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An Tir: A Fantasy Kingdom

The Society for Creative Anachronism built itself a better world, in which chivalry and adventure are not dead. By Bruce Moon

Priorities

An unexpected pregnancy gives a woman just a few weeks to decide how to live the rest of her life. By Jane Alexander

Solo Parenting

Single-parent families will soon comprise a third of America's total, but for now they have to work hard to fit society, and the only reward is love. By Julie Steele

Don't Let It Go To Your Head

Men! Don't rearrange your hair (and your life around it) before you've read these cautionary tales. By Lisa Gloor

Running Into Yourself

Cross-country foot racers compete for physical and spiritual benefits, whether it looks like it or not. By Cleo Singletary

School Spells Hope in Honduras

Where school means more than a white collar job: the Honduran fight for education. By Diane Dietz

Digging Into the Past

Some Western students and faculty members spent their summer rescuing a little history from the rising Columbia River. By Elisa Claassen

Stepping Lightly Into a Dancer's Mind

Motion and repose. Using just these two elements, dancers compose three-dimensional "paintings," and Jeffrey Longstaff has been learning about life and himself during the process. By Dana Grant

The Rise and Fall of Garden Street Hall

Dismantled to make way for more parking, this stately Victorian mansion served Bellingham in many capacities for 82 years. By Tobi Kestenberg
he young fighters squared off, both ready to defend the honor of the Shire of Shittimwoode and the College of the Unspeakable Name. They accused one another of barbarian exploits in this land, the Kingdom of An Tir ("Ahn TEER").

Alexander the Somewhat-Less-Than-Sane had climbed from the seashore up the slippery rocks to battle a man from his homeland whom he mistook for an enemy invader. Jacques de La Noix (loosely, "Jack the Nut") acquired favors to defend the ladies of the shire while they awaited the return of their lords. Like Alexander, Jacques was young and often hastily premature.

He hoped, as did Alexander, to someday delight the elders of the kingdom with his prowess as a fighter and become the first knight in his shire. He had known Alexander; but this day, did not recognize him in his new armor. Alexander was confounded by his new helmet, which limited his vision. This drove him beyond being less-than-sane.

Jacques, no doubt thinking of the ladies' honor, slashed savagely toward the black-cloaked Alexander, who stepped back, unsheathed his sword, and began an onslaught that Jacques could only attempt to evade.

The fearful ladies shrieked and shielded their eyes as Jacques lowered his shield long enough for Alexander's blade to whirl into his helmet.

A brave lady of Norseland then stepped in to defend the dying Jacques with her quarterstaff.

Only then did Alexander recognize her and his own mistake.

So might go an improvised recreation of a medieval battlefield performed by a local branch of the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA).

These chivalrous eccentrics are "modern middle ages" fans who take their authentic costumes and personas not to the stage, but to the streets.

Still, the results are often dramatic. For
instance, on a costume road trip to an SCA event, one only needs to witness the turning heads and rolling eyes of onlookers to know that in the outside world, Halloween is in fashion for only one night a year.

The society’s coats of arms reach around the globe to include Australia, Canada, Europe, and a barony aboard the aircraft carrier USS Nimitz.

While some of the 20-year-old society’s members are said to spend their entire social lives bespelled by the society, most are uplifted simply by a once-a-week sense of romantic escape from the real “mundane” world of work, world issues and studies. They say it’s fun to act strangely and still feel in-company.

To be welcomed by the society, all one need do is don the garb worn in any known era of the period A.D. 600 to 1650, and address “m’Lords” and “m’Ladies” with chivalrous charm.

Even if newcomers possess no in-period stitches, the veteran SCA folk usually dig up a fitting tunic through a loan network known as “Gold Key.”

Blue jeans are acceptable if the pockets are hidden. It seems that, while a form of denim was in sport, pockets were still uninvented. Instead, valuables were carried in leather pouches.

In recreating their individual costumes, armor, needlework, heraldry or other craft, all but the most severely devout are willing to synthesize. Substitution of modern technology is considered reasonable, rather than sacrilegious. This saves the king’s subjects time, money and a bundle of effort.

Combat weaponry, for example, is made of rattan, leather fittings, steel rather than iron blades, and well-blunted arrows. One member estimates another $250 is needed to make his costume authentic. As is, he uses a 1500s-style sword while his persona’s era is pre-1250.

More obvious 20th-century innovations include: plastics, as in shoulder pads; foam rubber for lining battle helmets and coating the rattan swords; and, oh yes, that wondrous stuff that holds their dreams together, duct tape.

Society members don’t settle for appearances alone to authentically recreate the “gentler age.” As they learn about the variety of cultures that rose and fell in the period, they begin to develop
their own personnas.

This involves creation, based on history, of full family descent and geographical histories of more nomadic clans.

The connection with actual history is often reflected in carefully-researched persona names, such as Western biochemistry student Mindy Ludeman as "Cordaella."

Cordaella is a still-developing persona whom Ludeman can't decide whether to keep Norselandic or to draw from a Celtic descent. "My grandfather fought for William the Conqueror against the Saxons in the battle of Hastings in 1066."

Names or titles also reflect a member's more prominent tendencies: William of the Battered Helm is called that because his helmet was often clanged in combat by more formidable opponents. The proposed title, Alexander the Somewhat-Less-Than-Sane, is another student's attempt to capture the essence of his fighting nature.

Some members develop more than one persona. "Scarlett" of Shittimwoode was Mary Graham's way of describing her hair. But she sometimes adopts "Blithe" to capture her spirit.

While personnas are chosen and enhanced by serendipitous library research, royalty must be earned. Knights and squires (both of whom may be played by men or women) do battle at regional tournaments, usually in hope of winning the honor of a loved one or to be crowned king or queen.

Safety is paramount in all combat events. Although some members complain that too much padding limits freedom of movement and allows fighters to be lazy defenders, others point out that authentic battle harnesses were so cumbersome that control of their blades often was lost to a spinning momentum.

Happily for newcomers, the group admits that elder times were indeed tough without such recent luxuries as running hot water, controlled electricity, efficient transportation and democratic governments.

"There was no middle class," Ludeman said. "You were either nobility or a peasant."

A central philosophy of the society, besides having fun and meeting new friends, is to focus on positive, useful ideas of the period so that members can enjoy the best the age had to offer. They want to recreate life not exactly as it was, but as it "should have been." The system is non-profit; even peasants won't be taxed.

Lord Heike Toshiro (Ken Giles) said being part of the society should be a comfortable setting for all. While there is room for diversity, the majority are rather introverted — until they unleash their personnas at society gatherings.

Members do attempt to reconstruct many of the habits of their adopted char-
acters. At any feast, one might find a Japanese samurai's swords honorably placed opposite a rice bowl, while on the right, a European squire pokes at food with his dagger.

Women also have their fair share of rights, such as the chance to enter tournaments and fight to be the queen. One Lady Boverick is said to have a fierce fighting style. Often called "the Fighting Chipmunk," she overcomes her lack of height by "chopping away at your knees until she gets to your head." Equally unfortunate opponents are surprised to glimpse her blade arcing toward eye level as she leaps and swings.

Ladies also have more freedom to assert their ideas and opinions than they might have had in the actual period. At more festive events, smothered inhibitions invariably yield to contagious tickling bouts, brought about by seemingly endless flirtations. Both ladies and lords reserve the right to say no, however: punctuating their orders with the sly twist of a mustache or teasing caress of a corset.

For all its camaraderie, the society is not without its dungeon of complaints about organizational politics. Like the elusive unicorn, formal inquisitions are rarely seen, but word gets around. A distinct awareness of the struggle for recognition in each shire, barony, principality or kingdom can shackle the open spirit needed to enhance a dreamer's freedom of choice, Lord Toshiro said.

To tame the barbarian ego, minor disputes are sometimes resolved on the battlefield, where an opponent's argument can be killed by points. In the interest of safety, however, more emotional issues are deflected to the Round Table.

All shires participate in competitions for everything from best needlework to the most theatrical deathscene.

The most recent winner of that contest, called the Award of the Shattered Shield, was said to have had his arm ripped off (actually this meant any protective gear on his arm), stumbled in a zigzag through the battlefield, and plopped headlong into a nasty mud puddle, where he remained for 15 minutes.

Father Christopher (Chris Vickers of Calgary, Alberta) likes the society because the people have reasonably good manners, saying Americans abandoned too much formality in the drive for individualism in the 1960s and '70s. "We need manners because they are the grease that lubricates civilization."

Once, after a strenuous day of tournament warfare, it was his duty to judge a backrub contest. After the sixth entrant, the good Father found he had left judgment to his imagination.

The Legend

While SCA members gain inspiration from legends of the middle ages, they also sometimes borrow the notion that mythmaking can lend to magical explanations of the real world.

So it is with the naming of the College of the Unspeakable Name, sometimes blandly referred to as "Western." As the story goes, the college got its SCA name centuries ago . . .

Many, many years ago, in the beautiful rolling lands between the cities we know as Lion's Gate and Madrone, there lived a fierce and mighty dragon. He lived well for thousands of years on the bounty provided by these lands. But gradually his size increased and therefore his appetite. He roamed eastward, devouring all creatures in his path. And he continued to roam until the creatures and vegetation of the wild land could no longer satisfy him.

Now people feared for their lives. Tales spread of how an entire city became a single remove in the dragon's midday meal. And later, of how an entire city became a single remove in the dragon's breakfast.

Tales of this dragon had spread far across the countryside and a courageous and curious few were drawn to where the beast slept. There the very best of knights were no match for the huge fierceness of this dragon. Their swords would not even penetrate the dragon's scaly covering.

Then a man, stout of body and curly of hair, with eyes that shone with the knowledge of generations came to visit the dragon during the mighty monster's period of rest. For a fortnight the mysterious man walked lightly on the dragon's back, sprinkling his magic dust and mumbling incantations. At last, he arrived in the nearest village where his words were listened to by all: "The dragon has been placed under a sleeping spell. He will remain asleep until the end of eternity as long as his name is never spoken."

The years passed. Dust settled into the cracks of the dragon's scales. Grasses and trees began growing in the dust. Children played on the slopes of the creature's body.

Eventually a great college was built on one of the hills made by the dragon's back. And so we know it to be today. But we shall never forget that it is a living dragon on which we make our home.

To the east of our college occasionally we see the puffs of smoke rising from his huge nostrils that tell us he is still dreaming of his next conquest.

And so, as a reminder to ourselves and our children that we must take care never to speak the dragon's name, we request that we may be now and forever: The College of the Unspeakable Name.
Pursuing an education is an important task during early adulthood. Dedication can be undercut by another life decision: unexpected pregnancy.
Women who went through an abortion want to get negative marks on every time.

The pregnancy test.

Unexpected pregnancy forces decision at any point in life but is hardest in early adulthood. Many emotional tasks are involved. Candy Wiggum of Western's counseling center said. Young men and women are forced to answer prematurely: who am I? what do I want? what am I willing to pay for my goals?

Difficult decisions must be made quickly. This is the point where many young people stop being children. It is a quick maturing, she added, as they plan for their future.

Numbers show the extent of the problem. According to the Washington State Council on Family Planning (WSCOFF) 1984 39 percent of today's teens will have (sic) at least one pregnancy in their teens. This occurs at a time in their lives when training for a livelihood is a foremost pursuit and when they are experimenting with being adult.

Unexpected pregnancy forces them to realize all pregnancies are terminated and there is no painless way to do it. The choices are give birth and keep the child, give birth and relinquish the child for adoption, or terminate the pregnancy. Whatever the decision, the woman will live it the rest of her life.

WSCOFF findings show how crucial the answer can be pregnancy is the number-one cause of high-school dropouts, a group much more likely to hold low-paying jobs. Consequently the choice to keep and raise the child is not necessarily easiest or best. The cost may be marginal family life for mother and baby.

It is perfectly valid for a young adult to say "I need time to grow up," but more often they throw themselves into adulthood by accepting parenthood. Only 3 percent of babies of teen mothers are relinquished for adoption. Sixty-nine percent of teen mothers remain single and of those who marry, 60 percent are divorced within six years.

The greatest number of abortions are performed on people between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four. Douglas agrees that unexpected pregnancy is most frequent under the age of twenty-five.

"Any decision will not be a wonderful one. There is no easy answer," counselor Candy Wiggum said.

The woman's survival of any decision depends on her freedom to choose and her attitude toward whatever choice she has made for herself. Even the choice to keep a baby can involve grief, the pain of lost opportunity.

The woman who aborts grieves in a void of loneliness and secrecy. Here is a personal experience which has become a public issue. This places women in jeopardy, for emotional trauma is more intense when endured alone.

"To further complicate the issue, physiological changes (accompanying pregnancy) intensify emotionality which accentuates the problem. The solitary aspect of women's grief is more repressed and suppressed at a time of intense denial, anger and sadness. The counseling center can be a place to cry, grieve and talk. One-on-one treatment is best in this particular instance. People should feel free to call and ask for on-call time with a counselor," Wiggum said.

In looking at grieving, Wiggum said to avoid "shoulds." There is no standard way to grieve.

"Everyone is different. They need to listen to themselves . . . listen to their own hearts and bodies . . . allow emotions to come forth in different ways," Wiggum said.

"I suffered from empty arms," Karen laments after the termination of her pregnancy.

Beth wonders, "Where are the flowers, cards and funeral service?"

The women's choices had to be made too quickly. Economics were a deciding factor. Neither woman could afford to support a baby. For each, at least four others would be seriously affected by the untimely birth. Their decisions were not made lightly. Beth experienced emotional numbness right after the abortion. Now she grieves, yet she says:

"Abortion is not wrong. It is a person's own moral decision. This sounds really
crazy, but when I found I was pregnant I was very excited — and very sad because I knew I could not keep it . . . people make some of their most important decisions when they don’t have enough time (to deliberate) . . . the sooner the better . . . no time to consider . . . it makes the decision more problematic,” Beth said.

Her partner still struggles with their decision. Their mutual pain has not made the aftermath easy.

“I feel I should be strong now and just handle this, but I’m so sensitive to everything right now. Just anything sends me into tears. I feel like such a baby . . . when I’m with a very small child I wonder what am I doing? This could be my own.”

Karen also said that she was emotionally numb after the abortion. So many problems surrounded the choice it was difficult to let her feelings go. She described anger, shock and a feeling of being financially trapped.

Afterward she felt empty — an emotional danger signal. All remaining to her was depression and profound sadness. She received counseling only after she nearly took her own life. A year of treatment has restored her mental health.

“I absolutely made the right decision, but I felt I had a void in my life . . . I’m now able to go on.”

Karen adds that unless a woman has been through it, she has no business advising someone else.

Another woman decided to keep her child, and is now a student-turned-mother. She sits at a table outside the Viking Union building. Her son, Jabriel, is the baby who has attended classes in a backpack with his father, David. Jabriel is eating a banana his mother, Dierdre, spoons into his mouth.

“I didn’t want to be pregnant . . . we were both in school . . . I am strongly pro-choice but emotionally abortion would have killed me and I think I speak for David, too . . .”

Jabriel cocks his face to one side and flirts. His wide smile and large laughing eyes are tender, trusting.

“People need to decide what is right for them without outside pressures. Some people thought I was insane to have Jabriel . . . That’s fine. It was right for me.

“It is wrong to cut funds for abortions. No one should make that decision for anyone else! The issue is choice. A safe means of abortion should be available to everyone. To have a baby you have to want it. They are so much work. It is not fair to the parents or the child. Each person must make the choice for themselves.”

Dierdre said that early pregnancy was a time of introspection and re-evaluation of goals. David left school and Dierdre is putting off her education to have time with her son. She spoons another bite of banana into his mouth. They smile and speak with their eyes.

“He’s sure loved. He sure is,” she says as she tucks his blanket around him against the cool, salty wind gusting up from the bay.

Unexpected pregnancy is not taken lightly by potential parents, support agencies or society. Any woman comes out of those few weeks of deliberation a different woman.

Although grief is not static or measurable, this graph depicts a sequence sometimes described by survivors of life stresses.
Solo Parenting
When journalism major and single mother Laurie Ogle realized she was pregnant, she called her boyfriend to see how he could help. He was in the Navy and was soon to be transferred from a base in Virginia.

"He had to make the decision to help me — marry me and take me with him, or whatever," she said in her Southern accent. "I was crying over the phone. And he said, 'Don't get hysterical.' So I hung up. I knew that was the end. I have not heard from him or seen him since."

More and more mothers and fathers are choosing to become single parents. Twenty-two percent of the children today live in single-parent homes, according to a 1983 U.S. Census Bureau report. In six years, the amount will grow to 30 percent, Family Service America, a New York-based agency, said.

"It was real difficult to get a divorce when my husband was earning $35,000, and I had no training," accounting major and single mother Kitty Oiness said. "But I'd rather see women be gutsy and take chances than to stay in a position because it's safe. It took me two years to get gutsy."

When one partner is absent, single parenting may be a doubled responsibility, especially intensified if the parent is a student. Many Western students have taken on the challenge.

Jenny Via, bio-ecology major and single mother, said her companion wanted his freedom. But to Via, it also meant her partner didn't want the responsibility. She and her five-year-old son, Lee, both attend school now. After school or on weekends, they go fishing or play baseball.

The nuclear family is fine if it's healthy, said Larry Macmillian, coordinator of the Associated Students cooperative day-care program at Western. But it's not always realistic. "We have to live with what is and not with what should be."

Daily life of the single-parent family has its financial and emotional difficulties as well as its benefits. Planning and budgeting become a study in creativity.

Some parents barter their services with friends. Via recently finished making a wool coat for a beautician friend who will cut Lee and Jenny Via's hair. The two women friends take care of each other's children. During summer school, one mother attended classes in the morning while the other scheduled her classes in the afternoon.

Parents will usually do their studying late nights and early mornings. Most of Western's single parents want to save their evenings for a special time with their children and preferred studying when their sons and daughters have gone to bed.

While Ogle attends classes, her parents care for her daughter, Emily, during the week. On Fridays, Ogle travels to her parents' home in Oak Harbor to be with Emily.

For single-parent students, finals week is a stressful time. Via said she tells her son, "It's important, Lee, that your mom studies now." She said he can't bring his friends in as often when she studies for finals, glued to her kitchen-table desk.

Dedication to school or to an organization sometimes makes parents feel guilty. The first year of school, Via said she felt badly leaving Lee at the day-care center. She said she wanted a good life for Lee, but she also had her own interests.

Previously, Ogle was staying with her parents and was working at late-shift restaurant jobs. After staying up late, getting She wanted a good life for Lee, but she also had her own interests.

"You can't just get by," psychology major and single mother Beverly Merrill-Brown said. "I came back to Western when he started school. We leave at the same time. He walks down the hill and I walk up the hill.

Often the mother receives no outside financial support. The financial responsibility on top of a loaded schedule limits opportunities for these women. Extra money for college is a strain, even with a loan or grant.

Most of the jobs requiring little training don't pay well, Macmillian said. The pay is not high enough for a single mother to go to school. "It denies them the advantage of going to higher education and having any professional careers."

Mark Peterson with his girls. 
Beverly Merrill-Brown and Brishan

while the father is freer to move upward professionally, she said.

up early the next morning to care for

Emily was very demanding. She said she didn’t want me to quit school, “she said.

Over the last three years, Macmillian said there has been a decline in single-parent families at the Western day-care program. Eighty to 90 percent of the children used to be from one-parent families. Now less than half are enrolled. He said the recent lack of support for one-parent families has particularly discouraged women from attending school.

Only 39 percent of single mothers are awarded child support. The Census Bureau found that 72 percent of those awarded support actually received it.

However, in all states, legitimate children have a right to child support. Through a 1973 Supreme Court ruling, children born out of marriage have the same right to child support, but lawsuits have to be brought on behalf of illegitimate children to prove paternity and order support. Deadlines of one or two years — depending on the state — were also set for suing the father.

More recently, the court strengthened its decision in Pickett v. Brown to eliminate many of the states’ restrictive time limits. After two years, a father was not responsible for support in some states. In Pickett v. Brown, a two-year limit was disregarded. This is expected to give illegitimate children the same rights for support as legitimate children.

Meanwhile, the poverty rate for children is growing fast — of any five children, more than one will live in poverty, according to July 1984 figures from the Census Bureau. Lower comparable pay has them living at his house during the week and with their mother on the weekends.

The government has been slow to respond. Over the last four years, welfare money has only increased 10 percent for families.

A minority of fathers share the financial and child-care responsibility. Mark Peterson, single father of two girls, often has them living at his house during the week and with their mother on the weekends. “It’s difficult for men to be single parents,” he said. The courts are sexually biased in custody cases. “If the woman wants custody, she usually gets it.”

“I don’t think it’s fair for fathers to pay for two households,” Macmillian said. “Mothers have some responsibility.” Macmillian is single and shares parenting with his former wife.

Social lives for single parents are limited, especially if the other parent, a relative or a friend does not offer any relief. When the parent and child do separate, the time spent away is healthy, according to single parents. The separation is needed for the primary parent to rest or get work done, and for parent and child to appreciate each other more and return for a new time together.

A common problem is when one parent is appreciated more by the child. “The person who has the least amount of time is appreciated the most,” Peterson said.

Oiness said her son sees her as the dull mother, while weekends with dad are exciting. They will see movies together and go on trips. But her boy’s time away gives her a chance to study on the weekends.

A weekend or a night off may offer a parent a chance to meet other people and even date.

“There’s just not the opportunity to meet people,” Merrill-Brown said about parents dating. When a parent is seen with a child, most people assume the parent is married. She and her seven-year-old son, Brishan, grocery shop together, bake bread, collect sea shells and raise their two cats. When with her son, she said, “No one’s tried to pick me up.”

She said some people think single mothers are looking for a husband. Single parents are not looking for mates any more than another person.

One date Oiness had was a success for her son Joseph. She said the man paid more attention to her son than to her. The man must have thought: “If the kid likes me, she will,” she recalled. “Jo loved him. Well then you date him, I said.”

Children become really concerned with whom their parents date, she said. “Boy, are they opinionated.”

Telling a potential date about a son or daughter hasn’t been a real difficulty for most parents. “It’s an added attraction,” Peterson said. “Usually, caring people accept the family.”

A single parent should be aware that children also grow close to a new mate, he said. If the couple separates, it is hard for the children as well. “They develop a separation anxiety,” Peterson said.

First the mother and father are separated. Then there is another separation between a boy and girlfriend. Children might believe the important people are going to vanish, he said.

Important people to some children may be at a day-care center. In Bellingham, the Associated Student’s day-care and the Bellingham Day Care center
are the "only two places where there is any kind of subsidy for child care," Carla Johnson, Bellingham Day Care executive director, said. Both centers have waiting lists.

Macmillan said public education programs are available to all age groups except the very young. Public schools are available to young children and public education programs continue through old age. "There's no advocacy for the real young. They have a right to part of the pot."

Many of the children at the centers have one parent. Bellingham Day Care, with a limit of 50 children, has 28 children from one-parent families, Johnson said. "A day-care center is valuable for single parents because it's consistent — it doesn't get sick."

Often, single parents have only one child. So if there are no brothers or sisters in a home, the friendships at a day-care center become essential.

Hoping to open a day-care of her own, Merrill-Brown said her son, as a single child, learned how to get along with other kids at a center. "It's a place where children can learn social skills before starting school," she said.

"People who have the attitude that they don't want a day-care to raise their children are the people in a financial position who don't need day-care," Merrill-Brown said. The parents don't have any experience with day-care. "Who wouldn't want to stay home, take care of their kids and be supported by someone else?"

Other parents don't want their children to be cared for by a day-care. "It isn't right. I'm looking for a nice old lady," Ogle said.

They'll learn some good things at centers, Peterson said. "But they lose track of the children as individuals because it's so management-concerned." Peterson had his girls at day-care centers previously and said centers were busy getting everyone together and if the children were busy and not a real problem, they were thought to be fine.

"It's more human for children to be with their parents," he said.

Most parents do agree that single parenting is not easy in American society.

"They can call this country child-centered all they want," Ogle said, "but that's bullshit."

Ogle and her parents moved to Washington because her father was transferred to the Navy base at Oak Harbor. In Washington, Emily was born. Ogle's mother coached her through a Lamaze childbirth. Before the pregnancy, Ogle said her family was distant and rarely talked. "We weren't a family." But throughout the pregnancy, her family grew closer than ever before.

She hasn't had to parent on her own yet. "People don't realize what a conflict it is for three people to parent." Although, she said, she may have to be on her own soon. Her parents are being transferred to another state.

"Sometimes, I want to go up to people and say, 'Can't you see what I'm doing?'" she said.

Johnson said single parenting is frustrating. "Parents have no feedback or support on their own behavior with their children," she said.

An older friend and single parent used to remind Merrill-Brown that she was a good mother. This was a real help, she said.

Relying on friends and some relatives for support is an enormous help for the parents.

Single parents sometimes feel a "tremendous sense of isolation," Johnson said. But they get together. Some of the Bellingham Day Care parents — mostly single parents — will have an occasional potluck dinner to meet this need, she said.

Making dinners, paying bills, cleaning the house, shopping for food and clothes, sharing special times with a son or daughter and studying all at the same time are real tasks for the single parent.

But the biggest reward to single parenting is that "you are the one who gets all the love and joy," Merrill-Brown said.

Jenny Via and son, Lee.
by Lisa Gloor

At first sight, Boy George is enough to make any woman envious that a man could be so pretty — prettier, in fact, than most females. His make-up is flawless, his dresses are exotic and his eyebrows are plucked to perfection.

Western’s men aren’t quite to this extremes, but it seems that, more and more, they are entering the traditionally female province of searching for the perfect hairstyle.

Men who were once content with care-free, natural cuts are now perming, dyeing, glazing and frusting. The new, inventive hairstyles are a step forward in fashion, but one wonders if men realize the time, effort, cost, frustration and risk that follow when they add curlers and hairspray to their shaving kits.

They don’t realize a single false move could damage their self-esteem for months. Most women have no problem recollecting traumatic experiences that have accompanied their experiments. Here are some of mine.

Since my hair is perfectly straight and on the fine side, I thought a few curls might be nice. Two days before my first day of high school, I got my first permanent. My hairdresser promised “loose” curls, and I envisioned long, flaxen locks with just the right amount of curl. I got my first permanent.

Two days before my first day of high school, I got my first permanent. My hairdresser promised “loose” curls, and I envisioned long, flaxen locks with just the right amount of curl. I ended up resembling a hedge-hog.

I ran home in tears, intending to hibernate, but it seemed that more and more, they are entering the traditionally female province of searching for the perfect hairstyle.

Consider the time. Men who used to be out of bed and out the door within 15 minutes are now spending at least twice this time on their hair alone. Afternoons once spent on the gridiron or the ski slopes are now used up reading dated magazines under noisy hair dryers.

In every town, one can find a low-budget salon that offers a speedy, generic and somewhat painless haircut. Unfortunately, workers on any assembly line, including this type, tend to be rushed, tired and dissatisfied — not the ideal qualifications for a hair stylist.

In a misguided attempt to assume the GQ look, dudes with thin hair may be tempted to get a perm to make their hair fuller. This approach doesn’t always work. Instead of sitting nicely away from the scalp, it clings tightly to the shape of the skull... at an extraordinary price.

Home permanents, attractive because of the $4.99 vs. $49.99 cost, are another potential disaster area. Many women have fried off the majority of their hair this way, leaving them semi-bald, dateless and extremely irritable. Luckily, however, men seem to look better in crew cuts and probably wouldn’t spend three months in hiding should an unfortunate chemical reaction rob them of their hair. Perms are by no means the only option.

New hi-tech products, such as styling mousse and gel, are designed to give body and hold without the stiffness of hairspray. They sound like a dream come true, but they don’t hold up to rain, wind or sweat. Bellingham residents might as well stick to hair spray.

But if they do decide on gel or mousse they should realize that some leave hair with the “wet look” for up to 18 hours. Some leave nothing more than a quickly-fading, rather offensive scent. Others smell like rich chocolate desserts or ripe fruit, and attract drooling children and hungry insects.

A host of decisions accompany the world of hair fashion, ranging from which shampoo to buy to where to get a hairstyle.

Don’t let it go to your head.
Genevie Pfueller, 18, has set Western's record for every course she's run this year running on Western's women's cross-country team. Coach Tony Bartlett said she's headstrong, has courage and good rhythm. (Photo John Klicker)
Running Into Yourself
The runner reaches up and touches her sweatband; it is wet from her first two miles. She checks under her arms; they’re still dry — give them another mile.

On this crisp, sunny autumn afternoon her breathing is steady and soft on flat trails; louder and more labored as she plows up hills; raspy and fast as she speeds down slopes.

She runs through the course’s peaks and valleys, the rocky or rooty terrain, the dark of the forests, the light in the clearings, the crunchy leaves, and the fresh air.

Birds twitter as she pushes on. Veering around trees, her leg muscles flex with the terrain.

Her bent arms grow stiff. For a moment she straightens and loosens them. Head up, sweaty palms loosely clasped, the runner keeps pace and breathing in tune.

By appearance, it’s hard to tell what the runner is feeling.

"Psychologically, there’s a gaping — and possibly unbridgeable — gulf separating folks who run long distance from folks who only see them running. The external image of runners and running isn’t often a pleasant one, and that’s the image outsiders pick up. The joys and satisfactions are internal, therefore invisible. The pained expressions, struggling styles, impassive faces that appear bored are worn in full view," Joe Henderson, editor of Road Racers and Their Training, wrote.

Why do runners want to put themselves through this apparent torture?

Runners’ motivations begin at the mundane and end at the sublime.

"The hard work and pain help me to better appreciate the luxuries of everyday life ... A long run gives you a chance to go off away from the ‘humdrum’ of everyday life and look at yourself ... ," wrote Jim French, a marathon runner at age 17.

"Running increases self esteem and provides better health including psychological benefits. It’s crucial to enjoy it to do well at it," Western men’s cross-country coach Ralph Vernacchia said.

One 30-year veteran wrote his motivation changes: "Today, release from everyday work and family tensions and physical well-being. Yesterday, trips overseas — Olympics, Pan-American Games, athletic scholarships, friendships. Yesterday and today, it’s a way of life."

Some runners run for success, some for enjoyment, others for an exploratory experience, some for the feeling of peace and euphoria it gives them, some for expanded consciousness of individual feelings and powers, some run to be alone. Henderson wrote.

"Running is like transcending to a higher level of consciousness, a concept that is hard to explain to anyone who hasn’t actually participated in the activity. It is a microcosm of life itself — hopes and fears, successes and failures — they’re all integral parts of the experience," wrote Phil Oviatt, a Washington state high school cross-country captain.

"Running cross-country is a means of setting up a continuous flow of biological feedback. It encourages a new awareness of what goes on inside by cultivating a
Most runners give themselves entirely during a cross-country race, which demands high mental and physical discipline.

sensitivity to the body's workings. It is also a means of personally evaluating, and often times exceeding, pre-conceived limitations — both physiological and psychological.

Strictly speaking, cross-country races are run over open fields, up and down hills, along forest paths, and even over fences and across little streams. They contrast with road races, which are staged on the open road, where cars ordinarily share the course.

Some local cross-country coaches pointed out that the abilities required in competitive cross-country running differ from those in track or road racing.

"Cross-country is more of a total running experience," explained Doris Heritage, head cross-country coach at Seattle Pacific University and women's cross-country world champion from 1968 to 1972.

"The courses require more of the athlete, more variety, and greater demands of concentration," reported Dale Flynn in the *Norwester*.

Because of the variety of the terrain, the cross-country runner must frequently change pace, rhythm, and direction. The runner must be strong enough to run well on hills, fast enough to sprint, pass, and take advantage of opportunities, and agile enough to negotiate obstacles and stay out of trouble.

In collegiate cross-country, the men's average races are five miles; the women's are three miles. The score for a runner in a meet correlates with the place of that finisher. The team with the lowest point total wins.

"Often times a runner feels the need to explore his or her own personal limitations — this need can only be satisfied through competition. Racing is the art of overcoming physical pain with mental fortitude. Preceding competition, the racer's mind is filled with an anguish that often times drives the competitor to the point of panic. The overall racing experience, in retrospect, however, is a rewarding and pleasing one," Oviatt wrote.

"Competition makes you a stronger person: There's no easy way out, no slacking off, you see how well you can do and you feel better about yourself. Not doing anything wears you out," said Genevie Pfueller, Western's top runner on the women's cross-country team.

"Competition can be a threat, a challenge, or something to look forward to. It's an opportunity to improve skills and abilities," said Ralph Vernacchia, men's cross-country team coach at Western.

Training for cross-country racing includes lots of mileage, including LSD (Long Slow Distance) running, work on hills, pace work and interval training — a period of work or exercise followed by a measured recovery. "Cross-country training is a commitment that will take up your day in some form," said Tony Bartlett, Western's women's cross-country coach.

"The real remunerations derive strictly through genuine love of the activity, not through some superfluous side-benefit, such as successful placement in a meet, or even increased cardiovascular health. Motivational goals can serve as an additional incentive for strenuous training, but alone, they should not be the end.

"Cross-country is not a sport, it is a way of life," Oviatt said.
Throughout history anthropological evidence suggests that human beings must have run to survive — both as hunter and as hunted. Later, the runner served as a means of communication. In 490 B.C. a messenger named Pheidippides reportedly ran from the Plain of Marathon to Athens to announce the news of the Greek victory over the invading Persians, according to the *Encyclopedia Americana*.

Pheidippides is sometimes confused with an Athenian athlete by the same name. The athlete also delivered a message, running from Athens to Sparta. According to Herodotus, he covered the distance of about 150 miles in two days, reports the *New Century Handbook of English Literature*.

As civilizations evolved, running was a primary activity in games and formal athletic competitions, including cross-country races.

Cross-country as a sport began to take shape in the 19th century, notably in Great Britain, where the sport was initiated as a primitive lark for stout-hearted gentlemen. Also known as "Paper Chasing" or "Hounds and Hares," a couple of runners, acting as "hares," would set out before a race with bags of paper strips and lay out a trail for the "hounds" to follow — or try to follow, writes Dale Flynn in the *Nor'wester*.

Part of the lark was to lay false and confusing leads, baiting the pack through diverting obstacles such as streams, pastures, plowed fields, over hedges, fences, and through mud and trout ponds.

Britain had its first national cross-country championship in 1876 and, appropriately enough, everyone got lost. The first championship event in the United States was in 1880, Flynn said.

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Western freshman Joey Denhartog sprints towards the finish during the 1984 invitational cross-country meet at Lake Padden.
This year, support of education is expected to be a topic of great debate in the state Legislature. Committees, boards, administrators, faculty and even students prepare declarations of how vital support of education is to national prestige, defense and individual quality of life. As eloquent as they may be, none will seem as vital as Western student Sheila McCartan's story of the struggle for education in Honduras.

In 1982, when she was just 12 credits away from a degree in elementary science education, McCartan was accepted by the Peace Corps. As the rest of her class worked toward graduation, she flew to Honduras to teach.

The Honduran Ministry of Education had asked the Peace Corps for a volunteer with a background in science education to work in a normal school. McCartan was selected.

Before she could go to the school, however, she had to learn the particulars of that country, its language, and its customs. She spent three months at Peace Corps headquarters in the capital city, Tegucigalpa, relearning, in a practical way, the two years of Spanish she had taken in junior high school.
With no more than shovels and wheelbarrows, the men of Los Coyotes built the three-room schoolhouse. None were paid.

McCartan had exposure to the ideas of education while growing up in Pullman, Wash. Her father is currently dean of students at Washington State University, and her mother teaches human nutrition there.

"My background led me to a career in education in the first place, and the education led me to Honduras," she said.

After the training period, McCartan went to a Cholutecha, a town in southern Honduras to teach at Escula Normal del Sur, a teacher-training school. It is high-school level; teachers in Honduras seldom have more than a twelfth-grade education.

The way teachers are taught in Honduras is much different than anything McCartan experienced in the education department here.

Education there "isn't giving people the kinds of skills to survive in the real world," she said.

For instance, teacher candidates learn teaching by rote. In science education, when a class would learn about the parts of a flower, the instructor would write its anatomy on the board — pistil, stamen, petal — and students would copy and recite it.

"No one ever thought to bring a flower into the room," McCartan said.

At the normal school, McCartan worked to get the teacher candidates to bring examples into the classroom, and to include methods apart from memorization, to teach not just the specifics but the problem-solving skills inherent in effective learning.

Although McCartan said she wasn't assured the teachers would carry through with the methods and ideas she taught, the science fair Peace Corps volunteers initiated encouraged her. Students did projects, such as illustrating how the heart works or how a volcano erupts, activities that require some amount of independent thought. The teacher-trainers picked up the idea, and the fair has become a yearly event.

Even with classroom methods as dubious as they are, the students that make it to high school are lucky. Only 20 percent of the children reach the sixth grade, and only 3 percent finish high school.

Adults and children who don't finish school can, however, learn through radio school. The government broadcasts lessons in reading, writing, health care and nutrition. People who mail in exercises can earn up to a sixth-grade education.

Despite these efforts, "50 percent of the population of Honduras cannot read or write," she said.

She once saw a group of Honduran men signing an agreement. "It was like watching 5-year-olds struggling with forming letters.

"Almost no one in Honduras reads, and if they do, they only read the newspapers or the Bible.

"Even if you couldn't tell a gringo by the way he looks, you could tell him by the book tucked under his arm.

"How does a country become developed when 50 percent of the people can't read or write? When you are illiterate, there's not much you can do except grow food," she said.

And worse, "when you aren't literate, you don't have the thinking skills required to solve your problems."

McCartan found an awareness of the problem of illiteracy in a small community near Cholutecha. A few of the parents in the community had second or third grade educations from radio school. One man even had a twelfth grade education.

He convinced the other parents the community should have a school.

Both Cholutecha, and the community, Los Coyotes, lie on a valley floor, "the worst place to be, so hot and so ugly," McCartan said. The whole valley has been deforested, and as a result even less rain falls in the dry season and the area floods in the rainy season.

"It's never below 90 degrees, day or night," she said.

When McCartan first arrived from Bellingham, the heat was so hard she had to take a nap at noon for the first three months.

Just taking the trip from Cholutecha was an effort, an hour-long bus ride and a 45 minute walk down a dusty road.

Arrival at Los Coyotes isn't apparent; there isn't a sign to mark the border. Just as there is no sign, there isn't a post office, no bank and no city hall, and when McCartan first arrived, no school.

The community consists mainly of houses connected by footpaths. It
stretches a distance similar to that from Red Square to Buchanan Towers.

McCartan would stop at the house of Pedro and Marina when she visited Los Coyotes. Marina, a 33-year-old mother of four, would be doing the things housewives everywhere do — cooking, cleaning and caring for her children.

Marina spends a good part of the day preparing the corn that Pedro grows. Pedro sells part of his crop and buys beans and rice. Almost exclusively, this is what the family lives on.

McCartan, versed in aspects of human nutrition by virtue of being the daughter of a specialist, said: "The family gets enough of those few things, but nutritionally speaking, it is inadequate; the kids are skinny," she said.

Pedro, who is also skinny, grows two corn crops per year, but his yield isn’t great because of poor soil and lack of modern farm equipment. The corn he grows is different than any McCartan ate while growing up in Pullman. She said it is hard, chewy, tough and pale yellow.

"I think it is what we would call cattle corn," she said.

Pedro and Marina’s living conditions are the same as that of the other 54 families in Los Coyotes. The lives of the people of Los Coyotes are not much different from the majority of the four million people who live in Honduras. The average income per person is $600 per year, McCartan said.

With no school in Los Coyotes, only the children who were most “persistent” were educated. Older children could take the one-hour hike to a neighboring community to attend school, but during the torrential rains the trip became perilous.

A group of parents finally got together to try to get a school and a teacher for their children. They asked the Honduran government for aid, “but couldn’t get much because they aren’t a priority area,” McCartan said.

Eventually, the community contacted Terry Fender, a Peace Corps volunteer. He helped them build a one-room adobe school, and the government supplied one teacher.

Fifty kids attended the school, but the one-room was simply too crowded. Fender, and then McCartan, applied for the Peace Corps Partnership Program. The program matches a project, such as the building of a school, with sponsors in the states. In March of 1983, Fender returned home, but McCartan helped the community meet the Peace Corps requirements.

One of those requirements, and the hardest one for Los Coyotes to meet, was that the community must pay roughly 25 percent of the cost.

In the end, the project cost about $5,000. Sponsors in the states contributed $3,600, and Los Coyotes came up with the rest.

The community raised funds in a variety of ways. They voted to ask each family to contribute $5 to the project. What this meant to the family, for example, was that when a daughter’s dress wore out, the family wasn’t able to replace it immediately.

Another way to raise money was to sponsor a dance for neighboring communities.

People from communities within a two-hour’s walk began arriving on the afternoon of the dance. Everyone came from small children to grandmothers.

The men of Los Coyotes sold dance tokens, which were circles cut from plastic jugs. They charged the equivalent of 10 cents per dance.

For music, the community used a borrowed phonograph powered by batteries. They had five or six scratchy 45s, recordings of Mexican and Brazilian country and western tunes.

The women sold candy made from brown sugar, watermelon slices, and roasted ears of corn. Sale of the tokens and the food netted about $15 a dance. It was a lengthy effort to achieve the community’s share of the project.

By June of 1983, the school was funded and construction began. As the school went up, McCartan helped by purchasing supplies and transporting them to Los Coyotes.

"It was slow because there aren’t any telephones; everything has to be done on foot. It’s not like you could sit in an office and make phone calls," she said.

Other days she would ride the bus to Tegucigalpa to turn in receipts and fill out paper work.

"Everything was in triplicate. You have to remember you’re working for the U.S. government." She could get no more than $500 at a time.

During the intense part of the construction, McCartan took the bus to Los Coyotes two afternoons each week, and still maintained her teaching in Cholutecha.

Of the work McCartan did in Honduras, she said she felt best about helping with the school in Los Coyotes. She said she wasn’t sure if the teacher-training ideas she taught would catch on.

"When you’re working on attitudes and methods it takes a long time; a lot you do in Honduras is not concrete," she said.

But the school “was a real, tangible project and result.”

McCartan said if she could have done more in Honduras, it would have been for the children — “knowing the kind of lives ahead of them and knowing they have no outs or options,” she said.

By the time McCartan left Honduras last April, the school was complete, except for the locks on the window shutters, and over 50 children had seats. Two of Marina’s oldest daughters attended. Their mother was expecting a fifth child.

Last summer, back at Western, McCartan completed her last 12 credits. This fall she is substitute teaching in elementary schools around Pullman. A friend wrote to her from Honduras: Marina had delivered a boy, and 70 children now attend the Los Coyotes school.

Only last year was the road to Los Coyotes built, allowing materials to be brought in for the school.
Digging into the Past

by Elisa Claassen

Take curiosity, a love for history, especially prehistory; a love for the outdoors and a sense of humor and you have the common traits of an archaeologist. A tolerance for heat, dirt and working long hours is necessary, too.

Garland Grabert of Western's anthropology department calls archaeology "The Detective Syndrome — the curiosity about how things happen. Curiosity that is intellectual and physical."

As a child, Kristin Griffin, a Western student and a supervisor at the site, said she used to bury things and "use my mom's makeup brushes to recover them."

Gene Griffin, Kristin's husband and a dig supervisor, kept plastic models of dinosaurs as a boy, while Al Reid, formerly of the Army and Forest Service, collected "How and Why" books on dinosaurs and primitive man.

This summer seven Western archaeology students had a chance to get out of the classroom and dig along the Columbia River between Brewster and Bridgeport in eastern Washington. The sites discovered in the early 1960s, possibly were washing away with the river's flow.

The students were chosen by Grabert for their previous experience in field schools, field work and particular courses taken at Western, such as cartography (the making of maps). In exchange for their work the students would receive, not academic credit, but "money and experience," Grabert said.

Between $6.50 and $7.50 an hour would be doled out, according to the amount of past experience, by the Public Utility District (PUD) of Douglas County where the dig took place.

While Western's team would test and evaluate sites, other teams of between 45 and 50 members from Central Washington University and Washington State University would carefully do the slower recovery process.

The Douglas PUD lowered the Columbia six feet for one month, and only one, because the 1978 Archaeology Resources Protection Act (meant to protect Indian reservations, reservoirs, fisheries and wildlife) required it.

Neighboring farmers complained they needed the water to irrigate their apple and cherry orchards. Previously only scrub grass had grown along the rolling hills by the river. Now irrigation had produced green acreage and prospering fruit crops — the mainstay of the local economy.

Every day the lowered river would mean a loss of electrical power as well. The time limit would pressure the students to find areas qualifying for the state's register of historical sites — and protection.

Fort Okanogan, the 17th century trading fort downriver, has this status. Sea walls of boulders and cobblestones hold back the history-erasing forces of the river.

A typical day begins at 5 a.m. when Gene and Kristin Griffin, the supervisors, wake up. They turn on the classical music tape in the living room of the mobile home, which they share with Kerry Slattery, cartographer Lynne Stretch and Carson Riley.

"This year we are living in luxury. Last year they had tents with no protection against the heat," Gene Griffin said, as a fan came on. The comfortable home has a bathroom, several bedrooms and a kitchen.

As coffee is brewed, Slattery and Kristin Griffin pull on layers of polo shirts, a flannel shirt, long pants, socks and sturdy shoes. The mornings tend to be cool.

At 6 a.m., after breakfast the other men arrive from their apartment in Brewster, several miles away. The eager members pick up pails, boxes, shovels, measuring rods and tools before trudging over the arid bluff, down past the cactus plants, scrub brush and the shifting sand to the bank. Equipment is set up with only an occasional joke.

They work rapidly because they only have three to four days at each site. Thirty days will have to do for all eight sites.

Everyone has prepared for the sun with bandanas and hats, layers of clothes and a supply of water to prevent heat exhaustion and dehydration. Yet the storm clouds above the site give little reason to anticipate sunshine.

They clip around the roots, dig and throw the dirt into a screen suspended
by a wooden tripod. Much like sitting flour, the fine dirt falls to the ground and any possible artifacts stay in the screen. Someone picks up a possible artifact, tastes it and then passes it to someone else.

Grabert had told his class about the need to “taste” samples. “You can never be an archaeologist until you have tasted a peck or two of dirt.” He wasn’t joking.

Actually the archaeologists tap the artifact against their teeth for the “texture and feel,” not necessarily for the taste. Stone has a harder, sharper feel than bone, he said.

Another trick is to move the hands down the pit wall pinching off grains of dirt from different sections and comparing the size of grain by the feel. If the grains in both sections feel similar, the soil may be the same type.

Screening can determine the different cultural compositions, Gene Griffin said. A fire hearth in the river bank will have rocks that break differently; the massive charcoal staining in the rocks among river mussel shells indicates that Indians once occupied the site.

Gene Griffin carefully starts to scrape the sides of the wall, keeping them even. The sand makes it hard and boulders and stones are heavy to dig out. The longer the holes are kept open, the harder they may get, especially Gene’s record hole about two feet square, eight to ten feet deep.

Grabert has predicted, “a lot of what you do will be disappointing . . . digging sand.” On the other sites, worked by the larger Central team, bulldozers were in use because areas had better access.

Early archaeologists were wealthy globe-trotters who brought home treasures from far-away places to grace their mantels and impress their friends. The beauty of the artifact was prized; the history was forgotten. Today, the “treasures” may be arrowheads, known as projectile points; bone remains or other samples illustrating a people’s lifestyle.

The artifacts found on this dig will go into an Indian museum for all to see and share. Information written in notebooks from the site will show the relationships between the pieces, indicating how, when and possibly why they were used.

Kristin Griffin examines maps and charts on the shore, while Kerry, Bill Roulette, Jim Sterling, Jeff Wollin, Al and Gene continue to dig.

“About 90 percent of archaeology is paperwork,” Griffin said. At the bottom of the gradually deepening pits, various layers of soil are examined. Each layer and artifact location will be drawn. If it rains the students have to wait until they can continue the paperwork under drier conditions. The ink will smear.

“The notes you take are important, because digging destroys the site. If you don’t take notes, archaeology is vandalism,” Grabert told the students.

Once the site has been dug the layers of earth will fall back and the “historical record” kept will scramble in the hole. Usually part of the site is left intact for future generations which may have new methods of recovery and dating.

Occasionally someone breaks into song as the work progresses. Sterling chants, “I don’t want to work all day!” Everyone else is as quiet as the Columbia River flowing silently in front of them. Only the chirp of crickets breaks the silence.

“How do these walls look?” someone yells. “See this! Have you discovered anything different?” Wollin, stocky, with glasses and thick yellow beard, appears from his hole. He sinks back to dig around some large cobblestones.

Grabert and Jim Chatters, a principal investigator of the Central project, meander down the bluff, as they talk to
the Griffins about the newest finds. The Central group has found several Indian pit dwellings not far from where Fort Okanogan stood. Diagrams are scratched in the sand.

John Draper, an assistant project director from Washington State University working on the Central project, said he likes reconstructing events to see how people changed and adapted to their environment. "Sometimes you can see this in the archaeological record. Look at the sediments and see the kind of environment that existed. Pollen data for climatic (records)... geology... the whole works. It's not just the artifacts themselves. A whole lot of other things help you to put the picture together."

After the 15-minute morning break, a potential hearth is found. The stained matrix of charcoal is removed and put into foil. The labeled samples are sent to a commercial lab in Florida for Carbon-14 dating, a fairly reliable method used for determining approximately when a sample was alive.

"It's not just the artifacts themselves. A whole lot of other things help you to put the picture together."

At lunch they discuss the food situation. They have been brown-bagging it and the Central group is reported to have a gourmet cook, who makes fresh bread everyday. Everyone is gradually getting tired and looking forward to going back to their quarters to shower and sleep.

Suddenly it starts to rain. Fatigue is forgotten as scurrying archaeologists put tools and supplies under tarps and hurry to finish a map. As the rain pours, others help backfill, heaving dirt into the hole.

Bill Belcher, a graduate student, examined rock samples under the microscope for study of ancient flora and fauna. He claims he is going "blind."

White styrofoam trays containing pebbles and bits of gravel lie on the tables in a third floor lab in Arntzen Hall. Beside them are plastic bags of small shell or bone. Underneath the tables are cardboard boxes containing the larger artifacts. Elsewhere slides of the site are being examined with a projector and tabletop lamps.

The first week back, the samples were washed in the "mini-jacuzzi," a floatation machine which Garland Grabert described as a "glorified washtub with some fittings and racks." After that, boxes of paperwork were rewritten and sent to the Douglas County Public Utilities District, the agency which hired the archaeologists.

Grabert analyzed the findings from Wells Reservoir:

- The Central Washington University work found pit-houses dating to about 4,500 years ago.
- The fishing and mussel collection was dated at about 7,000 years ago, which was prior to the eruption of Mt. Mazama that occurred 6,700 years ago and formed Crater Lake.
- Western's archaeologists found the pit-house settlement and a broad range of food collection, hunting and fishing.
- Work at a previous site was designed to investigate possible late prehistoric, camas steaming ovens. These were excavated completely and the earth, ash content was water floated for traces of plant and fish remains. This effort was successful. Grabert said, in dating the ovens to 3,500 years ago, older than expected. This showed the Columbia Plateau culture consumed plant food earlier than archaeologists suspected.

Half of the sites, four of the eight, may have qualified for the National Register and preservation efforts. Dating artifacts scattered on a "living floor" revealed one site was inhabited 7,000 years ago, before the eruption of Mt. Mazama.

Embankments to protect the sites from being eroded by the Columbia may be erected around the four sites if they qualify for the register. Rob Whitlam, the state archaeologist; and Dr. Maitens of the University of Oregon will meet soon with Jim Chatters to discuss the findings.

Al Reid, a Western Archaeology student, spent most of his day on one of the sites in Eastern Washington — digging. The dirt was shoveled up into a screen on a tripod to be sifted for small artifacts.

White sandstorm

Sorting Through the Past

After the field work was completed the archaeologists returned to Western's lab to continue. Bill Belcher, a graduate student, examined rock samples under the microscope for study of ancient flora and fauna. He claims he is going "blind."

White styrofoam trays containing pebbles and bits of gravel lie on the tables in a third floor lab in Arntzen Hall. Beside them are plastic bags of small shell or bone. Underneath the tables are cardboard boxes containing the larger artifacts. Elsewhere slides of the site are being examined with a projector and tabletop lamps.

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STEPPING LIGHTLY

Into a Dancer’s Mind
by Dana Grant

picture

Relève... two... three... four. Kick and step and kick and step and... Back, stretch, back, stretch... breath... breath—relax.

Hear the music in the room. The song is not on the charts. The composer is dead. Tall, fantastically tall, shiny, chrome-rimmed mirrors distort and reflect.


Next to the pile is canvas, leather, plastic and vinyl. Assorted colors. Shaped into fashionable carrying compartments with impeccable stitching. Contents? Maybe books, paper, a broken pencil, crumpled Kleenex, a torn stamp, a Kennedy half-dollar and a hair-matted brush. Daily. Daily.

focus

Three consistent rows, back to back; separated by an arm's length. Never more. Never more. Bodies moving together on the ground and in the air. Feeling the rhythm of the dance as hundreds have in the past.

Who is it in this crowd? Did they ever stop to watch the world? Is this the world that saps all their energies? Complete.

His parents call him, Jeffrey. He calls them, Mr. and Mrs. Longstaff. He has seen 26 Earth years. Or so he thinks...

"I've kind of lost track. For a few years I kept getting younger with every day. I told others I was 22 for several years. Now I feel like I want to get older. Things just change."

Life for him has always been based in Washington. Listen to the teacher. Get a diploma and find a job.

"I'd always been told I was going to college. My parents' trip. I didn't even think about it. You graduate and you go to college. University of Washington sounded too big. I read about Fairhaven College and said 'This is for me.'"

Western. Travel to another land and learn what you can. Always learn. Returning to a certain point.

"I've taken a few years off from school. To travel in Europe and other places."

History is there, in the way one moves and the things one sees. Across the woods, in a different place, stop, to meet a stranger. Funny birds. Funny songs.

"It was a hunting palace in the middle of the woods made by Mad Ludwig and located in the Black Forest. I went and sat in this gazebo. I was smoking cigars at the time. I felt so comfortable. As if I'd been there before. I'm into reincarnation. I think maybe I was a member of Mad Ludwig's court."

directions

Should... could... would... fly. Dance? Write? Studying the art. Learning the grind that is routine for a performer. Rehearsal.

"I'd played with the idea of being seriously involved with dance for some time. But I didn't really become a part of the dance world until I returned to Western in 1981."

Success is measured with a personal ruler. Never cheat. Failure comes... does it matter? Where will it take me? Should... could... would.

It was when I was taking a break from school in Eastern Washington. All of a sudden this music comes drifting across the river. The song 'Let's Get Physical' was so clear. Made me feel so good, like 'God, it's got to be right.' I'm embarrassed that I liked that song. I'm not usually into pop."

his world

Fairhaven. See the castle on the hill, with open halls and boundary walls. Use the same pattern to educate all, the brave, young, weak and old.

"A lot of people have misconceptions about Fairhaven. They think that everyone that goes there is an airy, floaty, LSD taker. That is so narrow. There is such a variety. I mean, if you listen to the Beatles does that make you a hippie?"

Accepting the world that is given to us. See the crack in the pavement. Covering those ugly stains. This is the world.

"Everyone has stereotypes. I'm incredibly prejudiced. The only way to change is to realize that those are stereotypes. When you look at someone and have those feelings, be aware that they aren't really connected to that person. They are inside of you."

Creating and designing the path that one leads. Instigating the adventures that consume days. Possession. Personal.

"I have designed my own dance major and Fairhaven is a part of me. Oh, sure I've been disgusted with others' attitudes. But all in all I'm proud to be a Fairhaven student. I'm special. I'm somebody and not just a face."

self perceptions

Repetition is a fundamental element in this arena. No movement is executed just once. Account for every step and know each detail. Always. Always. Maintain the stance and listen to the music. Listen to the music.
"I'm very lucky because I don't really need to count like most people. I sense it with my body. It's second nature."

Strengthen the body and the mind will benefit. Tone. Tone. Raise the toes, higher and higher and keep it straight.

"What's going on within my body? That is what I want to be able to know. A lot of people never have that control. That is what tight jaws and shoulders is all about."

People admire the man in the suit. He looks so fine. See him. He is good at all he does. Confidence. Ego?

"As far as Western goes, I'm pretty good. As far as the New York scene, I'm not very good."

Wish on a star and follow a dream. Don't stray. Keep it cool. Listen close. Hear the music.

"Some of them are so good. Sometimes I dwell on the fact that I'm not there. It's really frustrating. Especially with ballet because it's all about being perfect. No extra step — no fidget — I'll never be perfect. I know that is stupid because I'm great. What I can do ... that helps inspire me. So do the students who I teach."

alternative angle

Angela. Angela. Her voice replies. Independent and free, she is a woman. We move as one. As one we move. His alter ego and partner. Duets that float above the crowd, in a separate world. She knows Jeffrey, as she knows the dance.

Release. Let all hear what is on the mind. Voice those thoughts. Speak ... Angela ... speak ... Angela ... speak.

"Everything in my life is connected to dance. Originally it was for the joy and the social aspects. Then I found it to be more of a creative experience."

Lifting my body up, into the air, across the room and into a new dimension. Our place of practice. Partner. Partner.

"It is personal, like meditation. Dance is really involved with my personal growth and the awareness of myself."

Male ... female ... male ... female ... together. Skills that one has acquired and passed on, to many and to one. Hear the music. Never tired. Sad or depressed. Moods destroy what we must accomplish when together. Partner. Partner.

"It excites me to see men in dance. No, I don't mean like excite — but I think 'oh, good. some more men getting into dance. Just great to see men getting into their bodies."

Constant changes create disarray. Needed. Needed. To feel like the scarecrow and have no control. Vulnerable and ready to be ...\n
"It is not a traditional role for a man to move slowly and in a graceful way. We have stereotypes and most dancing does not have a positive image for men."

Living is sometimes safe, secure and even satisfying. Life is life. Growth takes time; it demands change and versatility, pain, no guarantees of tomorrow or today. Dance ... partner ... dance.

"There will be no sudden changes. Break dancing was a great step forward for male dancers. But what will bring real change will be gradual. As other things — not just dance — change, it will be more acceptable for a male to dance in our culture."

status

Watch the man in the park. The world is revolving. Constant. Jeffrey. He is a male dancer. Listen to his voice.

"My parents? I think they like the fact that I'm into something. Everything that I do relates to dance. The main thing that they wonder about is how I'm going to get a job. And I wonder about that myself."

Practice again and take control. The responsibility. Don't falter — ever. Don't listen to the music.

"Last year I choreographed my first piece. I took it from a piece by Nijinsky. I chose him because I respect him. He was the first male dancer to step out of the background and into the spotlight."

Develop. Roadblock. Going beyond and using what is yours. Constant contact that is often confining.

"The men and women seem to get along really well. In fact the women really seem to enjoy the men being there. And I like it too!"

involvement

The bus stop is crowded. People funnel out of the doors. Classes. Remember the assignment. Watch. Watch. Scratch the chalk against the board.

"Right now I'm teaching a class and working on a piece for them to perform. Oh, and I'm doing this kind of wild jazz piece about foods. I play congos for classes and have been developing a solo routine for the fall concert."

"I have a partner who I've been working with on some different duets. We've also thought about experimenting with some video cameras."

Exchange an idea and envision. Building new, original patterns that come from us. Our being in art.

"I'm doing the choreography for the Fairhaven production of 'Tommy,' the opera. It is a good challenge."

Gain ... receive ... gain ... receive. At some point, a distant happening, remote and unclear, will mask the harsh reality in awareness. Think ... look ... think ... look.

"It is hard. I know it will take a lot of determination. But anything that you want to do takes that. People think it's a really unmasculine thing to be a dancer. But in truth it is all about power. Especially in ballet with such defined roles. You never see a woman lift a man."

futures

Share what has become a part of one's life. Let others see ... learn. Process.

"Eventually I would like to teach for a while. At the university level. I'm looking into a lot of grad schools. Possibly some day I will have a dance academy of my own. Who can say? I might go to Europe and be a street dancer. Ha Ha!"

"Time is not always the healer. Time ... time. Know what it is that lies ahead and look behind."

"In dancing we do so much stuff with our bodies that it is therapeutic in itself. In our culture there is a thing about your body. The close situations really expose yourself. The clothes we wear — you see everything. Nothing is hidden. You have to put yourself on the line."

- A gift that is wrapped. Ribbons and bows that do not match. Give or take or just surrender?

"I think that more people should dance. No matter what their size or shape. Square dance ... folk dance. Whatever! By themselves or with a partner. People really need to identify more with their bodies.
A proud mansion, which time has changed from gracious elegance to faded gentility, was reduced to rubble this fall. Garden Street Hall, built in 1902 for canner executive William Timson, is now the site for proposed multiple parking spaces.

The three-story Victorian house was home to: notable local residents; the Campus Christian Ministry (CCM); Western's Purchasing office and journalism department; and, according to some, a ghost.

Timson sold the house, styled after the residence of the poet Longfellow, to Henry and Madame Davenport-Engberg, who lived there in the 1920s. Engberg, a pharmacist, operated a successful drugstore in town. Mme. Davenport-Engberg directed the Seattle Symphony, managed the Beck Theater, and was an internationally recognized violinist. One of her students was the late Arthur Thal, who was concertmaster of the Bellingham Civic Symphony Orchestra and a violin teacher at Western.

In 1932 the house was bought by CCM, then called United Campus Christian Foundation (UCCF). The latter remodeled the house and added a wing. In 1961 the college informed UCCF it had plans to demolish the hall and use the area for parking. But it wasn't for more than 20 years that Garden Street Hall would be leveled.

In the '60s "The Web," a weekend coffee house, operated from the basement. Later, a natural foods restaurant called "The Eggplant" opened on the main floor.

In the early '70s CCM bought a lot on Highland Drive and tried to rebuy the house from the college and move it to the new lot. But the Rev. William Sodt, formerly with CCM, said the lot sloped too steeply.

Live-in caretaker and Western graduate Dan Tolva lived in the house from June 1971 to June 1972. According to a 1979 article in the Bellingham Herald, Tolva said the old house was haunted and had "a ghost living on the third floor."

He and his wife said they heard doors slam, one clock stop repeatedly and a variety of strange noises. Tolva said when his wife was alone in one room, just going to bed, and Tolva was in another, the ghost suddenly spoke to her. His wife quoted the ghost as saying, "You have been talking long enough." The two promptly went to bed.

The journalism department followed the purchasing department into the house between 1978 and 1982. R.E. "Ted" Stannard Jr., then journalism chairman, said he had not seen evidence of a ghost inhabiting the premises. "I am a bit disappointed," he said.

As the Phoenix, rising from the ashes time and again, the old, once-proud mansion survived two fires and general neglect. This time, it didn't make it — and one wonders if the ghost will continue to haunt the parking lot scheduled to be built by Western.