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by Gregg Olsen

The camera cuts away to Rona Barrett in Hollywood. With eyes as big as her mouth and a drugstore blond hairdo that hasn’t been altered in 15 years, the gossip queen breathlessly reports tinseltown trivia. Rows of books behind her show television viewers that Miss Rona is as respectable as a librarian.

The National Enquirer hits the stands. The eight-items-or-less (cash only) checkout station in the supermarket is a colony brimming with celebrity paternity suits, fad diets and cancer cure-alls. The tabloid beckons with 72-point headlines. Shoppers hand the paper to the checker along with cantaloupes and carrots.

The press zips off copies of the newspaper by the scores. The Seattle Post-Intelligencer pressman pulls one of the first copies off the end of the line with inky fingers. He takes a break and reads Emmett Watson’s column of local humor and rumor.

It’s all gossip. And it is all a part of the wave of “personality” style news that has enjoyed a tremendous resurgence in the past decade. Today an accepted yet distrusted branch of journalism, gossip news has become immensely popular. Even though critics of the phenomena scream “misleading” and “false” at the content of the magazines and newspapers that specialize in it, it has not faltered. As one gossip editor said, “People want it. You can’t really argue with success.”

Americans apparently have an insatiable need for gossip which appears in publications that range from tawdry tabloids to slick magazines that look nice, but offer little in the way of intellectual stimulation.

Gossip fan magazines flourished in the 1950s. Confidential was notable because of its high circulation (it was one of the top selling magazines of its day) and low regard for the truth. Libel lawsuits from various Hollywood luminaries brought the publication to its demise in 1957.

When television came of age, so did the public’s desire for intimate facts about the tube’s actors and actresses. Magazines and tabloids catered to the demand—those that chose not to often went bankrupt. Today, it’s not uncommon for a publication called Movie Mirror to feature a television personality on its cover.

Nowadays, “The Ear” out of the Washington Star keeps Capitol watchers in the know, Rolling Stone’s “Random Notes” section lets readers keep up with the trials and tribulations of the rock set, and Walter Scott’s Personality Parade serves up personality leftovers once a week. Gossip is no longer confined to movie magazines and gossip columnists.

The National Enquirer, Tiger Beat and People all deal in the gossip gambit today. Each, however, has its own distinct style, target audience and degree of credibility.

The National Enquirer’s Untold Story

Without a doubt, the most successful of the gossip tabloids is the National Enquirer. With a supermarket check-out distribution system unequalled by any of its competition, the Enquirer is shoved into 5.7 million shopping bags each week.

Enquirer publisher Generoso Pope, Jr., switched the tabloid’s emphasis from criminal violence to stories about celebrities, psychic phenomena and triumphs over adversity when he purchased the publication (then called The New York Enquirer) in 1952.

A quick glance through an issue nets the following tidbits: “Oscar Nominee Now a Lonely Old Man Living in a Mental Hospital,” “Beverly Hillbillies Costar Dies Lonely, Shunned by Buddy Ebsen,” and “Zsa Zsa Dumps 7th Hubby: He’s a Tightwad and a Party Pooper.”

Not surprisingly, the newspaper-magazine hybrid has been the defendant in its share of libel suits for stories similar to the preceding. Recently, a group of celebrities led by actress Carol Burnett was involved in litigation with the Enquirer. Bur-
nett’s $5 million lawsuit charged that the *Enquirer* published—with malice—a false gossip item about her and former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger.

The *Enquirer* item said Burnett “had a drunken row with Kissinger at a Washington Restaurant.” Burnett maintained such an incident never occurred and the *Enquirer* knew that when they published the piece.

A Los Angeles Superior Court judge ruled earlier this year that the tabloid hadn’t acted maliciously. It appeared as though the actress-comedienne had lost her battle.

In early April, however, Burnett’s attorneys received new information from two restaurant employees who claim they told the *Enquirer* that Burnett did not act in an offensive manner.

Although the tabloid has offered to settle out of court several times, Burnett has refused. “Every time they tried to settle, I said, ‘No, I want to go to trial. You guys are bad guys,’ ” she said in an article that appeared in the *L.A. Times*.

Burnett is not the only one hoping to sue the *Enquirer* into oblivion. Paul Lynde, Ed McMahon, Shirley Jones and others collectively have filed $60 million in lawsuits against the publication. Whether the celebrated group can trash the tabloid as actress Maureen O’Hara did to *Confidential*, in 1957, remains to be seen.

At that time, *Confidential* published a cover story about the actress that charged she had a steamy love scene in the back row of a Hollywood theater. She did not. In fact, O’Hara was able to prove she was filming in Europe during the time the magazine reported the incident had occurred.

The response in several phone interview attempts to the *Enquirer* headquarters in Latana, Fla. was the same “I’m sorry, we are now involved in litigation and cannot give any interviews.”

Litigation is not the *Enquirer*’s only woe. Competition is creeping into the area around the checkstand with increasing frequency and strength.

Enter Rupert Murdoch, the Australian with a special fondness for gossip and sensationalism. Murdoch offered to purchase the *Enquirer* but was turned down in 1973. The failed deal was not much of a setback for Murdoch; he launched the *Star* the following year.

Similar editorially to the *Enquirer*, Murdoch’s *Star*’s biggest difference and major selling point was its full color photographs. Circulation has leap-frogged to a respectable 3 million copies per week.

Not coincidentally, the *Enquirer* has since gone color in an effort to maintain its No. 1 status. Publisher Pope has down-played the impact the *Star* and other imitators have had upon the *Enquirer*.

“Our competition isn’t the *Star* or *People* or any other magazine. It’s a claim for the consumer’s dollar. We’re just another product and we’ve got to remain attractive,” he once said.

**Fan Magazines: “Most Of What We Print Is True.”**

Celebrity fan magazines are perhaps the most noticeable gossip products on today’s newsstands. With three main kinds—teen idols, daytime television performers and movie stars—fan magazines have often been chided for being less than reputable. Charged with concocting stories and rearranging photographs with scissors, fan publications are not taken too seriously by anyone—except the fans.

According to the *L.A. Times*, one publicist who worked for a New York gossip magazine said the publications were “fiction factories” that are operated by “arm-chair journalists” who tape talk shows and clip interviews from legitimate periodicals.

Linda Benjamin, an editor at *Tiger Beat*, a top-selling teen fan magazine, said in a phone interview that those
days are gone. “Believe it or not,” she said, “most of what we print is true.”

The Laufer Company of Los Angeles is currently the champion at the fan magazine racks. Founded in 1965, Laufer’s publications include Tiger Beat, Rona Barrett’s Hollywood, Rona Barrett’s Daytimers and Gossip. The other major gossip magazine publishers are based in New York. They include Ideal Publishing, McFadden Group, Inc. and Sterling Publications.

Benjamin affirmed that fan magazines do have the power to “make or break a star.” A practice in the past, she said, was the publishing of unfavorable items about stars the publishers had vendettas against. Tiger Beat, she said, does not engage in such practices.

Fan magazines also have been accused of a sort of checkbook journalism. Benjamin sees nothing unethical about the practice. “The teen idol gives up his time and we give him a story or money. It’s an equal trade.” She added that often information is acquired through the young star’s publicist or mother—secondhand.

Another practice that Benjamin and cohorts engage in that many “legitimate” journalists would scorn is the development of close relationships with sources. “This kind of journalism is really different than other kinds because you really get to know the stars well,” she said.

Experts at deception, gossip magazines have a reputation for publishing misleading titles. Full of innuendo (an example in a recent issue of Modern Screen: John Travolta/Jane Fonda: What He Has That She Wants!) that never pans out, the titles accompany articles that are forced and ultimately disappointing.

But people still buy the glossy-covered, newsprint magazines in droves, though sales have dropped from a collective 8 million sold each week in the 1950s to about 2 million today.

The reasons are clear and varied. Gossip is no longer a commodity limited to movie magazines. Television, radio, newspapers and “respectable magazines” have weasled a chunk of the glamour gossip market.

People Who Hate People

The new legitimate gossip magazines like Time-Life Inc.’s People and the McFadden group’s recently acquired US magazines have taken a toll on the less slick publications.

Frank Kappler, editor of People’s “Chatter” page, was rather succinct in his reasons why personality gossip magazines are so successful: “People want to know about people. It is a phenomena that is not going to go away.”

Although People Editor Richard Stolley “finds the term gossip disdainful,” Kappler said, he sees nothing wrong with it. He admitted, however, that many other publications have been irresponsible with their gossip content.

Gossip is what the people want, according to Kappler. “We all have a baser instinct for gossip.”

People magazine has become one of publishing’s greatest and most rapid success stories. After making its debut on the newsstands in 1974, People has reached an impressive 2.3 million copies purchased in grocery stores each week.

Kappler maintains that People’s accuracy rivals that of its parent company’s Time magazine. “Every word in every article is put through a checking process. Researchers pencil a dot over each word as it is approved, even a ‘the.’ A lot of fun is made of the system, but it works. The checker is putting his or her life on the line.”

Naturally, as is true of any successful product, People has had its share of imitators. The most notable American rip-off is US magazine. Kappler said, however, the most interesting was a German variation that was initially successful but ceased publication after a year and a half.

“They ran out of people for their magazine,” he said.

So You Want To Be In Gossip?

The backgrounds of gossips are almost as varied as their publications. Some have journalism degrees that opened the employment doors and still others landed their jobs with luck.

Syndicated Washington Columnist Maxine Cheshire began her newspaper career as a police and
crime reporter in Tennessee. A move to the nation's capitol forced her to take a job as a society reporter for the Washington Post. "I was not too happy about my new job because it was not straight reporting. I was not interested in tea-party journalism," she once said of her job.

People magazine "Chatter" editor Kappler became a staff member of the gossipy weekly after several years with Life magazine and Time-Life Books. He said he had the opportunity to work for Time, but instead opted for the new People. "Nobody at Life liked Time," he said in a manner befitting a professional gossip monger. "They tortured the English language and were committed to Republican candidates."

Kappler said he feels that People is as credible a publication as Time or Newsweek, a notion much to the contrary of People's many critics.

Another syndicated gossip columnist, Liz Smith, landed her job at the New York Daily News in 1976. One of her questions at the time was: "Who could know that we were just on the verge of this era of trivia-tidbit journalism, that it would absolutely deluge us?"

The fan-oriented gossip publications probably have the biggest number of non-journalism graduates employed. Linda Benjamin of Tiger Beat began her career in public relations and advertising. "I always liked writing and I got real bored at my PR job," she said. She applied for a job at Laufer Publications "just when they needed someone." Her training for reporting? "I took a class at UCLA."

A phone call to Sterling publications in New York revealed the backgrounds of most of Modern Screen's editorial staff. A spokesperson for the magazine, Deborah Hershey, said as far as she knew no one writing for Modern Screen graduated in journalism.

"We have some English graduates; one in speech pathology and a few in drama," she said.

The most visible professional gossipmonger (and the one people automatically link to the word "gossip") is New Yorker Rona Barrett. Every morning millions of people tune in ABC-TV's "Good Morning America" show to watch Rona Barrett's segment from Hollywood: video gossip. Barrett began her successful career in gossip news in the '60s as a columnist for the now defunct magazine, Photoplay.

Though Barrett's name is listed as "executive editor" on the Laufer publications that bear her name, she acts as little more than a figurehead or trademark. She does not write a single word for two of the four magazines emblazoned with her face.

Unlike Barrett, who gained her fame as a syndicated television columnist for Metromedia Television, rival Joyce Haber has earned her gossip queen title for her work with print journalism. Haber's column is syndicated by the Los Angeles Times.

The two women's feuds have been well reported, as were old Hollywood gossips Louella Parsons' and Hedda Hopper's. Most of the tiffs have involved one being mad at the other for "scooping" a big story. Haber once said, in a characteristically tart rebuttal, "My audience is different than Rona's. Mine can read."

Most of the anger directed toward the gossips is not from one another but from maligned celebrities. Haber and Barrett have both reported receiving hate mail in the form of conventional telegrams to a parcel post tarantula.

Actor Tony Curtis had a few words to say about Barrett after she broadcast what he maintained was an inaccurate story. "My main complaint is that she's a liar."

Gossip And The Future

The general trend of gossip publications seems to be a movement toward greater respectability. Plans are currently afoot to revamp Rona Barrett's Hollywood into a gossip magazine with in-depth interviews (example: "What it is like to be a male porno star?").

In a move to expand the focus and credibility of People, Kappler said that publication has added a regular section on science.

Whether those changes will elicit respect from the masses is an issue that will have to be resolved over time. For now, it is quite safe to say that gossip has become one of the mainstays of print and broadcast journalism. It has arrived.
by Mike Stoddard

Home Brew.
The words conjure to mind the picture of a sleazy Chicago speakeasy, circa 1930, complete with dirty siphon hoses, fat little bartenders and rows and rows of bathtubs bubbling over with suds. Only it's not soap, it's beer.

The beer brewed back then must have had some kind of romantic quality to it. It must have had something other than alcohol to make up for what it lacked in taste. But whatever that something was, it must have gotten lost somewhere back in the far reaches of antiquity.

Today, beer-brewing no longer carries the same connotations that it once did. Its status has changed drastically since the days of Prohibition. What was once a felony is now a hobby enjoyed by thousands. In fact, if the possibility of having an unlimited supply of beer is of interest, you'd probably be delighted to learn just how easy home brewing is.

"It's almost as fun to make it as it is to drink it," said Western student Dave Reister, 24, 1200 Garden St.

Reister started making his own beer a couple of years ago. To illustrate just how simple the process of brewing beer is, he made his first few batches while he lived on campus in Gamma Hall.

"I used the stove in the TV lounge for the brewing part, then just set the bottle in the corner of my room to ferment," he said.

"My father made beer when he lived in the dorms at Washington State University," Reister added.

"I guess I got the idea from him." Lois Tarrance manages Wine Art & Beverage, 1305 Commercial St., with her husband Bill. She is a local expert at brewing homemade beer. Wine Art is the only place in Bel-

Klipsun
lingham where you can purchase all the necessary equipment if you want to start brewing beer at home.

"The process is a little more refined than what it used to be," Tarrance said. "It has become more scientific."

The equipment to get started is available in a kit at Wine Art for $32.95. The supplies used are basic.

A bathtub is no longer needed unless you want your beer to taste like Comet. A seven to eight gallon plastic barrel will do the trick. This is called a primary fermentor. You will also need a seven to eight gallon glass bottle (carboy) to use as a secondary fermentor.

A fermentation lock that fits over the neck of the secondary fermentor also is necessary. The fermentation lock will allow carbon dioxide gas to escape while the beer is fermenting, but won't let any oxygen in to spoil the brew.

A thermometer, syphon hose and hydrometer set are also required. The hydrometer is a device that will measure the specific gravity of water. It will tell you when your beer has finished fermenting and when it is ready to bottle. A hydrometer will also tell you the potential alcohol content of the beer.

Tarrance said in the two years she has been at Wine Art, sales in beer-making equipment have been on the increase. She listed a number of reasons for the rise in popularity, the most important being cost.

On the average, a case of beer can cost between $6 to $8. Even a $5 case with the coming of the generic revolution can't compare with the thrift of a homemade beer. It can cost you about $9 to make six gallons of home brew. This figures out to be about $3 a case.

Another feature of brewing your own beer is that by adding different blends of hops and barley, you can substantially alter its taste.

For example, if you wish to make your beer taste like Miller beer, then you add bitter hops to it. In copying the tastes of Olympia and Rainier, a milder mixture of hops and barley is required.

After some experimentation Reister has been able to make some pleasing batches of beer. He claims that he has been able to make his best batches taste like Budweiser.

Reister buys all his ingredients at Wine Art. They carry several blends of hops and barley to make a wide variety of tastes, even dark beer.

An interesting sidelight to home brew is just how potent you can make the stuff.

By adding a little more brewers yeast in the fermentation process you can make a beer with an alcohol content of 5 to 6 percent, compared with the 3 percent alcohol content of commercial beers.

Both Tarrance and Reister suggest that the first thing to do if you want to try your brewmaster skills is to go to the library and check out a book on it. They recommend the Art of Making Beer. It lists all the equipment and ingredients to make beer, as well as giving step-by-step instructions.

Beer brewing at home does have one drawback that you can't get around. It takes a little effort on the hobbyist's part to brew it, as well as four weeks of patience while the beer ferments and carbonates in the bottles.

In Washington State the law regarding home brewing requires the brewer to be of legal drinking age. It also limits the amount of beer any one person can brew to 200 gallons per year.

Home Brew is a little more scientific, a little more legal and a little more palatable than in the days of Al Capone. Today, it's a hobby that more and more people are taking to with a thirst. For reasons like cost and flavor, home brewed beer is becoming a trend of the future that just might offer you a taste of the past.

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The actual process of brewing beer is rather simple. A typical example in making a Canadian lager beer is as follows:

Place two ounces of compressed hops into a muslin bag and put it into one gallon of boiling water. Stir in one pound of extra pale malt and allow it to simmer for one hour.

Pour four pounds of corn sugar into your primary fermentor and dump in your simmered bath of malt and hops which is now called a wort. When the temperature in the wort is 65 degrees, add your brewers yeast and cover the primary fermentor with plastic.

When the specific gravity has dropped by 20 degrees, add finishing hops and syphon into the secondary fermentor. Attach the fermentation lock and in about two weeks the beer is ready to be bottled. Add anti-oxidant powder, heading liquid and a cup more of sugar.

Bottle, cap and in about 10 more days your beer is ready to be chilled and served.

— Mike Stoddard

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BRINGING IT TO A HEAD

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— Mike Stoddard
By Susan Borter

10 a.m.

Steve's small, lithe body hunches over the metallic frame, sweating heavily—tense gut and short breath, he counts the seconds to the start.

One black-leather foot rests on tip-toe, holding his lightweight frame in a ballet pose. His other foot runs the pedal backwards nervously. He doesn't hear the sound—

the whirring of the chain through well-oiled gears. His palms twist the curved handlebars tightly, feeling the worn tape through weathered gloves, his fingers open to the air for ventilation.

Hot rays of blinding sunlight beat down on the dry, dusty trail; a bicycle herd stirs up the dust, readying for the stampede, the break and chase down a quiet, country lane. The racers' minds are filled with unspoken messages—catch up... stay up... keep pedaling... don't get dropped... don't get left behind.

A last-minute panic hits him: 'I can't win... I'm not ready... no time to warm up... I'm not even in shape!... What am I doing here?... Why am I doing all this... I should be in bed, sleeping, watching TV, or even studying!'

His eyes glance in jerks at the others surrounding him. The close group feels tense, hot; he has to go again for the hundredth time, no time for that either. Thirty-five contenders for one goal—be first.

He knows the race will be tough. For one thing, a professional racer will be leading the pack. Thirty-four amateurs and one pro. Great. Breakfast seems like 10 hours ago, and no time is left to let the food sink into his system properly. Some meal. He thinks back on the rushed morning. Everything that possibly could go wrong, did.

9 a.m.

He gulps down five bowls of Wheat Chex and Sugar Pops, five donuts, three glasses of juice and two milks, a nutritional conglomerate guaranteed to hold him through the usual day—but not the race.

9:15 a.m.

He finishes his sugar-coated meal and races back down the hill to the dorm. The Suburban is ready and waiting in the turn-around. The monstrous gold machine amply holds four racing bikes and an equal number of passengers. Steve and his three friends dismantle the bicycles' front tires and pack them behind the seat. Steve supervises.

"No, no, not that one. Put this one in front, then the blue one." He slams the door, leaving the window down. "Now the tires," he adds. They are quickly thrown in. He starts the engine and revs the motor. They tear out of the driveway at breakneck speed, ignoring the speed limits and almost running stop signs. The pre-race fear and tension cramps his stomach and makes his palms sweat.

"Why do we bother?" he asks aloud, to no one in particular. No one answers. They are each intent on similar pains and fears.

"Why do we bother?" he persists. "I mean, we're probably late now, why don't we just quit, sit this one out?" He waits for an answer. Silence. "I used to be good, I used to train hard for this," he says. "I've stuck with this sport longer than most racers. They usually drop out early when they realize the time and money it takes."

Finally, the starting lot is in sight. It's hard to miss. Cars line both sides of the narrow two-lane road; bicycle clothing, equipment and gear lay strewn out beside them. Sports cars with bikes mounted on the trunks
appear mouse-like next to elephant campers and pickup trucks. The chrome on the bumpers and mirrors catches the sun and blinds Steve's eyes for an instant as he slows and drives by, looking for a possible spot. He settles for one not far down the road beside a deep drainage ditch and some brambles.

They get out and begin unloading. Racers crowd around the card table that doubles as a registration center, perched at an angle on a small clump of weeds off the road. Most have changed into their racing costumes: long, black, sleek racing shorts that hug the buttocks and thighs, specially made with chamois lining to prevent saddle sores. No room for underwear.

Those who finish registering, parade before the spectators, displaying brightly colored jerseys. Each body seems the perfect athletic type: long and lean, short and lean, young or old.

No protruding bellies in this bunch, only muscular arms and legs, strong backs with slogans and club names written across them, plastic or paper numbers pinned below. They look professional, but Steve knows the clothes don't make the best racers.

Racing is more mental than physical to him; it's a matter of knowing when and how to push himself, more being experienced than being in shape. Five years of racing has taught him well.

He dresses in the car, slumped down in the front seat, wriggling in and out of clothes. Every piece has been designed to prevent overheating.

His gloves are leather, crocheted loosely on the back with cotton string. He wears light nylon foot socks, purchases in the women's department at J.C. Penney's.

His shoes are special $40 Italian racing cleats. They have steel inserts and arches to prevent bending, and one metal cleat, used especially for climbing hills.

He once wore a leather helmet — stuffed leather strips wrapped around the head like fat black sausages and strapped under the chin. This style proved unsafe, however; someone died in a race the previous year wearing one. So now he wears a plastic, half-walnut shell with ventilation.

9:45 a.m.

Steve packs bananas into the three pockets sewn in the back of his jersey. Besides water, they are the only nourishment he will carry. He packs bananas, as for every race, because they are soft, squishy and easy to eat on the road. They don't dry his mouth or make him any thirstier than he already is. Plus, he doesn't have to worry about saving garbage. He just tosses the skins as he rides.

He walks over to the table and signs the accident release form, forging his father's name because he is under 21 and legally must have one of his parent's signatures.

He doesn't have time to warm up before the race as he usually does, riding down the road and back for a few miles, easily, to loosen his muscles and ready his legs.

10 a.m.

The race begins.

The category II riders leave first. They are given a five-minute lead before the category I riders as a handicap. Normally, they would start with the Ts and wouldn't stand a chance. The official gives the starting word and they obey.

As one large pack, they roll up onto the hot asphalt, a clean-cut band of Hell's Angels on quiet wheels. The colors are more reminiscent of horse racing; their trusty metallic steeds carry them down the lane and out of sight. They are gone before you can blink twice.

Steve's group is next. They line up on the side of the road. The official
“Don't go over the center line ... No food handed out ... don't swerve or ride wild.”

Heads down, ears shut off to the world, they hear nothing, each lost in his own thoughts. They have heard the rules so many times before. Muscles tighten in shoulders and necks as they wait for the magic word.

“Go!”

Thirty-five racers push off the ground with one foot, pressing down on the pedal with the other. Adrenalin rushes when the skinny tires meet the road, metal cleat crashes with metal pedal as the other foot locks into place. Legs begin to pump, slowly at first, building up speed, moving up and down like pistons cranking out power.

Eyes down, backs hunched, they are intent only on the wheel directly in front of them, inches away. The scenery zips by without so much as a glance. The spectators could be statues, the trees birds, clouds and lake could be dry flatland; they wouldn't notice.

Steve surges to the front and cuts off the wind for the others. Steve has been keeping up, even at the 30 mph pace, but he begins to slip.

His neck is very stiff, tight. His muscles, stretched to the limit, make him pay for the strain of the hard sprints.

His light breathing becomes heavier, sweat pours down his face in little rivers from his eyes to his chin, blown off by the wind. His hands grip the bars tighter. He coughs hard twice and spits, clearing his lungs, but loses needed air at the same time.

“Keep pushing ... keep pushing ... keep pushing ...” It becomes a chant running through his brain that he can't shut off.

Relief. They reach the top of the hill and begin to descend. Slowing their pedaling, they gulp the cool breeze and pray for shade. Steve is shaky, but still holding on. He has dropped back to the second group—the first is long since gone, out of sight. The Canadians have the race won, he knows.

His confidence diminishes rapidly when he glances up and sees more riders moving up on his left. They stream forward, passing him until he is again at the end. He pumps harder to again pass the racers on his right. The pace line runs in a continuous circle, accelerating the race because the wind, which usually slows them down, is diminished.

“Look out, idiot,” Steve hollers at one panting racer who decides to drop out, unable to keep up. The bikes are so close that any sudden swerving or slowing could cause a crash.

The race is fast, no chance to carry on a conversation. All effort is put into pedaling and breathing. Usually the riders sing, whistle to psyche out their opponents, or they talk to their friends, keeping morale up. This race they merely grunt, moan and pant as they hit the hills and leave more and more riders behind.

“You wheel sucker,” one yells at another as they almost crash together. “Where did you learn to ride?”

He whizzes by the exhausted man, who drops back and stops pedaling, knowing he is through. “If you can't take it, don't race,” is the other's parting shot.

Outside the town of Alger, the hills appear. Steve has been keeping up, even at the 30 mph pace, but he begins to slip.

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“Look out, idiot,” Steve hollers at one panting racer who decides to drop out, unable to keep up. The bikes are so close that any sudden swerving or slowing could cause a crash.

The race is fast, no chance to carry on a conversation. All effort is put into pedaling and breathing. Usually the riders sing, whistle to psyche out their opponents, or they talk to their friends, keeping morale up. This race they merely grunt, moan and pant as they hit the hills and leave more and more riders behind.

“You wheel sucker,” one yells at another as they almost crash together. “Where did you learn to ride?”

He whizzes by the exhausted man, who drops back and stops pedaling, knowing he is through. “If you can't take it, don't race,” is the other's parting shot.

Outside the town of Alger, the hills appear. Steve has been keeping up, even at the 30 mph pace, but he begins to slip.

His neck is very stiff, tight. His muscles, stretched to the limit, make him pay for the strain of the hard sprints.

His light breathing becomes heavier, sweat pours down his face in little rivers from his eyes to his chin, blown off by the wind. His hands grip the bars tighter. He coughs hard twice and spits, clearing his lungs, but loses needed air at the same time.

“Keep pushing ... keep pushing ... keep pushing ...” It becomes a chant running through his brain that he can't shut off.

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The work-hardened and age-wrinkled hands have hitched the harness to the plow countless times. They do the work with skill and speed.

The man flexes his hands and rubs them to alleviate the stiffness. The speed of working the leather harness over the massive beasts has diminished somewhat, "arthritis, you know," but everything is done meticulously with no compromising for quality.

The old man squints at the efforts of his grandson to do some last-minute grooming on the Belgian draft horses. The manes and tails of the two animals are intricately braided and garnerered with bright blue ribbons. The tight knots flutter as the horses bob their heads but each falls neatly back into place.

Antique hands are placed firmly to steady antique plow. The wooden handles have been worn smooth and shiny by the sandpaper rough hands. The steel blade shows wear but the edge is finely honed to slice the thick sod.

As the boy backs away, the powerful Belgians strain the leather and sidestep in anticipation. A quick glance at the placement of the horses, a forward lean and the steel blade bites deep into the earth.

The boy, left standing by the fresh furrow, admires the man's skill and dreams of the year when he'll be allowed to handle the team.

The old man knows it's 1980, but here with the horses he feels like it's 60 years ago. A faint smile softens the lines of concentration on his weathered face. While he plows, he relives his memories.

His memories are of the small farming community of Lynden. His past is part of Lynden's history.

You still can see Lynden's history in the horses and early machines that developed the area. The diligent interest and hard work of the farm folk and townspeople have preserved these things and the skills to use them. They are shared regularly with the public.

Last spring, Cornelius Verduin, 76, prepared himself and his horses for the annual plowing match just as he has every year since it began, 39 springs ago. On the rainy Saturday of the match, he guided his sharp hand-plow and 2,000-pound Belgian draft horses down a grassy pasture and created one-third of an acre of plowed art.
"The match hasn't changed much over the years, and we hope to keep it from changing," Verduin said. "We've got a public address system now but you don't want the thing blaring all the time while the farmers get together and talk," he said.

Verduin loves the challenge of plowing in a contest that requires complete concentration and the total cooperation of horses, plow and man. He remembers a time when all plowing was done with horses and you could tell a farmer's skill from the straightness of his furrows.

When Verduin and the other old masters die, the plowing craft won't die with them.

"This year we featured youth to show that when we old fellows are gone there'll still be a future for the horses and plows," he said.

"Do you understand?" he asked.

Scott Polinder, 24, understood as he worked and sweated his way to first place in the main division last spring and so did 17-year-old Craig Wilder when his team won the boys' division.

A time existed when horses did almost all the work on the Lynden farms, but eventually the area moved into the mechanized age. First the machines merely eased the horses tasks, but soon the clattering tractors and simple engines replaced them.

Lynden has a very active group of collectors who are dedicated to the restoration and preservation of antique machinery. The Puget Sound Antique Tractor and Machinery Association was incorporated in 1972 to bring these collectors together.

The association is active with a variety of shows designed to display and operate the accumulated equipment. Along with the shows, it sponsors a tractor-pulling contest at the Northwest Washington Fair that features antique equipment exhibiting its muscle.

The horses also appear at the fair but this time they're attached to brightly painted wagons. As the wagons slowly ease on the race-track every summer, the spectators marvel at the beauty of the carefully matched teams.

Several wagons take positions along the track and at a signal from the announcer they accelerate amidst the sound of pounding hooves and wagon master shouting commands.
With careening precision and reckless speed, the wagons perform sudden turns and veering patterns often coming within hand-shaking distance of other teams. The action slows with the wagons resuming their original positions to allow horses, wagon masters and the crowd to catch their breaths.

Every autumn, the antique machinery club highlights its year’s activities with the threshing bee. The association uses antique equipment to farm about 15 acres of wheat and then threshes it at a spectacular gathering in the fall.

The sight of wind-blown chaff swirling in the steam and diesel smoke, and 50-year-old tractors brightly reflected in the sunlight, are visions from the past etched on the mind.

The owner of an antique “usually tears it down to nothing and starts all over, even replacing whole fenders and original operation decals,” Jay Van Lant, 26, a long time collector, explained. This process requires hundreds of man hours but “that’s the only way to get a really good restoration,” he said.

All these things blend to make Lynden an unusual town. All things are done with an eye on the past and an awareness of Lynden’s heritage.

Lynden’s heritage is the smell of manure and freshly turned sod at the plowing match. Lynden’s history is heard in the bang, clatter and hiss of antique engines as the men putter and curse to keep their beloved machines running. Lynden’s heritage is seen in the golden wheat chaff sticking to striped overalls at the threshing bee.

To live in Lynden is to receive an inheritance of the wealth of history that’s to be found there. You don’t, however, have to live there to catch the flavor of the past. A visit to any number of Lynden celebrations is a chance to partake of the past with all of your senses, and glory in the accomplishments of days long gone.

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Reflections on a small town

In pioneer times they cleared the forests of northern Whatcom County and created the town of Lynden, dedicated to the land and committed to farming.

The community soon became dominated by conservative farmers. They zealously tilled the new fields in an effort to create a future for their children.

Quite often, the efforts of past generations to create a legacy are forgotten, but that never happened in Lynden. Our fathers passed on the history of their fathers for us to learn from and delight in.

While I was growing up in Lynden, I didn’t understand what it all meant. I didn’t understand why a friend’s garage was packed with rusting tractors while his father’s new Oldsmobile stood out in the rain.

My friends and I didn’t realize how important it all was when we rode our bikes to the plowing matches. The adults would meander around the long, straight furrows and talk in reverent tones about the plowmen’s skill. The kids just generally hung out and acted cool.

Eventually, my friends began to see something I didn’t. We’d stand side by side at the antique machinery shows. They’d spit at all the right times and tug their baseball style caps with John Deere written on the front. I looked at the machines and saw a lot of wasted time polishing and puttering. They saw Lynden’s heritage.

I left Lynden for a time and saw places that had lost their heritage. Thousands of people would be clustered together and not know what had gone before or what forces had manipulated their elders. No one belonged to the place where they lived, nor did the place seem to belong to them.

When I returned, the shows no longer looked like men playing with toys and the matches weren’t just old folks reminiscing. Now I understood.

Lynden is more than a town, it’s a way of life. Life in Lynden would not be complete unless one realized its hard working history.

That history is, in part, mine and it gives me the birthright to be a part of that town. I have just realized an even greater inheritance than that. Lynden has become a part of me with the memories of warm barn smells, and long fields of yellow hay and tall grasses.

It is always with me.

—Brian VanderHaak
by Gregg Olsen

Northwest Coast Indian red and black sculpins twist stark mysterious images across cedar poles and around the rims of handwoven baskets. To the touch, an ivory polar bear seems cool and smooth. But the bear is a fraud and the sculpin's mystery no longer lies in the artwork's heritage or meaning, rather in its authenticity.

Coast Indian art is being snatched up with a vehemence never seen before by the residents of the area that spans Alaska to Oregon. Collectors—professionals or novices looking for an investment—have developed a lust for the art that their forefathers once attempted to annihilate.

Unwittingly, people purchase the baskets, wood or stone carvings and prints believing the value stems from its creator, the native artist. In many cases, it does. Recently, however, some collectors have discovered that their newly acquired piece is a phony; the product of an artistic sham.

Besides the schlock Indian art produced by cheap souvenir mills, more subtle types of fraudulent art have surfaced and nearly inundated the market. Art produced by "whites" and other non-natives (yet sold as "native art") and the practice of reworking fossilized ivory figures or using "fresh" ivory are two of the schemes used to cash in on Indian heritage and the Coast art boom.

Peter Macnair, ethnologist at the Provincial Museum in Victoria, B.C., said protective legislation on both sides of the border has caused an influx of fraudulent ivory pieces into the market.

After both nations levied laws which protect some marine mammals, fresh ivory became outlawed except for the traditional uses necessary to native cultures. Only natives could possess and carve the ivory from recently killed marine mammals, such as walruses and whales. The rest of the art world had to make do with objects carved from archeological whalebone or fossilized ivory.

Entrepreneurs with questionable ethics seized the opportunity to exploit the demand of ivory pieces by selling illegal fresh ivory as fossilized, or by commissioning artists to carve new designs on fossilized ivory.

Over the past few years, Macnair said more than a half
dozen people have approached him with the same story. “It seems that they were all able to purchase ivory pieces for a real bargain.”

The carvings were genuine ivory, the ethnologist said, adding that there is some simulated plastic-like ivory on the market, but “it was the style that was faked.” Many of those pieces shown to Macnair were “crude enough” that someone with a background in Coast art could spot facsimiles.

As Macnair noted, “Even the so-called experts get fooled.”

Commercial art dealers are often the experts approached when people have ivory pieces they wish to have authenticated. It is not always a simple task.

David Franklin, proprietor of the Whale House, said, of all Indian art mediums, ivory is the most difficult to authenticate. The Seattle dealer said he has been contacted many times by persons who wish to sell recent carvings on fossilized ivory. Their ploy is a clever one: an attempt to cross the fine line that exists between art object and genuine artifact.

Because of their archeological and historical value, artifacts can command higher prices than some contemporary pieces. In the quest for extra cash, Macnair said some natives and whites have attempted to pass off their pieces as equal to museum quality.

“Just two weeks ago, someone brought me a mask that was a fake,” Macnair said. “Stylistically, it was okay. But it was crudely antiqued.”

Although Macnair said some of the fakes are so blatant a layman could spot them, Franklin said that is not so with ivory carvings.

“Eskimo ivory carvings are usually so simple and standard that it is hard to tell if it is 30 or 50 years old, or two days old,” he said.

Ivory objects are not the only art pieces involved in the Indian dilemma.

Rich, smoky argillite, a soft black slate, is the stone of the Haida Indians of British Columbia. Often cited as the “master craftspeople” of all Northwest Indian groups, the Haidas mine and carve the stone on the Queen Charlotte Islands. The islands, off the Northern B.C. coast, are said to be the only place where argillite can be found.

Ethnologist Macnair reiterated a rumor circulating among haute and not-so-haute collectors who prize the Haida’s meticulous craftsmanship. “If it’s good, it’s Haida. If it’s Haida, it’s good.”

The Haidas have had some problems with argillite that are not so good, however. Few dealers and collectors beyond the immediate area of British Columbia are familiar with the stone. It follows that if they are unaware of the value of the stone, they won’t buy it.

One dealer mentioned that a customer came into his gallery with a valuable argillite totem that he purchased in Portland, Ore, for a mere $1.50. The Portland dealer didn’t realize what he was selling.

As one Haida said, “They just don’t know the quality of the stone.”

Pearlite, Inc., an assembly-line art company in Vancouver, B.C., is giving the Haida’s argillite and art enthusiasts another run for the money. Pearlite manufactures reproductions of argillite totems for sale to tourists.

Manager Chris Walsh said his firm’s products, made of a mixture of a polyester compound and crushed black rock, are not a threat to the Haida’s or real argillite’s reputations. He maintains that the two “argillites” are competing in different markets.

“You really can’t compare them. It would be like comparing a Rembrandt hanging in a museum gallery with a print hanging in anyone’s home,” Walsh said.

Walsh said the designs of Pearlite’s products are accurate renditions of Haida carvings. Haidas design the original artwork for the firm and sell the rights of the design. Artists are paid royalties for copies sold, Walsh said.

Walsh makes no pretensions about the replicas. He doesn’t claim they are “native produced” or anything other than inexpensive souvenirs.

His prices confirm that. Averaging $10 price tags, the Pearlite figures are substantially cheaper than real argillite pieces which can sell for $100 to $125 per inch, he said.

Even though the pieces are marketed as curios and not objets d’art, some Indians have said that the replicas existence on the market threatens and cheapens authentic Coast art. Walsh admitted that he has received complaints from Indians concerned about the phony argillite but, as he said, “If I don’t (manufacture the facsimiles), the Japanese will.”

His assertion was confirmed by museum personnel and dealers. Said one Bellingham ivory dealer: “A lot of ivory.
is sent to Japan or India where it is carved and sent back here and passed off as real Indian art.”

Several years ago, Indian Arts and Crafts, Inc., of Seattle, was involved in a court battle with the Federal Trade Commission for six years. The FTC charged that the company purchased its goods in India and was selling them as “Indian made.” Wrong Indians, though.

President of the firm, Walter Lowen, said Indian Arts and Crafts has been vindicated. But he added that other companies are engaged in the same geographic double-dealing the FTC said his firm had committed. It is a common practice today, he said, especially in the Southwest.

Indian Arts and Crafts, Inc., purchases small totem poles, masks and soapstone carvings from Northwest Indian artists and supplies retail outlets with the handicrafts. “We do not manufacture them as some Indians say,” Lowen said.

The pieces are strictly “souvenir trinkets,” Lowen said.

One Indian woman, whose brother is an artist, said she is “irritated” when she sees white craftsmen and artists dabbling in native styles. “Even if they aren’t passing it off as native art and are just copying the style, it still bothers me,” she said.

David Franklin, dealer and artist, said he occasionally hears negative comments from natives that he creates works of art in the Northwest Coast tradition. He said he respects the Indian’s art and maintains that the respect is not abridged by his carving.

After all, he pointed out, art and culture are not something that can be registered or copyrighted.

“You can’t walk up to a native and tell him that he can’t wear tennis shoes, play a guitar or go to church just because it isn’t in his culture.”

Franklin said he knows of dealers and artists who sell phony art as authentic by placing deceptive labels on the piece. Still others use a more subtle ruse, telling customers that the art is the creation of an Indian, but neglecting to mention that the native is only “one-thirty-second Indian.”

One dealer said some baskets displayed in a few Seattle shops recently as authentic Northwest Coast Indian work were woven in the Philippines. The dealer said, “One person came in twice with baskets painted with Northwest Coast designs. He had an inventive story, but I didn’t fall for it.”

Apparently several other dealers in Seattle were not as shrewd; the baskets are for sale in several antique shops as “native” art.

The dealer further said the baskets probably were purchased in the Puget Sound area for the express purpose of forging Coast designs on them and selling them to unsuspecting dealers or collectors.

“I wouldn’t doubt that the artist read Indian art books to get the designs. They were very authentic,” the dealer said.

The fact that the con man/artist was a native made his story all the more credible.

To avoid falling victim to such a rip-off scheme, those interested in acquiring Coast art should deal with reputable dealers. A check with the local museum or art association usually renders a list of those with honorable reputations.

But it is no guarantee.
The sun is shining, it's 72 degrees F., you're trudging through the VU Plaza with 25 pounds of books in your arms en route to another mind-numbing lecture when you casually glance down at the bay. You see tiny white triangles slowly gliding against the blue background of water and sky. For a few seconds you stand hypnotized. Then the pain in your laden arms reminds you of class. And at that point, you seriously begin questioning the priorities in your life.

In Bellingham, it's possible to be part of that enchanting scene without dropping out of school.

If your budget is tight, opportunities exist to take inexpensive sailing lessons or to rent dinghies on a daily basis. Or if you happen to have an extra $1,500 and a week to spare, you could charter a 40-foot sloop complete with skipper, cook, wine and prepared meals and learn why Jimmy Buffet sings so much about sailing.

**LESSONS**

If you don't know how to sail, lessons are offered in Bellingham throughout the year except in winter. Western's physical education department offers a beginning sailing class in spring and fall at Lakewood on Lake Whatcom.

For learning advanced sailing techniques, Western's Viking Sailing Club has a first-come, first-served policy of accepting new students, Stacey Wilson, commodore of the sailing club, said. The free lessons, taught at Lakewood in the fall and spring, are given on Lazers or 420s, both 14-foot dinghies. Lakewood is in the process of renovation and Wilson said he expects the changes to include the addition of 16 new 420s and five Lazers.

For $25, four two-hour lessons are available through the Whatcom County Parks Department. Beginners' classes are given on Lake Samish in six eight-foot El Toros, Pat Milliken of the Parks Department said. With only one student in each boat, the basics of sailing are learned quickly. The instructor teaches from a nearby chase boat. Milliken said it's an ideal method of instruction since the boats are simple to sail and the student has no one to depend on but himself.
Classes are taught spring and summer week nights and on Saturdays in the fall. He added that intermediate sailing lessons can be arranged if anyone is interested.

The Northwest Sailing School, Inc. offers the most complete sailing instruction in Bellingham. Ann Fleming, instructor and owner, offers beginning, intermediate and advanced lessons in the spring, summer and fall on Bellingham Bay. Each class consists of three lessons at three hours each. A group rate (four people) for each class is $45 per person. Semi-private (two people) is $80 per person and private lessons are $140.

This year she added two new classes. After a student has completed beginning and intermediate classes, he can take a basic cruising or a basic racing class. The cruising class emphasizes chart reading, compass use, learning tide and current tables, studying weather patterns, anchoring techniques and course plotting. The racing class covers advanced sail trim, how to use a spinnaker, mast-tuning, racing rules and "go-fast" strategies. The cruising and racing classes are scheduled when convenient for the students, Fleming noted.

Fleming's instruction is flexible in other ways. Anyone taking private lessons can vary the course content to emphasize whatever sailing skills he wants to learn.

DAY RENTALS
Any Western student can rent a 14-foot boat for the day at Lakewood, Friday through Monday, as long as he possesses a sailing card. A student must pass an open-book written test and an on-the-water test to qualify for the card which costs $3 for a quarter or $6 a year.

If anyone wishes to rent the largest sailboat at Lakewood, a 21-foot Victory, he must have a sailing card and pass the written, closed-book skipper's test. Many questions on that test deal with racing, Wilson said. If someone wants bigger-boat experience, he added, the club can usually find someone with a boat in Squalicum Harbor who will lend it for a day sail on Bellingham Bay.

Samish Park rents two 420s for $4 an hour in the summer. To prove your sailing skills, you're required to rig the boat yourself, to answer basic questions about sailing and to take a short on-the-water test. Dennis Connor, a park employee, said it helps to have a Western or Red Cross sailing card.

CRUISES
Whether or not you have sailing experience, you can be part of a Whatcom County Parks Department summer cruise through the San Juan Islands. Six people can go on a skippered weekend cruise for $60 per person, Milliken said. Everyone must bring his own food and the group plans and cooks the meals. If a group wanted to save money, Milliken added, he would try to accommodate them by finding a skipper with a less "fancy" boat.

This summer the Parks Department started a new evening cruise program. The skippered cruises, week nights between 5-10 p.m., cost $18 per person. This is an excellent way to unwind after a day at work or school.

Chartering a sailboat is one of the best ways to "get away from it all" in style, and in Bellingham, chartering opportunities abound.

The San Juan Cruising Center offers charter boats complete with a skipper, cook, food and provisions for a week or more, or just a "bare" boat for the day. Prices run from about $100 for a bare boat day sail to $1,800 a week for a boat with or without a skipper. The Cruising Center has 18 sailboats to choose among, ranging in size from 27 to 50 feet.

Intrepid Boat Sales, Inc. charters primarily bare boats but can provide a skipper upon request. It has nine boats from 24 to 36 feet in a price range of $75 to $300 per week.

Both charter businesses require you to answer questions about your sailing experience but you're on your honor. Rarely is your background researched to find out if you're telling the truth. But as Terry Hileman of Intrepid and Charlie Liddington of the Cruising Center said, each business reserves the right to test you on the water and if your abilities are questionable, to put a skipper on your boat at your expense.
Rate reductions are available at both shops. Intrepid gives a 10 percent discount on two-week charters in the peak season and on charters scheduled before July 1 and after September 15. The Cruising Center offers a 15 percent discount on week-long trips before June 1 and after Sept. 15.

Bill and Gloria Sayles, of Sayles Charters, have three skippered sailing cruises to choose from. There’s a day sail for $55 per trip, a two-day marine park overnighter to Matia or Sucia Island for $85 a couple and a cruise to Butchart Gardens on Vancouver Island for $325 per couple. The clients can plan their own course, too. Food and sleeping gear are not provided.

Chuck Lind, of Chuckanut Charters, offers several options for charters on either his 32 or 41-foot Coronado. Depending on your sailing experience and your budget, you can choose a bare boat, an "assisted charter" (you’re the skipper but an experienced sailor familiar with the islands comes along) or a skippered charter. Food and its preparation is provided on a skippered cruise or you can bring your own. Costs range from $325-$900 for a bare boat and $200-$300 per person on skippered trips.

RACING

For someone who has taken sailing lessons and rented a dinghy or chartered a yacht, and is ready to see how he rates against other sailors, he’ll find racing is the best test.

But racing is definitely not for everybody. Many people sail because they enjoy the relaxation of it and racing is absolutely the antithesis of relaxation. But if you enjoy competition and more importantly, if you want to improve your sailing skills, there’s no faster way to do it than by racing. You’re forced to make quick decisions which can become a valuable asset in any kind of sailing emergency. Racing also sharpens your awareness of the boat and teaches you how to control it in a variety of situations.

The Parks Department will probably sponsor a series of “low pressure” dinghy races this fall, Milliken said, on Lakes Samish or Whatcom.

Western’s sailing club races its 420s and Lazers on Lake Whatcom in the fall and spring. As part of the Northwest District, one of 18 in the nation, the club participates in regional regattas in the United States and Canada. When refurbishment at Lakewood is completed, the club will resume hosting regattas here, Wilson said.

The spring, summer and fall Bellingham Yacht Club races are the largest in town. Dozens of boats, ranging in size from 20 to 40 feet, sail in the races on Bellingham Bay.

The best way to get involved in the yacht club series is to walk down the docks on Wednesday afternoon in spring or summer and on the weekends in fall, and simply ask any skippers if they need someone to crew. Usually several boats need bodies.

The yacht club also sponsors a women’s series in the spring and summer on Tuesday nights.

In Bellingham you can choose the amount of time and expense you want to put into sailing. Since the wind is free and the energy outlook bleak, sailing could easily become one of your cheapest forms of entertainment. Whether you enjoy the excitement of heavy weather racing or just like to drift under the hot sun with a cold beer in hand, you’ll be glad you discovered sailing.

And what better way to forget about economics class? ■

For your information:
Chuckanut Charters 733-2125
Intrepid Boat Sales 676-1248
Lakewood 733-9699
Northwest Sailing School 734-7814
Samish Park 733-2362
San Juan Cruising Center 671-2004
Whatcom Co. Parks 733-2900
Sayles Charters 384-4230

September 23
Western Washington University
Bellingham, Washington

The Blue Book guide to College Living
SO MUCH FOR "JUST ONE BREW AND THEN A HEAVY NIGHT OF STUDYING!"

WELCOME TO SAGA

I GIVE UP! WHAT IS IT?

IT TOOK FOUR POTS OF COFFEE, A BOX OF LUNGO, A CARTON OF CIGARETTES, AND THE WHOLE NIGHT BUT I GOT MY TERM PAPER DONE!

SURE, I'VE GOT A BIG TEST TOMORROW AND I'LL STUDY FOR IT RIGHT AFTER WALTER CRONKITE ALL IN THE FAMILY. WKRQ MASH, Lou GRANT, JOHNNY CARSON, TOM...
Dear Mom,

Dorm life is great! I'm really glad you talked me into living in these dorms my first year up here at Western. I love the way these dorms are set up, it seems like there is something new and exciting going on all the time.

For example, last week I went with a bunch of the guys on our floor down to Clayton Beach and had a picnic. It was really fun and we played games all day until it got too dark to see anymore. I was so tired after that I went back to the dorms and slept until noon the next day.

I don't know if I explained this to you or not, but the way these dorms are set up, I'm living on a floor with 12 other guys. All of them are great, especially my roommate, Matt.

Matt and I hit it off from the very start. I think it's because we have similar lifestyles. He is a junior and it's nice to have someone a few years older to show you the ropes.

An average night up here at the dorms usually ends by sitting down with some of your friends. Of course, we have to turn the stereos down by 11 because people are trying to sleep.

The other night a guy from across the hall came over and said he had a test the next morning and asked us if we could please turn the music down a little early. We said that we were sorry and then turned our stereo off. We didn't mind because we knew that if we had an early test, he'd do the same for us.

The only senior on the floor is this guy named Space. Since he is the oldest, we all look up to him as a big brother. Space is majoring in horticulture and said he should be finished with it any week now.

There are also girls in this dorm and they are all very nice. I'm always saying "hi" when I pass one in the hall. The dorm is sponsoring a dance tonight and I hope to dance with a few that I've been getting to know. I think it's great the dorm does things like this.

Well Mom, I have to stop writing now and start getting ready for the dance. I'm really enjoying myself up here, but I'm also learning a lot, too. Dorm life is great, and you're welcome to come up here anytime and see for yourself. Just let me know ahead of time. You know how I hate surprises.

Your loving son,
Mike
Hello Bruddah...

Dear John,

Dorm life is great! And I just want you to know, little brother, what to expect when you come up to college next year. First off, you have to live in the dorms. There is nothing like it in the world.

Last week I went with a bunch of guys on this floor to Clayton Beach where we had a keg. We played drinking games all day till everything got too fuzzy to see. After that, we went back to the dorms where I promptly lost it. I blew chunks in the shower and the bathroom looked like a scene from "Psycho." I had such a hangover I didn't get out of bed until noon the next day.

I live with 12 other guys on this floor. All of them are freaked out drug addicts, especially my roommate, Matt.

Matt and I hit it off from the very first beer. I think it's because we both have similar lifestyles - we drink constantly. He's a junior and it's nice to have someone a couple years older than me you are to buy you booze and take you to parties.

An average night up here at the dorms usually ends with us sitting in our rooms and rocking out to our stereos. We turn them up so loud that they start knocking thumb tacks out of the walls.

The other night about 11 this guy from across the hall, a real jerk, came by and told us to turn it down. We just locked the door and shouted back that we couldn't hear him because the stereos were too loud.

The only senior on this floor is this guy named Space. He claims to have tried every drug in the world except for adrenochrome, and his girlfriend took that. He's majoring in PE and is growing pot under his bed. He thinks it should be ready in a couple weeks.

The weekends are the rowdiest times. I have started going to the library just to sleep.

This is also a co-ed dorm and the girls are not to be believed. I'm always running into one of them in the guy's section of the hall. The dorm has this dance going on tonight, so the guys thought we'd have a strawberry daiquiri pre-function and invite about 20 girls.

Well, I guess I should stop writing and start getting the blender warmed up. John, dorm life is great and you have to live here to believe it. You're welcome to come up here anytime, just don't bring Mom.

Many firm handshakes,

Mike

Mike Stoddard

September 27
Holy Cows at Wawoo

My best friend Dave happened to be strolling about Hyde Park, London, not too terribly long ago when he heard a tremendous “pop!”—that kind of ambiguous newsreel crack that leaves one in doubt as to whether he’s heard a lorry backfire or an embassy exploding.

In this particular case, it happened to be an embassy. The ace British troopers had managed, just minutes before, to save the Iranians and kill their dastardly captors, but destroyed the Iranian embassy in the process.

A long line of gunless Bobbies lined the street bounding the park and the embassy, holding back the Londoners and tourists whose curiosity could not get them close enough to the flaming building. Dave said he sort of followed a crowd through the park, and was pretty busy keeping an eye on the embassy, so he didn’t really respond right away when the woman next to him gasped, “My God! They’re eating cheeps! The embassy’s burning and they’re eating cheeps!”

“Who’s eating chips? What’re you talking about?” Dave asked her.

“The bobbies. Can’t you see? The bloody embassy’s going up in flames and they’re eating cheeps!”

Dave looked ahead, and sure enough, that’s exactly what was going on. The embassy was crackling and sparking and getting ready to fall, and the bobbies were passing a bag of potato chips down their long blue line, munching contentedly man to man.

Is there a moral to a story like this? If so, it’s that at least two ways exist to deal with any situation that seems very ridiculous or very serious when you can’t do anything about it. You can either go into outraged shock at the burning of an embassy or fill your stomach a bit and warm your face and hands. You can either bow down to a holy cow, or shrug at its pampered, useless flesh.

The decision to shrug or bow is one you will have to make many times at Western, and, just to make those decisions a little easier, I’d like to let you in on four of Wawoo’s major holy cows.

The Classic Confrontation

This is one cow you will never escape here at Wawoo, but it’s especially pertinent to your first quarter. Whenever you meet someone new, you can count on them asking you the secret and sacred questions that make the social life here so especially meaningful: namely, “What’re you taking this quarter?” and “Do you have a major?”

My personal favorite answer to “what are you taking” is “phenobarbital.” There are several decent variations of facetious answers, most of them in a military vein, to “what’s your major?”

Whether to answer these questions seriously, or even ask them yourself, is something you will have to decide on your own. It is a hallowed tradition here that offers as much excitement and enlightenment as a rerun of Gilligan’s Island.

The Only a Buck No-Car Surprise

You can get frustrated and stomp your feet all you want, but there is no way you are going to improve the parking crisis at Western. When Wawoo was built, no one had any idea it would become this popular, so we’re all going to have to live with the fact that only about one of every 15 of us is going to get a parking spot.

The one thing you are going to have to deal with, if you have a car, is tickets. Security loves to give them. It’s sort of a day-long orgy for them, and people just don’t take the darn things too seriously, since the fine is only $1. (At least it was at press time.)

However, rest assured that if you prefer to be snotty or sneaky and not pay the piddling things, you will eventually find your car missing. You will have forgotten to pay your third ticket, and security will have towed your wheels away.

Trying to argue with them about it will make your head ring painfully for days and days.

Good luck dealing with this bureaucratic heifer. I prefer to walk.

Line-Standing Rib-Sticking Go-od!

Although the campus food service, Saga, inspires a sincere belief that they are doing their best, there are two features of some annoyance that look like they aren’t ever going to change: long lines leading to crowded dining halls, and heavy, starchy, predominantly chewy food.

The tendency among freshmen seems to be to gain about 15 pounds in their first week at Western. After being jostled in line for about 20 minutes, most people build up enough anxiety and hunger that they wolf down anything the server shoves at them.

Only experience will help you out here. You can either become a very chubby person with an ulcer, or learn to use moderation. My only advice would be to stick a book in your pocket for the line and a finger down your throat for particularly heavy boughs of over-indulgence.

Flushing the Showers: For Men Only

Whoever he was, you have to have a sort of grudging respect for the guy who started this weirdest Wawoo locker-room tradition.

I keep trying to picture the guy in the back of my mind—probably fresh out of the army, or from a high school with a very low water supply.

Wherever, he somehow got the idea that it was proper etiquette to holler “showers!” at the top of his lungs before flushing the toilet. He was most likely laboring under the impression that flushing was going to do something drastic to the water supply—such as draining all the cold water out of the system and scalding to death the poor athletes in the shower.

Alas, this is not the case. I have been in the shower numerous times when the call rang out. I have strained every nerve fiber to detect the slightest variation in temperature or water pressure, totally without success.

The “shower!” warning is a proverbial boy-who-cried-wolf example. Everyone knows nothing is going to happen.

Everyone yells before they flush. Even me.

Rudy Yuly
The Order of the Pack


To tote or not to tote is not the question at this partially ivy-covered institution, it is how one totes that counts.

Higher education is not merely a matter of superior intellect but additionally that of a superior pack. A superior pack?! If you will just exhibit a smidgeon of patience, I shall explain the "Code of the Pack — Western Style" to those of you who have not tread upon the painted birds in Miller Hall. (If you do not understand the previous reference, it is to you that I speak.)

I must point out that this is a serious business. I cannot stress the humiliations and subsequent low GPAs suffered by the unfortunate "new" persons who ignored the code of the pack.

I will go over the points carefully, but only once, so listen up.

Firstly, you must purchase a back pack before entering campus grounds so no one will suspect you do not belong. But, and here is the tricky part, it cannot be just any old nylon and plastic monstrosity. Discount outlets do sell packs at miniscule sums with miniscule seam allowances that will wrench apart right in the middle of Red Square. I assure you. So let's avoid the cheap crap.

Other students, emboldened by their acceptance at this fine institution, have purchased rather over-large contraptions complete with sleeping bag, cooking pots, mosquito netting and retractable fishing poles. No doubt they have heard about the coho salmon in Fisher Fountain. It is not wise to follow this trend as these sort usually go to Huxley and eat seeds.

So, as I say, if you aim somewhere in the middle between these two extremes and scout around for one of those outdoorsy places, you really can't miss.

The second, and most difficult, part of the pack code follows the purchase. I know you have heard Western is what is known old-fashioned as "laid-back," but this is not always true. Certain traditions have flourished here over the years, such as rusty art, slick bricks, an over-chlorinated pool and rhetorical whimsy from the Associated Students.

The code of the pack fits right in.

I cannot divulge exact requirements or necessities involved as my sojourn here would be cruelly cut short. Pack enforcers would miss their fun if everyone knew the rules.

I can drop a small hint or two, if I am ever so careful. Do not, on pain of a large thwacking, wear both straps at once. It is simply not done. The pack may be artfully dangled from the left shoulder, or the right shoulder, depending on the signal you may wish to convey.

No, I've said enough. Someone is probably loosening my straps at this very moment. I simply don't trust the little buggers.

Don't say I didn't warn you. ■

Nancy Walbeck

Western's Unabridged

An incomplete guide to Western terms and otherwise insignificant trivia:

Professors — Frustrated Las Vegas entertainers with footnote-infested brains. Seek adulation. Rarely get it.

Lectures — 50 minutes of academic drivel directed to 200 eager students. Eager to gang-bludgeon the lecturer.

India — Nor a country in Asia.

Grotto — Campus Romper Room. Degree available in pinball wizardry.

Dormitories — The Bellingham zoos and wildlife preserves. Maiming encouraged.

Old Main — Western's Camelot. Comes furnished with student prince, ivy-covered walls and monarchical policy of your choice.

For Handel — The more than $10,000 pyramid and teepee frame with thyroid condition.

Blue Book — a) A precursor to terminal writer's cramp. How many words can you scribble in 50 minutes? b) Passport to a degree and your academic diary(rhea).

Klipsun — A Lummi Indian work meaning "beautiful sunset."

KUGS — Aboveground radio station with an underground flavor. Rhubarb. Call letters likely to conjure up an obscene act in listeners' minds.

Vikings — A Kirk Douglas movie, award-winning Star Wars cars and trusty athletic supporters.

School spirit — If found, please return to the '60s. Rah.

Term paper — A project representative of one quarter's learning completed in 17 hours. Coherence unnecessary.

Western Front — Hard-hitting student newspaper deserving of its reputation as the junior National Enquirer.

Red Square — A Russian transfer student who espouses egalitarianism and thinks Olivia Newton-John is "neat sky."

Wilson Library — Campus social center. Romantic encounters, 4E; Nirvana, 5W. Hurry.

Dave Miltenberger

September 29
The Honorable Schoolboy

University students are a commodity, nameless numbers, herded through the educational system like sheep. Right?

Wrong. At least not for 300 students enrolled in Western's honors program. Students are offered an alternative to the assembly line learning atmosphere which often pervades university lecture halls.

In addition to completing a regular major and the General University Requirements (GUR), honors students choose those seminar classes of interest. Enrollment is limited to 15 per class.

The program is open to any Western student, though past academic achievement is an important factor in the acceptance of an honors applicant. The number of requirements to be met, however, and the small number of honors seminars offered annually make it advisable to enter the program early.

To graduate with honors, a student must maintain a grade point average of 3.5 or higher over the junior and senior years, complete four to six honors seminars and write a 12- to 20-page honors thesis.

Students who enter the honors program are rewarded with a special kind of attention from the honors faculty, honors program director Phillip Montague, said. They also gain an experience of how to prepare a graduate thesis by working on the honors thesis, he said.

Another reward of the program for students who graduate with honors is the benefit in seeking a job. An honors transcript shows an emphasis toward scholastic excellence for an employer seeking someone academically inclined. Montague, a philosophy professor, said.

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The honors seminars are the distinguishing factor between honors students and the rest of Western's student body.

The subjects cover almost every area except math and social sciences, Brian Copenhaver, associate dean of the college of arts and sciences, said. In addition, seminars are not departmentally organized.

"Topics selected for the seminars must be narrowly enough conceived to be done by a small group. Thus you wouldn't cover a survey in American History but maybe a Shakespeare play, something allowing work in depth without a lot of previous information," Copenhaver explained.

"The honors seminars are designed for students who believe that thinking, writing and learning are important things in themselves, not because they lead to a degree," Copenhaver said.

"If I lecture in an ordinary university class, normally I'm the active emitter and the student is the passive receiver," he pointed out. "The reason for class sizes of 100-150 is purely economic. Groups of 10 are much better because they allow greater participation and place greater responsibility on the students to learn."

Debra Peterson, an art history major, said she enjoys the stimulation the honors program provides.

"There are very few classes which compare with the honors seminar classes," she said.

Rudy Yuly, a journalism major, said the attitude in many university classes is "don't talk unless you have to. In the honors seminars, the attitude is you have to talk," he said.

"Your ideas are taken seriously," he added. "If you're mistaken about something, nobody's going to call you dumb."

Faculty are selected on the basis of their experience with the program and upon the adaptability of their area of studies to the seminar format.

Stuart Lasine, a liberal studies professor, taught a seminar titled, "Reading in Plato's Dialogue" and said he liked the cohesiveness of the seminar group. Lasine said he will teach the same seminar next year.

"It's like a Volkswagen bug," he said. "Once you get a good one you keep it as long as possible, making improvements to the inside."

Carl Simpson of the sociology department taught a seminar dealing with concepts of education and said the only problem of the seminar was "keeping focus."

"Because the issues we discussed were abstract, the class seemed to take off in different directions," he added.

Not everyone who starts in the honors program finishes. Sue Probasco, an elementary education major, said she doesn't know whether she can complete her honors thesis because much of her time has been devoted to student teaching.

"I find myself in a real bind trying to get things wrapped up," she said.

Peterson said that seminar classes require that a student write well because of the four to five papers required in each seminar and the honors thesis.

"Not too many students complete the honors thesis," Montague said.

In spite of these factors, drop rates in seminar classes are very low. Lasine and Simpson said they lost only one student each.

Montague currently is trying to recruit more students for the program. Those who have shown high scholastic achievement during high school years frequently are recruited to the program on acceptance of their application to Western, he said.

The honors program offers students an opportunity to complete their GUR and major requirements in an interesting and rewarding way, Copenhaver said.

Bill Gibson
It's a Matter of Degrees

Every year at Western, a few unlucky students find themselves unable to graduate as expected.

Some have failed to turn in repeat cards, forgotten to schedule once-a-year courses or have expected two degrees for a double major. Some students discover, often too late, that they lack credits or requirements and cannot graduate as anticipated.

Karyl Mather, a counselor at Western's Registrar's Office, said a majority of students wait too long to have their credits evaluated.

"One common problem we have is students don't turn in repeat cards in time for the courses they are repeating. P.E. classes generally are not repeatable. The student then ends up short of credits during senior evaluation, moving graduation up one quarter in most cases," Mather explained.

In order to insure prompt graduation, a student should have his credits evaluated in the last quarter of his junior year or the first quarter of his senior year. Procrastination leads to an extended graduation date. Mather pointed out that students who come in early to check for repeats and advice, usually have an easier trip through school. Other students rely on erroneous information and advice from friends.

Annual courses can also hinder the graduation process. Most students are able to plan for once-a-year courses through advisement of a counselor.

"The departments just cannot afford to offer these courses more than once a year," Mather said.

If a student does not take a required course in his senior year, he may have to wait another year to complete it. But, she added, this one year postponement is highly unlikely. Other procedures will be taken in such emergencies. In one isolated instance, a student worked out a solution through an appeal procedure and was able to graduate on schedule.

"It's pretty rare for students not to do well in a class that is required for a major. It just depends on a variety of things such as the student's history," Registrar Eugene Omey said.

Another surprise awaiting some unknowing students is the fact that a student cannot get two degrees from the same curricula. Western has three curricula — bachelor of arts, bachelor of science and bachelor of education degrees. For example, a student cannot get two B.A. degrees, but may get a B.A. and then a B.S. or any combination of the various curricula.

For some students who enter Western as freshmen, it takes about 17 quarters to complete a degree. This is due to an increase of requirements in most majors. Western's General University Requirements are more extensive than most other universities. If a student enters Western with an associate of arts degree, it will be honored in most cases.

"We have a working agreement with each two-year college within the state of Washington, so students with A.A. degrees do not have to fulfill all of Western's GURs. They enter with junior status," Mather said.

Some students find they have completed the mandatory number of credits for graduation but failed to acquire at least 60 of those credits as upper division credits.

Mather says she can't stress enough the importance of seeking early advisement to 'iron out all problems.'

Kathy Zalewski

A Loan Opportunity

Don't quit school because you're out of money. Get help. Ways to finance your educational sojourn at Western are easily available.

"Very few students are turned away from Western because of lack of funds," Wayne Sparks, director of the financial aid department at Western, said.

"There are many ways to get money," he explained. "The problem is communication. Students just don't know what types of aid are available to them."

The financial aid office, located in Old Main 240, has pamphlets that explain how to estimate expenses, how much money is needed for college and how to apply for the different types of financial aid.

National Direct Student Loans (NDSL) are long term, low interest loans available to undergraduate and graduate students. The 3 percent interest does not accrue and repayment does not begin until nine months after the student has left Western on at least a half-time basis. Guaranteed Student Loans (GSL) enable students, who cannot be helped by other financial aid programs, to borrow from a bank or other participating lender such as a credit union, savings and loan or mutual savings bank. It is not necessary to apply personally at the bank. The application form is available at the Financial Aid Office.

A new need basis is required now. The student must have been living away from home for two years, his parents cannot claim him as a dependent on their income taxes and the student cannot receive more than $750 from his parents in a year, Sparks said.

"It is very rare for a student, fresh from high school, to get this loan," he said.

The Western Emergency Loans are made possible through funds derived from student fees, the Blunt/Wilkinson Bequest and other gifts. Students who receive this loan may borrow up to $50, repayable in up to four weeks with 6 percent interest.

The Western Institutional Loans are for full-time students.

"These loans are usually used to pay rent," Sparks said. "The amount of the loan is adjusted to meet the individual student's needs, up to $300. These must be repaid from 30 days to six months with 6 percent interest."

During 1978-79, Western provided about $3,850,000 in federal, state and institutional aid to needy students.

Mary Norvell