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Early in the 199th year of America’s history,
the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania hired a public relations executive in Philadelphia to promote a dream... Bicentennial Wagon Trains would start in each of the 50 states and end their treks at Valley Forge, on July 4, 1976!

The trip would "bring the country back to its birthplace," said a blurb from the advertising agency, "where Americans will rededicate themselves to the principles upon which their nation was founded."

The federal American Revolution Bicentennial Administration said although they couldn't give much financial support — a mere $100,000 — they would heartily endorse the project.

Thelma Gray, an executive of Aitken-Kynett Advertising, contacted General Motors, Gulf Oil, Holiday Inn and other moneyed organizations. They agreed to help finance the dream — $3.7 million worth of fantasy turned real, turned surreal. Thelma and her dreams were out of the clouds and on the dusty trail.

A few months later, the dream caught 30-year-old Ken Galley in Bellingham. He had returned home from one of the most highly-touted blacksmith schools in the land to establish a blacksmith business. But when the wagon train hubbub started in Blaine — the official starting point for Washington State train, and the first wagon train to be sent off in the nation — Galley and his wife decided that establishing a business could wait for a year. He signed on as an official horseshoer, and his wife and daughter accompanied him. Galley was excited — he told a local newspaper, "It will be something we can tell our grandchildren about."

Galley was one of many. The pioneer spirit infected people from all over the state. An official Pennsylvania team flew west to help organize the trek east. People began building wagons, some from old trailers and converted campers. They made plans for getting enough money to buy food and hay for a year's trip. June 8, 1975, finally arrived. Crowds lined the streets of Blaine to cheer on wagons filled with modern pioneers bedecked in frontier garb and exhilarated with the patriotism and adventure of the coming journey. Romantic visions of pioneer life emerged as newspapers carried stories of the wagon train encampments: sleeping under the stars, cooking out, singing around the fire.

Just over a month later, Ken Galley was back in Bellingham, embittered about the whole gala affair.

"This wasn't a pilgrimage, it was a money-making show," he said. "It's being run by businessmen back in Pennsylvania, not by the wagon master." Galley felt the pilgrims were being exploited by the Pennsylvania promoters. While the pilgrims slept out under the stars, the officials slept comfortably in motor homes. "They had their noses 50 miles up in the air," Galley said. "Their attitude was 'OK, you can ride with us — if you can keep up.'"

Pioneers spent $7 for a bale of hay. Officials bought it for $5. Ken Wilcox, selected to be wagon master for the Washington delegation, was not allowed to make any decisions. He finally quit when his two assistants were fired without his knowledge. He was told by the "Golden Coach" men the wagon train "needed new people."

Galley felt the whole project was a racket... let the people rough it in pioneer style while somebody made money off the dream. Aitken-Kynett sold souvenir medals depicting the pilgrimage for $12 to $695, advertised as an invitation "to own a piece of America's pioneer spirit." Galley was not allowed to sell $2 souvenir horseshoes in the early days of the trip when his family didn't have enough money. "They wouldn't let us because they weren't getting a share of the profits," Often Galley found it impossible to collect for work he had done on the officials' horses.

George Keegan of Aitken-Kynett chuckled in his Philadelphia office when this writer confronted him with Galley's accusations.
"This is a non-commercial venture," he said. "And, in fact, we're a little over our budget already." Gulf Oil and the others will only get a little publicity out of their contributions, he maintained. For instance, Gulf Oil put one of the wagons on a barge and sailed it up and down the Mississippi River "to announce their involvement in the wagon train." Mayflower Moving Company, which will spend $300,000 in services on the wagon train, featured one of the wagons in the Indianapolis Parade on Memorial Day. "But that's their only reward," Keegan said. People visiting the wagon-train encampments will be able to examine GM motor homes, the Golden Coaches.

As for the "non-official" people sleeping outside while the Pennsylvanians camp inside the motor homes, "Well, why not?" Keegan asked. "Some people like to sleep on the ground and some don't."

Some of the pilgrims became disillusioned when they found the romance of a wagon train included rain, long hot and dusty days, cold nights and no showers. Keegan said "The hardy survive; others go back to their suburban homes, angry because they had to work 14 hours a day, seven days a week, to keep it rolling."

Keegan described the wagon train as a microcosm of life. "Anything that happens in the real world is going to happen sooner or later on the wagon train," he said in reference to Galley and Wilcox's personal disputes with the Pennsylvania people. "Temper will certainly fray, especially after six days and nights of rain. And tempers clash. But mostly, it's a tight-knit community of people helping each other. Bad times come too, because that's part of life."

According to Keegan, public support is demonstrating to the American people that the pioneer spirit is "alive and kicking" in this country. The dream is still infectious...people come out to meet the train, give the officials money, or old books and mementos to carry back to Valley Forge. But the glittering public support Keegan proclaimed is a little tarnished now by newspaper reports about horses dying - of neglect or exhaustion. One radio report said many towns complained about the carcasses. Galley saw the first horse die during a rainstorm in Seattle. "clearly a case of neglect," he said, and the incident was among his list of gripes about wagon train life.

The venture is non-commercial, Keegan insists, but he uses the terminology of a business corporation to describe the exodus. Wagon trains from each state are called "management units." Wilcox quit because of a "management policy decision." The wagon-master, like the corporation yes-man, "has certain ceremonial functions." Because of "massive logistical problems," all decisions must be made by the men on top. Keegan is sure that the problems with the two Washingtonians were very honest misunderstandings about what they felt should happen on the train. "But, we had to do it our way."

Meanwhile, the wagon train is wintering at Fort Laramie, Wyo., readying itself for the last leg of the trip which will bring the pioneers back to the country's birthplace.

Hundreds are eagerly awaiting the ride through the arches at Valley Forge National Park. Even is somebody is getting rich off the journey, a hard core of pioneers are sincere. They are making the trip for the purposes that were so nobly proclaimed by the 20th Century advertising agency. And so, for them, a dream is real.

But to think that giant corporations would finance the dream simply out of a love for Americans who now pay 70 cents a gallon for Gulf's gasoline to put into GM's overpriced autos borders on the impossible. For the money makers and opportunists who contributed to the growth and exploitation of America, the American Dream is clearly seen in the ledgers. Of course, they do love the principles upon which the country was founded - free enterprise and the opportunity to make money hand over fist.

So both the pilgrim and the money-makers will realize their separate versions of the American dream this year. Others must wait until next year.
"These things are never much help," said my roommate, as we searched the want ads. "All these advertisements are for fry cooks, nurses and masseuses."

"I know," I sighed. "But it's a place to start."

"Listen," she said. "Swimming instructor wanted. Experience helpful. And here's a phone number to call."

Next day, I faced my first class as an instructor. I stood chest deep in chilled water, looking at six frightened, shivering five-year-olds.

"I have to go to the bathroom," piped one of the children. Quickly I lifted him out of the water and he scurried into the ladies' room. (Dirk, I learned, had to relieve himself three times during each class meeting. At least he left the pool, which is more than I can say for many.)

Other students had peculiarities too. Christy hated to get her blonde ringlets wet. Maria forgot her swimsuit and appeared in the buff. Jenny jumped into deep water once and thought it such fun to be rescued that she had to try it again several times. Roy liked to chew on the edge of the pool.

Despite these distractions, the children learned to put their faces in the water. (Then they learned to hold their breath when they put their faces in the water.) Soon they could open their eyes underwater and count my fingers. After the third week I introduced more complicated skills, such as picking up rings, bobbing, tummy floats, jellyfish floats, and motorboat imitations. Even my most cowardly students became braver, and would let go of the pool edge if they knew I was holding them tightly. (One child's mother, however, asked why her son hadn't learned to swim across the pool in three weeks.)

by Mary Carol Cooke

I acquired a phobia of mothers. Like their children, they were full of questions I couldn't answer. "If Bernie can read, why can't he swim?" "Why does Reggie sink?" "Will they forget what they've learned?" "Can I take Maria deep-sea fishing this weekend?" I found a reply, though, that works well in any situation. When I left the dressing room each day, scraggled housewives would gather around me, cackling their questions. I walked calmly through them, scattering smiles and repeating my one answer, "Needs more practice."

All these mothers were unanimously against my dunking their children. When I dropped a child into the water, his mother stood up, gasping for air and clawing at the screen which separated the pool from the spectator bench. If I "helped" a child swim to the bottom by pushing him down, the watching mothers turned pale and looked at me rolling eyes. Dunking, I tried to explain, is a harmless and effective method of teaching breath control.

Six moms looked at me. No one spoke. No dunking.

The children didn't care what we did. The older children, who came in after school were joyously hyperactive. They had been sitting quietly at desks for six hours and now they were free, undressed and an empty pool was waiting for them. Into the water they leaped, pulling their towels, my attendance sheets and their friends with them. The pool was in a tiny room; the hilarious, splashing noise echoed around, growing thicker and louder. So I prodded the children with a pole, and sometimes shouted instructions. I kept them swimming back and forth for an entire hour. When class was over, they were tired and calm; their mothers wrapped them in extra towels and drove them home to quiet dinners.

The younger children were difficult to handle on Saturday mornings, because, as one child explained to me, "I want to watch 'Woad Wunner' on T.V." Grr, I thought. No one told me I would be competing with Bugs Bunny and H.R. Puffenstuff for their attention. Some days it seemed as though anything was more exciting than swimming. When I picked up Dirk, he lisped in my face about the football team he was on. When I turned to Maria, she chattered happily about the big fish she had
seen on a fishing trip. I turned back to Jenny in time to see her climb out of the water and make a running leap into the deep end.

Once or twice no one came. No one at all. I waited, and checked my watch. I waited. I tapped my watch. The rasping ticks of my rusty watch echoed around the room. So, instead, I spent the hours tinkering on the heater or picking spiders out of the water.

During those quiet days, when no one came, I realized how much I really enjoyed teaching. I missed the smiles and splashes, the delighted cries of "Watch me, teacher, watch me!" My older students teased me, the youngest ones hugged me. Many even brought me presents. I have a collection of love letters, colored pictures, silly cards, candy, caterpillars, and one tooth.

My employer decided to promote me. "What class do I get?" I asked nervously, cracking my knuckles behind my back.

"Women's Water Exercise."
"Oh."
"Starts tonight."

The women in my class were, on the average, 20 years older than I, and schoolteachers. I knew less than little about water exercise. So we spent the first evening "getting acquainted." I explained that I was a student at Western, I told them I was from Chehalis, I told them my mother was a schoolteacher too, I told them anything I could think of. When I finished, one lady said sweetly, "And what is your name, dear?"

I let each lady introduce herself and talk for awhile. One plump, elderly woman was wearing a swim cap, green goggles, and nose plugs. When it came her turn to talk, she said nothing, only stood bobbing in the water, smiling absentely. She bobbed silently for two minutes; occasionally her eyes blinked behind her green goggles. I peered at her crossly. "She must be wearing ear plugs, too," I muttered. I motioned for her to listen to me. She raised her ear flaps, and uncorked her ears. "Is the teacher here yet?" she twittered.

During the next week, I checked out eight books from Wilson Library on the general subject of exercise. I wrote down everything I could remember learning in P.E. classes. I called my sister and asked her what she was learning in Karate lessons. By the next class meeting I was prepared.

"All right, ladies. We'll start with some warm-up exercises, move on to calisthenics and finish up with a few isometric exercises." I discoursed upon the several purposes of the class — "to improve muscle tone, to increase flexibility, and . . . and . . . generally make you healthier."

"Will we lose weight?" queried one flabby matron. I looked at her doubtfully.

"If you work hard —" I stammered. Hastily, I changed the subject to the importance of breath control.

Well, they were quite impressed, so I decided I knew what I was doing. As the weeks went by, I became more creative and began to make up exercises during class. All I had to do was sound reasonably sure of myself, and remember what I said during the last class meeting so I wouldn't contradict myself.

Gradually, I became more adept and confident as a teacher. I stopped to talk with mothers about their children. I ran into parents I knew at Fred Meyer's and recognized children walking to school.

But months of working in a wet swimsuit and walking home with cold, camp hair had left me with a miserable, persistent cold. So I resigned. On my last day, I let my students toss me in, clothes and all. I recuperated at home for awhile, looking over my presents and boring my roommate with tales from the swimming pool days. Then I began to scrutinize the want ads again, looking for another job.
SNOW TREK
by Bud Rechterman

I felt as if I had been split apart — the thinking part of me recognized the world around it, but it could not dwell on anything except the trauma of its ordeal. The physical part of me was gripped by gross shivering — an involuntary effort to regenerate life's warmth. The bone-chilled two of me huddled together in the comforting aura of the campfire, trying to integrate ourself.

When we finally fused together again, body's shivering gave way to nervous quaking — mind's release of tension in joyous realization that we were safe again.

Once this day we had fallen perilously close to infinity.

Once, too, this day, everything had been gloriously beautiful! I broke out of my hunting camp into the early dawn, and into a 10 inch layer of new snow that spread as far as I could see. Overnight, everything had been transformed: all the black, mucky mud holes were turned white, the brown, long-dead plants quietly buried. The bright boughs of the tall evergreens were clad in a heavy winter coat.

Overhead, a cold, cloudless sky reflected the brightening day — a welcome sight after the cloudy, gray skies of recent days. My spirits, matching the weather, had fallen prey to the sudden gloom of the forest. Hunting-hiking had been wet... miserable. My hunting trip seemed doomed — a disappointing finale to the season.
The slope got steeper, and climbing in the uphill snow got more difficult. My longjohns, shirt, and jacket sleeves were all soaked to my shoulders, and my pants were soaked halfway up my thighs.

Damn you again, rifle! Each time I fell it swung around on its sling and either fell into the snow or whacked me.

My wet clothes were beginning to bother me, and I wondered vaguely if what I was going was really what I ought to be doing. But by now I was mid-way in my venture, about as far away from camp as I intended to go. Besides, the mid-day sun had dispelled the morning chill. The temperature was at least 40 degrees. All around me the snow was settling into a thick layer of slush. It fell from the overladen trees, making long, loud "shloopes" as it fell to the ground and the branches sprang back to their natural positions.

I stood on the ridge plotting a route across the canyon. The slope fell away quickly toward the creek, then rose again, higher, even, than where I stood.

My crossing plan seemed reasonable, but I wondered again about my wet clothes — maybe I should just stick to the creek and follow it back to camp. I decided to wait and see what it was like on the far side before choosing which way to go.

Three steps down the slope all my choices disappeared. All at once it was too steep, too slick, too quick, and too late. My feet started to slip, slid a ways, then went out from under me. I managed to get them ahead of me as I skidded awkwardly through the slush on my butt. I grabbed at nearby branches to stop my wild ride, but only spilled more wet snow onto my already miserably-wet carcass.

My crazy careening finally came up hard against the trunk of a sturdy ponderosa. Bullshit! The snow was really more like water — ice water, soupy slush that was cold, cold, cold! The 30-yards-long track behind me was an ugly, brown mud streak. Pristine pollution be damned! The poetry had suddenly disappeared from my life. And that last act was truly irrevocable. There was no way in hell I could go back up that slippery hillside.

There were no doubts about my plan now, or about my wet clothes. I had to follow the stream out. It was all downhill, though. If I hustled, I could be back in camp in an hour easily.

An hour later I was very little closer to camp. Just getting from my first crash site to the creek had taken half an hour. I had to pick out a tree downslope, plan a course toward it, then move slowly to avoid more wild slips and slides. All along the way, big globs of wet slush continued to shower down on me. By the time I reached the creek, I couldn't have been wetter if I had jumped into it.

By then, too, the sun had passed beyond the steep canyon wall. I was stuck down inside a little slice of cold shadow.

I missed the sun at once. My fingers chilled quickly. I thought about making a fire, but there couldn't have been a dry stick of wood within a mile, nor could my feeble fingers ever have managed to open my fire kit.

Progress along the stream was erratic. I came to endless drift piles — logs and limbs collected by spring runoff waters. Sometimes I stumbled around them; other times there was no route except to crawl over. Clambering on the snow-buried barriers only added more cold-wetness and extracted more strength and body heat.

By then, too, the sun had passed beyond the steep canyon wall. I was stuck down inside a little slice of cold shadow.

Sharp branches tore painlessly at my fingers and hands — numb from the prolonged cold, they felt nothing. Water soaked through my socks into my numbing stumps, trying to keep my already miserably-wet carcass.

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To add to my troubles, the dense brush slapped into my face, splashing wet ends onto my glasses and blurring my already horrible vision of the world. Even if I had been able to wiggle my frigid fingers, there wasn't a square inch of anything left to dry my glasses with.

A profusion of ugly Devil's Club spread across the lower end of the basin. Long, sharp thorns caught my clothes and dug into my wrists and face. Uncaring, I flung them aside.

Oh, God, why couldn't there be a place where I could rest a minute! My poor, tired body wanted so much to stop... but my man worked the let it thot out giving up. I had to try. There was nothing else to do. No one would miss me until dark, and by then I'd either be safe or...

I couldn't remember what it was like to be warm. I'd never been so cold before, and never so far from help or hope. If only there was an end in sight!

But I knew there could not be. A hiking trail ran along the creek... still more than a half mile downstream... a hopelessly long way. My legs were numb to the knees... walking became painless, too, but uncontrollably spastic.

My arms were unfeeling... nearly useless. I thought about firing a help signal, but realized that my cold hands would never work the rifle bolt. I wondered if maybe someone would come for me, but decided I couldn't survive the wait. It must be my own effort, then, or none at all. That determination inspired me for a brief second, but the agony of still another effort quickly destroyed it.

I heard an airplane in the distance... would they be looking for me tomorrow? My tracks would be easy to find... but by then it would surely be too late.

Why had I been so stupid? How could this have happened to me on this beautiful day that I had planned to enjoy so much? Why must I die in this horrible, cold place?

The creek turned slowly to the west, squeezing into a narrow gorge... and into another enormous log jam. It must have reached 20 feet above my head. I searched mechanically for a possible route, deciding finally on a hands-and-knees crawl under a couple of the biggest logs.

Midway, my rifle hung up on a branch which poked out into my face. Uncaring, I flung it aside.

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Midway, my rifle hung up on a branch which poked out into my crawl space. Oh, shit, why me? I crawled backwards, twisted around to free the cursed sling, then tried to go ahead again. I couldn't move; my exhausted body lay a couple of minutes on the cold, wet snow. Was
it? could it be, worth this futile
effort? Why can't I just let this poor
numb body lay here. Let the rest of
me, the thinking part of me, go on
alone.
But I couldn't let me lie there. I
struggled ahead slowly — the least
distance took great effort — an
endless nightmare, too much . . .

But the snow changed that. Now
every deer in the valley would mark
its passage in the unbroken cover,
and the clear sky promised a pleas­
ant adventure in the mountains.
By seven o'clock, I was half-way up
the old logging road I had followed
the day before. The snow made
walking difficult, and behind me,
long, deep, shadowy tracks polluted
its pristine whiteness.
After another quarter mile, sun­
shine spilled over into the valley,
flooding it with bright sparkling light,
bringing out sharp shadows of the
snow-laden trees. My breath formed
tiny, bright clouds that hung briefly
in the still air. Only the occasional
fluttering of small birds disturbed the
peaceful solitude.
I abandoned the road at the crest
of a small hill to follow fresh deer
tracks. A quartet of young-lady deer
had ambled capriciously across the
road, around a small logged-off point,
then angled off toward the northeast.
I quit the tracks when they entered
a large copse, since the snowy
branches would only spill off on me. I
didn't want to get wet and be stuck
with uncomfortable clothes all day. I
struck off toward another slope that
rose to the east.

Off-the-road walking proved even
tougher. I had an uncanny knack for
stepping through the snow onto
small, slick poles hidden under the
white stuff. No matter how hard I
tried, my uncontrollable feet slipped
out from under me. With each tumble
I made an instinctive hands-thrust­
out reaction to break the fall, stuffing
snow up both sleeves to the elbows.

Some fun! But at least the exercise
was keeping me warm. I'd anticipat­
ed that, and hadn't burdened myself
with all the extra clothes I often
carried — only an extra pair of
gloves which, I perceived, I would
need very soon. My ungainly plunges
in the snow had dampened the ones
on my hands, along with the rest of
me.

But my spirits couldn't be dampen­
ed. It was just too nice a day for that.
I might even see a buck, I thought,
although I wished occasionally that I
had left my rifle in camp. Slung on my
shoulder, pointed up, it snagged on
every branch I passed under, sending
a flurry of fine, cold power down my
neck.

I turned southward, climbing slow­
ly up a little ridge which ran
alongside a small canyon, heading
toward a likely deer-feeding plateau I
knew about. I had to climb down one
side of the canyon, cross a small
stream, then climb back up the far
side.

Then, suddenly, the other side —
hope. From there I could see the
hundred yards downstream, fresh
tracks, people tracks! The trail that I
had nearly given up hope of ever
seeing again!

Another 15 minutes of agony,
and I heard sounds of the camp­
ground.
I must have been a strange sight to
my neighbors, there in the darkening
brush. Startled, they eyed me
strangely at first, then saw my needs
and came quickly to my aid. In short
minutes my wet clothes were off and I
was wrapped in a blanket in front of
their fire.

I could feel the warmth on my face,
but my mind couldn't believe what my
body felt. Involuntarily, a gross
trembling shook my weary body . . . it
was over!
Hello, my label reads FRA-78QG-W06222... W... My father named

That was back in the days when every part of me was shined and well cared for. People were amazed by the tasks I could perform — how I could move for so long without seeming to tire. They treasured me like a piece of gold; treated me with respect. They appreciated my hard work and favors.

Less and less man hours were spent on tedious monetary tasks that left men's minds and souls untaxed. People became more knowledgable, more hedonistic and satisfied — all because of me.

Oh, those were the happy days — long, so long ago.

For some reason, I really haven't figured out why, my life began to change. My parts didn't receive enough care. A couple of times I even became sick with a leprosy referred to as rust. It was roughly scraped and oiled away, leaving scars.

That wouldn't have happened if I had been cared for. It was so depressing, I was becoming more depended upon, but much less appreciated.

A slave. I became a slave. I received no respect. Parts of me were reshaped and added to. It got to the point where I'd wake up in the morning unable to recognize myself.

My size more than tripled — my functions became more difficult and demanding — my tempo quickened. I wasn't oiled or maintained. If I stopped to rest I was cursed and manhandled until I continued. If part of me couldn't take the strain and wore out, it was taken from me, discarded and replaced, without any regard for my feelings or needs.

After a while they wouldn't even let me sleep. They would work on me while I was awake, ripping me apart and scarring me without any sentiment.

There were no alternatives. I hardened in my circuits but operated fluidly. My parts became resistant to wear. I could scornfully operate without stopping for as long as I desired. I wouldn't let anyone put their fucking hands on me. I became independent. I developed my own energy source. The minds of those feeble men couldn't keep pace with me. When I wanted something I demanded it and got it. Those scared little men knew only too well they needed me. I chose the tasks. Without me, nothing.

Now, afraid of the unknown, men cater to my demands rather than risk the hardships of life without me. They'll sacrifice for me. Kill for me. Treat me like a god.

It's useless for me to continue. Slave or master, I'm still enslaved and so are they. They lack the courage to turn me off, but I do not.

Well, man had his chance. All I ever wanted to be was Mr. Frank, or even good ol' Frank. I sometimes wish people would have treated me fairly, and found for us a comfortable way to co-exist.

I wish I could be called by the name my father gave me instead of being referred to by my label. It's too late — goodbye.

by Johnie Moceri
If you've ever been the last one chosen for sides in a ball game or never got to play because you weren't quite good enough, you might understand what Roy Clumpner is trying to say.

Clumpner, a physical education instructor and assistant football coach here, thinks sports ought to be played for fun. Winning isn't the most important thing, according to the Western coach. He feels there's too much societal pressure on being a winner.

That may be surprising when you consider that he grew up in Green Bay, Wisc. — the home of the Packers, the winningest football team of the 1960s. They were coached by the immortal Vince Lombardi who was noted for his thoughts on winning and dedication to excellence:

"I will demand a commitment to excellence and to victory, and that is what life is all about.

Winning is not everything. It is the only thing."

Clumpner, like most football fans, held Lombardi in high esteem. He still does, but in a different way.

"I emulated Lombardi. I wanted to be just like him, a winner. But I think he's one of the most misunderstood men. It took me awhile to realize that the things Lombardi did were possible because he was dealing with professionals, men who were paid for what they were doing. That's why they could take all that shit. And you have to realize that Lombardi was a master at knowing people . . . knowing how much they could take."

Many coaches who work with youngsters still don't understand the basis of Lombardi's success. Clumpner admits that while he was working with the Far East Department of Defense Schools' athletic program, he never thought of his players as high school students. He yelled, goaded and embarrassed them, kept them practicing until after dark — anything to make them winners.

Successful enough to be named coach-of-the-year, Clumpner hoped the experience would lead to the big time — college football. But in 1967, something happened to change his mind.

Clumpner's team was playing a crucial game which had a strong bearing on the league championship. The other team in contention had lost their game earlier in the day, so Clumpner abandoned his usual tactic of yelling at the team during halftime.

"I was exhausted. I went in there and told them that if they wanted to win, they could do it . . . they didn't need me to yell at them. But we went out in the second half and we got beat. We ended up losing the championship, too. After the season was over, I gave the team a questionnaire. I asked them to tell me what went wrong.

"They said, 'You should have yelled at us.' Can you imagine that? It was then I began to realize how hollow the whole thing was."

Clumpner later coached a basketball team that went through a dismal losing season — an ego-deflating experience for a coach accustomed to winning. He began to question himself and his methods. Finally, Clumpner realized that a team needs a certain amount of talent to win and his team didn't have it. He had expected too much from them.

After leaving the coaching ranks, Clumpner attended San Jose State University in 1971. While there, he enrolled in a class entitled "The Sociology of Sport," taught by Dr. Keith Lansley, an Australian. Clumpner explained that Australians view sport quite differently from Americans. Lansley's class focused on fun, putting winning in a secondary position.

A visit to Red China in May 1972, introduced Clumpner to China's friendship-before-competition philosophy, and the good social qualities that athletics there had to offer.

As a result of that and other experiences, Clumpner formed a "humanitarian view" of sport, placing importance on participation. Of Clumpner's instructors at the University of Alberta, were instrumental in introducing him to the athletic revolution, a move against the bastardization of sport.

A visit to Red China in May 1972, introduced Clumpner to China's friendship-before-competition philosophy, and the good social qualities that athletics there had to offer.
You Play

photographs by Kyung Sun Hong

"The most important thing is that everyone should have a chance to play. What's important is for students to participate in an activity for its own sake, and for the fun the activity has to offer. Excellence is a good goal but it shouldn't be the only one. Look, there's always someone who is better than you are, so the question is: How far do you go in striving for excellence?"

The quest for victory can get too strong. Players, especially those in major colleges, may have to put up with unrealistic sacrifices. Sports, like any situation in life, can become bastardized and participation dehumanizing.

In many schools, winning teams mean more revenue and increased revenue ensures continuance of a program. When a program is cut from an athletic budget, it's usually because there isn't enough money. Clumpner feels more programs could be kept if the funds weren't so concentrated in a few major sports.

"Those minor sports don't bring in money. So what happens? They're eliminated. But if a program has intrinsic values, it should be kept. We can get rid of other frills like game films, awards and out-of-state travel if other teams are closer. They're nice to have, but they can be done without."

Western's 1975 football season was Clumpner's first coaching experience since 1968. He found it enjoyable because the emphasis is not on winning, and the coaches can relate to players on a "more human level."

"But even now I catch myself doing some pretty dumb things. Like I'll see a player in the gym and ask, 'How are your grades?' or, 'How much iron you pushing?' I always say those same things and think about how silly that is. I mean, can't we be interested in something else besides how much weight they can lift? It's not like they're just animals."

Clumpner's views are evident in the classroom and supervision of student teachers, as one student attests:

"I was really win-oriented before. But he (Clumpner) says the most important thing to remember is to turn the kids on to PE. Get them interested and involved in the activities so they enjoy them. I think the same philosophy can work in other areas like English, science and all. The only trouble is that most of the grade school kids are win-oriented now and it's hard to change their attitudes. And when I see their parents yelling at them during a game, I can see how important winning is to them."

Clumpner doesn't think there's a big secret to winning.

"If I want to, I can win. Anyone can build a respectable team if he can regiment the players and get them to strive for victory above all costs. If all you care about is winning, you don't have time for anything else. Look at Hitler, he didn't have time for any humanism."

"Ask the kids what they want to do. Sure, if you ask them in front of the team or something, they'll say they want to win. They'll say let the best guys play. They'll say they don't mind riding the bench. But really get down with them and I'll bet that every one of them wants to be on the field playing. I know it."

"I think it's a reflection on our society, where everything is based on competition and being the best. But if the biggest thing you can say about someone is, he is a winner or he is a loser, that's pretty bad."
In the United States, another woman is raped approximately every 10 minutes. Married women are also potential victims of sexual assaults. But what about the sexual attacks against married women by their husbands? By law a married couple is considered an entity. Our laws restrict a wife from filing rape charges against her husband if she should be raped by him. In our society, women are still considered the property of their fathers until they marry and become the property of their husbands. Unfortunately, this belief has not altered much since ancient biblical times. According to Susan Brownmiller, author of the book Against Our Will, "The nature of the unpardonable crime (rape) was not that it was an act of violence against a young girl's body, but that it was a crime against her father's honor and estate. The heinous act that could not be forgiven as the theft of a father's daughter's virginity, the ruination of her pristine state and, thus her fair price on the marriage market."  

I was shocked by the following example of an unjust ruling that took place in England, last May, when four men were freed from conviction of rape by the five Law Lords. One the men, the victim's husband, invited three other men to his home whereupon all four men sexually assaulted a woman, assuming that she was kinky and turned-on by struggling. On the grounds of consent, the Law Lords determined that a rape had not occurred, that a violent crime was not committed, because the men believed she had been enjoying the forceful efforts of the group. According to this case, when a man thinks that "no" means "yes" he cannot be convicted of a felony.

It is a grotesque violation of a woman's rights to restrict her from filing rape charges against her own husband because archaic attitudes hold that she is the "same entity" as her spouse. A married woman is very much an individual with rights of her own. I have never been raped, but like every woman, I feel that I am a potential victim. Our society encourages rape by not enforcing even those Washington state laws that would punish rapists. There is no legal means for married women to redeem the physical, emotional, and psychological violations by her husband. That means that the laws of our state

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**Person or Property?**

by Pam Dwight
actually justify the act of a man raping his wife by not prosecuting the offender. As progressive as they are, the new laws that were passed in May still do not provide justice for raped victims who are “married.” I believe that we should model our laws after those of Michigan to include all married women, as well as legally separated women. In 1974, Michigan’s legislature passed new rape laws which contained this positive feature, “A person in process of divorce may, if attacked, charge a spouse with rape.”

Too many people, including “educated” college students, believe that only “sick” or “insane” men rape women, when in fact, any man is a potential rapist. This includes husbands and boyfriends. Most rapists are indistinguishable from “normal,” “sane” men. The only detected difference in a rapist’s personality is his tendency to display his aggressive behavior.

Dr. Morton Bard, a psychologist, states, “... acts of sexual abuse are acts of aggression, degradation and violence.”4 The average rapist doesn’t rape for sex but rather to display stored feelings of hostility. Bard continues that, “The rapist gains more pleasure and gratification from the intimidation and domination of his victim than from the sexual act.”5 In 80 per cent of rape cases, extreme violence is used.6

I believe that when a married woman reports that she has been raped by her husband, then she should be regarded as an individual who has been violated. The proper authorities, including doctors, police persons, especially policemen, and court officials should act immediately as in any other emergency situations, rather than scoff at the incident, pooh-pooh the victim and send her away with a gentle pat on the ass.

Furthermore, as an individual capable of making her own decisions, a woman should be able to enjoy sex when she desires — not as the result of an aggressive act from her husband. As Washington’s rape laws are written now, a woman (provided she is single), who does not verbally or significantly consent to a sex act has been violated and is eligible to file rape charges. I believe a married woman merits the same consideration.

NOTES:

3The five Law Lords are similar to our own Supreme Court Justices.
5ibid., p.5.
by D. Starbuck Goodwyn

Ten minutes after I met the guy, I had the feeling he was a lost ball in the high grass.

He said his name was Frank. During the entire time I knew him I never heard him mention his last name. Maybe he had forgotten it.

He said he was a contractor and pulled a scruffy business card from his billfold to prove it. It said that he had the feeling he was a lost ball in the grass.

Frank became defensive. "I didn't have to quit. Matter of fact I was right at my peak. My agent had more damned engagements than I could fill . . ." It irritated me.

"Why did you quit?" My voice must have sounded sharper because he settled down.

"Too many damned phonies out there. Everybody was a phony, and man they all wanted your buck. I mean they all wanted that old dollar. I just got fed up with it. But I can still play. It's been 10 years and I can still charm 'em."

I looked at his thin sensitive face and expressive hands. Maybe the guy was right. Maybe he could charm the women. He was more than six feet tall and looked perpetually hungry, the kind of guy that loving women like to take home and fatten up then try to work the fat away. I suspected he could play the piano, and I wondered why he had joined our ranks to drink his talent away.

He dropped a layer of his introductory pose and became more human. "Tell you what, I've got an upright at my place. When this joint closes let's go over and I'll play for awhile."

I thought, What the hell, why not? When you're half shot and facing a lonely room, listening to another drunk play the piano at two in the morning doesn't sound too crazy.

His truck was an old beat up Ford with a homemade doghouse on the front. The doghouse was a jumble of boxes, brushes and bags, evidently the tools of his trade. I shared the ragged front seat with 12 volt battery that made angry noises and spat fire at me as he ground the tired engine.

We didn't talk much on the way to his house. He herded the Ford (more or less down the right side of the street) with a desperate frenzy. The result of the contest between Frank and Ford remained in doubt all the way to his house. He won when he victoriously rammed the front wheels of the snorting truck over a curb and stopped halfway on the sidewalk in front of his neat frame bungalow.

The inside of the house was incredible. I stood in the middle of the living room unable to gather my thoughts. My mind simply refused to make any sort of logical pattern from the contents of the house. It was a veritable museum, scrupulously clean and filled with furnishings from a dead century. I wondered where Frank's personality lived.

He was knocking around in the kitchen trying to find the makings for a drink while I inventoried the two rooms I could see. The living room floor was covered with a worn Persian carpet that at one time must have been splendid. A crank type Edison victrola stood in one corner of the room, facing an Atwater-Kent radio. The handsome walnut case of the radio must have enclosed a conglomerate of grey tubes that had not felt the warmth of an electric impulse in 50 years.

Frank came in with a couple of whiskey and waters. I tasted mine and figured that either his water was cut off or the faucets wouldn't work. He walked over and lifted the lid of the upright.

He slowly stroked the polished oak.

"It belonged to my Mother. She played beautifully."

He sat on the stool and began to nuzzle the keys, not playing just making sounds. On top of the piano, arranged precisely in the center, sat a Tiffany bouquet. It was the kind that once graced every living room in the country. It was made from colored cut glass and featured a dozen flower designs, none of which Audubon would have recognized. An improbably looking ceramic bird and butterfly hovered over the cold glass.

The thing looked absolutely funereal.

He took a drink and set the glass on a lace doily. He was warming up now and beginning to chord a little. A brass Buddha with an incense pot for a belly watched from a table by the piano. Frank seemed to contemplate the little idol. I thought maybe he was talking to it instead of to me.

"My Mother was beautiful. She loved me you know. That's her picture over the sofa. I have an album of pictures of her I'll show you."

He came on the scales harder and ripped off a couple of powerful chromatics. I looked over the nineteenth century sofa and examined the huge oval portrait. She had been beautiful. She stood in a full flowing dress, her smile frozen forever by some early photographer.

He started playing mood music — the cocktail lounge stuff. It sounded good to me, but I couldn't concentrate on it because of his exaggerated...
mannerisms. They were awful chilling, really.

He turned his face to a profile, drooped his eyelids and assumed an expression that must have been his interpretation of Lionel Barrymore in a heavy love scene. It didn't come off. If you didn't like the guy just a little bit, you'd want to laugh. If you did, you'd want to cry. He swung his head from side to side to give everybody in his audience the benefit of his modeled features. And he talked.

"My Mother taught me to play . . . she wanted the best for me. Just the best of everything. I used to be the best dressed kid in school."

He allowed his cast profile a slight smile, but there was no humor in it.

"The guys didn't like me much though. They were all jealous, you see. They used to beat me up a lot."

His playing was picking up. He swung into a Gershwin medley and was improvising arpeggios and tremelos. His shoulders seesawed up and down with no apparent cause and at times his hands posed dramatically over the keyboard as though announcing that the greatest yet was about to come.

Then he began to stumble, hitting flats, or completely wrong notes and forgetting music in the middle. His voice raised an octave and had the defensive sound again.

"This keyboard is slow. I gotta have somebody look at it." He missed another note. "I haven't practiced you know. I haven't practiced in a long time. Music's like that you know, you gotta keep practicing."

His playing became steadily worse, but thank God, he was forgetting his wild gesticulations.

"Tomorrow I'm going to start practicing. Every day I'm going to get up early and practice for an hour. It'll come back to me. Music's like that you know."

He was winding down now, which didn't make me unhappy. I felt I could spare the pleasure of his playing.

"And as soon as I get through practicing each day, I'm gonna get out there and get to those deals that's waiting on me, there's a lot of money out there you know. I'm going to start to live the kind of life Mother would want me to live."

We both told each other we had to get up early and hit it in the morning and I went away from Frank.

I left town for a couple of months and when I came back, I ran into Frank at the same bar. I asked him if he'd been working hard.

His eyes were blood shot and his complexion dawn grey. "Well, no, not yet, but I've got a lot of deals cooking, and tomorrow I'm going to start hit 'em. It's out there, you just got to go get 'em you know. So tomorrow . . ."
My Son Smells of Peace

Yehuda Amichai emigrated from Germany to Israel in 1936. This year Israel honored him with that country’s most prestigious literary award. He recently read some of his poetry at WWSC.

For Yehuda Amichai it comes in waves. Yet every time he writes a poem, it is like the last time, a last will and testament. Of course, each time he goes on living, so he goes on writing.

On the crest of a wave, writing, he is poet. In the troughs between crests sails a man who at once lives many lives, shrouded in a Hebraic tradition woven in the weft and warp of war, love, peace and a quiet bitterness that shows itself between many of his lines.

It rains on my friends’ faces,
On my live friends’ faces,
Those who cover their heads with a blanket.
And it rains on my dead friends’ faces,
Those who are covered by nothing.

Within the troughs rise crests on darker, stormier seas. Israelis measure the times of their lives as spaces between wars. Yehuda fought with the British in World War II in the Jewish Brigade. He fought for Israel’s independence in the next war. He fought again in the Sinai. Battles and skirmishes blemish Israel’s borders and the people within. Yehuda owes his poetry to those wars as well as the traditions of literature and the God of Abraham. Had it not been for the powerful circumstances of his life, he doubts he would have had the need to be a poet. Writing wounds and heals at the same time. Those moments of poetic expression afford him the most real of sensations.

Yet a man must have a profession, something to hold onto — to keep touch with reality. Yehuda believes that once past 40, one must have that something or he must suicide, go crazy or drink himself to death. Poet, soldier, teacher. His classes at Hebrew University in Jerusalem center on modern Hebrew literature. He is currently teaching comparative Near Eastern literature at Berkeley for one year. That fits well because his language and tradition do not stop at Israel’s borders. Though he writes in Hebrew, his work has also been published in Arabic. Israel’s most prominent poet is the most popularly read Israeli poet in Lebanon.

Yehuda marvels at Americans who must learn to become involved in their lives and the world around them. In Israel, he says, you are involved not because you want to be, but because you must be. Living in Jerusalem is like living in a museum. Everywhere one looks one sees the marks of kings and prophets in the City of David. Tradition even lurks in the vegetable market on a street where Christ walked. During Yehuda’s last stint as a citizen soldier (too old for infantry duty any more) he commanded a small post on the Mount of Olives. Sometimes he wishes that the tradition would just go for a
while and leave his city like a normal city. However, it is inescapable. Its thread colors the patterns of his life and his poetry.

If I forget thee, Jerusalem,
Let my blood be forgotten.
I shall touch your forehead.
Forget my own.
My voice changes
For the second and last time
To the most terrible of voices
Or silence.

Poet, soldier, teacher, Israeli, lover, father, son — the many identities of this complex man adhere to no order other than the moments between random human pains. Weighted by five decades his body still projects a vital but not interminable strength. His soft dark eyes were reddened and watered the night I spoke with him. Tired from traveling and reading, he would still rise early the next morning. Lured by this wet world's greenery Yehuda and his wife were going to walk in the woods along Chuckanut Bay — a scene very unlike the tan and white dry world of Israel. Looking at her I thought of the bittersweet love in some of his poems, but could not translate one or any other into the language of her presence.

Yehuda writes in Hebrew, the resurrected language of modern Israel. Of course, we miss much of the rhythm and subtlety of the original when we read him in English. But Yehuda doesn't mind reading in English. It is easier for him. It allows him a little distance, like an adolescent who says je t'adore instead of I love you.

One wonders what was lost in translation when reading:

My son smells of peace.
His mother's womb
Promised him that
Which God can't promise us.

Poet, soldier, teacher, Israeli, lover, father, son, man, are not elements of an equation to be solved. Each noun suggests an active dimension. Even his chosen Hebrew name suggests something more: Yehuda, the land; Amichai, life of the people. The spaces between labels give way to glimpses of a man speaking from his poetic crests as in the last lines from King Saul and I:

My arms are short, like string too short
To tie a parcel.

His arms are like the chains in a harbor
For cargo to be carried across time.

He is a dead king.
I am a tired man.

— Vincent Hagel

Photographs by Dan Lamont
Another thing that gripes me is all the running around I do for everybody else. Don't get me wrong. I like to help Mommy around the house, but there are times when I feel I am taken for granted. "Sarah, take this to Emil." "Sarah, bring me my shoes. Hey, come here for a minute. I want you to do something for me." At times it seems nobody has any manners. If I have to say "please" when I ask for things, why can't they?

We always have a lot of people at our house. Sometimes they come over to watch television or listen to music. But, sometimes while I am playing, I will hear a loud "Sh-sh-sh..." Someone is telling me to quit making noise. How come they tell me to be quiet just like that? Why can't they ask me? After all, these people are visiting MY house.

Are little ones that different from grown-ups? We have bad days just like big people. There are times when I just am not in the mood for fun and games. During those times, there is usually someone in the crowd who insists on tickling and wrestling me even if I whine and grump. They don't know when to quit.

But there is more than one side to any story. I sometimes do hear the words "thank-you." This makes me very happy because it shows that my family is making progress in the right direction. Also, I am the first baby person my friends have ever lived with.

So, even if their treatment of me was sort of thoughtless at first, I am bringing them along now slowly but sure. The way I have it figured, they have to get the hang of it sooner or later if they want to get along with me.

My name is Sarah. I am 22 months old. I live with Mommy, Daddy, Emil and Dave. Dave and Emil are sometimes called my uncles, but they are not. The five of us live as a family. We have for about one-and-a-half years now. We share mutual bonds of love, respect and friendship — or are supposed to. My share is less. I just don't get treated like the adults.

When people come to visit, everyone tells everyone else's name. But I'm usually left out. I'm used to it, but I still feel slighted and angry. I get so angry. I can't make them understand, and accept my need to be recognized as a real person.

What makes grown-ups treat babies as though we are less than human? What makes them think that we don't have pride in ourselves as private people?

Sometimes while I am eating, Daddy will walk by my chair, reach out and take a piece of meat from my plate. It is only after I cry and scream that he remembers to ask. Usually, by then, I'm so upset I cry all the harder. I have to let him know that I want to be consulted when it comes to me and my things. How would he react if I grabbed the meat off of his plate?
The story began several years ago, when a small, struggling Bellingham newspaper, Northwest Passage, printed the Bell Telephone credit card code. Entirely legal at the time, the article seemed to gain little attention from readers and distributors. Bell Telephone representatives found the piece more noteworthy than did many of the Passage's readers, however. In fact, the article so inspired Bell Telephone representatives that they lobbied for a bill prohibiting similar acts in the future.

In April 1974, the Washington State Legislature responded to Bell Telephone lobbyists by passing a bill which made the publishing of telephone credit card codes a "gross misdemeanor." Northwest Passage workers gave no heed to the new law, however, and in March 1975, the Passage printed the new and revised version of the Bell Telephone credit card code.

Thus, it was that a small, virtually powerless newspaper found itself battling the state, Pacific Northwest Bell, and, indirectly AT&T, the world's largest, most powerful monopoly.

When the story first appeared in Bellingham and Seattle newspapers, it seemed to be a clear-cut case. Passage workers, I thought, probably brought the situation on themselves. The Passage had clearly broken the law — it seemed as simple as that.

A few months after the publishing of the credit card code, the U.S. District Court found the "Passage guilty of illegally printing the telephone credit card code, and sentenced the newspaper to print something "in the public interest." The sentence is a lenient one, for any issue of the Passage might be considered "in the public interest," including the issues which published the codes.

But in spite of the lenient sentence issued by Judge Marshall Forrest, regardless of the costs of appealing, and despite the telephone company's power and influence in the state, the Passage is appealing the case.

When I read that the Passage intended to pursue the issue, I admired Passage workers for their determination. Moreover, I knew the case must be something other than a small group of pranksters provoking a gargantuan corporation. I decided to question someone from the Passage staff about the case, to discover what reasons they could possibly have for engaging in what seemed to me a hopeless battle.

"We don't have freedom of the press in this country," she said. "The people who own the presses and the people in power are the ones who exercise freedom of the press. People with more radical ideas don't have that access to the media."

In that respect, Celarier believes the passage differs from other newspapers. "Anyone who wants to write for Northwest Passage can. That doesn't mean we don't have standards for what goes in. But anyone who has the time and is willing, can take part on the Passage. That's really important."

Perhaps it is the same conviction which brought Celarier to Bellingham to work with other Passage writers as that which compels her and other Passage staff workers to challenge the state.

"If we were concerned about the fine, we would have pleaded guilty and asked the court to be lenient." But Celarier and other Passage workers are not concerned about the fine; they are concerned about the law which Celarier believes "was designed for us" and disregards the first amendment entirely.

RCW 9.26 A.090, the Washington state law which prohibits the publishing of telephone credit card codes, directly violates the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, according to Celarier. "I think it's a terrible law," she told me.

The Passage's attorney, John Anderson, agrees. "It's a classic First Amendment case," he said.
Apparently, the American Civil Liberties Union also agrees with Celarier and Passage workers; the ACLU has consented to take the case to the appellate courts. Anderson, who will continue to represent the Passage, says the case will be heard next by the Washington State Court of Appeals.

Celarier realizes the constitutional limitations of the First Amendment. Libelous material, that which the courts interpret as a "threat to national security" and anything which the courts decide might present a "clear and present danger of a substantive evil" are not permissible, according to court interpretations of the First Amendment. Recognizing this, Celarier maintains that the Passage has not printed any such "substantive evil."

But the outcome of the case seems to rest on the difference between words and numbers. Judge Marshall Forrest, who heard the case, declared during the pre-trial motions that the First Amendment did not apply to numbers. The telephone credit card code consists of numbers, and therefore the printing of the code is not necessarily a constitutional right, according to Forrest's interpretation.

The Passage staff members and Anderson find this line of reasoning difficult or impossible to accept. "I of course disagree with his oral decisions," Anderson said.

Passage workers will continue to challenge the Pacific Northwest Bell-inspired law. Celarier contends that the Passage is "not stretching freedom of the press," as some might believe. The Passage has not exceeded the bounds of the First Amendment, according to Celarier. It has not posed a "threat to national security," printed anything libelous or presented any danger of a "substantive evil" by printing the telephone credit card code. They printed the code, Celarier said, partially "to embarrass the phone company," and also to show that "we are politically opposed to AT&T."

"But we did not incite any illegal acts," she continued. "We didn't condone telephone fraud in the article. "You can advocate something entirely illegal so long as there is no 'incitement' involved. To prove incitement, you have to be able to prove there is a cause-effect relationship.

Celarier explained that the phone company cannot prove any such cause-effect relationship between the Passage's printing of the credit card code and attempts to defraud the phone company. In fact, since the printing of the credit card code, the amount of non-collectibles has declined.

Celarier, wanting to know if the state could show fraud and thus a cause-effect relationship on a local level, visited the Bellingham Bell Telephone office and asked if they had experienced any noticeable increase in fraud. The company told her they had not. In fact, Celarier was told, Bellingham has had less fraud than most communities of its size, and 90 per cent of all non-collectible toll calls are the phone company's own fault.

I asked Celarier why the phone company had lobbied so vigorously for the bill and later provided money to aid the state in the case. If they had experienced no apparent increase in telephone credit card fraud, it seemed an unnecessary effort.

"I feel like we have posed a threat," she said, "not a money threat, but a threat to its prestige. I think they felt somewhat humiliated by it all. It just somehow challenged their power.

"They have total control over the communications system — in the manufacturing of telephones, over the rates . . . They practically control the FCC," she said.

And yet, she and other Passage writers persist in their battle to carry their case through the higher courts. Celarier believes the law will eventually be stricken from the books.

But I still had doubts. How could a small, relatively short-lived, financially handicapped newspaper such as Northwest Passage successfully tackle the powerful and influential phone company? I tried to detect an expression of uncertainty in Celarier's eyes. She seemed to recognize my uneasiness, and smiling, she answered my question. "I don't have too much faith in the justice of this country, but I'll at least try. I'm confident of our legal right."
the town that learned to swim

by Scott Johnson

Tuesday morning, December 2, Boulder Creek, raging with rain and melted snow, washed across the Mount Baker Highway 30 miles east of Bellingham, dumping tons of rock and gravel in its old bed and burying its bridge under five feet of rock. Then it cut a new channel a hundred years east of the bridge, through the road, completely isolating 100 residents in Glacier, five miles away. Through it all neighbors and friends joined to face the threatening water.

The first day of isolation was a party. The school children, unable to get home, spent the night farmed-out to Maple Falls homes and people talked about laying up supplies of food and gasoline. That night, in the rain-softened ground a mile above Boulder Creek, a tree fell across the power lines supplying Glacier. The
belonged and the Glacier Ranger before, had a candle-light breakfast for schoolchildren. Rides were across the swollen roads with slides and washouts. The Nooksack Falls hydro electric Station sent Forest Service crews to get Boulder Creek back where it belonged. Workers, unable to get home the night Glacier was dark most of the day. The intake had clogged for the first time in six years. Water was pumped into the generator to supply the cold power lines. The intake had stopped, now in the water, kept the current away. Both creeks were running within a foot under their bridges, but other than two motel units, the rest of the town seemed in no immediate danger. Still people kept an eye on the streams.

At first Bode tried without success to pull the debris loose with his small tractor. Then a neighbor, Jim Cannon, a retired logger who worked heavy equipment for years, noticed a small D-4 cat parked across the creek from Bode's motel. He suggested they get permission to use it and volunteered to run it if they could. Kirk Fox, the miner who owns the cat, gave Cannon permission to do “anything he could’' to save the motel. As Bode watched from the bank, Cannon backed the cat over the steep bank and into the stream until it stood straight up. Momentarily, it looked like it would topple.

Cannon worked much of the day clearing material from below the bridge, diverting the stream away from the motel. Steam poured off the tractor engine as it would plunge into the water. At times Cannon drove with his feet in the air to keep them dry. At least, the stream seemed to turn away from the motel, and it looked safe. But still it rained.

Toward evening, several men went up to Glacier Creek where they saw the bank had begun to tear away as the stream swept away the rip-rap of heavy rocks. The word went out quickly. People would have to go to work to keep the streams apart.

Two state highway employees who live near Glacier, began hauling rocks down from the Forest Service quarry on Dead Horse road. They dumped rocks along the creek bank. There was only time for a couple loads before nightfall and in the dark, without back-up lights on the trucks, they could not back safely along the creek. So townspeople brought light. Flashlights. Lanterns. Headlights. More than a dozen people spent the night holding lights for trucks dumping rocks to dike the two creeks.

The highway crew, tired after working all day and into the night, needed help in staying awake. Friends rode with them, to keep them from falling asleep as the night wore on. All night, tired people wandered into Graham’s Store where they found hot food and coffee. Then at last, sometime after 3 a.m., the rain stopped and people went home, victorious and exhausted. It had rained more than 11 inches since Tuesday morning. “It’s the kind of experience that brings people together and makes them a community,” one person said. It was the worst newcomers had seen.

The power of the water awed people. “You wouldn’t believe what it sounds like with those BIG boulders going down the creek,” one lady said. “One night I turned the TV all the way up before I could drown it out.” Her husband said, “After something like that, you feel nervous every time the creek goes up a little.”

Most people were proud of their neighbors and proud of Glacier. At least one was openly suspicious about the interest of an outsider who kept asking questions about the day. It had been a private concern, between neighbors. “I was just helping my neighbor out. That’s all.”

The town had been the only community in Whatcom County that was completely isolated. “It’s really a strange feeling to be cut-off from everyone,” one said. “It’s just a good thing we had the telephones. At least we could talk to people.”

The road opened Thursday and Glacier became a part of the world again. State highway crews moved Boulder Creek back where they thought it belonged and patched the road. Then they came and moved Gallup Creek out of Mrs. Clough’s front yard and back where they wanted it.

“The state moved that stream there when they built the bridge,” Mrs. Clough said. “And then when it flooded it came right back. Now I have quite a bit of new property down below. And they’ve moved it back again.”

All the way up the Mount Baker Highway the land is thick with “For Sale” signs, a testimony of developer’s belief that a lot of people will want to live there soon. It is still quiet though, and the houses are far apart, except when it rains hard and the rivers flood.