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Flashback ‘68: It was 20 years ago today...
From the Editors

The late '60s...what glorious years; an era when love was free, drugs were flowing, music was an experience and everybody was “doing their thing.” Ah, if only we could return to those carefree years. But when does sweet nostalgia spill over into the ridiculous? In other words, “How much more of this crap can we take?”

Certainly the pangs of boredom from the lackluster Reagan years seem to key this need to return to “better times.” In other words, we prefer groovin’ to groanin’.

“Nineteen sixty-nine was also the year student 'leaders' stopped playing 'Uncle Tom' with administrators and faculty,” wrote Noel Bourasaw in the 1969 Klipsun, which at that time was the college yearbook.

Bourasaw, AS president for the 1968-69 school year, was the guiding force behind the radical, liberal, often pointless, socially-conscious, activist and sometimes obnoxious student movements of that time.

Our cover story is an interesting blend of nostalgia and sarcasm, which is the filter through which Bourasaw looks at his past and recants the tale of Western's own honest-to-goodness '60s radical.

He is presently the editor of a newsletter about Northwest wines and foods, so he may also be the cliche hippie-turned-yuppie.

His reflections on his glory days are sprinkled with snide comments on the era. We (those of us who are chronically uptight) hope that the story bursts a few bubbles, yet conveys some of the enjoyment of living in a genuinely out-of-hand college environment. A little anarchy is good for the soul, so to speak.

Our picture story for this issue put Photo Editor Bill Gregersen-Morash and Editor Jesse Tinsley up their ankles in manure. In an effort to bring to you the world of rural Whatcom County in all of its glory, we present “On the Hoof,” a bovine bonanza, a cow cornucopia, a cattle cotillion, a veritable heifer hoedown.

The story we've titled “Star Wars Cafe” will give a personality to a landmark which is familiar to all of those who must make the drive to Seattle on a regular basis and have seen the aging green structure bearing the words “Scrap Star Wars.”

Writer Theo Gross wondered if the heavily vandalized cafe was the one about which novelist Tom Robbins wrote in “Another Roadside Attraction.” This curiosity led him to the story on page 18.

When staff writer Leslie Olson brought in the article “Perfect,” she was fed up. She had heard enough comments about what women in our society are supposed to do to look beautiful, and she lets us (society, men in particular) have it.

On the inside back cover is a survey of 12 simple questions which we hope you would take a few minutes to answer. Klipsun is sponsored by student fees, a responsibility we actually take seriously, believe it or not. We would like to have some of your suggestions for how to fill the pages of Klipsun with material that will interest the readers.

The Editors

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Klipsun is a Lummi Indian word meaning “beautiful sunset.”

On the Cover: Noel Bourasaw was Western AS president during the turbulent 1968-69 year. Twenty years after the fact, he tells the stories of protests and roach-clip relays. Page 4.

Color cover photo by Bill Gregersen-Morash.

Inset cover photo by R.E. Stan- nard Jr.

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On the Cover: Flashback '68
Noel Bourasaw was AS president at Western during the 1968-69 academic year. It was an era marked by a feeling among the students that fundamental beliefs should be challenged and that change should be the norm. Protests, unconventional electioneering and roach-clip relays were part of the atmosphere..............................................page 4

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It was 20 years ago today... - the Beatles

Columbia Center, Seattle's tallest building, houses the aristocratic business elite and hordes of Seattle's ultra-yuppies. A luxurious office on the 24th floor is the headquarters for a now-graying alumnus. Twenty years after the fact, a former Associated Students president leaned back in his padded chair and recanted the tale of one of Western's most turbulent years.

No one was quite prepared for the political upset of the spring of 1968. Noel Bourasaw and a mixed bag of pseudo-politicos led the frontal assault on 1968 sensibilities and conventional campus politics.

In 1962, the 18-year-old Bourasaw first gained admittance to Western and its honors program after surviving interviews with Jerry Flora, who would later become president of Western, and Dean Herb Taylor.

His first shot at college was hampered by restlessness and distractions. "Just before spring '63 finals, Ben Palmer and I decided to hitchhike to San Francisco. We had learned 'beat' poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti was in the area. Off we went."

Finals took place without them and the quarter was a total loss. "So, what do you do if you're not going to college in 1963? Join the Army, of course!" said Bourasaw.

Bourasaw spent the majority of his tour of duty in Germany as an "information specialist," before giving Western another try.

Back in Bellingham, Bourasaw and friend Dan Frederickson were sitting on barstools at the Sandpiper Tavern (now called Snuffy's). After a couple games of darts and more than
"Well, a dare's a dare. I'll show your ass," I countered, and we were off to the races," Bourasaw recalled.

This novel venture into politics kept Bourasaw and his cronies very busy. They were intent on avoiding the traditional political protocols.

"We didn't worry about details, like platforms. We were worried whether votes were free or had to be bought. If it would have been the latter, the game was over. Hell, we didn't have a dime," he said.

But political rhetoric, propaganda and promises were no strangers to Bourasaw, who was a sociology-anthropology major, minorizing in political science and journalism.

With the election only three or four weeks off, the campaign for the top AS office for the 1968-69 academic year swung into gear at the old Web coffee shop on Garden Street. Bourasaw recalls his first constituents fondly. "At the time, the Web was a place where a collection of 'pinko-liberal-perverts' and dregs of society, most of whom are now middle-aged execs, could hang out, drinking 14 different kinds of coffee and dreaming about revolution. We immediately took advantage of their youth, naivete and any revolutionary ideas they possessed," Bourasaw explained.

"We then co-opted a group of conservatives around campus. I promised them some positions of influence in the AS administration, knowing full well I couldn't do it. Again, after the election, and much to my surprise, I found I could ladle out a healthy serving of patronage jobs."

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All I asked of them was to exact a promise from every potential buyer to vote Bourasaw. No vote, no dope. Voila! I captured my strongest wing: the sincere, yet very naive, liberals."

-Bourasaw

Bourasaw had some of the most whimsical, if not wise, campaign staffers ever to jump into the fray.

Bob Parrish, who is now bureau chief in Olympia for the Gannett Newspaper Service, bought a gross of Fleer Bubble Gum and attached stickers printed with the slogan, "Chewz Noel," to each piece of gum. Then, a team was needed to hand out the merchandise. Bourasaw didn't need much time to figure out what "sells."

"I managed to get a bunch of flyers printed up with the message, 'Got great legs? Call this number,"' said the former student leader. "Believe it or not, the guy I got fit the bill to a tee and did his job admirably. His adversaries were beginning to get a taste of his style of leadership."

The second appointment was the village idiot. "Believe it or not, the guy I got fit the bill to a tee and did his job admirably," he said. "My first major complaints after the election came from the conservatives. Instead of appointing traditional cabinet officers, we wiped the slate clean. My first appointment was a town crier. At night, his job was to run around campus screaming, 'Whatever o'clock and all's well.' He'd also announce headlines from the Western Front," said the former student who turned the AS on its ear for a year."

The stage was set for an unforeseen political coup."

On the eve of the election, Bourasaw still figured on losing, but he didn't like the thought of not having a victory party. "We got people from all the wings together at Bernie Weiner's place. Partied all night. When people started picking themselves up off the floor in the morning, somebody mentioned something about an election. Massive hangovers complicated matters even more," he said.

The voting machine in the conservative Beta and Gamma halls had broken down and Bourasaw credits this with the win. The final count was 742 votes to 673. The difference was 69 votes. "Sixty-nine for '69. Prophetic, huh," he said thoughtfully.

Leggy chicks, bubble-gum and ruggers. A strange combination, but, Bourasaw and his crew managed to pull off what was to begin a nightmarish adventure for the administration's faint-of-heart.

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The unconventional student government of 1968 had no finance chairman. Instead, Bourasaw created the position of Minister of the Exchequer. All of the changes took a couple of weeks.

The upsetting of the status quo did not go unnoticed by the administration. Particularly, these things were noted by Western President Jerry Flora and his staff.

Not much time had passed before Bourasaw started building the tension which would mark his relationship with the ad-
I put up a five-foot-high poster of Ho Chi Minh in the window. Yeah, Ho and me. That pissed a few people off.”

-Bourasaw

ministration.

“I put up a five-foot-high poster of Ho Chi Minh in the window. Yeah, Ho and me. That pissed a few people off,” he said with the satisfaction of a slightly-mellowed radical.

The reactions of conservatives only hinted at the battles to come. The AS calendar was to become the object of the season’s “cold war.”

The winter AS calendar was about to go to press and AS President Bourasaw decided the calendar needed a little more substance. He elected to print a 500-word essay about LBJ and the Viet Nam war.

“It needed an illustration. What I thought to be perfect was a cartoon I found in Playboy. It showed a Vietnamese woman with her skirt hiked up, lying on her back. Standing over her was LBJ, hiking up his pants and, in the background, the figure of a Vietnamese man on crutches. The caption read: ‘Sure, I raped her, if I (LBJ) hadn’t done it, he (Vietnamese man) would have!’”

Two thousand calendars were printed and handed out in the Viking Union.

“Not long after, I was standing behind my window, gazing upon another glorious day enveloping my domain. I saw (Dean of Students James) Hitchman sprinting across the grassy knoll, across Highland Drive from the VU. He had fire in his eyes,” said Bourasaw, somewhat smug about his ability to raise administration’s ire. All the calendars left in the VU, several hundred, were confiscated shortly thereafter.

President Flora soon called and suggested the AS president resign.

“I countered with a sit-in at Flora’s office. We weren’t going to leave until all the calendars were returned. Well, Flora called for a summit meeting,” recounts Bourasaw. Flora, Bourasaw and two of the AS president’s lieutenants met for treaty talks.

Out of this confrontation, three points were agreed upon: 1) no students would be kicked out over the matter 2) Western, not the students, would pay for the printing of a new calendar; without the “offensive” cartoon 3) and the administration would, as Bourasaw tells it, “stay out of our way.”

Bourasaw now felt a renewed confidence. Power was where it should be; an air of controlled rebelliousness em-

braced the campus. Yet, mayhem was but a few hundred yards away.

Puffing on a joint and enjoying the newfound spirit among his legions, Bourasaw was relaxing in the AS office when the village idiot flew in. The out-of-breath messenger managed to blurt out that opposing camps had drawn battle lines in Red Square. Bourasaw bolted out of the office on a dead run.

When he arrived, Bourasaw said, the scene presenting itself was tense. The left-wing Students for a Democratic Society had a Viet Cong flag on display and were distributing anti-war literature in front of the VU. The rugby/veteran faction showed up, 300 to 400 strong. The right had brought an American flag along and were about to engage the enemy. The right-wingers began chasing the “commie-pinkos” around campus like cheetahs through a herd of gazelles. “You should see it. Love beads flapping in the air, Nehru jackets askew, ‘Jesus’ sandals clapping across the concrete...what a sight!” Bourasaw recalled with a laugh.

Red Square had just been built and Fisher Fountain duly tested. It was Bourasaw’s shining moment; an opportunity to put his negotiating skills and charisma to the test and end the bedlam.

“All I said was, ‘Let’s cool off here.’ The next thing you know, 80 to 90 people are down to their skivvies and in the water. It was Fisher’s christening.”

By the middle of April 1969, vets were still chasing pinkos and constant brouhahas with the administration had become commonplace. President Bourasaw looked back over the year with satisfaction.

Bourasaw was intent on going out in style. But what could he do to cap it all? How could he and the AS officers look back at the year’s events and say, “We kicked some ass”?

“Careful financial planning was about to pay off.

“We had saved a lot of money by not doing the normal square things previous nitwits had done. About $5,000 worth. A boat trip to Rosario Resort seemed like the perfect way to honor those who had gone out of their way,” said the mischievous Bourasaw.

A boat was rented and filled with about 130 campus select: administrators, teachers-of-the-year from various departments, the campus senate, the AS officers and about 100 students.

On Orcas Island, Bourasaw said, the administration was conveniently put in one wing, members of the faculty in another and students in yet another. “It was a glorious get-together, truly a momentous occasion,” he said wistfully.

“This inspiration guided us when we decided to sponsor the first, and last, I must add, roach relay contest.” Someone, who Bourasaw refused to name, had brought a pound of pot for “relaxation purposes.”

The contest rules were simple. Each team had to roll five joints the thickness of a #2 pencil. The teams then passed the joints back and forth, in order, until consumed.

“We had brought a portable stereo with us, but the records had been left behind. The only recording we could scrounge was Iron Butterfly’s ‘Ina Gaddada Vida.’ It blasted from the start to finish,” said Bourasaw, searching the foggy memories of the incident. Eight teams started, but soon there were only four. Then there were two for the finals.

“My team made the finals,” reminisced Bourasaw, “along with a group led by a prof. By this time, I had changed into my army khaki shirt with the famed 4th Armored Division patch
still on the sleeve. This was war. The prof had 'evaded the
draft' and his 'troops' were undisciplined.
"We jumped out to a one-joint lead and were establishing
a heady pace. The other team was making an astounding
comeback, when one of my guys left to throw up. He came
back, and we still won by a quarter to a half a joint. We were
screaming, Iron Butterfly was screaming, everybody was
screaming. We had won and the roach was swallowed by the
team captain. To this day, I don't think many people attending
our 'outing' remember exactly what happened."

Bourasaw still feels great satisfaction in the knowledge that
what transpired during his sometimes halcyon days at the helm
of the Associated Students of Western will never be dupli-
cated.

Bourasaw and his junta had staged a coup which captured
not only most of student government, but also symbolized a
radical, volatile era which appeared for a few brief, euphoric
years, then disappeared into the grim reality of the oil crisis
and Watergate.

Student activism no longer interests him. He comments on
college in the '80s, "I don't even want to know what students
are doing today. They've got to be bored to death."
Countenance

Sometimes, the face tells the whole story.

Texas bluesman Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown
A retired farmer hams it up at the Oxford Tavern in Snohomish, Washington.
Right: Mr. Brown, a street musician at Pike Place Market.
By Lezlie Olson

The scene: a modest apartment, the decor hovering somewhere between early-college-student and college-student-dangerously-close-to-living-beyond-his-means.

The players: an average, once-happy couple.

The Dialogue: he (doing sit-ups over a weight bench, scantily clad in an avocado-green bath towel, and surveying his girlfriend critically): "You know, you're starting to look fat. Maybe you should get more exercise. After all, if you loved me, you'd want to look the way I want you to look."

She (barely comprehending the fact that the man she once loved with an adoration reserved only for bad movie scripts has suddenly turned into Hitler, demanding a master race): "Go bite the big one, slime-bag."

No, that's what she wanted to say, but she knew it would lead to a big fight, so she kept her mouth shut and mentally flipped him off, vowing to rid herself of this self-proclaimed Adonis as soon as possible and find someone who knows the definition of the word "reality."

The roles could have easily been reversed. These are little mind games played by people who are too concerned with appearances. For these people, it is so excruciatingly important to be as alluring and stunning as possible, that they cannot tolerate the idea of having others around them who they deem inferior. It might be contagious.

The media pushes its version of the ideal on us continually. It is frightening to have our lives controlled by commercials admonishing women to wear a special makeup, so they can have long, lush lashes, big, sultry eyes and red, pouting lips. Ads demand we buy Vidal Sassoon shampoo because "If you don't look good, we don't look good." Sassoon once said, "Hair is another name for sex," and that is exactly what they are selling.

We are also bombarded with a myriad of gels, mousses and sprays that would make even Crystal Gayle's five feet of hair stand on end. It is important to have stay-puff hair in a time when children grow up unaware that mousse is also a dessert.

Then, if we haven't gone broke trying to stock the shelves with the latest in hair and facial care, we are subjected to ads which strongly suggest that we become involved in the latest exercise fad. If we wolf down culinary atrocities that taste like cardboard, we won't be too fat to be allowed to exist on this planet. "This is living!" we are told.

In magazines, the bronzed and beautiful Calvin Klein clones pose with unaffected sexuality. No matter how secure you are, you get that uncomfortable feeling, that need to defend yourself for not being blonde, tan and arresting.

Have you ever seen or heard an interview with one of these models? They laugh and say, "Oh, Johnny, I never diet or exercise. I guess I'm just lucky that my life-long craving for lasagna hasn't caught up with me. I naturally have a 20-inch waist (or 34-inch bicep, or whatever)." Don't you want to grab them by the head and bash it into a stone wall several times with monotonous regularity?

Have you ever seen anyone in everyday life who actually looks like a GQ or Vogue model? Perhaps they have someone who follows them around, air-brushing any imperfections, such as pimples, scars, cellulite, missing limbs, etc. If these people don't exist, how are they capable of giving hundreds of thousands of people inferiority complexes? Is this some master plot by advertising executives?

Leo Tolstoy said, "It is amazing how complete is the delusion that beauty is goodness." It is incomprehensible how our social norms and beliefs support this statement. After all, in children's books, evil is always portrayed by something ugly; goodness is something beautiful.

In The Wizard of Oz, Margaret Hamilton, vile green body paint and all, was tapped to play the Wicked Witch of the West, while Billie Burke, complete with tiara, wings and high-pitched voice portrayed all that was good in the world. It would have been interesting to see it the other way around. But because we have been brought up to believe beauty is goodness, it wouldn't have made much sense.

It seems people need to realize there are differing steps to what is acceptable as beauty. What one person perceives as ugly or fat may simply be cause for another to practice mental profanity.

We must overcome this, because our society is rapidly becoming a bunch of obsessive neurotics, who are only concerned in outward appearance. The media is stretching its power too far in the quest for model-perfect people.

After all, as Frank O'Hara so eloquently phrased it: "It is easy to be beautiful; it is difficult to appear so."
On the

HOOF

A Bovine Odyssey

"Sold! ...to number 147," says part owner and auctioneer Todd Beld, as he sells a couple more. "That's a good buy, Bill," he adds, complimenting the buyer, who is a regular.

Beef is big business in Whatcom County and for over 50 years the Everson Livestock Auction, just outside of Everson, Washington, has been the meeting place of buyers and sellers of cattle.

Every Thursday and the first Saturday of every month, a gathering begins that is as much a social gathering as a business transaction.

All morning long, cattle trucks roll in from around the county. Buyers and sellers talk shop in the barns or the adjacent cafe. Workers hustle to ready the cows for the bidding, which starts at noon. Well-fed heifers moo endlessly as they endure the gauntlet of inspections and sortings.

Once the auction begins, the cavernous arena fills with the carefully paced stream of cows in groups of two, three, four or more.

Oldtimers and young farmers confer over the quality of each cow while the auctioneer mumbles an unintelligible stream of new bids with rapid-fire cadence. With a nod of the bidder's head and a "Sold!" from the auctioneer, cows leave and others are lead in. It goes on all day.

It's been the way of business and a way of life for many years. It will probably be that way for a lot more.

Photos by Bill Gregersen-Morash and Jesse Tinsley
Story by Bill Gregersen-Morash
Cows stand outside in the corrals waiting for a turn in the arena.
Above: Cattle come off the trucks early in the morning.
Left: Brand inspectors Bill Laird and Dick Jackson chew the fat before the auction.
Right, above: Sean Tucker steadies a cow for the veterinarian.
Right: Elton Visser, Nick Bates, Dr. Kohrs.
Far right: A calf awaits inspection in the chute.
Todd Beld and Emma McMillen talk prices.

Nervous cows crowd the arena.

A defiant looking cow studies the crowd.
Above: Two buyers sit back and study the prospects.
Below: Marvin Harmony and Ray Edin mull over the quality of the cows.

Cattle in outside corrals.

Cows destined for slaughter make the final walk.
Bobbie Cairus is the owner of the former King’s Inn, once a popular stop for truckers travelling on old Highway 99.

Star Wars Cafe

By Theodore Barrett Gross

October 1988
The abandoned, dilapidated building that decorates the landscape along Interstate 5 is an easy target for hungry graffiti artists armed with spray paint and catchy slogans.

More than a few motorists have wondered what the story was behind the one-story cafe situated near the Conway/LaConner exit. The building bears the words “Scrap Star Wars” spray-painted across its front in black letters.

Writer Tom Robbins told of a similar place in his counterculture novel, “Another Roadside Attraction.” The bulk of Robbins’ story takes place in a combination hot dog stand/roadside zoo establishment, located somewhere between Mount Vernon and Everett on the old Seattle-Vancouver freeway, Highway 99. Some have nicknamed it the “Scrap Star Wars Cafe.”

Given the anti-armament message scrawled across the aging edifice in question, coupled with the geographic similarity with the place described in Robbins’ book, it’s just possible, if only in spirit, the charming hippies described in Robbins’ novel could have lived in the now-deteriorating I-5 distraction.

The “Scrap Star Wars Cafe” couldn’t be a more unlikely name for the once-thriving truck stop called the King’s Inn, which Bobbie Cairus and her family of four once operated in the former life of the decrepit structure. Cairus still owns and lives a mile down the road from her abandoned truck stop, which now bears the anti-SDI slogan. In her aging, red house on the old Highway 99, Bobbie freely reminisced and ran a gamut of emotions ranging from melancholy to anger to sweet nostalgia about the proud and not-so-proud days of her business.

Bobbie had never heard of the Robbins’ book, and the only hippies Bobbie recalled in the King’s Inn were a couple of grungy long-hairs who had tried to rob the truck stop back in the late ‘60s. It’s the truckers, not the hippies, that made the place special to Cairus.

For twenty years, from 1956 to 1976, Cairus entered seven days a week, 24 hours a day, to a steady stream of truckers at her King’s Inn cafe. For truckers, her cafe wasn’t just another greasy spoon, and for Cairus, the truckers weren’t just a bunch of hungry mouths to feed.

“I had these customers for twenty years, same customers, same truckers,” Cairus said, putting down her Camel cigarette.

“I could tell you when they walked in the door what they was gonna eat, how they liked their eggs, or if he was gonna have hot cakes, or if that time they was just gonna have donuts and coffee. They even wanted me to put in a CB so they could call me five miles down the road and say ‘Hey, I’m comin’ in!’ if they was runnin’ late. The state just screwed us out of that in 1960.”

Cairus was referring to the 1975 road changes by the Highway Department which made the King’s Inn no longer directly accessible from the freeway. Originally, the cafe was on a street which crossed the highway. The changes closed the cross street and replaced it with an offramp too steep in angle and too far from the cafe for the truckers to turn off and backtrack.

In front of the cafe, the state erected a barbed wire fence to keep truckers from illegally crossing the shoulder into the King’s Inn parking lot, as they had been doing for twenty years. Bobbie’s youngest child, Kelly, who was eight at the time, remembers the truckers telling her mother, “They can’t do this to ya.”

“Of one them (truckers) would bomb right through the fence,” Kelly said, “and he’d get on the CB and call the other trucks and tell ‘em the fence was out. Before long about fifteen or twenty of ‘em would get in there, but every three or four days the state would come out and replace the barbed wire.”

Ironically, in the same year the state cut her restaurant off from the freeway, Cairus made her final payments on the cafe she had bought in 1956. After she bought the Inn, Cairus changed the name and eliminated farm-style decor, including an old cow trough which ran through the center of the dining room.

Over the years, Cairus spent thousands of dollars transforming the once barnyard-like people-feed-stop, into a respectable place.

She tried to stay in business after the road changes, but after losing $10,000 in six months, Cairus was forced to close the cafe. She still contends that the state could have made more efficient freeway changes that would not have ruined her business.

“I almost had a nervous breakdown from it,” Cairus said, her normally strong voice going soft with emotion. “I asked (the state), why?”

They said if we hadn’t of had our highway here you wouldn’t have never had no business in the place, and we can move our highway wherever we want to, and ‘it’s just your tough luck lady,’” Bobbie said.

A week after the King’s Inn was shut down, vandals broke nearly every window in the Inn. They put a shotgun blast through the windowed door of the $800 walk-in freezer.

“As soon as we got the place boarded up, then it was like free game, and everyone had to break in there and see,” Kelly said.

As Kelly related details of the cafe’s physical destruction, Bobbie grew distant from the discussion. She had left her filter-tipped cigarette burning idly in the ashtray while venting her anger at the highway department. She then sat back in her chair with the cigarette near her lips, inhaling frequently. She seemed sad, as if she was remembering a loved one who had died a slow, painful death.

She withdrew even more as she talked about the vandalism. The distinct “Scrap Star Wars” message isn’t important to Bobbie. She doesn’t know who wrote it and doesn’t care.

“It’s just like the junk cars up there, they’ve just dropped them, too. They’re not mine.”

She said the message doesn’t bother her. “I’d just kind of like to tear the building down, because I’m paying $10,000 property tax on that building and that building ain’t worth $10,000.”

Suddenly Cairus put down her cigarette and changed the topic to the more prosperous times in King’s Inn history.
"One time, when we couldn't afford nothing else, we put egg cartons up on the ceiling like it was plastic tile. People liked it, but we changed it later," Bobbie said.

"For a while we were runnin' on nothin,'" she continued. "We had two kids. Back then it was hard to get money just like it is now. So we had egg cartons for a ceiling."

Bobbie spoke of other pleasant recollections, such as when members of Elvis Presley's band stopped into the cafe to nurse hangovers with a late night breakfast. She also remembered when everyone was sick and she had to work 36 hours without stopping.

When her eldest of four children was twelve, Cairus was divorced, and she raised the kids on her own. Her children worked at the Inn and were paid the same wages as other employees.

Cairus' daughter, Karen, started working fulltime in the cafe when she was fourteen, which was a good deal later than Cairus' oldest daughter, Kathy, who volunteered to take her first order at age two and a half. To this day, Cairus remembers the order. "It was ham and eggs. I checked to see if she got it right, and she did." Bobbie said.

Karen said she used to work an eight-hour shift through the night and then go to a full day of high school. She would sleep from 3 to 11 p.m. while one of her other siblings would come home from school, cook for an eight-hour shift, and sleep through the night. Karen and Kelly don't harbor bitterness about having to work hard as kids. Their mother made the situation very clear.

"All four kids had parts in the cafe," Bobbie said, "but I always told 'em, the business comes first, and you kids come second and to hell with me. I can't go to your ball games, I can't do this, or you can't do that, because we have to have food on the table."

Just as much a part of the Cairus family were the truckers. When business would start to hop at the King's Inn, Bobbie said the truckers would pitch in and make milkshakes or do dishes in the back. This was strictly volunteer, but the trucker's efforts didn't go unnoticed. On Thanksgiving and Christmas, Cairus would close the cafe and have dinner with her family, but if a trucker pulled in thinking the place was open, Bobbie said she wouldn't hesitate to let him in to eat with the family.

"For the truckers, it was more than a place for good home cookin'. It was a second home. I just think that today people are out there to make money, but I was out there to make sure the truckers got from one destiny to the other."

Cairus said that the truckers now eat at places which load them up on grease and don't use the same home-style ingredients that she used. "A good breakfast doesn't have a lot of grease and stuff in it, so it doesn't sour in your stomach when you're bouncing up and down on the road."

Cairus said that she made money by serving quality food and working on volume. "These places today just work on making money. I worked on survival," she said.

Some of Cairus' former customers still honk when they pass by her house, which is near the former cafe, by the freeway. Once in a while, they'll take the time to stop in and visit, but usually their schedules are too tight. Other truckers, who used to be regulars at the King's Inn, don't even know that Cairus is back in town.

After closing the cafe, Cairus worked a variety of jobs in the restaurant business, including a stint cooking for 75 fishermen up in Alaska. Last September, while working in a local restaurant, she hurt her back lifting a heavy bag of potatoes. Cairus hasn't worked since then, but she's looking forward to recovering and getting back to work.

When she recovers, Cairus said she might paint a special message on the old cafe. "Thanks to all the truckers from the King's Inn!"
When Pam Nunes was in elementary school, she was called mentally retarded because she could not read, write or add numbers. When she was 12, she was admitted to a special education program for the physically disabled, although she had no visible handicap. Even then, Nunes was afraid to raise her hand in class, because she thought her questions were stupid.

Nunes was told she had a learning disability after she failed her accounting class in her freshman year at a community college. 

"I understood the concepts behind accounting, and I even started to help other students with their homework," Nunes said. "But I couldn't add numbers or calculate percentages. I got the numbers mixed up."

Nunes married this year and will soon complete her degree in business administration.

"I still run into professors who say, 'If you can't do it the same way or as fast as the others, you don't belong in college.' I even had one teacher tell me to go home and let my husband take care of me."

Carolyn Brooks, a chemistry instructor at Highline Community College, had Nunes in some of her chemistry labs. Although Brooks is not specially trained in learning disabilities, she has worked with several learning-disabled students.

"Pam was smart and could learn new concepts quickly," Brooks said. "She knew what she was doing, but she had a lot of trouble doing it."

Brooks encouraged Nunes to be tested for dyslexia. Although she tested positive, it was difficult for Nunes to admit her problem.

"I became a good faker and tried to cover it up as much as I could; at least until I started flunking classes," Nunes said. "Finally, I admitted my problem and asked Carolyn for help."

It has taken Nunes six years to complete her four-year degree from Central Washington University extension program.

"I used to think there was something wrong with that," Nunes said. "I thought I was really stupid."

Nunes paused in her words and began to write her name and address on a sheet of paper.

Her hand writing was large, and her letters were scribed in a careless scratch that took up most of the page. Many of the letters in her name were transposed, and the numbers in her address were out of order.

"I did that, because I want you to see what it's really like to have a learning disability," Nunes said. "My life is like the writing on this piece of paper -- all mixed up and confused."

When she was a child, Nunes said she would write her name completely backwards.

"I'm lost almost all the time," Nunes said. "Street signs look like scrambled eggs, and maps lead me to confusion."

Nunes said she has learned to accept her disability, and she has learned to live with the daily frustration of her hidden handicap.

"It would be easier if my handicap were visible. People can see you are handicapped when you walk with a limp," Nunes said. "People can't always see my problem, but I know it's always there, and it's always frustrating."

Nunes said many do not believe her when she tells them she is disabled, and most think she's just like everyone else. Misunderstandings have caused Nunes to lose two jobs.

In a job at a jewelry store, Nunes was required to take a test for a promotion. She failed the exam, because she couldn't read the instructions or understand the questions.

"I went into the test and became frustrated," Nunes said. "I had no idea what I was supposed to do. I left the room and did not return to work for a week."

Nunes tried to tell her employer tried she was dyslexic and could not take the test with other employees.

"I cannot take a written exam in a room with 50 other people," Nunes said. "But I was expected to complete the exam under conditions that confirm my disability rather than in a way that would affirm my abilities, and I failed."

A week later, Nunes went from selling jewelry to selling toys. Because
of the change of job, Nunes was forced to move back in with her parents.

"I felt like a blithering idiot all over again," Nunes said. "I was sure I had become my own person, but now I was a women at the mercy of a man in a pinstripe suit." Nunes spoke in a tone that sounded almost forgiving, but her actions showed little mercy.

Her voice raised and her fists began to tighten. Every muscle in her body went tight. Her eyes were blazing with anger, and her smile faded into a bitter frown.

"It makes me mad, very mad," Nunes said. "The world thinks I'm a blithering twit, who wants nothing more than special treatment. All I really want is to be treated fairly."

Nunes is not alone. Some 500 Western students may have some form of learning disability, Dorothy Crow, coordinator for learning-disabled students, told Klipsun in interviews last year and this spring.

"Many learning-disabled students may not realize they have a problem, and others do not know there is help available," Crow said.

Crow operates a center for learning disabled students out of the Tutorial Center in Old Main 380 and has worked with learning-disabled students for the last five years.

Crow said she currently works with about 80 students and adds about three more to her caseload each week.

A learning disability is not a form of mental retardation. It is a relatively permanent disorder that affects the way people with average or above-average intelligence interpret, perceive and express information, Crow said.

"Imagine your brain is like a TV that has a bad antenna," Crow said. "The TV picture will be unclear and hard to see, but there is nothing wrong with the TV. That's what it's like to have a learning disability."

Crow said learning disabled students show a marked difference between their intelligence and their performance.

Mike Edde, a computer science major at Western, also struggles to overcome a learning disability.

Edde's disability also involves dyslexia, which affects the way he reads and writes.

Last fall, Edde was placed on academic probation because he could not uphold 2.00 grade point average.

"I can spell one word three different ways in the same paragraph, and they'll all be wrong," Edde said. "I always screw up telephone numbers and addresses. A writing course can be murder."

Edde failed his junior writing exam and has struggled through most of his writing-intensive courses.

"People tell me to go to the writing center for help," Edde said. "But the problems I have can't be fixed like a broken down car. Telling me you can fix my problem is like telling a blind man to get glasses."

Crow said Edde, as with most learning disabled students, is very bright. He knows how to spell, and he knows how to write. But his brain can't perceive the difference between what looks right and what looks wrong.

Edde said all he really needs is more time to complete the work. Some, however, have told Edde that what he wants is unreasonable.

"I suppose I should be mad when I hear people say things like that," Edde said. "But they can't possibly know what the struggle is like if they haven't lived with the pain, anger and frustration I face. There is no anger in that. I'm happy they have freedom from my struggle."

Nunes said she is not free from her struggle. She doesn't like to be labeled as learning disabled, because it brings back memories from days she was called retarded.

"On one hand, to call myself learning disabled is to admit a frustrating and often perplexing reality. On the other, it limits me," Nunes said. "I don't want to be limited."

Crow said the term 'learning disability' is a general label used to refer to several kinds of perceptual problems. But, she said, it is a good starting point in helping people to understand the problem.

"Most people have difficulty understanding learning disabilities," Crow said. "I encourage teachers to learn all they can about learning disabled students."

Crow also said learning disabled students need to be aware of all the services available to them. These include: tutoring, taped textbooks, extended time to complete tests and additional time to complete course work.

Western is legally obligated to provide help for students who have a diagnosed learning disability. Testing is available for those who think they might have a problem.

Nunes started college in 1981 and plans to graduate at the end of this quarter. "It may take me longer to make it," she said. "But the smart ones always take their time."
KLIPSUN READER'S SURVEY

Klipsun magazine wants to hear from you. Please take a few minutes to answer the following questions.

1. Please circle the age group that best describes you.
   a. Under 18
   b. 18-21
   c. 22-25
   d. 26-29
   e. 30-35
   f. 35-40
   g. Over 40

2. Are You:  a. male  b. female

3. Are You:
   a. full-time student
   b. part-time student
   c. faculty
   d. Other___________________

4. Which of the following best describes your current living arrangement?
   a. campus residence hall
   b. campus apartment
   c. off-campus home
   d. off-campus apartment

5. Of the following campus organizations, in which would you be the most likely to be involved?
   a. Associated Students Clubs
   b. Residence Hall Activities
   c. Women's Center
   d. Men's Center
   e. Sexual Awareness Center
   f. Sexual Minorities Center
   g. Women of Western
   h. Campus Christian Fellowship
   i. Shalom Center
   j. Multicultural Services Center
   k. Departmental Organizations.
   l. Other___________________

6. Of the following activities, please circle those you enjoy the most.
   a. reading
   b. watching professional sports events
   c. playing sports
   d. spending time with friends
   e. cooking, music or crafts
   f. watching television and movies
   g. books, records
   h. hiking, sailing or running
   i. Other___________________

7. Please list any magazines you currently read, beginning with the one you read the most often.

8. About how many times a year would you say you read Klipsun?
   a. More than six
   b. six
   c. five
   d. four
   e. three
   f. two
   g. once
   h. not at all

9. Which of the following best describes the cover photo on the last edition of Klipsun you saw?
   a. A drawing of a woman and a phone
   b. A photo of a dog
   c. A photo of a body builder
   d. A photo of a wolf
   e. Don't know

10. Klipsun staff and editors have considered selling advertising to raise funds. Would you object to having paid advertising on the pages of the magazine?
    a. yes  b. no

11. Please circle the response that best describes how you would feel if you saw the following types of material in Klipsun.
    a. Profanity
    1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
    very not very
    offended offended
    b. Nudity
    1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
    very not very
    offended offended

12. Your comments will help us create a magazine that represents your interests. Please take a moment to make any additional comments you would like.

Please place your completed survey in one of our special drop boxes or mail it to the Klipsun office: 137 College Hall, Western Washington University, Bellingham, WA 98225. Thank you for your cooperation.

Prepared by
Daniel C. Webster