Klipsun Magazine, 1986, Volume 17, Issue 07 - September

Jeff Braimes
Western Washington University

Follow this and additional works at: https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine
Part of the Higher Education Commons, and the Journalism Studies Commons

Recommended Citation
https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine/89

This Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Western Student Publications at Western CEDAR. It has been accepted for inclusion in Klipsun Magazine by an authorized administrator of Western CEDAR. For more information, please contact westerncedar@wwu.edu.
SPECIAL THANKS: Mark Connolly, Doug Shacklett, the Western Printing Plant staff Jeff Wood and K. B. Gnome for sanity.

Klipsun magazine is printed by the WWU Printing Plant, published twice quarterly out of College Hall 137, Western Washington University, Bellingham, WA 98225, (206) 676-3737. Klipsun is supported by student fees and is distributed free.

Klipsun is a Lummi Indian word meaning beautiful sunset.

Copyright © 1986 by Klipsun

FRONT COVER PHOTO BY MIKE GWYNN
BACK COVER PHOTO BY N. S. NOKKENTVED

September 1986 Volume 17, no. 7
INQUIRING MINDS?
STUDENTS IN ARMS
THAT PSYCHIC TOUCH

CONTENTS
SILENCE CAUGHT RAMEN CLIFF TOTALLYKLIPSUN MCGREGOR
Julius Caesar did it. King David did it. Aristotle said he could predict the length of his life from it. Taught in medieval schools as the science of "palmistry," palm reading has a history reaching back more than 3,000 years.

Even today, palmistry manages to maintain its grip in our world of technology.

Once the rage of Europe's aristocracy, it was practiced in the estates and castles of noblemen and kings. Today, readers can be found practicing in such diverse places as swap meet parking lots, cafes, or their homes on city streets—wherever a large group of people can be found or attracted.

Maria is one of those readers who follows the crowds. On weekends she sits in her trailer in the swap meet parking lot, gazing out at passersby on the prowl for bargains. One weekend, amid a scene that could have occurred centuries before at a desert village bazaar, I paid her a visit in her dry, dusty place of business.

Maria's cardboard sign announcing her services hung from the side of the 15-foot tin-roofed trailer near the porch. The trailer had the bone-dry look of something left too long in the sun. As I climbed they aluminum steps into the trailer, she rose to greet me.

Maria stood about five feet tall. A scarf the color of blood wrapped her head, gathering up ebony hair that flowed to the middle of her back. A purple dress sagged from her shoulders and hung to her shins, emblazoned with canary orchids. Anklet socks, the kind worn by girls, were shoved into a pair of cherry-red vinyl sandals, which she planted firmly on the floor, a few feet apart.

"You want your palm read?" she asked, scrutinizing me. Her eyes, chocolate-colored, looked straight into mine, searching for an answer.

"How much?"

"Five dollars. I tell your past and your future."

"Alright."

Sitting at a table by the window, she grasped my hands with her own warm palms. I could feel the wrinkles in her skin as the palms closed over mine. They were the color of tanned, worn leather. Four hands rested on the table of wood-grain plastic.

She asked me if I was ready for what she was to tell me, good or bad.

"Yes."

Maria proceeded to spin a web of possibilities about my future. She told me it is important to remember that all you hear from a palm reader are possibilities. We make our own choices, she said.

She told me about my past, pausing from her inspection of my hands to gaze at me. She looked into my eyes. The lines etched in her face told a story of their own, of age, and at this moment, of concentration. They knotted into a scowl.

"Do you understand?" she asked. Her voice was like tumbling silk, twisted with an accent. Throughout the reading, she asked the same question.

"Yes," I said, into her wizened gaze. I didn't know what else I could say.

"Believe what I tell you." She said this more than once also, as if it were a ritual. If I am destined to be wealthy, she said, I am gifted by God. I will marry only once, and my partner will be financially successful as well. I will have two children, a boy and a girl.

"How old are you?" she asked. When I told her I was 21, she suggested I marry this summer.

I have a quick temper, Maria declared, and become very jealous in matters of love. Chalk one up for Maria. Maria also advised me to let the man take control in my relationships, so as to avoid arguments and conflicts. I gritted my teeth and smiled when she asked if I understood.

When Maria had finished with her reading, she motioned toward a wooden well, placed beneath a crucifix on the table. I had not noticed it before. She told me to drop money into the tiny well and wish for something. Mine were not the only wishes to go into the well. It was filled with bills and some change. I dropped in all that I had—two quarters.

"Did you make a wish?" she asked. There was an edge to her voice.

I swallowed. "Yes," I said.

She nodded in acknowledgement. I sighed with relief.

When I left, Maria moved out of sight, as if it were a ritual. I am destined to be wealthy, she said. I am gifted by God. I will marry only once, and my partner will be financially successful as well. I will have two children, a boy and a girl.

I arrived at her place of business and she greeted me warmly. We took seats at a table, and Rose looked at me. Actually, she seemed...
to look through me, her gaze was so piercing. She appeared to almost
know something.

"Make two wishes and tell me one," she said. Like Maria, wishes
were important to Rose.

I did, and told her the least
embarrassing one.

"Are you ready to accept what I
tell you, whether it is good or bad?" Rose asked in the twilight of the
unlit room.

"Yes."

She nodded and asked to see my
hands. Looking at the palms spread out before her, she was quiet,
concentrating. Then she began to
speak.

I will live a long time, she told me—97 years. "You are gifted by
God, in your mind and hands."

Rose told me I have financial
worries and asked what I am
employed as now. She assured me
that I will not always be a dish-
washer at SAGA. My wealth line is
long, she said.

I will only marry once. If my
partner dies before me, I will not
marry again. She said I will have a
strong marriage, but only after I
have established a career for
myself. I will be taking a trip overseas by plane or boat with someone
I love. The trip will be for business
and pleasure, more for pleasure.
When I return, she said, I will be
ready to marry. She hinted this
might take place within a year.

Rose informed me I will have two
children. When asked if boys or
girls, she shrugged and said, "That is
God's will."

Did I attend church regularly?

"No."

I have trouble with the estab-
lished Church, she said, but not
with my relationship with God.

She spoke about my past and my
personality. I have a good home
life, and am much loved by my par-
tenants, she said, looking into my
palms and then my face for a
reaction.

I tend to hide my feelings, she
said, pretending to seem content
when I am upset, and wearing a
false smile.

"That is true," I admitted.

I have a quick temper and
become easily jealous in my love
relationships, she continued. This
was beginning to sound familiar. I
looked for the wishing well with the
crucifix, then realized I had already
made my wishes.

At times she broke off from her
interpretation of the palm lines and
stared straight into my face.

"Do you understand me?" She
said this slowly, with great solemn-
ity. She studied my expression and
read on.

How do they do it?

Rose explained she can see the
story in the lines of the palm, and
also by reading the expression of
the person's face. She said she has
psychic abilities, which enable her
to pick up certain feelings about
people.

"You need that psychic touch," she
said. "Learning palm reading
from books, you could be good at
blueprinting every hand." However,
it is an intuitive, inborn feeling
that establishes a gifted palm reader
from a book-learned one.

"You can't explain it to some-
body," she smiled.

Mrs. Ruth, a palm reader in Bel-
vue, agrees. Genuine readers, she
said, are born with a psychic ability
that enables them to look into the
pasts of others. Mrs. Ruth said she
discovered her own abilities at an
early age.

"I was about five," she said in a
phone interview. "When I was big
enough to talk." She spoke with
great energy and rarely paused for
breath.

"I was born with this gift... I'm a
psychic. I inherited it from my
grandmother. History repeats itself.
"I was born with a veil on my
face."

Some children are born with a
veil, or caul—a thin layer of skin
covering their faces, which is
removed. In some cultures, it is
kept and regarded as a sign of luck
or protection; or a prediction of
psychic ability.

Family members helped her to
develop her psychic gifts, and she
has been using these gifts to help
others since then.

She explained how she works
with a client who wants a reading.
She doesn't need to know why a
client has paid her a visit; she can
sense the reasons.

"I don't ask them no questions," she
said.

She tells the client why they came
in. She said she can look and know,
seeing aspects of their past, and
develop a general feeling about the
person. And if her client is not con-
tent with the outcome of the read-
ing, she will return his money.

"Satisfaction guaranteed," she
stated firmly.

Although the people who come
in doubting her leave believing,
Mrs. Ruth said she has had prob-
lems with skeptics, and attributes
that to the modern scientific view:
If you don't see it, it ain't there.

"They want you to perform a mir-
acle all the time. Do you know how
many times Moses would have to
part the Red Sea for them?" she
demanded.

"People sense things," she con-
tinued of psychics. Calling their
abilities "stupid," scientists have
just tended to dismiss them in the
past, she said.

"There's no gettin' around
them," she said. "Never, never.
They got priests believing there are
no such things as miracles... the
modern world believes in science.
If scientists don't see heaven, it's
not there.

She described the modern gen-
eration as espousing the view that
"seeing is believing... their jobs Is
what's important."

Although in our society of sci-
cient view and preoccupation with
careers, they may be met with skep-
ticism, palm readers can and do
persist.

"It is our heritage," she said.

So Mrs. Ruth runs her business in
Bellevue. She doesn't consider it a
job; it is more a way of life, some-
thing she was destined to do. True
psychics are loving people, who use
their gifts to help others, she said. In
Mrs. Ruth's eyes, palm reading is a
helping profession.

Rose agrees. She becomes almost
counselor, listening to the worries
of her clients. She gives advice, but
"cannot tell people what to do."

"I enjoy people," she said, "enjoy
having people come back and
say you was right."
"My husband, the pied piper." Betty Bocock points to the window. Through the glass, the four women can see Glen Bocock's tall form loping up the walk. It seems like every child at the meeting has been notified, mysteriously, of his arrival. He is surrounded by five boys and girls: bobbing by his waist are a redhead in a green sweater and a small brunette in a sweatshirt with hearts across the front.
Glen smiles and signs something, and the children laugh. A private joke.

As seen through the glass, the scene could be painted in vivid colors like a Norman Rockwell illustration. It is a scene from the deaf world.

The deaf and hearing-impaired live in a world within the hearing world—a community within the larger Bellingham community. It is the same world of Holly Street and Cornwall and the university and Tony's Coffee and houses where telephones ring and dogs bark and babies cry. But there is a difference. Theirs is a world with less sound, or no sound.

The sounds that travel in waves and beat against the ear drum, causing vibrations in the three small bones in the middle ear, still travel to their ears. But because of a childhood illness, inherited genes or an accident, their ears register fewer vibrations, sometimes very few. A deaf or hearing-impaired person can often distinguish noise but not words. It is rare to find a person in this county, in this country, who is stone deaf; it is common to find a person with some form of hearing disorder.

Hearing-impairment is the single, most chronic physical disability in the United States; 34 million people live with it. In Bellingham and nearby towns, about 30 are active in the Northwest Deaf and Hearing Association, the deaf and hearing club.

Composed of both deaf and hearing members (about 62 altogether), the club meets twice a month at the Church of Christ on Sterling Drive. It is a place to chat in sign as well as speech, drink coffee or juice, share stories, jokes, sadnesses—a friendly oasis of understanding and support. People come because they are interested in sign language, or have a hearing loss, or a hearing-impaired person in their family. They are counselors, teachers, interpreters, of all ages, all sizes, and from all walks of life.

They live—or love someone who lives—in the deaf world.

On Lummi Island, the Bococks live in a spacious log cabin with a dog, a bird and two hearing children. On a dairy farm in Lynden, a deaf four-year-old named Mitch races through the living room with no clothes on. At a pre-school on Cornwall, a group of toddlers is blowing bubbles and learning to sign. At the Herfy's by the Greyhound station, Judy McNeely, 13, in bright red sunglasses, slurps a glass of iced tea.

She and her mom, Cindy, have just put her younger brother Tommy on a bus for a week's stay at the Washington State School for the Deaf in Vancouver, Wa. Judy is hearing; her entire family is hearing-impaired.

Deafness is often called the invisible handicap, for the simple reason that it can't easily be seen. No white cane or wheel-chair signals a difference. A hearing-impaired man standing in a line at Hayden's Grocery Store looks like everyone else. His disability may not become apparent until someone notices a hearing aid, or a hand gesture, or the absence of speech altogether.

"When you talk about deafness, it's very difficult to say who, what, where, why," says Glen Bocock, leaning back in a chair at his kitchen table: "The problems are basically the same: communication."

Glen has a masters degree in rehabilitation counseling, and he counsels hearing-impaired clients at the Whatcom Counseling and Psychiatric Clinic. Betty has a background in working with deaf children and is a teacher at a deaf preschool in Bellingham. The two are very active in the deaf community.

In the late afternoon of a typical Northwest day of alternating mist and sun, Glen, in corduroys and a gray track sweatshirt, is relaxing after several hours of working in the yard. He speaks quietly, and very clearly, the result of years of speech therapy—hours spent talking into mirrors and carefully examining his mouth's movements.

Hearing-impaired people are cut off from the free flow of information in the community, he says. "They don't pick up rumors. They don't have other people they can share with." He pauses. "It's time-consuming for many to just get in a car and drive over to another..."
friend's house." At the deaf and hearing club, "everybody understands each other's problems."

It's a sense of belonging, he says. Betty, a slender woman with brown hair that curls softly around her face and glasses, sits across the table from him.

Occasionally, their hands flash, shaping the signs with loving precision as they ask each other questions or clarify what their hearing guest is saying. Both lipread very well, but even the best lipreaders can catch only about every fourth word. Although lipreading, like speech, can be studied and practiced, not all deaf people can lipread, and some choose not to.

Upstairs a television blares, and the voices of the Bocock children, Alando, five, and Angelita, nine, can be studied and practiced, not all deaf people can lipread, and some choose not to. Occasional, their hands flash, shaping the signs with loving precision as they ask each other questions or clarify what their hearing guest is saying. Both lipread very well, but even the best lipreaders can catch only about every fourth word. Although lipreading, like speech, can be studied and practiced, not all deaf people can lipread, and some choose not to.

The airy, spacious log cabin was built and designed by Glen to meet his and his wife's needs as deaf parents of two hearing kids. The rooms have no doors. Other families can shout from behind closed doors; the Bococks must sign to each other to bedrooms across the hallway, or across the kitchen counter to the living room. The upstairs is connected to the main floor by a loft, so that adults and kids can sign over the balcony rather than having to trudge all the way downstairs for face-to-face contact.

In Glen and Betty's bedroom, the phone lights up when it rings. After they place the receiver on a TTY, a device that looks like a small typewriter, they can receive messages and type in answers on a 1-by-8-inch digital screen.

A white dog and the cockatiel provide a few of the comforting domestic noises they can hear. The dog sleeps curled in a tight circle in front of a crackling wood stove. Near a row of plastic yellow and blue lunchboxes, a unicorn in a poster gazes searchingly off into the distance. Pink flowers bloom on the kitchen table. A sign on the living room wall says it well: BOCOCK ISLAND PARADISE.

The children and adults who dwell there have had to climb over a communication fence; they've had to find a way to talk to each other.

The Bocock's daughter, Angelita, started signing to her parents when she was six or seven months old. "I was nursing her," Betty remembers. "And she knew that in order to communicate with me, she had to look at me. So I was sleeping, and she wants milk . . . she opened my eyes and—fingers!"

With a mother's fond smile, she mimics one of her daughter's first signs.

As the baby got older and became fluent in sign language, she could sometimes interpret what other people said, for her parents. But like many deaf parents with hearing children, the Bococks were careful not to rely on her services too much.

"We used her as an interpreter but didn't abuse her as a daughter," Glen explains.

Now both children sign and speak easily. They have the advantage of learning American Sign Language (ASL) as young people.

Bellingham interpreter Katrina Jarman had that advantage, too. She began learning ASL as a 13-year-old from a woman in her town, and now works on the children's floor of the public library.

She is passionate about language—ASL especially.

Many have the wrong idea about the use of sign language. "Lots of people have thought it's because the deaf are stupid, or they're just being cute. That's not true," she says fiercely.

ASL is the fourth most widely used language in the United States, following English, Spanish, and Italian. It has its own jokes, expressions, and word sequence. Jarman gave an example. "In English, you say, 'the man fell into a hole.' In ASL, you have to sign the hole first, before the man can fall into it."

Her desk at the library is one of the places the toddlers at the Northwest Hearing-impaired Preschool go to visit. Their teachers, Betty Bocock and Leah Houghland, take them on field trips into the community, so they can see grown-ups using sign. They go to see such people as Steve Houghland, a deaf mail carrier at the post office, or to Fairhaven to talk to Babe Smith, an elderly deaf woman.

For the kids, the field trips are vital signs that there is life—productive life—as a deaf adult. Some deaf children believe, sincerely, that when they grow up, they are either going to die or gain their hearing. If their hearing parents don't bring them into the deaf community, they may never see deaf adults, says Jarman. "That makes them wonder. 'There must not be any,' because they die—or they magically get their hearing."

More than 90 percent of deaf children are born to hearing parents. Twenty years ago, these children often did not learn sign at
home or at school. They went to public schools where speaking was the only way to communicate. When they tried to sign or point for what they wanted, some, like Betty Bocock, were made to sit on their hands. The few that learned to speak well were often asked to perform for visiting parents, as shining examples—proof that the system worked.

But learning to speak didn’t always help them learn to read or understand the world around them.

“We have a good number in this community who graduated from oral programs and are unemployed, misemployed, underemployed, now in their late 20s,” Glen notes. “They have a reading level of a third or fifth grader. Yet, their intelligence is the same as the norm.”

The same is true on the national level. Many deaf adults struggle to find jobs—a satisfying job, or any job at all.

To try to give deaf children a more hopeful future, total communication is the emphasis now in many schools for the deaf. Children in local programs, such as the ones at Sunnyland Elementary and at the Northwest Hearing-impaired Preschool are taught ASL, lip reading, and speech training. The hope is that they will have as many avenues as possible through the hearing world.

In February 1985, Betty Bocock and Leah Houghland started a preschool to give deaf one-to-three-year-olds a head start on learning. Class for these tiny students is in session every Friday morning from 10 a.m. to noon in the nursery rooms at the First Congregational Church on Cornwall.

It is one of the few schools in the country taught entirely by deaf teachers.

On a Friday morning at 11:30, Betty and Leah are surrounded by three little boys and one girl, two-year-olds, all in blue bibbed overalls, all fascinated by bubbles. Leah, a winsome brunette with shell earnings, holds a sturdy blonde named Patrick on her lap. She blows a bubble, then signs and says out loud to Patrick, “You blow.” He blows a bubble. She signs and says, “We’ll finish later, okay?” Patrick looks at her. “You and me go on the slide?” He grins and heads for the slide at top speed.

The lesson this morning is “one, two, three.” The kids and their teachers make numbers out of pink, red and green eggshell bits, sprinkled on Elmer’s glue. They drop m & m’s into an egg carton, one by one, and practice signing and saying, “one, two, three.”

Now it’s playtime. Most of the class is playing house in a cardboard chalet with painted-on red bricks. The teachers are doing their best to keep these energetic tots from tearing down the walls.

Luke sits on the other side of the room, playing by himself. He has a plastic ball with holes in it. His dark brown eyes gaze down in concentration; he can’t seem to get the right puzzle pieces to fit in the right holes. Like all frustrated kids, he cries.


She goes over to comfort him. “Sometimes, I don’t know where the noise is coming from, so I have to feel,” she explains.

The wallpaper on one wall depicts dozens of kids playing, doing what kids do best: hugging cats and dogs and each other, throwing baseballs, and making cookies, blowing bubbles, and riding skateboards. On another wall, snuggly rabbits and kangaroos seem to breathe and hop in Argus posters. Along with other toys, the two-year-olds in this playground have dolls with pretend hearing aids, storybooks of such classics as “The Three Bears” in words and sign, and a plastic telephone they can put on top of a Tommy Tutor typewriter, so it looks just like a TTY.

The children have pictures to look at, toys to play with, signs to learn, and, most importantly, teachers who know what it’s like to feel alone in the quiet.

“I know what they’re feeling, what they’re experiencing,” Betty says, “I come into their world.”

Education—which program to choose, which methods—is just one of many challenges facing parents of hearing-impaired children. Rhonda and Andy Bergsma’s son, Mitch, was one of the first students at the preschool. Now four, he boards a yellow bus at 8 a.m. every day for an hour’s drive to Sunnyland Elementary on James Street.

After a morning of stories and learning, he comes home. In the afternoon, he likes to go along on the chores with his dad, Andy. In the barn and the fields of this Lynden dairy farm, 15 sheep baa, miniature goats clash horns, and at milking time, about 70 Holsteins stand in stalls, their big cow eyes staring... huge.

Mitch is fascinated.

This afternoon, he is riding his rocking horse as his mother, Rhonda, sits in the living room. The plastic horse squeaks back and forth as he hums, contentedly, to himself.

“The saddest part we’ve encountered so far is at Christmas time,” Rhonda says. At these family gatherings, her son gets left outside the bright bubble of tinsel and talk and Christmas cheer. His cousins and aunts know only a few signs in his language, and so far, he can say only syllable sounds, not words.

“At this age of four, already being excluded so much... really tears me apart,” Rhonda adds. “He never eats when everybody else eats. He’s talking away, and he goes off and plays by himself. As soon as everybody is done eating, he goes off and eats.”

Rhonda’s concerned that Mitch will feel even more isolated if he goes to public school when he gets older. “I’d really like him to have a lot of deaf peers,” she says.

In town the size of Lynden, finding deaf peers will not be an easy task, and as a parent, she’s more worried about that than by the fact that her son doesn’t say words out loud.

“'If this kid never talks, that’s okay. That’s not number one priority,” she says. “The main thing is that he’s a healthy deaf adult someday, not a healthy, speaking deaf adult.”

For now, or for good, Mitch’s older sister and brother and parents talk to him in sign. His parents started signing to him when he was 18 months old, right after they became certain he couldn’t hear.

“At one point, we were almost embarrassed signing all this stuff to this little kid,” Rhonda remembers. “It’s paying off now. You can understand when he understands you. He’ll look at you, and all of a sudden, the eyebrows lift up, and a light flashes, and—aha!”

But other times, it’s hard to explain that his mother isn’t going to leave him forever when he’s at his grandparents, or that he can’t wear his school shoes out in the mud, or eat ice cream before dinner.

Everybody gets real tense and frustrated,” Rhonda says. “Sometimes, those times get to us.”

She says she and Andy wonder if they’ll have problems relating to
Mitch as an adolescent. They wonder if he should be mainstreamed into a public school, with an interpreter, after he finishes the program at Sunnyland in fifth grade. They wonder if they should sell the farm and move to a larger city, so he can have more deaf peers and better services when he gets older... the kind of questions that keep parents up at night.

Still, her attitude tends to be a philosophical one.

"The kid’s life hangs on our attitude," she says. "You just take it for what it is—the challenge that it is, because, believe me, that's what it is."

The challenge is at both ends of the spectrum; parent and child. A hearing child with hearing-impaired parents faces a challenge as well, a challenge that holds within it a rich legacy.

Judy McNeely turned 13 in May. She has braces and freckles and fiery red hair and goes to Lynden Middle School. She hates Michael Jackson. "He acts like a girl. He drives me up a wall." Once, during a phone conversation, she had to put the phone down, so she could rescue her Persian cat, who was being menaced by barking neighborhood dogs. "They were going to attack him, so I had to get him inside before they got him." She has four cats: two Persians, a calico and a tabby. She loves cats, and kittens especially.

One of the first things one notices about Judy is that she speaks beautifully—very precisely with low pitch and perfect intonation.

Unlike most Americans, who tend to blur their words into a string of monosyllables, each of her words is delivered forth separately, like a gift. Her lips would be easier than most to lipread.

"My family is different," she says simply. "They can't hear."

Judy’s mother, Cindy, is profoundly deaf and hears very little. Her father and 11-year-old brother are hearing-impaired. They can hear male voices, which are often low, but have a hard time hearing the higher-pitched voices of most women. "My voice is kind of deep," says McNeely. And it’s familiar. "I'm Tommy’s sister and my dad’s my dad, so they can both hear me."

Being in a family that can’t hear is hard sometimes, she says.

"Some people think that it’s really weird. When my mom comes to school, they ask me, 'What’s going on? She can’t talk right.' I say, 'She’s deaf.'"

Her mom is working on a business degree at Whatcom Community College and once studied math at Gallaudet College in Washington, D.C., the only college in the world for the deaf. "Math—ooh, I don't like that," Judy exclaims. "It's Mom’s favorite subject."

When she grows up, this independent teenager wants to become either a nurse or an interpreter. This June, she hopes to go to Birch Bay for two weeks to interpret at Camp Horizon, a camp for handicapped kids. The only hitch is she's a little under-age. "You're supposed to be 14, but they're going to let me. Since I've been living with a deaf family so long, they're going to allow me to go and teach and help deaf kids out."

Her brother Tommy goes to a boarding school, the Washington State School for the Deaf, during the week, and rides a charter bus home on the weekends. On Saturdays and Sundays, they “sit around the house,” and sometimes, they get into fights about “all kinds of things that brothers and sisters fight about.”

Because her family is hearing-impaired, Judy feels like she has a foot in two worlds. “When I was little, I was learning signs all over and growing up in the deaf world,” she says.

“When I went to school—I was scared. Deafness was all I knew.”

That fright has long since passed, and Judy sums up her present outlook: “There’s two different things,” she says, “a hearing world and a deaf world, and I’m in both.”
During the course of a year, I stole at least $3,000 and maybe $5,000 or even $7,000 from cash registers at my job at Marineland in Los Angeles. It was so easy that I never thought about the consequences. Though I knew it was wrong and didn’t want to do it, I did anyway. Finally, one day I got caught.

I was charged with grand theft and taken to Sybil Brand Institute for Women, SBI, located in the hills of East Los Angeles, is part of the largest county jail system in the world. During the time I spent there, I kept a detailed journal of everything that happened to me. There wasn’t much to do in jail, and writing took up some of the time.

Mona (my supervisor) came into Seaside Wednesday and switched my drawer. She checked the inventory on the ham and swiss sandwiches, and somehow there were nine missing. Wayne (our senior supervisor) came in and I still hadn’t the faintest idea what was happening, at least not until I saw his face. We sat down at a table in the picnic area, and he asked me where the sandwiches were. I said I didn’t know, and to check with Cece (the sandwich maker) and with Gary (another employee who had worked Seaside while I took a break that afternoon). We went into the office and Wayne proceeded to talk to Cece and Gary while Joe (another supervisor) talked me into the truth. He said that people were supposed to make seven big mistakes during their lifetimes. “Which one is this for...
you?" he asked. I told him it must be my second or third. I cried. I felt awful, mostly because Wayne trusted me, and I'd always been so honest with all of them till the money... Wayne was my friend...

The cops handcuffed me behind my back and took me out of the office. I was crying silently with tears just streaming down my face. Wayne couldn't look at me, and he looked like he was gonna cry. He told them to go out the back instead of around through the employee gate and the break area. When he closed the gate behind me, he was crying. I could've died, but I just cried and cried.

I didn't realize how much what I'd done was going to change my life. I was living in Los Angeles after graduating from a hick town high school in the Cascade Mountains—I'd decided that I needed some action. And action was exactly what I got. I partied, lay on the beach, partied, went to work and partied some more. I loved the fast pace and the high energy of the city. I'd been there since January 1982, and it was January 1983 when I was thrown in jail. Every January, Marineland takes inventory of all its stock. I knew what they were doing and how dangerous it would be for me to steal during that month, but Aerosmith was in town, and I was determined to see them. I stole the last of my funds from Marineland to buy a ticket to a concert I never did see.

I had started crying during the initial questioning, and as the police took me in, I kept up a steady stream of tears. I kept
remembering the agonized look on Wayne's face and thinking about what I'd done to him. He'd had so much faith in me.

It took a day-and-a-half to get me through the red tape of three police stations and into SBI. The waiting was excruciating; I would sit in a corner of each cell, curled up and crying uncontrollably.

They took me to the Lomita Sheriff's Station and held me in an ugly little cell where officers would walk by, stare and say, "Is she really nineteen?" I guess I didn't look too old sitting with my arms around my knees, crying. They gave me two phone calls. I called my dad, who ended up talking to an officer because I was crying too hard to talk, and my roommate who I just talked to. They both reassured me that everything would be okay, which only made me cry harder because I was so scared. I've never been as scared as I was those first two days. I sat in that little cell for hours, and then a lady frisked me and took my fingerprints. I was shaking like a leaf the whole time.

My bail was set at $1,500, and I was to go to court in two days for my arraignment. The policeman who took me to SBI told me that I seemed like a nice girl, and that they usually didn't take nice girls to a place like SBI. I cried on.

The booking process at SBI invaded my privacy and injured my self-respect as never before. I was wearing a little blue dress that was more like a sheet, an itchy sweater and plastic sandals when the process was finally over.

A small officer with a big smile booked me. Somehow they'd found out that I'd tried to commit suicide. She asked me if I was planning on trying anything. I said I couldn't be sure and started crying. She said, "Well, you don't want to be put in lock-up in a straight jacket do you?" I said, "No, I'll be good." She gave me a form to fill out and said, "I like you. I usually don't let girls keep the pencil, but you go ahead. Merry Christmas."

Any personal identity I still had was replaced by a number — 6939-991—and I was shoved into dorm #3100.

The first thing that happened in #3100 was a fight between two of the women. I was already red-eyed and shaking, and the fight terrified me even more. Another woman helped me find a bed and gave me a cigarette. Her name was Barbara. I smoked, curled up in my bed, and watched some tough black women play cards until dinner was announced. Barbara talked me into going, even though I didn't want to. Jail food is notoriously for being bad, but the food at SBI was actually rather good.

The unexpected food quality, however, was to be my last glimpse at satisfaction for quite a while. During that first night in #3100, I had my first confrontation with lesbians. About half the women in the dorm were gay, and I had an awful time going to sleep at night.

A black woman yelled, "Anyone wanna play bones?" and looked directly at me. I hadn't the faintest what she was talking about, but I wasn't about to say I'd play to find out. Gays, lesbians, everywhere. Dancing together, lying in bed together. "Show me what ya got!" someone yelled. They left me alone, but the "bones" one kept looking at me. I had no underwear, and it made me nervous. I slept fitfully.

I was constantly terrified, and the loneliness was unbearable. I was looking through the books, hoping to find something to take my mind off being there, when I discovered a Bible. I started reading it as if my life depended on it. I'd finally found something that I knew would keep me feeling alive and in touch behind bars. For the first time in my life, I began to act exactly the way I knew God wanted me to.

My first external experience with my new-found faith occurred on a bus going to my arraignment. I was wearing my street clothes, which were my Marineland clothes, when the guards loaded me onto a bus with a bunch of other prisoners. We were taken to East Los Angeles Prison, where they divided us into different groups on different buses to go to different courts. I was chained to a black girl named Tara and a tall, white woman with long, dark-brown hair. The white one was in for forgery. She, Tara and I sat encased in the front of the bus. The men were behind us. It was quiet during the whole ride to Torrance Court House. I asked Tara if she believed in Jesus. She said yes, and I said, "Well, it says in the Bible that Jesus said wherever two or more are gathered in my name, I am there." I asked her to pray with me. We prayed.

The result of my arraignment was another two weeks in SBI awaiting my court date. I knew I would need something to help me through. My Bible gave me strength that I hadn't realized I had in me. I got a devotion group started. Every night, a bunch of us would get together and read from the Bible, then pray afterwards. We were murderers, thieves and drug addicts, but we all had the need for peace of mind. I observed others drawing strength from their new faith, and this experience made me even stronger.

My own newly acquired inner strength built my self-confidence to the point where I was able to make a friend. Her name was Debra. We talked endlessly and helped each other ease the boredom of life in jail. For three days we stuck together and became very close friends, because we both needed someone so badly.
Debra and I talked and talked. She helped me be strong and I helped her. She’d done heroin, cocaine and just about everything else. We stuck together, always. When she’d cry I’d comfort her.

They took me away from Debra on her birthday. We were standing in line to buy junk food and cigarettes at a mobile commissary that came to our dorm twice a week. I was planning to spend the last of my money to buy her candy, paper and cigarettes when my number was called. I pleaded with the guard to let me stay, but she only laughed at me. I cried when I had to say goodbye to Debra.

When I was put in dorm #7000, everyone acted like I was invisible. Without my friend, I felt deserted and lonely. So I hid in a corner, looked out a window and cried. Eventually, I got angry with myself and with being in jail. That anger was building, and I decided to do something about it. I went to work doing all their chores, which included sweeping, mopping and cleaning the bathrooms. I was finally accepted.

In the dorms waiting for court, I met women whom I would never see again. I watched them being freed, and actually felt their joy, and made it mine. I was happy for them, but hoped the same would happen to me soon.

In time, I became a kind of spiritual leader for a lot of the women. I never witnessed outright, but would show my faith in more subtle ways. I’d go to a woman who was crying or just sitting around looking dejected, and I’d say hi, sit down with her and listen.

One woman I helped find strength in the Lord told me I was a leader. I’d always been called shy and quiet—never a leader. I guess being in jail can do strange things to a person.

Oh! When we walked outside, the sun hit us like lightning. Hot, hot sun, blue, blue sky. It was wonderful. I called my dad, and when I put down the phone I went into the library and asked Muriel (one of my friends) to come out on the grass and sing with me. We sang our own songs, then I taught her “Jesus, Jesus”, a short, pretty round that I’d learned in church years before. Rhonda (another friend) joined us, then Gloria. Gloria was a tall, attractive black woman, who had been a man, but had a sex change. She’s funny and quite a lady actually; I like her. We sang from our hearts. I could’ve cried.

Every day I found out something new about people. I met a considerable number of prostitutes who helped me to get a better understanding of the way they live. I’d seen them on the street, and I had always wondered what they were really like. Most of them said they’d intended to get put in jail, because it was like a vacation.

I also met a lot of drug addicts. I’d never believed the stories about withdrawals and overdoses until I got a front-row seat on a couple of true stories. Some of the women were suffering from withdrawals in the jail. They were deathly white, nauseated and had no energy.

As the days slowly passed, the negative attitudes of the other prisoners started to wear on my faith. The first friends I’d made had been set free, and I couldn’t find anyone who would return my friendship. Some of my things were being stolen. I’d wake up in the morning to find my pencil or one of my blankets gone and wonder who would do such a thing.

Argh! I can hardly stand it anymore! There’s too many people in here, and they’re all filled with hate, hate, hate. And although I don’t want it to, it’s rubbing off on ME! No one will take my love anymore. I try, oh dear God, how I try . . .

A black woman in the bed next to me yelled at me today. “You shouldn’t be so selfish!” I couldn’t give her any matches; I didn’t have any. I shook with rage and hollered, “What the HELL’s up your ass!” Nothing more was said. I was ready to beat her face in . . . Why?

I can’t take any more. The hate is overwhelming. Thank God tomorrow is Monday, and everyone is going to court. My pencil, some cigarettes, my ash tray, all stolen. I found out who took the pencil, but after being angry inside, I did nothing. Jesus said not to. I’m badly in need of talking to the chaplain. Satan’s been doing his damnedest to get back inside of me. I keep ordering him out in God’s name, but he keeps coming back. Good and evil are at war inside me. I feel ravished, frustrated and sometimes hateful.

After yelling back at that woman, I felt much better. I’d been keeping too many frustrations locked inside me. I went back to work for God.

I was really worried about going to court. I thought Wayne, Joe and Mona would all be there to testify against me. I didn’t think I could face them without crying. I was terrified that they’d send me back to jail, and I didn’t think I could take going back. I thought I’d probably go nuts, maybe something much worse.

Finally, my court date arrived, and I went expecting the worst. I wasn’t led into a court room this time. A guard took me into an office full of lawyers and a judge seated at a huge desk in the middle of the room. This really confused me, but I still was sure they were going to send me back to jail. Instead, I was given 150 hours of community service—that was it, Marineland had dropped the charges. They set me free.

On the steps of the courthouse, I took a deep breath of air. I was ready to live it right.
WET NOODLE DREAMS

By Therese McRae
My older brother John has influenced me in many ways, one of the most profound being in the realm of the culinary. When I was about 10 years old, and John 14, he would sometimes take a trip to the store and return with something called Top Ramen. To my 10-year-old eyes, it was an intriguing novelty—what kid wouldn't be fascinated with an apparently solid brick that, after a few minute's worth of immersion in boiling water, transformed itself into a bowl of soup, complete with noodles? Not only that, it tasted good.

It never occurred to me at the time that I would wind up having a long-standing relationship with a wad of processed paste.

My parents, who could afford real food, never bought Top Ramen. Presumably they wanted to put nutritious substances into their kids. John stopped bringing it home as he learned to cook, and his tastes progressed beyond such humble fare. Gradually, I forgot about the stuff.

So, some 10 years later, as I was propelling a shopping cart around the grocery store in search of some cheap sustenance, the reunion was a surprise. There, in the bottom shelf of the soup aisle, was a bin full of brightly colored packages. Recognition clobbered me over the head like a 50-pound sauce pan. At 20 cents a shot, it was more than affordable. Even on my limited budget, 20 cents was dirt cheap. At that price, if I was so inclined, I could take a bath in the stuff.

I grabbed 10 and threw them in the cart. I thought about it and seized five more. Clutching my booty on the way home, I was elated—I had discovered a way around the tiresome and expensive tasks of shopping and cooking. Now it was possible to squander an extra $5-10 a week on records at Cellophane Square.

My music collection and my experience with different brands of ramen grew in step. Top Ramen quickly established itself as the epicure's choice—at a whole 25 cents per package, or sometimes three-for-a-dollar, it was the Rolls-Royce of ramens. At the other end of the spectrum were Ramen Pride and its less-than-savory counterpart, My-Te-Fine.

It didn't take me long to decide that Top Ramen was beyond my piddling means. Twenty-five or 33 cents was exorbitant for something resembling a block of petrified tapeworms that had gotten the Clorox treatment—especially when I could get it five-for-a-buck. Quality was going to have to take a back seat to quantity.

My-Te-Fine was more up my financial alley. Inexpensive was the name of the game, and this wretched brand was the hands-down winner. So what if the contents of the flavor packet tasted less like "pork" or "chicken" than like the by-product of
a pulp mill? What of it if the noodles disturbingly resembled certain creatures studied in introductory biology? It was cheap.

While prices usually hovered around 20 cents, occasionally they would drop to unheard-of lows. There are still a few ramen aficionados around who recall the 10-for-a-dollar blitz at Safeway in the spring of '84. The circular bin near the door was full to overflowing, but not for long, as students clustered around it like goats at a salt lick, jostling one another in their efforts to get the best flavors—if any of those sad facsimiles could accurately be described as “flavors.”

After this dime-per-package extravaganza, I was addicted. The relationship was to be long and unrewarding. Ramen for lunch, ramen for dinner, and, depending on the number of records I had picked up that week, ramen in the wee hours of the morning. I grew unbelievably sick of the stuff, but I couldn’t stop.

It wasn’t long before the nightmares began. Ramen specials at Safeway—30-for-a-dollar. Staggering into a fine restaurant in a desperate attempt at rehabilitation, only to open the menu and find Ramen Alfredo, Ramen Benedict, creamed ramen over toast and chilled Ramen Torte. Ramen specials at Safeway—40-for-a-dollar.

Something had to be done.

I tried going cold turkey, but my grocery bills skyrocketed and I became depressed. This led me to the conclusion that a process of gradual weaning was the only way. I began to look for substitutes.

Scotch Buy macaroni and cheese dinner was the logical choice, at three-for-a-buck—substandard pasta in a gluey, neon sauce. The first time I cooked it up, the fluorescent mess stuck to the spoon, and, once consumed, metamorphosed into a ball of lead that resided heavily in my stomach for the next several hours.

The second batch went down the sink quite accidentally when I lost my grip on the strainer. I felt tears well up in my eyes, and had to reassure myself that 33 cents was, after all, not that much.

I reached an uneasy truce with the third batch, and the several others after that. However, my bathroom scale declared war on me. The red needle leaped further to the right each time I stepped on the faithless instrument, and glances in the mirror informed me I was starting to assume the dimensions of a small planet.

So it was back to ramen. Not that it was that much lower in calories, but the servings were smaller. And, of course, it didn’t cost as much.

This cheap food mania wasn’t doing great things for my health, though. I felt sluggish and irritable. Like any addict, I refused to admit that my ramen dependency was responsible for any absence of vigor, and I ate on.

I started adding vegetables and bits of hard-boiled eggs for variety, and occasionally chopped-up hot dogs if I was feeling extravagant. However, the pounds accumulated during the Scotch Buy binge didn’t magically disappear; in fact, they kept coming. The extra weight, having gained a foothold, wasn’t about to let go.

A search of the Yellow Pages told me that no such organization as Ramen Anonymous existed, and I began to see that, unless I wanted to resemble a dirigible, something else had to be done.

I would have to buy Real Food.

It wasn’t easy, but I did it. The story of my conversion and subsequent withdrawal is really too painful to relate. Suffice it to say that I now spend $30 per week on groceries, loading my cart with green, leafy vegetables, lean red meats, fresh fruit and unflavored yogurt. My measurements are once more under control, and I have energy . . . I feel great.

At least, I did until today.

Pushing my basket through the frozen food section of Cost Cutter, I stopped just long enough to grab a bag of peas. As I reached, something to the right of my hand caught my eye. Generic chicken pot pies.

Four-for-a-buck.
"Slip Sliding Away." That was the song Western geology students used to accompany a slide presentation portraying the cliff below Eldridge Avenue.

The cliff towers above the Burlington Northern railroad tracks that were laid in 1890 along Bellingham Bay. On top of the wrinkling cliff rest more than 40 historic homes endangered by the cliff’s tendency to slide. Some homeowners blame this instability on the vibration of Burlington Northern’s trains, while others indicate poor drainage or the natural steepness of the slope as the cause of the problem.

Whatever the case, the possibility of a major landslide, a disaster that could force the homes over the edge and onto the tracks 100 feet below, is very real.

“Eventually, the homes will be threatened,” said Bellingham City Engineer Tom Rosenberg. An intense rain storm or a major earthquake could spur the disaster, he added. “It’s just a matter of time.”

The matter of exactly how much time, however, is not clear. Dr. Scott Babcock, a geology professor at Western, believes the homes will definitely fall off the cliff “unless someone pays literally millions of dollars.”

Exactly who is to pay these millions of dollars is not clear either, but the threat of a ride down the...
cliff has prompted some homeowners to take individual action. After slides began threatening his house, Donald Allen, an Eldridge Avenue resident, attempted to remedy his portion of the problem. He built a retaining wall, a barrier that would confine the soil and prevent it from sliding down the cliff. During construction, Allen discovered a drain pipe that ran out onto the cliff, spilling water onto the weak surface.

Babcock said drainage, similar to what Allen discovered, saps the strength of the cliff and its ability to contain the soil. So, when water poured out of Allen’s drain, it was loosening the soil on the cliff, thus contributing to the landslides.

Allen rectified the problem by extending the pipe down the cliff. Not all homeowners have taken this precaution. Rosenberg said most of them are continuing to weaken the cliff with water from gutters and pipes running off onto the steep surface.

But drainage is not the only problem contributing to the slouching slope. Jan Leonardo from Emergency Services believes other forms of poor land use are also adding to the dilemma. She said some homeowners throw garbage over the edge, loosening the soil through chemical decomposition. In addition, Leonardo assigned some of the blame to the natural steepness of the slope.

Rosenberg agreed with this latter conclusion. Using hand motions to illustrate the cliff, he explained the slides are in response to the extreme steepness. The slope is sliding in an attempt to decrease its steepness and reach its natural angle of repose—the angle at which the slope can withstand the weight of its own soil.

The angle of the slope has generated worry for some homeowners, and for good reason. The Whatcom County assessor values the homes, some built as early as 1898, at up to $168,000 each. Homeowners like Allen have already lost a lot of land down the cliff.

Other slides affected the area in 1981, 1982 and 1983, when terrific storms hit the Bellingham area. As Leonardo looked out the window of her dimly lit office, she said, “I have to wonder how safe it is back there... people have lost a lot of property.”

The slides eventually became such a problem that people in the neighborhood got together and tried to sue Burlington Northern. Some members of the community believed the cliff’s instability was caused by the vibrations of the trains passing below. They went to Leonardo as a group, asking Emergency Services to help in a suit against the railroad. Because of lack of evidence, however, the suit against Burlington Northern was dropped.

Gene Omy, the registrar at Western, used to own a home on Eldridge Avenue, and at that time served as the group’s leader. He said they would like to blame it all on Burlington Northern, but Omy doesn’t believe the railway is responsible.

Howard Kallio, a spokesman for Burlington Northern, also freed the railway of any blame.

“The railway is not responsible,” he said on the phone from his Seattle office. “The slides are a result of the laws of nature.” He does recognize a problem along the railway, however, and even admits slides bring soil and trees down onto the tracks.

As he sat in his home, built in 1901, Allen recalled that the community petitioned the city to conduct a study on the cliff. The group attracted the attention of then Bellingham Mayor Ken Hertz, who recommended the city undertake a technical study. Rosenberg was asked to participate in the study, as was Don Gischer, owner of the geological firm Landau Associates. With Allen, the team set out in 1983 to discover who, or what, was responsible for the shakiness of the cliff.

First, the team conducted a vibration study to evaluate involvement of the trains in the slides, which cleared Burlington Northern of any blame.

Next, they drilled holes in the slope to determine the composition of the soil. In some cases, a high percentage of clay or other expanding soils were found. The study determined the soil was inconsistent (it did not contain high amounts of any one soil), and therefore was not contributing to the cliff’s problems.

Finally, in 1984, the group drilled wells into the ground over a half-year period to determine whether there was an unusually high amount of water in the slope’s soil. This revealed that water was contributing to the problem, but was not the main villain.

What the study did determine in the end, however, was that the angle of the slope was too steep, Rosenberg said.

This conclusion was disappointing to those who believed Burlington Northern was responsible and therefore would eventually have to foot the bill for the correction. What was more disappointing, however, was the estimated cost of correcting the matter. Rosenberg approximated the amount to be $30,000 per homeowner. This price would include: a retaining wall below the fault surface, fill dirt to reconstruct the angle of repose and extended pipes to alleviate the drainage pressure on the slope.

Few of the Eldridge residents could shoulder an expense like this. Instead, some homeowners have erected retaining walls directly below their homes to combat the moving soil. But Rosenberg and Babcock explained that this will not work. The wall must be located below the edge of the cliff, said Rosenberg, as he leaned over his neatly organized desk in City Hall and drew a diagram of the slope. Above a certain point on the cliff, the moving slope creates more pressure than a homemade retaining wall can resist.

Rosenberg suggested homeowners invest at least $100 to extend their drainage to the bottom of the cliff, rather than allow the water to leak onto the unstable surface. He also advocated planting vegetation with an aggressive root system on the slope to absorb water. The vegetation binds the soil like a membrane, Rosenberg said.

However, Babcock warned, vegetation can also weigh down the soil, adding momentum to the driving forces that pull down the slope.

Leonardo believes homeowners must go even deeper to get to the “root” of the problem. She suggests that, as a group, they establish a drainage or taxing district to help pay for the improvements suggested by Rosenberg’s study.

The officials agree the cliff is threatening the homes. Rosenberg has also encouraged the community to band together to deal with the pressing matter.

Yet so far, very little has been done, and as a result, the cliff continues to inch closer and closer to the defenseless homes waiting above.
Across campus today, they are much harder to identify than they were 15 or even 10 years ago. The increasing popularity of short hair makes students in the military blend into the scene more easily. Also, an increased acceptance of the military's role in society has combined with a widespread ignorance of the turmoil of Vietnam to make these student's lives relatively hassle-free.

Bill Hunter, a Western student and Marine Corps Reserve, said the military has become much more disciplined and professional in the last 25 years. Partially, this is a reflection of the increased technology required in the business of war.

Hunter does not look or act as if he would ever harm a hair on anyone's head. With his deep, intelligent eyes and gentle features, the soft-spoken, articulate senior history major from Oak Harbor looks more suited for the ministry than he does for the Marines.

Eighteen months after graduation, however, Hunter will be in a cockpit, not a pulpit.

He is one of a number of students pursuing their educational goals with the aid of the military. For one weekend of every four, he is part of a helicopter support team on Whidbey Island. For these labors, he earns $100 a month. In addition, he receives $140 in Veterans Administration Benefits, which goes toward educational expenses.

The stud in Paul Swortz's recently pierced ear contrasted with his Marine haircut. He settled comfortably into a Klipsun office chair, a happy man on this bright May afternoon, one day after his 21st birthday.

"I don't know why I joined," he said of his decision to enlist in the Marine Reserves. "It was kind of a whim."

A senior journalism major from Tacoma, Swortz becomes a weekend warrior once a month with Company A of the 4th Landing Support Battalion there. As a Lance Corporal, he earns about $90 for each month's drill.

Though Hunter and Swortz both appreciate the financial benefits the service provides, Hunter explained a more important reason.

"It gives you something that probably no other civilian job can give you, and that is the responsibility the Navy will entrust to you when you're 22 years old. When you get out into your squadron, you will be responsible for the troops that are under you."

Although Hunter is currently a Marine Reserve, that commitment will end next June when he graduates and receives a Naval commission. At that time, he will be a Naval Ensign, the lowest ranking officer in the Navy. As a Naval Flight Officer, Hunter hopes to fly an A-6 Intruder, the same plane that shot harpoon missiles at Libyan boats in April.

When it comes down to a situation like the one in Libya, Hunter said, all of the political opinions people may carry with them take a back seat to the job at hand. "It's kind of like sports," he said. "It really is a team, and I like the camaraderie there."

Hunter declines to discuss his own views of the current administration, because he is "an agent of public policy." He will say, however, that morale in the military has risen during Reagan's presidency, and with it has come heightened public opinion of the military. He thinks the actions in Grenada and Libya have helped this.

Of whether or not some of Reagan's actions now or in the future are morally justifiable, Hunter said, "From the military standpoint, it's not our place to judge. In this country there's civilian authority over the military, and that damn well better be the way it stays, in my opinion."

As a result of improved public opinion of the military, it has become much more acceptable to be a soldier. However, Hunter feels a lot of anti-military sentiment still exists. He has been hassled on occasion in his two years here.

"At Fairhaven last year I got called a fascist, or a war pig, or something. I just laughed. You have to laugh at that. "Extremes exist on both sides of the issue, and Hunter believes one simply has to be open-minded.

Klipsun 21
Hunter admitted many students see the military mainly as a stepping-stone to prosperous civilian careers, but not him. His father is a recently retired Captain in the Navy who had three tours in Vietnam. He said his dad has been a good influence, but has always left the decisions to him. When he decided to go Navy instead of Marines, his dad was happy, of course.

Hunter said in about 17 years, he hopes to have reached a position of command, as he plans to make a career of the military. If he is involved with A-6s, he will be in charge of a squadron consisting of 12 planes, 28 officers, and more than 300 enlisted men—all before he's 40. "If you can handle responsibility," he said, "they’ll keep giving it to you." But does this mean anyone in the military not planning on making a career of it is actually damaging its efficiency? Paul Swortz certainly hopes not.

Unlike Hunter, he is not planning on continuing in the military after his six-year hitch with the Marines ends in September 1989, "unless all else fails." This is not to say, however, that Swortz isn’t dedicated to the service.

"I’m proud of the fact that I’m a Marine," he said.

For a time after graduating from high school, Swortz considered a career as a military officer. He kept this in the back of his mind until his junior year, when he decided he definitely wanted to pursue a career in journalism.

"It was always something I was sure about," he said of his military career option, "before I had real direction about what I wanted to do with my life."

Though he probably will end his involvement after his reserve time, Swortz feels his military experience thus far has been rewarding in a number of ways.

"Boot camp was probably the best experience of my life," he said, adding that reservists go through the same basic training as regular Marines.

And an intensely challenging training it is, considering that four trainees tried to kill themselves during the first week of Swortz's boot camp, and 20 of a class numbering fewer than 100 failed to complete the training.

"Sometimes you wonder if it's worth it, but I tend to remember the good times," he said.

Hunter spoke of a change in bootcamp philosophy since the end of the Korean War. "When we put people through bootcamp, instead of just saying, 'OK, what makes a good soldier is you're going to be patriotic, and follow orders, and everything's going to be wonderful,' when I went through bootcamp, the actual killing of somebody else was really emphasized. They make you realize your job out there is to get the mission done, and that means kill or be killed."

One result of this new philosophy was an increase in Vietnam, over WWII, of soldiers firing their weapons in combat situations, from 25 per cent to over 90 per cent. Perhaps fighting an enemy who used guerrilla tactics and would resort to anything to kill him inspired more bloodthirstiness in G.I. Joe during 'Nam. Hunter, however, claims there is truly a new attitude in the military, one reflected in the killing emphasis in boot camp. He speaks from the view of a Navy brat who has grown up with the military. "Nobody wants to kill. But you have to do what you're going to. And you become real desensitized to that fact. At least it's much more honest these days, in that they let you know what your job is."

Swortz agreed with Hunter that responsibility was a key element and benefit of the training he's received. He spent the summer of 1985 at Heavy Equipment Operator's School in Missouri, where he was responsible, at the age of 20, for more than 100 lower-ranking troops.

"You learn to be responsible for people and also to help them be responsible for themselves," he said of his leadership experience. "And of course it helps in finding a job," he added.

The sort of respect and fellowship he had grown accustomed to in Missouri created a need for some readjustment when Swortz returned to civilian life. "When you come back to school, you don't command the instant respect you did," he lamented good-naturedly about his return from Missouri.

Swortz also echoed Hunter in regard to the strength of the personal ties gained in the military. The challenge of functioning efficiently in such a huge bureaucracy creates a great amount of loyalty and respect for one's military peers, Hunter said.

"It's not just for the officers," he said of the respect for one's comrades. "It goes both ways."

Of the attitude toward the service at Western, Swortz stated simply, "When I tell people I'm in the Marines I get an incredulous look and the inevitable 'Why?'."

Why for Swortz is simple enough. The camaraderie, the leadership opportunities, the heightened sense of responsibility and the
He said students learn most of the technical aspect of their jobs once they complete ROTC training. In addition to leadership training, ROTC offers a range of optional programs emphasizing military skills.

“Right now,” Hannah explained, “the Army is fairly technically oriented...there’s a lot more that the average lieutenant needs to know than he did in the past.

“It’s an exciting time, I think, and more requirements are being placed on every soldier,” he added. Despite being more widely accepted by both students and faculty than it was 10 or 20 years ago, Hannah noted, the ROTC stays very active in recruiting. He added that the Army program expects at least a 20 percent increase in next year’s freshman class.

Upstairs from Hannah’s office is the Naval ROTC headquarters, a place Steve Loeffler, an engineering turned oceanography major, has come to know well in his three years in the program. A junior from Spokane, he joined the ROTC because it offers “a lot of freedom.

Not like the academy, where I would live on campus and do everything military. Here I can go out on weekends and weekdays, I can skip classes if I have to. It’s a much easier environment to study and have a good time,” he said.

In the Navy, Loeffler will have to scramble much harder to get a commission than he would in the Army. He was awarded a four-year scholarship, indicating some interest in his future on the Navy’s part.

He is obligated to four years active duty upon graduation, in which he hopes to be placed on a destroyer. Like Hunter, he will enter as an ensign.

Regarding a Naval career, he said, “I’ll stay in my four years, and then I’ll see what the Navy has to offer. If they have something I want, I’ll stay in.”

As far as the impact ROTC has had on other aspects of his life, Loeffler said, “School-wise, sometimes it slows me down (having to get clearance to drop or add classes, etc.) but that’s only an inconvenience. It’s no trouble.”

Loeffler’s leadership experience thus far has been limited to two quarters as a squad leader, with a grand total of six people under him. He’s looked on these limited opportunities as a step in the right direction rather than a disappointment.

In addition to about five hours a week spent on his squad leader duties and four hours a week of ROTC class, Loeffler is required to take the entire calculus and physics series. Navy ROTC classes include one quarter of orientation, two of engineering, two of history, one of weapons systems, and a year of navigation, which is not for university credits, but is the most difficult of the series, Loeffler said.

Sargeant Major Donald Hannah, on his last tour of an Army career spanning more than 28 years, is the senior enlisted man in the UW’s Army ROTC program. His position is administrative, but he serves largely as an advisor and confidante to the 212 Army ROTC students headquartered in Clark Hall.

Students enter the ROTC with different expectations and aspirations, Hannah said. During the first two years of the program, students aren’t obligated to anything other than serving in their unit. Once Army ROTC members reach their junior year, however, another obligation arises in the form of a postgraduate commitment of four years active and four years reserve duty. This is expected if they are commissioned as officers upon graduation, as most Army ROTC are.

The program tries to maintain a balanced range of majors, and minimum GPA requirements are the same as the university’s. Within the program, students have a great deal more freedom to pursue other interests than cadets at West Point or Annapolis, but they are exposed to some form of military training almost daily, including a three-day-per-week class in military skills.

The advantages of ROTC training, Hannah pointed out, in addition to helping students through school (many are on scholarships), include quality leadership and physical training.

“My mission is to develop leaders,” Hannah claimed, “the kind of a lieutenant that I would be proud to serve with.”
Despite seeing many advantages to being in the ROTC, Loeffler still declared, "It's kind of interesting that I know I'm a target. Clark Hall has already been firebombed and burned to the ground in a protest."

The attitudes bringing about these incidents have subsided quite a bit, Loeffler believes, although "some people will never like us."

The advantages far outweigh the disadvantages in Loeffler's case, however. Getting a free education is a big plus, especially since the Navy doesn't totally limit his choice of a major. He cites good morale among his fellow ROTC'ers as a binding force between them.

Another advantage he has over a cadet at an academy is the fact that in ROTC the Navy stresses that its students put academics before the military, Loeffler said.

For Hunter, the benefits of a free education are combined with the necessity for educational success to advance in the Navy. "I think success in the military boils down to education," Hunter said. "You need a post-grad degree to get ahead."

A July 9, 1984 Newsweek article agreed. "Because the government usually foots the bill (in exchange for more years of service), recruitment and retention revolve around education. So can promotion. When decisions are close, the boards often look for the schools."

A trend has developed in military education favoring technology at the expense of liberal arts. This dismays U.S. Naval hero and Vice-Admiral James Stockdale, who spent seven and a half years as a POW in Vietnam.

"It was philosophy, not engineering, that served him under stress," the article reported. "He worries that today at Annapolis there are 83 professors of engineering—and one in philosophy ... What disturbs Stockdale and other critics is that the heavy emphasis on scientific disciplines has taught officers what to think—but not always how to think."

Hunter agreed, but said that not all young military people subscribe to what he calls the ideology of the "technocrats." He considers himself on the leadership side of what he sees as an interesting battle between the leaders and technocrats.

Many of these technocrats aren't good leaders, Hunter feels. The incredible number of hoops the military requires its people to jump through seems to have brought about a fear of failure that keeps officers from being innovative and thinking for themselves, the article summed up.

Despite some problems, the military is looking to the future. For some students, it is a way to gain discipline and grow personally and get through school; for others it is a place where they intend to stay and make their careers serving their country. Bill Hunter is one of these. Summing it up, he said, "There could be no more self-fulfilling career for me than to serve my country as a Naval officer."
MALE FAN KISSES ELVIS' GHOST
80-year-old whips bikers to save hubby

NATIONAL

65¢

ALL THE NEWS YOU HATE BUT READ ANYWAY

Jane Russell: How I Stay In Fabulous Shape at 64

Dad talks to child died 10 years ago thru car stereo!

“Racquel had an abortion in Mexico; I know — I drove her.”

Shocking Pet bird drags owner from burning home!

Predictions from leading psychics!

America's biggest and brightest horoscope

Have you ever found yourself at a checkout stand being glared at by a headline that reads, 2-HEADED CHILD IS BOTH BOY AND GIRL?

Of course you are annoyed, but tempted—tempted to open the newspaper to see if this child is really a hermaphrodite, and if it has two heads.

Hermaphroditic births have occurred, though their documentation is rare. Hustler magazine tends to dig up these oddities, believing that their readers search for an existential kink.

But this isn’t Hustler you are grasping—in fact, a bizarre and frightening form of print journalism is grasping you instead. You are under the spell of a trash tabloid.

The origins of “yellow” journalism grew out of an informal sensationalism competition between Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst during the ’20s. Pulitzer’s New York World and Hearst’s San Francisco Examiner blasted away at each other across the country, using shock value as their weapons.

The tabloids paid as little attention to legitimate news in the ’20s as they do today. “Legitimate” news was carried by other papers, but the tabloids ventured beyond with sensational coverage of unorthodox subject matter.

By Bill Freeberg
The movement was spawned by a profit-at-all-cost mentality, designed to sell papers, that remains today. And sell they did. Larry Godkin, publisher of the New York Evening Post at the time, said, "The reason why such journals lie is that it pays to lie; or, in other words, this is the very reason for which it pays to lie; or, in other words, that it pays to lie."

One person that doesn't shove inching this is the very reason for which it pays to lie; or, in other words, that it pays to lie; or, in other words, it pays to lie. Larry Godkin, publisher of the New York Evening Post at the time, said, "The reason why such journals lie is that it pays to lie; or, in other words, this is the very reason for which it pays to lie; or, in other words, that it pays to lie."

The movement was spawned by a profit-at-all-cost mentality, designed to sell papers, that remains today. And sell they did. Larry Godkin, publisher of the New York Evening Post at the time, said, "The reason why such journals lie is that it pays to lie; or, in other words, this is the very reason for which it pays to lie; or, in other words, that it pays to lie."

Dan Adolphson, a student at Western, also reads The National Enquirer, as well as The Star. "I read them once a month. I don't really buy them," he said. "I borrow from whoever's got them at the time. The Enquirer doesn't come up with juicy headlines like the Weekly World News," continued Adolphson, "but the Weekly World News is a crock of bull."

Believable or not, or the WWN is everyone's favorite for a classic headline. Only the New York Post, a legitimate newspaper, will run a bolder headline than the WWN. One classic example of a WWN exclusive was MY UNBORNT BABY DIED OF CANCER. Other stories included a bizarre romance involving Los Angeles' Night Stalker killer, a visit home to mom by a murdered tot, and a space alien that cured a child of cancer.

"You get more out-of-the-way stories. I buy the Enquirer every week." Jones said he reads yellow newspapers for the gossip. He reads to discover "who's doing what, why they're doing it, and who's doing what to who without the other person knowing it."

Dan Adolphson, a student at Western, also reads The National Enquirer, as well as The Star. "I read them once a month. I don't really buy them," he said. "I borrow from whoever's got them at the time. The Enquirer doesn't come up with juicy headlines like the Weekly World News," continued Adolphson, "but the Weekly World News is a crock of bull."

Believable or not, or the WWN is everyone's favorite for a classic headline. Only the New York Post, a legitimate newspaper, will run a bolder headline than the WWN. One classic example of a WWN exclusive was MY UNBORNT BABY DIED OF CANCER. Other stories included a bizarre romance involving Los Angeles' Night Stalker killer, a visit home to mom by a murdered tot, and a space alien that cured a child of cancer.

"Then it was Jerzy's turn to laugh. He giggled the way he does when he catches the cat by the tail."

The National Enquirer featured a missing hubby who had disappeared for 15 years, then returned to shock his wife. The man was Jim McDonnell, and he had suffered amnesia.

His wife claimed that his return was "a miracle from God." McDonnell said, "Now we can appreciate each other even more. I thank God for giving me the chance to be with my Anne again!"

The McDonnells' is the kind of romance that TV movies are made of. In fact, every married man should experience amnesia so he can return to his wife and appreciate her more.

Families and babies may be exciting, but the adjectives these papers use are more fun than killer tots.

Everything in the Enquirer is shocking. The National Enquirer contains shocking confessions, shocking new roles, and a love story that shocked the world. The Enquirer also has the largest circulation of any newspaper in America. Shocking.

Terror and brutal are popular words with the WWN, The Globe and The National Examiner. These papers continually report that people in terror (or horror) are brutally murdered by any of an assorted number of sordid pervets.
Bernadette Brazal, a media arts student at a California university, has fallen in love with one of these psychotic murderers.

The WWN ran a story about her dream lover. "Cops say he's a mass murderer—but pretty brunette declares ... 'I love the Night Stalker.' To prosecutors he's a bloodthirsty killer—she thinks he's cute!"

Finally, the mansion on Dynasty will be purchased by Alexis—that may be why Blake was choking her. But these yellow rags hardly stop with the soaps. Celebrity profiles are newsworthy as well. An Enquirer headline screamed: STALLONE GIVES WIFE $1,000-A-DAY 'SALARY' . . . PART OF A SECRET DEAL TO SAVE HIM $3 MILLIONS IF THEY DIVORCE.

Stalker, or your dad?

What would be worse, getting killed by a pro like the Night Stalker, or your dad?

"Anything with Dynasty," Jones said. "I've got to get that. I also buy one if Joan Rivers or Linda Evans is in it. Joan Collins doesn't do anything for me. I don't like the bitch."

Then Jones probably loved the special Enquirer issue featuring Dynasty Dynamite, which boasted a sneak-preview photo of Blake strangling Alexis. Ding dong, the sneak-preview photo of Blake special thing for me. I don't like The bitch."

"He is so good-looking, he could be a movie star or model," the shy brunette told a reporter.

"Do I love him? Yes, in my own childlike way. But my father would kill me if he knew I was here," claimed Bernadette.

The National Enquirer of today wouldn't touch the Bernadette story. Unfortunately, the Enquirer has slipped in the dirt-digging department. Gone are the days of Joan Rivers or Linda Evans is said. "I've got to get that. I also buy in it. Joan Collins doesn't do anything for me."

Sensationalism—In some ways," Adolphson said. "It glosses things out. Sensationalism is the kind of rag you would be more likely to find in beauty parlors that still offer women's manicures with Palmolive dishwashing liquid. Where's Madge when you need her?"

The Globe ran a story entitled 20 THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT JOAN THE MOUTH. Two neat things about Joan Rivers are that her secret desire is to become a Playboy centerfold, and she has six gardeners working on the flowerbeds and lawns of her home in Beverly Hills. Entertainment Tonight kind of stuff.

"The National Enquirer is truthful in some ways," Adolphson said. "It glosses things out. Sensationalism—that's why I read it."

Adolphson also reads the tabloids to keep up with what's happening on the prime-time soaps, as does Jones.

"Anything with Dynasty," Jones said. "I've got to get that. I also buy one if Joan Rivers or Linda Evans is in it. Joan Collins doesn't do anything for me. I don't like the bitch."

Then Jones probably loved the special Enquirer issue featuring Dynasty Dynamite, which boasted a sneak-preview photo of Blake strangling Alexis. Ding dong, the bitch is dead. The Dynasty Dynamite, which boasted a sneak-preview photo of Blake strangling Alexis. Ding dong, the sneak-preview photo of Blake special thing for me. I don't like The bitch."

"Do I love him? Yes, in my own childlike way. But my father would kill me if he knew I was here," claimed Bernadette.

The National Enquirer is the kind of rag you would be more likely to find in beauty parlors that still offer women's manicures with Palmolive dishwashing liquid. Where's Madge when you need her?"

"He is so good-looking, he could be a movie star or model," the shy brunette told a reporter.

"Do I love him? Yes, in my own childlike way. But my father would kill me if he knew I was here," claimed Bernadette.

The National Enquirer of today wouldn't touch the Bernadette story. Unfortunately, the Enquirer has slipped in the dirt-digging department. Gone are the days of Joan Rivers or Linda Evans is said. "I've got to get that. I also buy in it. Joan Collins doesn't do anything for me."

Sensationalism—In some ways," Adolphson said. "It glosses things out. Sensationalism is the kind of rag you would be more likely to find in beauty parlors that still offer women's manicures with Palmolive dishwashing liquid. Where's Madge when you need her?"

The Globe ran a story entitled 20 THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT JOAN THE MOUTH. Two neat things about Joan Rivers are that her secret desire is to become a Playboy centerfold, and she has six gardeners working on the flowerbeds and lawns of her home in Beverly Hills. Entertainment Tonight kind of stuff.

"The National Enquirer is truthful in some ways," Adolphson said. "It glosses things out. Sensationalism—that's why I read it."

Adolphson also reads the tabloids to keep up with what's happening on the prime-time soaps, as does Jones.

"Anything with Dynasty," Jones said. "I've got to get that. I also buy one if Joan Rivers or Linda Evans is in it. Joan Collins doesn't do anything for me. I don't like the bitch."

Then Jones probably loved the special Enquirer issue featuring Dynasty Dynamite, which boasted a sneak-preview photo of Blake strangling Alexis. Ding dong, the sneak-preview photo of Blake special thing for me. I don't like The bitch."

"My nurse heard him yelling that he would kill me if I didn't give him what he wanted. As she opened my office door, it distracted him for the moment needed to escape."

Stupid." Everyone profiled seems to own a million-dollar mansion or is fighting for a spot on Hotel or a made-for-TV movie. No point in even warming up water for a cup of Hills Brother's International Coffee. After reading The Star or the Enquirer, you might wish you owned a bird.

One paper you wouldn't find on the bottom of a birdcage is The Globe.
I met this really crazy guy about a year ago in Seattle. I never determined whether he was chemical crazy or just innocent, kind of unlucky crazy, but he was crazy for sure.

He was sort of freaking his way down The Ave., wearing this long, red-and-gold-and-orangish silk paisley robe that matched his fiery red hair and immense beard. The robe flapped open, unbuttoned, and he wore cutoffs and leather sandals and something that, from a distance, I thought was long underwear stretched to the extremes of his lanky frame. As he approached, however, I discovered the underwear was his skin. I knew he was crazy.

As he frolicked closer to where I sat in front of Arnold's, I deduced that he was into blessing. He was using a twig as a wand, and he would wave it grandiously in the air while blessing people as they walked by.

He also blessed inanimate objects—the curb, the parking meter, the USA Today machine. He was a nutcase, and he was about to join me, the only stationary member of a group of people desperately afraid of being dragged into one of those awkward, sweaty conversations with this man. He sat down and told me his name. I heard, but did not listen—on purpose, no doubt—not wanting to actually know the mutant. He asked mine.


Matt McCourt is a famous rock- and-roll star friend of mine, and I was verbally forging his name to avoid surrendering my own. Don't tell a lunatic your name, he'll find your address that really hit hard.

He disappeared into Arnold's and I quickly forgot about him and his box of insanity sharing my bench. I hoped my ride would come before he returned.

It didn't. Not for 20 minutes. He was getting kicked out of Arnold's for being crazy. Two big black guys were escorting him out, for damn good reason, I was certain. Think about it; he was loopin' outside, he'd certainly be riding the Wild Wig inside Arnold's—a very loud and twisted place filled with blaring video games and 14-year-old skatepunks from the suburbs. He was doomed from the beginning—I was surprised he lasted as long as he did.

He was protesting his exile, drawing make-believe lines separating "in" from "out," but the dudes made the rules, and they said, "out." All the way out. No boobies in Arnold's, they said. No way.

So he was back with me on the bench as if nothing had gone down, and I was wishing harder than ever for him to be gone. I didn't want to talk to him, I didn't want to know him. I wasn't interested in what he thought.

I was elated when my ride pulled up, and I stood and hoisted my bag to my shoulder. He was very busy taking inventory of his treasures, examining them carefully for any evil damage they may have incurred during his absence.

As I glanced at him a last time, I decided that this poor bastard just might benefit from a bit of advice from Matt McCourt. Though I didn't think he was listening, I quoted a Matt McCourt-penned classic.

"If you want the world," I said deeply, even philosophically, "man, you gotta buy it."

His head seemed to spring up before the words even passed my lips. Eyes wide and wild, he answered.

"Oh, it's already mine," he snapped, like a record playing on a speed too fast. And then it was me who was freaked.

And I was certainly no different than "everyone else." If I was, I'd have stayed and rapped, like I wanted to when I caught a glimpse of the blade that lay beneath the coats of assumed stupidity that I had painted on this character.

I certainly was no different than everyone else, and it bugged the hell out of me. There's an incredible amount of reckless assumptions networking their way into the sacred belief systems of this university, of this nation. Why take the time to stop and think? It is far simpler to know in advance; Or, easier yet, not to give a phucking phuck if he's crazy or not.

It is a given that the country is amidst a dizzy uncontrollable topple to the right where the wigs of a very slick administration are waiting with wide smiles. And it is surprising, to me, the percentage of students who fit easily into the slot at the far right end of the spectrum. Walking through Red Square is like fording a sea of sheep, and anyone remotely "radical" or "different" must be very careful where they step to avoid trudging through fresh piles of sheep shit, to which the blenders and the mixers and the movers and the achievers of this saccharine generation are immune.

Graffiti, especially the toilet variety, is one of the most accurate and telling mediums of any society. In Fairhaven, I read a piece that caused me to momentarily consider the possibility that maybe there were some wolves among Western's sheep after all.

"Think for yourself," it preached in blue ballpoint, "and question authority."

I was thrilled—someone actually advocating independent thought in a public forum! Dig. It wasn't long before my eyes wandered to the side of the toilet paper dispenser, however, and discovered "Reebok."

My God. There are people who actually consider their favorite brand of aerobics shoes the single most important thing they have to share with the entire rest of their gender. Absolutely appalling.

But a friend—a former Klipsun editor, in fact—told me a graffitied selection that really hit hard.

"More than likely," accused the absent author, "you're an asshole."

I think he was probably right.
Return of the Deviant Professor

By Naomi Jarvie

The best way to illustrate the norm is to violate the norm." With that, John MacGregor climbed onto a table, and in true stripper tradition, shimmied out of his clothes one piece at a time down to a pair of funky red shorts. All that was missing was a drum roll.

That was 10 years ago, when MacGregor taught at Western. Today, the very same John MacGregor—a little more distinguished and a little more gray—has been appointed the coordinator of the Northwest Freedom University.

The 10-year-old "university" has its office in the Viking Union, but any resemblance to Western ends there. Its goal is to provide broad-based learning for everyone, including the tots in the Infant Massage class. The "Freedom" in its title represents the absence of authority regulating courses, grades and credits. These absences help eliminate pressures and stresses. It is very much up to the student whether he or she learns something or not.

The classes offered at NFU range from swing-dancing to esoteric studies such as Shiatsu massage and psychological astrology, and are taught in instructor's offices, workshops, homes and in the field. The instructors vary in experience and credentials.

All of this complements MacGregor's basic ideas about education. In 1975, he taught Introduction to Sociology at Western. MacGregor had long, dark hair and a beard, and resembled Friar Tuck in rotundity. He used to shock his students by stripping, to demonstrate what French sociologist Emile Durkheim meant by norms being more evident in their absence than in their presence. In an April 1975 Klipsun article, he was tagged the 'Deviant Professor' for his antics.

"The deviant serves an important function in society by showing us who we are," MacGregor said in the article. "I'm glad I was able to perform that function for you."

More than a decade later, MacGregor reflects, "A lot of what I did was dismissed by my colleagues as theater—not teaching and learning. A carnival tent show."

Western senior John Atkinson recalls MacGregor's class was, indeed, different. Atkinson, a journalism student, has recently returned to Western to complete a degree he began when MacGregor was teaching.

"He was popular, really popular with the students," Atkinson said. "I remember distinctly, he was the kind of guy that knew everybody's name. And he was innovative; those were experimental years."

MacGregor's four-year teaching career at Western ended in 1976, following the denial of his request for tenure. It was the second struggle for tenure he'd lost. The first was at the University of Oregon before coming to Western. At Western, his students protested his tenure denial and circulated petitions. MacGregor said it became a cause for the students, centered around good teaching. Recently on Western's campus, a similar battle for tenure was fought and lost by Dan Rothwell of the speech communications department. His loss was also amid student protest and petitions.

According to policy, MacGregor could have stayed two more years. But he didn't. "I just decided to burst out of the entire academic scene," he said.

Thus followed 10 years of diverse jobs, varied salaries and many changes in lifestyle that included living in a tent for six months in Santa Cruz, Calif., during its wettest rainy season in 20 years. MacGregor washed dishes and did other chores while helping a friend run a restaurant. He was a residential counselor and program director in a group home for emotionally disturbed young adults. He worked as the director of agency relations for a hydro-electric company. He used his skills as a photographer for almost two years as an energy education specialist for the Whatcom County Opportunity Council. He received food stamps and unemployment, and earned anywhere from $200 to $2,000 per month.

"I learned sociology those years," MacGregor said. "Even washing dishes was a learning experience."

"I think what I learned was stick-to-itiveness. Do well at what needs..."
“A lot of what I did was dismissed by colleagues as theater.”
—John McGregor

to be done.” He stopped speaking and thought a minute. Slowly, and with careful articulation, he continued.

“It was kind of a Zen type of experience—simple labor. All learning is about the art of living. I discovered strengths and self-knowledge and my own personal inventory. I am much more seasoned—have much more breadth and depth to offer students as a teacher now,” he added thoughtfully, “and teaching was always my best shot.”

His formal education includes a bachelor’s degree in sociology from the University of Maine, followed by a one-year Fulbright Scholarship to study sociology at the University at the Saar in Saarbrucken, West Germany.

He worked his way through college doing magic shows for social clubs, including touring with the United Service Organizations two summers overseas. MacGregor completed his doctorate in social psychology at Cornell University in New York, with honors—Phi Beta Kappa and Phi Kappa Phi.

He began teaching in Eugene after completing school—in the late ’60s, during the time of social activism. “I learned as much from students as they learned from me, including what education should be as a process,” he said. “When I came out of Cornell, I was carrying a briefcase, had a brush cut and was ready to join the masses of academia professionals.” He didn’t understand the emphasis academia put on research and publishing, and it was then that he met students concerned with the meaning of education. “That was the capstone of my graduate study, those first few years,” he said.

After leaving Western, MacGregor was bitter for awhile about not having been accepted by what he calls “the club.” “I think the university was very short-sighted,” he said, “in failing to value someone who was committed to teaching and learning, as opposed to research and publishing. Despite this fact, I have grown and evolved as a person since leaving the ivory tower.”

Now MacGregor has come full circle and returned to Western’s campus. “It’s like I’m coming back to the very concept of teaching and learning that I started with, without being hassled and without having to justify what I am doing all the time,” he said.

MacGregor’s hair is shorter, he has just turned fifty-one, and a few pounds have been added. Of his prior classroom antics, he said he wouldn’t do anything differently now. He still wouldn’t buy the establishment route and would not go into teaching just to write papers and do research. “I would be more like I was if I were teaching now, not less,” he said. “I was building to the concept of norms... a living demonstration of the concept of norms. It would lead to an educational dialogue during which the students would better understand norms by discussing what they had just witnessed and how it made them feel.”

In his new job, MacGregor again will have the opportunity to teach. Being part-time fits in with his other projects, such as the gallery he and two friends, Janet and Larry Smith, recently opened in Blaine, specializing in Northwest Art. He has already filled in for a photography class at NFU. “I will teach other classes from time to time,” he said. “I have a lot of interests.”

“This is my opportunity to get involved in the type of education that truly excites me,” MacGregor said with enthusiasm. “Right here on Western’s campus where I had previously been the square peg in the round hole.”