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FREE

Jibbah

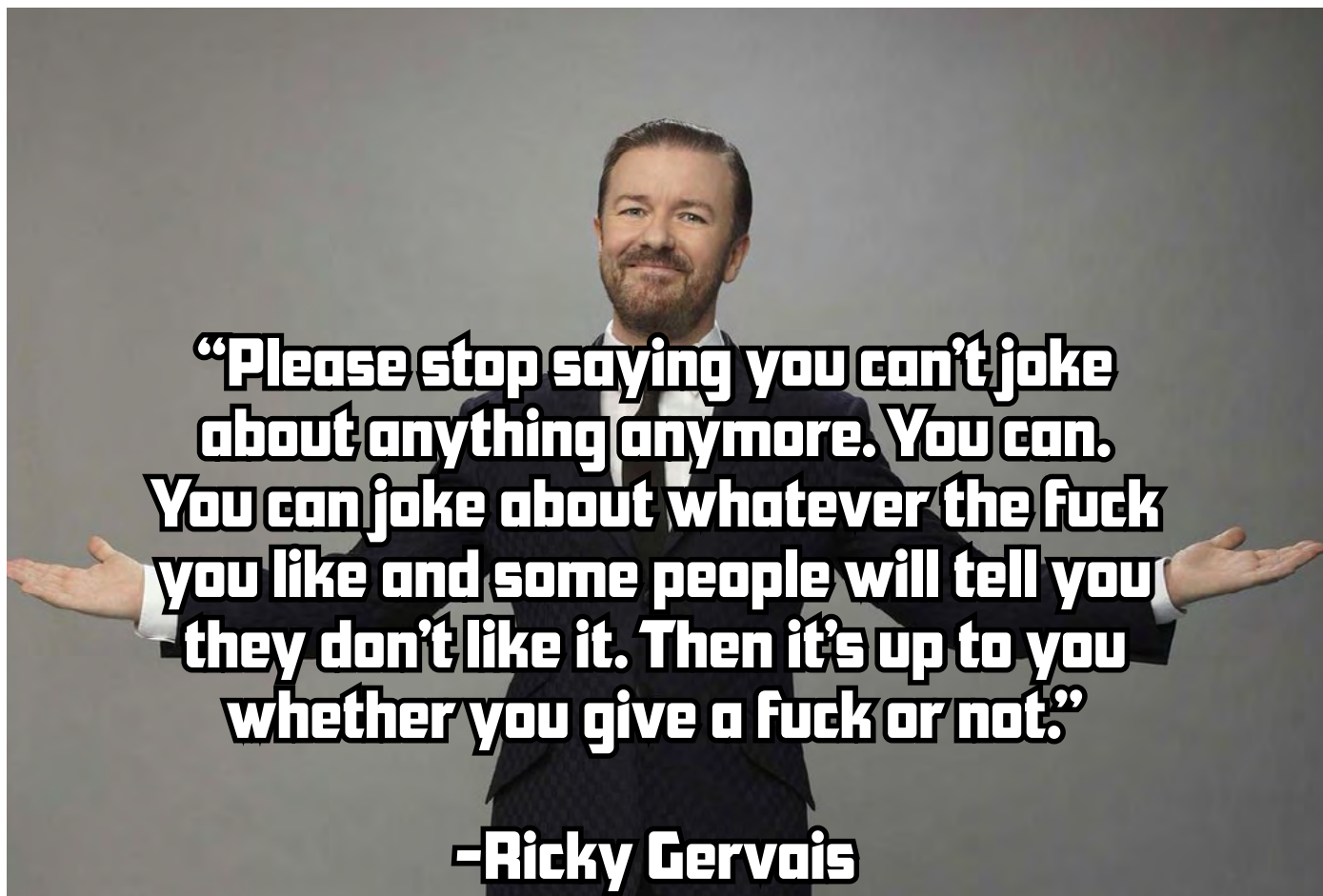
Oct 21

powered by Dove

magazine



**In case I
don't see ya...
Good Afternoon,
Good Evening,
and Goodnight.**



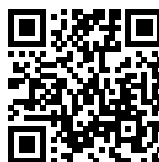
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Warning

Children and the easily-offended should NEVER read this magazine. There's weed, non-Matrix thought & very naughty words!

*if you find this offensive, please scan the QR code to the right...



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.....

Stompy doesn't like the taste of the snakes around here, so he's migrating to roost in the Liberty Tree, where he'll get to hunt fatter and juicier snakes. 😈



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FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:

This is the final issue of Jibbah Magazine. We WERE about to start having Jibbah printed professionally and start large scale distribution across Maine... however, we decided not to get locked into Jibbah so deeply, because our intended target has shifted.

Before discussing all that, we would like to sincerely thank all who took this ride with us; the artists, writers and all who shared their opinions and helpful information with Jibbah readers. Jibbah was a publication BY and FOR our readers. Thank you to all of you!

We started Jibbah to help bring awareness to the negative influence Big Canna was having on our lawmakers' decision making. We felt we had to do SOMETHING to stop what was happening. We knew that our legislators were being lied to about our industry, told that we needed (and WANTED) massive amounts of regulations because cannabis is such a dangerous plant to grow and sell.

Most folks in our industry didn't realize what was being done "on their behalf" behind the scenes. While we still have these concerns (about Big Canna gaining influence over our beloved industry), we feel the root problem of the corruption is NOT based in our industry. Rather, the root of our little problems lies in the corruption present at very high levels in the government and the secret societies seeking to eliminate our basic freedoms and install totalitarian rule.

You may consider this line of thinking to be mere "conspiracy theory"... and that's why we're stopping this magazine to start fresh with another one. The new magazine will be designed to automatically turn off anyone who sees the truth as a "conspiracy theory", and attract only those who have already seen enough proof that these are actual conspiracies, not just theories. The hour is getting late in the lead-up to the big fight for our basic freedoms, and beating around the bush here in Jibbah Magazine began to feel like a waste of our time and energy. We feel we need to attack the real issues, head on. If we started telling the truth here in Jibbah, we feel too many would consider the content "divisive". To this line of thinking I would ask: is a surgeon "divisive" after removing a tumor from a patient?

The new magazine is called, "Liberty Tree Magazine". It's going to expose the lies and hypocrisy of the totalitarian mega wealthy, who have come to consider themselves superior beings among all other humans on earth. We will show examples of what really happened vs what the mainstream media illusionists and hypnotists TELL US happened. We will

cover cannabis topics under the same title where the plandemic and vaccine debacle will be covered under: "Medical Sovereignty". We'll have a section where "rumors" can be discussed openly. After all... every new reality seems to begin spreading through the collective consciousness as "a rumor"... might as well attempt to get ahead of the curve on these things.

For those who have not yet realized the totalitarian reality we're facing... I understand completely. We, ourselves, once trusted CNN, FOX and the other arms of Matrix' hypnosis cartel. We know how easy it is to be fooled by their smiling, trusting faces and seemingly heart-felt "newscasts". And... we know that almost ALL of us are born into this illusion, this false reality matrix. No one can be blamed for believing what was engineered to be believed right from the first moments of our ability to think. At some point, just about everyone will come to realize what us "conspiracy theorists" have realized. However, that awakening MUST be organic, and MUST come from your own experiences, not from someone trying to convince you of these things. The entire World is waking up en masse. You're all invited to take the red pill and join in helping to free humanity. The tyrants are mobilized and pushing hard right now, all because they see we're waking up. They're trying to hurry their plans before too many of us are awake and refusing to put up with this bullshit anymore.

With Big Tech's monopoly on so much of our person-to-person communications, we felt patriotic folks—from around the world—needed a way to read each others' thoughts, opinions and establish a way to make their plans to defend their freedoms, without censorship by the Totalitarian forces of the Dark Side. We figured the name, "Liberty Tree" would be most appropriate. During the American Revolution, patriotic Minutemen would meet under a tree they called, "The Liberty Tree" to discuss what to do about the tyrannical pressures being put on the freedoms they had come to know and love. Our new magazine will be a tree where Patriots can meet up, without hurting the feelings of folks who can't see what's happening, yet.

In case I don't see ya...
Good Afternoon, Good Evening, and Goodnight...



Why Jibbah Magazine Existed:

- To help you (The People) fight against the corporate takeover of... everything, especially the minds of our most unsuspecting citizens.
- To fight against over-regulation of the Maine cannabis industry.
- To provide a megaphone for even the smallest voice.
- To inspire a fighting spirit in folks who would ordinarily not know how to fight, or who the enemy even is.
- To share valuable gardening skills so you can grow your own medicine, or grow better medicine for your patients.
- To provide a space where freedom fighters can come together, without the limiting effects of those who value politeness over liberty.
- To provide a bullhorn for TRUTH, that is NOT under threat of censorship by the Social Media Matrix.

Our family saw a need for a platform to allow people like us (people who get our world view from sources outside of the corporate media's constant stream of lies) to speak openly and freely. So we created Jibbah Magazine, from scratch. We want the best for every person, but many otherwise good and intelligent people have been weaponized against themselves and their countrymen. A majority of our schools have been indoctrinating our kids to focus only on the sins of our GOVERNMENT'S past, and ignore the overall goodness of the American People and the immense potential in ruling ourselves as our Constitution provides that we should. And while our schools —and ESPECIALLY many of our universities— are setting young Americans up like clueless wooden bowling pins, the Globalist media corporations knock em down by reinforcing the lies taught in schools. Our own tax dollars are being used to destroy our liberties. We The People are under serious attack.

Hold the Line

H. CHARLES MCDONALD

Listen Up!



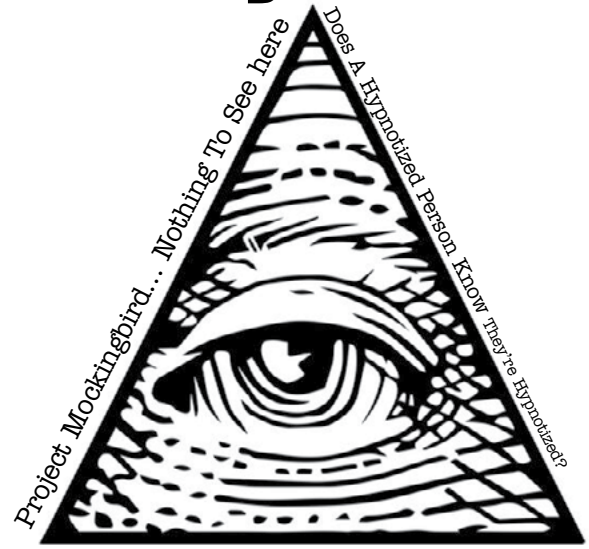
Kids Being Sold To RICH PEDOS is NOT a damned

“Conspiracy Theory”



Wakey Fackin' Wakey!

Things aren't as they seem



Who's Beliefs are in your head?

Does this world seem upside-down to you? Like everything that SHOULD be one way, is actually the exact opposite? If so... Congratulations, you have the eyes to see what's really happening. Practitioners of the Dark Arts know that a mirror shows what is real, but in reverse. They also know that most people can't tell the difference when reality is reversed and inverted. Now think of everything that is artificially fucked up about this world, and think mirror image. Try it. Easy to see how so many fall for this trick, every time.

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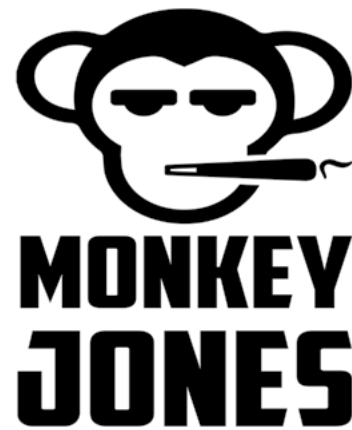


**PLEASE
SUPPORT
LOCAL
SMALL
CANNA
PRODUCERS**



If YOU don't defend against Big Canna, who the HELL will? Modern people have been taught—since birth—to feel there's no point in resisting the corporate rule of every aspect of our lives but... **FUCK THAT!** Insist on the reality YOU want, then work toward it. Support local.





...to stop crying and DO something about YOUR politicians listening a bit too closely to Big Canna's monopolistic and highly restrictive "suggestions". Email us your thoughts about the fight.
jibbahzine@gmail.com



HOW I DOSE MY CANNABINOIDS FOR BEST RESULTS

by Mae B. Amedrem

I thought I would start by telling you a little bit about myself. I felt it was best for me to write under an alias, so for the time being call me, Mae B. Amedrem. I'm the spouse of an active duty service member. I'm also a person living in long term recovery from drug use. I advocate and provide peer support for the recovery community. In my personal experience with recovery and cannabis treatment, I have had much success.

I started out my recovery "the right way" by seeking out medication management for my PTSD/Anxiety/overeating disorder and I ended up with renal failure and sepsis due to kidney stones caused by those medications. I almost died from the renal failure due to the initial doctor not believing my explanation of my recovery, and accused me of "using" when I had years of proof to the contrary. He refused my imaging (X-Ray) until, finally, another doctor came on (two days later) and said he was sorry for the others' lack of compassion.

I had been so sick that I had hemorrhaging in both of my eyes. I was in recovery from the two resulting kidney surgeries when I decided to try medical cannabis treatment. I talked to my regular doctor and my clinician in my recovery program before stopping the meds prescribed by Medication Management and I acquired my medical cannabis card. I wasn't sure where to start as far as dosing went. I had little idea how anything would shake out with my husband's active duty status.

From being in medication-assisted therapy for years at that point I was very educated on the concept of 'therapeutic dosage'. Think of it on a 1-10 scale... 1 = uncomfortable/pain/anxiety/nausea/depression, and 10 = Scooby Doo/Jay and Silent Bob/Lil' Wayne.... You get the idea. So the goal for a therapeutic dosage is right in the middle of those aforementioned extremes of 1 & 10. I guess for humor we can call

I tried "low and slow" motto of the industry and I found that for me—daily—I use: 0.5 gram flower: (27% THC, or 24% THC with 5% CBD, or any variations closely equivalent to that). THC/CBD together create a very helpful "entourage effect" and—in my opinion—I'm able to achieve the same therapeutic dosage as either example, but sometimes it's more beneficial to go with the entourage effect.

I almost died from the renal failure due to the initial doctor not believing my explanation of my recovery, and accused me of "using" when I had years of proof to the contrary.

Tested cannabis concentrate can go as high as 97% THC (higher possibly, but that's the highest I've seen, personally). The carts that come out with 76% THC and 20% CBD are equally as helpful, if not more so depending on the situation at that time. So the math from the carts mentioned would be based on a gram and

level 5 (therapeutic dosage range) Martha Stewart. hahaha That's where comfort can be achieved for many people.

I thought about how to find this range for myself and I started only shopping at lab tested providers. I found that if you take the potency analysis for a specific grow, I start with 1g (1000mg) of cannabis... and let's say that cannabis tests at 27% THC and zero CBD, this means that gram of cannabis contains 270mg of THC per gram. Now take consumption into account... My research has shown that smoking the product results in about a 50% loss in THC, and vaping is a close second with 30-40% burned off, and edibles (including tinctures and capsules) having the highest efficiency of cannabinoid uptake into the body.

adjusted to size by dividing the total. So...

$1000 \times .76 = 760\text{mg}$ of THC.
 $1000 \times .20 = 200\text{mg}$ of CBD
<- that's for one gram. Now, I personally use half gram carts, so we take away half of these aforementioned numbers: 760mg of THC divided by 2 = 380mg, and 200mg divided by 2 = 100mg CBD.

So now you're looking at a cart that has roughly 480mg of medical cannabinoid treatment. However, we aren't done with math yet, so that's the amount of medication in the half gram cart, but that cart is going to be heated and vaped—hence—leaving another math equation to tackle: Vaping results in a cannabinoid loss of anywhere from 30-40%. So let's take the middle of those two numbers and use 35% as our

estimated loss. Take your 480mg of cannabinoids and delete 35%. The resulting number (312mg) is roughly the consumable number of mg per half gram cart. To go one layer deeper, divide that last number by how many days you need the cart to last you. For example, I use one half gram cart a week, so I would take a sharpie and make seven equal marks on the cart to see the amount for each day. However, some carts have pieces on the inside (making those marks less than perfectly accurate due to volume displacement) Some trial and error will be required on your part, in such cases, to get those marks to be accurate enough to equal one day's worth of dosage. So now that you have done all this figuring, what's next?

Are you going to be able to call a dispensary and ask them about all this? Eh... not exactly, but sort of. You will call an accredited medical cannabis store/caregiver and ask if they do potency analysis on its products (THC/CBD percentage). Many places have QR codes now, attached to products, which brings you directly to a web page with the lab info and credentials. You would expect literally any other medication to provide a dosage guide to go by as well as facts about the production of

said product, and cannabis is no different.

I will forewarn (those of you who need specific cannabinoid amounts for your particular treatment) that some shops will try to speak garbage about potency analysis, and in my opinion it's just a defense mechanism because for whatever reason they don't test, but expect you to go off their words and their body chemistry to dictate what's right for your medical treatment. Personally I don't agree with seed-to-sale tracking, but I do agree to potency and accountability for safe, natural and legitimate products.

From the point of finding a shop that's right for you, don't be intimidated because they don't bite. Remember that you know yourself best and the industry moto is, "low and slow", and that's the appropriate way to do it. To find your therapeutic dosage, you'll have to start out slowly and after 45-60 minutes (depending on type of consumption) you can add more as needed Once you've hit a noticeable "stoned feeling" take note and then start to slowly dial it back to a place that's comfortable but without the Stony feeling, also. That's your "therapeutic dose". This is based off of a lot of research and personal

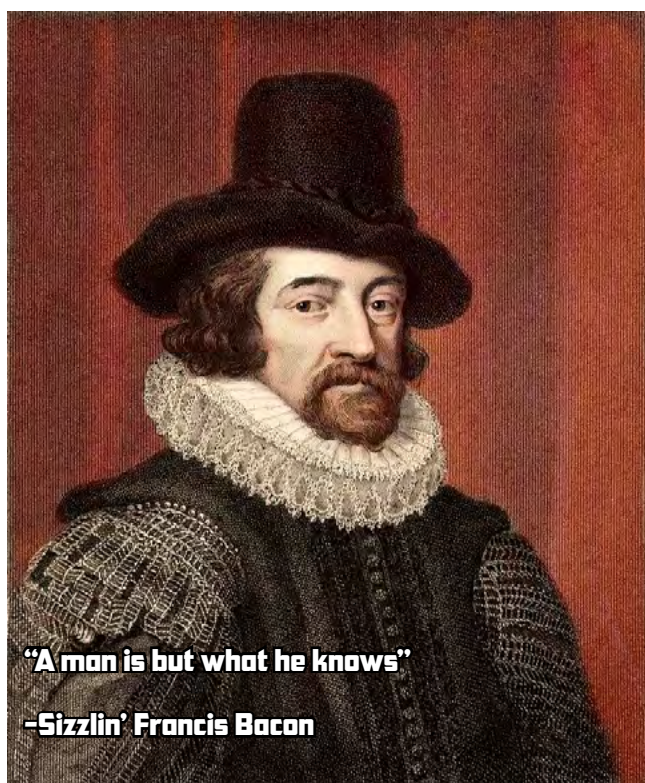
experience as well as trial and error. I'm fortunate enough to have had the time and resources to experiment with this a-lot; to find exactly what's best for me. It's worked for over three years now, consistently. Now, some will say something to the effect of 'terpenes' and 'indica' or 'sativa' and yes, for some people those are very important for taste and some of them do help in the entourage effects

when they're needed. I personally have found (for my particular situation) that any type of cannabis can work for me with the THC/CBD ratio I outlined earlier in this article. That's just me... I can say some taste better than others but I smoke cigarettes—and honestly—I don't notice flavors a ton unless it's 1990s style brick weed. The entourage effect is the use of more than THC alone, or CBD alone, but with them used together (and possibly some emphasis on terpenoids) I've found that I need less THC when I employ the entourage effect, especially where pain and anxiety are concerned.

I keep a bottle of 1000mg tincture on hand for when I have an episode of discomfort from my ailments. A 1oz bottle lasts me about 6 weeks to 2 months. I've experimented with adjusting the products to get the same range of mg with various products and you really need to find what works best for you. I personally like a variety but the majority of treatment I use is odor-less. I also keep flower around for when I have time or desire to go outside to medicate.

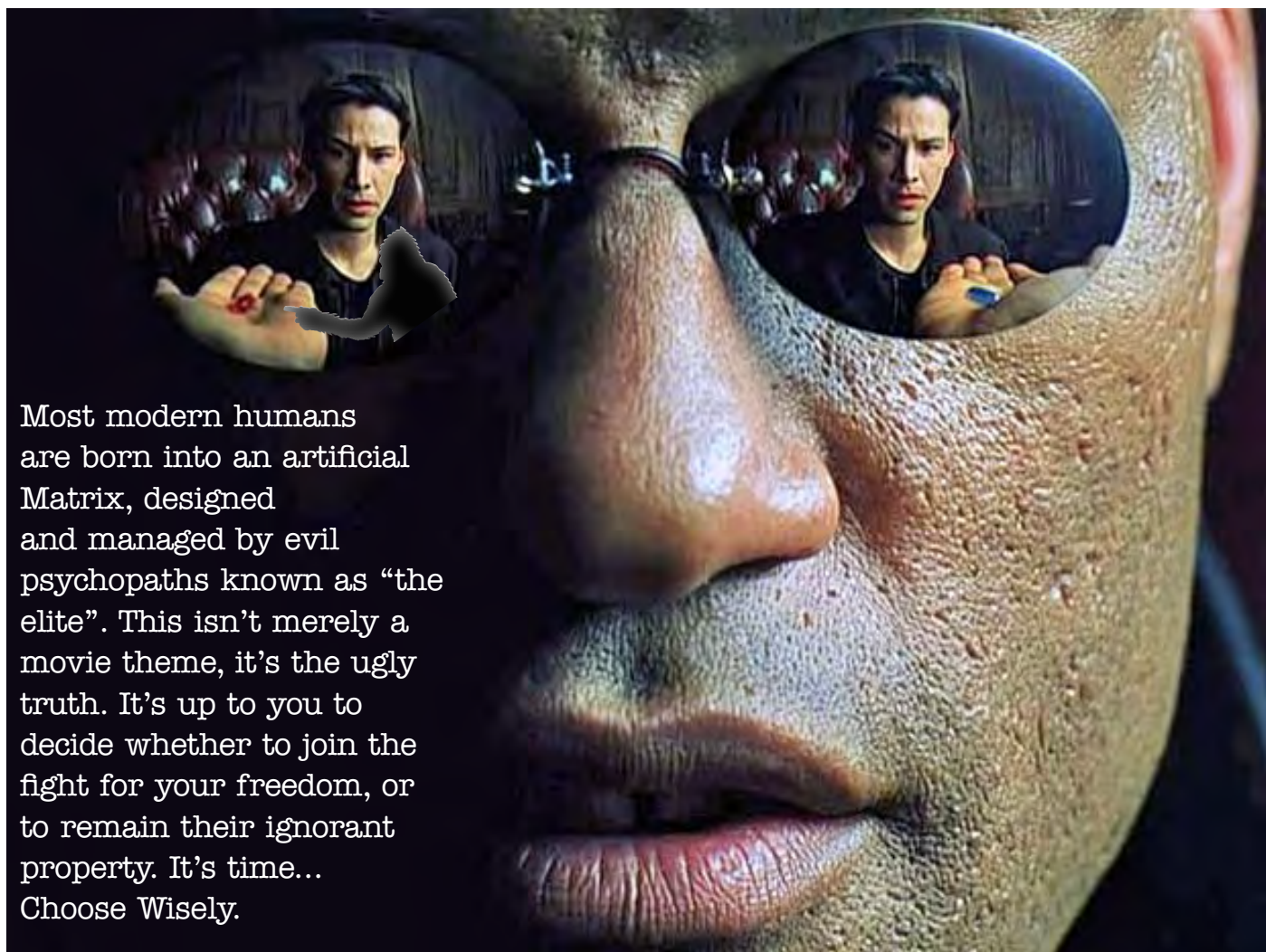
I've tried edibles and they are a little bit cheaper at some places but they just didn't exactly do what I needed. I do use THC tincture, which is far better for me, as I have a serious food allergy and a hard core brownie habit ;-). Also, I like the fact that tincture goes under the tongue and absorbs through the membrane in the mouth, making it a faster dose than by eating it.

I hope that this is helpful or even enlightening for someone out there in reader land. I'm so excited to have an opportunity to share my findings with the medical cannabis community. I truly hope that, as time goes on, and as technology, acceptance and research improves, we will have a more solid grasp on dosing for specific conditions, and be able to help many more people—globally—with advancement of this incredible plant. Until we meet under the Liberty Tree... ;-)



"A man is but what he knows"

-Sizzlin' Francis Bacon



Most modern humans are born into an artificial Matrix, designed and managed by evil psychopaths known as “the elite”. This isn’t merely a movie theme, it’s the ugly truth. It’s up to you to decide whether to join the fight for your freedom, or to remain their ignorant property. It’s time... Choose Wisely.

It has become apparent to me that those who seek to crush our rights as cannabis growers, patients and users, are the same mafia we ALL refer to as, “The Man”. The Hidden Hand. The Black Hand. Illuminati, etc... And when you dig deep into who—exactly— these sick assholes are, you begin to see a much bigger, nastier picture manifest before you.

Some choose to ignore this tough truth, some choose to educate themselves to fight. The journey to awakening is NOT an easy one. It’s depressing, it’s frustrating and it’s very often extremely scary. But without facing our fears, we remain their slaves. Behold... the Matrix.

~Crazy Composer



Did you know...

America has way more to be proud of than to be ashamed of. But you’d never know that if you listen to our communist, corporate media. Be brave, don’t let them get away with this any more!

Jibbah Magazine was designed
to help break the programming
that seeks to divide and conquer us!

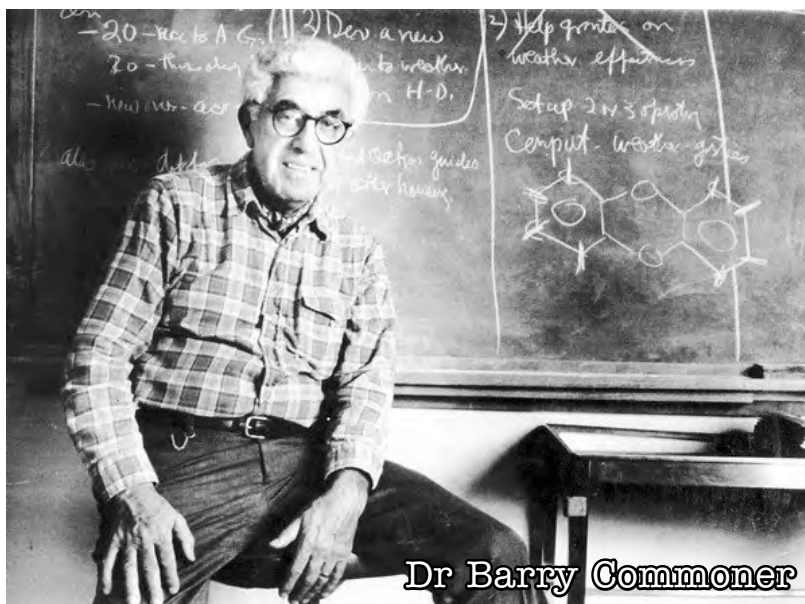
HISTORY OF CHEMICAL FERTILIZERS AND THE CORRUPTION BEHIND THE INTRODUCTION THEREOF...

by: Holy Farmer Yandi

Plants are the great middlemen by which the elements in rocks —converted by microorganisms into humus— can be made available to animal and man to be built into blood, flesh, and bone. Chemical fertilizers on the other hand, can neither add to the humus content of soil or replace it. They destroy it's physical properties and therefore it's life. When chemical fertilizers are put into the soil they dissolve and seek natural combination with minerals already present. These new combinations glutton and overweight the plant causing it to become unbalanced.... others remain in the soil with many in the form of poison. Most of today's killer diseases are caused by environmental toxins produced by our industrial society. Dr Joseph D Weissman, associate professor at the UCLA College of Medicine is a specialist in preventative medicine and immunology, discovered that nearly all the non-infectious diseases that currently plague mankind are of recent origin. These diseases developing during the nineteenth and twentieth century's and that the billions of dollars spent on research and newer diagnostic techniques and organ transplants and coronary bypass, chemo, radiation and all the various drugs have not altered the advance of the killer diseases but merely enriched the chemist and medical practitioners. Many doctors agree that the great increase in diseases of degeneration like cancer and

heart disease are primarily due to extensive use of synthetic chemicals in our daily diet, food preservatives, insecticides, fungicides, pesticides etc.

Poisoning of the soil with artificial additives began in the middle of the last century when a German chemist called, Justin Von Liebig mistakenly deduced from the ashes of a plant he burnt, that what nourished plants was nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium carbonate.... the NPK



Dr Barry Commoner

of today's chemical pandemic.

Lulled by propoganda, the world's farmers became dependent on German mines for supplies of potassium salts without which they were told that nothing on their farms would grow. When WW1 interrupted exports from Germany, prospectors located deposits in the United States launching American companies into rapid exploitation of these unnecessary chemicals. Experimenting with coal tar in 1856, William Henry Perkin produced a mauve dye from it's constituent benzene, producing the first aniline dye. And coal tar had further uses and was chemically essential to the

vast expansion of explosives.

German chemist Fritz Haber discovered in 1905, a process for turning nitrogen in the air into liquid ammonia. By 1915 a German engineer, Karl Bosch, joined Haber to design the first synthetic ammonia plant in Reich, enabling the German High Command to indulge in the Kaiser's war. German dye companies banded together for patriotism and profit and produced explosives, chemical fertilizers, drugs and the poison gases responsible for some 800,000 casualties in WW1.

With the end of hostilities, the huge amounts of gas leftover chemicals were redirected to insects... on a massive scale, thanks to the improved methods of dusting and spraying developed for use on enemy soldiers during the war. No longer needed for explosives, nitrogen was dumped indiscriminately on crops, weakening

their resistance to insects and creating a deathly circle that snowballed as it endured, making it progressively more profitable for the few as it poisoned soil, aquifer and souls of the many. German chemical companies with vast amounts of money from their counterpart companies in the US (who had made equally great amounts for the war) amalgamated in 1925 to form the I.G. Farben conglomerate, which soon became the largest chemical enterprise in Europe. Together, this amalgamation funded Hitler, rearming his Wehrmacht and with petroleum courtesy of STANDARD OIL of New Jersey, Hitler was able to roll his tanks

into Poland and kick off World War 2.

While loyal GIs desperately struggled with their lives to undo all this handiwork, at the Auschwitz I.G. Faben factory with slave labor guaranteed by Himmler, produced a special gas to exterminate millions of unwary victims, mostly Jewish.

From WW2, American chemical companies that had boomed between the wars, derived an even greater bonanza from the free ammonia Bosch presidigated (magically conjured) from the air. A million tons of bombs were dropped on Germany alone causing millions of dollars to be funneled by US taxpayers into chemical companies' coffers, as America paid with blood and money for the greed of these treasonous companies.

At war's end, eighteen new ammonia factories developed in the US at taxpayers' expense to manufacture explosives, were obliged to find a market for their surplus. DuPont, Dow, Monsanto and American Cyanamid, with their expansive wartime profits, produced even more fertilizer to dump onto the unwary farmer, who duly dumped it onto his fields to kill the goose that laid the golden egg.

At the end of the summer of 1966, in Decatur, IL (a farming community in the heart of the US corn belt), the corn stood tall and proud in the fields and promised a bumper crop in every direction. In the twenty years since WW2 the farmers had almost doubled the land's yield of corn by the use of nitrate fertilizers.

The following spring one of Decatur's farm folk noticed that a cup of water from the kitchen tap tasted funny. As the water was supplied directly from Lake Decatur reservoir, he took a sample to the Decatur Health Department for testing. Decatur health official, Dr Leo Michl was alarmed to find that concentrations of nitrate in the water were not only excessive but potentially lethal.

Nitrate in and of itself is innocuous, can become deadly when converted by intestinal bacteria which combines nitrate with the blood's hemoglobin into methemoglobin which prevents the natural transportation of oxygen in the bloodstream. This causes methemoglobinemia which kills by asphyxiation. Infants being the most susceptible, with many cases of "cot death" being attributed to it. At the time of the water analysis, Decatur's farmers were resorting almost exclusively to nitrogen fertilizer as the cheapest and only way to reach the eighty bushels of corn per acre dictated by the economics of production as to realize a profit. In Illinois alone the consumption of artificial nitrogen fertilizers rose from ten thousand tons in 1945, to well over half a million tons in 1966. Since the amount of nitrogen applied is more than the corn can naturally take up, the excess washes out of the soil into local rivers and reservoirs, and in the case of Decatur, all the way into the drinking cups of citizens.

Before the controversy erupted in the Illinois corn belt, Dr Barry Commoner, director of the Centre for the Biology of Natural Systems at Washington University in St Louis MO, presented a prophetic paper on the relation between nitrogen fertilizer and the nitrate level in Midwestern rivers at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Two weeks later a vice-president of the National Plant Food Institute, a lobby whose goal is to protect the interests of the 2

GREAT WEBSITE FOR LEARNING HOW LAWS ARE MADE HERE IN MAINE!



- How can we fight within a system whose laws confuse us, but not our enemies and their high-powered lawyers?
- How do we use this powerful tool our Founding Fathers so wisely provided us (a Democratic Republic), if we don't even know how to hold the damn thing?
- This web page, produced and distributed under the direction of the Clerk of the House and Secretary of the Maine Senate, explains how laws are made. Arm yourself with this knowledge, or stop bitching about all the unfair laws and regulations.

*Online Readers [Click Here](https://www.maine.gov/legis/path/path.htm) Or Go To The Website Listed Below To Educate Yourself About How Laws Are Made Here In Maine! GREAT INFO! Easy To Comprehend format. <https://www.maine.gov/legis/path/path.htm>

billion dollar American fertilizer industry, knowing exactly what was happening, viciously attacked him and other academic colleagues on the grounds that such work was not pure research supported by the many universities which were funded by NPFI.

Joe Nichols was a physician and surgeon in Atlanta, TX when he suffered a massive heart attack. Laid up with nothing to do but leaf through the ads of a farming magazine and came across the line, "People who eat natural foods grown in fertile soils don't get heart disease". Organic Gardening and Farming, edited by J.L. Rodale, and a line in the magazine nagged at him: What was natural foods? What was fertile soil?

Nichols reported that a survey on farms throughout the Midwest disclosed the corn growth was so heavily fertilized with synthetic nitrogen, it was unable to convert carotene into vitamin A, and the cattle feed produced from it was also deficient in vitamins D and E.

When Nichols realized what was happening to the country as a result of both chemical fertilization and chemical

pesticides, he went organic on his farm and sought out other doctors and scientists who had made the same discoveries. Together they organized the Natural Food Associates, of which Nichols became the first president.

By any means they could, the NFA denounced the fallacy that America is the best-nourished and healthiest nation on the face of the globe. Listing the facts, Nichols reported that 1600 autopsies showed that in every

destroy the effect of NFA and it's credibility with the public.

The US Department of Health, Education and Welfare, put out a bulletin: "Food Facts vs Food Fallacies," in which it labeled everything Nichols said, a myth. To discredit National Food Associates and their objectives, the AMA and the FDA organized a "Congress on Quackery," which toured the United States holding seminars on food faddism and quackery. As Nichols put, "They

were really after men and women whose espousal of 'natural or organic health foods' threatened to lower the profits of the food industry". The US Public Health Department launched an all-out propaganda campaign, supported by the food

processors and chemical trusts, that make the poisonous food additives. Science editors, food editors and medical editors in the daily newspapers joined their ranks.

When the National Food Associates tried to tell the country that DDT was a cancer-causing chemical, they were labeled as before, and their assertions once again called a myth. After more than a decade of poisoning, the FDA was finally obliged to label DDT a dangerous poison, although pressure from the agricultural interests caused the FDA to revoke it's ban on DDT in milk, and establish a legal tolerance allowable in milk.

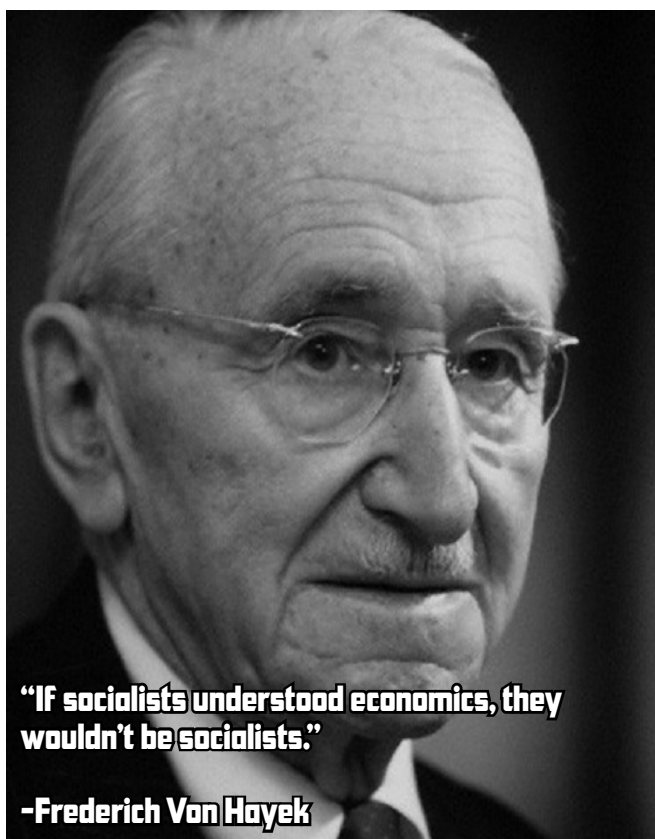
Australian investigators reported that BHT or butylhydroxy-toluene, an anti-oxidant originally used to preserve color motion picture film, now found in processed foods, was teratogenic for it interferes with the development of an embryo. The FDA allowed BHT as a freshness preserver, and when newsmen questioned the FDA about it's research they were told the papers were secret. It turned out that there were only two reports on BHT in the FDA files... both written by members of the staff from the manufacturer of BHT.

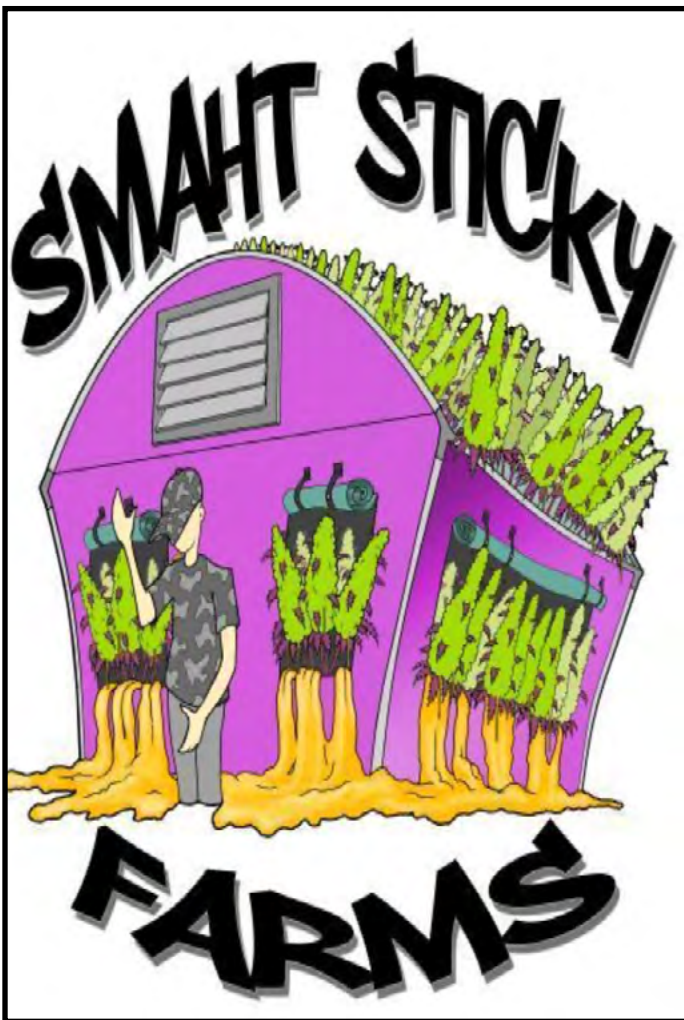


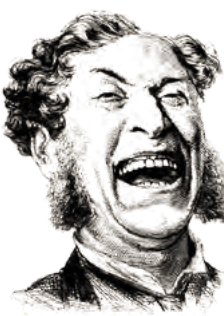


one of the patients past the age of three years there was already disease in the aorta. In every patient over the age of twenty, disease was already in the coronary artery.


Almost immediately the agricultural chemical industry and the food processors attempted to discredit the NFA calling them food faddists, quacks and charlatans. They were accused of being unscientific.

The initial detractors were soon joined by the US Department of Health, Education and Welfare through the FDA and even the American Medical Association. University professors — in search of fat grants— supported FDA claims. A campaign was launched to make Americans believe that what the Natural Food Associates were saying was pure myth. Newspaper and magazine articles, even books, were published in a huge effort to

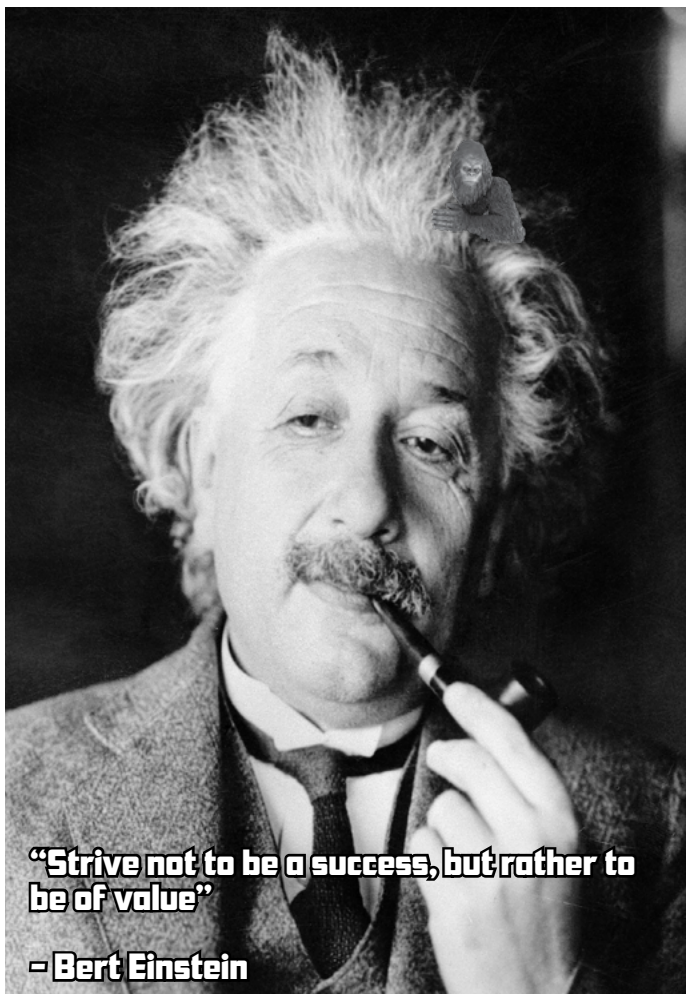




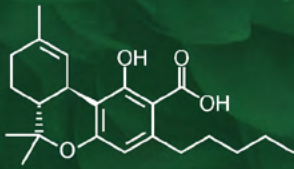






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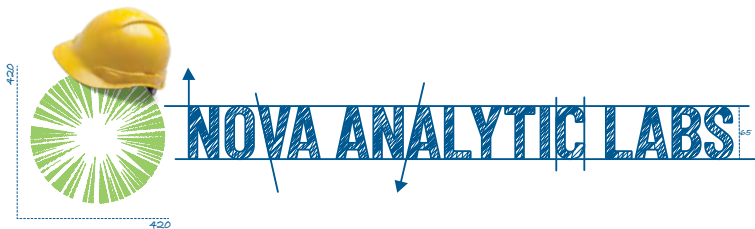
THCVA



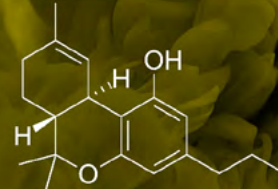
Tetrahydrocannabivarinic Acid

THCVA Tetrahydrocannabivarin acid (THCVA) is the molecular precursor to Tetrahydrocannabivarin (THCV). Through decarboxylation, THCVA converts into THCV. The process of decarboxylation is when cannabis is exposed to sunlight or heat. THCVA is non-psychoactive so there is no high associated with this cannabinoid.

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THCV



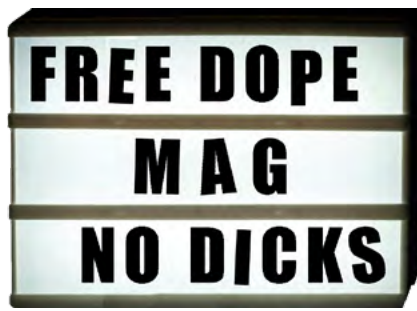
Tetrahydrocannabivarin

THCV Tetrahydrocannabivarin, or THCV, is a psychoactive cannabinoid found most prevalently in Sativa strains of cannabis. It is known to produce a more motivated, alert and energizing feeling of euphoria. For this reason, it is often recommended for daytime or any time when functionality is important.

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"ARE YOU GUYS SECURE?!"

by Drewcifer

Summer of 1998, what an August morning! The sun was shining, the temperature wasn't too high; it was shaping up to be one helluva beautiful day in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

"Fish", "Smokestack Lightning", and myself were on a 2-week Pixy Stick, beer & bud-fueled road trip throughout the New England area of 'Merica. The 2-tone, 1982 Buick Skylark was gassed up and packed with assorted camping gear and 3 mountain bikes strapped onto a 2-bike carrier. Naturally, we were looking for that good medicine that runs through all things in life.

Beginning in Massachusetts for 2 days (where we first saw the Teletubbies children's show – simply frightening, compounded by extreme hysterical and maniacal laughter. Our favorite character quickly became the baby in the sun). We then cruised up to Acadia National Park in Maine for 3 days; surviving a treacherous evening, tent-camping through a hurricane, where afterwards a path of natural destruction followed closely behind us as we headed for —and landed in— New Hampshire. Fires broke out in towns we'd driven through earlier in the day and commuters lost their lives in the early morning due to fog and a Moose in the middle of the highway that we, too had driven down. We then hopped over to Vermont for some more camping and fishing where the weed ran out. So then we wound up in Pennsylvania to visit one of our chums from high school, "Spydr".

Spydr had a half day of construction tasks to tackle on this particular Saturday and would be back at the house around 2pm. In the meantime, we were tasked with hitting the liquor store for a couple of cases

of beer, and then the plan was to prime ourselves up for the debaucherously long day that was before, us yet to unfold. With the help of some good ol' boys of Pennsylvania we were able to re-up with some more of the marijuana and the daily diet was complete.

Word had been circulating amongst Spydr's crew that in the evening there was a Volunteer Fireman's BBQ Party to raise money for the Town of Jim Thorpe's Fire/EMT Departments. Continuing the search for that good medicine that runs through everything, this was the perfect opportunity for some Saturday night hijinks, while at the same time throwing some financial support to the local community. For some of us, beers began flowing at 12:30pm while the rest of the gang had been steadily catching up in the early hours of the evening. It was decided that "Motor Matt" and Spydr would drive, being the most familiar with the destination. This suited Fish, Smokestack Lightning and myself just fine since we were already in no condition to be behind the wheel. Besides, we'd been logging miles for over a week and a half now, and the reprieve was welcomed. Motor Matt had to drive his Mustang because that was simply Motor Matt... and Spydr's pick-up truck had an extra bench seat in the back, which wasn't legal even if it had been bolted down; which it wasn't. Bolts are for pussies.

Arriving at the Jim Thorpe Volunteer Fire and EMT facilities, we noticed quite a crowd had already gathered. A DJ was off to the left, spouting garbled nonsense into a microphone. The grill men were set to their tasks, the bartenders were busy and smiles were all around. Hell, there was even an inflatable Heineken

Beer hot tub set up; albeit the water was anything but hot. We knew good medicine was here, so we paid our entrance fee and got involved.

Flash forward a number of hours and way too many \$2 Yuengling Beers...

We kept hearing about this pitifully-cold hot tub and the fact that, as hard as the DJ tried to excite people to buy raffle tickets to win said hot tub, no one seemed interested. Well, some of us took to scheming and decided to start grabbing our friends unsuspectingly one by one and dragging them off to the tub, followed promptly by being dropped in it; wallet, keys, phones and all Tough shit. One by one we all fell to the sinister forces of friendship, fueled by 10 hours of beer and weed consumption. Smokestack Lightning suffered a near fractured wrist having tried valiantly to not get wet and still failed (He can't swim). Motor Matt literally had to get pulled off of his rear bumper, belly-flopping, smacking his face against the asphalt pavement, dragged, and then tossed into the green mass. I managed to evade the melee for quite a while, however, this just pissed the boys off and I, too succumbed to the PVC hole which, mystifyingly, was still inflated. While all this this was happening, the local townsfolk seemed to get quite a kick out of the one ring circus that we had started. They took great delight in the next victim losing the fight while taking comfort in the fact that we weren't molesting any of them. Somehow, we remained respectful to them. That is until the DJ had too many words about the boys from New Jersey stirring things up. So, he wanted to poke some fun words into the mix. Okay, no worries, we've got you one better, buddy; you're gonna be next!



We regrouped and silently began fanning out like a pack of wet rats in a blanket coverage-pattern to surround the DJ. At first, he didn't take notice, but as we got in closer, he saw the writing on the wall, as did the townsfolk who were amused about our attack approach. Once DJ Schmedlapper realized we were on him, he submitted completely rather than get roughhoused. Emptying his pockets, he told the crowd he'd been beaten, put down his mic, ran, and jumped in the tub on his own accord. That's sportsmanship for ya, sprinkled with a little common sense. He had no choice.

The fundraiser had wound down enough to where we felt it was time to depart and head back to the home front to round out the late night... with yet more consumption. God only knows who — if anyone — won that cold hot tub we all but trashed. Now, the reality at this point in the story is that not a single one of us should have been considering driving home, however, that would make for a piss poor story. So... Motor Matt was in his Mustang with a few blokes, following Spydr in his pickup with Fish riding shotgun and Smokestack Lightning and myself on the bench seat in the back of the truck. For those of you who have never ridden on an unbolted bench seat in the back of a pickup truck, let me tell you that even with 2 humans on it there's a lot of sliding and shifting around. You've got to hold the fuck on. So, wrapping up in an old wool blanket for warmth, we were still soaking wet, we found a bungee cord in the back and strapped it across the front of us as a makeshift seatbelt. (Listen folks, there's a lot of beer floating

around inside of us; it's the best we could come up with.) I don't believe we were on that country road leading from The Town of Jim Thorpe back to Allentown more than 15 minutes when police lights came into view a few miles down the road coming up on us lickety split. He passed up Motor Matt quick and we thought for a second, we're in the clear, but instead, he managed to pull us both over. This savage State Trooper dressed in khaki with his Mounty wide-brim hat on, ran up to Spydr's open

show the trooper that we had a "seatbelt of sorts" on. As the bungee snapped back against our chests, the trooper then said to us, "You boys are very lucky 'cause if I wasn't in such a hurry you'd be in a lot of trouble." He then proceeded to run back to his cruiser, get in it, and continue to speed down the country road leaving us to our own devices. Now mind you, while we were sitting there, dumbfounded all this had just happened in a matter of less than 30 seconds, it hit us that there was some kind of

mayhem so much worse than us out on the roads of America that evening. Karma had stepped in and given us the good old monopoly card saying, proceed directly to GO and collect \$200. There is no other logical explanation as to why Johnny Law would leave a bunch of smashed drunk young men on the side of the road without tickets, handcuffs, 8 more police cars brought in and a slew of trooper schmucks with nothing

better to do than harass people in search of the good medicine.

With the truck in gear, and Motor Matt following, we proceeded down the road temporarily named 'freedom'. And for the next 30 minutes the only sounds to be heard from the back of that truck was the frenzied laughter of Smokestack Lightning and myself laying on our backs, drunk as skunks, watching the stars fly by fast above our heads. My stomach hurt for days from that bit of laughter medicine, and from time to time I randomly ask myself if I'm secure.

"You boys are very lucky 'cause if I wasn't in such a hurry you'd be in a lot of trouble."

window and quickly muttered some words that Smokestack and I couldn't make out with any clarity.

An instant later he's at the back of the pickup glaring with extreme anger at Smokestack Lightning and I seeing that we're illegally traveling in the back of this pickup to say nothing of our blood alcohol levels. At the top of his voice, he quickly yells at us, "Are you guys secure?!" For a second or two, we're just staring at this guy completely baffled because we figure we're all going to jail tonight, and our brains can't quite grip his question. Without any preface or cue, Smokestack Lightning and I put our thumbs under the bungee cord and stretched it out to

ASORDID TALE FROM WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK GREENWICH VILLAGE, NY

by Drewcifer

What follows is a wild tale that actually took place. In search of mental expansion and peace, the universe had something very much different in-line for me on this particular day.

I can recall the difficulties of “hooking-up” with your dealers in the beginning days of reefer experimentation and acquisition, in early to mid-1990’s. One might think, what’s the big deal? Call someone and find a place and time to meet. Well, the advent of the cell phone for the masses had not been introduced yet to the market. Pagers, or beepers if you prefer, and payphones (Remember those, folks?) were the one, two punch needed to connect.

All the dealers would have some personal number code that you had to send their way to get their attention. Whenever possible you’d use the payphones to perform this task since you really didn’t want to attract attention from the parents listening a little too intently to your ordering of pot from the hallway phone. Besides, you definitely didn’t want the dealer to call you directly at home. No reason to allow anyone to trace your residence or have your parents get acquainted with some of the area’s less-than-desirable souls, with questions of, “WHO IS THIS CALLING!?” Sometimes things went smoothly.

You’d get a hold of each other, agree on a time and location and either hot-foot it a couple of blocks, or occasionally —if lucky— a friend would be around to drive. Other times, it could be a clusterfuck of a situation that led to a wild goose chase, multiple pagings, and unanswered phone calls while you’re standing on a corner looking shady. In the

to wrangle round trip bus and subway tickets. So be it; the BUZZ must go on!

After hopping the bus to get to the Jersey City Train Station, I boarded the PATH train that would drop me off on 9th Street and 6th Avenue, four blocks from Washington Square Park. It should have been no problem, like all of the previous trips, bus

to train, train to downtown, walk, buy weed, turn around, walk, train to bus, bus to home – stoned. Getting off the train with a small crowd, I filed up the urine-scented tunnel and stairwells of the esteemed NY subway system, emerging out into the most familiar (to myself) surroundings of 9th Street.

A quick mental

Holy shit! I thought... The crazy motherfucker just stabbed Monty over the sale of a bag of low-end dirt weed!

end, shit outta luck... No product. Hell, it’s never convenient when there’s no answer, but dealers have a life, too. However, the teenage mentality did not abide with unanswered phone calls or worse... the dreaded response, “I’m out right now and waiting for my boy to re-up.”

On an early Saturday afternoon, just such an experience of coming up empty-handed presented itself to me. This brought forth the realization that a trip into New York City was now in order. Heading to the city was not an issue, with the exception that there would be less funds for weed now that I had

note of stopping at Gray’s Papaya for two griddle-cooked hotdogs with cart onions on the way home, was in order. Can’t NOT get some Gray’s!

I shuffled up 6th Ave to make a left-hand turn onto 5th Street and then sliced in one block, passing through the shadows of the New York University buildings. Due to its location in the city, this particular park was always frequented by a wonderful hodge-podge of assorted Greenwich Village freaks and characters like college students, dog walkers, artists, wanderers, homeless, retired leches, the chess wizards (located at the Southwestern

corner), dealers, drunkards, and cops in and out of uniforms. This Park was the epicenter of the annual 420 Parade that happened every April, so in my young mind, I could pretty much do whatever the hell I wanted there without getting hauled off. Lord knows, plenty of grass had been burned there, and quite a few underage beers were consumed out of paper bags without any incident (when fake IDs still worked).

I sauntered up the Northwest diagonal path that led to the heart of the park and—as per usual—within a few feet of entering, the dealers began their patented cat calls to see what the white boy needed to make his day better. Now my tactic had always been to not deal

with the first few cats that were calling. It would give me a minute to settle into the surroundings and then make a decision of who I might want to approach. This day I was in a bit of a hurry to get things accomplished and get the fuck out of Dodge. So, I passed up three or four cats and I flagged down one of them a little further down the path and began to discuss business (let's call him Monty).

At this point, all I wanted was one dime bag (1 gram) because I needed money for the return trip to Jersey plus there were the hotdogs, too. Knowing this, I was ready with cash in hand to perform the “10 dollar make ya holler” hand-to-hand shake deal. Just as I was about to execute such, another guy (let's call him “Slappy”) comes up to us and starts to get into an argument with the dude I was talking to, “Monty”. Slappy claims that Monty cut him off and was trying to take the sale away from him that he claimed he had with me. Now I know that I didn't make contact with Slappy on the way into the park so this situation was between these two fine,

upstanding individuals. I took a step or two back and waited for them to work it out, except it didn't get worked out. The argument quickly shifted from calm to agitated, and then from agitated to violent. Monty was now yelling at Slappy, telling him to fuck off and stop interfering in our proceedings. Slappy, clearly didn't give a fuck and kept yelling at Monty, telling



him he stole “me” away from him. Slappy then pulled out a Swiss Army knife and opened up what couldn't have been more than a 2 ½ inch blade and began brandishing it at Monty's face. Silently, I took two or three steps further back, because I wasn't digging what was unfolding. All I wanted was a bag of weed that was likely going to be a quarter full of seeds and stems anyway. What the fuck is happening here, I asked myself?!

Clearly Monty wasn't going to accept these shenanigans and began to scour the ground in search of God knows what. A moment later, he walked over to the benches lining the sides of the path, bent down, and loosened a brick out of the ground and walked back up to Slappy and told him to get lost or else. It's at this point of escalation that I knew this was not going well, and I won't be getting weed from either of these two gentlemen. At the same time, I'm apparently too engrossed in the events unfolding to totally walk off. Tell you the truth, all this happened so fast that I gave no thought to whom else might be watching; people,

police, half a million eyes in the sky filming this episode! Standing 10 feet away, I was caught up in what could have easily been a scene in a film; definitely happening but still not quite believable.

Without word, Slappy decided that the right thing to do was sink the knife blade into the heart/chest of Monty. Holy shit! I thought... The crazy motherfucker just stabbed

Monty over the sale of a bag of low-end dirt weed! WTF!

Monty—obviously shocked—clutched his chest and then with full force, hurled the brick at Slappy; which after slightly ducking, only managed to hit Slappy in the shoulder.

Immediately, the two of them took to grappling with one another in the classic style of wrestlers

looking to engage, but at the same time not fully committing, either. By this point I'd backed up 30 or more feet, and it's a good thing I had done so because one second later, three undercover cop cars sped in from three different points of the compass and that's when I turned tail and got the hell out of that park. I know I didn't run, I didn't want to attract any more attention to myself, so it was an extremely fast-walk exodus down a side street, back to 6th Ave.

My head was swimming from the events that had just taken place in a matter of less than ten minutes time. Before I knew it, I was back at the train station on 9th Street, ran downstairs and boarded the correct awaiting train that— heaven help me— was going to get me out of this savage city. With a feverously beating heart and my head filled with visions of knives, bricks and cops, I couldn't wait to get safely back to Jersey. Heading west under the Hudson River, there would be no weed, Gray's Papaya hotdogs, or booking into a NYC prison for this guy that day.

CORPORATE BOOF OR MA & PA CRAFTSMANSHIP: DEPENDS ON HOW HARD WE FIGHT

by John Jaeger

The prevalence of federal legalization in the news recently brings mixed emotions, hope for progress, and dread that legalization will be bungled by opportunistic politicians on both sides of the aisle with corporate interests.

With the legitimization of a previously forbidden industry, there is a huge opportunity for good if we demand it from our leaders. There's too much to cover in a short editorial, and I'm just a guy who grows, not a policy

taxation and regulation. Homegrow rights should be a given. With beer and wine, there are allowances for producing your own, and it should be no different for cannabis.

It should be incumbent upon our elected leaders to empower the small guy, rather than allow an enormous, newly-legal industry to be funneled into the pockets of the same old corporate interests. Those corporations will be the same ones who already hold huge lobbying power:

way to regulate safety and quality while maintaining the integrity of the process.

There is an opportunity—now—to create a thriving economy and workplace that could have broader implications for our modern agriculture and food independence as a country.

Conversely, owners in the industry have a responsibility to treat employees right. We should recruit and train others who love this plant and this lifestyle. Look for career folks, pay them a good



expert. However, here are some points I think are salient...

What kind of industry do we want to spring up from the death of prohibition? Do we want it to look like modern big agriculture in America? Think monocropping tens of thousands of acres, relying largely on automation and low wage labor. Instead, we should be focused on forging an industry where people can make a good living in their chosen trade.

A huge part of that conversation revolves around

pharmaceutical companies, the tobacco industry, the agricultural industry and the banks.

Keep the barriers to entry low for mom and pop, keep taxes fair, and keep big business out. Perhaps we should not be enabling a track-and-trace / seed-to-sale monopoly nationwide, and batch tracking should be more akin to what is found in the produce industry. If protecting the consumer is the objective, state-run testing labs might be the most worthwhile and effective

wage, and help nurture their passion. Invest in your employees, and they'll become invested in your mission. We should be striving for things like company healthcare and paid maternity leave. The best families are ones who look after each other, and that's no different in business.

In closing, I'll say let's treat each other right and demand what is right from our representatives, otherwise, we'll get the corporate boof we deserve.



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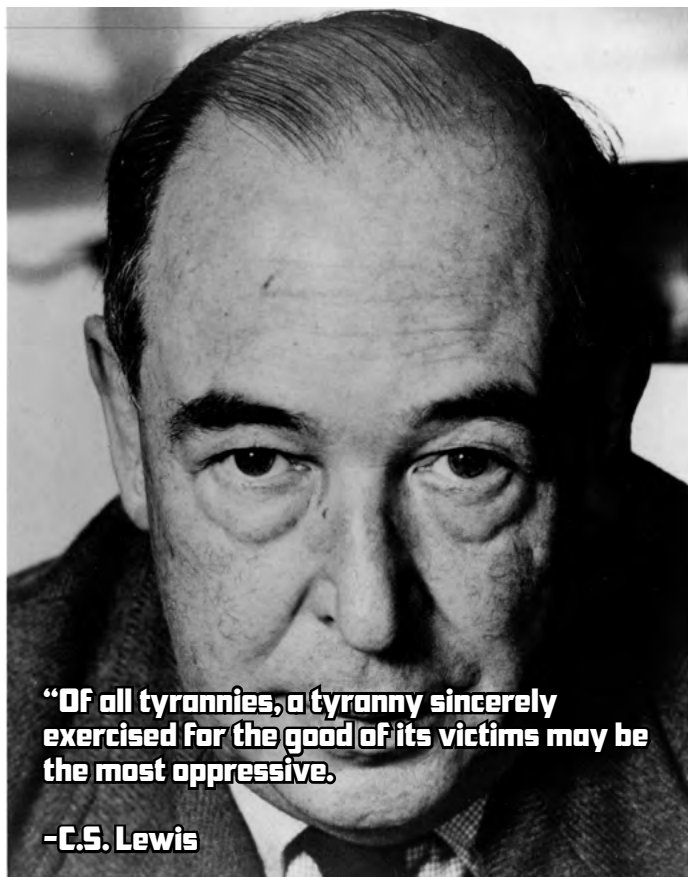
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"Of all tyrannies, a tyranny sincerely exercised for the good of its victims may be the most oppressive."

-C.S. Lewis

A FINAL WARNING TO MAINE'S CAREGIVERS ABOUT OUR FUTURE AS INDEPENDENT PRODUCERS

by Amy

On December 21, 2016 (the winter solstice), I attended a meeting which was located at Dr. Dustin Sulak's Manchester, Maine office. There were so many people in attendance that they spilled into the hallway and adjoining room. In order to make sure everyone could hear the meeting, we used a redneck speaker system. Cindy Brown's cell phone was used as a mic, and mine was in the other room acting as the speaker. It effectively worked, as all were able to hear clearly.

The reason so many people showed up was because recreational cannabis had just passed into law the previous month. Many were scared and wanted information. A lot of us watched what happened to other states' medical cannabis programs after Rec was implemented. We saw the patterns and we knew this would begin the dismantling of our medical program. It signaled the beginning of a battle; a battle to keep our businesses. The more legal cannabis has become, the more costly it has become due to these regulations. Expenses are going up, electricity, gas, soil, packaging, etc, etc, etc. All the while, the price per pound has dropped. In addition to that, we aren't allowed to expand our business to make up for the loss of income. We are in a corner with the plant count/sq footage limit. How do we rectify this?

Now here we find ourselves almost five years after this meeting and the federal government is looking at legalizing cannabis. They're looking to impose an absurd 35% tax. (You know, the mafia needs their cut, too.) Here in Maine, our medical cannabis industry is still currently flourishing and Rec is having a hard time getting off the ground, thanks to hoops like "Opt-In" (meaning each town must vote on whether they want recreational cannabis or not). Also, the majority of Rec businesses are run by

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non-residents. Seems Mainers were sold a bill of goods with Rec on the ballot, just like what happened in California and other states.

What I suggest to you all —no matter what state you live in— is to get involved politically. I know most of us in this industry have stayed away from the political arena as we don't trust the government, and we rightfully shouldn't. Look how long they lied about cannabis, and now they want to run the industry. We can't let the foxes guard the hen house. We need to hold people's feet to the fire. Write or call your legislators... your enemies are. Get together with like-minded folks and come up with a course of action as NOW is the time to act. The federal legalization train is coming whether you like it or not.

What will you, or those who are supposed to represent you, concede to? Remember, it's a lot harder to get rid of a law once it's on the books. Now is the best time to get these laws right so you have less work to do in the future.

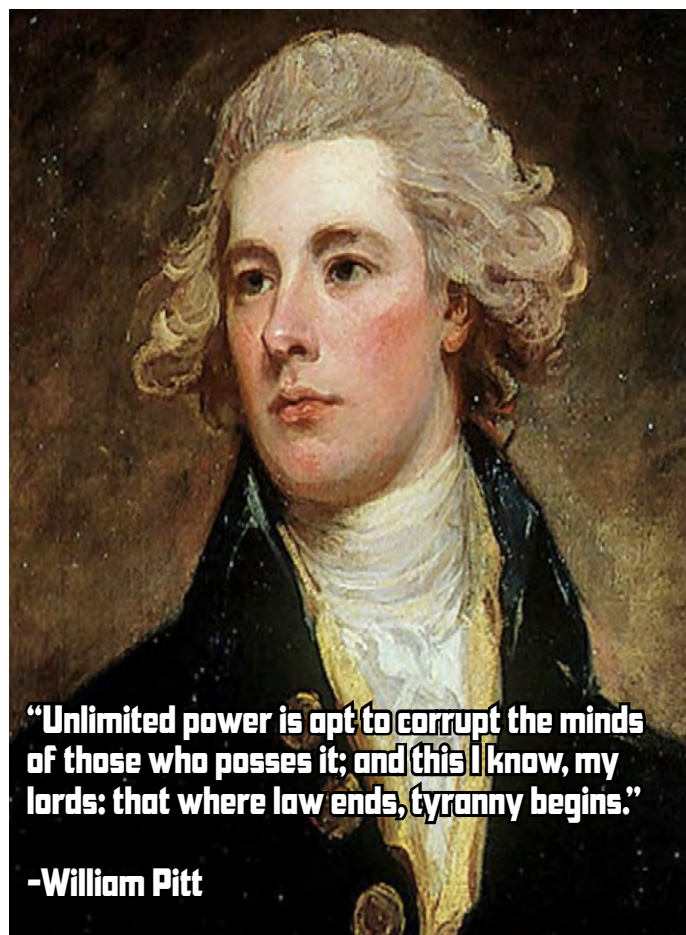
ATTENTION MAINERS!

...One more thing... Many of us have tried to stay neutral on this subject but, now we have to draw a shit line (RIP Mr Lahey). For those of you who are selling to the dispensaries (Big Farma), I want you to try to understand why so many have a problem with this. The dispensaries are not our friends, they actually throw sand on the tracks for the rest of us, causing friction, more than you know. For instance, we have Wellness suing the State over the residency clause. Just a few months back we had Curaleaf's lobbyist spreading patently false propaganda about us caregivers, directly to OUR Maine Representatives and Senators. Lying is lying, whether it's a lobbyist or someone else. I don't know how these people get up every day and look at themselves in the mirror.

Then we have Canuvo, where Glenn Peterson (Co-Owner of Canuvo) went to the town of Bridgton and told them (on camera) to have the IRS audit any caregiver who wants to open a storefront! I'm sure that if you look through the archives you can hear it for yourself. I believe it was in September of 2018.

If you're doing business with these dispensaries you are harming your fellow Mainers, and we see it. We have to actually work harder in Augusta to counter what these dispensaries are doing.

So... I ask you all, "What side of history do you want to be on when this is all over?" "What will you tell your children and grandchildren?" I know what I'll be able to tell mine...



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CAREGIVER OF THE MONTH

Pine Tree Glass *Bethel, Maine*

Nestled in Maine's Western Mountains region, just down the road a piece from New Hampshire's White Mountains, Bethel is a charming, lightly populated village. Summer traffic is associated with camping and other outdoor adventure, and in winter the town comes alive due to the gorgeous ski slopes at the Sunday River Ski Resort.

Brent, the owner of Pine Tree Glass and his wife, would be hard-pressed to choose a more delightful area to open up shop.

As the name of the business implies, the shop was originally only a glass shop, with the standard head shop accoutrement. They take pride in providing high quality, functional glass work from accomplished artists such as Hickory Glass, Digger Glass, Chemdog Glass, Coyle Condenser, David Colton among others.

Just last year, Pine Tree Glass began selling medical cannabis in their shop. I, personally, appreciate the way they're going about providing cannabis to patients, in that they carved out a small section of the head shop to dedicate to the cannabis products, leaving the original vibe of the shop as a glass store, in tact. Instead of being a cannabis store with some glass available on the side (like so many stores these days), they're a glass shop FIRST AND FOREMOST, with some medical cannabis product available on the side. Staying true to the original intent of their establishment.

Brent's a humble fellow, so he doesn't advertise the fact that he's real deal original Chem Family. He's been a friend of Mr Chemdog himself since childhood. So... when you see some cannabis labeled as, "Chem this" or "Chem that"... you KNOW it's nothing but the real deal, original Chem genetics, not some hybrid or watered-down knock off version. Real deal.

Pine Tree Glass has the entire Chem genetic collection in his stable. Chemdog D, Chemdog #4, Snowdog, Chem 91, etc.



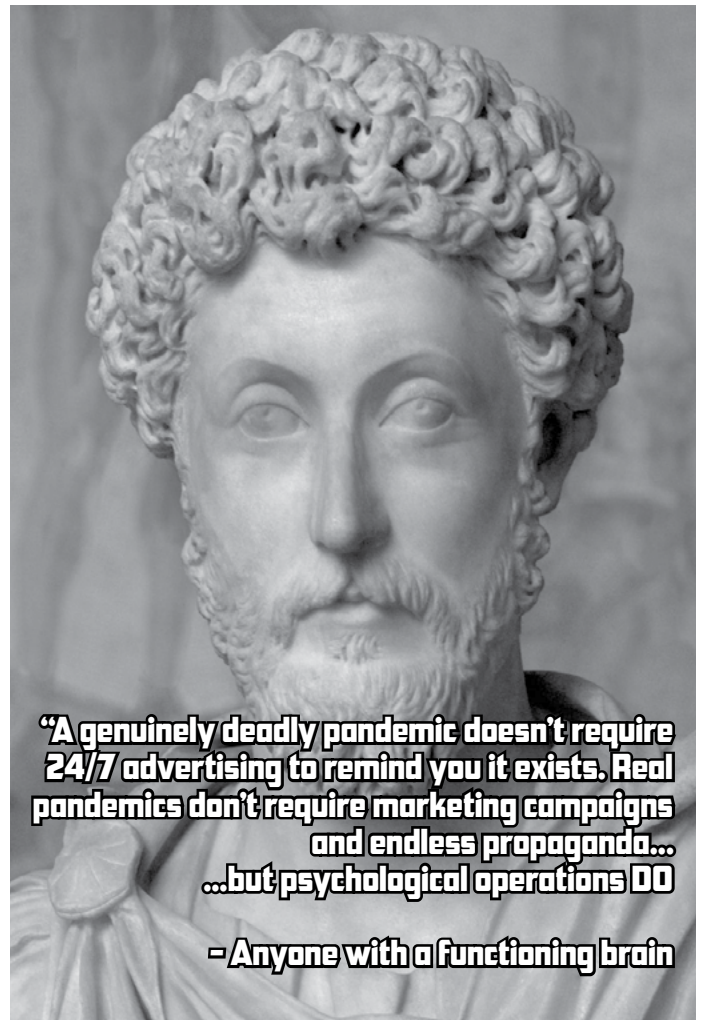
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