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Man's awareness is not solely a reflection of the momentary present. Our lives are an integration of the past in confrontation with the future. The entire life experience may be appreciated as a whole. The universe is an event.

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I got a letter the other day from a friend who was recently released from prison. He described for me an ugly world that I had only been dimly aware of.

It was especially frightening because my friend is not an underworld character, a degenerate or a danger to society. We grew up together in the midwest and all he's ever wanted is to be left alone with his poetry.

He refused to be drafted. He stayed in the United States and fought in court for four years and refused to be drafted. They put him in prison.

"My first week in radiator alley," wrote my friend, "was a chingazo," a traumatic adjustment.

Radiator alley is number three and four cellhouse at McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary. There are 20 tiers of four cells each forming two rectangular solids within a larger rectangular solid. The entire complex is about 100 yards long and five stories high.

"Even from five tiers up," he continued, "I'd obviously just arrived because of the white radiation suit-like coverall I wore. 'New kid on the block' I heard from all angles all the time together with sexual innuendos and comments about my age which invariably was fixed at 19."

He was 24.

"Losing my glasses didn't help."

"Homosexual daddies harassed me a lot but I survived by throwing punches, walking stifffassed and flatfooted and staying out of blind corners, especially the areas around guard stations.

"Correctional officers are blindness incarnate. Some make pocket change peddling drugs . . . and two I know supply sissies with lipstick and pantyhose in exchange for occasional quickies."

Behind the cells is a hollow shaft that runs basement to roof in which "a lot of transactions take place."

"Only guards have keys. I was in there one day and the smell, compounded of aftershave, dimestore perfume, sweat and semen is indescribable unless you can imagine a skinny cigar-smoking Avon Lady axed, stuffed in a laundry bag full of dirty sweatsox and left to rot with her sample case."
"Convicts try to outsmart the police while the police try to catch them at it. Stupid, huh?"

He found some of the prison characters equally repulsive: "Betty Boop, Little Eva, 'Red' Green, Flycatcher, Cape, Lizard, Slug or some other pachydermatous punk out on the tier strutting 300 pounds of stuff in blue bikini panties homemade from the linings of reject police jackets.

"After a week inside they sent me to a minimum security work camp. I pruned trees and planted onions for four months until I fired on a police and caught two weeks in the hole." (He got into an argument with a guard, finally going so far as to shove him. The hole means solitary confinement.)

"They kept me in the main prison after that.

"I was attendant in the psych ward. There was no ventilation, and garbage stood unemptied for days. Toilets were flushed three times a day from outside ... if the guard thought of it.

"Therapy was limited to stiff doses of thorazine, with flyin' A's for anybody who couldn't hold. A flyin' A knocks you out for three days. For the next three you can stay awake six hours out of 24, and for the week after that you are extremely cooperative.

"No inmate of the ward was allowed outside even for visits; other security measures involved locking
“Correctional officers are blindness incarnate. Some made pocket change peddling drugs and two I knew supplied sissies with pantyhose in exchange for occasional quickies.”

doors at random within the ward (broom closet, supply alcove, etc.) and confining people to strip cells ten days at a jolt without explanation. Temperatures in some of these oubliettes reached the high 90's on sunny August days while others, windowless, were always dark. DARK. No light. Solid steel doors with steel shutters for the Judas window and food slot.

“People disappear too. Every day the prison administration circulates a mimeographed roster listing releases, new commitments, transfers, etc. About one 'snitch sheet' out of four gives a prisoner's destination as 'custody of U.S. Marshal.' While I worked in the hospital I asked the civilian records clerk where 'custody of U.S. Marshal people' were taken. He said no one knew. Their X-rays are placed in the dead file and all admission data destroyed, that was as far as his involvement went.

“Sparrows are noninstitutionalized prisoners who gravitate to the top tiers (where sparrows actually fly in and out) as opposed to turkeys or hope-to-die convicts who sniff gallon bleach jugs of thinner from the paint shop, hoard cigarettes and involve themselves in other penitentiary games. ‘There exists a sick symbiosis between turkeys and hacks. Neither group knows anything but cops and convicts and each needs the other to escape that fact. Convicts try to outsmart the police while the police try to catch them at it. Stupid, huh?’

“It took me a while to learn that the one approach cops can’t parse is cool insolence. If you get in their faces they can bust you, if you suck ass they shine. But if you stare at their distended bellies and speak cheerfully with an edge it doesn’t compute.

“There’s a mode of open-ended sarcasm that runs circles around their minds. Tight circles, believe me. An angel dancing on the head of a pin looks like Haley’s Comet by comparison.

“Of course it’s hard to be insolent at times. When you’re stepping too high they book you into the lieutenant’s office and tear you down on the pretext of searching for drugs.

“The one thing prison guards are good at is treating a man’s body like a piece of mindless, inanimate dirt. Also the (guard staff) includes a couple of neurotic old men who think they are young ladies and are not above using shake downs to cop a cheap feel. I still get an adrenal rush when people put their hands on me . . . .”

“So that’s why I’m doing ‘flunky copy work’ at the university. I was a bad little piglet so Uncle Sugar don’t send me no check. If I’d been (less incorrigible) he could have welcomed me back to the fattening pens, but since I told him to get fucked, my place at the government trough is taken by another. It’s that simple.”
Klipsun Gallery

Darol Streib
ODYSSEY ABROAD: summertime in europe

Jim Heitzman
A hastily prepared trip can shatter hopes held together by only a knapsack and a pair of blue jeans.

During the 1770's a cantankerous group of colonies on the east coast of North America broke ties with the European continent. Since then the former colonies have evolved into the modern giant known as the United States of America. Europe became a backdrop overshadowed by the American empire.

Two centuries later, President Nixon has proclaimed 1973 as the year of renewed relations between Europe and the U.S. But even before Nixon made his proclamation, American youth had been making odysseys to Europe instead of summer work or school.

Europe has come to the forefront for the young traveling abroad. Maybe it's because we are, in some ways, the wayward children of the European civilization. America's children are now returning home to the Old World—for a summer anyway—to find a renewed cultural awareness, a sense of the past and of the present, and to somehow understand their own society better.

In other ways, youth is looking for adventure and most of all, the experience of a lifetime. But a summer spent traveling in Europe must be well thought out.

A venture abroad is not only a large monetary investment; it's also a large personal investment of time, energy and dreams. Preparing beforehand is the most crucial step for the European-bound student. A hastily prepared trip can shatter hopes held together by only a knapsack and a pair of blue jeans.

Europe, like any other complex society, is held together by a hard set of realities that can turn a footloose adventurer into just another tourist sitting on the steps of the American Express building in Paris.

The most important decision for youthful explorers is a means of transportation to and from Europe. Fly-by-night charters have had a reputation of offering a cheap way to fly but at the risk of not returning.

Esther Asplund of the Bellingham Travel Service explained some of the guidelines for finding reliable charter flights.

Some charter agencies, she said, gain reputations as being unsound but usually after it's too late.

She said the best way to avoid rip-offs is to talk with travel agents and to avoid charters that require joining a club. Travel agents can book flyers on dependable flights at a price not much different than that offered by the fast-buck operators.

The Civil Aeronautics Board recently changed the regulation which required joining a club before being eligible for charter rates. Many well-known airlines are running advance booking charters.

These charters, however, have to be booked 90 days in advance with a non-refundable $75 deposit. Summer charter rates are $279 roundtrip to London and $319 roundtrip to Amsterdam.

Arranging the structure of the trip should be made with a painstaking look at economic resources and personal abilities in conquering the hassles of traveling. A look at personal abilities may, in the long run, prove to be the most important.

Students who decide to travel alone should look at what they are taking with them in their own resourcefulness. For example, some knowledge of a foreign language would prove to be invaluable. Some finesse at getting around in large cities such as Rome, Paris and London without getting hopelessly confused is needed.

The American in Paris seeking help may find the only people who speak English are other lost Americans.

But what may prove to be the most important asset is the cool head in the face of everyday hassles that come from traveling in an alien culture.

Traveling with a friend who can share not only the hassles but the activities as will probably prove to be more satisfying for most young people.

"We all need someone we can lean on," Mick Jagger once said and, in seeing Europe, a friend can not only share the expenses, cooking and driving but also help ease the loneliness. It's easy to let the pressures of a mobile existence get even the most eager Marco Polo down.

For girls especially, a friend can come in handy. Sexism is alive and well in Europe, and any unaccompanied American girl may spend most of her time blunting the advances of hoary Old World bachelors.

Tours, of course, have cashed in on the current youth boom. Tours come in many sizes and most try to par down on the usual American Express package of first class hotels, minute-by-minute itineraries and superficial sightseeing.

But again the main thing to look for is reputation and a contract listing what's included and what's not. A talk with a travel agency would be helpful and a bit of shopping around could mean the difference between a good time and a bad, disappointing trip.

If going the tour route, the problems of transportation will already be solved by the tour deal, but those going on their own will have to consider some means of locomotion.

One of the more popular ways of getting around is by Eurail. With an International Student Identification Card, students under 26 can purchase two months unlimited economy class travel for $135. This pass is good in
continental Europe and must be purchased in this country at a travel agency.

Those traveling in Britain can purchase youth passes from Britrail for 15 days for $45 or one month for $85, both on economy class. These passes are limited to those under 23 and must also be purchased in this country.

Britrail also offers $50 British Thrift Rail Coupons for 750 miles of travel.

Car and motorcycle rentals are popular with the student abroad. Car rentals offer more independence than the train, but this added independence and comfort is more expensive.

A four-passenger European car can be rented for ten weeks. When divided four ways the cost can be reduced to less than two dollars a day. This, however, does not cover gas, which in Europe is a very expensive item ranging between 65 cents to a dollar a gallon.

Another cost that has to be considered when driving in Europe is the tools on many highways. Italy’s Autostrate, for example, is all toll road.

The Council on International Educational Exchange (CIEE) offers the lease or purchase of a motorbike with sleeping bag, tent and saddle bags. The bike can be leased for three months for $280, or the bike and the equipment can be purchased for $315. The bikes can only reach a top speed of 30 miles per hour.

For those most economically minded, hitchhiking is a means to get around in Europe. Ken Walsh in his book, Hitchhiker's Guide to Europe, describes hitching as a method of getting around for someone who doesn’t especially care where he ends up at night.

"And unless you really have to go somewhere," he writes, "a destination is not that important. You can set out for London to go to Rome and end up in Lisbon and what the hell? Rome will still be there the next time."

Finding a place to sleep at the end of a day’s journey becomes the next problem for a vagabond to tackle. Camping in Europe has become not only a cheap way to see Europe, but living in a portable home can offer some comfort to a traveler living in a constantly changing environment.

Camping in Europe is unrelated to the typical American vision of lakes, mountains and wooded areas. Pitching a tent in the middle of London may seem like a strange way to go camping, but to the Europeans it's an accepted way to see their continent.

Campsites are found all over Europe in abounding numbers. In France alone, over 3,200 campgrounds were scattered around the country by 1971.

While campgrounds are open to anyone with a tent, hostels have been designed to accommodate young people, and in some countries, only young people arriving on foot or by bicycle. Hostels are limited to those traveling without cars in England, Ireland, Germany, the Netherlands and North Belgium. In addition England and Wales does not permit arrival by motorcycles.

Most hostels belong to the International Youth Hostel Federation of which American Youth Hostels, Inc. (AYH), belongs. A senior pass is needed to stay in many European hostels, and the AYH issues the pass for $10.

Certain rules and customs apply to most hostels. No smoking or drinking, lights out by 10 p.m., and a three night limit are the usual customs governing most of these youth-only accommodations.

Sexism is alive and well in Europe, and any unaccompanied American girl may spend most of her time blunting the advances of hoary old world bachelors.
Before hitting the road, youthful vagabonds should prepare some plan of action for coping with super hassels like losing their money or passports.

Knowing the account number of parent’s banking resources can be a lifesaver if a poverty-striken traveler finds himself at an American Express office. Knowing the locations of American embassies can also come in handy in cases of emergencies such as a lost or stolen passport, or running afoul of European laws.

Before going abroad, students should check some of the help in the U.S. One of the most valuable aids for students in Europe in the International Student Identification Card available from the CIEE. Although not required but useful, an international drivers license can be obtained from the Automobile Association of America.

Unfortunately Western does not have a chapter of the CIEE, but Bill Munger, a frequent traveler of Europe, has all the pamphlets issued by the CIEE including the application form for the student ID. He also has forms for youth hostel passes.

Munger, husband of the Ridgeway Delta resident director, can be found in Ridgeway Delta resident director’s apartment.

The CIEE also has a regional office at 607 South Park View, Los Angeles, Calif., 90057. They can be reached in Europe at Paris at 49, rue Pierre Charron, 75008.

The final thing to remember about Europe is that inflation is not just an American problem, but one that has been plaguing Europe as well. While Spain, Italy and some of the communist countries are still cheap by American standards, prices in England, France and Germany have been rising to almost American levels.

While inflation has been reducing the value of foreign currency, the recent devaluation has reduced the purchasing power of the dollar on the monetary market.

Preparing before going is becoming the watchword for the student traveling abroad. Planning ahead could ultimately mean the difference between the summer of a lifetime and the bummer of a lifetime.
Distorted by the news media, the women's movement appeared on the American scene in the middle 60's portrayed as shrieking groups of bra-burning revolutionaries. Other women were ashamed. Men, afraid of rhetoric, quit opening doors. There grew up walls of misunderstanding between men and women, between women and women.

Today the women's movement is trying to gain back some of the ground lost because of that old and distorted emotional image. Members of Western's Women's Commission who were invited to dormitories this winter spent most of their time straightening out misconceptions about the women's movement.

Women involved in the movement are not all career-oriented and eager to convert all women into their sisterhood. Nor do they hate men. They simply would like all people to be what they are because they have decided to be themselves—not because they have been trapped into cultural roles.

"The Woman's Movement is really the forerunner of a 'Humanist Movement,'" says Marsha Trew, Western Speech faculty member who is a past president of the local chapter of the National Organization for Women (NOW). "We would like all people to be able to choose their social and economic roles without society screaming an arbitrary 'no'."

Arbitrary social roles which limit human potential discriminate as much against men as against women. Women in the movement have an honest appreciation for the woman who is a housewife because she wants to be. At the same time, they realize that the same option—of working or staying home—is not usually open to men.

Denise Guren of the Women's Commission explains that the movement started with women because the traditional options open to them were the least desirable ones. "Women were on the low end," she says. "They were discriminated against—politically, economically, and legally." Jeanne Martin, an assistant professor of political science, thinks that the number of women on Western's faculty has been limited by an automatic discrimination she calls "institutionalized sexism."

In April 1972, only 76 of Western's 506 faculty members were women. Most of them held lower-rank positions and received an average salary $1,000 less than male counterparts with comparable experience. Of the 17 academic departments, only two have women chairmen—Physical Education and Home Economics.

Western's Affirmative Action Program was begun last September when the federal and state governments threatened withdrawal of funds from institutions which discriminated against women and minorities.

The program's grievance committee, established in late March, was considering a case of discrimination by mid-April. That committee can hold meetings and call witnesses before making recommendations on the charges to Affirmative Action Officer Mary Robinson. She then refers those recommendations to President Flora.

Robinson thinks that the number of women and minorities hired by Western should parallel the number of them to be found in the available labor pool. She and her administrative assistant, Sue Nygaard, in the first stages of their complex data-gathering effort, have already found that the number of female PhD's within the national labor pool is very limited.

A logical next step in the program will be to educate women and minorities until their proportion within the labor pool increases to equal their proportion within the national population. Long-range goals of the Affirmative Action Program include sponsoring classes for women and minorities, and encouraging them to pursue less traditional professions.

It's still too early to assess the effectiveness of the program. But discrimination on Western's campus is self-evident.

Marsha Trew, speech faculty member, feels "one would have to be an idiot" not to think that her sex was one of the factors in the decision to cancel her contract for next year. She knows that her involvement in the women's movement was discussed at that meeting of the all-male Speech department faculty which gave her a final negative evaluation.

Her case was decided before the establishment of the Affirmative Action Program, but Trew is hesitant to say that she would have filed charges of discrimination even if that outlet had been available.

"It would have divided the Speech department."

"What we need is a radical change in attitudes among some of the faculty, especially those in key positions, so that they come to realize that women are as good and as competent as men."

"Most departments filled with older, tenured faculty find any young and assertive person hard to tolerate," says Trew. "When you couple youth and assertiveness with being a woman, the situation becomes intolerable."

"Had I been male or married," she says, "I probably would have been included socially, for instance, in poker-playing, dinner invitations, and small social
Coming out of the Kitchen

(Maybe) Carolyn Hugh
“It’s time we started looking less at legs and more at productivity.”

gatherings. But since I was female, single and young, I was not.”

Trew doesn’t think that attitudes toward women on Western’s campus are changing very fast—due, in large part, she feels, to the insulated nature of the college.

Any change in attitudes in Bellingham is likely to occur through the efforts of the Women’s Resource Center, located in the YWCA. The center has tried for its first year to attract women not usually reached by the movement. Carole Botkin and Bonnie Smitch, University Year for Action volunteers who work through the Women’s Resource Center, plan to begin a noon-time book discussion open to anyone in the community who wants to come.

They will start with a book that presents radical alternatives to traditional human relationships.

Botkin stresses that the center is for all women. “We’d like to offer a variety of activities to attract a variety of women.”

A collective of women paramedics organized through the Women’s Resource Center and are hoping to open a clinic that will cross all racial and economic lines. They call themselves the Liz Blackwell Brigade, after the first woman doctor, and plan to offer a variety of gynecological services. “The response of women and the general community has been very enthusiastic,” says Chris Lang, of the brigade.

“We intend to offer our services in a learning situation. We would like to teach women about their bodies if they want to know. We feel that it is more important to answer questions than to see 100 people a day.”

The Women’s Resource Center is also offering activities helpful to men. By Fall, Botkin and Smitch hope to make available to the community a speaker’s bureau featuring a great variety of speakers and topics. Their Legal Referral Service specializes in cases of discrimination because of sex—female or male.

Men’s “rap groups” have arisen only recently as a counterpart to women’s. Informal groups have organized among men associated with the Women’s Commission and at Fairhaven. John McClendon says his group at Fairhaven winter quarter uncovered some of the difficulties men face in relating to women and also to men. That group disbanded this spring due to lack of a continuing group of participants. But McClendon is certain there is interest enough to get one going again.

Guren wishes that some of the curious people who come into the women’s commission office would organize their own rap groups. She senses a lot of interest from women who come to the commission “looking for someone to rap to,” but sends them to the Women’s Resource Center for lack of any functioning groups at the commission.

Reactions to the idea of a coed ‘rap group’ are mixed. Most women and men feel that their communication of feelings would be inhibited by the presence of a member of the opposite sex.

Dr. Saundra Taylor, director of Western’s Counseling Center, is hesitant to describe any sweeping changes in the psyches of women and men since the movement first began. But she says that college-age women with “a non-consciousness of themselves as women” are coming to the center in increasing numbers and “beginning to explore the dynamics of their conflict.”

“Activist women are still in the minority,” she says. “They are the few who realize that their society is the cause of their conflicts.”

The women’s movement has begun good things in Bellingham. It is broadening its scope to include women and men of all ages, incomes and philosophies. With its new humanism, it is challenging an entire society to improve itself.
In all the years it had taken her to get to college, Alice never had learned to resist the temptation to chase animals.

The trouble she had gotten into by chasing that late rabbit didn’t even faze her as she ran after the big, brown, ugly dog, following it up, down and across Western’s campus.

She raced after the hairy beast through the open door leading into the east end of Bond Hall. She watched the mongrel try to hide by entering the open elevator. Sensing victory within her grasp, Alice boarded the elevator to capture her prize but the elevator was filled with people and the dog could not be seen.

She positioned herself near the door as the boxful of people—and a hidden hound—began moving upward.

There was a slight bump as the elevator reached the third floor. The elevator’s contents shifted under the unexpected thrust and a piercing, tail-stomped howl filled the interior as the doors slid open and Alice saw the blur speed between her legs, knocking her off balance and out into the hall.

She looked to the left, right, above and below, no hound. She decided to continue the pursuit and began carefully exploring the hallway, moving away from the elevator.

There were people here, but they all looked strangely preoccupied. She paid no attention to them and continued down the corridor.

Strange noises met her ears and she decided to find their source. The clicking and clacking became louder as she approached the room on her left. Alice looked in and saw...
several people sitting before what appeared to be typewriters, but something was surely strange. Each time someone typed something, the machine typed something back!

She scanned the room for the mutt. He wasn’t there, so she decided she didn’t want to be there either.

She came upon another room. Peeking around the open door, she saw several people sitting at a series of machines that resembled very fancy typewriters. She watched as the people hit the keys on their machines. “At least they don’t talk back,” she said to herself.

Alice felt more at ease here and began to enter the room when she noticed that all the fancy typewriters were punching holes in funny little cards. “Oh my goodness,” she said aloud as she fled the room. “I must be back in Wonderland!”

Outside the door she smashed into something. She looked up; it was a man. “I’m sorry,” she said.

“That’s okay,” the man replied. “Are you a student here?”

“Why, yes. At Western I mean, not here in this place.”

“Well then, you have a student number. Did you know that your student number means things to us?”

Alice looked at the man, wondering what he was talking about. “Uh, no, I didn’t know that,” she finally responded.

“Oh yes. The zero doesn’t mean anything, but the next two numbers tell us what year you enrolled. Then the next number tells us what quarter you enrolled, one for Winter quarter, two for Spring, three for Summer and four for Fall. The next number tells us what kind of student you are, y’know, like a transfer student or something.”

“Well, what do you need all that stuff for?”

“You didn’t let me finish,” the man admonished.

“I’m sorry,” Alice answered, not wishing to anger the man. “After all, she thought, “he may be one of the Queen of Hearts’ men.”

“And the last three numbers are your sequence number. They identify you from all the other students that enrolled the same quarter as you,” the man continued.

“If you don’t mind, sir, I’d still like to know why you need all that stuff,” Alice reiterated.

“Well, we need a separate identification number so people can’t get to our students by using their social security numbers. And THE MACHINE needs a number sequence to compute . . . .”

“Machine?!” Alice questioned, “What’s THE MACHINE?”

The man turned and began walking away. “I don’t have the time to talk to you all day, especially if you don’t know what THE MACHINE is!”

Alice yelled to him, “Where can I find the Queen of Hearts?”

The man turned, stopping. “We don’t have a queen up here. At least I’ve never heard of one. We have an acting director. That’s about as close as we come to having any kind of royalty.

Alice queried, “Well, who is the ‘acting director’ and where is she?”

“His name’s Davidson, Mel Davidson. He’s usually around here someplace.”

Alice nodded, “Thanks. Oh, by the way, you haven’t seen a dog running around here have you?”

The man walked away mumbling, “A dog? No, I haven’t seen any dogs. But then I haven’t seen any queens either. I’m gonna have to keep my eyes open more. I don’t see how I could have missed a queen and a . . . .”

Alice turned to continue her search and immediately bumped into something else. She looked up to see what appeared to be a full-bearded student. She looked into his bespectacled eyes. “Uh, I’m sorry. I’ve been bumping into more things. I’m looking for a doggy and Mel Davidson.”

“I’m Mel Davidson, professor of physics, acting director of the computer center, and acting dean for research and grants.”

“Hi,” said Alice, thinking he looked awfully young to be a king or whatever. “I’m looking for a doggy that ran in here . . . .”

“The computer center began in 1961-62 with an IBM 1620. It was used mainly for academic purposes, then began to be used by the administration.”

“That’s nice,” said Alice. “But I’m looking for a . . . .”

“In 1967 we proposed to get a 360-40 IBM computer and the National Science Foundation gave us the money to buy it. In 1971 we bought a 7090 computer from Navy surplus, and in July 1972 we were totally operational.”

“Uh-huh,” said Alice. “Does that mean you haven’t seen the . . . ?”
“Right now we’re using the computer at its total capacity most of the year and 80 per cent the rest of the time. The administration uses about 33 per cent of the available time. About 40 per cent is used for instructional purposes, and the remaining 27 per cent is used for research.”

“Anything you say,” Alice interjected, becoming a little disturbed with this King of Numberland, “but do you know of any place where a doggy might hide? He’s pretty big so he couldn’t get into anyplace really small.”

“The administration’s time breaks down to about 50 per cent spent on student information, registration and grades. Thirty per cent is spent on financial information: the payroll, bills, departmental budgets and the college budget. Ten per cent is spent for library use and the remaining 10 per cent is used by the testing center and personnel department.”

“That’s all very interesting, but won’t you please help me find . . . ?”

“Seventy-five per cent of the instructional time is spent on the computer science classes and the other 25 per cent is used by the Computer Assisted Instruction program we have.”

Alice turned away from Davidson and began calling, “Here doggy, doggy.” When she turned back, Davidson was looking her straight in the eye. He pulled his fingers through his beard and began speaking again.

“Every Western faculty member is allocated three hours of machine time a year. Unfortunately, only about 100 of Western’s 450 faculty members use it. Most of the non-users think it’s too much of a hassle to learn how to use the computer.”

Alice nodded again, “Uh-huh. Are you sure you haven’t seen that doggy?”

“Actually, there is no mystique. The computer’s just a glorified adding machine. Even students unrelated to the computer sciences are using the machine. That’s the Computer Assisted Instruction program I was talking about before.”

Alice just missed colliding with a woman who was walking through the corridor.

Davidson said, “I think she can help you more than I can.” He pointed at the retreating woman.

Alice ran to the woman and said, “Excuse me, but have you seen a big, brown doggy?”

The woman blinked a couple of times and began speaking. “Well, Computer Assisted Instruction allows a professor to have a course unit available in the machine that students can use at their convenience. The student sits at what looks like a typewriter and feeds information into the computer by typing on the keyboard.”

Alice said, “That’s real nice, but have you seen a big, brown . . . ?”

The woman blinked a couple more times then
“Machine?” Alice questioned, “What’s the Machine?”

The man turned and began walking away. “I don’t have time to talk to you all day, especially if you don’t know what the Machine is!”

continued, “The computer decides whether the information is correct and notifies the student to either proceed to the next problem or rework the original problem again. Right now we have six terminals, as the typewriters are called, at Western and one at the Pacific Science Center in Seattle. Eventually, when we get our new computer, we will have about 12 terminals on campus and another 12 off campus.”

Alice tried getting on the woman’s good side by blinking a couple times herself. “That’s just peachy-keen, but have you or haven’t you seen my doggy?”

“There are 21 different classes using the computer at present. Some of them include biology, math, Huxley College, the computer center programming course, geography, chemistry and others. More classes aren’t using the facilities because we just don’t have the machine time for any more people to use. The new computer will take care of that, plus we’re going to stay open longer.”

Alice quit blinking, “I understand. That means you haven’t seen that doggy either.”

“The woman continued, after her customary blinks, “Actually, we’re open 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2 to 5 p.m. daily, and from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. on Saturdays right now. When we get the new computer, we’ll be open 16 hours a day because a lot of students would like to work at night.”

“Thanks a lot,” said Alice as she began meandering down the hall again. “Here doggy, here doggy.”

She came to the end of the corridor. Although no dog, there was a large door. “I wonder if he could have gotten in there?” She reached out her hand and pushed. The door swung open and she was immediately enveloped in a blanket of cool air. She walked inside calling, “Here doggy, doggy, C’mere you nice little doggy you.”

Instead, Mel Davidson appeared from behind a large blinking machine. “This is the machine room. This machine to your left is a disk drive. It is an information storage unit. It holds 12 disks with 30 million characters on each disk. That makes for a total of 360 million characters, enough to print the first and last initials for every human in the United States.”

“How ’bout doggies?” Alice queried.

“And, as you can see, we have several of the disk drive machines. Over here are our printers. There’s a big one and a smaller one. The large one is capable of printing 1,100 lines of type per minute with 132 characters per line.”

“Are you sure you haven’t seen my doggy?” Alice pleaded.

“This is the heart of the complex, an IBM 360-40. We are hoping to replace this one with a 360-50 pretty soon. The new machine has twice the memory capability of this machine and works about four times as fast. The bureaucracy in Olympia is holding its purchase up.”

“Do you think maybe they’ve seen my doggy?”

“In all of America there are only three or four systems using the computer languages that can do the kinds of things we can do. We have the only system in the state capable of running the programs the University of Washington’s medical school wants.”

Alice put her hands on her hips, “I don’t suppose you’d care to talk about doggies, would you?”

“There isn’t a permanent director of the computer center right now. About 250 people applied for the position and I’m one of them. The possibilities have been thinned to 10 and I’m still among that group. There are so many applicants because there just aren’t many computer jobs open now. There’s been a shutdown in the technological field for the last two years. Students should avoid scientific programming. That field is close to the saturation point.”

Alice spotted a lone young man sitting at the front of a panel of levers, buttons, knobs and blinking lights. She walked over to him. She watched as he flicked some levers, pushed some buttons, typed on another one of those funny typewriters that talk back and continued to push and pull gadgets. “By any chance, have you seen a doggy running around here? He’s kind of big and sort of brownish . . . .”

“Aha!”

From behind the big mechanical monstrosity the mangy mutt made good yet another escape, running out of the machine room.

Alice gave chase. “Goodbye and thanks,” she called back over her shoulder. Eastwardly, down the corridor she pursued the mongrel. Past the funny rooms with their funny machines and funny people that all talked in numbers. A quick right at the end of the hallway and she, again, had the dog cornered.

The elevator door, again, slid open. The dog, again, fled into the crowded cannister. Alice, again, stationed herself by the door. The elevator, again, reached the ground floor, and, once again, the mutt made his escape between Alice’s legs.

Alice turned and ran after the mutt. He made it through the Bond Hall door as another student was entering the building and Alice crashed through the doorway in hot pursuit.
With its engines churning a white froth up from the quiet water, the white and green ferry glides into the landing slip and pauses briefly as you walk ashore on one of the San Juan islands.

A blast on its whistle and the ferry chugs away, leaving you surrounded by the peaceful quiet of an island which the world, to a great extent, has passed by.

A forty minute ride from Bellingham takes you to a world that is becoming harder and harder to find in these days of instant-plastic-haste: a world of peace and beauty.

The San Juans are off the beaten path. No super freeways sweep you past them—you can't even drive to them without parking for twenty miles. Tourists pass among the islands every day, going from the mainland to Vancouver Island in Canada, but few ever take the time to stay in the San Juans.

A world of peace and beauty.

The charm of the San Juans is their peacefulness. Those who come to the islands are, like you, going to spend some time away from the rushing world.

The ferry system serves to enforce the calming, unhurried atmosphere of the islands. Once the ferry leaves the landing slip you aren't going anywhere for hours.

Knowing that there is no rush on the islands, you can take the time to enjoy the beauty around you. For it's the beauty that attracts people into the San Juans; a beauty steeped in calm.

Without the crowds that overflow nearly every other part of Washington, the wind and the water and the islands form a peaceful setting that begs you to commune with the quiet world around you.

Two of the islands served by ferries, Orcas and San Juan, have state park campgrounds complete with showers and flush toilets. For those who wish to spend more than one afternoon enjoying the islands, a fee of $1.75 is charged any who use these developed sites.

All of the islands have miles of public beach, some of which is accessible only by following the shore line, where you can camp for free.

Because the islands are relatively small (San Juan, the largest, is only 20 miles long) you will find it cheaper to park your car at the ferry terminal in Anacortes and sail as a foot passenger.

Cyclists can pedal aboard the ferries.
and ride for the same price as foot passengers. If you drive to the ferry terminal at Anacortes the Washington State Ferry System will let you park your car for free while you take the ferries at foot passenger rates.

A round-trip ticket on the ferry system's longest run (5 stops) is only $4.50 for a walk-on traveler. Car and driver fare for the same trip would be $15.

Places to go on the islands, range from Mt. Constitution, a 1,400 foot lookout on Orcas Island, to the San Juans National Monument on San Juan Island. The monument is in commemoration of the only war in United States' history that took no human life. The Pig War, named for its only casualty, lasted for 12 years in the mid-1800's.

The greatest activity of the war came during international track meets held between the U.S. troops and British marines.

Rebuilt stockades and blockhouses provide visitors with a view of island life of more than 100 years ago.

All four of the San Juans served by the ferries have stores where you can buy food and other sundries, but island prices include the cost of the ferry ride for every article sold so you should haul
Those who come to the islands are going to spend some time away from the rushing world.

your own goodies in the interest of saving money.

Hitchhiking down from 1-5 from Bellingham, take State Highways 20 and 536 west to Anacortes and the ferry terminal, which sits on the west edge of town.

Should the price of a ferry ticket be beyond you, you can turn south on Highway 525 about five miles east of Anacortes and head for Deception Pass State Park at the north tip of Whidbey Island.

The two beaches at the park, one salt and one fresh water, are free, but its campground also costs $1.75 per night if you use it.

For years the state has been buying waterfront land in the San Juans to be used for public beach access. Signs marking public land are scattered through the islands. However, any land not marked as public is probably private and most owners are picky about who they let play on their land.

Except for holiday weekends, when the crush of people spills over onto the islands, the San Juans will provide you with a break from the hassles of the more accessible tourist spots.

For the price of a walk-on ferry ticket you can find a little peace in the islands.
The wind and the water and the islands form a peaceful setting that begs you to commune with the quiet world around you.