President Ross: Western's 10th

Just another friday night

Seymour Hersh pursuing truth
Lifestyle for some is a matter of deliberate choice and conscious decision. Others drift into life without giving it much thought. Many don't have the luxury of choice. After all, you can't eat lifestyle.

The economy has created its own effect on our lifestyles. The food bank helps the poor, old and new, to make it through the week. Second-hand becomes not only a sensible clothing purchase, but a way of life.

Some of us have chosen to live with a mate, with or without children. Others live in communal, cooperative homes, creating families unrelated by blood. Some are single parents, by choice or not, carrying that extra burden of supplying our children with a good lifestyle without another's help. And, there are those of us who live on our own.

Whether living in the country with a garden and livestock or dwelling in a city apartment with a cat, your lifestyle is what you make it. —Ed.
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Klipsun is a Lummi Indian word meaning “beautiful sunset.”
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President G. Robert Ross relaxes in the quiet hours of the morning at home. Below: Ross offers his wife Betty one of the more comfortable seats in the house. She says he is a typical Leo, strong and generous.

Western's 10th president at first may seem imposing. At 6-foot-2 he carries his broad shoulders and voluminous chest and stomach easily. He stands erect and moves deliberately.

His slow Texan drawl is gracious but direct. He smiles easily but his warm chuckle is hard won.

At 54, G. Robert Ross has weathered controversy and personal tragedy. The former chancellor of the University of Arkansas at Little Rock has climbed the administrative ladder easily. But he has also seen how quickly a man's reputation can be scarred.

In his spaciously furnished office in Old Main, this balding fisherman and chili-chef tells about his childhood, his climb to the chancellorship at Little Rock and the controversy that surrounded his departure in 1982.

On the right of the large oak desk a fisherman snags a salmon on the cover of a book. Newsletters and minutes from university meetings litter the desk pad.

A handsome leather briefcase sits behind the large chair. Beside the phone rests a worn American College Dictionary and the Directory of
Former Students of Texas A & M University.

Dressed in a gray suit that hangs a little low at his thick waist, Ross sits two chairs away and bends over to pull up his dark socks.

In his articulate drawl he tells about being born in Kerens, Texas. Before he was one year old his family moved to Bryan, Texas, the home of Texas Agriculture and Mechanical University.

His father, Henry Ross, quit school before completing elementary school because he had to help with the family farm. He spent the hours after work, however, reading and was able to pass the entrance examination for college without ever attending high school. After graduation he became a professor of agriculture at the university.

"Dad taught more by example," Ross said. "He had very high expectations, but he didn't talk about them."

Ross rubs a callous on his finger as the talk moves to his educational background. He earned his bachelor's degree in agricultural economics and his master's degree in sociology at Texas A & M.

He went on to get his doctorate in psychology and education at the University of Denver. Before leaving Denver he climbed to associate dean of students.

At age 30, Ross went to Ball State in Indiana to be dean of students for three years. His next move took him to the University of Nebraska at Lincoln where he climbed from professor to vice-chancellor of student affairs.

Before his 11 years were over in Lincoln, he was appointed vice-president of the entire university system, which encompassed three institutions including Lincoln. His success, however, was marred by the loss of his wife, Billye, in 1966 to cancer.

In 1968 he married Betty, the woman who now shares Western's presidential home with him.

The couple moved to Bellingham in January. Ross started work the second week of the month. Ten years earlier he had been moving into his new office in Little Rock as chancellor.

From the beginning of his term at Little Rock, Ross was labeled a student advocate.

"The learner in the learning process has a lot to say about his education," Ross said.

His reputation of supporting students would later place the Little Rock campus in an uproar in 1981 when rumors began circulating about Ross being asked to leave his post.

In 1979 a professor from Arkansas Fayetteville, the biggest university in the state, was appointed president of the state university system. Ross also had been a candidate for the prestigious position.

The new president, James Martin, immediately after taking office asked for the resignation of four of the system's vice-presidents. A few months later he asked Ross to resign.

"He told me he would help me find something else," Ross said. Before Ross had officially decided to resign, Martin went to the Board of Trustees and announced Ross would be resigning.

That was the beginning of several months of statewide publicity and local protest.

Students started holding rallies, and the local board asked for an explanation.

Articles began appearing on the front page of newspapers almost daily. Cartoons covered the editorial pages. The television stations also jumped on the growing controversy.

As the media bore down on Martin, he made things worse by trying to come up with reasons for his request for Ross' resignation.

"It was reason enough, as far as I'm concerned, just for him to say he wanted someone else," Ross said.

The Chronicle of Higher Education sent a reporter down to cover the rallies and allegations of mis-performance by Ross.

Ross said the reasons that finally came out were technical concerning building contracts. "They were legitimate reasons for concern," he said, but not reasons to attack his reputation.

"It just kind of snowballed. It left clouds over me and my administr-
PRESIDENT ROSS

holds a cigarette in her left hand.

How would she describe Glenn Robert Ross?
The eyes of Western's first lady smile as she looks his way. "He's very gentle and kind. He's a strong person. He's not gossipy. He seems to always find the good in people."

Her nose wrinkles with her smile as she watches for his reaction. He grins.

What bothers her about him? "His deliberation." He has to think about everything first and won't act until he has thought it out, she says, adding quickly that is good but sometimes makes her impatient.

"Bob is a typical Leo," Betty said. "He's strong and generous."

Ross sits drinking his morning coffee by the window. He ponders the question. She laughs. "See what I mean."

Ross' description of his wife includes her physical activity, her enjoyment of solitude and privacy, her friendliness and her love of reading anything and everything. "She enjoys visitin' with people," he concludes.

Ross moves his weight in the chair and says after much thought, "No, I don't know of anything about her that bothers me."

An avid tennis player, Ross also enjoys fishing and reading mystery books. "I kind of read indiscriminately." But cooking is his real escape.

When he has a bad day he doesn't say anything, he just goes into the kitchen and starts cooking, Betty said.

The couple said they love the outdoors and have many outings planned for the Pacific Northwest.

The times are good now, they both agree, compared to the long winter of 1981. Outside their window a cherry tree blooms.

"It's been blooming ever since we got here," says Betty, looking out the window.

Ross pats his leg with a big grin. His wife hesitates, then sits down on her husband's knee. The tall Texan quips a remark about not being able to hold the 5-foot-2 lady and drops his knee a couple inches. When she jolts, laughter flows from Western's 10th president.

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**CHILI ala ROSS**

BY SCOTT FISK

In the kitchen or at Board of Trustees meetings, President G. Robert Ross apparently likes to cook up things with that traditional southern flavor, nice and hot.

Cooking helps him relax and takes his mind off of things, he says, which can be considered an essential attribute for someone in his position to have. His culinary skills, which won an Arkansas chili cook-off, developed gradually from his interest in eating. A logical progression of interests, indeed.

In Texas, he was raised on his mother and father's southern cooking, including various spicy dishes.

Even now, he likes traditional soul food, such as black-eyed peas, turnip greens, mustard greens, hot-water corn bread and fried chicken.

But he's known best for his chili cooking, adapted from the recipe his mother used.

"Chili is a funny thing, it's like making soup, stew or gumbo. You're going to use whatever you find handy, usually leftovers."

For true chili connoisseurs, the debate goes on, Ross says. For instance, rarely are there beans in real honest chili; they're served in a bowl on the side. Another heated debate is whether tomatoes are used in chili. He says he has used both of these ingredients, unless, of course, the chili is bound for a cook-off. Then only the official ingredients are used.

The three traditional things, Ross says, are a lot of onions, chili powder of some sort and meat. Other than those, it's left up to the discretion of the chef.

"You're supposed to use beer, too, but not everyone does that," Ross said. "I've even cooked chili with tequila. It was pretty good."

Here's President Ross' cook-off winning chili recipe for those who want to add a little down home taste to their cooking files:

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**ROSS' CHILI**

1½ lbs. stew meat, cut into ¼” cubes
3 Tbs. oil
1 green bell pepper, seeded & diced
1 large onion, chopped
1 tsp. celery seed
1 can beer
½ can beef broth
2 - 7-oz. cans green chili salsa
4 Tbs. chili powder
½ tsp. cumin powder
¼ tsp. oregano

In heavy pot, brown beef in oil, add vegetables and cook until tender. Add beer, broth, chili powder and spices. Cook covered, over low heat, stirring occasionally. Remove cover after 2 hours. Continue cooking until chili reaches desired thickness. Variation - Add 2 oz. tequila.

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The line outside the modest yellow house is long and silent. It is reminiscent of another time, when grave, whiskerred men waited for a cup of soup. Except now, recipients are young women with children in tow, men in their late 20s and 30s and elderly people looking as if it takes effort to stand for long stretches.

Graphs, charts and news coverage about the state of the economy show it is floundering. Yet nothing is more graphic than seeing people standing in line for food.

The Bellingham Food Bank is a visual assault demonstrating, despite what you hear, things are worse than that.

No one is questioned about his need for food, said Phoebe Winterbottom, director for the bank. "Anyone who will come down to the food bank and stand in line, they probably deserve the food," she said. "People generally find it, if not humbling, then generally sobering to stand in line." The line, indeed, looks sobering.

One woman, after waiting her turn, came out of the food bank with a heavy orange pack cinched over her shoulders. Stout with wisps of grey hair struggling loose from her bun, she asked that her name not be used. As a retired military personnel, she receives a pension of $444 a month. She said she doesn’t come often to the food bank.

"My electric bill is up this month because we’re cooking beans more. Cooking the old-fashioned way is not like cooking TV dinners," she said, looking out through the tops of her glasses.

Shifting the pack to a more comfortable position, she said she used to do volunteer work for the food bank and feels like a favor is being returned. She theorized that the reason so many “new poor” are emerging is because people were heavily indebted through mortgages and borrowing and depended on their jobs as security. When the economy began to shrink and their jobs went under, people just weren’t able to make it.

"There is a tremendous overhead in just working," she said, and in that respect, it is cheaper not to work.

At a time when social services are being pared down to a minimum at the federal level, the community is stepping in to fill the gap, Winterbottom said. "In the last year, when the economy has been so bad. the public support has been gratifying."

The interior of the food bank reflects the seriousness of the effort being undertaken. The atmosphere is subdued, almost understated. Loaves of day-old or older bread, rolls and buns are piled on shelves. Mounds of potatoes and onions rest in boxes. Tinned goods, such as soups and vegetables, have been sorted and grouped. Outside on the back porch, two volunteers are scrubbing thick, dirty carrots in plastic buckets of hot water.

In the back room boxes of sweet rolls, doughnuts, cookies and cakes are stacked waiting to be taken away. "We don’t give these out," Joyce Lee, distribution coordinator said, gesturing at the piles of sweets. Besides lacking in nutrition she said that people might come to the bank because those accessory food items are unaffordable. The sugared foodstuffs are given to the jails, the Salvation Army and other low-income feeding outlets.

Although the service is a helping one and free, none of the indignity that comes with the connotation of a "handout" is evident.

Each person that comes to the distribution window is quietly asked if they have been to the food bank before. If not, they give their name and the number of people in the household. A card file is kept on each client and people are allowed the use of the food bank once a week.

Other than reminding people who qualify for food stamps to apply for them, people only are asked if they need staples offered regularly in two-cup measures: beans, oatmeal, bread, rice and dried milk.

"Some people have those items at home and don’t need them this particular week," Lee said.
In addition to the basic items that are almost always offered, the bank adds some kind of supplementary protein to the sack of food. Today's special is a tin of tunafish and some mushroom soup—ingredients for a basic casserole.

"I'm glad it's here," said a young man about 28 years old, who asked that his name not be used. He and his roommate had just come out of the bank, each carrying a sack of food. One was a commercial fisherman out of work and the other said he had owned an auto repair shop and was going to open it again.

"We don't use the food bank often," he said, speaking for himself and his roommate, "just when we're down in the hole."

Although most people said they did not frequent the food bank regularly, Winterbottom said the increase from 1982 to 1983 has been considerable—14 percent.

"And that really understates the increase," she said. "We have been referring people to food banks in their areas, Lynden, Ferndale and Blaine."

The food bank is supported solely by donations from individuals, churches, civic groups and businesses and receives no government funding. Except for Winterbottom and Lee, the food bank is staffed by volunteers. The house was donated by the neighboring Unitarian church nine years ago and the church also pays the utility bills. Food is donated in a large part by stores.

Winterbottom said that the grocery stores give a lot of food away that is not saleable, preferring to have it eaten rather than tossed. As well as an alternative to hunger, it is a tax write-off for the stores that donate food, she said.

Lee, who began working at the food bank in May, said she really liked her job. "I just like seeing that people get help." And despite the lengthening lines each week, "We haven't run out of food so far."

The Food Bank of Bellingham, 406 Gladstone St., is open from noon to 3 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
REACHING A TURNING POINT

women are finding an alternative life in college

BY PEGGY McMANUS

When Janice B. was 29, she had been married for 10 years. Her husband refused to let her get a job, go back to school or even do volunteer work at the hospital.

Janice wanted a change. She was tired of the endless days of house cleaning and afternoon soap operas. She was sick of feeling useless. So Janice formed a plan. And when the time was right, she packed up her belongings and left. She was going back to school.

Carly W. heard the news of her husband’s death from a complete stranger. When the shock and misery lifted enough for her to realize her uncertain future, she was terrified. Carly had two children to support and she hadn’t had a job since her car-hop days in high school.

Determined to hold her fatherless family together, Carly sold her house in Pasco, packed the children into the station wagon, and headed for Bellingham, where she could get into school.

Debbie K. is 46 years old. She was 41 when she realized her husband was having an affair. She was 45 when he told her he wanted a divorce.

Debbie’s life has changed a lot in the past year. She got the divorce, joined a divorce recovery group and decided that she wanted to go back to school. She enrolled for winter quarter at Western.

Women return to school for many reasons. The stories of Debbie, Carly and Janice illustrate only a portion of Western’s returning students. Not every student’s reason for coming to college is as traumatic.

The majority of the staff, students and faculty members interviewed agreed that a woman returns to school for one or more of these reasons: To fulfill a need to learn more about the world; she has been divorced and wants to achieve a professional means of supporting herself and her children; she is widowed (with or without children); or she wishes to begin or change careers.

A quarter of Western’s students are returning to college after time away. Student Life, a resource and referral program; the Associated Students (AS) program STRATA (Students Returning After Time Away); the AS Co-op Day Care and the Counseling Center are some of the resources available to returning students.

Leaders of these student services talk about returning women students with zest.

Liz Partolan of Student Life said, “They seem to be goal-oriented. They know exactly what they’re here for and they’re not going to waste any time getting that degree so they can get a job.”

STRATA coordinator Marie Coesens, agreed, “They’re not here to play around.”

Coesens is a returning student. Looking back over the time she’s been at Western, she said that for the first two years, she couldn’t even imagine skipping a class.

“You handle it [school] more like a job,” she said.

Employment is a problem for many returning women. Some get work-study jobs, but there aren’t enough to go around. Others take off-campus jobs, which can mean having awkward hours, resulting in little time to spend with family or studies.

Time management is the number-one problem for returning women students, especially those with children. Coesens said, “When you are a single parent, you have the problem of securing a stable living environment, you have that little body to consider all the time.”

Many returning students rely on aid to finance their schooling. The more tuition increases, the more competition there is for financial aid, and the fewer women go back to school.

“It’s just going to get too expensive,” Coesens said.

When Carly arrived for her first quarter of college, it wasn’t so much the problem of money as it was of day care. Who would care for her children while she was in class? Then Carly learned that Western sponsored a co-op day care center. She enrolled her children.

Co-op coordinator Larry Macmillan said he thinks it’s a big asset to have returning students in contact with the younger students. “They bring reality to the classroom. I think they are more apt to challenge ideas, which is real healthy for the rest of the students.”

Half of the 32 households using the day care center are single-parent families, according to Macmillan’s last quarterly report.

Today, Carly is well into her third year of college, majoring in marketing. Debbie is a senior with an art history major, and Janice is a sophomore, still working on the general requirements, but hoping to get a degree in geology.

It can’t be said these women have solved all their problems by returning to school. But they are on their way to building a better future for themselves and their families.
Seymour Hersh; the brash Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, formerly of the New York Times, is strangely quiet as he watches two people play a lazy game of tennis on the courts just south of Parks Hall.

He's only played tennis for two years but he is an avid disciple of the game. As he stands there in his two-piece suit and knee-length top coat, his slim, middle-aged body silhouetted against the dull Bellingham sunset, he looks as though he's trying to convince himself that he really doesn't want to play.

But he can't squelch the urge. He looks down at the feet of the student beside him. He looks as though he wants to know what size his tennis shoes are. He looks away and his forehead furrows a bit. He asks if anyone can get him a racquet.

Since they can't, he resigns himself to the role of observer. "C'mon," he says in his pinched Chicago accent, "Keep your left shoulder down."

Hersh's job is to observe and be critical of what he sees; that trait has become his life.

After Watergate was exposed by the press, establishing the reputation of Washington Post reporters Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward, journalism schools around the

Hersh documented the My Lai massacre, which won him the Pulitzer prize in 1970.

"In order to be a journalist, you have to want to know."

Hersh's job is to observe and be critical of what he sees; a trait that has become his life.
country were swamped. Many of those students approached journalism quixotically. Bernstein and Woodward struck them as the epitome of the journalist's journalist: gritty, dedicated, street-wise.

But the credits of Seymour Hersh make the two Watergate reporters look like mere dilettantes in journalism. During his 22 years in the newspaper business, Hersh brought the following issues to the front pages of papers across the nation:

He documented the My Lai Massacre, which won him the Pulitzer Prize for investigative reporting in 1970.

Hersh uncovered CIA domestic spying in America. During the late 1960s and early '70s, he discovered the CIA was conducting a widespread campaign to discredit the anti-war movement and that the campaign had the direct approval of Richard Nixon. The CIA is prohibited in its charter to operate inside the United States.

Hersh documented the fact that the United States had been secretly bombing Cambodia for 16 months during 1969 and 1970. During those 16 months, Congress and the American public were unaware of the bombing. The defense department estimated 110,000 tons of bombs were dropped on Cambodia and the cover-up of the operation could be traced all the way to Henry Kissinger and Nixon.

He was the New York Times investigative reporter for Watergate. Hersh just finished a book about Henry Kissinger, presenting evidence that strongly indicates CIA involvement in the overthrow of Chilean President Salvador Allende Gossens.

And the same curiosity that penetrated the jungle-like foliage surrounding those stories is at work as Hersh walks through Western's campus.

He wants to know about Fairhaven. He wants to know about Huxley. He wants to know how much snow Bellingham gets each winter. He wants to know how Western compares to Washington State University. He wants to know if Western students drink a lot.

"In order to be a journalist," Hersh said earlier in the day, "you have to want to know." It's a belief that was sharpened early in his career.

"One day the editor in Chicago told me there was a manhole fire and to get the story. You know, a manhole fire isn't even news in a small town. So I go out there and get the facts, show them to the editor and he's got still more questions. I spend more time on the story. Finally I give it to the editor and he takes it in his hands and tears it in half."

Hersh has coupled his desire to know with an almost ruthless pursuit of the facts.

One of his early jobs as a reporter in Chicago was to cover the suicide beat. He spoke of one incident where the editor pushed him to uncover the most rudimentary, routine details about the victim.

After he had talked to the police department a number of times, he showed the story to his editor, who asked him, "What color was his tie?"

Hersh returned to the police department and asked the captain in charge what color the victim's tie was. After discovering it had red and blue stripes, he went back to his editor. The editor had one more question.

"Was he drinking?"

"So I went back to the police and asked the captain whether the guy had been drinking. He tells me to go see the lieutenant."

The lieutenant is Frank Pap, a large, acned-faced man who has the reputation of being the most ruthless member of the already mean Chicago police department.

"I go into Pap's office and ask him if the guy had been drinking. He gets up, grabs the front of my shirt, and pushes me against the wall and says, 'Do you think I smell the breath of every stiff that comes into the jailhouse?'"

"People ask me if I get intimidated by interviewing people like Kissinger, but I tell 'em nobody is as tough as Frank Pap."

Perhaps the real key to his success is his insatiable curiosity hasn't been tempered by our culture's standards of propriety.

When he walked into Arntzen Hall 100 during his visit in February, he spotted a young man in a wheelchair and unhesitantly sat down next to him and asked, "Why are you in that wheelchair?"

The man was taken aback. He looked at Hersh, trying to discover his motive, but reading Hersh in matters such as these is difficult. His expression remains the same whether he's asking the most pedestrian question or a more delicate one.

After an awful, very pregnant silence, the man answered Hersh. They continued to talk for 10 more minutes.

Later in the evening, he asks a man about his battle with cancer. His seeming lack of taste makes the people listening shift in their seats, uncomfortable at seeing the man's disease exposed.

And he's extremely intolerant of those who don't seem capable of adding to his body of knowledge. He sizes up these people quickly and adopts a flippancy indigenous to incredibly bright teenagers.

But Hersh's rather disconcerting social manner shows that he takes his work home with him. His desire to incessantly probe and judge is the most basic element in his reporting — and his life.

"You have to want to know."
Don't be paranoid if you feel you're being watched the next time you patronize your local grocery store. Chances are that was a pair of eyes you saw behind the cottage cheese in the dairy case.

"We usually hide behind magazine racks, on the other side of coolers and behind two-way mirrors above the aisles when we're not out in the store itself," explained Robin of Pacific Process, a private investigations firm in Bellingham.

Robin and his partner Greg asked that their last names or likenesses not be used because of the secretive nature of their work.

They formed Pacific Process about a year and a half ago to patrol local stores such as Cost Cutter, Mark-and-Pak and Hayden's Thriftway for shoplifters.

They currently employ three part-time employees to help fight this ever-present problem.

"It's something that's always been there. There has been a little increase along with the high unemployment trend, but not much," Greg said. "We have had shoplifters from age 8 to 80, with plenty of money in their pockets to buy the items they stole."

According to recent statistics, most prices are an average of 10 cents higher per item as a result of shoplifting. This adds up to $2 to $3 billion annually.

The majority of people arrested for theft in Bellingham are shoplifters. Last December, Bellingham police made 123 arrests for theft, 87 of which were shoplifters. In January, 55 people were arrested for shoplifting.

Small items such as cigarettes, vitamins and drugs are the most popular, according to Greg, although they have caught people stealing things as large as a case of beer.

"People steal for different reasons. Teenagers do it on a dare and older people do it because of lack of memory. But, basically most people do it because they think they can get away with it," Greg said.

"The things people will do for a lousy pack of cigarettes," commented Robin.

The shoplifter risks being fined up to $400 and getting a criminal record for an act that is often nothing more than an impulse. Stores also keep lists of shoplifters and will not let past offenders in the store. Employers are also hesitant about hiring shoplifters.

"The store employees are very helpful to us when we make an arrest. They call the police for us and we can use them for witnesses if we have to," Robin said. "But we only arrest someone when we know it's a sure thing."

Professional shoplifters pose the most difficulty for someone trying to catch them, according to Greg. They have special compartments in their clothes to hide things and they have all their moves planned out before they get in the store.

They often work in pairs. One person steals the item and then transfers it to the other in order to confuse any potential arrest attempt.

"We had one guy who would come in and steal kids' clothes from a store and then return them several days later for money back refunds," Robin said.

"The average shoplifter gives himself away by the way he acts. They're always looking around to
make sure they don’t get caught,” Greg said.

Most people accept the fact they are being arrested for shoplifting and don’t cause problems during the arrest procedure, but there are exceptions.

“Some people are nuts. I had one guy steal a pair of gloves from a store and when I confronted him, he pulled a gun on me,” Robin said. “I let him go.”

Greg and Robin, like their employees, carry nothing to defend themselves with other than a pair of handcuffs. They will use physical force if the situation necessitates it.

“If you’re an asshole to me, then I’m going to be one too,” Greg said.

Despite the negative aspects of their work, both men say they enjoy their work and find it interesting.

“I’m pretty good at spotting people, but Mary Lee is our real star. She sometimes makes three arrests a day,” Greg said, referring to one of Pacific Process’s part-time employees.

Mary Lee has been with the firm since September 1982.

“I’ve always been interested in law enforcement and this job is a good way for me to be involved in a field I enjoy,” Mary Lee said.

When she works a store she becomes totally involved in the people and what’s going on around her.

“I use disguises from time to time. I’ve dressed as a pregnant woman, a sloppy housewife and a student in a sweat suit and sneakers. I try to dress for the crowd that is in the particular store I’m working,” she said.

When Mary Lee is not working in the aisles, she is looking through those two-way mirrors nobody seems to notice. Sometimes it can mean long hours of waiting on cramped catwalks looking for something to happen.

“Everybody’s mind wanders from time to time. I do exercises on the catwalk or go out and walk around in front of the store. Anything to pass the time,” Mary Lee said.

She has had her share of excitement on the job too. “One time there was a mentally disturbed guy running loose in a store and when I tried to catch him he kicked me in the head and chest and ran off. We caught him later,” she said triumphantly.

Robin, Greg and Mary Lee all said they don’t feel sorry for most of the people they arrest, because most have no real reason for stealing.

“The local mission serves a hot meal every day and there are food banks,” Mary Lee said. “Most people who steal have money in their pockets.”

“I can’t give any specific figures on how effective we have been on crime in the Bellingham area, but without control on this type of crime, things would be ridiculous,” Greg said.

So the next time you’re in your favorite store, give one of those funny mirrors up on the wall a wave. You can’t see them but they’re watching every move you make.
Adorned by a stuffed, hard-hatted deer whose mouth has sloppily been sewn together, the tiny office hardly resembles a room in which a typical college professor might sequester himself.

But then, few things about Bob Urso merit use of the word "typical."

A commercial designer and art professor in his 14th year of teaching at Western, Urso does not embody the image of an artist consumed by a passion for art since childhood. He did not even dabble in the field until high school.

"I remember passing a bookstore on the way to school and seeing a Picasso book and falling in love with it," Urso said. Shortly thereafter he started painting.

Urso did not pursue his newfound love in college, but chose instead to major in political science. He switched disciplines in his junior year, at first majoring in fine arts and later becoming more

Bob Urso's cartoon, "Mayor Mudge," the life of a woman mayor and her househusband, was syndicated in 21 cities.
interested in sculpture.

Interrupted by a stint in the Army, he returned to civilian life only to find no teaching positions available.

Armed with a master's degree from the University of Notre Dame in Indiana, Urso turned to what he smilingly referred to as "yellow design" (akin to "yellow," or sensationalist, journalism). The New York native worked as an art director for such magazines as Screen Stars, Movie World, and yes, True Confessions.

Living in Bellingham did not stop Urso from participating in the exciting goings-on of the big city. After a writer friend got him interested in television scripts, Urso authored one episode of "The Bionic Woman," a superwoman series starring Lindsay Wagner, and an episode of the television movie "From Here to Eternity."

"It was very difficult writing from up here," he said but emphasized he would not live in Hollywood. "It's a terrible place," he exclaimed with a laugh, followed by an explanation that he was "too busy with other things."

Busy, indeed. Among other projects, Urso designed and built his own home as well as one other.

"It's the only way teachers can afford a nice house," he chuckled as he described the modern structure which sports "lots of cedar" and a passive-solar heating system.

The man with black hair shot with silver and an easy-going manner also has designed on a smaller scale, using one of his favorite kinds of art: cartoons.

Urso experimented with cartooning in his "Mayor Mudge" comic strip. Focusing on a woman politician, it ran for less than a year before it "died last December (1981)," Urso said.

He expressed mixed feelings about the syndicated strip, which ran in 21 papers in cities including Chicago and St. Louis. "It's a grind to do it every day," he said, but brightened as he spoke of the positive side of cartooning on a regular basis. "Having a vehicle where you can express yourself is nice."

If a future strip should surface, "it would be a silly strip, like 'Herman' (by Jim Unger), using very visual humor," Urso said, his friendly smile widening. "I tend to be more absurd, for example, than Garry Trudeau (creator of 'Doonesbury') whose writing is very sophisticated."

Since the demise of "Mayor Mudge," Urso has bounced over to a new enterprise: the rubber stamp business.

He started the "Namz Rubber Stamp Company" last Christmas break after designing 98 names and now has almost 200. The name stamps sell in 12 stores from Alaska to Florida, including three stores in Washington. Urso also makes picture stamps and sells them through his mail order catalog, as well as advertising in art magazines.

The most popular picture stamps are those of musician Elvis Costello and the late actress Marilyn Monroe, Urso noted as he sipped steaming coffee from a Thermos cup. "John" is the biggest selling male name stamp, while "Jennifer" is number one for females. Urso also sells three presidential picture stamps, which are the likenesses of Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford. As might be expected, the Nixon stamp is the most popular.

Although running a rubber stamp business may seem an appropriate activity for an "arty" person, Urso explained that he has another motive for his efforts.

"The rubber stamp company is a way to pay for my (home) computer," he said. Partly because of his strong interest in computers, Urso said he spent last quarter on leave learning the computer language BASIC, as well as doing graphics work.

Urso, the computer buff, is also Urso, the teacher. In addition to lettering, design, graphics and cartooning, he has taught basic and figure drawing.

While most professors teach a concept or skill, Urso must teach students the ability to design or draw, the ability to "see."

"Some students have the natural feel for it," Urso said, "but those who don't must develop the ability to recognize which is a better design."

In that case, the old learn-by-doing method is what Urso chooses. "I try to get students to do enough designs to make a choice," he said. "If they do enough they'll be able to make the right choice."

Urso himself seems to have a knack for making the right choices, choices that have led him in many successful directions. The philosophy behind the success is simple, he said.

"The reason I'm successful is that I'm not afraid to fail," he asserted, leaning back in his chair and inhaling deeply on a freshly lit cigarette.

Indeed, Urso's predictions about the future indicate that absence of fear. Urso said he would quit teaching if he found something else that interested him more. "I'll always be able to make a living," the thick-mustachioed Urso said confidently.

Nor does he appear terribly concerned about the amount of money that will accompany a particular style of living. "You shouldn't have anything that you can't afford to have burned up," Urso said, his dark eyes twinkling behind his glasses.

"People get so attached to possessions," he noted, another smile spreading across his face. "I have a nice house, but if it burns down I'd move into a small apartment."

And surely he would be just as comfortable there as he is in his cozy office, perched above the painting studio in Western's Art Technology building, ready to move in a new direction should the opportunity arise.
Some writers find their haven along the surf-pounded beaches of Cape Cod, others wing to Marseille or Barcelona to work under red-tiled roofs and gaze wistfully at the blue Mediterranean. Others still, trace the footpath to Walden Pond.

For Bruce Brown, author of "Mountain in the Clouds—A Search for the Wild Salmon," Sumas, Wash., a tiny rural dairy town in the Fraser River Valley, will do just fine.

Surrounded by five acres of green pasture, tall trees and silence, Brown and his wife, Lane Morgan, live frugally, but contented in a two-story white farm house once owned by Brown's grandfather.

Both Brown and Morgan are in their early 30s. Both are carrying out the family tradition of being pub-
lished authors. Both too, are recent transplants from Seattle, still learning how to best work the soil and the silence to suit their daily needs.

Uprooting wasn’t easy. Brown admits, after he quit his job with the Seattle Post-Intelligencer (P-I), it was go-for-broke if he hoped to publish a book. Morgan worked part-time at the Lynden Tribune to provide a steady, although small, income.

“When I thought of coming to Sumas to live,” Brown says, “I had hoped I would alter my lifestyle. I wanted to be able to focus as fully as was necessary to make it all work.

“Sumas is the kind of place where you can really find that degree of privacy. For instance, if I am writing a story or completing part of a book that has to be done under a deadline crunch, I can hole up here for three or four days...or as long as it takes. Nobody is going to care one way or another.”

Brown speaks carefully, as if he is always remembering, with a half-conscious thought, that words possess some kind of unfathomable power. His toffee-colored bangs and mustache are cut in a blunt curve. His beard conceals an often serious expression.

Brown grew up in Seattle, in a literary family. His father Malcolm is a professor of English at the University of Washington (UW). In 1968, Brown graduated from Lakeside High School.

Brown attended Oberlin College and the UW on a scholarship. He didn’t pursue a degree, but dropped out to begin an advertising agency. He was hired as a writer for the (Seattle) Argus, a political journal, where he met Lane Morgan.

In 1977, he went to work for the P-I. One year later he wrote a series for the P-I about the issues involving wild salmon. A short time later he moved to Sumas and began working on a book about salmon. Brown writes in chapter seven:

“At the bend in the river where you can first see the boiling white wall of the Salmon Cascades...there were three dozen salmon...waiting for the moment when they would lengthen like a wire under tension, and make their run at the wall. The salmon were invisible...until they leapt from the exploding upwell at the foot of the cascades. Silhouetted against the blinding torrent, they appeared cool gray with an iridescent pink stripe on their sides.”

Similar to the mountain and rivers he documents, his book is an Olympic project. During the course of three years, Brown traced, by helicopter, skiff, kayak and foot, the wild salmon runs in each of the major rivers on the Olympic Peninsula. He sifted carefully through yellowed documents and news clippings in the Capitol’s archives. He wrote, ultimately, the first comprehensive study of how and why the Northwest’s great wild salmon runs were destroyed.

As far as one can tell, the book has been a success. Since Simon and Schuster published “Mountain in the Clouds” in August 1982 (they had formerly rejected it, until a second editor picked the manuscript up and liked it) responses have been favorable.

The New York Times called it “a model of ecological history.” The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner launched into greater depth, saying, “Brown’s book will take an honored place in the tradition of John McPhee’s fine work, Rachel Carson’s pointed observations...”

On the local front, Dee Robinson, of Village Books, says, “Brown’s book may be our number-one nonfiction, hard-cover best-seller for fall.” She attributes the large number of sales to the area’s large concentration of environmentally conscious individuals.

This surprises Brown, who recalls the “big time heat” generated by his first series of salmon articles. Five years ago the Washington State Department of Fisheries, loggers, and several large corporations were the first to speak out against the articles.

“I had expected the froth and ferment to continue,” says Brown, with a soft shrug of his shoulders. “I had expected the white fishermen, especially ocean sport fishermen, to say, ‘this is a crock.’”

Instead, Brown has been invited to be the guest speaker at several local fishermen meetings. On these occasions, he usually takes an arm-load of his book along. More often than not, he returns home holding the names and addresses of the people who want to special order copies, because his armload sold out.

And if “Mountain in the Clouds” really is worth all the to-do, then Brown is always the first to redirect the cheers to those who helped him most.

Of his wife he says, “Lane is the first and the closest editor I have. I value her opinion as that of an excellent editor.”

But ask Brown if he thinks he will go on to lead the way for saving the last of the wild salmon, and he’ll tell you he’s really more of a private person.

“T’m not the kind of person who goes out and organizes meetings,” he says. “I don’t really think of myself as an activist.”

“My interests are wide, and my aspirations as a writer include many topics.”

Furthermore, Brown says, even though his publisher would be perfectly content if his next book was just like “Mountain in the Clouds,” he expects it will not even be set in the Northwest.

And what is Brown’s newest interest?

“Baseball in Latin America,” he says, leaning forward to stir the coals in the wood heater with a long iron poker. “I will be traveling to Latin America this spring in connection with an assignment from the Atlantic Monthly.”

When a tea kettle hisses on the wood cookstove, Brown rises from his rocking chair and walks, moccasin-footed, into the kitchen. A lot has changed since he moved from Seattle three-and-a-half years ago.

From the kitchen window, Brown can look north to a green triangle of pasture where three cows stand motionless in the grass. In the yard opposite the pasture, half a dozen hens—ivory, burnt sienna and pin-striped black and white—rake the lawn for insects. Two brown ducks spoon leaves with their bills.

The tea kettle whistles, and Brown lifts it from the stove, returning the farm to five acres of silence.

April 1983, Klipsun
What strange social rites are conducted behind the dorm door? Come inside to the kegger

BY DANA GRANT

Dinner was completed with the casual haste of any Friday. Another gourmet's delight, campus food service had once again knocked themselves out.

Back in our suite, transformations commence: Stereos bellowing, eight roommates pass shirts back and forth.

"Let's go to the keg in Beta."
"We always go there."
"It will be a good time."
"Bill, you cut yourself."
"Hell!"
"Blood makes me sick."

I managed to find some Levis and a nondescript shirt. No clean socks could be located. I grabbed yesterday's pair.

Someone passes around beer. A phone rings. Four people rush to answer it.

"Who died in the bathroom?"
"Kyle, that is an unhealthy scent."
"Thanks."

My clock radio dimly declares that it is 8 p.m. Time to start contemplating our departure.

"Which room is that party in?"
"632."
"No, that's Joe's suite. He isn't having a party."
"I'm sure we'll find it."
"Cal, are you going to get a piece tonight?"
"I wouldn't tell you assholes!"
"Such language..."
"From such a tender mouth."

"Let's go."
"Wait a minute."
As if by order the bathroom mirror is filled with eight scrubbed faces. Toothbrushes move in unison. Others check their hair. Bill makes a pivot to look at his ass.

"It's still there."
"Did you put on some weight, Bill?"
"So everyone is suddenly a comedian."
"Everybody got money?"
"Dana would you turn off the stereo?"

I flip the stereo off, grab my key and join the forces. Nearing the party, our group is blasted by the sounds of Billy Squier and wild guests.

Walking toward the noise, we search for Beta 647 (the room number that we had finally agreed upon). Music is pounding from the upper floors as we start the climb.

Finally we are on the top landing and near the blessed event. We notice a sign stating "No entrance—please come in on the other side. Room 669."

"Shit." Bob's uneloquent phrase sums up the attitude of all in attendance. Back down we go, making a complete circle.

At last we locate the right door. Funneling into the room, we are greeted by two rather grim-faced gentlemen.

One is stamping hands. He
resembles someone from the FBI's most wanted list. Beside him is a short, muscular fellow wearing a shirt two sizes too small. He grunts out, "S2" and points to some cups.

I doubt that either will have their rooms featured in Better Homes. It is equally unlikely that their names will appear as nominees for host of the year.

One by one we file past, handing over money and getting stamped. All eyes in the room have turned to the new arrivals. Scoping. Calmly whispering. Tending to make one feel like the last steak at the meat market.

Near by, a group is playing quarters. This is a popular party game, involving sportsmanship and high skill. Each participant attempts to flip a quarter into a small cup. Those succeeding are allowed to give a drink away. Those who miss must drink.

Passing this group, I dash for an opening to the bathroom hoping to find the keg. The hole is suddenly filled with laughing bodies. Party congestion.

Cal comes over and we take in the scenery. Voices are swirling around us in a shrill crescendo. Twenty different conversations. The Who and the clip of bouncing quarters form a distinct clatter.

From within the bathroom, voices join the song. Occasionally they hit the right note. I vainly try to start a conversation with Cal.

"It is really going to be crowded tonight."

"Where is there a wild fight?"

"No. I said tonight."

"I know you are right."

By this time we have made a great gain on the keg—at least five feet. Two or three more feet and I'll probably be able to see it.

Someone standing very near has drenched herself in an aroma that resembles wet grass. Directly in my path is a girl who conveniently forgot to button her blouse from the waist up. I know the smell is on her person.

My back is given a sharp blow. Lunging forward, my mind flashes vibrantly with the domino theory.

As I fall I throw my body to the right to avoid contact with the aromatic wonder. Grabbing for the closet frame, I knock into a timid little guy with no neck.

When I have regained my footing, I notice that the guy bumped into the girl with no buttons and knocked her into the closet. She is laughing at the entire event.

During the confusion Cal gets pushed away. Replacing him is a girl that could make me so happy.

"I'm Suzy."

"Hi. I'm Dana. " She grabs my arm and I'm not sure what is happening. Of course I don't mind.

As we get near the keg she wraps her arm around my back. Sweat is moistening my knuckles. At the keg we fill our cups and step aside.

Standing in the bathroom we start revealing our pasts. The night is going quite nicely. A group has also stationed their beer bong in the bathroom. Between chuggin contestants and beer bongs, the entire group has gone beyond the stage of legal drunkenness.

Cal starts the group in a chorus of his favorite song:

"Here's to brother Dana. Here's to brother Dana, he's with us tonight. So one chug-a-lug, two chug-a-lug, three chug-a-lug, four chug-a-lug."

Somehow I put the beer down in four counts. My stomach and head are sending out warnings. The keg is dry and I don't want Suzy to go.

The hosts (the friendly pair at the door) decide that they have enough money for another keg.

As they exit to pick it up, a throng of bodies follows. Fresh air sounds great. Passage is much quicker since the party has thinned out.

Suzy opts to wait inside. Cal and I take a leak off the skybridge. Standing outside the door are other eager socializers.

Returning to the party, we await the next keg. People become so loud when they have helped drain a few kegs.

Looking around to find Suzy I'm shocked. She has hopped into the lap of some over-inflated jerk. Besides that, she is being very entertaining. Bitch.

"You got dogged. " Cal is grinning so hard his ears are twitching.

"Eat shit!"

"There are other women. Just waiting for you." he chuckles.

"I think I'm going home."

"You need to use the phone?"

"NO! I said home. H-O-M-E."

"Nothing to get testy about. You ain't the first guy that got dogged."

"You are so supportive."

Happy and Jolly have just returned with the keg. Drinking to oblivion sounds very attractive.

"Let's help them finish that keg."

"Unreal!"

A realization creeps into my mind. Sooner or later I know I'm going to lose my cookies. Everyone has become very intimate. Possibly it is our last night on earth.

"Cal, I got to go."

"I hear that."

Walking home my body feels like it is separated from my head. Spinning. Round and round.

I'm barely in the room when I sense an urgent need to be in the bathroom. I have hardly arrived and I can tell that I will shortly be very sick.

Sitting there, praying to the porcelain god, my mind reflects on the night. Not that incredible. My head is pounding. Actually, a fairly typical evening.

From ankle to thigh I feel like a piece of ice. Within my stomach is a previously fought battle. It could be Midway or maybe Dunkirk.

Friday. Maybe worth remembering.

"Dana, are you okay?"

"Yes."

"Do you need help?"

"No."

"Are you depressed?"

"What is this, 50 questions?"

"Just checking on you, that's all."

"Thanks."

"No trouble."

Grabbing the door, I lift myself. As I lean against the wall, my body swings toward the door. Steve comes bouncing around the corner.

"Hey, Dana. We're having some fun, eh?"

"I think, that the party is over."

FRIDAY NIGHT
Tracing Transitional Lifestyle

BY SCOTT ANSLEY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALBERT FIELDS
Jodi and Frank Tranter share a lifestyle that some would call ideal. Their home is a two-story dome, nestled among birches, willow and cedars on 10 acres in east Whatcom County.

The Tranters, married for nine years, both work and share housekeeping. They run the Northwest Freedom University, a small, informal organization at Western offering classes not found in traditional universities—an ideal job for two visionaries.

But is it an ideal lifestyle? They agree they live as they want, but disagree the lifestyle is static, complete. The home in the woods, the visionary work, their self-identities, continue to evolve. They describe their lifestyle as transitional.

Their marriage has weathered, and in fact grown, through several important transitions. The year 1975 was pivotal in the evolvement of the Tranter's lifestyle.

By June of that year Jodi and Frank had developed a dream. They wanted to find an extended family and build a small community in the woods. The biggest problem was finding the right land in Whatcom County for an affordable price.

The Tranters had several thousand dollars saved for a down payment and a marginal combined income with which to make payments—not enough for the 20 acres they wanted.

"We knew we didn't have the money but we kept looking. We knew what we wanted. Somehow, we knew we could make that dream manifest," Jodi said.

The Tranters learned of 20 acres in the wooded foothills below Stuart Mountain, 11 miles from Bellingham. The owners of the land had framed a two-story dome building, suitable for a house, then abruptly stopped.

The coordinators of the Northwest Freedom University share their vision of an evolving lifestyle.
The Tranters relax in their living room.

The Tranters relax in their living room. And it was affordable. The Tranters quickly located two couples to share the investment. They split the down payment of $5,000 three ways and hoped to manage the shared monthly payment of $300. There were more costs—lumber to finish the dome, water installation, a truck.

"We lived as one big family," Jodi explained. "We built the dome, lived in it, ate and worked together for a year. We got really close." Jodi recalled.

The six people shared common goals. It would take a year to transform the dome into a liveable home. Then, they planned to build two other homes. They would help each other on the myriad building and cleaning projects, buy tools and machinery together, and possibly build a meditation center. They began holding meditation and sharing sessions weekly, inviting their friends.

Though they successfully lived together, nearly finishing the dome, the families disbanded barely a year later. One couple left when the husband was offered a teaching position in Spokane. The other couple, needing money, moved to town to help their parents renovate a home. They later moved back to the farm, and built their own home.

The Tranters continued to improve the dome and grounds, and began two small businesses at the farm that are still flourishing. Jodi initiated a landscape design and maintenance business, which soon netted $30 an hour. She hired friends to help complete the many jobs. Later, she and Frank organized a marketing service to help local farmers sell manure.

In the fall of 1976, Frank had all but forgotten his goal of being a college administrator. He had yet to find his niche in the work world, when he took a class from the Northwest Free University.

The class became an introduction to a job. Sharing his personal goals with the coordinators, Frank found his ideas appreciated. Within a year, he had become the coordinator of the tiny university. Soon Jodi joined him.

Frank brought organization to the Free University. The university was given an office, phones and files. The curriculum was changed in 1976 from political activism to personal development.

"The university really hadn't changed since 1968. It didn't have a broad enough base to appeal to the community," Frank explained.

It was a combination of intuition, research of educational and social trends, and lots of idea-swapping that created the new curriculum, Frank recalled.

In 1979 Frank and Jodi found the university a recognizable home by arranging with Western's Associated Students for office and teaching space.

The Tranters renamed the Northwest Free University, the Northwest Freedom University (NFU), emphasizing the openness of the school rather than the cost (which is not free). The university has also retained a flexible curriculum, relying on the eagerness of teachers and students to determine the kinds of classes offered.

"We didn't want to institutionalize the place. It needs to be kept open to reflect changing needs," Frank said.

As a student at Western during the late 1960s and early 70s, Frank spent much of his free time organizing protests and speak-ins against the war. Western's college curriculum didn't seem to reflect current problems, Frank had observed. Going to school and protesting the war was like living in two different worlds.

Frank took his master's in university administration, believing he could transform the college curriculum by working within the system.

He believed a college curriculum should reflect contemporary life and be flexible to changing needs. These are also the ideals of the Freedom University.

In 1979 also, Jodi gave birth to a girl, Amberly, and the Tranters began to see their family identity as that of a nuclear family.

Another change in their self-definition came when they decided to discontinue the "meditation and sharing" classes at their dome.

The Tranters and their friends had experienced close moments, but the Tranters also found the sessions used up valuable work time.

"We discovered we should have spent time on projects at the farm and the NFU. It was time to devote ourselves to material projects," Jodi recalled.

As they committed themselves to the two projects, the university and the farm, friends helped out. Their friends identified with the Tranters' ideals and lifestyle.

They remember a carpenter who designed and installed the unusual, honeycomb-style interior wall of the dome. He worked on the tedious project for three months, receiving little compensation, but clearly was happy to contribute to the completion of the dome.

A local farmer built a 35 foot by 17 foot greenhouse with a class of students from the NFU. The farmer's interest was teaching solar concepts.

While their family's definition narrowed and they spent more time on work projects, their life seemed complex and interrelated. They saw an entanglement of their personal, ideal and vocational worlds. But their lifestyle is not yet complete or ideal. Their lifestyle continues to evolve.
The increasing cultural movement of individuals cheaply assimilating their own fashion from the discards of past generations is nothing new. Yet, the movement seems to have gained more followers in these dire economic times. It is in part a retaliation to the mass consuming of designer threads that will be out of style at the whim of fashion industry moguls. Freedom of choice is the motto for these individuals and street-wise experience has taught them freedom doesn’t begin at the automatic doors leading into Nordstroms. Freedom is found elsewhere.

In Bellingham, to find the affordable but still fashionable, walk down “the gut,” Holly Street. Don’t stop at Railroad Avenue, certainly not Cornwall (riddled with high-priced clothing outlets), Commercial—no way. Keep going down. Down to where Georgia-Pacific looms in clear view, surrounded by its litter-strewn railroad tracks, and dock bars fill every day by noon with regulars. Here at the bottom of the dip past Bay Street and Holly is where the Yankee buck still carries post-war clout in Bellingham.

Fashions from the far reaches of our culture are amassed for the thrifty and diligent shoppers to decide for themselves what to wear. A $20 bill, for a man or woman, can easily buy a shirt, pants and jacket and leave change for lunch.

Like every hive, the freedom of choice fashion district has its own assortment of bees buzzing around. On weekends the stores fill with middle-aged Canadians who arrive in BMWs, coeds with a detectable Bellevue polish (despite the faded jeans and sweatshirts), and of course, the seasoned senior citizens, the veterans of the second-hand-store scene. A colorful array, indeed.

One tiny woman standing outside the Old Town Cafe on Holly, wearing a black straw hat thatched with pink-satin carnations, said she developed her quick hands and keen eyes (she wears bifocals) during her 40-plus years on the garage sale trail. She has been hitting the Bellingham shops for more than 20 years now.

She adamantly says she buys nothing new, not because she can’t afford to. “I just don’t like all the ‘May I help yous,’ ” She rarely spends more than 50 cents for a blouse worth 20 times as much.

Using the Old Town Cafe on Holly as a center point, a circle with a quarter-mile radius encompasses Bellingham’s freedom of choice fashion district. Thirteen stores in this circle either specialize in second-hand clothes or include them with a profusion of other second-hand items.

On the crest of the district is Encore, featuring near-new clothes for the entire family. Located in the Bay Street Village, Encore is a spacious, well organized two-floor store. It offers by far the widest variety of children’s clothing. Why spend a lot of money for something they’ll grow out of anyway?

Dresses, wool shirts and pants are all in the $5 to $10 range. Men’s and women’s cotton shirts start at $2.
Old Town Traders at 312 W. Holly is a buy-sell-trade outfit with only one 10-foot rack of old coats, dresses and jackets. There are a few decent-looking wool coats of the military persuasion, but the hunter instinct will pass a quick glance for a good price (most of the coats cost between $10 and $15) and then go toward the door.

Next door is Bellingham Bay Collectibles, which caters to the antiques-for-a-bargain crowd. Lots of old clothes here, but high prices. The quality is undoubtedly top rate, the kind of stuff you’d hope to find in the trunk your dead rich uncle willed to you for mowing his lawn every summer.

The clothes are found near the back on three racks. The setting is a legitimate attempt at providing the customer with that fancy boutique look. A twenty would be gone quickly here, but wisely spent. It depends on your freedom of choice budget.

Further down Holly is Scorpios, primarily a second-hand junk store. Some curious items, but the clothing is one rack of yuck, and that’s it.

Across the street at 405 W. Holly is Our Place, again a second-hand buy-sell-trade joint that has a fair share of clothing. Leather, wool and down coats are the main items on the two 10-foot racks. High prices are tagged to most of these. It looks like the bail-out store for people who tried to make it big in Alaska, but ended up returning broke and sold what they had. Plenty of cold weather gear is available, plus high quality, but most of the coats are in the $20 to $60 range.

A corduroy smoking jacket with black satin lining, however, was at a steal at $3.50. Also, a wide selection of crash helmets (for serious rock concert fans) starts at $6.50.

Next door is the Pink Flamingo, again a second-hand buy-sell-trade joint that has a fair share of clothing. Leather, wool and down coats are the main items on the two 10-foot racks. High prices are tagged to most of these. It looks like the bail-out store for people who tried to make it big in Alaska, but ended up returning broke and sold what they had. Plenty of cold weather gear is available, plus high quality, but most of the coats are in the $20 to $60 range.

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Next door, on Champion, is Memory Lane, with one of its two rooms filled primarily with clothes. It’s OK for a quick browse, but there’s not a lot to choose from. The real good old days are certainly evident here—mini skirts ($8) and 1960s prices. A rack of delicious-looking scarves (less than a buck) is also a temptation for the sharp-eyed shopper.

Turning off Holly, up Champion, is the view-of-Mt. Baker wing of the freedom of choice fashion district. Some call it the Beverly Hills section—separate, maybe a bit jealous about 25 years ago. The selection of quality cowboy boots is removed from the valley.

The Thrift Shop, on the 45-degree corner of Prospect Street, Champion and an alley, leaves little room for criticism (a small shop crammed with a large selection). Racks of clothes at fair prices line the walls, and tables of jumbled clothing can be picked through with reasonable success. Special attention should be given to the wool pants—plenty to choose from for $5.

The up and coming challenger for the widest-variety title, currently held by the poly-palace, is Y’s Buys on the corner of Prospect and Champion (across diagonally from the Thrift Shop). It recently expanded its operation to include the shop next door, vacated by a noodle-trim parlor.

The quality is similar to the palace in most respects. If leisure suits or women’s stretch knit pants ever do become considered fashion, Y’s Buys is the place to go.

But seriously, look for sweaters and wool pants here. The prices are a bargain, between $5 and $10 for decent clothes. Accessories, such as belts, ties and handbags, are plentiful. Y’s Buys is also the home of the purple-border-tag specials, two items for 50 cents. Not always the most desirable merchandise, but who can argue with the price?

Next door, on Champion, is the small shop. Bit of Everything, which halfway describes the clothes they sell. A little bit, but not of everything. One rack, mostly shirts andike years women’s dress coats. But the folks here are not too worried about making money on them. Shirts sell for $1 and the coats are around $5.

Up Champion 20 footsteps is the Water Front Alley, home of Good Old Days clothing store. Prices range between, “Hey, what a buy” and “I’d never pay this much for that!”

The freedom shopper can find sequined dresses, like-new wool military coats, letterman sweaters and ultra-thin neckties. Extraordinary finds are as limitless as individual taste. The real gems are the two imitation leopard-skin coats, one with a matching pill box hat that would have made Jackie O. jealous about 25 years ago. The selection of quality cowboy boots is
above: All dressed up and nowhere to go?
The McGregor sport coat ($3) gives that formal evening attire touch to the Berma Pride shirt with sewn-on vest ($9) and Wembley silk tie ($3). Shifter Hillman wool slacks ($6) complete the formal wear. The nostalgic two-piece go-go dress ($11.50) is made complete with white patent dress shoes ($4.50).

Nothing to do • • • casual wear matches casual attitudes. Satin zip-up baseball jacket ($10.50), Levis ($5.25), Brunswick saddle shoes ($3.50) and Cari Michelle shades ($4). Underneath the '73 Kandel letterman sweater ($26) is an all-purpose cotton and nylon jersey ($4) . . . shades ($2). Fashions courtesy of The Prudent Penny.

also worth noting.
The last stop in the freedom of fashion district (or first, depending which way you're going) and maybe the best overall, is the Prudent Penny at 306 W. Champion.

It has that Americanized, avant-garde atmosphere, and the clothes to match. Yes, they do have mini-skirts.

Some serious hunting time is a must here. Spend enough time, and a bargain to suit even the most discriminating fashion taste can be found. The Prudent Penny links the new wave of free-fashion-oriented culture with the discards of a generation of better economic times. Relics of the '50s are fresh and have survived 25 years of price inflation. It's hard to find an over-priced item in the place. The overcoat selection upstairs is par excellence.

Their wide selection of women's hats would make Eleanor Roosevelt proud. A good place to shop if you consider yourself a daring individual. My bucks stopped here.

So despite the conforming nature of American society, especially during tough economic times, freedom of choice fashion is still alive and thriving in Bellingham. You just have to know where to look.
ARTHUR HICKS:
LIVING A LIFE
OF ACTIVISM

BY JACK BROUSSARD
and KATHY MATHISEN
He began teaching at Western 50 years ago. The issues have changed, but his dedication and involvement have not.

He is well known for his ability to read while walking and his unflagging involvement in liberal causes. Arthur Hicks, Professor Emeritus of English, has witnessed much of Western's history in the making.

"I came here in fall 1933," Hicks reminisces. "I was hired as chairman of the English department. I held that job until 1962. Then I served seven more years as a full professor."

He seems to relive Western's history as he goes back over the years. The details he effortlessly recalls makes it seem he is talking about yesterday.

"When I came here it was called Bellingham Normal School. Just before I came, the first class of students graduating with Bachelor of Education degrees were given diplomas."

As Hicks reflected on changes that brought Western from a normal school to a university, he showed no signs of his retirement. Today, he wears a well-styled, three-piece blue suit with a blue tie over a white shirt. It's as though he's ready to jump up at any moment and rush off to teach classes at Western.

Hicks, who is in his 80s, recently remarked to Golden Larsen, of Western's English department, that the 80s are the best.

"He said life is getting better," Larsen said. "He's remarkable in the vital interests that he has...and he has great courage, especially in his personal life. He's not a bag of wind, an actor."

In the 1930s, Hicks was one of the leaders in the defense of normal school President Charles Fisher. During this period, the political climate of Bellingham was very conservative.

According to the account in "Western at 75," a history of Western, a group of citizens, led by the manager and editor of the Bellingham Herald and including the Grand Dragon of the active local Ku Klux Klan, formed a "Committee of Normal Protest." The committee charged Fisher with, in essence, leading the school in subversive activities.

In 1939, under pressure by Governor Clarence Martin, the board of trustees fired Fisher. This action created a storm of protest by faculty and students and received national attention. August Radke of the history department recalled Hicks' involvement:

"Arthur got extremely upset that the board had taken precipitous action and became deeply involved in upholding the rights of faculty. He got the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) involved. Arthur gathered evidence along with some other faculty. The AAUP investigated (Fisher's dismissal) and censored Western's administration. Sort of as a fall-out of that, he was put on the council of the National AAUP. It's part of his liberalism. He's quite a forceful person."

Hicks was instrumental in organizing a fund-raising campaign for a fountain in Red Square as a memorial to President Fisher. In the spring of 1968, Fisher Fountain was dedicated.

At one point in his life, Hicks was torn between literature and music. Although he chose literature, he continued with music, too.

"He's pretty close to being a concert pianist," Radke said. "He used to be the piano player for the Rotary. The Rotary Club always needed a piano player to play while they sang their pep songs."

"At the beginning of the era of Mr. McCarthy, after World War II, the Rotary was extremely conservative. Arthur Hicks was quite liberal, quite anti-McCarthy. Well, Arthur got so upset with the Rotary that he up and resigned. He was hopeful that they would be hard-put to find another piano player."

Hicks has a firm grasp on the history of Western. He was chair for the Diamond Anniversary Committee and wrote the history of Western titled, 'Western at 75.' His memory goes back to teaching programs he fondly remembers.

"A good many programs have sprung up," he said about Western. "Some have disappeared. I would say the most important curricular development, aside from the teacher training curriculum and the arts and science curriculum, would be the program of general education."

He seems to become saddened as he tells about the decline of the general education program at Western. Since the 1960s, the general education program has been phased out. Instead, a smorgasbord of not generally related programs called general university requirements has taken its place.

General education, he complains, no longer exists at Western, except at Fairhaven College.

"I feel that the program at Fairhaven should continue even if enrollment is not high at this time because it's quality education," Hicks asserted. "I would also say they have highly gifted students."

"This is its 16th year," he continued. "It's done some amazing things along many lines. For instance, the quality of its graduates and the variety of the curriculum that it's dealt with...make it very worthwhile."

Of Hicks' own teaching style, Radke recalled, "He would shake with emotion when he would lecture about poets like Shelley. He could almost take you back to the England of the 19th century."

Described as a conscientious liberal, Hicks keeps pace with the times.

"He went over to the Trident submarine protest, in which he was involved in a lively way," Larsen said. Hicks also recently appeared in a photograph in the Bellingham Herald, attending an anti-nuclear rally at the Federal Building.

"He is what he does," Larsen said. "He speaks out for things he passionately believes in. His ideals, I think, are those that speak to human dignity."