The 60’s: A Decade for Peace
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BEHIND THE STORY

A lot happens to a story before it becomes a story. Pencil points dull, dialing fingers get sore and questions finally get answered.

No matter what direction a writer chooses, all stories have a common starting point: the formulation of an idea. It is from there a writer proceeds.

Before McCallister wrote her story on Western’s outdoor art collection, she said she saw the collection as a group of “odd-looking, rather meaningless sculptures that added little flavor to Western’s environment. Like many others who are uneducated in the art field, I found many of the pieces obscure and none of them especially exciting.”

“Uneducated” is the key word. After spending time researching her article and putting some effort into learning about art, McCallister said that now she realizes “there is more to art, especially contemporary art, than just superficial visual impressions.”

Even her new found education won’t change her position on what she likes or dislikes. “I doubt that any experience, no matter how profound, will cause me to like India.”

Simmelink’s story on the Battered Women’s Project is one that has been brewing in the back of her mind for a long while.

“A couple of years ago, Simmelink said, “I was here in Bellingham going to college. I lived in the bottom of a house in an area of town we referred to as ‘Discount City.’ Upstairs lived an unmarried couple.

“One night the man beat up the woman. I could hear her whimpering and begging him to stop. I heard her land in various places above me as he threw her around the room. I didn’t have a phone, but have since wondered why I didn’t cross the street to call the police. Partly, I think, I was too stunned to move, and partly I was afraid that if the police came the woman would only be more severely beaten when they left.

Recently, Simmelink got a phone call from a friend on the east coast.

“My friend and a battered wife were planning an escape, to get the battered girl away from her husband. I haven’t heard from them since, so I don’t know if they made it.”

A few days after receiving the phone call, she said she saw a poster for the Battered Women’s Project. It prompted the following questions: Why do men beat their wives? Why do women stay in such relationships? What’s being done?

Simmelink said answers for such questions aren’t clear cut. Only one had a single answer: Why a Battered Women’s project in Bellingham?

Because, Simmelink said, “There is a definite need for one.”

The idea of doing a story on the library’s “watchdogs” occurred to McCracken several years ago. He said, “I had borrowed books from the library before merely by slipping them under my jacket, and I knew people who devised other methods. Based on my experiences then, I felt that the present system wasn’t effective. I assumed this was because the checkers were not doing their jobs and I originally set out to prove this.

McCracken’s attitude changed. He said he found that most of the checkers “were doing what they could under a system which they knew was limited and often unpleasant.”

When a story is finished not all of it goes to print. There is always the story behind the story. —G.O.
Western's Outdoor Art
Big Decisions in a Little Group's Hands

by Marla McCallister

"Western's art collection is better known in Washington D.C. and New York than Seattle or Bellingham."

When Western's art association committee gathers together, big business is always on the agenda. For it is this committee that decides what kind of outdoor art Western will display.

Since the collection was started in 1960 with James Fitzgerald's Rain Forest, over $200,000 has been invested in outdoor art (see table). The committee, comprised of 2 students, 4 faculty members and currently chaired by H.A. "Barney" Goltz, Campus Planning Officer, decides which pieces are added to the collection.

Goltz said sculptures may be acquired two main ways. Under the "Works of Art in New Buildings" law, passed in 1974, one half of 1 percent of the money used for major capital projects is allocated for art. Building renovations and minor improvements do not qualify, but large projects such as new buildings do.

Betty Farnham, Goltz's assistant, said Western's old policy of allocating 1 percent of money used for major projects served as a pattern for the new law. The only difference between the two policies are the decrease in money allocated, from 1 percent to one half of 1 percent, and the stipulation under the new law that a jury from the Washington State Arts Commission (WSAC), approve pieces funded under the law.

Once an allocation is made, the committee makes recommendations on the artist and piece. The committee's final choice is then sent to the Board of Trustees for approval, and, barring
“Students commenting in the *Front* described India as a hideous hunk of metal.”

rejection there, a jury from the WSAC is asked for its approval.

Like Anthony Caro's *India*, some of Western’s pieces have been donated by the Virginia Wright Foundation.

Goltz said Wright is the daughter of Prentice Bloedell who was part of the Bloedell-Donovan Lumber Company in British Columbia, Bloedell gave Wright $1 million to establish a foundation to encourage outdoor art in public places in Washington.

Wright is a longtime art collector and investor and, in Goltz’s eyes, has a “knack for choosing artists who make it big” in the art world.

The Wright Foundation also donated Mark di Suvero’s *For Handel*.

When any kind of donation is made, the committee and Board of Trustees must give a vote of acceptance. Goltz said installation costs are either included in the donation or paid for by committee funds.

Over the years the committee has put together a collection that has drawn national attention. Goltz said Western’s art collection is better known in Washington, D.C. and New York than in Seattle and Bellingham.

Confidence in the collection has prompted the publication of a 32-page brochure to be used as a tour guide to Western’s “Outdoor Art Museum,” the title given the collection. The brochure is a university project undertaken with the help of the Art Acquisition Committee.

Despite favorable acclaim in art circles, pieces have sometimes drawn very negative reactions from students. One recent example of such a backlash occurred last year with the acquisition of *India*. Students commenting in the *Front* described it as “a pile of junk” and a “hideous hunk of metal.”

In response to such criticism, Goltz, who was not chairman at the time *India* was received, stated the purpose of the collection is not to “please everyone,” but rather to “stimulate faculty and students into pondering the meaning of the pieces.”

Goltz and Larry Hanson, art instructor and longtime committee member, said part of the collection’s

### Piece | Artist | Location | Approx. value when acquired
---|---|---|---
Alphabeta Cube | Bassetti | Btwn. HH and Library | $5,000
The Man Who Used to Hunt | Beyer | Front of Library | 6,000
Cougars for Bounty | Caro | Btwn. HU and Old Main | 66,000
India | di Suvero | Btwn. PAC and VU | 55,000
For Handel | Fitzgerald | Btwn. HH and Library | 1,300
Rain Forest | Hamrol | Near Artizen and ES | 3,500
Log Ramps | Holt | Near ES | 39,800
Rock Rings | Morris | Near ES | 4,000
Untitled (Steam Sculpture) | Morris | Red Square | 16,000
Sky-Viewing Sculpture | Noguchi | Btwn. HU and Lecture Halls | 3,800
Totem | Warsinke |
a lack of education in art contributes to the controversial reactions.

purpose is to provide students with exposure to contemporary art. Some pieces provide an "esoteric level of art most people have not thought of," Hanson said, and a lack of education in art contributes to the controversial reactions.

Nancy Holt, whose sculpture Rock Rings was finished last month, agreed that the negative responses to art are often due to a lack of knowledge.

"People do not feel they have to know a lot about art to have an opinion," she said, yet in other fields they feel basic knowledge is a necessity.

Thus there is a division between those who feel art at Western should offer exposure to levels of art the average person would not be exposed to and those who feel art should be pleasing to the eye and understandable to the average person.

At least for now, the trend seems to be toward broad exposure, which means more controversies can be expected.
Carver Gym Small
Concerts Few

A sharp decline in the number of nationally known entertainers performing in concert at Western over the past two years has been noticeable. “We’re caught in the middle of rising prices of performances and promoters feeling that our facilities are too small to bring in sufficient revenue to make their act’s appearance worth it,” Mike Smith, program commissioner, said.

Western’s largest facility is Carver Gym, which holds a maximum of 3,000, Smith said. Most other state universities have much larger facilities.” Eastern Washington University, which has a smaller student body, has a brand-new 6,500 seat auditorium.”

“If a promoter comes to Washington and has only one play date, he’s going to go to the school with the largest facility and consequently the greatest gross potential.”

Smith said he believes another problem to be the fact that Bellingham residents are not psychologically prepared to pay the same price for a show in Bellingham as they would for a show in Seattle or Vancouver.

“Past Program Commissioners complained of the same problem, people expecting to pay lower prices in Bellingham,” he said. “However, most major acts won’t negotiate on a lower price in a smaller town.”

Another difficulty Smith said he faces is that present day audiences appear more specialized in concert going than previously.

“It used to be that people would go to a concert just for the thrill of going to a concert,” he said. “Now audiences only go to performances of things they know and like. A certain percentage will go only to jazz concerts, a certain percent just to rock concerts, and so on, with few crossovers.”
Experiments Shed
A New Cosmic Light

Last year Peter Kotzer hoped his solar experiments would enable him to see a more fantastic universe that had been, until now, shut from the eyes of mankind, he said.

Last month Kotzer saw that universe.

Kotzer, of the Bureau of Faculty Research, has been working with Steve Kondratick, John Turner, Richard Lindsay, and Dick Davison in tracing an elusive Cherenkov light, caused by cosmic ray muons, through water — something never before accomplished. In October they did it . . . experimenting through 11 feet of sewer pipe in the basement of Bond Hall.

The scientists recorded another milestone when they retrieved cosmic ray detectors placed at a depth of 1000 feet off Grand Bahama Island approximately one year ago. The detectors, hopefully with "pictures" of neutrinos on them, are being analyzed at the University of Washington, Kondratick said.

The neutrino is a massless, weightless particle of light emitted by stars. Kotzer (and the Navy) is interested in harnessing the neutrino for communications purposes, "but the possibilities are endless!" Kondratick said. "We don't know how it will be used."

No Sun For Sue

If you thought the weather was rotten in the Puget Sound area this summer, consider spending a summer on Adak Island, at the end of the Alaskan Aleutian archipelago.

Sue Bacon, WWU senior recreation major, interned on Adak for the Navy. Swimming, sunbathing, and general fun-in-the-sun sports couldn't be a part of Bacon's recreation programs.

"All summer we never had one clear day," Bacon said. "We had about 5 partly cloudy days. The average temperature was about 45-50 degrees."

Out of the 4800 community members, only one out of every ten single persons are female.

Bacon said she enjoyed her summer, but she conceded it was a challenge to her department keeping the single men happy . . . with hobbies, movies, gym facilities and bowling, that is.

Triangle Art

Richard Serra's Triangle Sculpture may be the next piece added to Western's outdoor art collection.

Betty Farnham of the University Planning Office said funding for the piece has come from three sources: a $50,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, a $50,000 gift from the Virginia Wright Foundation, and a $23,000 allocation provided by the "Work of Art in Public Places" law.

Problems have arisen, however, because of the sculptures excess weight. Plans call for the piece to be installed in the area between Miller Hall, Bond Hall and Carver Gymnasium, but because that is a peat bog area a special foundation must be built to support the sculpture, Farnham said.

The installation plans, which call for steel pilings to be constructed, must be approved by the Division of Engineering and Architecture in Olympia before bids can be obtained. Excessive costs could prevent or delay acquisition of the piece.
Children's Literature: Dick and Jane Who?

by Dawn Battson

"We don't push 'The Exorcist' to young readers, yet we realize we must let children deal with the consequences of any book they choose ..."

Dick and Jane of storybook fame are packing up Spot and their ball and running right off the pages of children’s books.

"Children’s books are not all sweetness and light anymore," Laura Meyers, Seattle Public Children’s Librarian, said. "They are more realistic. Death is confronted. Child abuse and divorce are gradually appearing in books."

Books by author Judy Blume are good examples of the new breed of books children are reading, Meyers said. Descriptions of two of Blume’s books read as follows:

"Are you there God? It’s me, Margaret" — "Pre-teen girls’ concern with breast development and menstruation and their burgeoning interest in boys are treated with honesty and humor in a tender, funny first-person story ... — The Booklist."

"It’s not the end of the world" — "The author believeably delineates the bewildment and anxiety afflicting the children of about-to-be-divorced parents ... honest, but not depressing. — The Horn Book."

Apparently, kids want and enjoy books that confront problems they or their friends might be experiencing, Meyers said. Judy Blume’s book "Blubber," tackles the problem of children’s cruelty to an overweight classmate. It was voted the Pacific Northwest Young Readers’ Choice Award.

"Kids can feel so much empathy for the character Blubber," Meyers said. "In books the reader becomes the person in the books, you are living with the kids in the book. It’s not like T.V. where you are the spectator — books make you a participant."

Young people want to know about experiences without having to live through them, Meyers said. Young readers can read about real events, such as pregnancy, abortion, running away and drugs through books written just for them. Topics like these have not always been available for young people. Until five years ago, librarians could refuse to check out a book to a young person if the parents might object to it. Today, that is called age discrimination.

The "Freedom to Read Statement" adopted by libraries across the country is a basic statement of non-censorship. Anyone can check out anything he likes.

"The whole tone of our librarian’s responsibility has changed for the better," Meyers said. "We don’t push The Exorcist to young readers, yet we realize we must let the children deal with the consequences of any book they choose to read."

Not all parents like the non-censorship role of libraries. One mother complained to Meyers when the library checked out a book on sex education to her daughter. The parent was so mad, she tore up the book in front of the librarian, Meyers said.

Parents with similar concern for what their children read accompany their child to the library and act as a censor themselves. Meyers said she feels this is somewhat harmful.

"I like to see children choosing their own books," she said. "There is more of a sense of participation ... instead of the book being shoved at them. When they choose their own book they have a sense of ‘my book’."

One mother lets her 6-year-old daughter choose whatever books interest her. "We discuss them at home," she said. "If we run across a part of the book that she or I don’t like, we talk about it."

The woman said she and her daughter are very aware of sexism in children’s books. "Sometimes my daughter will look up at me and say, ‘oh Mommy, that’s chauvenistic’," she said.

Sexism and racism in children’s literature runs rampant, according to the book, Human and Anti-Human..."
"Asian Americans often emerge either as Charlie Chan types, laundry workers, cooks, very serious students . . ."


Dr. Doolittle gives the image of the "Great White Father" who冒险ered to mix with savage African natives and taught them his way of life and his values, according to the Council.

One character, King Kiki, who Lofting calls "ludicrous" and "vain," sends the very first letter, thanks to Dr. Doolittle, to a cousin "who runs a shoeshine parlor in Alabama."

Racism is also in currently published books, according to the council. They give these examples: The "Great White Father" image of superiority appears as white social workers who save the day for poor minority ghetto residents. Some authors and illustrators don't include minorities in their books, as though being white is the norm. Americans often emerge either as Charlie Chan types, laundry-workers, cooks, very studious students, or as in the book The Five Chinese Brothers, they all look alike with the same slant eyes, hair in pigtails and sickly yellow coloring.

Sexism is most obvious when the boy characters are tough, rugged individuals who get to lead the way and act as heroes, and girl characters are emotional, cheerleading followers, according to the Council's book.

One "good book" recommended by the Council for Interracial books is Make a Circle Keep Us In: Poems for a Good Day by Arnold Adoff. In this book, both the mother and father express affection for their children and jointly care for them. For a change, father, not mother, is on a diet and daughter wants to be a lawyer, a singer and a track star.

Let Me Be A Free Man, by Jane Katz is an anthology of orations by Indian patriots, such as Sitting Bull and Geronimo. The book realistically represents the essence of Native American life through the words of its leaders, according to the Council's book.

Librarians use the Council's book to varying degrees.

Meyers finds good in the reviews of the Council book. "But," she said, "I think they are pretty picky."

June Punell, Bellingham Children's Librarian, also uses the council's ratings.

"They are a sensitizing thermometer for me," she said. Punell said she is more sensitive to different kinds of lifestyles represented in children's books because of the council's book.

"But it isn't the only rating book I consider."

Bellingham library patrons can't be categorized in what kind of children's books appeal to them, Punell said.

"Some are very aware of human values in books, others prefer the traditional roles," she said.

Patrons are getting a wider range of books to choose from.

Once controversial books now seem to be milktoast compared with today's new breed of children's literature. Also growing awareness of sexism and racism in children's books is giving a new meaning to what makes a "good book."
“I was afraid Maybell might turn to me and shriek, 'Unclean spirit! Begone!'”

Sitting across the street from the Calvary Temple, like some dwarfish, dowdy relative, the Church of Psychic Research looks the part.

First, there is the strange blend of religion and science suggested in the name — a church whose object of devotion is the methodology of research. Then it seems so oddly out of place, an old white wooden building in need of paint, with an overgrown lawn, surrounded by modern medical complexes, beauty bark and parking lots. It forces you to wonder "what is this place and what on earth (or elsewhere) do they do in there?"

Determined to find out, I visited a Sunday service last spring.

When I arrived, most of the group of about 15 persons were already seated. The service began with a recitation of the National Spiritual Association of Churches’ (N.S.A.C.) Declaration of Principles:

1. We believe in infinite intelligence.
2. We believe that the phenomena of Nature, both physical and spiritual, are the expression of infinite intelligence.
3. We affirm that a correct understanding of such expression and living in accordance therewith, constitute true religion . . .

Then, there were hymns on the order of Clara Scott’s "Open my eyes that I may see glimpses of truth . . . place in my hands the wonderful key that shall unclasp, and set me free."

A sermon, delivered by Olive Larsen, the church’s secretary-treasurer and a certified spiritual healer, followed the singing.
“Olive claims to heal but I’ve never seen her heal anybody,”

We were admonished to ‘‘know and recognize the presence of our guardian angel who is with us from the moment of birth until we pass through the veil and even longer.’’ She also advised that we should ‘‘accept uncomfortable experiences as a gift from God,’’ the material from which our souls can grow. ‘‘Excess fear,’’ she said, ‘‘can paralyze the mind’’ (shades of ‘‘Dune’’).

Olive said she did not write the sermon; rather, it ‘‘came to her’’ at 2 a.m. that morning while she was acting in the capacity of God’s transmitter.

After the sermon, we were instructed to meditate and send healing vibrations to the sick.

Then it was time for ‘‘messages.’’ Maybell Perkings, one of the church’s two certified ‘‘mental mediums’’ strolled through the audience, pausing in front of various individuals to relay dispatches. One young woman was told not to hesitate, to do what she felt she should. ‘‘I hope you know what this means,’’ Maybell said, ‘‘because I sure don’t.’’

An older woman was told she should ‘‘watch her diet and try to throw off the weight of the years.’’ Once again, Maybell said she hoped the person understood because she didn’t.

I had been up all night, uh, studying, and a variety of unwholesome substances were sloshing around in my Vessel. I was afraid Maybell might turn to me and shriek, ‘‘Unclean spirit! Begone!’’ or, at least tell me to go home and get some sleep. I hunched down in my pew, hoping my vibration would follow me. I guess I was successfully ‘‘off the hook’’ because there were no messages for me.

The service ended with the announcement that the Reverend Edward Dawson from Bremerton would be holding a message circle at the church the following Saturday and we filed downstairs for tea and cookies.

As I sat with the others at a long table, munching on a homemade raisin bar and sipping instant coffee, Maybell, a large woman in her late 70’s, came up to offer me some information.

She said the church had been in its present location since 1952. Before that, it was over on Kulshan Street, where it was originally established in 1908. It follows the N.S.A.C. guidelines in its structure. All affiliates of the church are organized similarly.

Thus, if one walks into the First Spiritualist Church, say, in Gary, Indiana, or the Temple of Metaphysical Science in Long Island, New York, or any of the approximately 150 Spiritualist churches in the U.S., the service would be much the same as theirs.

I wanted to know what she thought of other approaches to spiritual realization. When I asked her about Transcendental Meditation she shook her head vigorously from side to side as if saying no to the devil himself. ‘‘It’s very dangerous,’’ she said. ‘‘Evil spirits can enter you when you’re in that state. People have gone crazy from doing that.’’

Maybell stood up abruptly as Olive and the church librarian, Wonnie Glander, sat down. ‘‘Speak to them,’’ she said. ‘‘They’ll give you some different answers.’’ I asked if I could speak with her again and she quickly set up an appointment. Then, with a swift glance at the other two, she said, ‘‘Be sure to come.’’

Olive is in her late 50’s, stout and white-haired. In addition to her church work, she operates her own business, Evergreen Ceramics. Before becoming a Spiritualist, she was a Lutheran and a Methodist. But, although she was actively involved with those churches (she taught Sunday School for 12 years), she ‘‘felt there was more.’’

In spite of what seemed to me an undeniably benevolent and clearly Christian theology, Spiritualism has always been under attack by more conventional sects as slightly blasphemous. Olive and Wonnie were eager to assure me that Spiritualism had its roots in the Bible. ‘‘Prophecy, visions, dreams ... they’re all through the Bible,’’ Wonnie said. She said Corinthians mentions ‘‘gifts’’ and that these gifts are spiritual, awakening or ‘‘life everlasting.’’

A nervous person in her late 40’s, Wonnie said she has never ‘‘fit in.’’ Unlike other members, she said, she has a liberal viewpoint for which she is often called into account. ‘‘Oh, you wouldn’t believe the quibbling that goes on around here. But,’’ she said, gazing at some indeterminate spot in space that might have been her spirit’s Watiki, ‘‘none of it touches me.’’ Then she said, ‘‘Everyone around here will tell you different things but it’s all one path.’’

Olive was beginning to look anxiously at my notes so I decided it was time to leave. They pressed a bag of Jerusalem artichokes into my hand and encouraged me to come back again.

Filled with some new information I had picked up in The National Spiritualist, the N.S.A.C.’s magazine, I went to call on Maybell two days later.

Like the church, her trailer in Donovan Court was disappointingly normal. It could have belonged to anybody’s grandmother and, in fact, she is several persons’ grandmother, having born 10 children.

She married her first husband, a stagecoach driver in Yellowstone National Park, in 1919 and lived with him until his death in 1961. Then, in 1963 she remarried. Her second husband died six years later.

Maybell is a mental, as opposed to a physical, medium, the difference being that the latter materializes entities and objects while the former only transmits messages.

Her first contact with spirits occurred when she was about 12. A man was following her down a dark, lonely road when a black dog suddenly appeared and scared him away. The dog accompanied her home and then vanished. She said she has since seen him several times ‘‘on the other side.’’

She did not begin using her powers, however, until years later when she began studying with a talented medium who has since ‘‘left us.’’ Maybell distinguishes between this type of training and Olive’s. ‘‘She learned everything from books,’’ Maybell said. She does not think highly of this
method. "You have to be trained," she said. "It's just not the same."

She said, like Olive, she could become a certified healer if she wanted to. "Olive claims to heal but I've never seen her heal anybody," she said. Then Maybell spoke of several persons she herself had healed. But she was quick to add that her powers come from God. "I'm just the vessel through which God sends healing. That's what Olive is supposed to be too but she's too concerned with the 'me' — I did this and I did that."

I questioned her again about other religion's approaches to spirituality. She said she "didn't know much about that stuff" but that "if we don't believe in Christ, we don't believe in anything. Of course," she added, "the Jews just don't believe he has come yet and that's okay."

Although her psychic activities here in Bellingham have been fairly tame, at Spiritualist camp (retreats out in the country) she broadcasts at full-volume. There, inside the traditional medium's cabinet (a sort of detached closet) Maybell has contacted several spirits who visit her regularly.

One is a 6'4" Indian, complete with feathers and headress, named "Whitehorse." Another, a Quaker minister named Reverend Wiley, is still delivering sermons, thanks to Maybell. Deceased members of her own family, however, do not keep in touch, she said.

Along with the work she does at church, Maybell informed me that she also gives private readings at $5 a session.

By that time, I had decided I had had enough of spirits. My flesh was craving lunch. Then Maybell asked me about school and, almost against my will, I found myself speaking about my discouragements and conflicts. She narrowed her eyes and focused them intently on me. "Yes, discouragement is a problem," she said. "But you should stick with this. I see you writing for magazines some day. I see you going to be very good at this."

I made an appointment for a reading.
Not Only for Experts

by Susan Stauffer

You're not land-locked if you don't have a sailboat.

Pick-up sailing has become a popular weekly activity for many Bellingham residents and Western students. Sailing devotees call it crewing.

"All you have to do is mosey around the docks while the skippers are readying their boats and ask if they have enough crew to sail in the race," a sailing advocate said. "Once you're accepted, it's relatively easy to always get on with a crew."

"In this past fall series, almost every skipper needed more crew because Sunday races interfered with people's weekend plans," Linda Bazhaw, a veteran sailor, said.

"The fall weather is a deterrent to racers," she said. "It can get terribly cold and windy, which slackens the crews.

"More people are also needed for ballast in the boats for the stronger winds," she said.

A sailboat race is serious business. Sailors' reputations depend on how they finish. Some skippers can seem as relentless as Ahab.

Competition is tough. Conditions are unpredictable. The rules are unyielding. The prizes, usually trophies, appear insignificant, but the real prize is the exhilaration of winning.

"The overall feeling of racing is so satisfying," Bazhaw said.

Crewing isn't exactly for beginners, she said. But for those who are more skilled, sailing in competition with other boats is an excellent way to sharpen sailing skills after the fundamentals have been mastered.

Competition not only develops a sensitivity to conditions that affect a boat's performance, but also exercises judgment, knowledge of right-of-way rules, tactics and sportsmanship, she said.

The skippers and their crews are put to the test for three seasons of racing: fall, spring and summer. Each has a series of seven races. Oct. 15 was the last race of the fall season with spring racing beginning in early May with the races on Wednesdays.

There are also frostbite races for sailors who wish to prove that snowstorms make fine sailing weather.

The races, sponsored by the Bellingham Yacht Club, require participants who enter boats to pay a $40 entry fee.

The races, which follow a triangular course, start in Bellingham Bay and continue "whichever way the direction of the wind is going," Bazhaw said.

Any class of boat may race but when there is a popular class, such as the San Juan 24, that class has a separate start.

Bazhaw said it's better to match boats that are similarly designed because then the skill of the skipper and his crew is the crucial factor in winning a race.

From the start, the crew must foresee moves dictated by ever-changing winds.

"It can be frightfully tense, and you can't wait until the race is over," a sailor said.

"But once the season is over you're sad and you know that the time was well spent and worth all the effort."
Battered Women
A Silent Minority

by Janet Simmelink

"...women say that they would rather live with the man than live in constant fear that he'll find her..."

Somewhere in Bellingham tonight, a man will go home and beat his wife. He might live in the letter street area, or on Alabama Hill, or on the South Side. He might be a doctor, or a college student, or a mill worker.

The woman might scream. She might try and fight back, or get to a phone to call the police. Most likely, she will simply endure it. After the beating, she might file assault charges, or she may leave her husband, or she might seek outside counseling. Most likely, she will do nothing at all.

According to FBI statistics, the incidence of battering occurs three times as often as rape, and is the single most unreported crime in the country.

Studies have shown that wife-beating prevails in all social and economic classes. The battered women range in age from early 20's to late 50's. Some are not married to the men they live with, some have been married for as long as 25 years.

Until the Battered Women's Project opened its doors in January, women in Bellingham had no real place to go. Research showed that women were sent from agency to agency, and often returned to a battering situation because they could find no viable alternative.

Since January, the Battered Women's Project has given aid and counseling to over 100 women, and has found shelter for many of them. Kerry Ridley, the project’s director, estimates that only about one-third of the women who are battered seek help.

"It's a common myth that beaten women are from the lower classes," Ridley said. "That's not true at all. We see mostly housewives who have no money because we are a free service. Professional women can afford to get professional counseling.

"Many of the women stay in the home because they have small children and no job skills," Ridley said. "The idea of going out into the world and surviving seems impossible to them. They have no idea how to support themselves and their children, and in many cases, they are afraid to leave the children with their husbands."

"There are many other reasons why the women stay. A lot of women see their role in life as making a marriage work," Ridley said. "Some have a very low esteem because they think they've done something to cause their husbands to beat them — they think they've failed in their marriage and have to live with the consequences."

Some women stay with the men that beat them because they are afraid to leave. Many husbands threaten to kill their wives if they leave them, and the wives have reason to believe them, she said.

"I've heard women say that they would rather live with the man than live in the constant fear that he'll find her, that he'll 'get her' on the street someday," Ridley said.

Although there are now two bills before a state house committee dealing with domestic violence — one to provide money for shelters and another to set roles for the police domestic violence cases — currently there is little legal help offered to the battered woman, she said.

"Once a woman moves out, she can get a restraining order put on her husband," Ridley said, "but a piece of paper doesn't help that much when she is alone at three o'clock in the morning and her husband breaks in."

The police are often called to the scene of a domestic disturbance. Last year in Bellingham, they responded to over 300 domestic disturbance calls, the majority of them battered-wife cases. But the role of the police in such calls is not clearly defined.

"When we go to a domestic disturbance, we try to calm the situation down, get the people separated, and intervene officially as little as possible," Deputy Chief Harold Raymond said.

"The reason for that is that these are two people who have been living together and will continue to live together," Raymond said. "In 80-90 percent of the cases, it will not result in
an immediate divorce. So we try and cool the situation. We advise both of them what actions they can take — family counselor, mental health clinic, alcoholic counseling.

In most cases, Raymond said, families are going to stay together and police interference would only complicate matters. “Often the wife does not want to press charges, she just wants the beating to stop.”

Raymond said even if a man is arrested, he will probably be released as soon as he calls his lawyer.

Domestic disturbances also pose risks to the police. In 1974, nearly 25 percent of the nation’s police officers killed in the line of duty died while trying to break up a family fight. In Bellingham this year two police officers have been assaulted when they answered domestic disturbance calls, and others have had guns pointed at them.

Why do men beat their wives?

“We live in a violent society,” Kerry Ridley said. “The power of men over women is institutionalized.” Within certain groups, it’s the thing to do to control women. Many men see their wives as their property, and think they have a right control them as they see fit.

“Battering men tend to be extremely jealous,” Ridley said. “They fantasize that their wives are involved with other men, and they beat them for it. Many are pressured by their jobs and their need to be providers. Some are insecure about their masculinity.

“Alcohol is involved about 35 percent of the time. The man gets drunk and beats up his wife. An important thing to remember is that alcohol is not violence producing. Rather, it gives them an excuse. The next day he can say, ‘I didn’t mean it, I was just drunk, and the wife is hooked into believing it.’”

Over a period of time, beatings tend to get more severe, she said.

“We’ve had women come in here who have been almost killed,” Ridley said. “I often get calls to go to the emergency room at St. Luke’s.

Although a situation might appear hopeless to a battered woman, Ridley said there is hope and help available. The Battered Women’s Project can help women get medical, legal and financial help. It is dedicated to finding shelter for women who must get out of their homes.

“It is important for women to know they are not alone any more,” Ridley said. “And it’s pretty amazing how many women, once they get out, are so hopeful and have so much energy to live.”

Mary (name withheld) is one of the women that got out. She is 25 years old, and lives in Bellingham with her two small sons. For seven years, she was married to a man who beat her.

“I knew him for ten months when we got married,” she said.

“He was always kind and gentle man. We got married on a Friday, and I got my first beating that Monday.”

“I don’t remember why I got hit that first time. It was some quarrel in the kitchen. He just hauled off and slapped me. I wasn’t hurt really, just shocked.

Over the next seven years, Mary was beaten several times. At first, she would just get bruises or a black eye, but as time went on the beatings became more severe. Her husband would kick her, or throw her across the room.

Once he punched her in the stomach so violently that she rolled over and began to vomit on the floor. He grabbed her by the hair and pulled her to her feet, yelling at her not to be sick.

“I never thought about fighting back,” she said. “His first punch would usually daze me so that I couldn’t.

“I know that there were a lot of beatings, but one that sticks out in my mind was the time he broke my nose,” Mary said. “He accused me of going to bed with my brother-in-law. I told him it wasn’t true. He swung and hit me in the face. I felt my nose just sort of move to the side of my face. He was drunk.

“The next day he took me to the doctor,” she said. “When the doctor asked what happened, I told him I ran into a door. That was my usual excuse.’’

One morning in 1972, Mary grabbed her small son and a diaper bag and fled down the alley to a lawyer’s office. She went to three different lawyers with her story, but none would help her because she had no money. She went on welfare, but before long was back with her husband.

“I missed him,” she said. “He was my security blanket. I guess I always hoped he’d change.”

Not long after the reconciliation, Mary was beaten again.

“It would be in a flash of anger that he’d beat me,” she said. “I didn’t know what triggered it off. At first I thought it was my fault, that I hadn’t done something right.

“He didn’t always beat me,” she said. “We had a lot of good times. After he’d beat me up, he’d go out and buy me a forgiveness present. And then he’d be kind and gentle until the next time. But he never said he was sorry.”

Mary left again last year, this time with two small children in tow. Her husband never beat her while she was pregnant, she said. He rarely showed violence to the children.

One day when he refused to go on a fishing trip we had planned, I got the boys and got in the car and drove to Bellingham, she said. “I was born here, I have happy memories of here, and I thought I might as well look for happiness where I had been happy once,” she said.

“I didn’t leave him because he beat me. I left him because his family was no longer important to him,” Mary said.

She said that for awhile she was tempted to go back to him, but she no longer is.

“If I finally decided he wasn’t worth crying over,” she said.

Mary went on welfare, and is taking a night class so she can eventually support herself and her family. She has friends now, and delights in the fact that she can admit she needs people and that they need her.

“This is me,” she said, sweeping her arm not only to include her new home, but her new life. “This is mine. I have done and I can do. And it feels so good . . .”
Wilson's Woe
Automation vs. Inefficiency

by Dave McCraken

"I'm aware that a lot of things are getting ripped off here. There's really not anything I could do."

Wilson library has a problem. Ask any of the 1,008 people who have tried unsuccessfully to locate books in the past year or so and they'll tell you. Too many books are unaccounted for.

Robert Cross, assistant director for public services of Wilson Library, said there is no easy way to tell how many of the library's 341,603 books are unaccounted for. A full inventory would take too much time and money, he said.

The 1,008 books listed as lost are just the ones people have asked for. Beyond that, Cross said, "we have no idea. But we know there are other books missing."

Wilson Library stations personnel at the exits who are responsible for making sure all materials leaving the building have been checked out. But a manually controlled exit is only as efficient as the person manning it, Cross said.

Wendy Whetsell is a student who spends several hours a week at the library's checkstand searching through backpacks and briefcases. "I'm aware that a lot of things are getting ripped off here," she said. "There's really not anything I could do unless I had everybody take everything out of their packs."

She said when people are lined up and obviously in a hurry she is forced to be less thorough in checking. Really digging through each backpack would take too much time, Whetsell said. "The people who are really determined to take things out will do so without ever being seen," Cross said. "In a place like this, that's easy enough. It's done in libraries all over the place."

The Bellingham Public Library had a similar problem and they were able to do something about it.

Howard Downey, director of the Bellingham Public Library, said that institution had an estimated annual loss rate of about $20,000 in 1973. He said the library's board of trustees decided to purchase an electronic security system.

There are a number of library security systems on the market. The key to most of them is a small pressure-sensitive strip containing aluminum circuitry. The strips are hidden inside any materials a library wants to protect.

When patrons leave a library, they are required to pass through an electric turnstile equipped with a screening device. Anyone trying to leave with a book that has been protected is prevented from doing so by the little detection strip which activates an alarm and locks the gate.

The system installed in March 1974 by the Bellingham Public Library was chosen for several reasons, Downey said.

Many of the systems they looked at had problems with false alarms caused by objects other than the sensitive piece, he said. "The system we have is virtually fail-safe as far as having something other than the little sticker set the system off," he said. "It can't be triggered by a belt buckle or an
umbrella or a briefcase.'

At that time it was the least expensive system to install, Downey said. The total cost for the system was $11,075.

"Books that used to disappear quite regularly are not disappearing. Looking over the three and a half years since it was installed, it has saved us all kinds of replacement costs."

Downey said the system paid for itself in the first six months.

Cross said he is aware of the success of the electronic security systems.

"In fact, we've had correspondence and visitations for years from people on this subject dating back to the period when the library addition was being planned in the late 1960's," Cross said.

"There has just never been enough capital money sufficient to buy a system."

The estimated cost of an electronic system for Wilson Library is around $55,000, he said, which the library can't afford under its normal operating budget. Funding would have to come from a capital improvement request to the state legislature.

In the past, the purchase of a security system for the library hasn't been high enough on the university's priorities, Cross said.

"Now it has moved up, I believe, to a higher priority. It is in the current capital request that the university will be giving to the legislature," he said.

Cross said the installation of an electronic system is not going to save on the cost of people. There will have to be somebody there to monitor the system.

"If we have a locking gate or turnstile, there's got to be somebody there to unlock it. But it will be a more pleasant job, I think."

Mabel Pace, the checkstand coordinator, said most of the checkers are uncomfortable in the role of watchdog.

"In fact, even though I've been here a good many years, I don't really like the idea of going through somebody's stuff," she said, "but I know the reason for it."

Pace said there are always a few students at the beginning of the year who object, but once they understand why the search is necessary they are "real cooperative."

"It's not like it was back in the '60's when I had to go after them with a baseball bat."

"The same is true with one of those electronic systems. If somebody says 'No, I haven't got a book in here,' what are you going to do about it? So an electronic system will perhaps be a little more effective way of making sure honest people remain honest. That's about all."

If not, Wilson Library can always go back to using Pace and her baseball bat.

"... an electronic system will perhaps be a little more effective way of making sure honest people remain honest."
Baker Hot Springs
Flowing Cold
by Linda Rodick

“The bacteria count is five to six times greater than allowed by regulations.”
Mount Baker Hot Springs has been returned to its natural state after 70 years of man trying to improve it.

In March 1978, the Mount Baker/Snoqualmie Forest Service decided to have the water quality checked. The Washington State Health Department, and the health department of Bellingham and Whatcom County conducted an extensive study of the water quality. The study covered a six-month period, Allen Edwards, recreation technician of the Baker River Ranger Station, said.

The figures, reported to the district ranger at Baker River Ranger Station, from water samples taken at Mount Baker Hot Springs between March 28, 1978 and May 29, 1978 showed human fecal bacteria and natural bacteria counts ranging from 6,000 organisms per milliliter of water up to greater than 6,000,000 per milliliter.

"The bacteria count is five to six times greater than allowed by regulations," Dennis Larson, environment specialist of the local health department, said.

On August 21, 1978 the cedar pool was drained and dismantled, Edwards said.

Mount Baker/Snoqualmie Forest Supervisor, Don R. Campbell, was the one who finally ordered the pool to be drained and dismantled, Edwards said.

"People who attempt to use the natural spring will not be fined, however they are bathing at their own risk," Edwards said.

"There's hardly an indentation in the ground, much less a pool. People still go up to look at it, but they can hardly bathe in the hot springs when it is just a trickling stream," Bob Novie, district ranger from the Baker River Ranger Station, said.

When asked if nudity might have been a contributing factor to the pool's removal, Edwards said that nudity was permitted after 7 p.m. From 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. those bathing in their birthday suits were fined $25.

Anywhere from 18,000-20,000 people frequent the hot springs in a year's time, Edwards said.

"The hot springs probably was a victim of its own popularity," Edwards said. "It takes 12 hours for the water to recirculate, but since there were people in the pool most of the time, it probably never got a chance to get clean."

"Basically, we were advised by state and local health authorities that we had a serious health hazard," Don Campbell, forest supervisor for the Mount Baker/Snoqualmie Forest Service said.

"We did everything we could to preserve the pool. While we regretted we had to take this action, we felt a responsibility to the public's health safety. We have asked the public to advise us about re-development of the area. A few people have responded."

"It is doubtful that another pool will be built by the Forest Service. It will most likely remain in its natural state. However, we welcome public feedback and ideas," Edwards said.

"No one is sure of the hot spring's source of heat. Speculation is that it is heated by the volcanic activity of Mount Baker.

Though the soothing warm waters of the hot springs will be missed by many, maybe leaving it in its natural state for awhile will not only give the water a chance to clear up, but also give the forest service a chance to come up with an alternative to the cedar pool.

"The hot springs probably was a victim of its own popularity . . . ."
The Peace Movement
Activists & Activity:
A Decade Later

by Gregg Olsen

"Some didn’t join, because they were afraid of going to jail. I figured I’d rather go to jail than Vietnam."

"... some 240 demonstrators, the chilly remnant of an estimated 55,000 who had thronged outside of the Pentagon during the weekend to protest the war in Vietnam, were carted off to jail . . . ."
—Newsweek, Nov. 6, 1967

"More than 300 people heard a statement yesterday signed by more than 60 Western men who say they will refuse induction into the armed services as long as the U.S. is involved in the Vietnam War . . . ."
—Western Front, May 28, 1968

This campus was no different than other colleges and universities. Western had its share of draft resisters, protesters and demonstrations.

Today, political activists on campus maintain a much lower profile. Demonstrations seem rare, yet many argue that the problems society faces are just as plentiful as before.

A decade ago when there was a national emergency, the Vietnam war, protests and demonstrations were commonplace. Where are the people who fought for peace?

Bill Sodt

"Disillusioned" is a word retired Lutheran minister Rev. William Sodt uses frequently when he speaks of the protest years of the 60s.

He closes the little gate that protects visitors and the antique living room furniture from the family dog, Duffy. Motioning to sit, he eases into a chair.

He appears older than he is, a heart attack a year and a half ago and many years of fighting for peace have left him "sick, tired — burned out and disillusioned."

Sodt had spent 22 years in the Navy before coming to Western in 1966 as Lutheran campus pastor for the Campus Christian Ministry (CCM).

The poverty and revolution he said he witnessed while in China during the mid-40s led to his initial disenchant-
It was more or less the last stop for many draft resisters who were headed for the border.

ment with American foreign policy.

"I came back from China in 1948, not understanding what was happening in this country. Everyone was saying that we had lost China. America's involvement in Asia wasn't right and it disillusioned me."

Upon arriving at Western, Sodt said he saw no other alternative, but to join and become active in the peace movement.

"I came from Asia with the feeling that the war was wrong. I guess I had felt that way for a long, long time."

He picked up a matchbook and began to open and close it.

Much of Sodt's time at Western was spent on draft counseling. He estimates that over a two-year period he counseled more than 500 men on alternatives to the draft.

"We helped those who had applied for a Conscientious Objection to discover if they really were a C.O." Sodt recited part of the document: "When by conscience, you feel you cannot engage in acts of warfare . . ."

Sodt acknowledged that because of Bellingham's proximity to Canada, Western was put in an important position. "It was more or less the last stop for many draft resisters who were headed for the border."

"I told a lot of them that they shouldn't go up there — they didn't belong in Canada," he said, resting his greying head on the orange afghan draped over the back of his chair.

The draft resisters who were determined to go, faced "rough times," Sodt said. "I gave them advice on who to contact up there so that it would be easier for them. There were lots of groups to which they could go for food and shelter. Canada had many people sympathetic with the draft resisters."

At one point during the late 60s, there were more seeking draft counseling than the CCM could handle, Sodt said. The chairman of the CCM board wrote a letter to William McDonald, then dean of students, requesting immediate help. Sodt added, "We didn't think it was up to us to do all of the counseling."

Western hired a full-time draft counselor and became the first college in the state to do so.

"It took a lot of the burden off of us," Sodt said, nodding.

The movement on campus was never very well organized or violent, Sodt said. In fact, he could recall only one incident of violence on Western's campus.

"A football player who worked as a janitor in the VU, got angry with several peace demonstrators. He soaked his mop in gasoline and whirled it around . . . I think someone got hit or burned. It was so long ago, I'm not sure."

There were many small battles to be fought also, Sodt said.

Early in the war it was taken for granted that Quakers and Mennonites could be a C.O.

"Draft boards just assumed that other religions never felt anything about peace, so they couldn't be considered Conscientious Objectors. They didn't have consciences."

Sodt and others fought those battles often, he said. "Later, the Selective Service understood that membership in
a certain religious group was not a criterion. You had to accept a man’s word."

Looking out of the living room window, Sodt said "sadness" fills him when he looks back on the protest years. "I don’t look back and gloat that what I believed in was right. I feel sadness for so many people who missed the point of the gospel and still aren’t capable of applying it today."

Some of the people who missed the point were members of Sodt’s parish. "Some of my peers in the Lutheran Church couldn’t understand me at all. A lot in the parish said they didn’t like me and that I didn’t belong here."

Sodt took a long pause. "I don’t know how effective the peace movement was in stopping the war, but it did raise a lot of people’s consciences."

He paused again. "I really don’t think it had much effect on politics."

"There’s very little you and I can do about the world today. I don’t waste my time on political efforts any more,"

Sodt said, finally putting the match book down.

"I got burned out and it didn’t do any good."

Sodt, now retired from his duties at Western, is a printer in Fairhaven. He noted that some have stayed active in the movement. He isn’t one of them.

"I’m tired and getting old — I’ll be 60 next year. I still have the same grave concerns about democracy. It’s going to take a miracle to maintain freedom as we know it."

Bill McDonald

His office is located downtown on the third floor of the Federal building. The same building, Bill McDonald points out, as the one that was the site of a peace vigil that lasted six years.

Sixty-year-old McDonald, a former dean of men and vice president of student affairs at Western, retired last year and went to work for Congressman Lloyd Meeds.

He is adamant when he says he knows why Western remained unscathed during the turmoil of the 60s, while many other colleges and universities experienced riots.

"It’s simple. We, as an administration, didn’t over-react. We listened to students to find out how they felt. We tried to rationalize situations and provide an avenue for expression."

One such avenue, McDonald said, was the "campus strike" in May 1970.

"We told the faculty that classes were being held, but if they thought it would benefit their students, then go ahead and send them out to red square."

"It was a chance for students to speak freely with the faculty about the war," McDonald smiled. "In those days, ‘rapping’ was the big word."

A number of non-violent sit-ins took place on campus, McDonald said. The placement office was frequently the scene of such demonstrations.

"At those sit-ins, students were protesting to keep the military representatives off campus," he said.

McDonald said that it wasn’t unusual for a sit-in to last half a day; some lasted over night. "We had security watch over some of them. We even sent food in to those that lasted longest."

The demonstration that McDonald recalled as the "tensest" involved a sit-in in Old Main. "A group of blacks thought they weren’t getting their rights. After awhile we got them talking — later, we set up some discussion

"A football player soaked his mop in gasoline and whirled it around. I think someone got hit or burned."

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"A football player soaked his mop in gasoline and whirled it around. I think someone got hit or burned."
groups so we could hear their grievances.

During the 60s, Bellingham was "heavily populated with people who didn't believe in the war," McDonald said. Draft resisters who couldn't get into Canada found "lots of friends at Western."

Many were able to eat in the dining halls, McDonald said. "Some even tried to stay in the dorms. A lot of kids felt sorry for them and let them."

McDonald, who spent 31 years at Western, said some friction developed between the community and the college students. After anti-war protesters blocked the freeway in 1970, "the townspeople were saying 'God damn those college students.' But it wasn't just students involved, there were a lot of those people who were just hanging around the college."

Many local residents, McDonald said, "just didn't understand how the students felt or why they were doing the things they did."

In an effort to alleviate what McDonald termed a "lack of communication," a series of meetings were held for students and community members.

"They had nothing to look forward to — it all seemed so useless."

Each time that news concerning students killed in the war reached Western, the feeling of futility grew, McDonald said. "A lot of students began to question why they were in college and where they were going."

During that time, McDonald said, there were many attending school simply as a means to avoid being drafted. "At first the law said that you could get a deferment for as long as you stayed in school. Later some restrictions on how long you could stay and how many degrees you could earn were enacted. Some exceptions were made for more difficult areas of study.

"Literature and philosophy were not the exempt type," McDonald said, laughing.

Paul and Mary competed with the clatter of glasses in a bar in Fairhaven.

Scott Wicklund, city councilman and pipefitter, was 20 minutes late.

The unicorn song droned to a finish and Wicklund, 33, arrived and apologized for being late. "It happens when you have five kids," he said while looking for a place to sit.

"I didn't know they were going to have music here. It's too loud, let's go across the street." He led the way out of the building and down the street to the steps of the old bank building.

As with many others, when Wicklund first attended Western in 1964, he had a college deferment, which as long as he stayed in school, kept him draft exempt.

At first, Wicklund said, he was in favor of the Vietnam war. He shook his head. "I was right out of high school, I thought the war was saving democracy."

He changed his mind.

Wicklund said a friend he respected was against the war and marched downtown with 75 others in protest. "The police chief arrested everybody for parading without a permit. The paper called it "an example of communist demonstration.""

He stopped talking for a moment. "You know, there was no possible way for them to get a permit. It was a catch-22."

That, compounded with Kennedy's assassination, civil rights and other protests, "led me to do a lot of deep questioning."

In 1967, Wicklund said, the draft board revoked his deferment. "They decided that because I'd written letters against the war and sent them to my hometown newspaper, that letting me have a deferment wasn't in the national interest."

He applied for a Conscientious Ob-
Howard Harris

jection but was refused. “They made the assumption that I was against only the Vietnam war and not all wars.”

Shortly thereafter, he received his draft notice in the mail. “I knew they were going after me,” he said. Wicklund then dropped out, went to work and looked into hiring an attorney.

He said he spent the following year “in limbo,” while waiting for the trial at which he was acquitted. “The key issue involved was that the draft board had taken my deferment away illegally.”

But that wasn’t the end of it, Wicklund said. “After the trial, the draft board reclassified me 1-A and were going to send another induction notice.” Instead, Wicklund said the lottery system of calling people to serve was instituted.

His number, 331, was never drawn. Wicklund calls himself “the first person on campus who went through the system and didn’t freak out somewhere along the line.” Others used different approaches to avoid serving, he said smiling.

“A lot went down to the induction center in Seattle and said that they had homosexual tendencies,” he said. The result was usually no draft.

“It was kind of a funny classification — not 4-F or ‘Unfit’; kind of a neutral one.” Wicklund noted that all information was kept confidential so it wasn’t a bad route to follow. “A person could keep their sanity and not get absorbed in a real struggle as I did.”

A passing driver honks and Wicklund waves and looks toward the bay. A nearby streetlight illuminates his brown hair and mustache. In ten years, he has moved from protestor to politician.

Getting thrown in jail was a major concern, he said. “A lot of draft resistors were afraid because judges were handing out stiff sentences. The courts were trying to teach everyone a lesson.”

Wicklund and others organized on campus in hopes of finding others who refused induction. They distributed leaflets on alternatives to draft, demonstrated with marches and opened a draft information booth.

“Some didn’t join because they were afraid of going to jail. I figured I’d rather go to jail than Vietnam.”

Wicklund paused and looked to the sidewalk. “It’s hard to look back on this because it absorbed so much of my energy. It was hard to keep functioning with so many uncertainties — jail or not.”

Since he spent so much of his time on anti-war activities, Wicklund said his personal life suffered.

“When it was all over, I was burned out. It was time to take care of my own problems not trying to change national policy. I had to be more modest in my goals.”

Being on the city council for the past year is part of Wicklund’s redirection of goals. He said he is looking at things on a smaller scale. “I want to make changes locally, not nationally,” he said.

He puts his new perspective this way: “I used to read all of the muckraking magazines that gave you the latest inside dope on CIA involvement in Latin America. I let their subscriptions run out.”

Now he reads fiction, and says he no longer has the “consuming desire” to know all of the details about world atrocities. “I’m more realistic about the way the world is. There is a lot of burning, beating and killing and there probably always will be. A person can only have so much interest in that material.”

Howard Harris

The peace movement and anthropology professor Howard Harris go way back. Raised as a Quaker, Harris said he had always been taught that “war is wrong and we must resist.”

Harris avoided the draft in 1940, when he registered as a Conscientious Objector. He smiled when he recalled his involvement in the early pacifist movement of the 30’s and 40’s.

“I was very much in the minority,” he said, adding, “you have to be hard-headed to maintain a certain point of view when everyone is against you.”

The unpopularity of the war in Vietnam, brought more people into the
"I think if you look at the Federal building you can still see the stains of eggs that were thrown at us in '67."

peace movement than ever before. Although Harris said he appreciated the surge of support, he had no illusions.

"I knew that many were only involved because of this war — not all wars."

Harris said that as a responsible citizen, he felt it was his duty to show others he thought the war in Vietnam was wrong.

"Someone — not I — said 'let's have a week-long vigil by the Christmas tree downtown.' The tree was across from the Travel Inn or Travel something on Railroad."

Harris grinned. "There weren't too many people around that area. It wasn't a very popular place, so we moved the vigil to the Federal building on Cornwall."

After the week of demonstration was over, Harris and other demonstrators (including a couple of other Western faculty) thought they should keep the vigil alive.

"We had a meeting and planned to meet every Friday at 3:30 in the afternoon." Harris laughed. "I rashly stated that I'd do it until the war stopped."

That meeting took place during New Year's 1967, six years later — January 1973 — the anti-war demonstrators disbanded and left the Federal building for the last time. The war was over.

Harris leaned back in his office chair, "I think if you look at the Federal building you can still see the stains of eggs that were thrown at us in '67."

He paused and added, "I was never hit by an egg. Once I was splattered by a rotten tomato."

Only two Friday afternoons passed without peace demonstrators on the sidewalk around the building. Harris said. The average number of demonstrators was 10, but Harris said that dropped with the mercury to about 4 or 5 during cold spells.

"A lot of times we had ragged, barefoot, fuzzy-haired people standing with us. But we always had enough straight-looking people that we couldn't be classified as a hippie outfit."

During the coldest and wettest weather, Harris said, it was always the straight people who stayed. He said he isn't sure why. "I guess when it rains hard, hippies tend to run for shelter."

Although many people who passed by were antagonistic, Harris said he remembers only two times when physical violence almost happened.

"Once a bunch of tough high school kids threatened someone at the end of the line. For awhile, it looked as though someone might get beat up," Harris said. "Finally they went away."

He described the only other threat of violence in six years of protest. It was against him. "A great big burly guy with tatoos all over his arms and wearing a dirty white T-shirt came my way and made some nasty remarks," he said.

"He stood right in front of me and my sign. Then he stared at me for what seemed like several minutes — probably no more than 30 seconds. I thought he was going to tear me limb from limb."

"Then, he spit in my face."

Harris smiled. "People asked me later 'What did you do?' I told them, 'I wiped my face.'"

Most of the people who were antagonistic towards the protestors were female, Harris said. "I suppose that's because our culture allows women to be aggressive verbally, while men must take action."

"Go back to Russia" and "Kill a Commie" were often shouted across the street. But it's something that one gets used to, Harris said.

As far as Harris knows, there was only one complaint to the police concerning the vigil. "Someone complained that a person on the line had thrown an apple core at them."

He said he makes no apologies for what he did, yet at the same time he isn't sure if he'd do it again.

"A number of people have commented on it in years since. Some say that we have no idea how much influence it had on Bellingham."

"I guess it was worth something, I don't know."

To Harris, the vigil by the Federal building was merely a way to show people that he believes all war is wrong. He still fights the pacifist's cause today.

"In the end we have to become non-violent or we're all going to die. Pacifism is the only chance we've got."

He paused and scanned his desk until he located a stack of leaflets.

"If you're interested in reading about that sort of thing ..."
OPINION

Doing the Wash

When I was young my mother never cleaned my room for me. "It's your mess," she would say. "You made it, you clean it up." This was one of her ways of saying I was responsible for myself and the conditions in which I lived.

It's like letting the laundry pile up. You can only stand it so long, and even then no one else is going to wash it for you.

Inflation is piling up also, at an annual rate of 9.6 percent.

The average American's buying power has fallen 3.6 percent since September 1977, and almost 50 percent since 1967.

The dollar has dropped 18 percent against the Japanese yen in less than a year.

This is a lot of laundry, yet no matter how big or dirty the pile gets, Americans keep heaping more and more upon it.

Two weeks ago, United Auto Workers Local 2055 voted on a contract calling for an hourly minimum wage next year of $7.48 for unskilled workers. At the end of three years this figure would rise to $9.62. However, the contract was rejected and the workers struck. They want at least $10 an hour.

Demand for foreign goods in America has resulted in outstanding trade deficits, hitting an all-time high of 4.5 billion dollars last February. Japan owns 40 percent of the U.S. deficit today.

As American citizens grow more and more responsible for the shrinking dollar, the percentage of those waiting for someone else to save it increases.

In a recent telephone survey conducted by Yankelovich, Skelly and White, a public opinion research group, only 14 percent of people polled had confidence in Jimmy Carter's handling of the American economy. This leaves a whopping un-confident 86 percent.

The American people are highly unfair to expect one man to do all the dirty work. The responsibility for today's economic mess lies with the government and with the people. A joint effort should be made to clean it up.

—Beth Jacobson

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Writer analyzes the relationship between Gov. Ray and the media.

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