo Thomas and that the demonstration would therefore disband at the Plaza without marching anywhere.

About 6 or 6:30 I went up to the 1st balcony to look out over the immense crowd. Representation of the general population was high - lots of workers, couples, families, children.

We were starting down the stairs again when it happened - people were suddenly running, yelling. It was all pretty incoherent, but it was clear that the granderos (Mexican anti-riot police) or someone had arrived.

We hoped to make it through to the outside streets and to get away, but at about

the second floor we saw two men in civilian clothes coming up with revolvers. We turned, climbed maybe two floors, saw an apartment door closing and ducked inside. Everyone in the apartment was already on the floor. By that time the shooting had started, so we crawled to the kitchen window to look out. The crowd was running, while soldiers - firing at the people - were coming in from the rear.

Although it couldn't have been going on for more than half a minute, there were already many bodies on the ground. Whether they were dead, wounded or simply getting out of the path of bullets it was impossible to tell.

After a couple bullets came through the kitchen windows, we left the kitchen and hid behind chairs in the living room and then behind a section of hallway leading to the bedroom, the only part of the apartment where bullets were not flying around.

(The official account presented in LA PRENSA, and smuggled into the jail later, conflicts with my experience on at least two points. According to the paper, the police were supposed to have come in first, to clean up the demonstration, and only when they were fired upon were military reinforcements called up. But actually for at least two minutes after the first alarm, there were no policemen visible; only soldiers advancing in attack formation and firing into the crowd and through the windows of apartments.

Mexico massacre cont fr. p. 5

began to shoot everything in sight.)

The sound of the guns was deafening and continuous, like a waterfall. In basic training in the military I sometimes heard three KD ranges going at once, but this was ten times the noise; the rattle of rifles over everything; automatic weapons of two sorts, one with a high fast sharp noise; the other duller and slower, and occasional louder explosions (grenades)...I thought. This sheet of sound went on for about an hour. It was nightmarish. What could there be left to shoot at, for God's sake?

Seven of us were in the apartment, all huddled on the floor in that stretch of all: the woman who owned the apartment, and her baby, two girls, maybe 8 and 11, and a boy of about 18, my friend and myself. The woman was in hysterics, her husband and sister had gone downstairs before it all started, and it was impossible to even get the key from her in order to lock the door.

After the first hour of steady fire, occasional lulls alternated with scattered bursts of shots. We could hear small arms fire in the building and soldiers - or someone- yelling back and forth about walkie-talkies and things. Twice we heard people laughing, but then the outside firing would start up again for maybe ten or twenty minutes.

Once during a lull, I got my nerve up and went to the picture window (or window frame by that time). The Plaza was littered with bodies, like leaves, the

soldiers stationed among them with guns on tripods and tanks. And then it started again.

Water started pouring in. The boy thought it came from the kitchen. He went out to investigate and came back shot in the leg. We made a tourniquet of his belt and tried to remember that it should be loosened periodically. But soon the water was three or four inches deep. The boy was lying in it, going into shock, I guess. There was nothing we could do.

Eventually we were lined up by twos and told to put our hands behind our necks. They then passed us down from landing to landing with intervals of time between each pair. At some landings they hit us, at some searched us, at some both.

About two hours later, after the firing died down and it became dark, two men in civilian clothes wearing white gloves on the left hands, came into the room. We had been passed back up the landings and back into the apartment.

"There's one. Come here."

"There's a boy wounded," I said.

They said, "Come here."

I started to crawl across the room toward them. They told me to stand up. I stood up. They threw me out of the room into the landing, threw me at the stairs and told me to go on up.

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BROTHERS FOIL FEDS

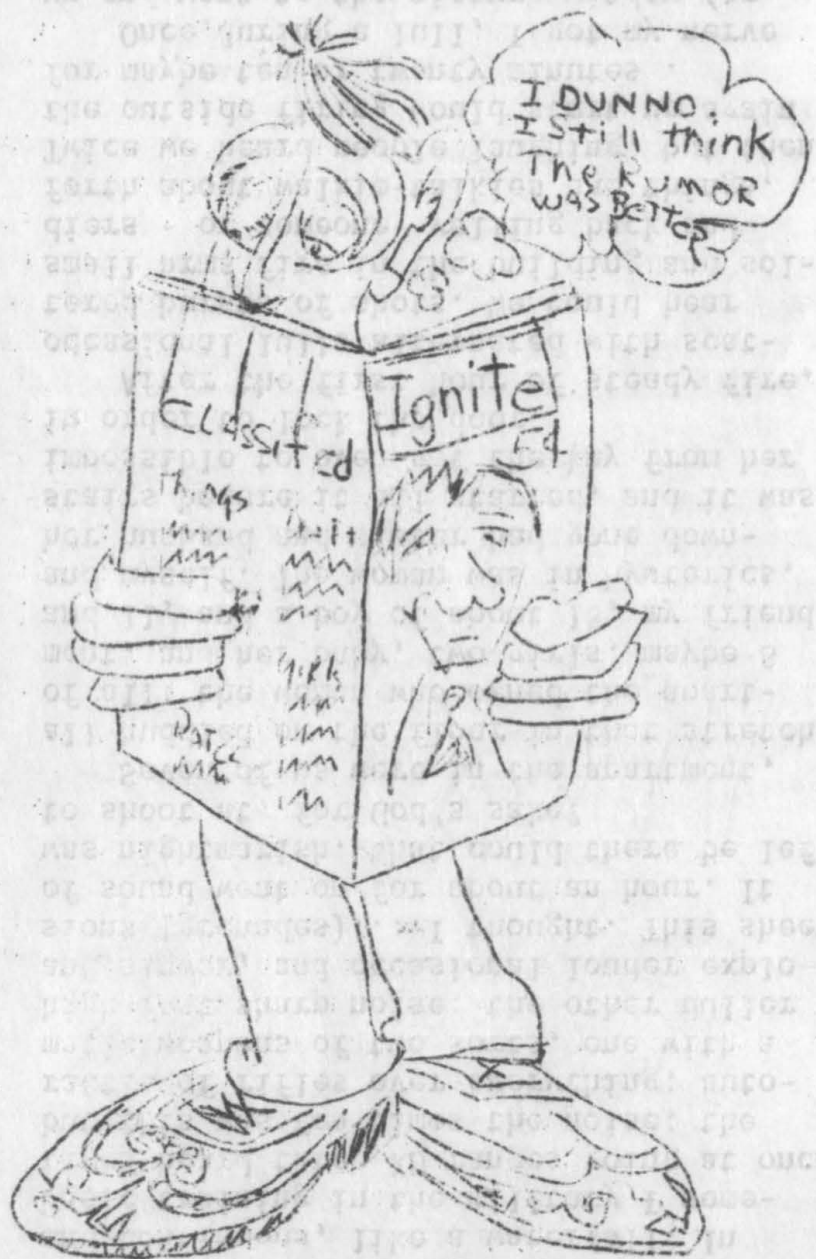
Bedford-Stuyvesant, NY. (LNS)

One hundred agents are scouring this Black sub-community of New York City in the hopes of finding a draft resister who got away.

On Nov. 6, four feds went to the home of Roger Abdul Latees, born Reggie Oliver to arrest him for failure to report for induction. After a struggle with Latees and two women, who pounded the feds with brooms and hammers, the feds finally managed to get their prisoner in handcuffs.

As they started down the stairs, one of the women told an onlooker to "go get the brothers," When the feds got to the street, they found themselves surrounded. According to the feds, the brothers had some weapons.

The action was swift. One fed ran for the cops. The other three were supposedly knocked down by the brothers and Brother Roger Abdul got away. Three people were arrested immediately after the incident. They are being held on \$5,000 bail each. Six more people were arrested Thursday for aiding Abdul's escape. He is still free.



In case you wish to read Ignite during class page eight is reserved for any note taking you might wish to do.

The preceding was another public service from IGNITE.

Somewhere along the line my Spanish-English dictionary was taken and also my tourist card. Sometimes they hit me but only to keep me moving. "Another blanco," they kept saying. I didn't know whether they meant a gringo or a target. The word can mean either.

I assumed I was going to be killed since there was still an occasional shot from upstairs. Upstairs I was searched, beaten a bit and thrown into a room with 20 or 30 others lining the walls. Then we just waited; they let us go to the bathroom and even smoke. The guards all wore white gloves on their left hands and carried guns, revolvers or submachine guns. (Students told me the white gloves were the sign of the provocateurs; when the trouble started, they would take the white gloves from their pockets and put them on as a way of identifying each other.) A couple of soldiers came at one time or another; apart from that I saw no one in uniform.

When we came out in back of the building, we were photographed and assigned guards. We were marched down a sidewalk with soldiers on both sides, a kind of gauntlet; the soldiers would kick or hit us, sometimes with their rifles.

We were kept standing for a while and then we started off once more. While we were crossing a more or less empty space an odd thing happened; I still haven't figured it out. Suddenly there was more firing. I couldn't tell where it was coming from, but you could hear the bullets whining through the air and

and ricocheting off the concrete buildings. When the firing started the guards ran us between two buildings.

The firing went on. Our guards - we were in a line of about twenty - seemed to be scared stiff. I was almost amused. I'd never been on the other side of being afraid of death before. And it seemed funny that they were still OVER THERE. They talked a good deal among themselves. First the prisoners squatted down; however we were soon made to stand up - I suppose to draw fire - while the guards squatted. Finally some soldiers came along and smashed the glass door on a building, and we were all taken inside and made to lie down on the floor. My billfold and loose change were stolen.

The firing died down. Once again we were taken outside and walked through lines of troops. These soldiers were nastier, going mostly for the balls and the pit of the stomach. I could feel the blood on my face; I thought they might decide I'd had enough, but it didn't work like that. I was thrown into a sort of pick-up truck with a canvas top, where four soldiers again hit me with rifles telling me to take off my clothes. They tied my hands behind my back. (Later I heard the same story from a 13 year old boy. He told me: "The two of us were thrown in the tank; then they bolted down the top and made us take our clothes off. Then they tied our hands behind our backs. Five soldiers got in and pointed their rifles at us and said, "Make one move to escape and we'll kill you.")

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After much waiting around, the guards finally took us off to Military Camp No.1. From then on it was just basic training, except that at Fort Dix you figure that if they kill you on the grenade range or the infiltration course, it will be only by accident. We had seven days of inefficiency and harrassment. More joined us during the week. The city jails were standing room only.

The papers say 20 to 30 killed. I doubt that anyone who heard those two hours of continuous firing could believe that - certainly no one who saw the soldiers wading into the crowd while shooting from the hip. But accurate statistics are impossible to find; reporters and photographers were arrested and held incommunicade along with everyone else. Apparently no one was permitted to see the Plaze after the action, so I have only a few points on which to base a conclusion:

\* One of the soldiers who was standing guard over me in the truck said, "You bastards killed my buddies. I saw thirty of my buddies dead."

\* Later, a lieutenant colonel told me in jail: "We went in with orders to fire at discretion. Later we were ordered to take ten for one and we did it."

\* Also in jail a first lieutenant gave me a figure of about "500 of you communists."

\* A South American student, who'd spent the entire two hours face down in the middle of the Plaza trying to cover himself with the bodies of an old man and

woman, told me that when he got up and looked around "there were hundreds of dead people."

The question of snipers is at least as difficult to determine. As I said before, there hardly seemed time for the soldiers to recognize the existence of snipers. The fire certainly seemed to be directed less at snipers than at the crowd. There was saturation firing at the entire apartment building. The soldiers I saw initially were advancing across the Plaza, not taking cover. And those I later saw were stationed, again, in the open.

On the other hand, the only significant member of the student movement I spoke to while I was in jail said, when I asked him, whether there had in fact been snipers, "I guess there might have been. But they weren't our people. We had the University back."

We talked a lot about it in jail. One thought kept coming back to me: there had been so many units involved - granderos, police, traffic police, soldiers, secret service. Within a few seconds of the initial warning, a number of us, myself included, had seen secret service people heading up the stairs for the balcony from which people were delivering speeches. These government agents had been firing guns. Thus, although it was fairly obvious that the whole thing worked according to a rigid time table - the assumption being that at the heart of it was an attempt to cut off and capture the leaders of the student movement on

cont. on page 11

the balcony - there was a good possibility that groups of government agents had been shooting at each other. At least one student saw a guante blanco on the balcony emptying his revolver into the crowd. He might easily have been taken for a sniper.

Whether the slaughter was planned (and it would make sense to a Diaz Ordaz to attempt to make sure that no one, ever, would go near another demonstration) or whether it was a result of tension or an accident, I suppose no one will ever be able to say. I myself, am very much afraid that it was planned to happen as it happened.

end.

They Vs. Them

by Mike Shahane

Walls are covered with a substance which has countless eyes. They see in their own special way and have some kind of network connecting one to the other. Occasionally there are cracks which probably came about in the process of speaking or trying to. People don't listen but they could. They could -- they could do anything, they could -- but then someone once told me, there are no they only them! And yet someone else said that, there are they - but they are controlled by them. Whichever, both seem to me to be depressing so I'll go back to the walls and if -- yes if I listen and am allowed to hear then they, and not them, will win out -- this is how it

The following is part of an article from the publication Phylum's of Life which is edited and published by UND student Eunice Wages, Warren, Minn.

Local Board No. 46  
Hennipen County  
430 New U.S. Courthouse  
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401

Gentlemen:

I, the undersigned, as a Christian Catholic Pacifist, am returning to you both my SSS Registration Certificate (21 46 47 175) and my current Notice of Classification card (2-S). For me, this is a truly religious act, indeed a conscientious Christian act. I am no longer able, if I am to exemplify and actually live Christ's message of love and peace toward every human being, to comply in any way with the unjust and prejudicial system of conscription; which sacrifices human freedom and human lives in the name of Democracy. The works of War, that is the destruction of crops and land, the seizure of food supplies and destruction of homes, the scattering of families, the burning, killing and maiming of the living, all contradict the life of newness, awareness, dialogue and compassionate concern and respect for every human being which embodies the spirit of love which Jesus Christ demands of every man, woman, and child who wishes to live his message. To those who followed him two thousand

years ago, and those of us who strive to follow him in the present day; he says--

Believe me, in so far as you did this to the least of these brothers of mine, you did it to me...insofar as you neglected to do this to one of the least of my brothers, you neglected to do it to me. (Mathew 25: 35 on)

As a Christian I must totally reject the war machine of the United States Government, as well as conscription (even a I-O classification since it is simply a "permission" granted by the SSS that an individual will not have to bear arms, would be against my conscience because it also perpetuates the war machine), and as a free man with a free conscience I must speak out against the organized violence which this nation is waging, and as a Christian Pacifist, I will continue to work for the Brotherhood and understanding between men and nations.

Sincerely in Peace  
Tom Koberstein

"Oh, that's very nice, but it's idealistic", a young co-ed said to me after reading the above statement to which I had attached my draft card both of which I was about to return to the government in the act of public resistance.

"You sound like you are trying to be a martyr; you know, with going to jail and everything," remarked a friend who added he didn't have to worry about the draft as long as he stayed in school.

"Do you think I like the idea of having a criminal for a son? What about the family name?" pleaded my father, who

felt he was giving in somewhat when he quieted down to an "I just don't see why you had to do that."

"And I suppose when the Communists are taking over the United States, you'll sit on your ass and let them! Hell, ya gotta fight!! We've always had to fight and now you are saying you won't fight. Where in the hell did you get that idea?" shouted a university student who'd spent four years in the military.

These partly cloudy to thunderous reactions to my very personal response to Christian Conscience became the most discomfoting aspect of my resistance to the Selective Service System; to organized murder; and the the American government's policy in Vietnam. It was discomfoting not because of the opposition to my act, but because it was reaction and not response. For the coed it seemed simply her way of making conversation which is all words and no thought; a purely intentional time passer. For my father it seemed a poorly thought out expression of concern; perhaps it was all he could say. For the veteran, it was emotion at the boiling point. None could lay aside first impressions and look at me. None could humble themselves to becoming involved in quiet open dialogue. The discomfort lasted and the decision to commit civil disobedience was strengthened rather than weakened by reactionary opposition. I discovered that struggling to be a disciple of Jesus bore immense responsibility; I began to feel that the cost of discipleship was and would be most

painful.

But I felt much strength in my decision to resist the draft and found a wealth of strength and loving support from the Christian Community, many of whom were opposed to the nature of my act, but who supported me because they too believe it was my duty to abide by my Christian Conscience which -- one could say -- took a radical path of development. Above all these friends and associates listened. It is certainly one thing to hear but the art of all is to listen. And there were many who did not share with me in the Christian Community who listened, who gave me strength and loving support. I am lovingly obligated to them; I am committed to them, and without them the path of resistance would be an impossibility.

The peacemaker, to my idea is an individual who is totally concerned with creating. He opposes people and ideas and institutions which seek to destroy. It should be obvious by now that I am not talking about tearing down a decrepit building and erecting a beautiful structure in its place. I am talking about nations; states; all legalize murder through war and say that that is how disputes with neighbor nations are settled, whether that neighbor is across the border or 5,000 miles away. I am talking about the Selective Service System which "channels" the men of the nation into professions and occupations that it can more competently "handle" other nations. I am talking about the military structure of this

nation which makes the absurd claim that it "builds men" --supposedly by compelling them to learn how to most efficiently kill their disputing neighbor.

I am talking about the industries which are getting rich producing such things as Napalm and M-16's so that the disputing neighbor's wife and children and house and crops will not remain unscathed in the struggle. I am talking about those of us who use words to permanently maim a fellow man, woman, or child. I am talking about those of us who fail to use words at all, who refuse to contribute one symbolic drink of cold water to a thirsty neighbor. You and I are guilty of destruction. Individually our power to - in some way destroy another person equals the power of one nation to destroy another. Therefore we can never free ourselves from the guilt of the nation. We can never say - "It's not my responsibility."

It seems to me therefore, that the Christian whose pattern of living is based on the new creation according to Jesus as set down by testimonies of evangelists must create first within himself, and then, outside of himself through, with and in others. This is certainly not complex Christianity. There is but one law and that law is to Love. And it only follows that since love is creative, love is peaceful.

But while Christianity is not complex, Christianity is difficult. It is radical living. It is passionate awareness. For after all, Jesus was a radical.

## Tom Koperstein's Statement cont. from page 13.

Jesus was what what today the CIA might label subversive, and Jesus was a wanted man. To his government he was a criminal, and he died a criminal's death. He placed creation above destruction, and suffered for it. To all of us, He says, "Blessed are those who make peace." He told them not only must they have peace, but they must make peace. And to that end they renounce all violence and tumult. In the cause of Christ nothing is to be gained by such methods. His disciples keep the peace by choosing to endure suffering themselves rather than inflict it on others. They maintain fellowship where others would break it off. They renounce all self assertion that is imposing, and quietly suffer in the face of hatred and wrong. In doing so they overcome evil with good, and establish the peace of God in the midst of a world of hate and war. But nowhere will that peace be more manifest than where they meet the wicked in peace and are ready to suffer at their hands.

To me, the symbolic act of turning in my draft card was simply a public announcement of my Christian discipleship that I refuse to destroy, and that I intend to create. It becomes in the light of the previous discussion a small step toward peacemaking. I believe it is a positive step, a Creative step.

Rev. Philip Solem in a testimony during August 6th Hiroshima Memorial in Minneapolis, Minnesota made the statement that the new word for nonviolence is development. It is our difficult task to develop; to create; to make peace, and to love.

I offer this testimony to you ... speaking for myself.  
I ask that you listen. I ask that you discern.  
I ask that you act.

Tom

Watch for the next issue of IGNITE  
for an article on Che.  
Viva Che!

Dear readers, Sorry for all the  
religion. I know you'd rather have  
sex. Maybe next time...?

Ed.



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