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Vandalism On Campus
Rain Rain Go Away
Windsurfing Bellingham Bay
Front cover: Totem pole carver Paul Luvera of Anacortes strolls by some of his work. Photo by Pete Kendall.

Center spread: Bob Jones takes a puff on the job from one of his six pipes. Photo by John Atkinson.

Back cover: Sir Winston's & Co. tobacco shop on West Champion Street—"latakia heaven." Photo by John Atkinson.
BEER AND FROTHING IN THE NORTHWEST
—Step aside Anheuser Busch, make room for the Hooks of Ballard and Bellingham's basement brewers. By John G. Purcell

A WETTER SHADE OF GRAY — One student's struggle to stay dry in a washed-out world. By Jeff Braimes

TOTALING VANDALISM ON CAMPUS — At a cost of $40,000 annually, Western's vandalism epidemic is nothing to be written off—or on. By Jeff Keeling

BUY SOME, SMOKE SOME, TALK SOME — The high art of pipes lingers in the cozy, aromatic smoke of the only tabacconist in town. By Naomi Stenberg.

AN ANCIENT ART IN GOOD HANDS — Italian-American Paul Luvera, 88, is carving his legend in Pacific Northwest totem poles. By Boni Etter

FOLKING AROUND WITH HOMEMADE MUSIC — For fun of it, folksters in Bellingham take the bright lights, screaming crowds and stage hype out of music. By Ken Swarner

ROTTEN TO THE CORE? — An apple a day could ruin it. By Naomi Jarvie

WHOLE LOTT A PRAYIN' GOIN' ON — Born again fold at Western is on the ascent. By Thomas Mosby

DUMPIN' MAX TRASH — Does a seeping county landfill threaten Bellingham's water supply? By Laura Long

EVERYBODY'S GOIN' SURFIN', SURFIN' B'HAM BAY — Local sailboarders are spilling wind on the rough edge where the sky meets the waves. By Chris Moench
The Greeks called it zythos, and made it 500 years before the birth of Christ. The Romans had it too—cerevesia, a special favorite of Julius Caesar, who drank it in celebration after his famous crossing of the Rubicon River in 49 B.C. The drink, of course, is beer, a fermented liquor of barley, hops and sometimes wheat.

While beer is a staple in many European countries, notably West Germany, Austria, Denmark, England, Ireland and Czechoslovakia—the birthplace of modern brewing—its presence in the United States exists under different circumstances.

In our nation of fast food convenience and large scale manufacturing, quality is sometimes sacrificed for quantity and availability. Beer is no exception. Major corporate brewers such as Anheuser Busch and G. Heilemann brew millions of bottles of beer each year. In the Pacific Northwest, a new group in the brewing industry, nicknamed the microbreweries, are making amber waves by brewing less. The microbreweries have grown at tremendous rates, and seem likely to capture a sizeable share of what they consider a good gourmet beer market.

Anyone who has quaffed a pint of Red Hook Ale, or shared a pitcher of Grant's Scottish Ale has tapped into a world of beer previously found only in Europe.

Independent Ale Brewers, in the Ballard district of Seattle, is typical of this breed. Paul Shipman, the brewmaster, brewed his first keg of Red Hook Ale, famous for its characteristically sweet flavor, in August, 1982. Four years and three new products later, salesman Rob...

by John G. Purcell
Mason estimates that Independent Ale Brewers will sell 5,000 kegs of Red Hook, Black Hook, Ballard Bitter and Winter Hook in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Alaska and Colorado in 1986. Additionally, the brewery bottles and sells all four locally—averaging 150-180 cases a week.

Winter Hook, originating this year as a Christmas beer tasting like a mix between Red Hook and the much darker Black Hook, has become so popular that Mason said it will be sold through July. It wasn’t supposed to be brewed past February.

On Bainbridge Island, another microsuds operation is brewing away, much to the delight of connoisseurs throughout Washington. Will Kemper is the brewmaster at Thomas Kemper Brewing Co. He explains the favorable reaction his products have received is one of taste.

"Some beer drinkers have a more discriminating taste. It’s like going to McDonald’s or a better restaurant." And as beer is a food, Kemper says, the same attitudes apply to beer. "Experimentation enhances taste." The more beers someone tries, the more a person knows what is good in a beer.

Kemper sold 1,050 kegs last year, and says he will double that this year. While 90 percent of his sales are in the Seattle area, he has done well in markets such as Bellingham and the Tri-Cities. Bottling is the next step, and Kemper needs to find a larger facility in which to do that.

Oregon, Kemper says, is probably the number-one draft beer-consuming state in the Union, but Washington is not far behind. "There’s a general thinking that beer is fresher in draft form. It is not pasteurized and it’s handled with kid gloves." Those kid gloves mean that Thomas Kemper Muenchner Lager, in both Helle (light) and Dunkel (dark) forms, is brewed with more attention than your average can of corporate brew. That, says Kemper, is what is attracting customers.

Across the Sound and over the mountains, in Yakima, home of Bert Grant and the Yakima Brewing Co., Grant is rivaling Shipman to be the biggest little brewery in the state. Annually, they ship 5,000 barrels to Portland, Pullman, Spokane and Idaho, as well as throughout Western Washington. Rick Des-
about $15 to $20 for a five-gallon batch. Donham relaxes in his living room, a glass of Stolichnaya vodka on ice in his hand. "The time it takes isn’t that bad," he says. "The great fun of it is sitting down and being able to sip it and reap my harvest."

He began with starter supplies, which he estimated cost about $35. These include a five-gallon carboy, or bottle, corn sugar, malt extract, thermometers, yeast, bottles and a cheap bottle capper. He also uses "The Complete Joy of Home Brewing," by Charlie Papazian, a guide book which contains more than 50 recipes.

The first steps entail deciding what to make, finding the ingredients, and then boiling the malt extract and water for about 45 minutes in a large pot. During this phase, hops can be added for bouquet and bitterness. Then the pre-beer is poured into a five-gallon bucket and allowed to cool to the mid-60s to mid-70s. Then Donham adds yeast, or yeast starter, which, he explains, is a small cup of wort, (unfermented beer) with yeast mixed into it. "When it foams up I know it’s ready."

The beer is now ready for fermenting. The yeast will take the natural sugars and turn them into alcohol. The carboys are stored in the back room of Donham’s huge Ivy Street house during this process. The temperature must remain constant during this and the immediately following conditioning process.

For fermenting, the beer is placed in carboys with glass air valves on the top, which allow air to escape without other moisture getting inside. In the carboy, the yeasts settle out on the bottom, and the beer becomes almost ready to drink. "Fermenting and conditioning for a lager takes about two months," Donham explains. "The ales don’t need to condition very much." An ale is ready in four weeks.

Conditioning takes place inside the bottle. Donham and Jones get their bottles, "stubbies," in Canada because they need "pop-top" rather than threaded bottles. Bottling is an hour-long process, preceded by an hour of cleaning the bottles. They are capped with a device resembling a huge, winged corkscrew without the screw.

In bottles right now, the Ivy brewers have a bock, an India pale ale and a lager. Donham calls the first "Johann Sebastian Bock." The three dark-brown carboys contain a doppelbock, a pil­sener and a "play-around," of which Donham says, "It has some tastes like Thomas Kemper Muenchener Lager."

Upstairs, in the back room, sits an experimental project that Donham and his girlfriend, Karen Burrows, 22, are working on for Karen's mom. It is a mead, "generally fermented honey-water," which is made almost the same way as beer and ale, but is flavored with fruit and spices. Donham’s mead will be ready for next winter solstice (December 21), and will be called "Blackberry Ginger Solstice Mead." In the carboy, the mead is magenta and covered with a floating residue. "It is very sparkling and crisp in flavor," says Donham. "Imagine ginger ale being alcoholic."

When the bottles are ready for drinking, the beer might sport a label made by Donham’s friend, Chris Baldwin, which depicts a cartoon character enjoying an East Ivy creation.

The beer itself is not as carbonated as store-bought brew, but it does provide Donham and Jones and their friends with good drinking enjoyment. The lager is reddish in color, and like many European beers, has sediment at the bottom.
"In home brewing, you'll always have yeast sediment. Americans will say, 'Oh look, there's some rude stuff on the bottom of my beer!' But over there [in Europe], they don't worry about that." As Donham explains, the yeast sediment is harmless, and actually rich in vitamin B.

Donham claims he has not suffered a hangover because of his own beer. "There's not as much preservatives, so it absorbs better into your system."

Donham and Jones' lager has an apple-like flavor, with a gingery scent. Their pride is their brown ale, called Ebro Nertke after the recipe in Papazian's book, and the India pale ale. The Ebro Nertke had a similar hue to very slightly creamed coffee. All of these beers are more than five percent alcohol, and the mead, when finished, will be eight to ten percent.

Many of the ingredients used in making the East Ivy plethora of brews are purchased at The Cellar, or the Liberty Malt Shop, both in Seattle. Donham uses all types of malt extracts, dry and syrup forms, yeast and hops. He hopes to graduate soon to the next step in home brewing: mashing the grain, instead of using barley malt extracts. "The initial equipment is expensive, but in the long run it is cheaper. And I know I'll be making my own beer." Plans also call for the large scale purchase of mineral water, to substitute for tap water.

Cleanliness is emphasized in every step of Donham's beer-making process. "The one thing that is really important to any home brewer is sanitation. Make sure that you clean everything thoroughly. More than recipes, sanitation is important. You'll never know how good your recipe was if you don't have sanitary conditions."

"We had one batch go bad. It was finals week, and it got moldy because we left it too long at too high a temperature," Donham smiles. "I don't think we'll ever ruin a batch again."

Jones is watching a nature show on PBS. A snapping turtle has just eaten a small bird. "Goodbye Mr. Bird," he quips.

"It's easy to home brew," he says. "You just have to want to do it." But it costs a little bit of money, for supplies. "How many checks have I written you so far, Scott?" The answer is $150. From the look on Jones' face, and the mug in his hand, his share of the costs was worth it.

Another roommate, Ted Radke, wants to join in the action. He plans to make his first batch when the all-important paycheck rolls in. He likes the idea of home-brewing costing no more than what he pays in the store. "It's competitive," he says with a grin. "That's what got me into it."

The fourth roommate, Rich Neyer, is the official taster: "The Man with the Picky Palate." So far, he has liked every beer but Donham and Jones' first. "I'll taste any beer," says Neyer.

According to Papazian, home-brewing was legalized by Congress in November, 1978—gaining the presidential John Hancock in February, 1979. It is legal to brew 100 gallons per year for personal use in every state except Oklahoma, Arkansas and Utah. If more than one person is brewing, the limit is 200 gallons. It is highly illegal, however, to sell any home-brewed beer.

Donham walks over to the refrigerator, in the kitchen, and calls out, "Wanna taste test, or are you on the run? I'm cooling some down." Hmm. Sounds like a good idea.
by Jeff Braimes

Rain, rain, go away; come again some other day. Or why not just go away and stay away? Be gone and give me a chance to dry my life off and throw in the sopping towel once and for all.

Nearing the summit of the Oak Street Mountain, I almost smile at the thought. Sweet, I think. A rainless existence. Dig. My dry daydream is doused, however, as I round the corner onto High Street, into the wind. It's a lame wind, but enough to slant the raindrops' descent patterns so that they land in my eyes rather than on my head. So I will stare at my feet and frown.

But what else can I really do? Mother Nature is beautiful, but she can be a real bitch. Think about it: water falling from the sky in great amounts for long periods of time. We're talking serious inconvenience, and there is absolutely nothing one can do.

I have often decided that if I could ever even write a Dear Bastard letter to someone complaining, it would do wonders for my sanity. But my congressman doesn't know what to tell me, and I've certainly got no favors coming from God. It appears as though I will have to ride out the storm.

Walking past the Viking Union, I am beginning to realize this could be a very long day. People are standing inside the building, looking at the Bellingham Transit bus stop sign, waiting for their dry bus. Wimps. "Come out here and suffer with me, swine!" I bellow to myself. They don't hear me and it's just as well. Why should they be miserable, simply because I am miserable? Besides, there are plenty of other fools.
out here under the vast grey sky, sharing in this communal wet wretchedness.

It is interesting to watch how they cope. Some are no better equipped psychologically than myself. They look just as ruffled—heads down, teeth grit, that kind of “leave-me-alone-or-die” look about them.

There are those, however, who can roll with it. They might have an umbrella, but if they do it is either very expensive or very new. I don’t own an umbrella. I did. I had a very nice navy blue bumpershoot that cost me $2.49 at the Student Co-op Bookstore, and the first real wind ripped it inside out as if it were possessed by the Devil.

Some wear hats. But a hat is good for one thing only, and that is the preservation of dry hair. This can be very important to some people, and I am one of them. But I refuse to wear a hat because of my fear of an even greater evil—dreaded Hat Hair. Nothing destroys credibility and cool like a really bad case of Hat Hair.

So my hair gets wet. Trudging by Wilson Library, I check for dampness levels. The now stringy strands bleed a goopy plasma of watered-down mousse and hair spray—chemicals too expensive to waste on a five-minute walk. Damn this weather! Why doesn’t anyone ever appear to be studying in the third-floor windows on the south side of the library? Why are those people always staring down here? “Get back to work, clowns!” I holler to myself, “or come out and get your hair wet!” They don’t hear me; they just keep looking out the windows.

Yes, I believe this will be a very long day. My hair is history and I am miffed as I descend the stairs to Red Square. I would love to get my hands around the throat of the designer of these stairs. The combination of precisely the wrong height and width results in the most bewildering stepping experience I have ever had. One at a time is like a tip-toe and two at a time is like some kind of spastic sprint. Goddamn these stairs. Goddamn this weather. My foot plunges down into a three-inch puddle at the foot of the Cruel Stairs. Goddamn these bricks.

The landscape of bricks that is Red Square is a beautiful physical attribute, but Hell on walkers. Cement or asphalt or even wood are singular types of grounds—ones that invite little opportunity for puddling. But bricks are like ten thousand little minds each going a slightly different direction. Absolutely terrifying, really, and when they gang up, they form huge puddles. To outstep these lochs requires dazzling footwork, tough dancing in a crowded Red Square.

Besides, my right foot is carrying five pounds of extra weight in water. My shoe is making an oozy-sloshy kind of sound with each step as I ford my way through the brick puddles amongst waves of soggy students. New wrestling shoes. I don’t wrestle, I just liked the shoes. I thought they were hip; I thought they had soul. Unfortunately they have very little sole. They are also of very thin vinyl. My feet will be numb stubs by the end of the day.

Ah, the end of the day. It seems weeks away from where I am right now, in the middle of Red Square Lake. I fantasize about the baseboard heater and dry bed that I left behind only moments ago, and suddenly feel very homesick. My left foot dives into a puddle the size of Fisher Fountain. I am thoroughly disgusted.

If it was a more serious rain, I might have been able to escape this mess altogether. If it was really pouring, I might have been able to bump my head and skip getting up in this morning. But this rain is too wishy-washy. We have wishy-washy rain.

Although it has the capacity to destroy hairstyles and fill puddles, the rain we get in Bellingham is of a very drizzly variety. We get more rain, but less at a time, which means we’re getting a little most of the time. Usually one needs to check a puddle or street light to see if it is, indeed, even raining. It usually is.

It is right now. Concentric rings in puddles criss, rebound and cross, then are gone and replaced. The words of wisdom that I bestowed only ten hours earlier to the Serra sculpture have also been replaced. In their stead is a dull white smear—a collection of chalk letters decomposed by rainwater, a wash of weathered literature.

A sad story, but not as sad as the tale of the books under my arm that are beginning to warp. Even as I make my way across campus. This is a mess, but what is worse is that I know that the very worst awaits me. The long, lonely stretch from Arntzen/Parks to Fairhaven is a nightmare for a rain-hater. Naked of any shelter whatsoever, the foot traveler is alone in a soggy one-on-one with the elements. If there is any wind blowing anywhere, it will be blowing on this stretch, whipping into a frenzy to greet me at the bottom of the Arntzen stairs.

At the top of these stairs I stop and gaze out over the Arntzen Field Valley. Clearing the bottom of these stairs is like diving into the sea—vast . . . forbidding . . . wet. Watching all these people swimming around on the path with their heads bowed and coats pulled tight around them makes me cold, and I pull my own tighter.

"Rain, rain go away," I murmur. Nothing. Ma Nature is a stubborn crone with no mercy in sight for a pitiful, dripping student like me.

"Scoury wench," I growl, and a furious, retaliatory burst of wind hurls a smattering of raindrops into my face.

That’s it—the last straw. I don’t have to take this. I whirl around and splash back from whence I came, through the puddles of spent precipitation. This will be a short day after all.
Just after midnight last December, some guys partying at Western, none of whom attended school here, decided to have a little fun in parking lot 21-P, near the track. The eight tipsy revelers spotted a cherry-red Volkswagen Bug, and, in an alcohol-induced display of machismo, rolled it completely onto its top. The car, which was owned by a Western student, was totalled.

This incident was the most recent "major vandalism" handled by Lt. Chuck Page, Western's campus security's top cop. The perpetrators were caught and are making restitution to the victim of their weekend overexuberance.

Page, a large genial man, has been with the department for 18 years. In his years here he has seen the campus change from the turbulent Nixon era, when Western was a hotbed of campus radicalism, to today's MTV-bred, Schmidt-weaned yuppies-in-training. He has dealt with everything from the murder of a SAGA employee to the smallest crimes. Yet vandalism, he says, "is my pet peeve."

In statistics kept from July, 1985 to January, 1986, 79 incidents of vandalism were reported to and investigated by campus security. These ranged from broken car antennae and vandalized sculptures to the $1,800 car-rolling incident. The statistics do not include vandalism within the university's housing system, which is the responsibility of University Residences.

Although this total of 79 events works out to an average of about one every two-and-a-half days, Page estimates only one in 50 incidents is reported, which brings the total to over ten incidents of vandalism a day at Western.

Although many incidents are minor, such as broken light bulbs, 55 of the 79 reported were considered of the magnitude to warrant a full report, meaning they caused at least $20 damage. If Page's estimate that one in 50 incidents are reported is correct, and if the 3,950 acts of vandalism averaged only $10 damage, Western's yearly vandalism tab on campus, not including the dorms, would have been $39,500 dollars.

In addition to the damages incurred and paid for, many man-hours are often required to investigate and report on incidents. The report on the car-rolling incident, close to 50 pages, involved officials from WWU. Central Washington University, University of Washington, Eastern Washington University, and the Burlington and Bellingham police departments. Page said the total man-hours probably equalled or surpassed the cost of damage.

A September, 1982 Psychology Today article defined vandalism as being, "when someone alters part of the physical environment without the consent of its owner or manager." The article estimated the total cost of public vandalism to be between $250 million and $500 million annually, a figure that does not account for damage remaining unrepaired.

The article went on to deny the common misconception of vandalism's being a senseless crime. Instead, it claimed man has an inherent desire to change his surroundings to his comfort.

Vandalism does not make sense. As Page pointed out, vandalism is "one of the most senseless crimes because no one gains from it."

Obviously the victim does not gain from vandalism, be it the taxpayers, who pay for public damage, or a private person. But what of the perpetrator? Unless the act is directed against someone or something in particular for the purpose of revenge, the vandal gains nothing but a release of pent up hostility.

The price the community pays for this violent therapy is staggering. On the night of Saturday, February 1, vandals broke the head off of a swan sculpture at the Ridgeway dorm complex and also broke a few of the cygnets behind it. This act probably took all of 30 seconds, but the cost to replace the
illegal forum for reckless chalkers.

art, if it is replaced, will be $700. Add the man-hours spent filing a report on the incident—30 seconds of fun at a cost of about $100,000 dollars an hour.

Other than vandalism in the parking lots and dorms, some of the artwork on campus is abused by students. One piece in particular, a 101-ton triangle made of three huge slabs of corten steel, receives most of the graffiti which characterizes abuse to art on campus. The untitled piece by Richard Serra sits between Amtzen Hall and Red Square, a very obtrusive position that invites graffiti. The sculpture is intended, however, to rust to a velvet-like finish, something which has never been achieved because of the frequent cleaning required as a result of the graffiti.

The Sculpture Collection Maintenance Budget, which totals $2,000 a year, goes primarily to cleaning the Serra sculpture with acid. The best way to clean it is sandblasting, something which Page says was last done four years ago because it costs about $5,000.

Dr. Richard Francis, chairman of Western's Art Acquisition Committee, agrees the Serra sculpture, because of its size and location, can be very obtrusive and is one of the most unpopular pieces on campus.

He does not feel this reason enough for the constant graffiti adorning the sculpture. Of the graffiti at Western, Francis said, "I find it a very complicated problem. Clearly there is some lack of sensitivity on campus regarding the notion that there is something we respect in other's ideas—ideas that, for these artists, are expressed in their art."

Western's outdoor art collection includes famous pieces by internationally renowned artists as well as some by lesser known artists. Many of these have fallen into disrepair, as most of the repair budget goes into cleaning the Serra sculpture, which usually takes only a few days to fill with "messages."

"Most vandalism is done by a minority. I think for a majority to sit back and let it go on, they're absolutely wrong."

—Lt. Chuck Page

"The destruction has become much worse in the last five years," Francis said. He estimated the problem has quadrupled in this time.

"People want to be destructive because it's a kind of adolescent way of getting back at authority." Francis suggested a solution to the problem may lie with the students themselves.

Princeton University, with an outdoor art collection and sprawling campus, is as difficult to patrol as Western. That Ivy League school has a student judicial system which decides punishments for campus vandals. Offenders meet with severe penalties from deans, who take the system seriously, and the graffiti problem there has become negligible.

If three things could be accomplished, Francis feels, the problem could be greatly lessened. The first would be to impress upon students that this is a criminal act. Another would be to inform people that they have a responsibility to respect other people's creativity, and finally, to make students aware they will be penalized if they don't respect this creativity.

"Why should all the law-abiding students have to pay, through tuition increases," Francis said, "for correction of a problem that is perpetrated by such a small minority."

When asked to compare the magnitude of the vandalism problem now to 15 years ago, when college students were considered more radical and ill-behaved than they are today, Page said, "I don't think vandalism was as bad then as now.

"I would say it probably started going up eight or nine years ago," Page said of the vandalism. He added that it has gone pretty much on an even keel for the last two years because residence staff is doing a good job in educating people to report it.

Page described the typical vandal at Western as a younger student, usually a freshman or sophomore and usually male, who has been drinking and overstepped the fine line separating boisterousness from criminal activity. Many of these people, Page added, have very little sense of civic virtue in the first place, and alcohol has a tendency to dispel any inhibitions they normally have about harming society.

Much of the vandalism dealt with by Page involves damage to cars. Popular forms include smashing windows, which cost between $65 and $125, and snapping off antennae, which run $15 to $20. An activity apparently coming into vogue involves walking over the tops of cars, something that can do a lot of damage.

The correlation between drinking
and vandalism was emphasized by Francis and Page. "We know that the highest number of incidents of vandalism are taking place at the same places we're breaking up parties, and where we're having a consistent alcohol problem," Page said.

Terry Meredith, University Residences associate director for maintenance and plant operations, agreed, adding, "Most of it is directly related to alcohol."

Meredith, who handles vandalism within the residence halls, agrees with Page that it definitely is a problem, costing thousands of dollars each quarter at Western. He breaks damages occurring within the halls into two categories: one is intentional, violent vandalism, almost always alcohol related, such as that described above. Another type comes from ignorant overexuberance, such as playing catch in the halls or jumping off sinks. This second type is abuse to the system, but Meredith does not consider it violent.

For the last ten years, Western has had a program to combat vandalism within the dorms. It consists of paying for the cost of vandalism with the net laundry-machine revenue earned within that hall, said Keith Guy, director of University Residences. An addition to the program begun this year is the posting of a chart in each building showing the net laundry revenue in comparison to the public damages within the hall for the previous quarter. Also included is an effort to let students know they can return "borrowed" items in anonymity.

For fall of 1985, this policy of responsibility resulted in the lowering of total public damages within the halls from $8,637.48 to $6,958.38. The total for fall of 1984 was $5,829.95. In halls where public damages exceed net laundry revenue, Guy said, the money is reflected in room and board rate increases.

"What students don't understand, and don't feel directly is the impact of the cost of vandalism on their rates," he said. "But every time we have a year where we've got to pay above and beyond the laundry revenue, we have to build that into our costs for the following year."

Before the public-damage figures for each individual hall were adjusted, five

were in the red, even though they won't have to pay for it. Of these, Mathes had a $1,137.82 deficit, while Highland's was $569.56. Delta's $486.26. Nash's $204.16, and Kappa's $106.96. Higgins, the only all-female dorm on campus, had a net laundry revenue of $756.28 and no public damage, leaving $642.84 to go to the hall account for activities after 15 percent goes to Inter-Hall Council.

Guy believes the new additions to the anti-vandalism program will help people step forward if they or someone they know has broken something within the hall.

He described a number of factors leading to certain individuals committing acts of vandalism. Many freshmen away from home and controlling their own lives for the first time are searching for their place in society. "There is a certain time when we break away from home where we find that comfort zone," Guy said. "But a lot of what could be considered aberrant behavior is part of this stage."

This behavior, Guy quickly added, "is exacerbated by the availability of alcohol."

When asked about the increase cited by Page and Francis of vandalism in the past decade, Guy said he didn't know. He did say that in the 1960s and early 1970s, when students were feeling the same pressures and angers of growing up as now, these were directed against outside forces such as the Vietnam War and Watergate, and did not usually take the form of violent vandalism.

"I think that there also are very few healthy outlets for anger in our society today," Guy said. He wishes Western had a better intramural and physical education program as a channel for that anger resulting in vandalism.

Guy thinks television is an accurate reflection of the attitudes of today's society. And he said, "TV provides a lot of models that say, 'Hey, it's OK to go out and kick the hell out of something or shoot something if you're angry.'"

Meredith agrees with Guy that vandalism has changed in its forms since the 1960s. "Vandalism in the late 1960s and early 1970s, what there was of it, usually seemed to be directed against the system," he said.

Vandalism within the housing system takes many forms. Meredith said, some favorites include punching or kicking holes in walls, smashing exterior light fixtures, which go for $150 a pop, and jumping up and down in the elevators until the emergency stop button goes off, another $150 entertainment.

Abuse of furnishings, broken windows, and breaking off the goose-neck faucets in the bathrooms at Mathes and Nash are also popular forms of vandalism. The totals for public damages within the hall are iffy, Meredith said, because much of it is repaired by maintenance without ever being reported as vandalism.

Tom (not his real name), a freshman living in Fairhaven, has seen vandalism from the vandal's side. Since an experience fall quarter in which he was arrested for walking on cars, his vandalous activities have been mostly limited to graffiti.

He believes punishment can be an effective deterrent. Though charges against him were dropped in the car-walking case, he was sufficiently alarmed by the possibility of a criminal record. "Especially since I got arrested, I think about the legality of it," he said.

During his hey-day as a vandal, Tom's activities ran the gamut from ripping out shrubs and breaking trees to destroying personal property. He explained his reasons for it. "Sometimes I tear things up when I feel like getting my anger out." But, he added, "I'm pretty much starting to grow out of the vandal stage now."

Tom also admitted most of his violent outbursts occurred when he had been drinking.

His activities now are mostly limited to "chalk art" on the Serra sculpture. He enjoys making evil drawings "to piss off the CCFers," and also because graffiti is
easy to get away with. Of the Serra sculpture, he said, "If they put up dumb-looking sculptures, they have to expect people to write on them."

Page agrees with Tom and Guy that many people grow out of vandalism. "In a lot of cases I've talked with them in here, and said, 'Hey, look, you left that behind you in high school. This is college, and you're supposed to be an adult.' And I think a lot of that sinks into them. I hope."

Whether or not it is part of a natural stage for many people or not, Page is angered by vandalism. "Most vandalism is done by a minority," he said. "I think for a majority to sit back and let it go on, they're absolutely wrong. They have to realize someone is paying for that. I also resent the fact, as a taxpayer, that someone will walk down the hall and intentionally kick a hole in the wall just because they want to practice their karate kicks. Five-eighths-inch plaster board is gonna kick through; you don't need to practice for that. They can go out and practice on a brick wall if they want to practice something like that."

Page doesn't know what caused the sudden increase in vandalism, but

"Sometimes I tear things up when I feel like getting my anger out."

—Tom the Vandal

remembers discovering about eight years ago that Western's losses due to thefts, vandalism and burglaries were running as much as the University of Washington's, a school with five times as many students.

Methods of combatting vandalism do exist, and they have proven at least partially effective, such as the dorm responsibility program within the residence halls. Such things as not putting overhanging eaves, which invite "hang-outs" on public buildings, and planting flowers around artwork to discourage abuse, have deterred vandalism in Seattle, according to the September, 1982 article in Psychology Today.

Here at Western, Page is attempting to persuade the Art Acquisition Committee to put a plaque on each piece of artwork giving the artist's name, the date of acquisition, and the cost of the piece. He hopes this will make a few people think twice before destroying something which is for everyone's benefit.

What is more important to combating vandalism here and everywhere, however, is public awareness and intervention. "People think it's not their business or responsibility to get involved," Page said. If this attitude could be changed, most vandals, who are anonymous criminals, would probably be discouraged from such behavior.
Buy Some, Talk Some, Smoke Some

by Naomi Stenberg
he moves around the store like a beneficent uncle, stopping to sniff, sigh through his reddish-gold beard, and move on. On a blustery day that would have kept Winnie the Pooh home. Bob Harrison is sampling the wares. Dressed for the weather, in a warm tweed jacket, L.L. Bean tweed hat—definitely collegiate, grown-up clothes—he looks as happy as a kid in the mud.

His nose disappears into a glass jar, full of the mysterious brown-leaf grains. Hmmmmm. "Latakia," he says, naming one of the tobaccos in the blend. "That buried campfire aroma." He grins. "Most people have a love/hate relationship with it."

Harrison, a minister at Western's Campus Christian Ministry, loves it. And as one of the aficionados of the gentle art of pipesmoking, he is in latakia heaven: Sir Winston's, the only tobacconist (tobacco store) in town, just down from the Donut Kitchen on Bay and Champion. A shop so small that when driving by, one can blink and miss it. Sir Winston's is named after Churchill, the large man in the black suit whose words and bulk sheltered Great Britain during World War II. In pictures, he is always seen chomping a moist cigar; his favorite was a Churchill, a brand name. Now SIR WINSTON'S & CO. is painted in mustard-colored letters on the window.

On this wind-swept afternoon, Harrison and two other smokers puff stories, pipe trivia and good news of Sudden Valley real estate deals. The words drift toward and around each other in this cramped, pipe-cluttered space. It smells and feels hot: scent of cloves, burning soot—a cinnamon kind of richness. Smoke spirals up in thin, wisping lines.

Cindy Williams, a slender woman wearing black—black heels, black slacks, black and gold beads, and violet eyeshadow—owns the store with her husband, Mike. Williams believes that pipes for women is a coming thing. She admits that few women ever enter this male haven, except to buy pipes for boyfriends and husbands at Christmas, but says that porcelain pipes ( "like the old bathtubs") might bring them in. The pipes would be painted with roses, and she would carry only six. "We don't handle anything that doesn't move."

Williams is briskly efficient; she knows her pipes. On her first day at Sir Winston's, in 1982, she knew absolutely nothing. "Here I was dumped into this tobacco store with these foreign names I couldn't read." She laughs. "I did screw up a couple sales. My customers taught me a lot."

Today, she can glibly rattle off names like Calibri, a well-known brand of lighters, and Meerschaum, a kind of pipe. Cigarette in hand (she doesn't smoke a pipe), she talks tobacco with a customer. Dennis VanderGriend, owner of D & D Pressure Wash Exterior Cleaning, VanderGriend bends over a garbage can in the corner, reaming a pipe with a nail-shaped pipe tool. Reaming cleans out the tar build-up at the bottom of the bowl, the cup that holds the tobacco at the end of the stem, or shank. VanderGriend hasn't smoked or reamed this particular pipe for four years, so his blue-jeaned rear is in the air for several minutes. When he straightens, one can see that his sleepy, long voice matches a sleepy, long body.

"I like the smell more than anything else," he says. "You don't inhale the smoke like a cigarette." He smokes about a bowlful a day, and, after smoking pipes on and off for eight years, says he's "just now getting the fine art of it."

But sometimes he'd just rather have a cigarette. Besides, a fine art takes a little more time: filling the bowl with a bit of tobacco, tamping it down, adding a little more, tamping it down, adding a little, tamping it... until the tobacco reaches the top, lighting it once evenly across the bowl, letting that go
out, lighting it again. "With a cigarette, when it's gone, it's gone," VanderGriend says lazily.

"There's so much to do with a pipe," Williams agrees. "You're fiddling with that thing all the time—keeps you busy. It would probably be just the best thing for me; I'm a highly nervous person."

She takes quick, restless steps behind the pipe display counter; resting her fingernails on the glass, lighting another cigarette. Walking closer to her, Harrison leaves his playground of glass jars with Golden Chocolate, Winnie's Own and Chuckanut tobacco blends, and gazes at the pipes under glass.

"Lovely grain."

Most of the pipes displayed are carved by hand or are factory-produced from briar, a wood that comes from white heather trees in countries hugging the Mediterranean—such as Spain, Greece, Sardinia and Algeria. The part of the tree used for pipes is the burl, a large knot in the trunk that anchors the tree during windy coastal storms; it takes 50 to 100 years to form. The outer three or four inches of the burl have the least flaws and the loveliest grain. It's a highly specialized market. The best briar comes from Greece, and the better the briar, the more expensive the pipe.

"When I first started smoking," VanderGriend says, laughing, "I thought, 'Wow,' the prices on them! Just a piece of wood."

"You can buy a cheapie for $5.95, or go all the way up to a Freehand," Williams says. A Freehand is carved entirely by hand, with a bowl in the shape of a pine cone, or a shank with a battle scene on it: teensy, ferocious knights and fallen horses. Such a pipe can cost up to $300. Sir Winston's doesn't carry pipes like that, except at Christmas, when Bellinghamites are more tempted to splurge. For one thing, Williams says, with a Freehand, a person might say, "That's a dressy pipe, now where will I go to wear it?" The store has a mirror so that customers can "try on" pipes to see how they look—just like clothes.

Harrison glances at his pipe, a short, squat, growly stub of wood, called, appropriately, a Bull Dog. "I just don't like the Bull Dog. It just doesn't work on me."

When he was a freshman in college, Harrison took a smack off his roommate's pipe. That was it; he was hooked. He bought a cheap pipe and went to a five-and-dime and bought cheap tobacco—Rum and Maple—that burned his mouth. "Dreadful!"

"Awful tongue bite!" VanderGriend seconds. The wind rushes in through a crack in the door; and he closes it, leaning against it comfortably for the rest of the story.

After that dreadful beginning, the hapless but eager college student stumbled into a pipe store, bought three different kinds of tobacco and "talked for hours." Harrison has been a pipe-store regular ever since.

After a half an hour of laughter, pipe pleasantries and smoke, the three smokers part company; the two men head out into the cold, and Williams stays behind the counter. VanderGriend pauses for a moment at the door. "I've been looking for a long time for a place that has good tobacco, and this is it."

Winston's business depends on regulars. A steady stream of customers stop by to check out the pipes, cigars and
cigarettes, sample the tobacco: buy some, talk some, smoke some. On Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, they can trade quips with clerk Bob Jones, a seasoned pipe smoker who knows tobacco from the root up. He's smoked a pipe for 25 years, been in the business for 15 years as a clerk and as a buyer for Tobaccos of Hawaii. He's been in tobacco stores all over the world. European pipemakers, especially ones such as the Butz-Chioquin Co. in St. Claude, France—a pipe mecca—definitely do it better, Jones said. And they've been at it longer—since the 1500s.

But, perhaps, that's not a good excuse for Americans. Jones says, "It seems to be an American tradition—not to do things properly." He points out a piece of steel inside the shank of a long-handled pipe made by an American pipe manufacturer. The bit of steel is supposed to trap moisture, the awful-tasting tobacco juices that dribble down to the bottom of the bowl. "A gimmick," Jones says, frowning. A quick thrust with a pipe-cleaner gets out the guck and does it more effectively.

Jones is a slight, mild-mannered man with a beard and narrow face. His soft, mischievous, other-worldly air calls to mind a faun—the half-goat, half-man from Greek mythology. He sits quietly in the corner of the store, next to a shelf. On it are a blue baseball cap, pipe tools, pipe cleaners, pipe paraphernalia and Dragons of Eden, a book by Carl Sagan. Behind Jones' head is a French poster, bordered with brilliant red and purple pheasants. It features a man smoking a pipe in a cafe, and two hands: one handing the other some cigarette papers. The pheasants circle Jones' head as smoke spirals around his eyebrows.

He puffs meditatively on one of the six pipes he brings to work every morning. "Some people worry when their pipes go out." He pauses, puffs, "I just say, 'relight it.'" He relights his pipe, a sleek, English pipe, not more than six inches long. He waves out the match. "I guess I've had this baby for 25 years." Jones likes to smoke whatever tobacco blend smells good at the moment. If it's Cavendish, he has a pipe in which he puts only Cavendish. Each pipe he owns only holds one kind of tobacco, one kind of taste, be it mild, or slightly peppery.

There was a French lieutenant in Morocco, Jones says, who had a Meerschaum—a pipe with a bowl made of a white, porous material dug up from mines in Turkey. The bowl changes from winter white to autumn brown as the tobacco tars and juices seep through its tiny holes. The darker it gets, the tastier the smoke. The French lieutenant was so fanatical about his pipe that on a long military jaunt, he ordered a different man to smoke it every day so that it would be dark by the time he got back.

Jones understands him. The lieutenant was the kind of man who could happily sniff his nose around Sir Winston's warm-spice wonderland. The kind of man Charles Dickens would have been wild about. The writer was fond of a smoke himself, and in The Cricket on the Hearth, he described a woman lighting a pipe for her husband—a delicate operation.

"As to the tobacco, she was perfect mistress of the subject; and her lighting of the pipe, with a wisp of paper when the Carrier had the pipe in his mouth—going so very near his nose, and yet not scorching it — was Art, and high art. Sir. \)
An Ancient Art In Good Hands

by Boni Etter

It has been said that behind every totem pole lies a legend. Behind more than 2,600 of these hand-carved totem poles stands one man—Paul N. Luvera, 88; Italian immigrant, retired grocer, former Washington State Senator, modern-day woodcarver and author of “How to Carve Totem Poles.”

So how does a man of Italian descent become famous for an art form traditionally recognized as an Indian craft? The story unfolded in Anacortes, where nine towering totem poles line the street in front of the Luvera home. Paul Luvera walked out from behind one of his creations and smiled warmly. “Would you like to see the garden?” he asked.

The cliffside garden overlooking Guemes Channel is a gift to the senses. Visions of hand-carved and colorfully painted bears, salmon, raven and eagles are stacked one on top of another among the greenery. In the middle of the garden stands a twenty-foot totem pole; on the top, reflecting in the rare winter sunshine, the deep red wings of a thunderbird stretch boldly across a blue sky.

Luvera walked steadily and stopped, resting both hands on his cane; strong hands, carver’s hands, hands that hold the legend of a man who has spent twenty-one years perfecting his craft.

What began as a gift to his wife, Mary, soon grew into a creative partnership. Luvera carved totem poles, and his wife Mary painted them. “We’ve been married for 60 years this April,” Luvera announced proudly.

Inside the Luvera home, classical music played, the chimes from Luvera’s hand-carved grandfather clocks rang softly, and the smell of Mary Luvera’s spaghetti sauce drifted out from the kitchen.

Luvera sat, resting his cane to the side of his cushioned ottoman, and explained that his interest in totem pole carving began when his son, Paul, brought a totem pole home from Alaska as a gift to his mother.

“It was a gaudy thing,” Luvera recalled. “Mary knew that was not the way the Indian painted or carved.” The “Made in Japan” label on the bottom proved it.

Luvera explained that his son tried again to find an authentic totem pole, but the Indians were not marketing them. “Of course, this was 1952-53. Things have changed since then.”

Luvera told his wife he would carve her a totem pole. “I thought, ‘Nothing to it! All I have to do is go to the library and get me a book on how to carve a totem pole.’”

The search at the Anacortes Public Library proved fruitless. He was told that no book on the art of totem pole carving was available. “I said, ‘Gee, there must be! There’s a book on how to climb a mountain, how to build a house, how to build a store, needlepoint or whatever you want to do, there’s a book on it.’”

Undaunted, Luvera searched the state libraries, university libraries throughout the United States and Canada, and finally the U.S. Library of Congress.

When the replies came back, Luvera was surprised. They said no books had been written on how to carve a totem pole. He was told that many books about the history of Northwest Indians, describing the regalia and customs, had been written, but nothing about the specifics of totem pole carving.

Luvera’s eyes brightened and he leaned forward. “I thought, ‘Doggoneit. Someday, if I’m going to be a good carver, I’m going to write that book!'”

In the meantime he collected as many books as he could find on Northwest Indian customs and art. “These were written by Ph.D’s from Stanford, the University of Washington and the University of British Columbia. These guys would go to the tribes and ask the chiefs how things were a hundred years ago. Then they would take pictures of the totem poles.”

With these photos, Luvera began to make his own replicas of the Indian art.

Luvera said he was less than satisfied with his first carving. “Believe me, it was a lousy thing. But my wife kept encouraging me.”

After carving additional totem poles for his children, he could see some improvement. “It was all that rah, rah, rah—cheerleading from my family that kept me going.”

When Mary Luvera suggested that he sell his totem poles, Luvera said he didn’t think anyone would buy them. Instead his reputation grew. “The newspapers started writing; Italian immigrant carves totem poles.” Luvera laughed.

In the early days, Luvera said he charged $10 a foot for his poles. “Today, I get $250 a foot! That sounds like a lot of money, but the Indians in Vancouver, as well as the Indians in Victoria, are getting $355 a foot. But you see, they are Indians; I am Italian. An Italian cannot get the price an Indian receives. So I have to keep my prices low in order to compete.”

Luvera received orders from all over the Puget Sound area for his totem poles, which range in size from eighteen inches to twenty feet tall. He attributes his success to his wife’s encouragement. “Well,” smiled Luvera, “a woman’s persuasion pays off.”

In the past two decades, Luvera’s reputation as a carver has grown to such an extent that his totem poles are now recognized across the United States and around the globe. Some of his most prominent totems stand in the Point Defiance Park in Tacoma; the Skagit County Historical Museum in LaConner; Washington State Park at Sunset Beach in Anacortes; Stockholm, Sweden; Yokohama, Japan; and Rotterdam, Netherlands.

One of his most ambitious carvings was a twenty-foot pole, thirty inches wide, commissioned by the Port of Seattle as a gift to its sister city, Rotterdam. It became the center of national and international news coverage.
In 1983 NBC featured Luvera and his art on its morning program—the "Today" show. "They called me from New York, and said, 'We hear you're carving a totem pole to go to the Netherlands; and we would like to do a story on you.' I said, 'Sure, you bet! And pretty soon, here they come with trucks and cameras.'

Along with the NBC crew, more than one hundred people gathered to take pictures and congratulate Luvera on the day the two-ton totem pole was crated for shipping. "It was a real carnival. The whole neighborhood got in the act; the kids were selling cookies and had lemonade stands." Luvera laughed with pure enjoyment. His blue eyes sparkled and a glow filled his cheeks above his white beard.

The gift, given in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of diplomatic relations between the United States and the Netherlands, and in celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Port of Rotterdam, was received with great fanfare. But unfortunately, not everyone was pleased with the gift. Soon after the totem pole was erected, Luvera received a copy of a letter delivered to the U.S. ambassador at The Hague. The letter was from an organization called Workgroup Indigenous Peoples. "A couple weeks ago you were present at the unveiling of an Indian totem pole in Rotterdam," the letter said. "... We inform you that we are deeply shocked by this particular present," the ambassador was told. "In our opinion this whole matter is disgraceful."

"We also gave this opinion to the Lord Mayor and to the City of Seattle. Today we covered up the pole to soften the disgrace and we wrapped it up for transport..."

The disgrace, as it turned out, was not in the totem pole itself, but in the maker. Paul Luvera was an Italian immigrant, not an Indian. His family had immigrated to Alberta, Canada, when Luvera was a child. He lied about his age so he could work alongside his father, and began coal mining at the age of thirteen. After nine years working in the coal mines, Luvera came to the United States with less than six dollars in his pocket. From there he raised a family, owned and operated a grocery store, and was elected Washington State Senator. After retirement he became interested in what was considered a dying art—totem pole carving.

Luvera said he later learned that the Indigenous Peoples Group consisted of young people, "the type of hippie boys and girls we used to have here in the sixties. First they painted, on the frog of the totem pole, a dollar sign. Then they put up a big sign that said, 'Send this back to Seattle. This is not an Indian totem pole. This is carved by an Italian guy. All the Indians are in jail being abused by the U.S. Government.'"

After hearing this Luvera said, "Well, I kinda laughed. I could imagine 16-, 18-, 19-year-old gals and boys—what did they know?"

Luvera said he wrote to the mayor of Rotterdam after the incident, and was assured that the totem pole would be safe. "I got a beautiful letter from the mayor of Rotterdam saying, Mr. Luvera, nobody is going to dare touch the totem pole. It came out in the paper saying there's six months in jail without a trial for anybody who touches or [is] bothering the totem pole."

"I wish I was ten years younger. I'd like to fly over and take a look at it."

Luvera explained how pleased he was that the art of totem pole carving is
presently being renewed. At the University of British Columbia, he visited a class in totem pole carving. Several young men were working on one totem pole, each carving a specific part. "The teacher told me that the students were actually working on a degree in totem pole carving. I thought, 'How wonderful that they are learning to carve.'"

His yearning to keep the art of totem pole carving alive, coupled with the desire to leave something for his children, led Luvera to write, "How to Carve Totem Poles."

With fifteen years carving experience, and over 2,000 totem poles to his credit, Luvera, at the age of 77, compiled the chapters. Along with research on Northwest Indians, Luvera included his own photographs and directions on how to carve.

"So," Luvera said, "I went along and showed my manuscript to my children. Phyllis, Paul and Anita. I said, 'Look it over before I send it off to New York.'"

Luvera laughed. "Pretty soon they start laughing. I said, 'Hey, what's the matter?' They told me, 'Dad you got more Italian grammar than English grammar in here.'"

"So I said, 'Alright, I been feeding you guys spaghetti for the last fifty years. Now go ahead and earn some of that!'"

With the help of his children's blue pencils, Luvera soon sent his finished manuscript to New York.

Luvera folded his weathered hands together, and a sparkle lit in his eyes. "You know, you dream when you write a book and send it to publishers. You think, 'Boy, I'll bet they're going to be glad to see this book! I bet I'm going to have a beautiful letter from the publishers saying, Mr. Luvera, it's about time somebody wrote such a book. Here's $500 royalties!'"

But Luvera's dream letter never arrived. Instead, he received 23 rejection slips from major publishers around the country.

"One editor," he explained, "wrote in long hand at the bottom of the rejection slip: 'Mr. Luvera, this book will never sell because all you have in here is carving. You have no murder; you have no rape; you have no scandal. Who's going to buy that book? After all, how many wood carvers are there in the U.S.A.? If I printed a hundred of these books the market would be flooded.'"

Luvera's eyes grew tense as he described his reaction. "I thought, 'You stupid bastard. You don't know what you're saying!'"

Determined to get his book published, the Luveras spent almost $20,000 of their life savings to have 5,000 copies of "How to Carve Totem Poles" published.

Luvera said, "I told Mary, 'We might lose everything, I don't know, but I think it's a good book. And if I don't publish it, I'll be one unhappy six-foot-under-the-ground Italian when I'm buried.'"

The day the books arrived, Luvera, said they rented storage space in downtown Anacortes to store 171 boxes, each containing 30 books.

"There were sixteen rows of books as far as you could reach," he explained. "And after they were all in, I thought, 'Paul Luvera, this is the biggest egg you ever laid in your life! What the devil made you do that?'"

Luvera's voice softened as he described Mary's reaction. "Mary could have said, 'I told you that was a lot of money.' But she knew how bad I felt, and said, 'Let's go home. I have chicken soup that will make you feel better.'"

Luvera said he agonized over how to sell his books, when suddenly, at four in the morning, he got an inspiration. He would send a copy of his book to reviewers throughout the United States
and Canada, in hopes of a favorable review.


Luvera said only one person published a review of his book. Mike Royko, who was writing for the Chicago Daily News, wrote in his syndicated column: "Considering the willingness of publishers to print so many tons of babble, one of them should have been willing to take a chance on a writer named Paul N. Luvera, who has written a genuinely unique and useful book."

Soon after, requests for "How To Carve Totem Poles" arrived from throughout the United States, Canada, and even requests from Australia and Great Britain.

Luvera leaned forward, placing a firm grip on his knees. "The letters started coming in saying, 'Mr. Luvera, congratulations for having that book written, and showing those so-and-sos in New York that the book will sell. Here is $11.95. Send my book.'"

That was in 1977. Paul Luvera was 79 years old. He sold 5,000 copies of "How to Carve Totem Poles" within five months. To date, after the fifth and final edition, Luvera has sold over 20,000 books.

Although "How to Carve Totem Poles" is no longer in print, it is widely available at local libraries. Luvera sells a condensed version (no pictures, just the how-tos of carving and painting totem poles) from his home.

"Remember," Luvera said. "I never had a carving lesson in my life." He attributes his late interest in carving to an experience he had as a child in Italy. "It was customary for a young boy to go and learn a trade. I selected to be a carpenter. "In 1905, everything was handmade . . . and amongst them was the coffin. The poor people would have a pine box, but the wealthy people would want a coffin made of the black walnut," he explained.

"The fancy coffins would have hand-carved crucifixes or a hand-carved Virgin Mary, and I would watch the carvers use their fists to pound the knives." Luvera's hands work in the air as he mimics the scene from his youth.

"I was fascinated watching the carvers. Pretty soon my boss would come along and say, 'Get to work!' meaning sweep the floors, pick up the tools and run errands. That's about all a nine-year-old could do. But, the moment the boss would leave, I would go right back and watch these people carve."

Luvera smiled, "You know it must have remained in my subconscious mind as a young boy—this fascination with carving. And I never thought, never in all those 65 to 70 years, that I was going to carve something until my wife asked for this totem pole."

Today at the age of 88, Luvera is still actively carving. "My ambition," he said, "is to send a totem pole to the Vatican!"

Several years ago, he wrote to the Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen in Seattle asking him to see if the Vatican would accept a totem pole.

"I said I realize it is primitive, nothing like Michelangelo, but would they consider it?"

Luvera said he received a beautiful letter saying the Vatican was unable, at that time, to find room for a twenty-foot totem pole.

But, the dream of sending a totem pole to the Pope remains deep within this Italian's heart. Luvera looked thoughtfully out the window, and sighed. "As far as I'm concerned, that would be the top of my life." 🙌
I plopped myself into my car with the enthusiasm of a wet noodle. I started the engine, rolling into an evening I knew I wasn't going to enjoy. I turned the radio on, and tuned to a station I liked as if it were my last meal before execution. "Too bad I don't smoke," I said out loud to the cold upholstery.

Here I was, a roving reporter, a cup of lukewarm coffee in one hand, and the other hand on the wheel of a crumbling car, driving through a city filled with news, off to do a story on folk music. Oh, yeah! I might as well have been going to review a Russian movie. I don't speak Russian, and I don't listen to folk music.

My destination was the Roeder Home at 2600 Sunset. The house was built in 1908 for Victor A. Roeder, founder of the Bellingham National Bank. In 1945, Dr. and Mrs. Donald Keyes bought the house, and in 1971, donated it to the Whatcom County Park Board. Besides sponsoring many other events, the Roeder Home hosts the Homemade Music Society at 7:30 p.m. on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month.

I parked, took a very deep breath and listened to one more Led Zeppelin tune for moral support. I stepped into the night air and inched my way up the sidewalk expecting a room of long-haired hippies burning incense and singing about the Vietnam War. The Roeder Home wasn't at all what I expected.

Entering the living room for the evening's concert, I noticed a group of people who appeared common only in their love for folk music. No one's hairdo seemed to stand out. Sitting back in my chair, waiting for the show, I listened to conversations about children, jobs and music. No one was talking about Vietnam.
The living room was about 12 by 20 feet with shelves of old books, beautiful hardwood floors, freshly painted walls and even a rocking chair by a big stone fireplace.

Behind the scenes, technicians from Western's KUGS radio, which simulcasts the show, set up microphones for the evening. The show started ten minutes late because of technical problems, but no one seemed to care. Finally, after everything was working, Laura Smith and Larry Hanks, the evening's entertainers, walked into the room with an acoustic guitar and banjo. No stage or flashing lights, only loud applause and plenty of smiles.

The concert began with an old-fashioned sing-along to the tune of "Darling Clementine." A few songs later, Smith and Hanks did a couple of their original songs and then sang a traditional song about the wonderful things one finds cleaning out a refrigerator: "What is this Sauerkraut,
Look at this Sauerkraut,
When did we have Sauerkraut,
Whatever this is, it's Sauerkraut now."

An hour later, I stopped tapping my toes, clapping my hands and singing out loud to realize I was having a good time.

Returning home, I left the radio off to try and reason why I enjoyed myself. Maybe it was the feeling of family I sensed watching the performers share themselves with their audience. Or perhaps it was the simplicity of the music, enabling the person who hears the song for the first time to pick up the words and sing along. No matter what it was, I knew I had to forget my plans to persuade my editor to drop me from the folk story by suggesting I do a feature on Abner Schistbacken; The Life and Times of an American Barber, and begin finding out as much as I could about the folk scene in Bellingham.

"Bellingham is a great town for folk music," said Geof Morgan, professional musician and founder of the Nexus record label, which carries some Bellingham musicians. "I have learned a lot here.

When he came to Bellingham from Nashville, Tenn., in 1982, Morgan was amazed at the number of musicians playing music just for fun. "I came from the opposite end—playing music for money," he said. "Bellingham taught me to look deeper into music."

Few places the size of Bellingham are able to support a folk musician trying to make a living. "I don't know anyone who could possibly make any significant amount of money playing folk music," Brad Reynolds, a piano tuner and musician, said. Although a good audience for folk music exists in Bellingham, musicians can't make a living due to a lack of places to perform, Reynolds explained. On a consistent basis, folk music can be heard on KUGS radio, however, and amateurs can perform at places like Holly Street's Cabin Tavern, which has open-mike, and at Tony's Coffee Shop in Fairhaven.

The night Smith and Hanks performed at the Roeder Home, Reynolds joined them with his fiddle for two songs. A shy person with a sort of John Denver-look to him, Reynolds likes to get together with friends and perform traditional folk songs on his fiddle. He likes to play at least once each year at the Roeder Home and Mama Sundays, and enjoys the Bellingham audience.

Reynolds' first love, however, is playing his own songs on the piano. He previously has released two tapes, "Brad Reynolds I" and "On Vacation," and currently is recording another tape in Seattle.

"Like Berkeley, California and Eugene, Oregon, Bellingham is a gathering place for folk music and top-notch performers," said David Hull, organizer of the Homemade Music Society and Roeder Home Concert Series.

Hull came to Bellingham in 1975, and noticed it was a popular place for folk musicians and enthusiasts. In 1978, when the founder of the Homemade Music Society, Richard Scholtz, decided to step down as organizer, Hull, a self-labeled "dedicated audience person," decided to volunteer as Scholtz's replacement. "The HMS has sponsored the Roeder Concerts since 1977, always emphasizing local musicians," Hull said.

Many professional musicians live in Bellingham and write, record and tour, playing their own songs, Hull said. Landing Records in Fairhaven stocks many of the local musicians' albums and tapes. Equally numerous are the musicians living in Bellingham who hold non-performing day jobs or attend school, and perform or write songs in their spare time. Nonetheless, both types of musicians do have one thing in common—many enjoy playing folk music in Bellingham for recreation.

One place many musicians enjoy playing is at the Roeder Home on the alternating Wednesdays. On these nights, the Homemade Music Society presents the Music Circle, coordinated by Laura Smith. The Music Circle is free and open to anyone who wants to learn folk songs and sing or play guitar with other musicians.
Western offers occasional folk music at the Mama Sundays concerts every Friday evening in the Viking Union Coffee Shop. During the winter concert series, five evenings of folk were presented.

Mama's concerts are very informal. Much like at the Roeder Home, the audience has the chance to sing along with the performers and talk to them during the intermission. Unlike the Roeder Home, however, thanks to a larger budget, Mama's concerts frequently are able to invite out-of-town musicians to come and play. "Therefore, Hull said, "the major two folk programs (Mama's and Roeder) are able to offer Bellingham different types of folk atmosphere."

Although the Mama's concerts take place at Western, not many students show up to listen. Beth Margolin, Mama Sundays' coordinator, said the average age of the audience is 22 and older, and eight and younger. She said that Western students have "no interest in folk music. And if they do, they don't appear to know it yet."

Margolin also is a musician. She is a singer and songwriter and attributes some of her musical background to folk music. She likes the Bellingham area because of its support of folk musicians.

Erin Corday is a junior at Fairhaven College and already is an active musician. She has played at Tony's, Mama Sundays and the Roeder Home. Like Reynolds, she enjoys playing folk music, but prefers writing and performing her own songs. She said, however, her songs do reflect certain aspects of folk music.

To Corday, music is healing. "It should open people up to rid the silence of their problems," she said. She likes the poetic aspects of folk music and uses the poetic style in her music. Lyrics are very important, she said. And to appreciate her songs, one needs to hear what she is singing. Child abuse, institutionalization of children and changing sex roles are issues that she writes and sings about.

On another side of music, Richard Scholtz finds teaching folk music a way to involve people. And, like Corday, wants people to listen to what the music is saying. "The music that I teach comes from the rich tradition of homemade music in North America. This tradition nourishes a music that is direct and accessible: a music that people make for their own pleasure," Scholtz said.

Scholtz has a bachelor of arts in psychology and has taught music in Bellingham on and off for the past 12 years. Currently, he is teaching a music appreciation class at Fairhaven College. Scholtz also is a musician and plays in town or tours occasionally. "Folk music is music people play because they like it, rather than try to make money," he said.

He commented that Bellingham is rich in "friendly musicians" that enjoy getting together to share their music. Folk music is noncompetitive and fun to do, he said.

Morgan, on the other hand, is a professional musician living in Bellingham, who tours frequently. The morning I went to see him, he had just returned from doing a few performances in Alaska.

Morgan, in his 30s, has an innocent, boyish face. He first became interested in playing guitar and singing when he was 14. He discovered that playing in front of an audience was "rather nice." Today, he plays roughly 100 shows a year, traveling all across the United States. His songs have been performed by Pete Seeger, Arlo Guthrie, Barbara Mandrell and Ronnie Gilbert. Billboard magazine said Morgan has "a keen eye for the cracks and glues of human relationships."

Morgan's music mainly is original, although three traditional folk songs appear on his latest album. His lyrics reflect his attitudes toward male roles in society. Morgan's face lights up with enthusiasm as he describes his feelings that "men end up tending to dominate. They are supposed to be in control with themselves and their relationships with other people." He said he doesn't feel men should have to deny their true feelings about themselves and play a macho role.

In a song by Morgan entitled "Goodbye John Wayne," the issues of male dominance that Morgan feels uncomfortable with are reflected in the song's lyrics:

"We all knew you'd make it
Even when you looked so tired
And the way you handled love
I once admired
But it only brought me
confusion and pain
Goodbye John Wayne."

"Yes, you had strength
And that I can use
But you never tried
To let anyone through
I can't live behind walls
With my feelings in chains
Goodbye John Wayne."

Someone once told Geof Morgan that Bellingham is the perfect place to write a novel or compose a symphony; that it is very peaceful here. "That is why many musicians live here," Morgan said. "And that is why they enjoy playing folk music."
The innocuous apple we all know as a one-a-day preventative cure for all ills could be the cause of some of these ills if the apple was treated with Alar, a suspected carcinogen and growth regulator registered with the Environmental Protection Agency as a pesticide.

According to the EPA, Alar, the Uniroyal trade name for the chemical daminozide, is used on 38 percent of apple crops in the United States and up to 30 percent in Washington State. Daminozide is systemic, it works within the apple—it can't be peeled or washed away.

Daminozide is used to prevent apples from prematurely dropping from trees, to reduce cracking and water core development, to ripen earlier, to increase fruit size, firmness and storage life, and to enhance red color without advancement in apple maturity. It is used primarily on Delicious, Macintosh and Stayman apple crops headed for the fresh produce market. Daminozide is used less extensively on peanuts and grapes to promote short erect vines and to reduce disease and insect problems. It is also used on other fruits, such as cherries, peaches and pears.

In 1975, Dr. Bela Toth of the Eppley Institute for Cancer Research in Omaha, Neb., discovered tumors caused by daminozide in his experimental mice. Complying with the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act, the major U.S. pesticide law (also known as FIFRA), he notified the EPA, and in December 1976, daminozide was added to a registry of chemical substances suspected as carcinogens. In July 1984, the EPA placed daminozide under administrative review. It would be evaluated by FIFRA's panel of scientific experts. Included in the review would be UDMH, a breakdown product of daminozide that is also used in rocket fuel. That year the U.S. Air Force completed an inhalation study on the effects of UDMH on workers. The National Cancer Institute also did a study on daminozide. These three studies—the Toth study, the U.S. Air Force study and the National Institute study were the EPA's basis for review.

In August, 1985, the EPA proposed a ban on daminozide. The benefits of the product were testified to by the agriculture industry experts who stated that without daminozide, U.S. growers would lose more than $200 million annually.

Alar was originally registered (as are all plant regulators) as a pesticide in 1963 for use on ornamental plants. In 1968, it was registered for use on food crops after meeting the EPA standards at that time. For growers of some varieties of apples, it has become such an integral part of farm management that they cannot return to pre-daminozide growing and harvesting practices. The U.S. Department of Agriculture, which was also asked to comment on the proposed ban, argued that the EPA had underestimated the benefits of continued use, and urged the agency to re-evaluate the need for cancellation.

Toth is firm in his belief that daminozide is carcinogenic: "I don't feel it, I know it. There is no question about it."

Uniroyal's Public Relations Manager Renee Potosky said, "I thought, 'Uh-oh,' when we first got into it." She said the EPA does consider the scientific panel's advice, although it is not bound by it. "This is the first time in history the panel came down so firmly against something the EPA was going to do. The panel said the EPA had dramatically overestimated the exposure risk," she said. Potosky also said, "The EPA had an
unrealistic scenario. Their 38 percent figure of use in apples was wrong: more like 22 percent, and not 100 percent of a crop is treated and consumed.

Toth said, "The sad thing is that EPA under this administration is hard to move against carcinogens . . . Uniroyal can spend millions in court."

On Jan. 22, the EPA temporarily dropped the proposed ban on the food uses of Alar (daminozide) until more data was available. The EPA said this would be conditional on a number of interim regulatory measures such as further testing to determine risks, decreasing the amounts growers can use per acre, labeling changes to make the public aware of the exposure risks, and special testing by Uniroyal for residues and other products until further findings are available. The tests may take as long as four years, but the EPA said, depending on the findings, the agency may have enough toxicological information to make a regulatory decision 22 to 24 months after the studies have begun.

Rep. Sid Morrison, R-Zillah, a Yakima Valley orchardist who has used the chemical on his own fruit, hailed the EPA's switch as a victory for Washington farmers. But he suggested the growers wean themselves from Alar if possible. "They (the EPA) have raised enough questions . . . that it causes some concern."

Orchardist Tom Thornton of Cloud Mountain Farm said, "I don't use it." He said probably no grower on the west side of Washington does because the moisture made the chemical unstable. He encourages people to come directly to the orchard in Everson, in late August.

Whole Lotta Prayin' Goin' On

by Thomas Mosby

According to a survey, Western's student body is 24.5 percent "born-again" Christian.

The survey, conducted by the American Council of Education, in conjunction with UCLA, was headed by Alexander Asten, director of the Higher Education Research Institute in Los Angeles.

The Asten survey was given in 1981 to incoming freshmen at Western and again to the freshman class of 1985. The stated purpose was to "achieve a better understanding of how students are affected by their college experience." The survey questions were in ten sections, covering such subjects as student employment, drop-out and graduation rates and religious preferences.

Western students in 1981 showed a "born-again" Christian percentage higher than the national average. Twenty-four-and-a-half percent considered themselves "born-again" Christians at Western, compared to the national average of 19.6 percent.

The percentages did not change much after the survey was given in April, 1985. Western's "born-again" population rose to 26.6 percent while the national average declined to 19 percent. Twenty-three percent of Western students specified no religious preference in 1981, in comparison to 8.1 percent nationally. Fifty percent of Western students practice the more traditional religions.

The statistics of religious preference between male and female students showed 32 percent of the male students had no religious preference while 19 percent of the females declared no religious preference. In the "born-again" category, 23 percent of the males questioned were "born-again," in comparison to 28 percent of the females.

Students were asked if they practiced one of seventeen religions on the survey, including the question, "Are you born-again?" The Rev. Bob Harrison, of the Campus Christian Ministry, said he was unaware of the survey and the high percentage of "born-agains."

Harrison said the title, "born-again," can be claimed by anyone. "You can find born-agains' in any denomination of religion, and furthermore, he said, "one cannot say the survey is official because there are different understandings of the words, 'born-again.'" Harrison said, "Some Christians believe that you cannot consider yourself a Christian unless you are 'born-again.'"

Harrison said the survey conclusions are inadequate because he believes the question, "Are you born-again?" should be asked along with the question of religious preference, instead of being a separate question.

"With all the (Christian) fellowships on campus combined," Harrison concluded, "24 percent is still a high percentage of 'born-again' Christians."
Rotting animal carcasses, disposable diapers and motor oil may be responsible for the possible contamination of Lake Whatcom, the main source of Bellingham’s drinking water, said Western Geology Professor Randall Babcock.

Leigh Woodruff, water division specialist with the Environmental Protection Agency in Seattle, said, “Contamination is not a problem unless there is a source of waste.” That source of waste is present at the Y-Road Landfill site, approximately one mile northeast of Lake Whatcom. The Y-Road Landfill has an area of nine acres, and five of them have been used for waste disposal. According to a Whatcom County study entitled Preliminary Investigation of Potential Leachate Impacts Resulting from Solid Waste Disposal at Y-Road, an estimated 728 tons of solid waste were deposited at the site in a 12-month period during 1982 and 1983.

Babcock says Lake Whatcom may be susceptible to contamination because the landfill is at a higher elevation than the lake, its proximity to the lake and its poor disposal practices. If these factors do add up to contamination, the water system for the entire city will have to be replaced.

Bellingham Water Plant Supervisor Bill McCort isn’t as alarmed as Babcock. “We are very concerned about the Y-Road dump,” McCort said, but added that although there have been a number of concerns with the dump, the conclusions of previous studies show any leachate and its effects are negligible. “We can’t guarantee that the Y-Road dump won’t pollute Lake Whatcom. We don’t know what’s in it, but it would have to be a significant quantity of anything to have an impact on Lake Whatcom,” McCort said.

Dave Bader, a sanitary with the Whatcom County Health Department, seems to agree with McCort. “Fresh water is continually coming in (to the lake),” he said. This reduces the leachate contamination by diluting it. But Bader admits that contamination is always a possibility. Referring to the Y-Road Landfill, Bader said, “It was a typical refuse disposal site, just about anything went in there.”

Babcock says the possible contamination problem will result from rain water trickling down through the landfills and leaching out contaminants. “Leaching out” means to remove soluble matter by percolating it through the soil.

Sue Blake, an employee at the plant, and the microbiologist responsible for testing Lake Whatcom, said, “I’ve never heard anyone talk about it in such serious terms. There’s been a number of studies done, but none that extensively.”

Bader said, “A lot of people get concerned about the unknown. Obviously it hasn’t caused a problem, because we haven’t picked anything.”

When asked about the possible contamination of the lake, Chief Plant Operator Jim Bagely said, “I haven’t heard anything about it.”

According to a 1985 evaluation of Lake Whatcom as the city’s source of drinking water, the untreated water collected at the Water Treatment Plant intake is of “high quality and complies with all applicable state and federal water regulations with the exception of coliform bacteria and turbidity (muddiness).” Treatment reduces these specifically. The evaluation also indicated that many of the contaminants can be attributed to boat traffic on the lake.

Paul Cheng, a district engineer for the Department of Social and Health Services responsible for Whatcom, San Juan and Skagit Counties, said that although he’s not aware of any contamination problems, it could be that nobody is monitoring the situation. Cheng said the county hires individuals to design the landfills. “The county becomes owner, operator and regulator, and nobody is keeping them honest,” he said.

It does appear, however, that the situation is being monitored. The 1985 study recommended further investigations. James Montgomery of Consulting Engineers, the corporation who conducted the study, recommended the expansion and continued use of nearby wells and surface water bodies. Testing of the soil and ground water on a seasonal basis also is recommended.
On the nastiest of winter days, when the wind howls out of the south at 30 knots, driving the spitting rain horizontally, whipping the waters of Bellingham Bay into five-foot waves, and sending most people indoors to a warm fire and tea, the best of Bellingham's windsurfers are on the water.

On such days, one can see the small fluorescent sails driving the shark-like boards, their sailors clinging at the edge of control to the sailboom and board, scuttling east and west between Post Point and the middle of Bellingham Bay.

Off the Point, which bulges pregnantly into the Bay a half-mile south of Fairhaven's Marine Park, is the best place to windsurf in the Bellingham area. Pete Nygren, part owner of Washington Wind Sports, a windsurfing equipment retail shop located at the Port of Bellingham’s Fairhaven terminal, said, “There are other places—Hale’s Pass, or Bayview, but they aren’t as rowdy.”

Standing in his shop, where long, white sailboards lean in ordered rows against the walls like giant sacrificial knives, Nygren described the use of different types of boards and the dynamics of windsurfing skill.

The longer boards generally are used in light to medium winds. Most people learn to windsurf on them. However, they become awkward in heavier winds and among bigger waves.
Their length causes them to drive into waves, rather than riding them, as a shorter board would. Also, since they lack the foot straps common on short boards, the sailor's connection with the board lacks the controlling leverage necessary in rough waters.

"The long boards," Nygren said, "are easy to learn to sail. With the lessons we offer at Lake Padden in the spring and summer, we have people on the water in an hour. It isn't a sport only for athletes. I taught a woman who had only one leg. People as light as 50 pounds can handle a board in light winds, he said.

"The short, high-performance boards, in contrast to the long boards, aren't large enough to float the sailor above the water. They demand high wind and speed to bring the board to above the water," Nygren said.

In ideal high-wind windsurfing, the sailor is suspended between sail and board. The sail is on the verge of lifting sailor and board off the water; but the sailor controls that lift by spilling just enough wind to keep the board in the water. The sail is manipulated by the sail boom—two tubular metal bows that act as handles extending from the mast horizontally across the width of the sail, one on either side. Control over the direction of travel, and turning, is achieved with the sailor's feet fitted firmly into straps on the board top, and the legs pressing the daggerboard and fins on the board's underside into the water, carving turns and angling the board across the wind.

"I start sailing when the wind reaches about twenty knots," Nygren said. "It's exhilarating, the power and speed. Windsurfing speed records exceed thirty miles an hour. The water becomes a moving mogul field. The wind is right in your hands; it's a real clean connection."

Boards range in length and weight from 13 feet and 55 pounds, to seven-and-a-half feet and 14 pounds. Atop the board, near the center of its length, is a long, metal-lined slot that locks a universal-joint mast foot, allowing the mast to be held by the sailor at any angle to the board to catch the wind. Further, the position of the mast in relation to the board length can be adjusted in the slot to accommodate the weight of the sailor and the size of the waves, Nygren explained.

Available mast lengths range from 13 to 17 feet, and sail areas range from 30 to 90 square feet. Again, these are selected according to the relevant weight of the sailor, the board and to the strength of the wind. A general rule of thumb is the higher the wind, the shorter the mast and the smaller the sail. There are few hard and fast rules, however, Nygren said. "Everyone likes a little different rig, and it takes some experience and testing to find what feels best for you."

Nygren, who began windsurfing nine years ago, stressed that it is only the most experienced and properly equipped sailors who should venture onto the Bay in high-wind conditions.

He illustrated his point with an incident of his own experiences. "I had a board that didn't have a leash between the mast and board. Usually when the sail falls over, the leash keeps them together, and the sail acts as a sea anchor, keeping the board from blowing away. A board by itself, in thirty-knot winds, is gone, sometimes faster than you can swim. I had a jacket on that was supposed to be made for windsurfing, but it was a bad design with loose sleeves that filled up with water, so I couldn't swim. I had to take the jacket off before I could go after my board. I was sailing alone—a major error. I was farther offshore than I could swim. I caught my board and survived. And I don't do that anymore. I got out of that, and realized that that's all it took to endanger my life, just one screw-up."

Steve Shipman, a fellow windsurfer and employee of Nygren's, echoed his sentiments. "People who go down out there in the Bay should be able to make it back to shore themselves. You shouldn't call the Coast Guard unless someone is severely injured."

Windsurfing in the Bay is somewhat safer than a place such as the California coast, where people can be swept indefinitely distances out to sea. Nygren observed. Bellingham Bay is a closed system. Windsurfers having trouble off Post Point eventually are blown across the Bay, hitting land somewhere on the north shore. However, such a trip can take many hours, plenty of time for the chilly Bay waters to cool an ill-protected sailor to the point of hypothermia and possible death.

Nygren cited a recent mid-winter incident, when a windsurfer was blown across the Bay, to illustrate the need for thorough individual training, organization and cooperation among those people windsurfing in the Bay.

"The windsurfer was sailing with a buddy, which was smart," Nygren said. "He was out on a long reach and got into higher winds than he was ready for. He went to turn back toward the Point, and had a hard time. He was overpowered by the wind. So he broke down his rig, and his buddy started towing him in. It began to get late, and they were still far from shore, so his buddy left him and went ahead in and called the Coast Guard. However, the Coast Guard, using a cutter and helicopter, couldn't find the stranded sailor. Several hours later, cold but otherwise uninjured, the sailor was blown to the north shore of the Bay.

Nygren said there were several alternatives open to the sailor, which would have been preferable to calling the Coast Guard. "He could have abandoned his rig, which is no big deal in Bellingham Bay. It will just be blown across the Bay, and he could pick it off the beach in the morning. Without a rig to drag, you can paddle pretty quickly. Or, he could have wrapped his sail around his boom and mast, and gone downwind with it. He would have come ashore at Boulevard Park or Georgia Pacific. In that situation, you just accept you're not going to get back to where you started."

"He was probably trying to get back to the Point where he started," Nygren concluded, "and used up a lot of energy in the effort. It was unfortunate that the Coast Guard was called in on that. It cost thousands of dollars, when the sailor's rig is only worth six hundred bucks."

To avoid these expensive mishaps and the tragedy of actual loss of life, Nygren's business, in cooperation with several other local recreational boating businesses and the Coast Guard, is organizing a comprehensive program of water-safety training courses for all types of small-craft use.

"Each class will cover the basic elements of water safety," Nygren said, "knowing the weather and tides, hypothermia and proper clothing. Then courses will cover problems for particular kinds of craft. In a kayak you have a whole different set of problems than with a sailboard."
For Nygren’s particular area of expertise—windsurfing—he stresses knowledge of the equipment, checking its condition and knowing your own limitations. “We’ll have people take their own equipment into the water and simulate a breakdown, such as a mast-foot breaking. We’ll need really nasty weather,” Nygren said, with a slightly sadistic glint in his eye. “We’ll have a chase boat out there, and take the sailors out before they try to sail out there. We’ll drop them in the water with five-foot waves with their disabled equipment, and say, ‘This is what you really get into.’

The safety classes will be offered within the larger framework of a club, which, though still unformalized, will promote and coordinate sequences of boating, kayaking and sailing classes among businesses and organizations; function as a social club to unify the growing number of rowers, sailors, windsurfers and kayakers who use the Bay; purchase and operate an emergency rescue boat; and train club members in emergency rescue procedures.

“This summer,” Nygren said, “several local businesses, including Washington Wind Sports, Fairhaven Boatworks, Spen’s Boat Service and the Captain’s Cabin, will work together to promote rowing, sailing, kayaking and all small-craft recreation on the Bay.”

The potential for increased recreational use of the Bay is enormous. A comparative example cited by Nygren is of windsurfing in Europe. “Three years after its introduction in Europe, windsurfing passed snow skiing in terms of the number of people doing it.”

The factors that have slowed down the industry’s growth here include, in Nygren’s view, poor promotion and the continuing misconception that the sport is expensive and difficult to learn.

Jeff Davis, manager of the Associated Students Lakewood facility on Lake Whatcom, and a five-year veteran of windsurfing, confirmed Nygren’s assertion that windsurfing isn’t difficult to learn. Davis said, “A person with a certain amount of aptitude and the desire should be skillful enough to venture into the Bay’s high winds with a year of windsurfing experience.” That time frame assumes learning through classes. Nygren and Davis said they struggled to learn skills that they now teach beginners in a few hours.

Davis said Lakewood offers an excellent deal for students: nine hours of private lessons on one of its 11-foot sailboards—“a good light-air board”—for $25. Once a student’s sailing skill is demonstrated, all the Lakewood equipment is available for a $5 quarterly fee. For non-students the cost of lessons is higher. Nygren charges $60 for a series of four two-hour lessons at Lake Padden.

“The cost of windsurfing equipment is comparable to that for alpine skiing,” Nygren said. Pointing to a long, light-wind board, he continued. “We can equip a sailor for light-wind lake sailing for $400 to $500.” The high-performance, high-wind equipment is more expensive. And in this area of cold water, protective clothing, such as a neoprene dry-suit, mittens, hood and gloves, are essential. The whole outfit can be put together for around $2300. Nygren estimated. For people like Nygren and Davis, the benefits of the sport far outweigh the monetary investment.

Standing at the surf’s edge on Post Point after four hours of wave-hopping in the thirty-knot wind, Davis reluctantly tied his gear into a neat bundle for portage to his car at Marine Park. Davis described himself as “a founding father” of the Bellingham windsurfing community. Asked why he windsurfs, he could only grin as the late afternoon wind lashed February rain against his black neoprene drysuit. “I can’t really describe it. You have to try it. From the shore it looks like fun. But when you get on a board, it’s incredible—the funnest thing on the water.”

TIM CHOVANAK
A windsurfer cuts into some of the rough winter waters of Bellingham Bay.