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6
Lummi Carver
Al Charles, an 83-year-old, vanishing breed of Lummi.
by Patrice Gibble

8
Visions of Burgundy
A chance encounter.
by Melissa Johnson

11
Nuclear Energy
Just what everyone doesn't want in his backyard.
by Mark Walker

15
Dilemma
And you thought your roommate was bad. How would you like to live with a human Jello mold?
by Michael Navalinski

Graphic by Karen Gospodinovich
20 The Nooksack
The Nooksack dilemma. Who gets the river.
by Chris Palmer

24 Rock Climbing
You can look, but you don’t want to look down.
by Mark Higgins

26 Harmony Motors
Offbeat auto service for small car owners.
by Rudy Yuly

33 Whale Museum
A whale tale. The only one of its kind.
by Janet Hevly

34 The Unfortunates
A look at society’s less fortunates.
by Charles Nacke & John Nelson

36 Student Play
A play without a plot? Absurd. It sure is.
by Susan Stauffer

39 Trails and Legends
On the endangered list. Local history could be lost.
by Dave Hatcher

40 Woodstock II
From cause chasing to dollar grabbing. This one’s not for love.
by Darrell Butorac

42 Belly Dancer
Delilah Belish: “Zoom in on her navel.”
by Jonathan Blair

43 Kinsey
The man with the magic box. He roamed logging camps and documented a growing industry.
by Jody Macdonald

46 The Colombia Connection
Busted in Colombia. A Western student’s “Midnight Express.”
by Mark Walker

49 Sex Roles
A man’s world? Not anymore.
by John Hicks

52 Hitch Hiking
San Francisco or south. A devilish situation.
by Bruce Yeager

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Graphic by Darrell Butorac
The Vanishing Lummi Carver

Present members have made an effort to preserve these arts but time, technology and society's taste for contemporary materials seem to be covering the tracks once left by the Lummi.

Al Charles, 83, is the last of the master Lummi carvers. He was born on the Lummi reservation and learned carving from his father and his uncle when he was only 13 years old. He now resides in Bellingham's Sehome Convalescent Center.

A drawing of an Indian on the wall, two miniature totem poles carved of pine on his nightstand and a bear mask carved of cedar on the rack underneath his television set are all clues to Charles' past. He sat in an easy chair, his feet propped on the bed as he spoke. He looked straight ahead, but his eyes traveled miles away and years back into the past.

He first spoke of the younger generation of Lummi and of four young men he, and now deceased colleague Morrie Alexander, instructed in the art of carving.

"They don't come to visit and let me know where they are. Boys that age -- I'd like to give them a few pointers about who they are and where they're from. It's going to fade away someday. All they know is they're Lummi. What they need is a history of their family," Charles said.

In April, 1970, the Ford Foundation granted $10,000 to the Whatcom Museum of History and Art to support the internship of the four apprentice carvers. The purpose was to maintain the Lummi art of carving. The apprentices, Dale and Israel James and Al and Floyd Noland, carved totems and masks which were later exhibited at the museum.

Two poles carved by Alexander and Dale James stand outside the museum facing Bellingham Bay. Charles' carvings are in private collections in Washington, Oregon, Maine, New Jersey, New York, Washington, D.C. and France. Local displays include the U.S. Naval Radar Station in Marietta and the Intalco Corporation in Ferndale.

In 1909, the Lummi held victory celebrations commemorating the last encounter with northern Indians from Alaska.

"They (Alaskan Indians) used to come down and cause a lot of trouble," Charles said. "We showed the Alaska Indians that we had guns and bullets to use if they come down. We sent a messenger up with a handful of bullets. They didn't come back anymore," he said.

"The Bellingham bottling works furnished cases of pop to pass around to the people who came to take in the dances we were putting on," Charles explained. "Stores from Lummi Island and Bellingham furnished bread to make sandwiches and have a feed. Bellingham, Ferndale, Seattle, and Lummi Island all chipped in to furnish food for the celebration."

Charles doesn't carve anymore. He said he had planned with visitors. They came to see the Indian way of carving. The people from Whatcom County came out in buggies and wagons, but the people from Seattle came in big excursion boats to see the entertainment.
to carve a ten-foot pole in the convalescent center's recreation room but not enough space was available.

“There's no place to do any carving, it interferes with what's going on. I thought I could do it, but not with the crowd they have there at times,” he said.

Just then a nurse came in to give Al his daily eye drops. He got up from his chair and laid flat on the bed while the nurse administered the drops. He lay there for quite a while content to continue recounting his past.

He said one way he learned to carve was by listening to stories from his elders about what the totems and masks were used for.

“We had a lot of carvings, but the department of Indian Affairs burnt those log houses we had and those totem poles we had all went up in smoke. That's why you don't see old carvings. The carvings you see now are from the young people of today,” he said.

Lummi carving is a part of family history. Figures carved on the totem pole represent events in a family's background. Charles was critical of his friend Morrie Alexander who also was a master carver.

“I told him the carving that you do must come from your own family, not from other families. I don't know why some of the people were that way. Families can't sing or carve things that belong to other families,” he said. “But Morrie, the carving that he done was something that he thought of in his mind.”

Back in his easy chair, Charles said the Lummi preferred to carve from cedar logs.

“It's the kind of wood that carves easy and lasts longer than others,” he said.

He reached over and pulled a small soap box from the second drawer in his nightstand. From it he unfolded an old newspaper clipping of an ad for Intalco aluminum with a photo of a totem pole.

“I did this,” he said proudly. “It took a whole tree. I think it is the largest one in Whatcom County. It's 60 or 80 feet tall. I forget now.”

The figures were painted, not a traditional Lummi custom.

It was 11 a.m. and time for Charles to attend mass. He and his sister-in-law Irene James, join other residents every Thursday morning for a Catholic service conducted by Rev. Don Werner of Western’s Campus Christian Ministry.

As he ended his tales of Lummi history and way of life he noted the real name of the Lummi was 'Nukh' Lum-mi.

“Lummi is a nickname,” Charles said. “It's too bad the United States lost our Indian name. 'Nukh' lummi is the right name.”
Visions of Burgundy

by Melissa Johnson
n the church
the bride and
groom slipped golden vows
around each other's fingers.
With the priest's permission,
the groom raised his wife's
veil. Cued by the first marital
kiss, the organist triumphant began the wedding
march.

The photographer drove to
the country club after the
ceremony. The reception was
in the lounge. He found an
untrafficked doorway to stand
in while he assembled his
camera and watched the
celebration begin.

Everyone was festive; the
men gestured with their pipes
and cigars while they talked.
The women flocked around
the bride and her mother, and
the old aunts crooned that it
was lovely.

The photographer had
trained his eyes to view as a
camera would, finding a focal
point and framing it. He
sought a photograph that
would capture the essence of
the reception, knowing it
might last only a moment.

From where he stood the
view was a collage of plants
and antique furniture; a good
background, he thought, and
stayed there while the guests
arrived. He took out his
camera to switch from a wide-
angle to a telephoto lens.

A barmaid came, offering
him Scotch. Glancing up, he
nodded absently and freed a
hand to take the drink; he set
it on a plant stand. As she
walked away he heard the
grate, scratch, twitch of
cheap nylons in motion.

He raised the camera to his
eye and knelt down, leaning
against the door frame while
he slipped the strap over his
head. The camera hid most of
his face, but his concentration
was distinct as he swiveled
the lens in the cradle of his
palm. His brow wrinkled, one
eye squinted and his mouth
twisted up on the same side,
baring his teeth and gums.

He focused on a richly-
varnished rosewood sofa.
Petrified in its carving were
open-beaked, singing birds,
perched on sprigs of pollen-
laden cherry blossoms.

The telephoto brought him
nearer in and moved slowly
along the arced arms, curved
branches and plumped
pillows.

Blackness blocked his view.
He stood, letting the camera
fall suspended around his
neck. Concentrating on the
blackness, his carefully
trained vision dilated a close-
up of the area.

His expression was rhythm-
ically rigid and soft as he
flexed his jaw, pressing his
teeth together.

He stared at the double
contrast of a firm rump
wrapped in a black kimono, as
it sank into a cream-colored
cushion.

The round buttock of another woman was outlined,
and he exhaled, slightly
whistling through his teeth.
As she sat, she ran her hands
down and under to smooth the
burgundy crepe-de-chine of
her dress.

The round buttocks of
women touched as she sank in,
immediately next to the
black; and the pillows rose
like soft bookends on their
outsides.

The photographer lowered
his eyes.

He saw two pairs of high
heels. When they crossed
their legs, to the inside and
center, the toes of one pointed
to those of the other.

He concentrated on the
feet. He followed toes to
ankles with a fretted brow.
He traced up the shins to
the knees. He could not see
the thighs for the high cross-
ing of the legs, and the laps
were only slightly visible.

He caught hipbones to
waists and over the torsos,
where skin carefully divided
the fabric, barely cover-
ing the breasts.

Upward, auburn and blonde
hair curled together as the
women leaned forward
intimately, hypnotically
stroking glasses of Chianti at
room temperature.

He was mesmerized. He
heard the low murmur of their
clandestine whispers.

As though the whispers
built a citadel of faceted
crystal, the photographer
imagined he was peering
through a kaleidoscope. The
auburn-haired woman raised
her glass, sipped, licked the
wine over her lips and smiled
warmly.

The kaleidoscope shifted
and he saw her twirl. The
mind's eye clicked. Photo-
graph.

The blonde watched the
photographer as he stared at
the woman next to her. In his

Graphic by Lynn Atkinson
soft, grey tuxedo and champagne-tinted shirt he appeared, for a fraction of a second, to be caught off-guard. He blinked and reached for his Scotch, but his eyes did not waver.

He loosened his bow-tie and it fell like a ripple onto his ruffled shirt. The dim rays of the afternoon sun filtered hazy beams through the openings around him.

The blonde pushed her hair back from her eyes, distracting him, and his vision converged on her.

She smiled shyly into her wine, then raised her head, slightly tilted, in his direction.

Their eyes connected with magnetic dizziness, and each was filled with the vision of the other.

Their eyes ran in parallel lines at first, then waltzed; they twisted and braided across the room, through the light and shadows, with a marvelous sense of purpose.

The blonde was unaccustomed to such intensity. Her flirting had always been light-hearted, and she trembled as her momentary boldness boomeranged back upon her.

Shaken, she looked into her wineglass at the wavering reflection of herself. She raised it high against her lower lip and leaned her head back until the glass turned upside-down and empty.

She was startled when her auburn-haired friend nudged her. But she smiled and raised her empty glass in an unspoken tribute to the camaraderie, and the two surrendered the sofa.

At the bar the women were given refills, and they left the lounge with brimful glasses.

They went to the powder room, as the sign on the door claimed it to be, and without warning were surrounded by a nauseously pink, cotton-candied room of mirrors and primping women.

In a corner the mother-of-the-bride examined the weeping mascara tracks on her cheeks, and rubbed them into dark smudges.

The blonde sauntered to the mirror when her friend went into a stall, and made faces at herself. She stuck out her tongue, she pouted, she grinned and she winked.

She looked over at the bride's mother, who had ceased concentrating on her own reflection and was looking, slightly baffled, at the blonde. She was grateful to hear the lock shift and see her friend emerge from the cubicle.

The bride's mother began again to weep, and the two young women tried to look like they were strolling as they hurried out.

When they got back, the lounge was still; crowded and smoky with celebration.

The auburn-haired woman bravely jostled her way through.

The blonde leaned in the doorway, feeling flushed. She saw the photographer move swiftly back and forth, his trigger-happy finger moving like a piston on the shutter of his camera.

The camera turned with the camera still at his eye. Flash and telephoto technology brought him nose to nose with the blonde. He was not in the least embarrassed.

The blonde sauntered to the bar.

When they got back, the lounge was still; crowded and smoky with celebration.

They turned away she might lose the smile remained.

Auburn-haired woman sat back on the sofa in a personal haze...tt...tt... her wine rolled tilt by tilt from one side to the other in her glass.

And the bride...tt...tt... ate the cake...tt...tt... from the hand...tt...tt... of the groom.

The photographer turned with the camera still at his eye.

The celebration continued through the afternoon, faded into the dusk, dissolved in the twilight.

He cool, fresh air of morning wafted in the open window and lingered over him. An early, dim ray of sun reflected on dust particles and hovered over his eyes. He opened them idly.

The silence of dawn harmonized with irreligious bird-songs and the infrequent early headlights of humming automobiles.

He stretched, blending into the mattress, and his head laid heavy in perfect rest upon his pillow.

Sinking in the slow-motion stillness of the morning, his eyelids dropped to surrender again, vaguely following the stream of burgundy that flowed over and down his chair.
Controversy

after Three Mile Island

by Mark Walker

Graphic by Lori Caldwell
... too big a price to pay for our electric bill

The gas bubble that built up in the nuclear reactor at Three Mile Island near Harrisburg, Pa., last April launched this nation into its second nuclear age.

While the first era was one of governmental and industrial confidence, the second will be a time of reassessing the commitment to atomic power generation.

After the hydrogen bubble that formed at Three Mile Island came perilously close to causing a meltdown, the largest contingent of antinuclear protestors yet assembled, descended in an angry mass on Washington, D.C. The 65,000 demonstrators, some affiliated with antinuclear groups, marched from the White House to the steps of the Capitol to hear California Gov. Jerry Brown pass judgment on what is shaping up as one of the major issues in the 1980 presidential campaign.

Nuclear power has been a growing public concern since the first national conference against nuclear power was held in 1974. Keynoted by Ralph Nader, the conference drew over 1,000 participants from such groups as the Union of Concerned Scientists, Friends of the Earth, National Task Force Against Nuclear Pollution, the National Resources Defense Council and the Committee for Nuclear Responsibility.

The theme of "Critical Mass '74" was simply stated, "A nuclear catastrophe is too big a price to pay for our electric bill."

While that first conference didn't attract a lot of public notice, any such meeting held in the future is sure to garner serious consideration. With about 166 nuclear plants now in operation or under construction in the United States, the scare and uncertainty surrounding the Three Mile Island "incident" has catapulted the nuclear controversy into the center of public attention. Nuclear power has become an issue of consequence because of its effects on health and the environment.

The first nuclear age began in 1945 when the Manhattan Project succeeded in exploding an atomic bomb in the New Mexico desert. The bomb had actually been built three years earlier by J. Robert Oppenheimer at the Los Almos Nuclear Laboratory.

New Mexico is still a cornerstone of the nuclear industry. The region produces 46 percent of the fissionable uranium used in nuclear power plants and weaponry. The state has an estimated $32 billion in uranium reserves.

Also playing an integral part in the first nuclear age, and the present, is Washington state. The first uranium fissioned for the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki was processed by workers at the then secret Hanford Atomic Works.

Hanford now shares the dubious distinction of having played an important role in the Three Mile Island accident. The more than 200,000 gallons of water used to cool the reactor's uranium rods (which reached a near-melt-down temperature of 2,500 degree Fahrenheit) is now stored at Hanford in a one-million-gallon capacity underground tank.

Storing the waste products from nuclear reactors is the most vexing problem of all. Highly radioactive materials must be safely stored for thousands of years to insure health and safety. Not many states want the waste. Since 1976, 13 states have passed legislation banning the disposal of wastes within their borders.

Washington and South Carolina are the two states with the largest depositories of nuclear waste. A poll of Washington residents taken recently seems to indicate citizen displeasure with the current disposal procedures. Respondents were 43 percent opposed to storage in this state, 37 percent had no opinion, 62 percent opposed transporting waste from other states to Washington (as in the Three Mile Island case) and 55 percent favored having the right to vote for or against a disposal site.

Over 5,000 tons of spent nuclear fuel is now buried in
Give up a technology on the basis of one accident?

The core of a nuclear reactor contains thick 12-foot bundles of zirconium tubes, each containing 200 enriched uranium pellets. Each pellet has the energy equivalent of a ton of coal or four barrels of crude oil. The core is submerged in thousands of tons of water, which holds down the temperature and slows the flow of neutrons in the fission chain reaction.

The nation's nuclear plants now provide about 14 percent of the electricity used. That percentage is equivalent to one million barrels of oil per day.

The coast to coast fallout from Three Mile Island has raised serious doubts about the future of nuclear power. Wisconsin and California have in effect halted the construction of new plants until improved methods of waste disposal are found. Some congressional members have been urging that no new plants be licensed until a series of deadlines on progress for waste disposal are met, a move that could halt atomic power construction in the immediate future.

The Carter administration has plans to increase the number of nuclear power plants from the current 72 in operation to as many as 500 by the year 2000. Nuclear power is expected to provide a quarter of the nation's energy needs by then. Since 1974, however, construction has fallen off. In the past five years, only 11 new plants have been approved, while some earlier reactor orders have been delayed or deferred.

One of the reasons for the decline in new construction is that the demand for electrical power is not growing as fast as it did in the 1960s and early '70s. Construction costs have also increased from about $100 a kilowatt in the '60s to $1,000 a kilowatt today.

The sharp rise in construction costs is attributed to inflation and the long legal delays caused by court challenges brought by opponents of nuclear power. New England's Clamshell Alliance (an affiliate with the West Coast's Crabshell Alliance) was successful in forcing long delays in the construction of the Seabrook, Mass., nuclear plant. The group attracted a lot of attention by ignoring court orders forbidding trespassing on Seabrook property by scaling the fences and refusing to leave.

But the nuclear industry maintains electricity generated by atomic power plants is cheaper and cleaner than coal and oil plants. In 1954, the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Lewis Strauss, said: "... atomic fission will produce electricity so abundant it won't have to be metered." Such harbingers of the future are no longer issued by the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC), which replaced the AEC in the early '70s.

Statements by nuclear proponents after Three Mile Island are, however, stoically in favor of continued development.

"If we can live with automobiles, which cause 50,000 deaths a year, is it rational to give up a technology on the basis of one accident where no one was killed?" questioned Eugene Gantzhorn (sounding similar to Washington's current governor) of the Atomic Industrial Forum.

But more than one accident has occurred.

Three deaths were caused when a reactor core melted down at the National Reactor Testing Station near Idaho Falls, Idaho, in 1961.

In 1966, a reactor near Detroit had a partial meltdown. It was months before officials knew if the meltdown would get worse and there was talk of evacuating 1.5 million people from the surrounding area. The plant was closed down four years for repairs, and was permanently closed in 1972.

The Tennessee Valley Authority's Browns Ferry Reactor in Alabama had a major fire in 1975 that was touched off by a worker using a candle to check for air leaks. The reactor's cooling system failed, leading to a desperate ten hours of rigging a new pumping system to prevent a meltdown.

And at Hanford in 1977, one reactor was forced to shut down temporarily after 60,000 gallons of contaminated water leaked into the Columbia River.

In the 22 years of commercial operation, nuclear power has had over $125 billion pumped into its development. With more than 400 plants scheduled to begin operation in the next 20 years, nuclear power represents a capital expenditure of over $800 billion.

With the oil reserves fast depleting and becoming harder to find, the anti-nuclear forces have a stronger case. The most obvious source of power is solar, now being used in many areas of the world. By using "solar panels," the sun's power can be safely and cleanly converted into electricity. Although the government has been reluctant to channel much money into this effort, solar power has a bright future ahead of it.

The National Science Foundation estimates over 80 nations have means to convert geothermal energy into electricity. The U.S. and several other countries are doing this now, turning steam and hot water into electrical energy. The foundation claims 132,000 megawatts of geothermal power can be produced by 1985.

Other alternative sources include harnessing the powers of the wind, tides and ocean. Two plants are now producing electricity by converting the energy of the tides into electricity.

Nuclear plants themselves are designed to operate for about 35 years. By the time the year 2000 comes, some of the existing plants will have to be torn down or sealed so that no radiation escapes. The problem with that is no one is quite sure how to dismantle or seal off a reactor.

A World War II vintage
Radiation cannot be seen, heard or smelled.

A reactor — with parts that will remain radioactive for thousands of years — is now being dismantled at Hanford. The Department of Energy and the NRC are closely monitoring the first-ever process to develop a system for the future.

In the wake of the Three Mile Island accident, recommendations regarding the future safety of nuclear power plants have been made. Among the suggestions include having NRC experts in the control rooms of every reactor to monitor the plant's activities. It's been recommended the NRC officials have full authority to shut-down the plant at the first sign of trouble.

The responsibility of shutting down plants is now in the hands of utility company officials, many of whom first think of what the cost to the company will be. Another suggestion is that all computers at nuclear power plants be connected to a central NRC computer so danger signs can be monitored and NRC officials alerted immediately, not hours later as was the case at Three Mile Island.

What seems to worry people the most about nuclear power is the invisibility of the dangers. Radiation cannot be seen, heard, smelled or even felt until well after one is exposed to a harmful amount. People are not afraid to confront a danger that has at least some tangible quality, which isn't the case with atomic radiation.

The debate over the future of nuclear power will continue now on new grounds. The anti-nuclear forces have gained the upper hand in terms of public consciousness and concern about the proliferation of nuclear power. It is a confusing issue to many Americans.

As one puzzled citizen put it, "What are we to believe when one group of Nobel Prize winners endorses nuclear power while another group of Nobel laureates proclaims it to be an unviable option?"

Whatever the future holds for nuclear power, Three Mile Island sufficiently raised public awareness and brought forth a new era of reappraisal and caution.

As Sen. Morris Udall of Arizona said after the accident at Harrisburg, "We may have rushed headlong into a dangerous technology without sufficient understanding of the pitfalls."

Graphic by Lori Caldwell
PILLOW TALK
by Michael Navalinski

"And what do you think you're doing?"
Schwartz cringed in pain as the level of decibels his roommate was vocally operating at reached the ear-splitting plateau.

His immediate inclination was to whirl around, place three or four drop-kicks into his paunchy cohort's solar plexus, then send him back home to Mars with an airplane spin.

Instead Schwartz, always calm, always collected, buried his hands in his pockets and cursed fate for unloading a shit-head like O'Malley as his college roommate.

Rob O'Malley was a six-foot-three-inch, 290-pound character whom life had blatantly pulled from the pages of a Fat Freddy Comic Book. His day to day apparel consisted of a worn khaki top which, when buttoned and stuffed into his skin-tight levis, revealed O'Malley's flesh inner tube hanging heavily below belt level. Rain or shine O'Malley always wore odorous green tennis shoes that sported more than a trace of mildew.

In the month and a half the two had roomed together in their small college-based dorm room, Schwartz had for­mulated two solid opinions of his not-so-collegiate colleague. O'Malley was boycotting cleaning in every conceivable sense of the word, and for reasons beyond explanation, he had been placed on earth for the sole purpose of making other's lives miserable.

Schwartz' mind swam back to the question at hand as O'Malley leered ominously, inches away from his face. Schwartz swore he could smell sour milk on the hulk's breath.

"I'm taping some new tunes for my car." It was obvious what was going on, yet O'Malley was setting him up once again. Schwartz braced himself for the battle. "Well hurry up," O'Malley demanded, "I just traded in my Dead Oswald's album for a real ass-kicker down at the record mart."

O'Malley was into ass-kickers. With wild-eyes he removed the latest punk classic by The Aborted Nausea from his crumpled sack, grinning like a mad hyena on magic mushrooms.

"You're not going to play that crap on my stereo!" Schwartz' temperment was getting a workout.

"I have asked you a simple question, Schwartzie, from which I demand a reasonable answer of moderate duration," O'Malley chided.

Schwartz' mind danced infields of soft flowers. Ecstasy was already sketching x-rated scenarios on his conscience's bathroom walls.

Suddenly thunder and a dozen cannons broke loose behind him. O'Malley had returned.

"Good morning, mon capitain!" His intangible wit had returned after a hard day of classes and was ready to demoralize all that stepped into his path.

"Hello." It was her voice.

"Afternoon. Brenda, this is Doug Schwartz — the guy in the light blue Cardigan sweater who slipped in the salad dressing you spilled at lunch yesterday. No, I'm much better, thank you. Say, are you free for dinner at my place this evening?"

Schwartz' mind danced in fields of soft flowers. Ecstasy was already sketching x-rated scenarios on his conscience's bathroom walls.

"I'm taping some new tunes later Schwartz succumbed to the urge for some good old fashioned romance. His nerves jingle-jangled as he dialed Brenda, the firm-chested young lovely from Sigma Chi he had the good fortune to meet at lunch a day earlier.

9...... (some wine)
5-4...... (eager eyes in love-light, teasing each other)
3-1...... (closer, closer, then as lips meet ...)

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"Afternoon. Brenda, this is Doug Schwartz — the guy in the light blue Cardigan sweater who slipped in the salad dressing you spilled at lunch yesterday. No, I'm much better, thank you. Say, are you free for dinner at my place this evening?"

Schwartz' mind danced in fields of soft flowers. Ecstasy was already sketching x-rated scenarios on his conscience's bathroom walls.

"Good morning! O'Malley!"

"Good morning!" O'Malley had a way of making his point. More than once he had vowed he was going to graduate with a masters in Verbal Abuse with a minor in Chinese brain-washing.

It was getting on Thursday evening. Each Thursday night was a joy for Schwartz because O'Malley attended night class. The big fella enjoyed "free expression night." Defined, this meant that O'Malley would eat a hit of acid and roam the dingy pubs expressing himself freely with many of the shady night creatures who crawl the gutters until dawn.

Stepping out from under his
The door flew open. Schwartz' heart leapt into his throat, Brenda spilled the remainder of the carafe down her front as the room suddenly became filled with the energy of Times Square on New Year's Eve. O'Malley, the Wizard of Odd, had returned.

With a finishing flurry, O'Malley jumped across the room and thrust a jesting finger into his defeated roommate's face. "You're fired!!"

"Good morning," he roared boisterously, "classes were cancelled so I brought home some of the boys for a hardcore card game. Care to join us?"

Standing behind O'Malley was a crew that resembled a reject line-up for a skid-row documentary. Each held tightly to a slightly drained bottle of wine which ranged from such stalwart brands as Pagan Pink Ripple to a true connoisseur's favorite, Key Largo.

Mouth agape, Schwartz began to tremble. Torture flashed before his eyes: There was O'Malley, tied tightly with rubber bands to a gigantic dartboard. A grandstand full of bellowing spectators bawled out encouragement as Ray Charles and Helen Keller alternated tossing dart after dart toward the helpless target until...

Brenda's scream returned Schwartz to reality and as he faded back in, he caught only a glimpse of her wine-soaked figure fleeing through the door.

"Where's my plate?" demanded O'Malley of the distraught figure as she flew past. Schwartz stared straight ahead.

"Catch!" O'Malley fired a dart from point blank range at Schwartz' chest. Recolling in horror, Schwartz turned chalk white, yet felt no pain. O'Malley had removed the cold steel tip before the toss. "See you later chump." The pudgy joke-manic interjected triumphantly as he whirled to make his exit. Schwartz crawled back into the shower to mellow out.

Brenda arrived promptly at six. The room glowed in a romantic aura as the two sat facing each other over wine and dinner. As Schwartz reached across the table to take her hand in his, it appeared he was about to hit an in-the-park home run in the game of love.

Hey drew closer and her perfume teased his senses. (Schwartz rounds second, heads for third, as the "eager eyes" syndrome kicks in.) Their eyes locked flirtatiously and Schwartz felt as if he had plunged into a bottomless lake. Brenda fell into his arms, helpless putty (closer, closer, here comes the throw to the plate and Schwartz is...)

"Where's my plate?" demanded O'Malley of the distraught figure as she flew past. Schwartz stared straight ahead.

With a finishing flurry, O'Malley jumped across the room and thrust a jesting finger into his defeated roommate's face. "You're fired!!"

Schwartz, face down on the table, cried.

O'Malley felt bad about ruining Schwartz' dinner, so he broke the party up early, before sunrise. It was 2 a.m. when Schwartz finally crawled out of the hall closet to go to bed.

Schwartz waited for the snoring to commence before sliding out of bed. It was the snoring that was driving Schwartz mad — more than the sick jokes, more than the jungle noises O'Malley would intentionally make at eight in the morning with regularity — more than anything else the snoring had to cease.

After wading through the mass of filthy clothes vegetating at the foot of O'Malley's bed, Schwartz gently bent over his wheezing roommate. Casually, he produced a pillow from behind and pressed it firmly down upon O'Malley's cherubic face.

Schwartz smiled...
Gallery

Kenneth S. Osthimer
Gallery

Lori Caldwell
The Nooksack, like any river, has always been in a constant state of change and turmoil. Only with the introduction of the white man, however, has the river been subjected to very rapid changes.

In 1860, when the pioneers were first arriving, a logjam caused the river to divert its course into Bellingham Bay.

This diversion was to be a signal of even greater changes.

By 1880, the most desirable land had been taken. In 1890, the loggers began to cut prime forests in the lower Nooksack Valley. Within 35 years, the lowlands had been cleared for farming.
Today more turmoil faces the Nooksack. An abundance of innertubers on the South Fork, a fragile eagle sanctuary, and crowds from the Vancouver, B.C. and Seattle urban areas add growing pressures on the Nooksack. Today, the recreational capacities of the Nooksack are being weighed against agricultural, logging, and homeowner demands.

These problems raise a serious question: Will the Nooksack be a victim of its own success, drowning among the tens of thousands of people who use, and sometimes abuse it?

William Dittrich, professor of physics at Western, has been aware of this problem for many years. While chairman of the Whatcom County Park Board, he instituted a comprehensive plan of the Nooksack in 1973 that recommended ways the river could best be used for various kinds of recreation.

The Nooksack study also predicted a 100 percent increase in the demand for recreational facilities to arise in the next 10 years.

"One thing we have going for us is that the Nooksack River, from the mouth to its headwaters, is almost entirely contained within the boundaries of Whatcom County," Dittrich said.

This is important because aside from a portion of the South Fork that extends into Skagit County, Whatcom County is in control of the Nooksack's destiny. This means Whatcom County doesn't need to reach agreements with other counties, states or countries to regulate the river's use.

"We are probably the only county in the country where this happens," Dittrich added.

Pat Milliken, a planner for the county park department, feels current politics have done little to solve the problems. "There are a lot of people who think we could tighten the purse strings to get the money is by passing bond issues and then getting matching funds or grants from the state and federal government. It still means higher taxes though, something the taxpayers don't like.

Milliken feels we can either pay for it now or pay later, because if present trends continue it's just a matter of time before something will have to be done.

In some areas the river has already started to pay the price of uncontrolled pollution. Because the South Fork is largely fed by rainfall during the summer months, the water temperature rises to a pleasant 65 to 70 degrees. Combine that with a slow water flow, at least in places, and you have perfect innertubing conditions.

"The number of people in the Skookum Creek area has gone logarithmically nuts," Milliken said. "On a nice summer weekend day one can expect anywhere from 1,500 to 2,000 people to descend on a 10-mile stretch of river.

With no parking spaces, no garbage or bathroom facilities, and four-wheel drive vehicles digging up the river bed, the potential for destruction to at least this section of the river is great. Naturally, this activity is particularly important to the private landowners whose property is being affected.

"All we can do right now is band-aid the situation. Try to set up some logical places for the innertubers to stop and have some trash cans for them," Milliken said.

Another area needing immediate attention is the area upriver from Deming, he said. A 15-mile stretch of river supports 100 to 120 bald eagles and is considered as important as the Skagit Valley roosts.

The eagles converge on the river during the winter months while the salmon are running, to feed on the dying fish. The eagle roosts, vegetation, and amount of harassment from people all play an important role in the desirability of the area to eagles.

_T here needs to be some immediate restrictions placed on the logging practices, including a ban on clear-cutting so the roosts can be identified and adequately protected. Of course the logging interests will want to be reimbursed for their lost revenues, Milliken said._

The Nooksack River study's various plans and proposals have never met any considerable opposition. One idea that would meet heavy resistance, however, is a continuous trail from the mouth of the river.

The trail, to be used by bicyclists, hikers, and horseback riders, would involve purchasing or leasing approximately 50 feet of the river bank. This means farmers and ranchers would have to give up control of part of their land, and this has raised more than a few eyebrows.

The Farm Bureau, a political organization serving the farmers, has been staunchly opposed to such a plan. Linda Zander, local Farm Bureau president, explained, "Our position is that people and agriculture are not compatible. The farmers just can't have beer bottles in their fields and dogs barking and chasing their cows... We shoot troublesome dogs out here."

The farmers have other worries too. Liabilities they might assume concerning people injured on the trail and protection of the river bank from the continual erosion are two.

"The trail will not come in, because we (the Farm Bureau) will take legal action against the county," Zander said.

Now the complexities of the Nooksack River can be seen. What seems like a simple task of putting in a trail suddenly becomes a subject of threats and lawsuits. A fun thing like innertubing a river becomes a destructive influence on the river.

The Nooksack Indians were prophetic when they named the river Nooksack or "People-fern." We must remember the river is indeed a "people" river. If people become aware of the problems and get involved in correcting them, there is hope. But, as Dittrich said, "Not unless there is an effort to recognize that recreation has a very important value to society."

### THE PLAN

The Nooksack River plan, done by Jones and Jones of Seattle, broke up the river into 59 sections. Each section was placed into one of four categories:

1. **Active recreation** would be an intensive use area. It would include such things as vigorous water sports, boating, and concentrated camping areas.

2. **Passive recreation** would include quiet fishing and swimming spots. Picnics, hiking, and places for nature study would also be included.

3. **Preservation areas** would be limited to scenic and historic sites. Unique areas that contain fragile plant life or wildlife sanctuaries would also be included.

4. **Conservation areas** would be restricted from the general public and would include places needing corrective attention. These areas would also act as buffers between the more active areas and the privately owned lands.
The "red tide" which invaded Puget Sound beaches last October is slowly diminishing, but no one knows for sure when, if ever, it will disappear.

The name "red tide" was given to a type of photosynthetic algae that produces after long periods of exposure to sunlight in coastal waters. Western biology professor Maurice Dube explained. Large concentrations of the algae create a reddish tinge in the water. Danger results when shellfish, clams, oysters, and mussels, eat the algae and produce a poison harmful to the human nervous and digestive systems. Crab and shrimp are not affected.

Symptoms of the illness are tingling of the lips, tongue and fingers, diarrhea, vomiting and respiratory difficulties.

Dennis Larson of the Whatcom County Environmental Health Department said Point Francis, Point Roberts, and the west side of Lummi Island in Whatcom County were recently opened to shellfish harvesting after a winter-long closure due to red tide.

"Samples show that the toxin level in the shellfish are dropping," Larson said, "Some areas are now safe for harvest."

Larson said the shellfish naturally rid their systems of the toxin. Butterclams are the slowest to dissipate the toxin, retaining it for over a year, he added.

Jack Lilje of the State Health Department in Olympia said the toxin levels around Whidbey and Camano islands are still too high to open the beaches for harvesting.

Larson said cooking the shellfish will not make the food safe to eat. He added there is no way to tell if a shellfish is toxic by looking at it.

Lilje said approximately 10 people became ill from eating contaminated shellfish last fall. No illnesses have been reported this year.

Troubled election
by Susan Stauffer

It looked as if the threat of genocide had come to Western. But who was to go, the Christians or the Agnostics? Shouts from both sides denounced the other.

"Down with the Christians!" (continued on p. 30)
My body was spent. My arms, legs, fingers and toes had decided long ago to give up cramping. It was no use. I was stuck. I craned back scanning the smooth expanse of granite above me. Nothing, except this ridiculous little crack I had been trying to squeeze into for the last 20 feet.

Roger's sickeningly cheerful voice drifted down, "Good progress, keep climbing, you'll make it. Lay back on this next crack. Use both your hands and feet at the same angle."

I pressed in on the rock. There was just one thing on my mind. "I want down," I yelled back.

"You're up too far. I couldn't lower you back down. Besides, climbing down is twice as hard, the only way is up. Trust me," Roger had started to bellow again.

Trust? Hell, I thought, that's what brought me here in the first place. Or was it? What was that strange force that had directed me to this 100-foot granite face, not just to admire the marvels of nature but to actually attempt to climb it? My mind began to drift back to the past events leading up to this madness. I could just hear Roger's voice...

"The rock becomes part of your soul. It's both your enemy and your best friend. You begin to understand its creation, its being, the very reason for its existence."

My friend, 'Rock Jock Roger,' finding a willing listener, began his enthusiastic rock climbing narration in his all too familiarellow.

Knowing well the power of Roger's lungs, aided by his undying enthusiasm for the sport of rock climbing, I quickly interjected, "Yeah, I hear what you're saying Roger. It must be great. Sometime I might even like to...

Roger's eyes began to glow. "You know, uhh, some sunny day, get out there and uhh..." what the hell I thought, "give it a try. You know, go for it."

I can't really decide what made me say it. Perhaps it is the mystique of looking up a sheer rock cliff and imagining what it might be like to climb. Or what was at the top. I wondered even what I might know standing at the top that I hadn't known standing at the bottom.

Whatever the reason, this was the elusive reply Roger had been waiting to hear. Springing agilely across the distance separating us, Roger began to shout, "Hell, now that I know you're interested why don't we go out tomorrow and I'll show you the basics?"

So it was set. Roger picked me up the next morning and we headed out on Chuckanut Drive. After a 20-minute drive Roger swerved off the road sending a thick column of dust blowing around the truck.

"We're here," Roger shouted climbing out of his truck. "Just look at that rock, isn't it beautiful?"

I had to admit Roger was right. The rock face seemed to glimmer in the morning light, casting its shadow down toward the bay. The spell was broken as Roger began to pull out his climbing gear and lay it religiously down in front of us. "This is all we'll need for top roping," Roger began. "This particular face makes an excellent learning ground for beginning climbers. Instead of one person belaying the other climber from below, it's to hike around the back side of the face and belay from above.

"Actually, the technique is quite simple," he continued. "By anchoring one person at the top with nylon webbing wrapped around a tree, the belayer passes one end of the rope around his back and sends the remainder down to the climber. After the climber ties the rope into his seat harness you're ready to start. As the climber begins, the belayer pulls the excess rope taut with his left hand. Should the climber slip or fall the belayer throws his left hand over the top. His face, silhouetted in the morning light, was lined with sweat grime but his eyes reflected a deep pool of cathartic wonder. With a last heave Roger flung himself over the top."

Photos by Jonathan Blair
It was now my turn. Hiking back down to the bottom Roger explained the climb.

"The first thing to remember is to take your time. Never rush yourself. Feel the rock, search for the hand holds and crevices. Extend your arms and legs. Don't be afraid to commit yourself on a move. Remember I'll be on the other end, you won't fall. And lastly, don't fight with the rock, if you think you're stuck just relax and use your senses.

senses...senses...senses... Hell, I've lost all my sense, I thought grimly as my mind slowly shifted back from the past events to my present predicament.

The first part of the climb had been easy. After 20 feet of jamming in a crack that kept getting smaller and smaller, I was exhausted. Roger's voice came drifting down, "C'mon, give it a try. You're going to have to commit yourself on some of those moves."

Before I was going to 'commit' myself to a 20-foot fall, I decided this was the time to test the system. I released my tenacious grip, peeling away from the rock. Nothing happened. Roger had stopped my fall almost before it began. I felt better. I worked my fingers into the crack above my head and slowly, deliberately, pulled my body upwards. My feet scrambled ineffectively. I realized if I was ever to get anywhere, my hands, feet and mind would have to work as one. I tried again, this time placing my feet on a small ledge. Success! I had gained only several feet but I was that much farther.

I surveyed my next set of moves. By positioning myself into the crack I might be able to inch up toward the spacious piece of rock several inches wide. I worked and sweated up to it. Success once again! I felt heady from the excitement of it all. The adrenalin was pumping wildly through my veins. I was soaring. With a rush, I started scrambling wildly up the face, sweating in happy profusion. After several yards I realized my folly. Hanging by my finger-nails, spread-eagled, I was totally spent from the last effort.

I heard a shout from above, "Hey there buddy, relax. Try to bring your right foot up six inches, there should be a foot hold."

Relax, hell, it must be easy to sit up there and tell me to relax, I thought. I hauled my leg up and found the small ledge Roger had been talking about. I rested, taking stock of my situation. This last supreme effort had taken its toll. I was limp, a rag, suspended 80 feet above the ground. I began to curse myself, Roger, anyone and no one in general. My spirit was gone. I was about to shout up to Roger to cut the rope and end this mess when I felt something growing deep inside me. My body had developed a will of its own.

Spurred on by the sheer will to survive, teeth grinding like a lunatic, I started up one final time. Shoving my fingers ruthlessly into the granite I began the upward ascent. I had no idea what muscles I was using or how they were keeping me from returning to earth like a stone. One doesn't question success. As if watching my body from some external point I climbed for the top. Heaving, pushing with all I had, at last, I came to the summit. Without pause I threw my body over and was still. Somewhere off in the distance, I heard Roger murmuring congratulations but I was off in some unfound dimension of time and space.

Slowly I became conscious of Roger's voice, "I've never seen anyone crab up that crack like that. God damn, I was hauling rope in so fast I was getting worried that you weren't on the other end. Wasn't that the greatest? Didn't you feel it all, the rock, the very reason for its existence, right there in your hands?"

I smiled weakly, Roger was right after all.

Photos by Jonathan Blair
Harmony Motor Works, 930 State St., freshly painted and only one window busted, is a little different than your average small car garage.

Outside of the name, which looks like it would fit a health food store better than a garage, there's the way the thing is organized: it's a "not-for-profit mechanics collective."

Harmony works almost exclusively on Volkswagens, Datsuns and Toyotas — small cars and basic transportation cars. "Not-for-profit" does not mean for free, however. The mechanics, Wayne Iverson and Dave Holland, who came up with the idea, make $15 an hour, and there's a 20 percent markup from wholesale on parts.

You may or may not feel that's reasonable. Pony-tailed Iverson, in coveralls and wire-rimmed glasses, pointed out, "Other places mark up parts between 30 and 60 percent, and the mechanics make about $20 an hour."

A double-check revealed Iverson was right about the markup on parts, but was wrong about labor. It's hard to find a professional mechanic who charges less than $25 an hour.

Those other mechanics don't actually get paid $25 an hour. Up to 60 percent of what they make usually goes to a middleman of some sort — generally a manager or owner. This raises prices.

At Rothausen Volkswagen, a tune-up costs $27 for labor, of which about half goes to the man doing the work, plus $12-$15 for parts. At Harmony, labor is $22.50, all of which goes to the mechanic, and parts are $9. A brake relining at Rothausen is $66, parts and labor, and $52 at Harmony. Comparative prices for an oil change are $10.80 plus oil at Rothausen, $7.50 plus oil at Harmony.

"Basically," Iverson said, "we don't like the idea of an owner being in that money-making position just because he had the money to make the initial investment. I'm not saying everyone with money is bad. It's just that, after a while, some people have a tendency to just sit back and let the profits roll in. They don't like to work anymore."

Although Iverson, Holland and Gene Rietzke, who works part-time as a bookkeeper and whose "great energy" rounds off Harmony's small staff, put up the initial investment — nearly $4000 — they are not owners of the garage.

"We gave the money as a loan," Iverson explained. "It's going to be paid back to us by the collective, at 5 per cent interest." That way, Iverson said, if he, Holland or Rietzke ever decide to quit Harmony, "other mechanics can come to work without having to make any investment. Since we're going to get paid back interest, it sort of makes up for it."

Iverson was born on Mercer Island, but seems a little reticent about admitting the fact. He says he started working on his own cars when he was 19 — only six years ago — then took mechanics classes at Bellingham's Tech School for two years. After that, he worked for a year at GNS Motors in Lynnwood.

Holland, 23, is new to Washington. He took a "leave of absence" from a collective community in Massachusetts,
Wayne Iverson

where he lived and worked for two years as a mechanic, to visit a friend, and decided to stay.

“I'm real committed to this garage,” he said.

“With so few people here, I know it looks sort of more like a partnership than a collective,” Iverson said. “But we just started. We'd eventually like to get four or five really good mechanics working.”

If it sounds a little complicated, it's not. The only organizational difference between Harmony and more traditional garages is that no one "owns" the place — there is no boss. The mechanics make their own appointments with customers, and all major administrative decisions are made as a group.

Everyone is, for practical purposes, an equal partner.

Harmony's advertisement, a bright yellow and red handbill, printed by Blackberry Communications Co-op, states that Iverson and Holland are "committed to providing excellent service at an affordable price; integrity and personal care reminiscent of a by-gone era."

Iverson said, "We both like working on cars. I'm not saying all big car shops are rip-offs. It's just that a lot of times people who don't have a lot of money can't really afford the prices they charge — that's why we don't work on big fancy cars; we're not here to help the rich get richer."

Gene Rietzke

Holland said, "Do little things for people. You lose a couple dollars, but you gain in respect, which more than makes up for it later."

Just before he said this, he had told a prospective customer that he really would rather not do a particular job. He also took time to give the man extensive advice on how to do it himself.

"We like to encourage people to work on their own cars, whenever possible," he said.

Holland, who wears a ski cap over his curly hair, and has long, sparse whiskers, said "This whole society's dependent on cars — that's a hard and true fact. I'm not that into cars. They cause a lot of problems. But a lot of problems, like with pollution and stuff, is just that cars aren't running right."

Holland thinks the reason cars aren't running right is simple: "Some people just don't have the money" to get the needed work done.

The collective idea, even the collective automotive garage idea, is not new. Holland said at least two exist in the Northwest — Black Duck Motors in Seattle and Country Volkswagen in Eugene, Oregon — plus a growing number of other types of collective operations, ranging from restaurants to entire towns.

Roger Lippman, who has been at Black Duck since it started five years ago, knows a lot about collectives. Some of the standard problems are a high turnover rate of employees, low pay and poor working conditions, he said.

"It's a learning experience," he said. "Collectives, in the beginning, had no models, political or economic. We're always learning and growing. We have things pretty well ironed out."

"What's important to me," Lippman said, "is people working together." What if a collective partner doesn't do good work? "You try and work it out with 'em," Lippman said. If that doesn't work, the whole collective must make the decision whether or not to oust the partner.

"We've gotten rid of people before," he said. Black Duck now has seven employees.

Dave Holland

With Harmony's small staff and fairly stable finances, those problems have not turned up yet.

"It's bringing things down to a level everybody can understand, deal with, and relate to," Harmony's Dave Holland said. "Everything is just seeming to come together here. As much equipment as we can, we try to scrounge or get for free — like we found the lumber for our benches," he pointed to the rough work-benches that line the small shop.

"I don't know, some people say it's meant to be — like it's really cosmic or something. I just feel a lot of energy for this place," he said.

"A lot of people are freaked out by thinking 'Oh wow, he's a hippy,' or a flake, or something like that. Once they come in and see that we're basically just like they are, they're going to respond." "Everybody likes to be treated fairly. Everybody wants to be treated like a human being," Holland said.

"That's how we like to be treated, so that's how we treat everybody else."
Gallery

Sue Pizzalato
Lynn Atkinson

Jeanne Levasseur
Compendium

Election... mixture of prayer, politics

(continued from p. 23)

"Out with the Agnostics!"

Two faculty members from the anthropology department might have found the answer, when in a letter to the editor printed in the Front, they suggested the Christians burn the Agnostics at the stake, a la Salem, Mass.

Or that the Agnostics acquire 100 lions and a stadium with an escape-proof field for their fellow Christians.

Meanwhile, Western was without representation in Olympia because of the office of the external vice-president, whose absence started the whole hullabaloo, remained unfilled.

The dust has all settled now, but for four weeks during winter quarter, Western was in political turmoil because of a special election held to fill the position of vice-president for external affairs vacated by Rita Fernandez.

Mike Dubeau was declared the winner after a run-off election between him and Gary Gillespie.

Gillespie, in a March 2, 1979 Front, said he had never been more embarrassed, but still thought he was the most qualified candidate for the vice-presidency. Gillespie had won the majority of votes in the Jan. 23 election, but failed to collect the required 51 percent needed to take office. He and Dubeau were scheduled for a run-off election.

But all was not quiet with Gillespie's admission of political misbehavior, and the run-off election was delayed a month to see if Gillespie had violated campaign regulations.

Gillespie's eligibility to continue running for the position was reviewed by the Associated Board of Directors which ultimately decided on Feb. 1 that Gillespie was not guilty of "questionable" campaign practices.

Reverberations of the campaign were not isolated to only those involved in the election. An onslaught of letters to the editor began appearing in the Front and soon a word-slinging battle arose between Christians and non-Christians. No stance was safe or correct; opposing views were always ready to be voiced.

"Someone told me it was a Christian vs. derelict election. If it comes down to that, the derelicts need representation too," Dubeau said in a March 2, 1979 Front.

But, despite the publicity generated during the campaign, only 900 of Western's 10,000 students voted in the run-off election. Dubeau beat Gary Gillespie's supposed Christian voting bloc by 126 votes, tallying 511 to Gillespie's 385.

Island Ferry

by Dave Hatcher

Time was when you couldn't get there from here but this summer you might. Plans are afoot for a passenger ferry to run from Bellingham to the San Juan Islands. Services could begin in July.

In an effort to increase tourism, which accounts for 75 percent of the islands' economy, and to decrease dependency on cars; local politicians, businessmen and residents began in May to navigate their proposal through proper channels.

Sixty islanders and mainlanders met aboard the merchant vessel Seacrest in early May to work out details of the boat service.

Gary Bolster, president of Puget Sound Launch and Chandlery Inc., which owns Seacrest, has said his firm's 49-passenger, 71-foot catamaran, Island Mariner II, could be ready for service by late July, according to press reports.

Island Mariner II is currently under construction in
Bellingham's double murder suspect Ken Bianchi hit lucky number seven May 9 when the Los Angeles district attorney formally charged him with five of the 13 "Hillside Strangler" killings.

Bianchi already had been charged by Bellingham authorities with the strangulation murders of Western coeds Karen Mandic, 22, and Diane Wilder, 27, whose bodies were found in Mandic's car in south Bellingham on Jan. 12.

Bianchi, 27, is accused of the Los Angeles murders of Yolanda Washington, 19; Kristina Weckler, 20; Kimberly Diane Martin, 17; Cindy Lee Hudspeth, 20, and Evelyn Jane King, 28; all murdered between October 1977 and February 1978.

Los Angeles County District Attorney John VandeKamp has said all the murders, except Martin's, involved rape and also kidnapping charges.

Bianchi pleaded not guilty and not guilty by reason of insanity to Bellingham charges, which translates to "I didn't do it, but if I did, I was insane," according to Whatcom County Prosecutor Dave McEachran in press reports.

A team of psychologists and psychiatrists who examined Bianchi in March concluded he probably has a multiple personality.

More recently, one member of the team, University of Montana psychologist John Watkins, told a Time magazine reporter in early May that Bianchi revealed a hidden personality, which claimed to have killed 10 of the 13 Los Angeles victims.

Kenneth Bianchi

Bellingham's ferry system is another obstacle. State law prohibits a scheduled common carrier from paralleling state ferry routes.

A private ferry can't land within 10 miles of a state ferry if the competitor is paralleling a state route, according to press reports.

Frequency of service for the not-yet firm proposal would be two boats making two runs a day each, with winter service on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Bolster has said.

Bellingham's terminal might be located at Squalicum Harbor and at least one island terminal at Friday Harbor, San Juan County seat of government, according to Friday Harbor Commissioner Charles Hash in news articles.

Island bus service would be initiated, Nash said, to carry tourists that would also lessen the need for widening roads to accommodate more cars on the environmentally-sensitive islands.

Watkins reportedly said Bianchi didn't even know about his second personality until the experts told him.

The Time article said Watkins insisted the second personality is not fake and may have emerged when Bianchi was nine years old as a result of an unhappy childhood.

Prosecutor McEachran expressed concern over Watkins' pre-trial statements because the psychologist is under a court order not to talk about the case in his capacity as an expert.

Watkins later denied telling Time magazine about Bianchi's second personality.

No trial date had been set in Bellingham by mid-May, but McEachran had said Bianchi will stand trial for the local murders before being sent to California.

If Bianchi is found guilty of the two first-degree murder charges here, a separate hearing will be held to determine whether he will be given the death penalty, with the same jury at the hearing as was at the trial.

During that hearing, the jury must decide if guilt is a "clear certainty" and whether the jury is convinced the defendant would commit "further criminal acts of violence."

If both questions are answered with a yes, state law automatically requires the death penalty. One yes results in a lifeterm with no chance of parole.
For nearly 70 years travelers have been touring the world by way of youth hostels. And now, on an experimental basis, the YWCA of Bellingham is opening its doors to hostlers of the world.

Youth hostels are an international network of low-cost lodgings for travelers. Despite the name, most hostels are open to people of any age.

Hosteling was started in the United States 40 years ago, after earlier success in Europe, to encourage hiking and cycling and to stimulate appreciation of the outdoors. There are now more than 150 hostels across the United States affiliated with American Youth Hostels (AYH).

"We have been providing a transient service for years," Ann Bremer, director of the YWCA, said. "This is very close to what the average youth hostel is. We would like to broaden it so it will become known that we could be prepared to take on youth hostlers."

The drive to create a Bellingham hostel began last October when Damian Bakewell, director of the Seahaven Hostel in Seattle, proposed building 15 hostels within Island, Skagit, Snohomish and Whatcom counties.

"In order to develop hostels in those four counties," Bakewell said, "the first step would have to be the development of a hostel in Bellingham."

Bakewell contacted Whatcom County Parks Department, the YMCA and the YWCA in hopes of stimulating some interest in such a hostel.

"There is a definite need for a hostel in Bellingham," Jim McKellar, executive director of the YMCA said. "Because of our uniqueness, being up here in the far northwest corner and as close to the Canadian border as we are, this area has become a favorite travel spot for the old and young alike."

After negotiations with the Seahaven people in May, the YWCA decided to take hostlers on a trial basis, starting June 1.

"If we determine a definite need for a hostel in Bellingham, and if our facilities prove to be adequate," Bremer said, "then we could turn this into a permanent thing. But for right now, I think it's at least an important step in the right direction."

Graphic by Mike Bentley
The world's first Whale Museum will open its doors to the public this month at Friday Harbor, on San Juan Island. After eight months of time and effort, this volunteer project is now a reality. Located in the Oddfellows Hall, built in 1892, the museum should prove to be an unforgettable landmark for island visitors.

People of all ages have worked on the museum. Annie Howell, one of the museum personnel, spent many Saturdays with a group of juvenile delinquents. They were serving their community service time by helping her cut the flesh off the bones of an Orca, or killer whale, whose carcass had washed up on the beach. The finished project will be a skeleton for the museum.

Approximately 70 islanders, students, artists and museum personnel worked on the museum. The 20 students were from Western, Central Washington State University and the University of Washington. In this program, students got credit for doing an independent study in biology, zoology or art, depending on their interests.

Art students were doing graphics for exhibits, as well as other artwork for the museum. Biology and zoology students, artists and people's time. The hardwood floors and whale's eye architectural designs on the corners of the window frames and doorways are reminiscent of the old days.

The islanders have made all this possible with their strong support and contributions through the membership drive. One year membership fees range from $5 for students and senior citizens, to $100 for life. Members are entitled to free admission, discounted prices in the gift shop, reduced fees for special events and inclusion in all member events.

Donations are the key to the success of the museum," Mark Anderson, museum curator, said. "We have accumulated between $20,000 and $30,000 in assets so far, and only one-tenth of this is cash donations from the membership drive. The rest has been donations of everything imaginable — from tool rentals and supplies, to art and people's time."

Even the island's children were involved in the museum. They contributed their thoughts and ideas about whales in the form of a children's book, "The Whale Book," to be sold in the gift shop.

Whales are an endangered species people should know something about. The Whale Museum offers an educational experience for everyone, and its a good way to spend time while waiting for the ferry.
A Flock Of Sheep

by John Nelson

They've been called the "surplus population," a "flock of lambs in the woods."
They've been written off as "idiots" and "imbeciles" by the likes of Chaucer and John Milton.

They're the problem that everybody knows about, but just about nobody likes to think about.

The plight of the mentally retarded is not unknown. Countless essays have been written on them, countless pictures taken of them, countless tears shed about them.

But as the number of mentally retarded people increases — 6.5 million now live in this country — society is faced with a difficult problem: What do we do with them?

The debate today among health officials is centered on whether or not the mentally handicapped should be "institutionalized." Both sides have their evidence.

Horror stories — beatings, extreme electrical shocks, heavy doses of drugs — loom in the past of institutions.

Some mental health officials write this off as the "way it used to be," and perhaps it is. Institutionalizing the handicapped can teach them to exist — for many, a major achievement — in a happy, constructive environment, the officials say.

And, there's much to suggest many retarded people can make tremendous progress while confined to institutions.

At Seattle's Fircrest School, the institution where these pictures were taken, the debate has become subservient to a strong push to help the handicapped survive.

Not all the people you see here are "making it." Many are. Nevertheless, they're all trying.
The abs
by
Susan Stauffer

They bring you to the edge of reality. You’re on the brink of absurdity or reason, but you can’t get a hold on either.

The mood is hysterical, unbridled. An Eyebrow confronts you, laughing. A Nose screams, asking if you know who you are. Seconds later an Ear is singing a lullaby, while stroking a Mouth.

It’s called the Theater of the Absurd. A name that’s uncontestable. The play is “The Gas Heart” by Tristan Tsara, a Polish writer of the 1920s. Creighton said Tsara’s play is technically Dada, the first of the really mad ‘artistic’ movements from 1916-1922 in Europe. Dada was a cult in painting, literature and sculpture, almost anything, characterized by fantastic, symbolic and often formless expression of supposedly subconscious matter. Tsara, the leader of this artistic cult, chose the word Dada, a child’s cry, because it was meaningless.

“The Gas Heart” lacks a plot in the sense that Dick meets Jane. The players view it as one long poem from which they act out as a word dance, accentuating lines with body movement and dialogue. A love-fight triangle relationship between the Eye, Ear and Mouth randomly emerges, with similar scenes between the Eyebrow and Nose.

“There are lots of semiplots,” Fiege, the Eyebrow, said.

Doing the 20-minute play is “fun,” Creighton said, “but there is a purpose behind it. We strive for absurdity — that fine line where things aren’t logical, and one is moved one step away from human emotions, one step closer to absurdity. Moved to the point where the audience doesn’t have to think, to where they can’t think.”

The dialogue as well as the movement is terse, intense. Thought upon thought, often not connected, is expressed in minutes, not giving the audience time to dwell on any particular one.

The play begins with whispering coming through paper megaphones. “Cigar, Pimple, Nose. Cigar, Pimple, Nose.” The chant grows louder, noisemakers are sounded and the players frantically run around the bare stage. “Cigar, Pimple, Nose” continues to be chanted.

Karen Finkenhofer, the Eye and a theater major, though not currently enrolled at Western, said the words aren’t important.

“Cigar, pimple, nose don’t mean anything specifically,” she said, “but there’s a feeling behind them. They’re the nonsensical lines of Dada. They don’t make any sense to
Cigar, Pimple, Nose.

Creighton, a junior English major, said, "Most people come in looking for a message. It's not possible for someone to try to understand what we're doing or they'll miss the energy. The message develops on its own. There is a cohesiveness in the play. I know there is a cohesiveness among the players, but they don't know where it is."

"The play attacks a person's intellect, but he doesn't have time to think about it because it's such a fast-moving play. One has to watch with intellect and emotion and just absorb what he can," he said. "The actors appear on stage and their faces painted white, stopping inches from the audience to see how they react. We want to form a good rapport with them, exchanging energy with them so they can feel like participants. Some just totally shut themselves up, some giggle, most don't know how to react. We don't know what they're supposed to do either," he said.

Fiege, a senior journalism major, said she encountered surprised and nervous reactions from the audience. "Some people said they didn't understand the play, so they didn't like it," she said. "That's their problem. It's never hard to get people to accept something different," she said.

No stage directions are given in the script and the actions are improvised according to the feelings the cast gets from the words. "It's truly original because it was a release of the play's world of expressing what one feels. The actors and directors are absorbed into the feelings and the audience is absorbed into the actors," said Wade Buller, the Nose.

Photos by J. Ellis Goldman
doing the play.
The cast practiced at 9 a.m.
four days a week in the
theater lab in the Performing
Arts Center during April and
March. They gave two sets
of the performance in March and
May.
The cast has pondered go­ing on tour with their play,
possibly to high schools, but
"that remains to be seen," Creighton said.

The energy necessary to go
on tour certainly isn't lacking,
just time, Creighton said.

The time it took
to organize the play
was relatively short,
Creighton said, especially
considering its vagueness in
meaning and direction.
Memorizing the lines was
fairly easy for him, Creighton
said, because they were so
absurd and different. It was
like taking little poems and
interpreting them, he said.

Fiege and Finkenhofer said
the lines were difficult for
them to memorize precisely
because of the play's hodge-
podge of lines.
"The lines didn't flow easi-
ly," Finkenhofer said, "so I
couldn't connect thoughts."
The memorization of the
exact words was important,
she said, because of blocking
actions to certain words. "One
word out of place could mess
everything up," she said.

Some of the lines the cast
memorized were:

Eyebrow: "Tangerine and
white from Spain I'm killing
myself Madelaine Madelaine."

Ear: "He is not a being be-
cause he consists of pieces.
Simple men manifest their exis-
tences by houses, important
men by monuments."

Mouth: "My teeth trem-
ble."

Some members of the
group, friends for many
years, decided last summer to
do "The Gas Heart." Bullier,
an English major, said one
night he and Creighton and
some other friends began
reading plays for something
to do. "The Gas Heart" struck
their fancy, he said, and they
began making plans for a pro-
duction even though actual
practices didn't begin until
winter quarter. Cast mem-
bers pitched in to finance the
production.

Creighton said he and Mark
Ingram, Ear, put on the play
two-and-a-half years ago at
Western with other students.
"It's an intense play," Creighton said. "It's hard to
divorce yourself from it. It's
not like assuming a part that
you can hide within. In "The
Gas Heart" your own self is
being badgered with ques-
tions and ideas and feelings."

Bullier said the input from
the actors had helped him feel
a part of what the play is
about. "You don't open your-
self to a director, here," he
said, "but to the other actors.

Your feelings are related to
each other and it's like a mass
brain, heart and set of emo-
tions that create the energy.

Something comes out
of me — an energy
— nonthinking energy, which
pulls us away from logical
connections."

Creighton said having to in-
vest such a high rate of emo-
tions meant they were taking
the risk of exposing their
inner selves to each other,
something most people rarely
do. "We have to break
through the checks and bal-
ces of our egos, believing
we aren't looking silly. When
we do this our energy turns
into beauty."

Photos [left] by Mickey Pegg
Photo by J. Ellis Goldman

Mark Ingram
TRAILS & LEGENDS

by Dave Hatcher

A n irreplaceable piece of local history is quietly crumbling on a table on the fourth floor of Whatcom County’s Museum of History and Art.

Sandwiched between two hard covers the size of a family photo album lies the text of Mt. Baker: Its Trails and Legends, a history of the Mount Baker area from the days of Spanish exploration in the 1600s, through the growth of tourism and recreation in the early 20th century.

The Mount Baker Club, now the Mount Baker Hiking Club, authorized its historian, Charles Finley Easton, in 1911 to gather information, news clippings and photographs and to put the material in book form.

He pursued the project vigorously until his death on Oct. 30, 1931.

Easton’s book isn’t just a scrapbook of the Mount Baker area. It has been laid out in chronological order, complete with a typed text accompanied by replicas of early exploration maps, and photos and engravings of Indians, mountaineers, wildlife and scenery.

“You can just see the love and painstaking effort Easton put into it,” John Miles, a professor at Huxley College and a local history buff, said. “It is the only book of its kind in existence and has a wealth of information, much of it original,” Jan Olson, museum registrar, said.

Within this encyclopedia of history, are Indian legends about the creation of Mount Baker, tales of bold climbing expeditions, romantic poetry and a detailed account of the once-famous Mount Baker Marathon, a race from Bellingham to Baker’s summit, which inspired today’s Ski-to-Sea race.

“The Mount Baker Marathon was a holiday out of the ordinary,” wrote Easton in “Outdoor Life” magazine after the first marathon in 1911.

Contestants chose between two routes. Both started at the Chamber of Commerce in Bellingham, with one going to Deming by car, followed by 32 miles on foot along the middle fork of the Nooksack River.

Route two required a train ride to Glacier, then 24 miles of hiking along Glacier Creek. Going via Deming totalled 86 miles, while the Glacier route was 118 miles.

On that premiere race day, during the summer of 1911, 14 alpine athletes left the starting line. Six drove to Deming and eight steamed to Glacier on a special train provided by Bellingham Bay and British Columbia Railway.

The first racer to return to Glacier was taken promptly to Bellingham Bay and British Columbia Railway.

The first racer to return to Glacier was taken promptly to Bellingham, leaving the other seven to their own devices.

Referees were stationed atop Mount Baker “in blankets and furs” to register contestants and to issue “clearance certificates” before each ascent.

Crossing the finish line first was one Mr. Galbraith, with an outstanding time of 10 hours and 42 minutes by the Deming route.

First to reach Glacier was a Mr. Haggard. But while chugging determinedly home, the train struck a bull and was derailed. Fortunately no one was killed.

To take the sting out of defeat, the bull was later barbecued. Mr. Haggard’s luck changed in 1912 as he finished first in nine hours and 48 minutes.

In another article, “Names by Which Our Mountain was Known,” an unknown author explained how a Spanish Ensign Quimper, in 1790, assigned “La Montana del Carmel” to Mount Baker after seeing it from what is today Victoria, B.C.

Quimper’s name referred to a Catholic order of monks who lived on Mount Carmel in a small range of mountains in Palestine.

Mount Carmel monks wore white robes as their insignia of caste and for centuries were known as the “White Friars.” Such a similarity must have struck Quimper “... the time he got sight of our great white mountain with its glowing robes of snow so conspicuous and imposing above the dark green of the foothills,” the author wrote.

The name Mount Baker was substituted for Mount Carmel in 1792 by Capt. George Vancouver in recognition of his ship’s mapmaker and initial spotter of the Cascade volcano, 3rd Lieut. Joseph Baker.

These are just a few of the interesting tales in Easton’s historical document.

The old age plus a tight museum budget has created some problems for the preservation of Easton’s book.

Museum Director George Thomas said Easton’s book was on public display until 1982, at which time it was removed out of concern for its age and brittleness.

“The more people handle it, the more it deteriorates,” registrar Olson said. Special permission is needed now to examine it and extreme care is required in handling it. Also, a staff member must be present during an individual’s visit.

Exposure to people isn’t the only problem with preserving the book. The old paper’s sulfuric acid content is literally eating itself away, Olson said.

Thomas said the museum staff is aware of the need to preserve the book but no money currently is available to duplicate it.

The museum’s maintenance and operation budget, which includes money for conservation work, was cut 25 percent last year by the city, Thomas said.

Thomas doesn’t have any cost estimates for duplicating Easton’s book but said photographic reproduction would be the best method.

An alternative would be encapsulation, which involves putting each page inside an acetate sleeve. The sleeves give support to each page so the flexing that occurs each time a page is turned would be taken up by the sleeve rather than the paper.

Sleeves also prevent acidic oils on hands from contaminating the paper.

Thomas said his staff has the knowledge and skill to preserve Easton’s book, but as long as the budget doesn’t allow for it, they won’t be able to do the job.
Today is Aug. 14, 1969, promoters of the problem-plagued Woodstock Music and Art Festival face yet another dilemma in their effort to stage what they call "an Aquarian Exposition."

Pyco-Polident heir John Roberts and Joel Roseman, the producers and financial backers of the festival, learned that the 346 off-duty New York policemen hired as ushers walked off the job, as a crowd expected to reach 200,000, began pouring into the festival area for tomorrow's three-day fair.

This was only one in a series of problems which saw the festival moved from its originally planned Wallkill, N.Y. site to the 600-acre Bethel site; a three-week scramble to adjust preparations from an earlier projected attendance figure of 20,000 to 200,000 people; and the problems that arose when more than 400,000 people hit the festival.

This was Woodstock I, the brainchild of co-producer and NYU dropout Mike Lang and a buddy while they were "sitting around stoned one night." It didn't start out as anything more than a messed up affair which put its producers a million dollars in the red. But, it became a spontaneous event. Woodstock I was a happening that highlighted the '60s. It was a statement, a celebration, anything but a rock concert.

It was a product of a post war generation that had too much affluence, mobility, leisure time and discontentment with Vietnam, government and a corporate society.

This is far from the road Woodstock II is following. The promoters of this "rock concert" are approaching the three-day affair with dollar signs in their eyes. Dollar signs preceded by the word millions.

Thus far, the only similarities between Woodstock I and Woodstock II are the name (purchased from the original producers for $300,000), state located (Woodstock II organizers John Morris and Michael Wadleigh have filed with the state of New York for four possible sites in upper state N.Y.), time (the original was held Aug. 15-17, this one will be Aug. 14-16) and some of the acts (10 of the original 24 bands will comprise about a third of the show which will also feature current big-name acts as well as up-and-coming bands).

Missing, though, will be the spirit of the '60s. The spirit that made Woodstock more than a rock concert.

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"There's no longer a revolution out in the streets today," Ed Rosenberg, Western sociology professor who attended Woodstock, said.

The 15, 16 to 30-year-olds today are not into the counterculture like 10 years ago," he said. "Kids are closer to their parents today in as far as goals and values."

"The '60s was a time of
people searching. It was a time of hippies, revolution and counterculture. Drugs, sex, gas and jobs were cheap and in abundance,” Rosenberg said.

“The 70s doesn’t really have a label. Maybe the ‘me’ decade or the ‘disco’ decade. But, you don’t find any heavy messages in disco like you did in Bob Dylan or Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young.”

T

his is what made Woodstock more than a rock concert. Tickets for the original festival were $7 (300,000 tickets are being sold at $37.50 each, in blocks of four, in the U.S. and Europe for Woodstock II), but, because of the huge, unexpected crowd, more than half of the people crashed the gates. Cars were backed up as far as 15 miles in all directions from the festival site and people simply abandoned their cars and hiked to the fair. Festival food supplies were almost immediately wiped out as 500,000 hot dogs and hamburgers were eaten the first day.

“We thought it would bomb when we first heard about it,” Rosenberg, who was a 20-year-old about to enter his junior year at Michigan State, said. "But, as the time came closer, we thought it might go, so we bought tickets. As it turned out, we didn’t even need them.”

Rosenberg said he and some friends headed for Bethel early the first day, but couldn’t get closer than about 20 miles, so they circled around and got within five miles of the fair grounds.

“It was raining and we had to walk,” he said. “People were just coming from car to car. At one car you shared some food with the people in it. At the next, you got stoned. The next, maybe you did some drinking. At the next, maybe you got stoned again. It was like this all the way.”

Rosenberg said he never did make it into the bowl where the music was playing, but that to him Woodstock would always mean a great deal.

“Before Woodstock, I was heavily into school, studying TV production, and during the summers, I was a life guard,” he said.

“I was like most of the students, I went to BYOB parties where people danced, used drugs and got wiped out on music like the Stones, Doors, the Airplanes and Emerson, Lake & Palmer.”

“After Woodstock, I was more into the social sciences. I was more in touch with myself and people ... it got me into sociology.”

Rosenberg said he wouldn’t go to the coming Woodstock.

“I think the second attempt would be a let down. I think the people that go thinking it will be 10-year-reunion will be disappointed. The youth culture isn’t the same in 1979 as it was in 1969. It isn’t into psychedelics and acid rock.”

One thing seems pretty evident. The promoters aren’t taking any chances that Woodstock II will turn into anything like its predecessor.

According to Jeffi Powell, head of the New York public relations office for Woodstock Media, all four proposed sites for “Woodstock, the Second Gathering,” are over 1,000 acres and pre-festival preparations like camping and parking places, the building of a stage and setting up of sound and lighting systems, as well as food and other service areas will be starting in early June.

Powell also said that the festival was being moved up one day (Aug. 14, instead of the 15) to avoid the weekend and possible gate crashers that it could bring.

Security is going to be tough, she said. CARCO Inc., will handle security and traffic. Headup the security and traffic control operations will be former New York City Police Commissioner Michael Murphy and former FBI official Peter O’Neill.

Co-producer Morris has said that there will be “one hell of a fence” and warns people to say away unless they have a ticket.

The original Woodstock cost promoters about $2.5 million. The “Second Gathering” is expected to run around $5 million, said Powell. But, this includes the cost of producing a movie (which already has a release date of Easter of 1980) and an album (scheduled for release by Christmas of this year). In ticket sales alone, the promoters will gross well over $11 million. No one can predict how many more dollars they will net from the movie and album sales.

Woodstock I was a phenomenon of the times. The people who showed up carrying sleeping bags and tents, canned food and guitars, dressed in beads, leather, bandanas and long gowns — who spoke of sleeping under the stars and possible riots, are gone.

As one 16-year-old boy waiting to get to the fair said, “I know there will be drugs everywhere and I wonder what it all will be like. I’ve never been away from home before. I wonder what will happen to all of us.”

Many of those 400,000 long haired, love and peace people are today’s lawyers, executives, stockbrokers, teachers and parents.

Woodstock for those people will always be a memory of the time nearly half-a-million people got together to let this country know that the young had ideas, ideas they wanted known. They lived together for three days and not one fight or theft was reported. Three deaths did occur, but they were from a drug overdose, a burst appendix and an accident involving a farm tractor.

The Woodstock Music and Art Festival ended Aug. 17, 1969. It marked the apex of America’s 60s counterculture revolution. The name is being exploited so that a few people can make a lot of money.

Even its promoters, John Roberts and Joel Roseman, have caught the dollar bug. They are operating Woodstock Ventures which produces the special 10th Anniversary Edition Woodstock T-shirt.

‘There will be one hell of a fence.’
Belly dancing, in our Western culture, often has a stigma associated with it. To Delilah, (she pays her taxes using her real name, Terry Munson) the belly dance was a vehicle that moved her from a peer-pressured youth into a professional singer, songwriter, dancer and model. Belly dancing also landed her a small part in the movie "The China Syndrome" last year. She is seen in the opening minutes of the movie.

While working in Hollywood, Delilah gave her talent to a new business idea: live telegrams. The firm was called "Live Wires." For $100, a customer would receive two musicians and a large bag at his doorstep. After entering the premises, dragging the sack behind them, the musicians would play as Delilah crawled out dancing and delivering the message.

"The 'grams' became very popular," she said. "I wasn't so excited at the time they did the shooting," she said. "Douglas wanted me to use my 'belly gram' and another act to depict Jane Fonda's role as a 'soft news' reporter for a Los Angeles television station," she said. "When I was in high school I was very inward," she said. "I wanted to dance for people, but the peer pressure kept me from it."

At 18, Delilah went on the road with a dance troupe. After several years of professional dancing and modeling she satisfied an old ambition. She packed up and traveled to Egypt where she studied the essence of the belly dance, the Belidi rhythms.

"The belly dance is an expression of life to the Near-Easterners," she said. "It symbolizes birth, death, joy, pain and comedy." Delilah explains belly dancing as a cultural event in the East, but to Westerners it is viewed as a variation of burlesque.

Last year, Delilah moved back to her home in Seattle. There, she joined the funk/rock band "Steppin' Out."

"I love singing with the band," she said. "It is an extension of dancing and simply something I've always wanted to do."

"Catching up to my fantasies and making them real has been the key to my happiness and moderate success," she said. "And overcoming the fear of doing something others looked down on, has allowed me to expand myself and to do the things I want to do."

Delilah is now writing songs for her band. In fact, she wrote their theme song, "Steppin' Out."

"I've always wanted to write music," she exclaimed. ""It's an extension of singing... I must be crazy, when will this ever end."
So read an ad run in the turn-of-the-century edition of what is now the Skagit Valley Herald.

Darius R. Kinsey, known then as a precision craftsman of "the little black box," is now nationally recognized as a genius of photography and heralded for his pictorial history of the Northwest and the clarity with which he documented Pacific Northwest logging in his still photos.

The Kinsey photographic collection, consisting of more than 4,700 negatives and 600 prints made by Kinsey and his wife Tabitha in western Washington between 1890 and 1940, is now in the Whatcom Museum of History and Art. The collection also includes lenses, cameras and darkroom equipment used by the Kinseys.

Museum Director George Thomas said the collection is valuable not only because it is old, but because Kinsey's work is "very effective."
The collection is complete and in good condition due to the foresight of Jesse Ebert, a Seattle photographer.

Ebert bought the collection from Mrs. Kinsey in 1946, one year after her husband's death, and cared for the collection until 1970, when she sold it to Dave Bohn and Rudolfo Petschek. The collection was then moved to California.

In the years that followed, Bohn traveled throughout the Northwest researching the Kinsey's and their work. During this time, Petschek made prints from selected negatives for their book, "Kinsey, Photographer," and for an exhibit of the same name at the Oakland Museum. The exhibit traveled in the western states and was then donated to the Whatcom Museum where, Thomas said, the Kinsey collection "is getting a lot of energy and attention."

Kinsey is most remembered and acclaimed for his Pacific Northwest logging photos. During a time when the works of many photographers were being influenced by European art, Kinsey was out "doing his own thing" photographing things more in tune with a part of the United States still being homesteaded.

Kinsey would arrive at the logging camps in his Franklin filled with equipment, find himself a bunkhouse, eat dinner with "the boys," then commence picture taking the next day.

He was known to the loggers simply as "the picture man" and was welcomed everywhere because he was friendly, quick-witted and brought news from the outside world.

Kinsey was an artist who knew his work and would stop at nothing to achieve the perfection he so insisted on.

Dorothea Kinsey Parcheski, Kinsey's daughter, said that her father would photograph "anything and everything" that appealed to him in the forest when the "light was just right."

He would balance precariously on a tottering scaffold 12 feet off the ground and raise the camera, weighing close to a hundred pounds, high enough to get the angle he wanted.

Kinsey roamed the logging camps with his heavy equipment, using the woods as his studio. Included in his equipment was a 12-foot tripod and numerous 1x14-inch glass negatives, which he used to photograph four-faced subjects he would arrange around some of their machinery or next to a tree they were cutting down.

Though the pictures were posed, the impression that the loggers were just taking a little time out from their six-day-a-week jobs to have their pictures taken is strong. It also looks like, by the hint of a smile on most of their faces, that the loggers didn't mind a bit.

Once the pictures were taken, the heavy glass negatives — bundles of them — were sent home to Tabitha in Seattle for developing. She literally worked non-stop to assure that the finished prints were sent back to Darius in the woods post-haste.

"Absolutely NOTHING was ever permitted to interfere with getting those pictures off to my father in the logging camps," Mrs. Parcheski said.

Once the pictures were processed and ready for shipment, Tabitha would tie them into two bundles of as nearly equal weight as possible.

She then carried the heavy packages, via the Yesler cable car, to the American Railway Express office. The men at the office often wondered at how she possibly lifted the huge bundles, much less carried them the five blocks from the cable car to the station. In later years, Tabitha had hip trouble which was attributed by one doctor to the carrying of these massive bundles.

The prints were then sent back to Darius who sold them to the loggers for 50 cents per picture.

In 1914, because of technical advances in photography, Kinsey shifted from glass negatives to film, making Tabitha's job considerably easier.

Many of the glass negatives still exist, but an estimated 10,000 were destroyed during World War I when glass was limited and in demand.

The Pacific Picture Frame
Company, anxious to get glass, hired a couple of kids to scrub the gelatin off each glass plate, thus destroying hundreds of photos.

When Kinsey first came to the Northwest from Missouri, he probably had no idea that he would dedicate the rest of his life to photography. And dedicate he did, with a fervor that turned to obsession.

Somewhere along the line someone had introduced Kinsey to a camera, then a cumbersome instrument, and he took it from there.

"As far as I know," Parcheski said, "he was a self-taught photographer."

Kinsey began his career by traveling the countryside taking family portraits. It was probably during this time that he met his bride, Tabitha, who was at the time engaged to a handsome railroad conductor. She did not know at the time that "that itinerant photographer man" would become her husband or that she would spend almost the next 50 years in the darkroom unflagingly and without complaint developing the negatives that produced photographs of such precision and clarity that Kinsey would become a legend.

The Kinsey's settled in Sedro-Woolley, where Darius set up his first portrait studio and became the only photographer in town.

He was a superb businessman and a perfectionist when it came to his photos. Every detail had to be meticulously produced. Each negative had to be washed 16 times, so as to get "that awful yellow developer off," Kinsey's daughter recalls laboriously carrying out this duty assigned by her father, who didn't want "any of MY photographs turning yellow in latter years."

"Washing pictures was a drudgery and I dreaded it," Parcheski said, "but I guess it paid off... while visiting an aged couple on Hood Canal, I saw some of my father's photographs on the wall, still unmarred with age."

He soon became established as a fine photographer and business thrived. In block ads that appeared weekly in the local papers, Kinsey consistently reiterated the theme of high quality versus cheap, sloppily done photos, and played up the importance of photos for holidays and portraits for the family, for the sweetheart and for the relatives.

"A good photograph is almost as necessary as life insurance," one ad said.

Kinsey's studio operated every day of the week except Sunday, which was the day of rest for the Kinsey family. Kinsey was very religious, and on Sundays, no money changed hands for anything, no cooking or cleaning was ever allowed. He would not even let the family take the streetcar to church when they lived in Seattle because he did not believe the operators should have to work on Sundays.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, in fact, was the only means of socializing Kinsey took part in. He was a bit of a recluse who preferred picture-taking to people, but he never missed a Sunday at church.

"Our mother never had any invited guests when Dad was home, and when anyone came unexpectedly from out of the city, Dad would hurry off into his darkroom and busy himself with pictures," Parcheski remembers.

A couch was also kept in one of the photograph rooms so that his wife could tell company that he was taking a nap without telling a lie, she said.

There were never any untruths spoken in that religious household," she said.

His wife never attended any social gatherings either, but whether it was because Kinsey disapproved or because there were things to be done in the darkroom is hard to say. But Tabitha loved company, and there was a steady influx of visiting relatives, the one area of socializing where Kinsey relented, or at least did not interfere with Tabitha's wishes.

During the Sedro-Woolley years, Kinsey didn't confine himself solely to studio work. He was "all over the map" from Nooksack to Seattle collecting "views" of everything from schoolchildren to Lake Washington scenery. Kinsey also traveled the countryside with his tent studio and newspapers always announced his arrival. The Skagit County Times, Aug. 31, 1889, read: "D.R. Kinsey will visit Hamilton on or about September 11 with his tent studio, remaining a few days only."

When Kinsey became bored with photographing family groups, weddings and cute babies, he decided to move to Seattle to expand his business. He had visions of Seattle becoming quite a metropolis, and wanted to be "close in," Parcheski said. The move to Seattle marked the end of Kinsey's career as a studio photographer, and he dedicated himself wholeheartedly to photographing early logging.

Photography was obviously not just a way of making a living for Kinsey. He loved it, was devoted to it — if not to the work itself, then to his subjects — the mountains, the trees, the machinery and the men he photographed with such an immense respect.

And Tabitha, also devoted — not to the business or the subjects, but to her quiet photographer husband — cannot be forgotten for the half-century of her life she spent making tangible Kinsey's genius with a camera, doing, what she said "any good wife would do."

But as Darius Kinsey Jr. said in an interview with Dave Bohn:

"The sad part about the whole thing as I look back on it now — for years I have thought that a photographer, a good photographer, can go out now and take a 35mm camera and take negatives that are about yea-high big, and come back with the same quality pictures that Dad took. But you are telling me that Dad's genius, as you put it, would not have come through with today's small equipment, so I guess it wasn't in vain after all. I am glad to hear it."

June 1979 45
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Currently a Western stu­
Juana brought into the United
the other way and often even
alone, 60 percent of the mari­
aid smuggling enterprises.
It's estimated that in 1978
portion of what it usually
costs. Shortly after arriving
in the Colombian city of San
Augustine, Frank recalled
meeting an American who
was earning a livelihood
exporting one of Colombia's
chief resources — drugs,
specifically marijuana and
cocaine.
For several years, Colomb­
ian authorities have looked
the other way and often even
aided smuggling enterprises.
It's estimated that in 1978
alone, 60 percent of the mari­
juana brought into the United
States originated from Colum­
bian fields. Drug officials say
70 percent of the cocaine
snorted in America comes
from Colombia. And with over
25 million pounds of pot
coming into the U.S. each
year, coffee is fast being
replaced by pot as Colombia's
main export.
The dealer Frank met told
him how he smuggled large
quantities of drugs across
South American borders by
both land and sea. Frank said
he recalls listening with sus­
picion to the dealer's tales of
nearly getting busted several
times, but always escaping
via the payola system.
After spending several
days touring the area around
San Augustine, and sampling
the dealer's wares, Frank
decided to take the short bus
ride to the mile-high Colum­
bian capital of Bogota. While
taking that short ride, Frank
recalled he began to consider
smuggling a small amount of
pot back to the U.S.
The odds on such a venture
being successful were in
Frank's favor. U.S. customs
officials have estimated they
are able to stop only about 2
percent of the drugs smuggled
from Colombia, according to
press reports.
Frank spent a few days
looking around Bogota, a city
of 2,000,000 people, before
deciding he would try to bring
some of Colombia's popular
product home with him.
"There was no economic
motive to it," Frank recalled.
"I just like to smoke pot and
wanted to have some to share
with a girlfriend waiting for
me in Mexico."

C uata Red
marijuana was
the object of Frank's desire.
Cocaine was to prove an
added bonus. Marijuana
grown around Cucuta, a town
near the Colombian-Venezue­
alian border, is purported to be
among the best in the world.
For his first act in smug­
gling pot, Frank bought a
plane ticket that would allow
him to reach the small island
of San Andres, a Colombian
possession in the middle of the
Caribbean sea. Frank had
learned from his dealer friend
this was the safest route for
smuggling. No borders are
crossed getting to San
Andres.
Act two involved finding
and purchasing some mari­
juana. Because his plane to
San Andres was to leave
Bogota the following morning,
Frank had only a few hours to
make the buy.
Frank remembered being
confident of his plan and
himself. Walking the cool
evening streets of Bogota, he
was searching for an "action
area" of the city. He soon
found it. Away from Bogota's
central business district is a
run-down section of town
inhabited by the poor and
forgotten.

I gnoring the
first few drug
salesmen who openly ap­
proached him on the city
streets, Frank looked for
someone who on first sight
didn't appear as if he would
rob him or sell him bad
merchandise.
Two long-haired male
Colombians in their 20's soon
confronted Frank. One simply
questioned? "Cannabis?"
"I was nervous and didn't
trust the first people who
approached me," Frank said.
"These guys seemed more
reliable, though there was no
way I could be sure."
Telling Frank to come with
them, the two Colombians
promised him some excellent
marijuana. Still not sure of
the situation, Frank instead
asked the pair to meet him at
the same spot in an hour.
The two didn't let him
down. In precisely an hour,
they were back. This time,
one of them was clutching a
rolled up newspaper.
Frank paid 10 American
dollars for what felt like two
ounces of pot. It was Cucata
Red. He was then asked if he
liked cocaine.
He did. Now somewhat
more trusting of his business
acquaintances, Frank agreed
to follow them to their drug
stash.
"We walked and walked

"One year jail." When he heard those words muttered in broken English for the first time, Frank said he began to realize just how vulnerable an American is while in a foreign country. And when the five armed federales lifted him through a quieting South American airport, the wave of nausea that followed nearly made Frank throw up.

Currently a Western student, Frank began his odyssey four years ago when he got an opportunity to travel to South America for a small

by Mark Walker
and walked until we got to a deteriorating section of the city that had a lot of empty buildings. I was led down a dark hallway in one of the buildings," Frank said.

At this point, Frank began to worry. The pair he was with had come through with the marijuana but now Frank began to wonder about his safety with the two pushers. At the end of the hallway a series of locks were unbolted from the inside of a door, revealing a bare room illuminated by a single lightbulb.

Frank remembered being instructed to sit in the middle of the floor. One of the dealers knocked on a door opposite the one Frank entered and spoke to someone. He soon returned with a ceramic bowl containing cocaine.

Frank was directed to snort some of the powder through a straw. "It was 100 percent legitimate," Frank said. He then smoked two joints of the Cucata Red with his dealers.

"I was too high. I began to realize this was a place of business and I didn't really know the pair I was with. It seemed like I was getting too friendly with them and they didn't appreciate it," Frank said.

After buying 5 American dollars worth of the powder (about two grams, Frank said), he asked to be let out of the building.

When Frank re-entered the street, he realized he would have a tough time finding his way back to his $2-a-day motel room. He wandered around Bogota's streets for two hours before asking directions.

The two men he asked directions of couldn't help him, but offered to sell him some marijuana. Frank refused the offer in fluent Spanish, but the pair began to walk with him, apparently hoping to change his mind.

A federale suddenly called for the three strollers to halt. Frank felt his heart leap and his leg muscles tighten around the marijuana and cocaine he carried in his pants pocket. After questioning his companions and being assured Frank was their amigo, the federale released the trio.

Finally reaching his motel room, Frank packed his belongings, putting the cocaine down the tubing of his pack. He planned to tape the marijuana to his thigh as he called the motel manager to order a taxi for the next morning.

Although he had had a close call the previous night, Frank arose confident the next morning. He decided to sample once again the marijuana he bought the night before. He was only halfway through a joint when his taxi arrived. Stubbing the reefer out, Frank put the roach in his pocket thinking he would have an opportunity to smoke the remainder while waiting for his plane to depart.

He forgot about the roach. After taking off in the twin-
engined turbo-prop, Frank was able to see the lushness of Colombia. The dark green hillsides and mountainous terrain reminded him of his native Washington.

The plane made two stops, the first in Cartegena, the oldest town in South America, and the second in the Colombian town of Baranquilla.

At Baranquilla everyone was ordered off the plane and told to assemble in the small airport. Forty-five minutes passed.

"I was starting to get anxious and wondered about the plane," Frank said. "I walked down an open corridor toward the plane but, realizing there was nothing I could do, turned around."

When he turned around, Frank met the eyes of five federales.

"They must have sensed I was a potential score. I had long hair, a traveler's look and was a little unkempt."

As the five fatigue-dressed federales approached him, Frank said he went into a "dumb mode," acting confused.

He handed his plane ticket to the first federale that reached him. Ten hands pushed him against the airport wall.

"One year jail," a federale uttered.

"It was amazing how fast the guy reached into my pocket and pulled out the roach. I knew I was in trouble," Frank said.

Frank recalls how shock slowly took hold of his body as the federales carried him through the airport. He was stunned and frightened. As they were carrying him, Frank said he thought about trying to break away but sickened at the realization he could be shot.

Taken to a barracks near the airport runway, Frank saw his life flash before him in the form of a bad movie. The blinds were drawn and the door was shut.

"One year jail," another federale repeated.

Frank had his shirt rudely taken off. His passport and other personal documents were shared among the five military policemen. As they began to take his pants off, Frank pulled the taped marijuana from his leg and handed it over.

"One year jail," a federale uttered.

"It was amazing how fast the guy reached into my pocket and pulled out the roach. I knew I was in trouble," Frank said.

Frank said he still felt confident. He had never been body searched before. He was amazed when a federale pulled the roach out of his pocket. He had forgotten he had it.

Frank remembers the federales looking visibly upset. It was a comrade, however, and not a superior officer.

The bargaining had ended. Incredibly it was over. Frank was given his shirt and passport. The federales kept the rest of his personal papers.

Frank walked out of the barracks thinking he had missed his plane. It still sat on the runway. As he walked toward the plane still in a state of shock, Frank saw one of the federales who had been in the barracks. He ignored Frank as he ascended the ramp.

In the shock of his encounter, Frank remembered little of the flight to San Andres. Arriving at the island, he immediately found a hotel room and snorted some of the cocaine that was hidden in his pack.

"When I woke up the next morning, I felt a certain sense of pride in myself realizing I had done something stupid yet had gotten out of it," Frank said.

Frank returned to America four weeks later with nothing but loose change in his pocket and nightmares of "one year jail."

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"I had done something stupid." Graphics by Dave Shannon
Mary Daugherty, director of the Academic Advisement Center, has observed confusion and stress among female students torn between desire for a family and unexpected career opportunities now available to them.

This is only one symptom of a growing trend. Colleges nationwide have become battlegrounds of personal conflict for students reacting to the limitations traditional sex roles put on their career desires and personal lives.

According to campus counselors, most women are no longer attending college simply to get a "Mrs. degree," and a lot of men are pursuing careers that would have been socially unacceptable for them 10 years ago.

Women's lib, gay lib, and most recently, men's lib all contribute to what social scientists refer to as sexual amalgamation, or the blending of sexual roles and acceptance of blended sexual characteristics.

Another term associated with the trend is androgyny, which is the theory that all persons possess male and female characteristics, which emerge in varying combinations for each individual.

The most deeply entrenched social unit in our society is the family. It is also one of the most affected by changing sex roles.

Daugherty said the confusion among female students is especially apparent.

"In the last two years, only one girl told me she wanted to get married," she said. "I think many women secretly want marriage but pursue careers because of the pressure of new opportunities, and the fact that men today seem more interested in being players till they're 40 than supporting a wife."

Daugherty said men have tended to marry women less intelligent than themselves, causing women who desire marriage to "play dumb."

"Men have been programmed to be the hunter and conquerer, and with no more real frontiers, they rely on marriage to make them feel macho," she said. "However, women who aren't involved with anyone realize they don't have to put on this act and instead pursue a meaningful career."

Jane Davis, a volunteer and graphics artist at the Women's Center, said the situation is aggravated by parental expectations.

"When I got a D in grade school, my mother started crying and said I'd never meet an interesting man if I didn't go to college," she said.

Pat Phillips, director of the center, agreed.

"Even if a woman is intelligent and ambitious, she's still made to feel like she should be looking for someone to take care of her," she said.

Daugherty said the current population problem and availability of birth control add up to "an extremely painful choice for women regarding children."

"There is no longer any excuse for accidental pregnancies," she said. "In my day a woman wasn't considered complete without children, now women feel they don't have a right to have them."

Saundra Taylor, a counselor at the Campus Counseling Center, identified birth control as a prime factor in liberating women from traditional restraints.

When new forms of birth control were introduced in the '50s and '60s women became more free to work, which is now more acceptable as a necessary means of family support in today's economy, she said.

The trend has resulted in adjustments made by both married and single couples.

Daugherty said since women are demanding equality in marriage as a prerequisite, men tend to pursue less binding relationships.

It is because of this reaction by men to changing women's roles that Daugherty stresses the need for "male liberation."

"Men tend to be lonely due to societal pressure to be macho," she said. "Women's liberation gives men a chance to liberate themselves, and the pressure is on women since men are only respondents to the movement."

Daugherty also said families would benefit from this mutual liberation, since fathers would have more time with their children with balanced job roles between husband and wife.

Taylor said equalization of job roles will only be compatible with a good relationship if it extends to domestic work also.

"Housework should be divided by time rather than sex," she said. "If the job doesn't require ovaries or testes, then either the man or woman can do it."

Taylor estimated that 40 percent of the students she counsels each year have prob-
problems resulting from changing sex roles. Chief among these is career choice.

"There's always the girl who wants to be a psychologist but is advised by her father to pursue something 'more practical'" she said, "or the parents who flip when they learn their son is majoring in home economics."

Daugherty put particular emphasis on her belief that role changes are not necessarily the result of sexual characteristics in people.

"There is no more reason to believe a man going into nursing is gay than a woman studying law is a lesbian," she said. "They are simply taking advantage of new opportunities."

Daugherty said competition among men and women for similar careers has resulted not only in sexual amalgamation, but in many cases friendship between men and women as peers.

"In my day you only dated men at school, you never thought of them as friends," she said.

Howard Harris

Taylor, however, believes the pendulum is swinging to a more traditional mood.

"I see a swing on the campus toward more traditional sex roles, including serious dating," she said. "I'd like to see more experimentation with these roles, like girls asking guys out, and guys taking several girls out at once."

Taylor added, however, that while the problem is nationwide, the climate at Western is relatively liberal and receptive to different trends.

"I think a major factor is the absence of fraternities and sororities, which tend to polarize students toward more traditional attitudes," she said. "For example, if you can play rugby, you'll make the rugby team, it's not like a regular university football team where your father's fraternity matters."

Taylor also said the popularity of Western's women's basketball team is an indication that people are accepting women in sports without losing respect for their femininity.

Howard Harris, associate professor of anthropology, teaches a class entitled Sex Roles in Culture. He sees little reason for sex stereotyping and offered a historical explanation for our present situation.

According to Harris, women in the 1600s had more influence than in the following century...
due to successful reigns by female monarchs such as Queen Elizabeth. The extension of female roles in our society began with involvement by women in Colonial American industries in the 18th century, where women controlled major ship store industries on the East Coast.

Harris emphasized that lack of political freedom kept women from equal status, and advancement was a result of ambition and desire for economic leadership.

During the American frontier expansion, women’s functions such as making clothing and cabin supplies, were considered as important as men’s.

During the Victorian era when the land was considered conquered, women were put on pedestals as status symbols for their husbands, their former roles as providers for frontier families forgotten.

With the attainment of women’s suffrage in 1918, efforts for further advancement relaxed. In World War II, however, women were suddenly required to fill unfamiliar roles when most of the male populace went overseas. In spite of unexpectedly good performances in jobs like shipwork and riveting, traditional women’s roles were reinforced when the men returned for their jobs.

It wasn’t until the 1960’s that the Women’s Liberation movement emerged and began fighting restrictive stereotypes. The present status of the movement can best be judged in light of the Equal Rights Amendment, which is just three states short of ratification, Harris said.

He added that the nature of American culture has led to conflicting values among women which wouldn’t be found in other cultures.

“In Arab cultures men and women have different values and are fairly happy with their roles,” he said. “In our system, however, we co-educate both men and women to pursue the success ethic, yet provide adequate opportunities only for men.”

Harris said the Iroquois Indian nation was a culturally unique society which contradicts even contemporary notions of normal sex roles.

In this culture, which existed just before the Revolutionary War, the women made most of the decisions affecting the tribe since the men were usually away hunting or fighting wars.

Sexual amalgamation is a tendency influenced by many movements. Several are visible here on campus.

Kim Mathisen is a sophomore psychology major and member of the Union of Sexual Minorities Center. She said gays have been more responsible for the breakdown of sexual stereotypes than heterosexuals, and the effect has been more sexual equality for everyone.

Lesbians and gay men were among the first to realize the implications of sex roles,” she said.

Mathisen said many lesbians have joined the feminist movement to study and fight stereotypes.

She said rather than finding a lot of usual depictions of heterosexuals, such as the “drag queen” or “butch dike,” it’s a lot more common to observe gays whose characteristics don’t identify them as homosexuals.

Mathisen said while both male and female gays have contributed to the stereotype breakdown, she distinguishes between the two groups since lesbians have been denied more attention and benefits than gay men.

“They (gay males) are still part of the male economic power base in jobs and institutions which reinforces old sex role stereotypes,” she said. “Gay men have always had the options of other men while lesbians are restricted to less supportive careers because they’re women.”

The Women’s Center exists to help all women. Member Jane Davis said even with new opportunities emerging, women still have to prove themselves more than men.

“We’re 51 percent of the population but we’re still a minority in the way we’re treated,” she said. “Because of the old stereotypes we still have to compete harder in school and the job market.”

The Men’s Resource Center was organized fall quarter. Member Daryl Gunderson said its purpose is to respond to men who desire a more “sensitive lifestyle.”

“Men today are denied a chance to be in touch with themselves and others,” he said, “therefore many want to get rid of the macho image society enforces.”

“There is a lot of feminism among men,” he said. “It doesn’t necessarily involve the gay movement, it just indicates more appreciation for feminine aspects of men.”

So this is where we’re at. Women’s lib, gay lib, and now men’s lib. What next? It’s hard to say, but if anyone who opposed women’s suffrage is still alive, I’m sure they’ll agree that anything’s possible.
You'll probably get mugged, beaten up and thrown across the street," my mother protested when she learned of my plans to hitchhike to San Francisco.

But my mind was made up. Instead of spending my well earned spring vacation at home in Seattle, I was determined to take to the road, via the thumb.

For some time the idea of hitchhiking down the West Coast had been firmly implanted in my brain. Perhaps it is the thrill of not knowing from where your next ride is coming. Perhaps it was the sense of adventure instilled by reading Jack Kerouac’s novels. Perhaps it was the fact that I had no car and was much too poor to consider the bus.

But, for whatever reason, San Francisco was the goal and my thumb was the means of transportation.

As with any excursionist setting out for travel, the hitchhiker must be well prepared. And I was resolved to be among the best prepared.

My first consideration was baggage. Realizing I might be forced to accept rides in the tightest of quarters, traveling light was a priority. So it was with great care that I picked out the essential supplies. A couple of shirts, a few changes of underwear, a toothbrush, my harmonica and for inspiration, a copy of "On the Road."

Next I had to determine the quickest, most traveled and direct route. After long deliberation over a map, I decided that Interstate 5 south to Sacramento, then Interstate 80 east to San Francisco would be my best bet.

My final and perhaps most important consideration was a sign. Drivers will be more apt to pick up a hitchhiker with a designated goal, I figured, yet a sign asking for a lift directly to San Francisco might be pushing it. So, after much thought and contemplation, I carefully penned "San Francisco or south" across a large piece of cardboard. This way, I figured, drivers would have the option of taking me all the way to the city or to any strategic point enroute.

And so with supplies in
backpack, destination in mind and sign in hand, I was prepared to set out.
The next morning I got up at the crack of dawn, showered, grabbed my equipment and headed for the door.
"For God's sake, please be careful," screamed my mother as I made my exit.
"Don't worry, I will," I answered.
"And don't accept any rides from strangers."
Typical logic from a mother.
My first ride proved simple enough. As I was heading down the street, a neighbor was pulling out of his driveway. Before I could display my sign, he pulled over.
"Hop in," said the driver.
"No, I thought to myself. I'm in the back of a convertible. Holy hell! My first ride!
I raced toward the car. What a deal I thought.
My companion seemed peculiarly quiet.
"Thanks, I said in hopes of sparking some conversation.
"Yeah," I replied.
"Yeah, Olympia will be fine," I said.
"Are you guys from Olympia?"
Still no reply.
"When I was in second grade my teacher brought my class to Olympia," I continued. "She took us to the capital to see the Legislature. It was a real good trip."
"Oh," the driver finally muttered.
"Boy, there guys were great conversationists. I couldn't get a word in edgewise.
"Yeah, Olympia will be fine," I mumbled to myself, not wishing to disturb the trance of the zombie.
I stretched out across the back seat and propped my head up against my pack. As the wind gently blew across my face, I was slowly lulled into sleep.
At first it came on like a quiet moan, almost a hum. Must be the radio, I thought, and I went back to sleep.
But the moan grew louder and seemed to turn into some kind of chant. Pretty soon I could start picking out words. "The time has come. Take us, oh Beelzebub."
Deciding this sounded a tad bit strange, I cautiously opened one eye.
In the passenger seat sat the companion. With a dagger in hand, he rhythmically jabbed at his stomach, being careful though not to actually stab himself. The driver, while chanting, would occasionally hit the accelerator for emphasis.
"Oh, take us Satan, we are evil, we are wicked, take us."
My god, these guys were devil worshipers, and I was stuck in the back seat of their car somewhere on I-5! The chanting continued.
"Take us Satan, we are evil, take us."
Take them, but please leave me out of this, I thought as I even more cautiously closed my eye.

"S"an Francisco or south," I replied, pointing to my sign.
"Well, I can probably get you as far as the freeway entrance."
"Thanks," I said, climbing into the car.
"Hitchhiking to San Francisco?" my neighbor asked.
No, I thought to myself. I'm just carrying this sign in case I get tired of walking.
"Well, I can't take you far, but I'm sure a ride to the freeway will be a help, and I won't even charge you for gas."
Why didn't I call a cab? Out loud I said, "Thanks."
"Well, here ya go," my neighbor said as we neared the freeway entrance. "And be sure to look both ways before you cross the street."
This guy's been hanging out with my mother I thought.
"Thanks again," I said out loud.
God, I thought, if this is any indication of what I'm in for maybe I should turn around while I still can. But no, my mind was made up and I headed for the freeway entrance.
"Oh, the anticipation of that first real ride. Squarely planted in front of the "No hitchhiking beyond this point" sign, with cardboard sign in hand, I waited.
Cars went by and I waited. People ignored me and I waited. Assholes flipped me off and I waited. An hour went by and I hadn't moved an inch. Maybe Seattle wouldn't be such a bad place to spend my spring break, I thought, as cars continued to go by.
When just about all hope was gone and I was preparing to walk home, I heard a honking. Off in the distance, pulled over to the side, was a bright red convertible. Holy hell! My first ride!
Running like a track man who had just heard the gun, I raced toward the car. What a score, I thought, as I envisioned myself cruising to San Francisco in the convertible.
As I neared the car I was able to make out the occupants. In the driver's seat sat a short, pudgy fellow with a flattop crew cut. Next to him was his sole companion. Dressed in a bright blue leisure suit, the companion stared straight ahead, never taking his eyes from the road.
"Hop in," said the driver when I reached the car.

I threw my pack in the back and jumped in.
"We're heading to Olympia," the driver said as he eased the car back on the road. "Is that OK?"
"Yeah, great," I replied.
Hell, what is this guy doing, asking me for permission?
As we headed down the road the sun began to break out. What a deal I thought. I'm in the back of a convertible, the sun is shining and I'm on my way to San Francisco.
My driver and his companion seemed particularly quiet.

As I feigned sleep, I prepared myself for the end.
As I feigned sleep, I prepared myself for the end. What a way to go, taken by devil worshippers and I hadn’t even gotten out of Washington. Why didn’t I listen to my mother?

I kept my eyes shut. The chanting gradually slowed down. I prayed. The chanting ceased.

Not wishing to see the aftermath, I kept eyes tightly shut. Time passed and the silence continued.

What seemed like eons later, the car slowed down. “Here’s Olympia,” said the voice.

I opened my eyes. I was still alive and so were the two devil worshippers. The dagger was gone and the ceremony appeared to be over. Apparently the devil had decided not to take anybody.

“Thanks for the ride,” I said leaping from the car.

“Sure, anytime,” came the reply.

No thanks, I thought. Once in a lifetime is enough.

The car sped off and there I stood, for better or for worse, in Olympia.

Off in the distance I could see the glowing dome of the capital. I hadn’t been in Olympia since that trip in second grade. Thinking back, I remembered what a good trip it had been.

I looked at the freeway entrance. There stood the "Hitchhiking prohibited beyond this point" sign. Visions of devil worshippers and long daggers danced through my head.

I wondered if the Legislature would be in session as I ripped up my sign and headed for the capital.

Editor's note: Later that day, Bruce reconsidered his earlier decision and figured San Francisco would still be a nice place to spend the break. Besides, the Legislature wasn’t in session.
“Good night Norm.”