Klipsun Magazine, 1989, Volume 22, Issue 05 - October

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ON THE ROCKS WITH A TWIST
COVER: Sophomore Matt Nelson dangles between a rock and a hard spot, high above the Anacortes area.

KLIPSUN Magazine, published twice quarterly, is supported by student fees and is free. It is distributed by the Western Washington University Print Plant.

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Special thanks to Jesse Tinsley, photographer; Julie Strong, Tony Tenorio, illustrators; Teari Brown, business office.

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Do You Hear What I Hear?
The Worlds Of Walkman Wearers ...

By Alycien Van Droof

On a daily basis, people can be seen walking around with headphones, oblivious to the world around them. This undoubtedly conjures many serious questions when you begin to notice people with pinched, little depressions on the sides of their heads from too much headphone pressure.

Do they face problems of mobility loss and total confusion when separated from these cushy pads? Do they have these problems when they're wearing them?

Probably the most obnoxious problem for non-headphone users is having to yell after a friend who wears them. "Gee, I should say hello," you think. "George ... George ... GEORGE ..." you say.

And then you stand there feeling pretty stupid because everyone in the world is staring at you with raised eyebrows, and George keeps right on walking. You just know they're thinking, "Yeah, right, you really know that person."

It's even better when you say something stupid in the first place and then have to repeat it.

What about when you're in the library cramming in the last bits of information before a major test and the person next to you has that damn machine incessantly whirring along on its mechanisms? The volume usually is so loud, even if you were 10 feet away you'd want to turn it down. Why do these people come to the library for quiet in the first place? As you walk to your test, you realize the Native Americans grew maize because it was "their prerogative."
Often, while sitting in the quiet, peaceful library, your studying is interrupted because the person next to you starts belting words. Not complete I 5 T- ics, mind you, just a word, or maybe a phrase, every now and then. They are performed at a decibel level the Kingdom would be proud of and are almost always off-key. Nobody has to tell you these people are the singing sensations of tomorrow.

Walking across Red Square, you may notice a few people just standing around swaying. These people get so totally into the music, they are in their own little world. It usually takes them a while to realize they're in a public place and you're talking to them.

What about while exercising? If people want a beat while jogging or biking, why don't they get a stationary bike and keep it at home near the stereo? No, that's too sensible. Instead, these people run around oblivious to the dangers of the street, and since they don't hear your car coming, you squeal your way into a ditch.

Headphones also can cause permanent hearing loss, so even if these people do build the perfect body, they won't hear any of the comments made about it.

And how many people realize these mini woofers can kill? It's true -- someone could walk up and strangle you with those wires, and you wouldn't even realize it until your tongue hit the ground.

Top 40 hipsters, rockers, boppers and rappers spend hours harkening to their favorite bands. Having music fed intravenously doesn't always mean outsiders aren't hip to what types of music are flowing through the phones. Here are a few favorites.

- U2: These listeners consider themselves so in the know on all the latest issues and problems of the world, but they usually miss the biggest issue on the globe because they walk right past it. Besides, how informed can they possibly be when they think a guy named Bono is God? Until a friend told me, I thought Sonny Bono had started a new group and everyone was pronouncing his name wrong.

- Tiffany: Through her music, she is presented as having an idealistic outlook and, thanks to her legions of fans, she knows she's not alone now. Tiff's admirers dwell in a world full of daisies, buttercups and elusive Prince Charmings. However, when the handsome heroes happen by, their lady loves will be too busy skipping to "Radio Romance" to hear the men shout their name. And it could've been so beautiful.

- Guns & Roses: Welcome to the jungle. Their hearing affected by too many garage concerts, these people blast their walkmans at twice the volume necessary. Body movements vary from extreme headbanging on a desk to slow, glazed-eye swaying when a tape hits one of the many ballads this group has recorded recently.

- Pink Floyd: These people hover around Red Square and often are characterized by the knowing smile they've acquired through adhering to the motto, "We don't need no education." Their eyes are distant and they are extremely meek in manner.

Other types of music can be put into categories.

- Rap music: This can encompass Bobby Brown, L.L. Cool, Ice T and Pebbles. Buffalo stances, bouncing heads, dancing feet, grabbing hands and occasional screams best describe these listeners. These people can often be found following the inner rhythm of their music to the Black Angus or the Blue Max every Thursday night.

- Country: Just do-si-do to Lynden and watch those hats fly forever and ever, amen.

- Classical: Let's hear it for the three B's -- Beethoven, Bach and Brahms. Hands directing an imaginary, ethereal symphony best categorize these people.

- Rock 'n' roll: This is the hardest group to describe. It is hard to make exact predictions about this group when artists such as Black Sabbath, George Michael and Tina Turner are lumped together. The offerings are so diverse that rock lovers are just now realizing what a great musician Roy Orbison was.

The scary part about all this is portable compact disc players are now infiltrating the market and, man, the sound is so much clearer and intense you just have to turn it up.
JAIL HOUSE LOCK

Bellingham Work Release Facility Examined

By Sara Britton

I

It looks like an old fraternity-house lobby, only cleaner. The front door is open, welcoming a cool breeze into the shaded living room. The wallpaper is yellowing slightly, but still intact. The wood lining the doors is stripped in spots and a gold-colored radiator sighs through its pipes. Thin stripes of color -- oranges, greens, golds, reds -- run through the short-pile carpet.

Three bookshelves line the lobby walls -- Janet Dally's "Heiress," Graham Masterson's "Condor" and stacks of National Geographic are within easy reach. One wall is covered in bulletin board graffiti: a sign-up sheet for Monday night basketball, a notice about a mandatory all-house meeting and a list of safety regulations.

Mail slots for residents are filled with letters or phone messages written on pink memo pads.

And directly underneath the boxes, below eye-level, hangs a bright green notice with white lettering that states that all persons entering the building are subject to search.

The notice, which looks like a Washington State highway sign, is the only evidence the Bellingham Work-Training Release facility is not a college hangout.

The Bellingham Work-Training Release, on the corner of Chestnut and Garden Streets, has housed about 20 inmates of the Washington State Department of Corrections since 1975. And while the rest of the state is up in arms, calling loudly for drastic work-release reform after several escapes from Seattle facilities, Bellingham's law enforcement agents and work-release officials said the Bellingham program runs smoothly.
Lt. David Duthie of the Bellingham police said one officer regularly covers the house. Requests for additional police assistance are usually limited to calls to cite residents for minor incidents in violation of the offender’s sentencing requirements.

Karen Stoos, the Bellingham Work-Release supervisor, noted the 24-hour supervision of residents and stringent monitoring of drug and alcohol use may make the house the quietest place on the whole street, which is well-known for frequent college parties.

"There are really less problems now than when it was a rooming house -- you don't see any big parties here," Stoos said. "When we first moved in, we invited neighbors to an open house to voice concerns. Since no one showed up, people must not have been that concerned," Stoos said. She added the work-release coordinators have worked hard to maintain community rapport. The facility has enlisted a screening committee to preview would-be residents, that is comprised of local law enforcement agents and citizens.

Leonard Morris, a 24-year-old convicted of armed robbery who served three years in prison, said the Bellingham Work-Training Release has the reputation among inmates for being quieter than Seattle and Tacoma work-releases.

"I knew the places in Seattle and Tacoma would be a lot like Los Angeles," said Morris, who grew up in California. Other prisoners told him he wouldn't like Bellingham because it was so quiet.

Offenders accepted into the program may complete up to six months of their remaining prison sentence at the work release. Residents work in the Bellingham area, continue rehabilitative programs begun in prison and save money so they can support themselves after their release.

Both the screening committee and work-release officials frown on out-of-area applicants without family ties or resources for help in Bellingham or surrounding counties, Stoos said.

"If we feel an offender might endanger our program, we'll fight to keep him out," she said.

"If they want us to blend in society, they're not doing it right. Like when we all go in a big group to Fred Meyer, they say real loud, 'Stay together.' How am I going to know about blending in society when I go by myself and there's no one standing there telling me what to do?"

-- Morris

Larry Fisher, who has lived at the house since March, said one offender with a bad attitude can make life difficult for all house residents.

"One week we had four to five guys with bad U.A.'s (urinalysis tests revealed drug use) and the staff was nitpicking about regulations all week," Fisher said, taking out a pack of Camels.

Careful screening may be one reason few inmates "escape" from the facility. Because residents are not escorted by officers to their jobs or job interviews, an escape may occur when residents simply leave the facility and don't come back.

"We've had very few walkaways from Bellingham; we haven't had one for close to a
year," Stoos said. "We're a small program and we work very close with our people -- we're less likely to have people's problems get to the point where they're going to escape.''

Work-release residents are closely monitored for alcohol and drug abuse -- they are subjected to one urinalysis per week and two to three breathalizer tests per month. Offenders with a history of substance abuse will be tested more frequently, Stoos said.

Residents work to pay the $320 charge for room, board and treatment at the facility. Counselors will help inmates write resumes, but they must find their own jobs.

Both Morris and Fisher work swing shift as manual laborers for Mount Baker Plywood. Morris said he earns about $800 per month.

Stoos said the vocational and counseling programs try to bridge the gap between incarceration, when everything is done for the prisoner, and independence, when the prisoner must set his own goals.

"It's hard -- they're coming back to wives and families that were essentially abandoned ... They have to set practical goals -- take control of their life instead of having things happen to them."

Fisher said some of the counseling programs, especially one-on-one sessions with personal counselors and Monday night group discussions, were beneficial.

"It's a good time for a guy to get his head straightened out. There's a lot of stress getting out -- finding a place to live, keeping a job."

Fisher said careful drug monitoring is effective, especially for violent offenders -- such as those convicted of robbery, rape and assault -- because they can be sent back to prison after only one violation.

"By the time a guy gets to this point, he doesn't want to risk going back," Fisher said. However, he and Morris noted non-violent offenders have greater leeway under the current rules and could commit several in fractions before being sent back to prison.

"It's not equal. Guys with (non-violent) offenses think, 'They can't do nothin' to me.'" Fisher said.

Morris added, "People are going to get high anyway, all the same ... Maybe he's down 'cause his old lady left him or his job's not going right. He'll smoke a joint ... As long as he's not hurting anyone, so what?"

Both Morris and Fisher said unequal treatment and strict regulations do not always help prepare them to live independently. Fisher said the strict regulations sometimes undermine his progress toward becoming an independent citizen. For example, he said the practice of allowing a resident to pocket only $20 spending money of his paycheck per week particularly was frustrating.

"You only get $20 every week -- you can't live on that and pay for everything -- razors, shampoo, cigarettes -- you need," Fisher said. The rationale behind the rule is an offender without money is less likely to get into trouble. Fisher said he thinks this is untrue.

"If a guy's going to do something, he's going to do it whether he has $20 or $200."

Morris agreed many programs do not give offenders an incentive to make it.

"You're automatically in debt when you get here," he said. Morris said he thinks the system is exploiting the 17 residents who pay $310 a month for rent, food and treatment. Offenders who remain in prison do not have to pay for housing or treatment, he noted.

The constant monitoring by counselors and officials also is especially wearing, they said. Routine errands, runs to the bank or to the store, become hassles because residents must get special passes to go anywhere other than work.

"Sometimes it'd only take two minutes to stop by on the way home from work," Fisher lamented.

Morris said, "If they want us to blend into society, they're not doing it right. Like when we all go in a big group to Fred Meyer, they say real loud, 'Stay together.' How am I going to know about blending into society when I go by myself and there's no one standing there telling me what to do?"

Stoos said when offenders do manage to cope with the added responsibilities, people don't often hear about it.

"People only hear about work-release failures ... You never hear about the successes."

-- Stoos

"People only hear about work-release failures ... You never hear about the successes."

-- Stoos

"People only hear about work-release failures ... You never hear about the successes."

-- Stoos

"People only hear about work-release failures ... You never hear about the successes."

-- Stoos

"People only hear about work-release failures ... You never hear about the successes."

-- Stoos
The house.

murdered a Seattle woman. "He'd have been out in two months anyway. You never hear about the successes."

It may be difficult to systematically determine which offenders are dangerous, Morris said.

"My crime is violent," he said. "But I'm not violent. Just because your crime is non-violent doesn't mean you're non-violent."

Morris, who was convicted of armed robbery, said he had been in and out of detention facilities since he was 15 years old.

"That's almost ten years ... Some people learn on the first time and some don't ... But we ain't all Kanes and Campbells. We're everyday people who've made mistakes."

Stoos said, "There's something to be said for lock-away, but they're all getting out sometime ... I certainly think it gives them a better chance than booting them straight from prison." She added the community does not want to support ex-offenders who are unprepared to lead productive lives. Many of the work-release residents remain in Bellingham or surrounding counties after their release.

Fisher and Morris agreed work release programs were better than the alternative of being released directly from prison.

"Getting out of prison, they give you $40 gate money ... $40 and you walk out the door. You're down there with $40 and nowhere to go. You walk out of here comfortable," Fisher said.

Morris said he will have saved about $2,000 from his paychecks by the time he is released, enough to give him a good start in the community.

"Of course, I have pretty expensive tastes when it comes to dress clothes," he said with a laugh.

On a more serious note, Morris added work-release programs do work.

"This is the first time I've wanted to go out -- the best I've ever felt about myself."
T
he unassuming office, the size of a large closet, seems an unlikely place for the birth of Bellingham's newest literary larva known as the Fishwrapper.

On one layout board, national political cartoons carried by respected news wires are mixed with cartoons by local artists. A commentary slipped in next to a film review, bordered by sparse advertising, is on another.

No articles about city council's zoning decisions, high school students getting scholarships or old ladies and their cats in this paper. The focus is a higher value. The important issue to the Fishwrapper staff isn't that news happens, but the analysis of what it means.

The married creative team of Jim Reiter and Susan James modeled the bi-weekly after three papers in the San Francisco Bay area. The hybrid they formulated is primarily political cartoons, social commentary and local entertainment.

Reiter classifies their paper as a comic book for adults who pay attention to the news and an informative supplement for those who don't.

"Political cartoons are effective at delivering their messages," Reiter said, "because the message is received before the defenses go up."

James said, "Cartoons grab you, they make you smile, and they make you think, and then they stick with you. Basically, we take the editorial section from the back of the paper and move it to the front page."

James hasn't always wanted to cure the ills of the world through the quill. She originally graduated with a degree in physical therapy. But after working as a physical therapist for six years she became burned out from dealing with injured people on a daily basis. It was from them, people who could no longer enjoy their lives, she learned a new appreciation for her own life. She left physical therapy and went back to college for a degree in journalism.

After graduation, James worked as a reporter for two newspapers in California. In April last year, she and Reiter came to Bellingham. They had no intention of starting a paper when they arrived, but soon realized the large population of students and the politically and environmentally active citizens, combined with the cultural influences of Vancouver and Seattle made Bellingham a perfect niche for a paper such as the Fishwrapper.

Earlier names for the paper were split between the Fairhaven Funnies and the Coastal Comics and Commentary, until one day Reiter made the comment, "What do you call a free paper? What do you call a fishwrapper like that?"

"A fishwrapper," James replied.

They knew they had found the name.

Once the name was chosen, they started the brutal job of selling advertising to skeptical businesses who didn't know them and weren't sure of their intentions.

"It was really hard to get advertising for the first issue be-
cause we didn't have anything to show them," Reiter said, "I had a hard time explaining it to people ... some businesses said, 'Well, we don't get too many fishermen in here.'"

James said many small papers in Bellingham have come and gone. And if a paper goes under, businesses contracting advertising with it probably won't recover their money.

At first glance, the Fishwrapper gives the impression of a left-wing publication. But, James and Reiter are sticking to the middle of the political spectrum so they don't scare off potential advertisers.

Regardless, some business people perceive the Fishwrapper as too strange, which is another factor holding back advertising dollars. To counter this attitude, the fledgling paper hopes to score an account with a large, well-respected company so other businesses will be more confident about investing their limited advertising money.

Because of the Fishwrapper's limited budget, James and Reiter are the only full-time paid staff. But they have little trouble attracting free cartoons and copy from 13 local contributors.

George Jartos, whose cartoons have been in Hustler and National Lampoon, said he doesn't mind contributing for free.

"I just liked the idea behind a community paper like this," he said.

Another contributor, Randy Allred, who owns a small movie production company, said writing movie reviews gave him a chance to get published, and an opportunity to try his hand at writing critically.

"The other reason is I like seeing movies for free," he said.

For now, the Fishwrapper is scraping by. The couple is cutting costs by living on a boat; Reiter supplements their income doing yacht carpentry, plumbing and wiring.

But the couple isn't frightened by the statistic that 75 percent of all businesses fail in the first five years.

"We've heard that, mostly from our parents. But you have to look at all the people, all the businessmen who are successful and are out there making money," James said.

"One businessman told me that you're better off being naive," Reiter said, "if you listen to all the lawyers and all the businessmen, you probably won't attempt it."

Eventually, James wants to expand the bi-weekly, eight- to 12-page paper into a 40-page regional paper published weekly. She expects a permanent staff of 8 to 10 people.

Even though money is tight, the integrity of the paper still comes first.

James refused the proposition of one advertiser who said he would only buy advertising if he could also write a column. James said she was tempted, but the column had nothing to do with the focus of the paper so she refused.

"We have our pride," she said, "even if we are a fishwrapper."
Sophomore Matt Nelson scans the landscape near Anacortes from a vantage point reached by rock climbing.

ON THE ROCKS WITH A TWIST
Straight Up Rockclimbing Getting Foothold On Popularity
By Jeff Galbraith

On two fingers and a toe, a man balances and supports his entire weight. Suspended several stories above the hard earth by only the strength of his body and the confidence of his mind, he gazes upward, searching for an irregularity in the huge granite wall above.

His victory or failure is not put to the scrutiny of a judge's opinion or official decision. No score is tallied for a quick assessment of his performance. No prizes are to be collected later, no medals awarded and no trophies picked up at the culmination.

He is the measure of himself.

The modern sport of rock climbing has evolved in recent years from a largely male domi-
nated alpinists activity to an increasingly popular sport with a growing number of women and men from all athletic and non-athletic backgrounds taking to the rock. Its popularity at the collegiate level is also on the rise, with students scaling campus rocks, buildings and artificial climbing walls across the country.

The sport has extended itself from the alpine pursuits of British aristocracy at the early part of the century to the present scenes of neon-clad gymnastic climbers pulling themselves up artificial walls to the sounds of loud music and cheers of support.

The English gentlemen, who found high adventure in climbing the various routes of the European Alps, hired local herders as guides. Soon, these guides found leading rich Brits up their mountains more lucrative than herding livestock. Thus, they became the first professional alpine guides.

The English, in turn, discovered it was possible to practice climbing rock on the many cliffs and crags of their home country. While practicing between expeditions, many became more proficient climbers than their hired guides. Eventually, the British climbers exported their skills with rock and rope to America.

After being transported across the Atlantic, rock climbing settled into small niches, with little growth until the 60s, when the development of the kernmantle rope and the rock shoe transformed rock climbing into a sport with greater safety, extended limits and more participation.

The growth in the 60s continued through the 70s, with American climbers becoming increasingly adept at climbing routes once thought impossible. In the latter portion of the 70s, American climbers traveled to Europe and reintroduced the sport to its birthplace.

European climbers, stunned by the Yankee ability on the Euros home turf, scrambled to catch up with the Americans. Catching up and surpassing was not a lengthy process, for European climbers today are generally recognized as the world’s top climbers.

The lure of pure competition with oneself has attracted many to the sport in the 80s. “While you’re climbing, it’s just you and the rock. Besides some minimal equipment, it’s just you using your body to its maximum potential,” Western sophomore and climber Matt Nelson said. “There’s a certain kind of sensation you get when you’re clinging to a few centimeters of rock while 100 feet above the ground that you can’t get from anything else.”

The 19-year-old Anchorage, Alaska, native has been climbing for a year. He was introduced to it at home by a friend. A snowboarder, mountain biker and sailor, rock climbing just seemed like a natural progression, he said.

Last year, Nelson made the acquaintance of sophomore Andrew Neinstedt, a Spokane area native with a similar climbing background as Nelson. The two have become good friends and regular climbing partners.

Nelson, Neinstedt and oth-
ers who accompany them on their climbs utilize all possible safety equipment.

While many associate the sport of rock climbing with photos of post-hippie crazies with only their insanity and skill saving them from a fatal fall, most climbers do not subscribe to this philosophy of the sport.

"The risks aren't worth it. If you fall on a solo, you'll never be able to enjoy the sport again," Nelson said.

Nelnstedt agreed. "People have this image that we're all a bunch of lunatics with this fanatical death wish. It gives the sport a bad image. There's no lack of honor in being safe."

In addition to using protective equipment, Nelson and Nelnstedt are members of a modern camp of "clean" climbers who oppose the practice of drilling in bolts, gouging out holds or changing the structure of the rock in any way.

"Once you've drilled in or chipped out a hold, you've altered the rock permanently. You're no longer climbing the rock as it is; it has been changed to suit your ability. The whole idea of advancing is to increase your ability, not to decrease the difficulty," Nelnstedt said. "Besides, there are thousands of climbers in this country. If we all were to start drilling and pounding into rock, some of our greatest natural monuments would be marred permanently."

In addition to the split between those who drill and those who don't, another ethical rift has arisen in recent years between sport climbers and traditional climbers. Sport climbers, who subscribe to the "hang ethic," will rappel down a route and set their protection before actually climbing it. Traditional climbers, who believe in the "ground-up" ethic, oppose this form. They believe that a climb is not actually performed unless protection is set on the ascent.

This division has grown to the point of serious confrontation in certain areas of the country.

Kurt Gray of Lipke, a Bellingham alpine supply store, said, "There are places in Yosemite (a world-class climbing area in California) where if a sport climber were to rappel down a route and drill in bolts, the traditional locals would beat the hell out of him when he reached the ground. But there are places like Smith Rocks (a world-class area near Bend, Ore.) where traditional climbers get laughed at because it is impossible to climb ground-up there."

The separation of the two ethical camps may have regressed to the combative level in some areas, but plenty of recreational climbers practice both forms, Gray said.

Although the cause of disagreement is how the protection is set, the act of climbing depends more on the route itself than the personal ethics of the climber. Just as the kinds of rocks, formations and routes vary, so the styles of climbing adapt.

"Crack" climbing refers to the use of cracks within the rocks for main routes. In crack climbing, climbers wedge their feet into the crack while performing "hand jams," or wedging the hand or fist into the crack. This same series of maneuvers, or "problems," is repeated until the route is completed.

"Face" climbing involves scaling the faces of walls with thin edges and small irregularities. The smearing style of friction climbing often is used by simply clinging to any hold possible with the hands and pushing off with the bottoms of the soles.

Rock climbing, when elevated to its traditional high alpine homeland, is referred to as "big wall" climbing.

"Bouldering" is one of the more recent, popular and accessible styles of climbing. Bouldering takes place on smaller rocks that lie close to the ground. The emphasis is on practicing difficult moves in situations which invoke less fear in the climber. Often, when the route is a very short vertical one, a traversing route is established.

Although lead climbing is
the accepted form that the sport is based on, climbers can find and complete a 5.12 route on a 10-foot boulder just as they would climb a 5.12 route up a 100-foot face and still have climbed at the same degree of difficulty. Nelson said, "It's not how high the route is, it's the difficulty that counts."

A variation of bouldering that has come into the limelight of rock climbing is "bulldering." Climbing manmade structures, cracks in buildings, gaps between bricks, sandstone mortar block and square building panels provide challenges for climbers.

Artificial climbing walls are another advancement in the sport. Built of metal fiber composites, these walls allow climbers to practice specific problems that they design. Another advantage of the artificial walls is that many are built indoors, giving climbers the chance to practice regardless of weather.

Unlike the University of Washington and Seattle's Vertical Club (a sort of health club geared toward rock climbing), no artificial walls currently exist on Western's campus.

The technological advancements and the development of new climbing techniques has opened the door of the sport to many aspiring climbers. Women, once an odd sight climbing big overhangs and long cracks, are commonplace and skilled. At a recent World Cup climbing contest, the only climber to reach the top of the artificial route was American Lynn Hill, the top female climber in the world.

Within the competitive side of the sport, a World Cup circuit has been established, with men's, women's and novice divisions open to regionally and nationally qualified competitors. The object of the competition is quite simple -- he or she who goes the highest wins.

As with other sports that sanction contests, the competitors often fund themselves, their travel and their equipment with professional sponsorships.

While the potential rock climber may have no interest in advancing to the point of world-class competition, the basic equipment needs are the same. The cost to enter the sport with lead climbing equipment is about $1,000, Gray said. "It costs about the same amount as it does to get into mountain biking, but once you have the equipment, you're pretty much set."

People interested in getting involved in the sport can take lessons through the Whatcom County Parks Department, the local chapters of The Mountaineers (an alpine club) and the American Alpine Institute.

The future of rock climbing, as a sport of the 90s, appears bright. It may become a demonstration sport in the 1992 Summer Olympic Games in Barcelona, Spain, and interest has increased on an international level. And yet, while the competition, the ethical disagreements and the general explosion of the sport of rock climbing are causing growing pains within its own ranks, the base attractions of hands gripping a solid hold, wind rushing about, sunshine beaming down and energy sending a climber powering up an imposing part of nature seem to remain intact.
The treatment plant is a 38-acre aeration lagoon. It takes oxygen-starved waste water from the pulp-making process and pumps it full of oxygen. If the waste water were simply released into the bay, it would have such a high oxygen demand that it would deplete much of the bay water of its oxygen, Darby explained.

"It's good that they have a water purifier (the aeration lagoon) to eliminate chemicals, but what do they plan to do with the chemicals that come out of the smokestack?" Craig asked.

Darby explained a "baghouse" vacuum system was installed in G-P's steam plant in 1979 and expanded in 1985. The system thoroughly filters boiler emissions before they go up the stack and collects particles from the flue gases in the steam plant.

Regardless of G-P's smell or appearance, Clark and Collins said they'll think differently about G-P now that they know more about it.

When The Moon Is In Haggard Hall

By Mary Hanson

Stars shone brightly in the darkness. Orion barely was visible, as were the better-known Big and Little Dippers. But this wasn't in the Cascade Mountains, nor was it any huge observatory on the desert.

Haggard Hall has been home to a planetarium since the building was built in 1960.

The planetarium is located on the third floor. Two rows of wooden benches encircle the big, wrought-
iron machine that creates a celestial wonderland. Known as a Spitz projector, it is a 12-sided box with pinholes to simulate star patterns. A primary light source shines through the pinholes, creating the same solar system we see in the night sky.

The projector also has adaptations that utilize lenses and colored cellophane paper to simulate the brighter stars. The Spitz projects approximately 6,000 of the brightest stars in the solar system and now has "antique value," said Leslie Spanel, the planetarium’s director.

Spanel said the equipment is in need of being upgraded. Everything is done manually on the Spitz. To move the constellations across the overhead dome, a large crank must be turned. Other lamps that create the planets and moon flicker because of faulty wiring.

Several years ago, Spanel visited several planetariums in the San Francisco area.

He found "high schools that have planetariums better than ours." The latest machines are computerized and programmable. The projectors are unobtrusive and don’t block the audience’s view. Contemporary facilities consist of seats that tip into reclining positions for better viewing.

At one point, the university had made renovating the planetarium a priority issue, Spanel said. However, the expense of implementing changes prevented the university from acting.

It would cost approximately $350,000 to $400,000 to purchase new projection equipment and about $250,000 to build a proper facility to house it.

“At one point, we had roughly 1,000 students per year taking the introductory astronomy course. We’ve really found out a lot about the solar system. If we had better equipment, we could utilize it differently.”

Spanel said the planetarium would be open to all students if the equipment was replaced. At the moment, the machine is restricted to astronomy students and special tours.

NFU

By Troy Martin and Sarah Riley

Imagine attending a school that has no admission requirements, doesn’t offer pass/fail, grades or credits, has no late registration fees, doesn’t require the JWE, has no quizzes, midterm or finals.

Among the plethora of Peace Corps, Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines, Students for Human Life, bakery goods, espresso and Guatemalan fieldhand shirts on vendors’ row, you may notice a little card table tended by a quiet little person handing out Northwest Freedom University (NFU) catalogs and registration forms.

The whole freedom university idea began as a nationwide movement during the late 60s, explained NFU coordinator Doug Lafferty.

Learning for the simple sake of learning was a concept introduced by concerned educators country-wide who wanted to break the stranglehold of the existing education system. Its intent and purpose is to provide quality, inexpensive instruction.

“It was considered an anti-establishment thing at the time,” Lafferty said. “Today it’s well accepted.”

NFU at Western was established 20 years ago by contractual arrangement with Western’s Associated Students. The AS allows space in the Viking Union and Viking Addition for classes. Some courses are conducted off-campus, such as yoga and cooking.

The university is a nonprofit organization with an $18,000 annual budget. Teachers are treated as independent contractors rather than salaried employees. Anyone may teach an NFU class, but must be able to demonstrate a thorough knowledge of the subject matter. However, Lafferty said he won’t accept teachers who feel NFU will provide a full-time income source for them.

Instructor fees are never more than $9 per course. Each class also requires a $9 registration fee, and sign-up is open throughout the entire quarter in Viking Union 401.

Lafferty said nearly half NFU enrollees are Western students, the other half being the Whatcom County community at-large.

“We’re not out to compete with Western,” said Lafferty. “NFU offers classes you just can’t take anywhere else.”

Popular NFU classes include yoga, past lives exploration, desktop publishing, resume writing, pottery, couple’s massage, drawing, beginning sign language, conversational Spanish, beer-making and courses in meditation and metaphysics.

Lafferty designs course offerings in response to requests for certain classes. Courses such as aerobics and belly dancing have followings. “Classes that involve movement generally attract very well,” he said.

NFU will try any course topic as long as it’s not immoral, Lafferty said. “I try not to apply my own bias when choosing classes. We’re always very open and flexible.”

The whole idea is to experiment, said Lafferty. Some Western professors even test out courses at NFU that they’d like to implement at Western.

“The freedom university gives people a chance to explore their interests in a non-competitive environment. It’s working from a nonprofit point of view. We prefer to stick around the way we are.”
A bare apartment is a sight many Western students face at least once during their academic careers. And the task of furnishing an austere and Spartan dwelling may seem almost impossible and infeasible on a student budget.

But it is possible. With a little creativity and knowing where to look, a furnishings-seeker can find an incredible well of resources.

The first place to search is in the thrift stores on Holly Street. Salvation Army and Light House Mission have the best selections and most inexpensive furnishings available.

Together they displayed 19 sofas, including a matching loveseat and sofa combination in olive green with Mediterranean-style wood trim. Another loveseat-sofa combo was a huge, psychedelic tan-and-black swirl print of velour-type fabric.

Most sofas ranged from $55-$125, and were in good condition. They were even selling a "leather" loveseat for $95. If a bedroom is located in the living room, as in a studio apartment, or a lot of guests sleep over, there's always an investment possibility in hide-a-beds. Both stores sold them for about the same price as a couch.

If one wanted to skip the conventional furniture and decorate in a '70s hip-mode, Light House Mission offered bean bags in an array of colors and patterns.

Desks and kitchen tables, which every college student needs to study and eat pizza upon, sold for $24-$45. Some of them needed a paint job, but there's nothing a can of spray paint can't fix.

Dressers cost about the same and most needed the attention of paint, not only because they were chipped, but because their previous owners were fond of colors like sky blue, hot pink and neon orange.

Kitchen chairs, which had a few rips in the upholstery but could still do the job, averaged $4.

Another furniture cornucopia can be found in the Bellingham Herald classified ads, either in the Household Goods, Absolutely Free or Garage Sales.

Furniture and other household accessories, such as lamps and cooking utensils, always are available at garage sales at very low prices. Friday, Saturday and Sunday are the best days to look in the paper, since garage sales are usually held on the weekends.

Absolutely Free ads only run for three days each, so looking at this column frequently may pay off. Many people give away sofas, tables, beds, refrigerators, washers and dryers, most of which have to be picked-up. Ads may read, "Queen-size Waterbed, You Haul," "Free Couch, Fair Condition," "Contemporary Sofa/Loveseat Ensemble, Good Condition," and they're all free!

Household Items sells the same types of things, plus microwaves and carpets at low prices and in good condition.

If you don't want to buy everything and want to use your hands to furnish, it's easy to make tables and shelves by using concrete bricks and plywood. To make a coffee table, stack a piece of heavy wood onto a couple of concrete bricks. And for shelves, just substitute narrower wood and stack the bricks and wood at intervals until the shelves will hold all those text books.

With a little ingenuity, imagination and paint, a student's sparse apartment can be turned into a home.
The approximate price of decorating a studio apartment:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hide-a-bed</td>
<td>$70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dresser (can be hidden in a closet)</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kitchen table (doubles as desk)</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two chairs</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee table and shelves</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bean bag chair</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A can of spray paint</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: $155

The approximate price of decorating a one-bedroom apartment:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Waterbed (Free as advertised)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dresser</td>
<td>$20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Couch</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Easy chair</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kitchen table</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two chairs</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee table</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A can of spray paint</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: $175
MODEL CITIZEN
Former SI Cover Model Focuses
On Fame, Family

By Doree Armstrong

At the end of a back road off Chuckanut Drive, a spacious house sits away from the road on a hill overlooking Chuckanut Bay. Through the tall trees, the sun sets over Dot Island in hues of pink and purple. Tannla Hecht enters the living room. Her dark, brown hair falls just below her chin. She is wearing a multicolored scarf, blue sweater, black belt, white pleated skirt — and no shoes. As she wanders out onto the deck, she talks about her life as a celebrity.

Hecht was born in Colombia, South America, and moved to Miami, Fla., when she was 12. As 22-year-old Tannla Rubiano, she was Sports Illustrated's 1971 swimsuit issue cover model. She and her husband, Bellingham native Emil Hecht, built their house on Chuckanut three years ago.

The 1971 cover showed Hecht in a wet, red halter top and a matching skirt slit to show a lot of thigh. The caption read, "Paradise Regained." It surely was paradise for a senior at the University of Miami, who was "discovered" while walking on campus. She'd been modeling since the age of 14 and was a teacher at a modeling school. A man approached her and asked her if she was interested in doing some modeling.

"I thought he was just being cute and trying to pick me up," she said.

She gave him her number at the agency and then forgot all about it.

The following weekend, when Hecht went to the modeling agency to teach, she was told, "I hope that you don't have any exams next week because we have you booked for 10 days to fly into the Dominican Republic for Sports Illustrated. And I just went, 'you mean that guy was for real?'

Today, 18 years and two children later, Hecht has a private practice in speech pathology. When she first moved to Bellingham, she taught language development at Western for two years.

Besides being a mother to 13-year-old Mia and 6-year-old Avram, she models for local clothing stores and benefit shows. She also works one week each season as a representative for a New York line of "affordable" clothes, helping clients plan their wardrobes. She's on her synagogue's school board, supports Planned Parenthood and the Mount Baker Theater, and belongs to the Bellingham model's guild, an auxiliary for St. Joseph's hospital and the PTA. She also is involved in Hadassah, an American women's organization that supports an Israel hospital for Jews and Arabs.

She is a physical fitness fanatic -- skiing, crewing, rowing and yoga are a few of her interests.

For fun, the family takes marathon swims across Lake Whatcom.

Hecht said she wasn't into athletics at all before she met Emil.

"I had a fairly decent shape because I was young, but I'm sure that my body-fat content was just a lot higher than it is now."

Weight and muscle tone aside, her figure in 1971 posed no problems for SI. That photo gallery had a picture of her riding horseback in riding attire, and showed her racing on a white sandy beach with a group of young, local boys who were naked but covered with sand.

Another photo showed Hecht, her back to the camera, wearing just bathing suit bottoms, her long, wet hair plastered to her back.

"At the time, this was really shocking to have no bathing suit on the top, even though it was just my back," she said.

The only other people with her at the time were her female supervisor and male photographer.

"What happened is that my bathing suit had filled up with sand, and I had my back turned to him and was cleaning the sand out of my bathing suit, and he took that shot. It was like totally in a natural setting and I didn't feel like I was being lewd or crude or anything like that. It was just part of the scene that was happening in my day."

That scene, however, had a monumental impact on Rick Reilly, one of SI's senior writers, who was 14 years old at the time. Reilly wrote an article titled "Tannla and Me" for this year's swimsuit issue in which he tells how he "lost his innocence" when he first gazed at that photo of her bare back.

Reilly is far from being...
Hecht’s only admirer. She has a clear plastic container full of memorabilia and letters from people all over the country, including friends and professors from college. Some send her copies of the magazine for her to sign. Her husband, a doctor in Bellingham, also has received letters from fans and friends congratulating him on being married to an SI model.

“Oh, he loves it. He just thinks it’s really cute,” she said.

Hecht kept quiet about making the SI cover and actually was out of school, in Miami, where she was a psychology major, when the issue came out. She said everyone she knew was proud, “especially the boys I had dated. All of a sudden everybody showed up.”

Hecht received modeling offers from agencies in New York after the SI cover, but she and Emil already had talked about getting married. She left Miami one quarter before graduation and moved with Emil to California, where she changed her major to speech pathology and finished her bachelor’s degree at the University of the Pacific in Stockton. She then received her master’s from San Francisco State.

On the decision between modeling or marriage and college, Hecht said, “I thought, This is what I really want in my life. I want someone that I really love and who loves me. And I want to further my education.’

“I didn’t want to throw something that was very valuable to me away to just go have fun for a year or two in New York. A modeling career is very short. There’s hundreds of thousands of models trying to make a living out of it, so I didn’t want to go out there and be eaten alive by the wolves when I already had a very beautiful relationship.”

Hecht admits she has had mild regrets since then.

“Sometimes when I was doing diapers, up in the middle of the night, thinking, ‘Oh my gosh, did I miss my big opportunity in life?’

“That’s just fleeting moments. For the most part, I am just so happy I made that decision because what I have is invaluable. I have happiness. I have everything I need. And I really like who I am today. So I’m glad I made the decision to just be myself and be a housewife, among other things.”

"At first I was going, ‘Who me?’ I had no idea this was going to be such a big deal."

-- Hecht

In this year’s anniversary issue, 1974 cover model Ann SImonton said the swimsuit issue encourages violence and hatred toward women. She tours the country speaking out against the issue.

“I admire this woman because she has made a stand in her life,” Hecht said. “I just don’t agree with her opinion that Sports Illustrated is pornographic. It might be sensual. When I see it, I see beautiful bodies and I love beautiful bodies. I think looking at a beautiful body is an aesthetic experience.”

However, she said sometimes the poses in magazines are objectionable. She said she objected to some of the women posing on their hands and knees in a way that was more “sexy,” than natural.

Until this year’s issue, some of Hecht’s friends did not know she posed for SI.

“I just didn’t bring it up because I didn’t want people knowing me for that. I wanted people to like me for who I was, not because I was some model on a cover of a magazine.”

Hecht said she gets a kick out of the attention she receives from being a former SI cover model.

“It’s fun. I have to admit I love it. But at the same time, I have to take it with a grain of salt. You know, this too shall pass! They’re not going to ask me to do this again in another 20 years, so I might as well enjoy it. This is my last hurrah for fame!”

Since the anniversary issue, Hecht has done radio and newspaper interviews, and has appeared on “Almost Live.” She said a lot of people in Bellingham now recognize her. People she doesn’t know smile at her in the grocery store and call her by name.

“At first I was going, ‘Who, me?’ I had no idea that this was going to be such a big deal.

“Everybody has 15 minutes in life that you’re famous for, right? But a celebrity just gets their 15 minutes extended a little longer. That’s the way I have to look at it. It’s just fun. I’m just rolling with the punches.”

She has received offers recently to model in New York, but again decided her family life was more important. She was afraid she might get herself in a situation where she would be flying to New York every few weeks for a shooting.

“Who’d drive my kids around, who’d cook dinner and who’d do all those things?” she said.
Twilight Falls On An American Institution

By Sara Olason

The long line of cars at the Moonlite Drive-in's ticket booth finally is dwindling as the June dusk deepens. In the parking lot, teenagers are unfolding themselves from crammed cars. In cut-off, rolled-up Levis, sweatshirts and Keds, they stake out plots between white speaker posts, pull coolers and blankets from their cars. Younger kids clamber on the monkey bars and swings, or toddle in their pajama sleepers, ready to fall asleep during the show. A few close-cropped guys in red and white Bellingham High School lettermen's jackets toss a Frisbee. Couples stand around the snack bar, drinking chocolate Hot Toddlies from cans. Smells drift: greasy burgers, popcorn, exhaust fumes and, faintly, sweet spring air.

That was in the 60s, when "Cool Hand Luke" and the Beatles' "Hard Day's Night" played to crowds of teenagers, as 1965 Bellingham High graduate Vic Olsen remembered.

"The Moonlite was where everybody went on Friday nights," Olsen recalled. "You saw the same people all day long at school, then you went to Bunk's [drive-in restaurant], and the Moonlite to meet people."

On a spring night, you can still find the popcorn smell, the lawn chairs and blankets, the honking and yelling, the screens glowing white, as the stars rise over the last surviving drive-in movie theater around Bellingham, the Samish Twin. But when the lot lights blink off and previews start playing on the two screens, increasingly fewer cars dot the parking lot inside the drive-in's high metal fence. And there's a blue and white For Sale sign below the Samish Twin's half-lit neon letters.

Drive-in movie theaters are "headed for extinction," said film projectionist John Stanovich. A business agent for the projectionists' union, Stanovich has run movies at the Samish Twin since it opened in 1972, and at several other Bellingham theaters. He remembered going to Bellingham's first drive-in, the Motor-Vu, which opened in 1948, by what is now Bellingham In-
ternational Airport.

"There were so many cars, they had to have fieldmen park them -- it was like having ushers," Stanovich said. The Motor-Vu's owners closed the drive-in after they inaugurated the larger Moonlite Drive-in, in 1953, on Guide Meridian Road.

Sterling Recreational Organization (SRO) bought the Moonlite in 1972, and though it had opened with the glories of a fireworks show, the Moonlite closed with a rumble of bulldozers in the late 70s, to make way for Meridian Village shopping center.

SRO also built the Samish Drive-In in 1972, on Byron Street. SRO "twinned" the Samish several years later, by dividing the parking lot in half and adding a second screen facing the first.

Mike Lancaster, at SRO's Bellevue office, said the Samish Twin has been for sale for some time, but SRO has no plans to redevelop the property themselves. Though SRO owns five drive-in theaters in Washington, Lancaster agreed they are "more of a dying breed."

"Land values escalate to the point where the highest and best use of a piece of property is not a drive-in theater," Lancaster said. In our rainy climate, drive-ins are now open only six months out of the year: for weekend shows only in the spring, full week operation during school summer vacations, and weekends only again after Labor Day. Weather dictates when they shut down for the winter. A half-year of operation just doesn't bring in much money for all the square feet of property beneath the theater's gravelly parking lots.

But it's not just the weather that's made drive-ins less popular than they were when Elvis was making movies. When Olsen was cruising the Moonlite, the theater offered rain guards like makeshift awnings, attached to the car with suction cups, so people could watch movies year-round.

Today, a multitude of indoor theaters offer better sound and pictures than drive-ins. Despite some technical innovations, drive-in movie-goers are "still dealing with one little four-inch speaker," Lancaster noted.

Late afternoon sunlight slants into the Samish Twin projection booth, on the top floor of the goldenrod-painted building that also houses KBFW radio, in the Twin's parking lot. The show won't start until almost 9 p.m., but Stanovich is teaching Samish Twin manager Steve Mandel how to repair broken film.

While he's wrapping film onto one of the projector's 3-foot wide silver film reels, Mandel said fewer people come to the Samish Twin now than when he started selling popcorn there, in 1983.

"Some totally party; they come in here and they're really loud."

--Semer
A Notable Profession
Novelty Telegram Service Balloons

By Jennifer Wynn

Former Western student Brad Darley stared, pleased at his reflection.

His frayed, coffee-with-cream-colored suit had never looked better. Oily stains were a stunningly disgusting compliment to the ripped, outer pockets of the suit. The trousers drooped in the butt, as old men's often do, and the pant legs were stuffed carelessly into shiny brown, knee-high, unlaced galoshes. His plastic face wrinkled into more lines than a road map, and was framed by straight, gray hair. A blue and white mesh baseball cap, screaming Alpine Logging, was a lonely splash of color. His tongue licked at unseen drool at the corners of his cracked mouth. He could've been Freddy Krueger's distant relative.

But he wasn't.

He was Old Man Charlie, dressed to kill -- and also dressed for work.

So off he zoomed in his sparkling, canary-yellow van to croon a Happy 21st Birthday to some Western student marked as his next victim.

A master of embarrassment, Darley is owner and manager of Bellingham's Northern Notes, a novelty telegram service for which Western students supply much of its business. And if Darley...
and his 14-member crew can’t turn customer’s cheeks a rosy shade or two, they may have the personality of a pumice stone -- gray, grating and square.  

“It’s the idea of taking 10 to 15 songs: you know, everybody’s clapping, smiling, having a great time and we end on a happy note,” Darley said. “We do not rely on whether the people are hammered and drunk.”

Balloon bouquets, balloon sculptures, balloon releases, singing telegrams, Old Man Charlie, Bag Lady, children’s parties, lip sync shows, mobile music shows, Carmen Veranda (pun intended), Marilyn Monroe, gorilla-gram, bunny-gram, belly-gram, Santa-gram, clown-o-gram, strip-o-gram, probably even graham cracker if duty called. Fun is this Bellingham-hock’s breadwinner.  

The 5’ 11” Darley is the typical Mr. Casual with sandy-blonde, shoulder-length hair and lightly bearded face. His white, Union Bay sweater, baggy jeans and high-top Reeboks suit him well. He’s not in his clothes half the time anyway. He’s in costume.  

To a spirited Darley, home is his business and his business is his home, located at 3025 Meridian. But sitting around the house -- vegging in front of glossies that immortalize his business and his former Las Vegas show life, Macintosh computer, ceramic duck candy machine filled with blue, black, white and pink jelly beans, a cheek-full costume room -- did not earn him the niche he has now in Bellingham’s close-knit, family-style society. The quest for Bellingham’s novelty telegram kingship came with serf-style tolling.

“I’m the type of person who is going all day, and when I come home to watch TV, I take the remote and flick, flick. In about a half-hour I’ve watched probably 34 channels,” he said of his workaholic personality.  

Darley, a Blaine High School graduate, attended Western in the early 70s, but quit after his junior year.  

“I studied music. Psychology. Behavioral science,” he paused, “Prehistoric art. I finally decided a B.A. in business was something I could use. But in three years, I had tried everything and the lights were saying, ‘Braaaaad.”’

So like the Bag Lady, he wandered -- away from Western. In 1974, after a short stint in Eastern Washington, Darley moved to Las Vegas, where he worked on singing telegrams. After eight years in the fast lane Darley was lured from the blur of radiance by a job at Sun Mountain Lodge in Winthrop.

“I wasn’t what I thought it would be. They promised me a new planet Earth. I realized after I got there I had to create my own planet Earth,” he said retrospectively. He didn’t take the job.

He fully expected to return to the city of neon. He stayed in the city of barnyards. Hometown, Blaine.

“When I first came here I looked around and decided these people needed some fun in their lives ... I first got the idea because I did the singing telegrams in Seattle and Las Vegas. At first.

I don’t think (the community) was ready for it,” he said. “I think they thought I was some little fly-by-night businessman. I came into an area where nobody had done this before and the thought was, if it hasn’t been done before, it shouldn’t now.

“...And the more people told me it wouldn’t work, the more I wanted to try,” he said. “I went to every parade, every fair, everywhere. I went down to city hall and got a permit to pass out flyers on street corners,” he said. “My phone was NOT ringing off the hook. But people finally started to call.

“Customers began to think, let’s not get dad a bow-tie this year. Let’s get dad,” he opened his blue eyes wide, “... A DANCER.”

Finally, up, up and away he went with his beautiful balloons and a few telegrams that made his fledging, basement business in Blaine begin to fly. Finally -- even after a small Lynden group futilely tried to get “strip” out of the phone book.

“I did lip sync for one priest ... It had this heaven and hell theme ... he loved it.”

Three years ago, Darley packed his growing business and moved it to its current site near Bellis Fair to take advantage of increasing traffic, and consequently, increasing exposure.

Whether it’s getting pops a dancer, Joe Banker a gorilla-gram or Jane College a stripper, what Darley has sewn together seems to fit Bellingham well.
Business is ballooning. Darley receives 30-40 phone calls and goes out on eight to ten jobs daily.

"We must be doing something right," he said, gazing upward, hands in mock prayer. To keep the business on its current path, Darley changes acts every six months. He splices songs, choreographs and scours thrift stores for new costumes.

"Familiarity breeds contempt," he quoted. "I mean, someone goes into work the next day and says, 'Hey, I saw Northern Notes last night.' 'Oh yeah? was it that Old Man thing and he sang this, and this?' Yeah, yeah! 'Oh, oh ... yeah, I saw that one. Big deal.'"

Darley's clients range from seven-month-old babies, to a 104-year-old gentleman for whom he has sung Happy Birthday to for four years.

"We can (even) go to the credit union. For instance, the stripper doesn't undress all the way," he said. "She doesn't infringe on anybody's sexual rights. We even do stuff for priests ... I did lip sync for one priest ... It had this heaven and hell theme ... he loved it.

"There are times when people will say, 'hey go for it,' you know, swear ... whatever," he said laughingly.

"You have to know when to say 'shit' and when to say 'shucks.'"

Darley makes three to four calls monthly on campus for administrators, faculty, staff and students alike. One time he scrambled after a tragically embarrassed secretary in Old Main to make her ear drums beat to a Happy Birthday song.

"She had that green, yet ripening tomato look," he mused. 

"I (and a stripper) delivered one telegram to Nash Hall and by the time we got to the room I thought, 'How many people can fit into this room?' It was like how many college students can you fit into a telephone booth, that sort of thing," he said, shaking his head. "There were people pressed up against the ceiling, having to bend over, and they were clapping, and shouting, 'Whoooooo.'"

While it's easy enough to be a telegrammee, a telegrammer has to be completely uninhibited, he said. No shrinking violets for Darley.

"I never place ads," Darley explained. "I don't need to have them fill out an application that asks, 'Eyes?' 'two,' 'Name?' 'yes.' I usually give them a kazoo and tell them to go watch themselves in the mirror and see what they can do, and come back with an act. Usually, I never see the kazoo again."

He gets 20 to 30 calls a year inquiring for hiring possibilities, and usually employs only one or two, he said. Singers make $15 per performance, while dancers make a quick $30. It doesn't include payment for choreography time. Telegram fees range from $35 for a singing telegram, to $65 for the Bag Lady, to an easy $150 for a French maid to clean house or cook dinner.

For Darley, being owner and manager of a budding business he loves is being in a spotlight of his own control.

"At least six other similar businesses have come and gone. I'm the only one that's here, and that makes me very proud. I never have to think, God, I have to be happy today. Even when I'm sick and I have to do a call. Sometimes I have to take a breath, shake my head, and force myself to go in. But then I hear a whisper, 'oh, it's him,' 'here, he comes, shhh,' and I put on that face. And I don't feel a thing," he whispered. "I feel like a dog, but I make it work," he observed, shaking his head slowly.

"Oh God, I love it. I make people happy. It's like a feeling when you give someone a gift for Christmas or something. Except I do it every day."