

SO-HUM REPORT

THE ADVICE MAN

Dear Advice Man,

Who should I vote for for Supervisor? A man owned by the Timber Companies who says what we don't want to hear? Or another cigaret-smoking ex-Marine, ex-Palco employee who says what we want to hear?

Cornfused

Dear Cornfused,

Hold your nose and vote for the cabinet-maker. However, if Harry wins try to get him on a low-fat diet and an exercise program. We don't want the governor to be able to appoint someone in mid-term, thereby advancing the political career of another conservative. WE MUST SAVE HARRY'S LIFE to insure a wide-open race in 1992.

Dear Advice Man,

I went to a "21st" birthday party last night and it was the total **"babes of Redway"** scene. After about four hours of laid-back celebration I looked around, saw I was the only "real" adult left (we can't count Courtney), and bolted for the door. Should I have stayed and enjoyed it?

Flustered

Dear Flustered,

"No reason to get excited said the joker to the thief." (B.DYLAN) If you can't be a cool guy about it then you did the right thing. Say good-bye to the

"babes of Redway",
sucker!!!

Dear Advice Man,

The Teen Center has opened and that's fine for the boppers to play pool and stuff but what we really need is a **HALF-PIPE** to skate board on, especially now that the **skateboard ban** is in place.

How can we get that together? Could the County help out with some bucks, like ten grand to build a really tech one? A half-pipe would get us kids off the street.

Radness

Dear Rad,

Sorry kid but the county is too busy planning to spend millions on a new jail so we can lock up riff-raff like you in a few years.

The Nation.

BELTWAY BANDITS.

■ Death Squad Killers in America, Part I

Col. Nicolás Carranza, an organizer and leader of El Salvador's infamous death squads, is quietly living in Kentucky near his daughter, according to an informed source who requested anonymity. Carranza, head of the Salvadoran Treasury Police in the early 1980s, oversaw the government's reign of terror in which up to 800 people were killed each month. Even Thomas Pickering, U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador from 1983 to 1985, once described Carranza as a "fascist." At about that time the Salvadoran regime attempted to closet Carranza in a minor diplomatic post in West Germany, but public protest there kept Carranza out.

The North American conscience is rather more accommodating. Carranza received \$90,000 a year from the C.I.A. between 1979 and 1984. William Casey was especially solicitous of him, paying him a secret visit while in El Salvador in mid-1983. The State Department has a policy of reviewing the visa applications of foreign nationals who are barred entry for the "personal advocacy of violence." According to one department official, Carranza's case was never reviewed. Thus he arrived unnoticed in Kentucky and is now free to enjoy his \$84,000 salary as an officer, still on active duty, in the Salvadoran armed forces.

NEW COUNTY JAIL?

The Humboldt County Jail is over-crowded. The site-selection process for a new jail has been narrowed to three sites. The Humboldt County Tax-Payers' league (lead by an Executive Director who is not shy about making blatantly sexist remarks and is encouraged by the affirmative chuckles from the governmental good old boys) has recommended a half cent sales tax to finance the new jail. Sherrif Renner strongly advocates the position that the Board of Supes declare existence of a "great emergency" to bypass the bid process and transform the downstairs minimum security holding cells into maximum security holding cells immediately.

Anna Sparks: How can we afford all this? Remodel upstairs for \$4 million, remodel downstairs, and build a new jail?

Wesley Chesbro: What is the emergency?

Sherrif Renner: We're handling 400 inmates on a daily basis.

Anna: We're going to spend millions on a jail that will be over-crowded when its done.

Wesley: Its a bottom-less pit.

Anna: There isn't enough money in the county to pour it into the jail system alone. We have other services we need to provide, probation, etc. What is the bottom line? How much can the county afford?...I don't see the emergency.

Sherrif Renner: We continue to search out every alternative. I would rather be asking you for more deputies for the streets and highways of this county. There is a bottom line some place-I'd like to know where it is....The jail population is going to do nothing but increase.

Wesley: There's an ever-increasing amount of

crime. We have to process these people through the system. If they're convicted of crimes they've got to be punished. It's our legal, ethical, and moral obligation.

Erv Renner: We must try to keep the system going without the intervention of the courts.

Bonnie Neely: This county does not want the Federal Judge in here dictating where funds should be spent.

Robert Hendrix, County Administrative Officer: You do have an existing court order. We're 25% over the cap.

Bonnie: 40% of the liability claims against the county come from the jail.

Erv Renner: Should we place the half cent sales tax on the November ballot. When is the deadline?

Wesley: Most of the voters haven't made up their minds about a new jail.

Anna: I'm going to ask that public hearings be held.

Sherrif Renner: They want to see inmate labor, they want to see inmates work. 200 of 400 inmates are doing work. We have one of the most aggressive inmate labor programs in the state of California.

(The Board denied the request to declare a "great emergency." The jail is over-crowded and medical and mental health services are inadequate, but thats nothing new.)

The Nation

■ Death Squad Killers in America, Part II

Did State-Department officials receive an Argentine mass murderer in 1984? That's the question Senator Tom Harkin is asking in a letter to Secretary of State George Shultz. The war criminal in question is Carlos Suárez Mason, a former Argentine Army general who lives near San Francisco. The Argentine government has conclusively shown that Suárez Mason was responsible for the disappearance and murder of some 5,500 people in metropolitan Buenos Aires between 1976 and 1979. When the government began prosecuting the orchestrators of the "dirty war" in 1983, Suárez Mason fled to the United States.

The letter reveals that in giving a deposition in the extradition case against him, Suárez Mason's wife let slip that the general met with Administration officials in the State Department in June of 1984. Harkin says that Suárez Mason's lawyers made the same claim in a bail hearing. Shultz has not yet responded to the Senator's query, but early speculation about Suárez Mason's host focuses on—who else?—Elliott Abrams.

THE SAINT OF HUIZACHE....cont.

I floored it down Hiway 57 out of Huizache on my way back to San Miguel de Allende with another load of Spanish-English dictionaries to sell to the tourists. The words the old man had said kept going through my head: "Get a van....start a factory.....take the people to work...you'll think of something gringo....."

I sat on the plaza in San Miguel slugging down a Corona Extra as the beautiful boys and girls giggled and shouted to each other; the pink-faced tourists began to congregate along the benches and finely manicured shrubbery so common in the gardens of Mexico. I dumped the empty bottle in the trash and made the rounds of the shops and hotels that sold the dictionary, collecting the rapidly falling pesos and dropping off more copies. With business completed I roared out of town up the carretera to the city of San Luis Potosi.

The next morning on the third fairway of the lush Campo de Compestres Club de Golf, the idea came to me just as I was about to hit a pitching wedge approach shot to the green. In my excitement I blasted the little white ball over the green and only an excellent pitch back enabled me to save bogie. I hurriedly finished the nine holes (the nice thing about Mexican golf courses is there's hardly ever a wait to play) and bombed back up the highway for Huizache and Matehuala.

I got back up to the Huizache area and stopped near the path to the old man's hut in

the desert. I weaved through the cactus and found him smoking a pipe in front of his little thatched abode.

"I've got it maestro," I exclaimed. "We'll set up a little tourist business along the side of the road. The people can make crafts to sell. We'll have bumper-stickers that say "HUTS OF HUIZACHE", kind of like "THE TREES OF MYSTERY" up North! What do you think?"

The old man took a slow drag on his pipe and handed it to me. I took a good drag and nearly choked.

"What is this shit " I asked him.

"Its something ,gringo" he replied. "Take some more. Now."

I hesitated, then took a few more drags of the strange-tasting stuff. Then the next thing I knew I was following him deeper into the desert, floating along behind him further and further away from the buzz of the Hiway.

"Where are we going" I tried to say but found it impossible to talk.

"There is someone I want you to meet" he said, as if reading my mind.

We reached the end of the plain and began walking up the barren mountainside. Soon we came to a large hut with a cactus fence around it.

"We are home", the old man called out."Come, lets go in".

I followed him into the hut and took a seat on the dirt floor.

"This is Esmeralda" he said.

She took me in her arms and kissed me.

"So you're The Saint of Huizache," she said with a smile." (To be continued)

FRIDAY NIGHT TEENS

8:00PM- Veterans Hall- the band sets up. 8:30- two teens enter and leave. 8:32... three teens check out the scene and split. 9:00- five more teens come and go in typical fashion. Meanwhile Redwood Drive is filling up with youth- there's hundreds of kids on the sidewalk, drinking, smoking, hanging out. I walk toward the theatre; a skate-boarder slides by and gives me five and a big grin. Another rolls by and its another five slapped out. I guess its my new role of **Mr. Teen Center**. I look at my hand- its covered with blood. Do you know where your teen is tonight?

9:14 -I head back to the Vets Hall- there's approx. three teens and four floor snurds. We take the cover off the pool table to create some ambience. The deed is done but still no one. So far over twenty teens have come and left because its dead. If they had stayed it wouldn't be.

9:23- I head back out onto the streets, meeting **Crissy** on the street corner where she tells me her idea about building a half-pipe on a flat bed trailer and convincing **Harry Pritchard** to take the first ride. We agree to get together next Wednesday at the "Spawn on the Lawn" trailer to write up a proposal-petition in the Airstream world of forgotten dreams.

9:27- theres hundreds more teens gathering outside **Calicos**. I invite a few to the teen dance then head back myself to the **John Hanes Memorial Building**. Its deadsville- count 'em-five teens on the eve of the SAT test. Some thing's got to be done...**why are we charging them \$three dollars anyway?** Oh yeah, to pay the band. But at this point wouldn't the band rather have a dancing

crowd? Its obviously time for drastic measures...

10:03- I take the stamp, hit the streets, stamp thirty wrists, and tell them they're in. I stamp the hand of **Maria** who hugs me but doesn't come. However, 17 or so teens do glom over and there we have it: a scene at last as Teen Center Regular **Chrystal** boogies it up with the circle boys from Arcata. There are intimations of thrash but I, the chaperone, am watching the scene like a hawk, ready to pounce upon any outward thrust of roughness. No problem, the crowd boogies into the next set and I turn the air-conditioner off.

12:00 midnight- its pumpkin time and the party's over. I sweep up the floor and fight the the ants for the crumbs. Ants and food go into the dumpster out back where they re-colonize in their ever-increasing quest to dominate modern man. The party's over, the band drives home up Hiway 101 and I am out on the streets again.

12:43am-I head out onto the deserted streets. Where are all the teens? At home or living it up at kegger beach? Its going to be a long hot summer but now the air is crisp. I head over to the bar to hang with the adults, thank Goddess, doing my recently acquired bar-fly extraordinaire number. **Sherry** is holding forth ofcourse, sweet and sexy and just what the doctor ordered. And there's stunning **Soma** getting ready to underwrite the world for **KMUD**. **PB** was there but he still refuses to do his Lost Angeles act for us.

And so on into the night **The Lost Coast Band** plays the **Beatles'** licks on the hot dance floor. Then its home to the trailer court and another week of my discontent.

■ The War on the Wall

The Vietnam Veterans Memorial is under siege. On May 11 a Senate committee, in a fit of misguided politicking, approved a bill that would place a statue of Vietnam-era nurses on the grounds of the memorial. The measure is based on the premise that nurses not killed in Vietnam are somehow slighted by Maya Lin's austere and beautiful design. An amendment to the bill stresses that the nurses will be the last addition to the memorial, but because Congressional sponsors of the new statue are treating the memorial as a Christmas tree on which every constituency gets its own ornament, that amendment is probably meaningless. Air Force pilots, Navy seamen and American Indians have already begun

clamoring for their own statues. The most immediate threat, however, is from the crew of artistic Rambos that tried to block the memorial in the first place, calling it a "wall of shame." That artistic judgment has been overwhelmingly rejected by Americans. The memorial's power to provoke personal contemplation, not propagandistic response, has made it the most popular monument in Washington. Robert Dornan, the crazed California Republican, has introduced a bill to place a flagpole at the vertex of the V-shaped wall—a bit of petty Reaganite revenge on the millions who like the memorial as it stands. Dornan's bill already has 235 co-sponsors.

- The Nation