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Michelle Partridge

Western Washington University

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A Message from the Fragrance Lake Trail
to a Mountain Biker

- Siri Throm

Stop your bike
And listen here,
Your knobbie tires
I truly fear

Remove from your seat
Those lycra shorts
There's just a few words
I must report.

Your Specialized
And Cannondale
Have made my roots
Soft and trail.

My hills are steep
And can be hard
But descending here
Should be barred.

I can't live long
If you careen
Down my surface
So hard and mean.

The muddy areas
Please try to avoid
Because my skin
Is being destroyed.

Although cleated shoes
Can be a pain
Upon the surface
Of my terrain.

I urge you pass gently,
Your bike dismount
I have several more years
I'd like to count.

People come here
To enjoy my shade
But you're making those hikers
Weary and afraid.

So just take your time
And look around
At the beautiful environment
Waiting to be found.

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(Left) Poem by Siri Throm

On the Cover: Local DJ Rich Ellis has moved on to Seattle's KMGI-FM.

Photo by Pete Kendall

On the Back Cover: Though unconfirmed, Galen Biery believes the man on the porch is Dirty Dan Harris.

Photo courtesy of Galen Biery

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Dawn Robinson French/Klipsun
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Blowing the Art World Away

by Rob Martin

Bill Sargent had a dream. And today, after 16 years of sacrifice and hardship, Sargent has seen part of his dream become reality.

His dream of opening his own glass-blowing studio was not an easy one to accomplish, and making a living at it has proven even more challenging.

Making the move from Denver to Bellingham and setting up shop required years of gathering equipment and spending his entire life's savings.

"All tolled, it took about $40,000 ... with the move and all the equipment and materials," Sargent said.

While in Denver, Sargent started blowing glass, but had to use other friends' shops or rent studios to create his art.

Sargent said blowing glass while desperately trying to save money for the move slowed him down.

"I don't think I could have given it up even if I wanted to. It's an addiction.

"Making art is a genetic designation as much as it is a choice. I don't feel like I have a real choice about what I'm doing," he chuckled.

Sargent said he hadn't always aspired to be a great glass-blower, or even a glass-blower at all.

"It was pretty innocent. One day I decided to make a metal mold and blow glass into it ... that's how I got started."

He pulled a glass face sculpture from the shelf, holding it gently in one hand and wiping off the thin layer of dust with the other. "'This was the first piece I did.

"It was then that I discovered the hypnotic pull of glass.

"I was inspired by glass because it's one of the few materials that you can actually sketch in 3-D,'" he said, adding, "'It's a very easy material to manipulate, but it's a very hard material to master and to control -- it's probably one of the hardest.'"

In Denver, Sargent had to work a number of different jobs in order to make a living and save money for his shop. He continued creating art in his spare time.

When he had the idea of owning his own glass-blowing studio, he knew one day he would make a living doing what he loved best.

Sixteen years later, his art is the sole source of income. But he still hasn't completely fulfilled his dream.

"I really love what I'm doing but there are sure easier ways to make a living," he laughed, adding, "'It's been paying the bills, but that's about it.'"

He thinks he may have to take some other type of work on the side to help out financially.

"'It's expensive. Just for utilities (gas and electric) I'm lookin' at about $800 a month. With rent on top of that, you're lookin' at a pretty big overhead.'"

Sargent said his dream of supporting himself comfortably is close and getting better all the time.

"'It's just a matter of time. I've only been hot (producing) since August (1989),'" he said.

As of August of 1989, Sargent was all moved in to his new shop and working, and in the
Sargent shapes the molten glass in the work area of Hot Stuff.

process of establishing contacts within the community.

He said it's a slow and difficult process getting your name out into the public. But Sargent has taken a number of steps to promote himself and the work he does.

"There have been a few open houses, some newspaper articles and a few art shows to help raise the level of community awareness.

"It's hard to find the time to do both -- create and promote."

But time isn't his only restraint. One of the hardest things he has had to adjust to while trying to make it in the competitive world of art is self-promotion.

Sargent said he has always felt really funny about promoting himself.

"Where I come from you just don't do that. I think (in this business) it's necessary -- If you don't do it nobody will.

"Once I get established in some galleries and get established here and can make a third to half of our income locally, then I'll be in good shape -- This is the hardest time.

"The payoff is that I love what I'm doing."

Sargent hadn't always dreamed of moving to Bellingham, but in 1987, after visiting some friends in Seattle, he started blowing glass for Freemont Antique Glass. While working there he met a man from Bellingham.

"I liked the size of the town, and things were quite reasonable as far as rent at that time. But by the time I had got it together to move, things had changed quite a bit," he laughed.

While blowing glass in Denver, Sargent was never pampered by the luxuries of a state-of-the-art studio.

"I used to work on a little pad in the back of a two-car garage."

With the move brought the luxury of a state-of-the-art shop, which is located just off State Street near Georgia Pacific.

The large white garage door opens into a space large enough to hold several small school buses. Just inside the door are shelves that display some of his blown glass, everything from multi-colored dancing figures to egg-shaped paper weights.

"The dancing figure is a reoccurring theme in my work," he said.

In the middle of the shop sits a heavy-duty steel table about the size of a queen-sized bed. Located near the far end of the table is a large white apparatus with a large sliding door on the top. Sargent said it cools the glass slowly after he has shaped the glass to his specifications.

In the rear of the studio are the two furnaces used in melting and shaping the glass. The temperatures of both furnaces are controlled by a small computer terminal mounted on the wall behind them.

"Making art is a genetic designation as much as it is a choice."

— Bill Sargent

"This is a wonderful space, but it's a little out of my league. It's really ideal ... I guess it's a trade-off in that you trade low rent and lack of responsibility for high overhead," he laughed.

Sargent is never alone in the shop. He has a partner, Nancy Curtis, who helps out. But because of her job and the time she puts into her
own art, she isn’t able to be there all of the time. When she’s not there, Bill’s two cats keep him company during the long work weeks that extend beyond 90 hours.

“That’s the dirty shop cat,” he said, pointing to the black and gray feline lying on a chair near one of the furnaces. The cat used to be black and white.

Galleries and fairs are other ways Sargent’s art is able to reach people in Bellingham and other communities. Most of his art is sold on consignment programs through a number of galleries in Bellingham and Seattle.

The Chuckanut Bay Gallery, Fairhaven Frames Gallery, and the new Garden of Art, off Alabama Street, are just a few places locally where Sargent’s work can be viewed and purchased.

“I would like to do more open houses and be more open to the public. The problem is when I’m here alone and blowing glass I can’t really concentrate and take care of people at the same time.”

Sargent isn’t interested in the fame that some artists have encountered, he just wants to get a fair price for his product. He admitted, however, that it would be nice to be a little more comfortable financially.

“That would be just being able to stay on top of the bills and being able to progress and continue doing what’s inside (art).”

He sat on the corner of the steel table. “My long-range goals would be to make the product and be able to sell it, have an outlet where it could be sold, and set up a gallery in the studio itself,” he said.
You Can Run But You Can't Hide

Local police officers take a bite out of criminals

by Darlene Obsharsky

Bellingham Police officer Warren Ochs is proud of the police canine unit he supervises. He is so proud that he will go beyond discussing what this special unit can do, he will dramatically demonstrate it.

Officer Ochs begins the demonstration with a mock scene in which officer Beth Gaede volunteers to play a criminal rummaging through a car. Police dogs and their handlers practice apprehending this "criminal." Officer Gaede tries to escape, but each attempt to elude capture is cut short when the canine dog reacts by firmly biting the padded arm guard Officer Gaede wears.

In additional exercises, officer Gaede volunteers to act as quarry for the dogs. Being quarry includes being tracked, found and restrained by the police dog.

Officer Ochs believes doing is better than watching, at least for those who want to know about his canine unit. The next set of exercises includes a novice as quarry. The perspective changes from being the observer to being the hunted.

Several hundred yards away a police dog, Thunder, paces in a parking lot. Working patterns across the lot, he holds his head several inches from the ground, sorting out scents carried by the wind. Already, he has cut through a large field of overgrown weeds and hidden ruts following the drifting scent.

Suddenly he whips his head toward one direction. His stance quickly changes. His head raises higher. In an instant he is in a flat-out run. He knows where the quarry is.

At full speed he cuts through a small stream, storms up the hill and simply leaps over a medium-size bush to trap his victim, all within a matter of seconds. In mid-air his eyes lock in on the prey. Eye contact is made and maintained. Thunder offers no hint of blinking first. The eyes reflect confidence. His dark markings easily induce fear. His 115-pound muscular frame further increases the odds that his quarry will be afraid of him. To ensure dominance and capture of his quarry, Thunder locks his teeth into the padded arm guard and nearly pulls his victim to the ground.

At a single-word command Thunder releases the quarry and heels beside his handler, officer Mike Mozelewski. Thunder doesn't relax as he leans on his haunches, not fully sitting down, and sits next to his handler's left leg. Thunder is ready for action the instant his handler orders it. He waits.

Thunder is one of three tracking dogs used by the Bellingham Police Department. The other police dogs include Tigger, whose handler is officer Robert Vander Yacht, and Zeke, who is handled by officer David Doll. The department also has one other dog, Ruggers, who is handled by officer Allan Jensen, and is used only for drug and narcotic searches.

The canine unit of the Bellingham Police Department was formed in 1968. It
was the first police department in Washington state to have a canine unit, said Ochs, canine unit supervisor.

Police dogs are full-fledged members and special tools of the department. These dogs must meet the public on a daily basis. They have the ability to respond on command to take and forcibly hold a criminal who may be armed. In addition, the dog has to function as a member of his handler's family, because he lives with his human partner. They are a team.

Police dogs are alert and intelligent, and are selected for their courage level, prey drive and agility, Ochs said. Dogs are selected when they are between one and three years old.

The police department pays for medical expenses and food. The handler is responsible for the dog's grooming and general care. The dog usually has only one officer as his handler during his police career, which can last up to six years.

Dogs are procured mostly through donations. One dog had to be purchased for the Bellingham department because there were no qualified dogs donated, Ochs said.

What the police department looks for in a dog is a strong sense of retrieval and prey drive, plus a large size, Ochs said.

For tracking dogs, both the handler and dog must undergo 390 hours of training to be certified by the Washington State Police Canine Association (WSPCA). Narcotic dogs must undergo 180 hours of training in searching out narcotics to be certified.

Officers in the police department volunteer to be dog handlers. Currently
six officers are on a waiting list to be canine handlers. "Not just any officer can be a canine officer," Ochs said. Officers need to have good quality on the street in being able to solve crime and be physically fit, he said. Often officers who are on the waiting list volunteer during their off hours to help with training exercises of the dogs.

Training exercises include tracking, searching and running an obstacle course. The course is designed to improve the dog's agility and build confidence. It provides the opportunity for the handler and dog to work as a team. Each item on the obstacle course is designed to present situations dogs would encounter on the job, Ochs said. Hurdles, ladders, walls, suspended planks and grates are some of the objects the dogs have to learn to navigate with ease.

A police dog can search a building in about 30 minutes, while it would take several officers at least two or three hours to accomplish the search, Ochs said. "Police dogs are a tool used to enhance the capability of patrol units or officers," Ochs said.

For officer Vander Yacht, Tigger (a cross between a German Sheppard and Collie) is the first dog he has worked with. "He is a part of the family, like a third child. I spend more time with him than I do my family," Vander Yacht said. He described a pursuit incident when a person charged some officers, and Vander Yacht ordered Tigger to intervene. Tigger was choked and hit on the head. It was a choice of the officer or dog getting involved and possibly hurt, Vander Yacht said.

Zeke, a German Sheppard, is the newest dog on the police canine unit. His handler, officer Doll, described some of the frustration of working with Zeke. "There are times when Zeke gets up and doesn't want to work. I have to get him enthused and pumped up," he said.

Doll considers working with dogs fun and fast paced, putting the officers on the front line. "Canine officers get all the major in-progress calls," he said.

Doll joked about the time a man approached his car and asked him a question. Zeke started barking. Doll yelled at Zeke for barking and then got out of the car to talk with the man. When Doll returned to the car, he discovered that Zeke had chewed up all the reports that had been left on the front seat.

Ruggers, a one-and-half-year-old retriever, is used only for narcotic searches, officer Jensen said. Ruggers is the only female dog on the police canine unit. She is much smaller than the other dogs and weighs only forty pounds. She was purchased from a kennel in Stanwood that trains dogs to search for narcotics. Ruggers is able to sniff out marijuana, hashish, cocaine and amphetamines. Also, Ruggers is able to locate narcotics hidden in ground coffee, talcum powder and pepper. These dogs can work eight to 10 years as narcotic dogs because the job is less stressful than that of tracking police dogs, Jensen said.

Officer Ochs knows what it's like for canine officers and how attached they get to their dogs. He worked as a canine officer for six years. "You don't get it out of your blood," he said. He explained that the dogs become a part of the family. His whole family cried when his dog, Radar, died.

"There are times when Zeke gets up and doesn't want to work. I have to get him enthused and pumped up."

— David Doll
Rich Ellis, Western broadcast graduate and KMGhFM jock, is master of the night airwaves at “i 107.7.”

Sticker on the end of each tape is the title and artist, the time length and how much dead-air time is available for the disc jockey to do a public service announcement or station identification.

Ellis was the youngest DJ at i 107.7, just 22 years old, in the summer of ’89. A spring 1989 graduate of Western, he was an unpaid intern when the station changed its format from “Magic 108 FM,” which played classics from the past few decades. The station’s new target audience became men and women 25-35 years old, with the ideal demographic being a 27-32-year-old woman. Ellis was soon officially hired for his own program.

During his internship he had also been working as a telephone solicitor in Bellevue to pay the bills but quit when i 107.7 hired him.

Sitting on the 15th floor of a building in downtown Seattle, Ellis has a view of Interstate 5 and Lake Union.

Besides his 5 a.m. to 10 a.m. Sunday shift, Ellis works midnight to 6 a.m. five nights a week at the station, whose motto is “No raps, no naps, no disco, no Manilow.”

The job at i 107.7 is not something Ellis just fell into, however. He began his career at Western’s own KUGS 89.3.
FM in the fall of 1985 with his "Metal Shop" program. Ellis says he had a lot of listeners, despite being on the air from 2-4 a.m.

"It was a tight show. It sounded great musically," he said enthusiastically.

He had to buy his own records because nobody else had the kind of rock music he played. He explains how he had to lug a huge box of records from Mathes Hall up to the station on the fourth floor of the Viking Union. He also started bringing some of his friends into the studio as regular characters to liven up the show.

He says he didn't play "alternative" music like many of the other KUGS DJs. "I was the first one to play 'You Give Love a Bad Name.' I broke Bon Jovi," he says with a proud and somewhat smug smile.

"I probably enjoyed that more than at any time in my career. I was programming my own music."

But at KMGI, the program director decides what music to play and the order it's to be played. Each DJ gets a list of songs and ads to play for that shift. Ads are also recorded onto tapes and lined up in order on one wall, with everything from "Motel 6" to "Progresso Soup" and the ever-present "Shane Company."

Ellis, whose hometown is Vancouver, Wash., really got into music during his junior year of high school. He listened to a Portland hard rock station and decided being a DJ sounded pretty neat. But when he came to Western, "I thought about majoring in English and minoring in history. When I think of it now, I go 'ugh!'"

After two years at KUGS, Ellis was told he sounded too commercial for the station and that his show would be canceled after the summer.

But Ellis knew he had a talent to cultivate, so when he met KISM's Allan Fee in September 1987 he volunteered -- free -- to help out at the station. Fee put Ellis on the "Sports Saturday" program. A few months later Ellis became the producer for the Dave & Allan morning show. The duo created the position for Ellis so he could learn more about the business. They affectionately called him "Mr. Producer Head." His job involved research for the show.

Minutes before his midnight shift begins, Ellis relaxes with his constant companion, a cup of coffee.

Ellis' big break at 107.7
Ellis said the night shift is usually only busy for the first two or three hours. For the most part the phones stop ringing after 2 a.m. "At three o'clock in the morning you're sitting here going, 'What the hell am I doing here?''

Part of his job as a DJ is having female callers ask him out. Ellis said he has met a few female listeners, but he realizes now it's not such a good idea. "They could be really weird."

One of his most bizarre experiences at 107.7 was a few months ago when a woman named Donna called him and claimed to know who the Green River killer was. She called him four times one night and said the man was killing girls because of her.

"Everything she said started to make sense in a weird way. After the third call I started to believe her."

Ellis finally assumed she couldn't be telling the truth if she was only calling a disc jockey with the information. Some people may think it's easy being a good jock but it takes a lot of practice. Songs, ads and promos are timed to the second and DJs must be right on every time. For instance, when DJs talk at the beginning of a song they are supposed to talk right up to where the words begin. This is called "hitting the post."

"That's supposed to be the sign of a good jock," Ellis says. He says listeners get upset when a jock talks over the first words of a song, although they probably wouldn't notice if he hit the post. To make his show better he says he tries to listen like a listener and not a jock.

He says working nights and sleeping days gets to be tiresome after a while. He doesn't want to stay on nights forever because he'll get typecast as a nighttime DJ.

But, he stressed, he's come a long way for being so early in his career. "I can't complain. I'm full time in Seattle (the nation's fourteenth largest radio market). And I came from Bellingham, and that just doesn't happen."

He says networking is the key to success in the business. "I used to call Seattle jocks all the time when I was in Bellingham. Now that I'm working full-time here they're all looking up to me, which blows my mind. I don't think I'm that great."

He said his biggest problem is that he sounds too young. He actually lowered his voice on the air for a while but said he sounded really boring.

His real career goal is to be a program director. "That's my passion."

He says Seattle radio needs a big boost right now in terms of different kinds of music and more creative contests. "Seattle radio actually sounds really bad right now. They all sound the same, so you don't know what you're listening to unless you look at your dial."

So what's next for this successful Western grad?

"(I) went to school for 16 years of my life, it's time for playing," he says, although with working six days a week he doesn't have much time to play.

"I've got student loans to pay back and I'm just broke, all the time. I just make enough to pay my bills and eat and go out once in a while."

"At three o'clock in the morning you're sitting here going, 'What the hell am I doing here?'
— Rich Ellis
**Tales Of A Guy With Big Feet**

by Chris Webb

I've heard it all -- from Sasquatch to Bozo the Clown.

Living life with big feet isn't always easy.

It seems a day doesn't go by without somebody making a comment about my feet.

For every activity I do, or every social event I attend, somebody nearly always has to make a comment.

For you who don't know, here are just a few examples of what a person who wears size 13 shoes usually has to put up with.

**Waterskiing**

"So you big lump of garbage (actually it's a different word that rhymes with "pit") are you ready?" a friend will say as he tosses the rope over the top of the outboard motor.

"Sure," I say, while snapping the buckle of the blue life vest and looking at the reflection of the boat gently rocking in the water. "Toss me the 68-inch ski," I say to the driver.

"With feet like that, who needs skis?" he remarks back, erupting in laughter.

"Why don't you just barefoot ski?" the other friend yells to even more laughter.

Okay, so they're friends and that alone probably gives them the right to make smart-ass comments about my feet. But these jokes are old and one could get a bigger laugh from pulling down your shorts in front of a girls' physical education class.

**Shopping for Shoes**

Trying to find a particular type of shoe, one that you really want in a size 13, is like trying to find a California surfer dude who likes the rain. Very rare.

After telling the salesperson the particular model I want to purchase from his fine establishment, I proceed to tell him the size.

"Thirteen," I exclaim proudly, knowing that I am probably the only teen shoe size the guy has had all day or even all week.

He slowly shakes his head back and forth before dropping his head, knowing his chances of making a commission on this customer are most likely going to go down the drain.

After returning from the back room, where the overstock of shoes is located, he drops four boxes next to my feet. His eyes are almost mesmerized by the gigantic yet beautiful specimen of feet attached to my body.

"Well," he says in an optimistic tone, "we don't have a 13 in that loafer you wanted, but maybe these will do instead. Basketball high-toppers are still real popular and can be worn with almost any outfit," he says in a voice that would convince Cal Worthington to buy a Chevy.

"Shit," I say out of frustration. "If I wanted another pair of basketball shoes, I would've asked for 'em."

These "shoes" (size 13 in all) were made for walking -- which is exactly what I did.

**On Campus**

It never fails -- while sitting on a bench in Red Square, enjoying the early afternoon sun, somebody will come and sit next me.

Instead of discussing normal topics such as foreign affairs, weather, sports or keggers, my feet seem to take center stage.

"Wow, what size do you wear?" they'll ask, as if my feet are the 8th wonder of the world.

"Twenty-six," I'll tell them with a straight face.

"No way," they'll say before hesitating. "Really? Are they really 26?" Sliding next to me they usually match their feet up next to mine.

"Man, I thought I had big feet, and I only wear a six."

People with large feet are discriminated against through ruthless jokes and comments and an insufficient amount of shoes that aren't basketball related.

But people with big feet are naturally sexy. You can change the color of your hair, the shape of your nose and even have fat removed from your body, but you can never change the size of your feet.

Let your mouth do the talking and your feet do your walking.

And in this case -- bigger is better.

Greg Stair/Klipsun

**OCTOBER 1990**

**SIZE 13**
Before, during and after taping, Spring 1990, co-anchors Paul Bishop and Kirsten Johnson work to prevent any miscues.
by Drew McDougal

"We'd like to thank you for watching this week's edition of Western View."

"Thank you, Kirsten. Closing the show today, we'll take a look at some of the scenery that makes Bellingham so beautiful. Goodbye."

Western View is the weekly entertainment show produced by Western students for students. The show, which airs Wednesday and Friday from 5:30 p.m. to 6 p.m. on channel 10, is in its eighteenth year and is a product of communications, journalism and technology students.

The broadcast itself lasts only half an hour. But hours and hours of writing, interviewing, filming and editing are involved before the anchors finally sign off at the end of the week's show.

Western View is a class, and the process of creating the show begins in the class room.

But the real meat of the show comes from the feature "packages" produced by each student in the class. The feature topics range from important issues to entertaining happenings and events.

"You can't just go out and film and hope that you'll get some good footage," said sports anchor John Whitney. "A script sets up what you're going to do. Without it the package would come out looking sloppy."

After the script is complete it may take hours to get the right interviews and camera shots to make a package worthwhile. Those are followed by more hours in the editing bay making sure everything flows together.

"It's a hell of a lot of work to produce a three-or four-minute segment," Whitney said.

Once the packages have been completed, Laurie Adams' job begins. Adams, the spring 1990 quarter's producer/director, puts together the script and technical operations for the whole show. In the end, she is the one who operates the control panel that turns on each camera and blends in the music and visual effects.

"By far, Laurie's job is the hardest," said senior communications major and one of the quarter's lead anchors, Paul Bishop. "It's her responsibility to see that the show comes out looking good. If everyone doesn't do their job, it makes her job that much harder. I don't think I could take the pressure," he said.

Adams agreed it often gets frustrating. "Some people don't take the class seriously. It should be fun," she said.

The whole program comes together on Wednesday. Adams, the class adviser Alden Smith, the associate producers and all the anchors meet a few hours before tape-time to run through the show. The session offers the group a chance to make any changes in the scripts and also gives them a chance to clown around a little to relieve that pre-show tension. It's also the time for the show's technical director, Alfred Smith, to double-check the cameras, lights and microphones to see if everything is ready.

Finally, at 3 p.m. the whole crew meets back at Pete Kendall/Klipsun Joking with the anchors is common during rehearsal but not accepted during the two-hour taping. (L to R: Sarita Christensen, Lisa Baxter, Laurie Adams and co-adviser Alden Smith)
the studio in Miller Hall 186. The one-room studio is adorned with bright lights, chords, cameras and microphones. In one corner sits the false-living-room-like set. Directly opposite is the production booth. In the booth Adams is checking a bank of television screens. There are screens that show each camera's angle, a special effects screen, a preview screen and a screen that shows the ultimate product that goes onto the tape.

The studio was somewhat disorganized, and it confirmed that Western View is, after all, a student production. On this particular day Bishop was a little late arriving, and he hurried into the dressing room to change out of his sweatshirt and tennis shoes.

The camera operators were checking their equipment. One operator let out a frustrated laugh because one of the tripods wouldn't stay in place.

"All this equipment is at least 50 years old and it's seen better days," he said.

On close inspection it becomes apparent that he's right. The tripod is unstable and the camera itself looks
as if it dates back to World War II.

The rest of the studio is in about the same condition. A 1940s boom mic stands in one corner. Exposed insulation hangs from the top of one wall, and the wood floor is cracked, uneven and has chips missing altogether. The set is composed of a plywood riser covered with old, yellow turf, a water-stained table and three chairs.

“As old as this stuff is, I’m amazed we haven’t had anything break down during a show,” Whitney said.

Adams called, “Five minutes,” and they all took their places for the final equipment checks and a few last-minute adjustments.

All the hours of background work would culminate in the next 20 minutes. The show is taped, but it has to be done straight through. So if there are any mistakes they have to start over again. Adams called, “Thirty seconds,” and then the show began.

“Hi, welcome to Western View. I’m Kirsten Johnson.”

“And I’m Paul Bishop, and today on Western View we have...”

The first introductions went without any problems, and the technicians made some minor adjustments (and tension-relieving jokes) while the first package was running.

The show went smoothly for the first half, causing Bishop to remark they might be able to hit Fryday’s (restaurant and bar) early for a little alcoholic refreshment if things continued. Three-quarters of the way into the taping his hopes were dashed.

Whitney was wrapping up his sports report when Adams let out a frustrated scream from inside the production booth. The cue-cards Whitney was reading from were next to camera two while he was supposed to be looking at camera three. As a result, they were getting a shot of the side of his face.

The second time through Bishop made an error in his opening and they had to start again. But everything worked out all right.

The third take went without any major mistakes. Bishop and Johnson were both unhappy with the way they had read some of the transitions, and they humbly apologized to each other during the running of the packages.

Bishop said later, “We are still students, and we are still learning. You’re going to see mistakes. But it’s better that we make them here and learn from them than if we make them out in the real world.”

Finally, the last package finished airing. After the credits were added and their jobs were done, everyone in the studio let out a sigh of relief.

Adams announced over the speaker that it was a wrap, and Bishop and Whitney invited everyone to join them at Fryday’s to watch the 5:30 p.m. broadcast and drink a few beers.

Of the whole broadcast experience Bishop said, “It isn’t all glamour and bright lights. Some of the jobs can be pretty boring. But without them we couldn’t get on the air. For me the best part is finding out what it’s like to get in front of the camera. It’s a very learning experience; one I’ll take with me after graduation and that I’ll never forget.”
A "DIRTY" LOOK AT FAIRHAVEN'S HISTORY

by Mark Hines

Small Towns resting in the shadows of prominent cities often suffer profound inferiority complexes. Realizing the futility of competing with the big cities in the present, townspeople often play up their pasts.

Small townspeople may find a sense of security in their roots and take pride in portraying a colorful, heroic history. Salt Lake City has Brigham Young, Miami has Ponce de Leon, and Fairhaven... well, Fairhaven has someone a little lesser known... a man possibly not as refined as a diamond in the rough, so to speak.

He is known as "Dirty Dan."

Not a great explorer or religious leader, Daniel Jefferson Harris did earn the title of "the original Fairhaven man" and the nickname "Dirty Shirt Dan," or just "Dirty Dan."

As one might guess, Dan Harris was not the cleanest of men. He often dressed in ripped, grimy pants held up by a frayed piece of bail rope and bathed less than regularly.

A sailor and expert harpooner, Harris deserted his ship while at port in Victoria and rowed a dory to Dead Man's Point (now Fairhaven). This was in the summer of 1853. He took an immediate liking to the area and its first settler, John Thomas, and began helping his new friend build a cabin.

Thomas died the first winter, and Harris, after a long legal
battle, inherited the property. Harris stayed in the area, christening it Fairhaven -- a name of questionable origins that Harris claimed he derived from the local Indian word "Seeseeleeschem," which Harris said meant a place of safety, or a fair haven.

Another possible origin of the name is Fairhaven, Maine, a small whaling port where Harris probably stayed as an Atlantic whaler. Only "Dirty Dan" knows for sure. As a pioneer in Fairhaven, Harris was an energetic, back-
woods sort of entrepreneur. He made frequent trips to Victoria, where he sold vegetables and bought cheap booze and fancy hats. He smuggled his cargo back to Fairhaven where he sold the headwear to young Indian maidens and the booze to the settlers.

On at least one occasion, Harris' sloop was boarded by the local customs inspector, Edward Eldridge, who confiscated much of his cargo. On another trip from Victoria, Harris spotted Eldridge's ship coming out of Bellingham Bay to inspect his cargo. Harris threw his barrel of Hudson's Bay Company booze over the side, attached to an anchored line, and came back to retrieve the contraband after his vessel had been inspected.

Other memorable days in Fairhaven's early history were Harris' sponsoring of the first baseball game in the area, the first boxing match (which went 104 rounds before a knock-out) as well as throwing the region's biggest party.

The party, an inaugural celebration in honor of the 1884 election of President Grover Cleveland, centered around the arduous task of raising the nation's largest flag. Specially made in San Francisco, the flag was 54 feet in length and weighed 50 pounds. The pole came in two pieces and stood 125 feet above the ground.

Partygoers, who traveled from far and wide to partake in the festivities, gathered on the corner of Fourth and Harris Streets to consume barrels of booze offered by their gracious host -- but no food. The drunken celebrators labored all afternoon to raise the flagpole, finally succeeding with the help of some sailors from a ship who were loading lumber at the local mill.

After finally hoisting the flag as the sun set, the haggard hoisters staggered home, blitzed victims of one of Bellingham Bay's most spectacular festivities -- it was March 4, 1885.

Despite Harris' numerous projects and festivity planning, tales depicting his incredible laziness abound. One such tale goes like this: Harris returned from one of his trading trips to Tacoma with several swine in his possession. Not knowing what to feed them, he simply unloaded them on the mud flats in front of his shack and let them run free.

In the weeks that followed, the piglets grew fat and healthy, never venturing far from the mud flats. From time to time, Harris would offer the pigs his table scraps, which they would sometimes devour but other times refuse. Growing curious about their eating habits, Harris followed them out to the tidal flats where he found the source of his pigs sustenance. The pigs dug up clams, breaking the shells with their snouts and devouring the contents.

Dan was in heaven, taking every other clam the pigs dug up for his own consumption. Dan supposedly liked to brag that he initially worried about where his next meal was coming from, but then the tide went out and "the table was set."

Harris liked to tell humorous stories, and, more often than not, he made himself the butt of his jokes. Children would gather around, listening for hours as Harris spun his tales of adventure.

It's likely that of the "Dirty Dan" folk tales alive today, some originated from Harris himself. Michael Sean Sullivan, a Western history graduate, has published the only collection of these folk tales, a small, colorfully illustrated book that contains a clever sense for storytelling.
This book, like much of the other writings on Harris, focuses on his earlier, wilder years. But Harris grew to be a prominent, enormously wealthy and prestigious Fairhaven figure, and this part of his life deserves attention.

The Fairhaven Hotel was constructed shortly after Harris made some major land sales in 1882 and 1883, filling him with security and assurance that Fairhaven would become the bustling port city he envisioned when he landed on the site 30 years earlier.

Selling Fairhaven real estate, Harris soon became as rich as he was prominent, and took to wearing a fancy silk hat and a large gold pocket watch attached to a monstrously over-sized gold chain. Harris continued to be a local character, but one with increased status and respectability.

Some prefer to think of the man by his Christian name, Daniel Jefferson Harris, and don't take the folk tales to heart. Galen Biery, a local historian, writer and owner of the most complete collection of local historical photographs, doesn't think much of Harris' nickname.

Biery points to a hole in the knee of his worn, blue trousers, and explains his pants are comfortable and he likes to wear them around the house. "People could call me 'Dirty Galen,'" he says, and laughs at the thought of it.

"You can't really judge the man by what history calls him," Biery says.

He defends Harris' sloppy manner as the logical consequence of being a bachelor. Harris, until very late in life, didn't have a wife to wash his clothes and dishes.

Despite a lack of concrete evidence about Harris' personal hygiene and demeanor, the legends and folk tales abound. Illustrations of Harris appearing in Sullivan's book -- drawn by Kent Shoemaker -- depict Harris as fat and sloppy, with vaporous fumes emanating from him. But, like Paul Bunyan, Harris' characteristics may be growing proportionately to the number of years gone by since he walked the streets of Fairhaven.

Biery is the sole owner of the only known photograph of Harris. Standing in his dory, pulled up onto the beach, with Bellingham Bay behind him (see photo), Harris is too far off for viewers to get an accurate feel for what he looked like. But Biery has another photograph of Harris' Fairhaven hotel and believes the man sitting on the porch is Daniel Jefferson Harris (back cover). This man is well dressed, bearded, yet not so amazingly rotund.

Ironically, Harris left Fairhaven when his dream was just becoming a reality. He married late in life, on October 16, 1885, and sold most of his real estate. In 1888, Harris and his wife, Bertha, moved to Los Angeles for her health. Unfortunately, for Harris, she died soon after the move.

Harris had lost his town and his wife. Alone and unknown, Harris lived out the final days of his life in southern California. Dying in obscurity on August 19, 1890, his fortune was swindled by the prominent Dr. Shorb and his wife. Befriending and taking care of him in his final days, the Shorbs also tricked Harris into signing away his fortune to them.

As the story goes, Harris died while laughing heartily at one of Mattie Shorb's jests.
by Matthew W. Campbell

The age-old American dream of baseball, hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrolet may be outdated.

For a group of four students, baseball doesn’t have enough excitement to fulfill their sporting needs.

Their dreams may be described as a desire to seek natural highs and to be crazy and adventurous.

Unusual, unheard of and dangerous seem to be the only criteria for their sports.

Sitting at the local Denny’s eating fries and drinking shakes, the guys relived some past experiences. For them, telling their stories seemed almost as exciting as engaging in the original acts.

Their adventures began in different ways and at various ages. The first of the four to begin the insaneness was Christopher Wermus.

Wermus, a junior majoring in psychology, began his adventures in fifth grade. While on a family vacation to Yellowstone National Park, Wermus visited the Firehole River Gorge.
The event: Cliff diving

This particular cliff measured 40 feet, but to Wermus, at his early age, it seemed as though it was closer to 100.

"I didn’t want to do it, but I finally gave in to peer pressure. Only the first time did I feel the pressure of anyone mocking me," Wermus said.

Robert Hull, a 20-year-old sophomore, began his jumping career when he was in junior high school. His first jump was off the arboretum at the University of Washington, which he estimates to be about 50 feet high.

"It took me at least 20 minutes to do it. I was so scared the first time. I just stood there and stared at the water as everyone yelled at me to hurry up and jump."

Biology-Huxley major Haans Fisk first took the plunge his junior year in high school.

"It was mass scary. It was the 46-foot-high train trestle in Bothell. The fall seemed to last forever ... it was about four seconds really. I gave in to peer pressure also. My younger brother (of three years) went first," Fisk said, as he worked on his chocolate shake.

Describing their first jumps brought back a bit of fear into their hearts.

"The first jump seems to take forever. Your heart stops and time freezes," Wermus said with wide eyes.

"The first jump was a lot of fun. It was a big rush," Hull said.

"It felt like I was suspended in a free fall," Fisk said moving his arms as though he were flying.

The only time Hull didn’t jump when he was actually on the cliff was at John’s Island in the San Juan Islands.

"The cliff was just insanely high. Everyone said ‘you’re a donkey if you don’t jump.’ After a long time I finally convinced myself that the water was too cold. I knew it was fear, but I had to have a better reason than that."

Wermus said the only thing that freaks him out is sometimes just before he is about to jump, he imagines himself tripping and falling to his death.

Fisk said, "I get razzed and feel left out if I don’t jump."

Asked what the keys to having a successful jump are, the adventurers began to laugh.

"Today I jumped, and my arms look like they have a sunburn on the underside. Just clear the rocks, land feet first and keep your arms to your side -- But even that doesn’t work," Wermus said with a painful grin.

The event: Cliff climbing.

"The excitement that I love is that every move could be your last," Fisk said.

"Sometimes we sail across (Lake Whatcom) and climb the waterfalls. It’s a series of falls that looks like it’s in Hawaii. It can get pretty sticky sometimes. It scares me more than jumping does," Wermus said.

"I climbed Mount Erie last weekend, and for the first time I learned the importance of using ropes as safety devices. I like climbing more than jumping because it’s a lot more risky. There’s a bigger payback. It’s a lot more exhilarating," Hull said.

The event: Parachuting.

The adventurers don’t always stick together on their outings. The lone parachuter in the group is Fisk.

"I was 8,800 feet high. I couldn’t see any houses, only small little fields. When I put my foot on the ledge and jumped, I spun in all directions -- I was totally disoriented. The only sound I could hear was the wind rushing through my goggles. I free-fell for 35 seconds and pulled my chute open at 4,000 feet. Once the chute came out it was the most peaceful moment of my life. There was no longer any fear. All I noticed was how peaceful, relaxing and quiet it was."

The event: Bat caving.

Both Wermus and Hull have participated in the little-known sport referred to as bat caving.

Wermus said the location of their exploration activities was in the Chuckanut mountains.

"It looks like the land of the lost," Wermus said, causing Hull to let out a burst of hearty laughter.

Wermus continued his story as he grabbed a greasy nacho piled high with cheese.

"The two most important requirements are you can’t be claustrophobic and everyone has to have a flashlight. You see this hole in the ground in the middle of the boulder
Cliff jumping: A popular sport at Whatcom Falls.

field, and you're barely able to squeeze through it.

"There must be 100 different caves once you get through the first hole. You could get lost really easily. If you were born in those caves, it would take you until you were 35 to find your way out," Hull said with a tinge of humor.

"It's really beautiful with all the underground ponds. The bad part is that there are bats everywhere. You walk into a room with a low ceiling and there's a big 'ol hairy bat in your face," Hull said.

"There must be 100 different caves once you get through the first hole. You could get lost really easily. If you were born in those caves, it would take you until you were 35 to find your way out," Hull said with a tinge of humor.

"I asked myself, 'why are we playing this stupid game?' As we got about half way through, we heard the whistle blow again. By now we were at a full sprint. My chest was heaving," Wermus said as though he was living through it again.

"The adrenalin was kicking in. I saw the light from the other side of the tunnel, but at the same time the sides of the tunnel lit up from the train's light," Hull added.

"I was thinking where I could dive if I couldn't make it. Ten seconds after we made it through, the train came roaring on out. It was a good thing we were in shape," Wermus said.

"We're not it!" joked Hull referring to the nickname of the game, tunnel tag.

"There are no winners in that game," Hull said. And right he is.

The event:
Tunnel jogging or tunnel tag.

"Rob and I were out at Clark's Point where the tracks cut across the bay. We were about 100 yards away from the tunnel, and the train was a mile away. We said, 'Hey let's beat the train through the tunnel,'" Wermus explained.

"We didn't think there was any hurry," Hull added.

"The train was about to cross the bay when we were at the opening to the tunnel. The train blew its horn, but we knew there was no trouble," Wermus said assuredly.

"Once we stepped in the tunnel, it was too late to turn back.

"I asked myself, 'why are we playing this stupid game?' As we got about half way through, we heard the whistle blow again. By now we were at a full sprint. My chest was heaving," Wermus said as though he was living through it again.

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The event:
Bungee-cord jumping.

Sophomore Jeffrey Ottem was in ninth grade living in South Carolina when he jumped for the first and only time.

"The bridge must have been 75 feet above the water. The cord they wrapped around me didn't look like it could hold a cat. I peered over the edge and saw death, but I did it anyway," Ottem said with prideful glee.

"Too many people heard me say I was going to do it ... It was like flying. The wind in my ears and my heart squashing out my nose. The landing, if you can call it that, was one of the strangest experiences of my life. Right before I hit the water I felt the cord tighten around my legs. I heard nothing but my beating heart as I dangled there. It was great."

The event: Death.

If these peril seekers knew death would be the end result, would they still do it?

"I'd rather die being a missionary in Africa," Hull said.

"If I knew I would die, I wouldn't do it," Fisk said.

"It's a calculated risk. I rationalize it by figuring life's a risk anyway," Wermus said.

"Live a little," Ottem said with a shrug.
Graduate Turns Disability Into a Plus

by Kristy Lambro

Tim Roos was walking across Red Square when a total stranger looked at his crutches and said, "Geez, what the hell happened to you?" Roos, finding this a very strange thought, said, "What do you mean what happened to me? I'm disabled."

The stranger obviously didn't get the response he was looking for. As he began stammering, his face turned deep red.

"I, I, I, um, I thought, well you see, you look exactly like somebody I know who lives in Oregon. I heard he had gotten in a car accident, and I just assumed, well you know," said the stranger.

The smile on Roos’ face put the stranger at ease. "Now I understand. You must have mistaken me for my twin brother, Bruce," Roos said. The awkward situation turned into the beginning of a friendship.

Roos, 27, graduated from Western in 1987 with a bachelor's degree in human services. One of his class projects at Western was to give a speech to fellow classmates about his disability. Other teachers heard about the speech and asked him to speak to their classes, too.

Roos was born with an opening in the spine called Spina Bifida. The twin brother who followed within two minutes did not have the birth defect. The hole was located on the base of his spine (the most severe kind), which caused him to be paralyzed from the waist down.

As a result of the opening, he developed Hydrocephalus, or water on the brain. An experimental silicone tube, called a shunt, was inserted into the right side of his brain to drain the excess spinal fluid that had built up.

During the first two years of his life, Roos went through more than 15 operations. He had numerous bladder surgeries and bone and muscle transplants, and the opening in the spine was closed and grafted with skin from his hip.

The extent of his paralysis was unknown. After a major

Western graduate Tim Roos shares his disability with other students through humor and honesty.
Roos overlooks his brother's farm where he works six hours a day.

In the speeches he makes to classes he talks about his own disability. He makes it clear to the audience that his experiences are only from one disabled person's perspective. But he feels that by describing his life he can educate people about how a person with a disability struggles, triumphs, feels and copes.

Roos feels his disability is a gift.

"I think my disability has made me the person I am today," he said. He says being disabled has brought him closer to other people as well as to God.

The Roos family lived on a farm in Acme. Roos feels it was crucial he lived in that setting.

"Acme is a real small community where everybody knows each other, and people accepted me," he said.

He said he is thankful his parents didn't put him in a special school.

"Through a lot of frustration and a lot of tears and anger I learned. She made me learn. She somehow knew what my capabilities were, and it was at that point that I knew if I worked hard I could do it." — Tim Roos

"The challenges would not have been as great for me in a special school with people who are just as bad or worse physically and emotionally than I am, as it would have been in a 'normal' school," he said.

His parents and doctors told his teachers exactly what his problems were, and helped inform the other students.

"They all worked at accepting me. Just because I walked on crutches -- it didn't seem to matter," he said. When the students played baseball at recess Roos was the umpire. "It was their way of making me a part of what was going on."

Doctors were unsure of his learning capacity -- until Mrs. Malings' third grade class at Acme Elementary.

"Through a lot of frustration and a lot of tears and anger I learned. She made me learn. She somehow knew what my capabilities were, and it was at that point that I knew if I worked hard I could do it."

Being raised on a farm was physical therapy for Roos. He walked the large farm, fed the calves and tended to his garden. All of his equipment was built for him at the farm.

For Roos, having his twin brother Bruce was therapy in itself. He's more than happy to show you their baby picture. "I'm the one that's not drooling," he boasts.

Roos deals with his disability every day. He said adults are ignorant because of their learned assumptions and stereotypes. Parents should not tell their children not to look at people who are different, because that tells them the people are bad.

"Kids are naturally curious. They want to know, and that's good. I wish more adults were (curious)," he said.

surgery of transplanting bone and muscle tissue into his legs, his mother walked into his hospital room and saw him in a full body cast. The doctors told her to feel his warm toes. That was the first time his toes had ever been warm, which meant the blood was circulating.

"It was at that point that they could start physical therapy. And it was that point the doctors felt I would be able to walk," Tim said.

His wavy brown hair, wire-rimmed glasses, warm smile and the cartoon T-shirts he wears match his charismatic personality. He's proud to display the "Party Animal" Garfield with the lamp shade on its head that sits on his dresser.

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"Kids are naturally curious. They want to know, and that's good. I wish more adults were (curious)," he said.
He remembers a humorous situation involving a young girl. He and some friends were at the mall when from behind them they heard, "Mommy, Mommy, look at that funny little man." The mother was very embarrassed, but when she noticed Roos and his friends laughing she felt better.

"The whole night I was known as The Funny Little Man," he said.

Roos said disabled people face a lot of barriers, including the government. He started getting Social Security at age 15 when his father died. If he gets a job that pays more than $300 a month, his $600 a month in Social Security gets cut.

"Where's the incentive for me to go out and look for a job that makes me work my butt off for $600 when I can sit at home and get it?"

He works on his family's dairy farm for no money because he enjoys it, and he sees the $600 as his paycheck for doing it. He said the only time he would risk losing the Social Security money would be if he found a job that he could make a career out of and that paid well.

"Once you give up that money you almost never get it back. The government should just lower it, not take it away -- keep the incentive there."

During his speeches to students, Roos tries to be as open as possible, even when the questions involve his personal life. Many people want to know how he feels about dating. He said a serious relationship is important to him, but not if it would mean losing a friendship.

"I've almost gotten to the point where I feel I'm good enough for someone else. If they don't see that I'm good enough for them, then it's their problem and their loss."

Roos uses openness and humor to help people understand about the disabled. The bumper sticker on the back of his car that reads: "Why be normal?" says it all.
Eat This Soggies!

by Patricia Caiarelli

When you’re a student on a limited budget, you need to come up with creative ways to save and make money. My money-maker of preference is winning contests. Don’t laugh — real people win those things. I win those things. I've won soccer tickets, concert tickets, meetings with famous people — the gamut.

However, my favorite prize was the check I received when I "saved" the Cap’n from the Soggies. Quaker Oats gave away $10,000 in its promotion to "find" the trademark of Cap’n Crunch cereal.

Three clues were located on the newly-designed "missing Cap’n" Cap’n Crunch boxes -- they had a big white silhouette of the Cap’n with a question mark superimposed over where his face should have appeared. By deciphering clues on the boxes, entrants guessed the toll-free numbers to call that would give the three correct answers necessary for the contest's entry form. (I think we had to know where the Soggies were hiding him, what door he was behind, and what key opened the door.) Sure it was simple. What did you expect? Quaker Oats needed to make it easy enough for those crazed 8-year-old sleuths. And no, I didn’t care that I had close to a 12-year advantage -- all’s fair in love and money, isn’t it?

Getting through that first toll-free number was child’s play. Infiltrating the second set of circuits was definitely tougher ... The third was hell. No, I’m not exaggerating. I became a woman possessed. The lines only worked during limited East coast hours, so every minute counted. I planned Cap’n-phone-time into my schedule. It got so I wouldn’t leave the house until I called the number "one last time." And as soon as I came back, or got to another phone, I’d call again -- "just in case."

Then the breakthrough finally happened. Company was over, and we were watching football, me with the phone sprouting from my ear — like an eye from a potato — and pounding that redial button like Julia Child tenderizing a steak. Just as Denver's John Elway threw a pass directly to a Seahawks defensive lineman, I made my connection - it had to be an omen.

But here’s where the strategy comes in. Now that I had all the correct pieces, I had to plan my entries carefully. (Here’s where you start taking notes.)

First: Determine if the very bottom prize is something you could want, use or live with. If it's not, don’t waste your time. (I was hoping to win $1,000, but I only won $100.) Still, deducting all the possible postage costs, etc., I netted more than $85. That’s enough compensation for me.

Second: Always, always follow the directions. If they say use a 4 by 6 index card, use a 4 by 6 index card. Not following the directions is a way for the promoters to weed you out. It’s not pretty, but competition’s fierce. You need a calloused hand and a calloused tongue to make it in this world.

Third: Devise your strategy. For the Cap’n Crunch contest I had a two-part plan. I mailed in one or two entries a week, so I’d have something in every mail bag. I also tried the "saturation" trick: I mailed in about 30 entries in one sitting, almost guaranteeing I’d have that mail bag to myself. Having a number of entries in one bag significantly increases your chances for winning.

I never found out which strategy won for me. I think next time I’ll use two names (but make it legal, or else you’ll be disqualified -- a sister’s or friend’s name works well). Due to logistics, I think my name must have been drawn more than once. But no multiple winners are allowed -- you guessed it: that’s the rules.

Fourth: Keep track of which contests you’ve entered. Contest sharking is grueling work. You’ve got to keep it together, mentally and physically. Think of how embarrassing it would be if someone called you up and said you won that dream date with Mac Davis and you said, "Who’s Mac Davis?"

Anyway, lately I’ve noticed I really need a computer. If you hear of any good contests, if you hear of any good contests, would you please let me know?
Margaret Halverson had had a long day. She had gone to a full day of classes, picked up her youngest son from daycare and had made dinner for the family. Now she was working on making cupcakes and a cake for her eldest son's birthday party. Behind the low din of the mixer, she heard a loud crash from the other room. She lifted up her head, shut off the mixer and walked into the living room. Looking down, she found her 5-year-old son, Karl, lying on the floor, holding his head, with tears streaming down his face. He stammered cries of "Mommy" between sobs.

He had been playing Superman with the help of his 9-year-old brother, Eric, and had received a slight concussion. For the rest of the night, despite the fact she had a lot of studying to do, Halverson stayed with her son, comforting him.

For many university students, school is a full-time job. But a number of students at Western face the double role of balancing study and parenthood.

Editor's Note: The Grigsbys, shown in the photographs, are not a part of the story, even though Brian was a student last spring. None of the other people interviewed for the story could be contacted prior to press time.

When Two Worlds Collide

Integrating the parent track with student life
Margaret is not the typical transfer student. Her straight, bobbed, light brown hair is streaked with touches of gray, and her large eyes, set behind her glasses, look wise from her 46 years.

She and her husband Jan both attend school, he at Whatcom Community College. They have learned to work together to raise the children.

The two of them arrange their schedules at the beginning of the quarter so they know which one of them is picking up the youngest kid from daycare on which days. A couple of times there have been mix-ups.

Despite their working together to take care of the kids, Margaret said she and Jan still have a lot to handle, but they're learning the ropes.

In addition to Karl and Eric, the Halversons also each have grown children from previous marriages. Margaret's oldest son is 28, which she explains is older than her fellow students in most of her classes.

The Halversons believe furthering their education will provide security for the family.

"I want to be able to find something better than a $4-an-hour job," Jan said.

"It's bringing me out of my shell a little bit," Margaret said, referring to the extra demands of parenting and being a student. "It's made me branch out a lot."

Nata Jo Hurst is a single parent who came back to school in '89, after being in and out of school since high school graduation 10 years earlier.

"Basically, you're working two full-time jobs," Hurst said. "You start learning to be tolerant of a lot of things you used to not be tolerant of."

"It's difficult having to worry about things like when my son gets sick," she said. "Worrying in class about if I'll get out in time to pick up my son from daycare -- You never have time to leave the parent part off. When you get home, no matter how much homework you have, you have to be a parent."

Hurst is taking a Fairhaven interdisciplinary concentration, focusing on resource management and environmental science.

Hurst said when she gets an assignment she tries to get it done as soon as possible, because that way if she has to drop something she can maneuver around it. Trying to study with a 3-year-old in the house can be challenging, she added.

"If I try to sit down to study, he ends up running around and swinging from the chandeliers," she said with a laugh, as if recalling a recent time when this happened. "Sometimes it's hysterical, (but) it makes it hard to get a lot of studying done."

After she graduates, Hurst said she hopes to stay in the Bellingham area, but right now she is looking at graduate programs, such as Huxley College's program. She said she must make a decision about whether she wants to go straight into a graduate program, or take some time off from school and work for a while first.

Hurst mentioned one of the plus sides of being a parent.

"When I was working in the garden weeding one time, my son put his hand on my back and said, "Mommy, I'm really proud of you.""

Being a student and a parent, you learn to prioritize, Hurst said.

Like Hurst, Gilberto Perez has found a number of pluses to being a parent.

For Perez, who is the single father to 6-year-old Tiffany, the sacrifices of being a student and a parent won't just end up leading to reward for him.
"I'm promoting education in her," Perez said. He said Tiffany already plans to go to college when she gets older, and, though she can't read yet, she comes along with him to the library and looks at her books. He says that through his example, she is already gaining an appreciation of the value of education.

Perez is currently taking graduate classes and is on a one-year track to get his master's in student personnel administration. On top of his dual responsibilities, Perez also works about 12 hours a week for Upward Bound.

For Perez, responsibility and success go hand-in-hand.

"It's important balancing out week to week to make sure you spend quality time both as a student, and as a parent.

"You need to be up front and honest with your son or daughter," he said. "You need to be able to put things on hold, and you need to have love, trust and rapport with your child. You need to accept that when your children are in their formative years, you really need to give them that attention."

Perez has a special relationship with Tiffany. He said he couldn't be a successful student without her. She gives him encouragement and support, and even will tell him sometimes when she thinks he needs to study.

"Tiffany isn't just my daughter, she's my best friend."

For Perez, as for most student-parents, the most binding difficulty of playing both roles is the time constraints that come about when dealing with taking...
care of a home and one or more children and trying to fit in time to study. He said he usually studies when Tiffany is in school.

Perez worked for 10 years in various job capacities before deciding to go back to school. "When I came back, I came back with a vision," he said. Perez thinks there is a big difference between students who come back to school after having spent time in the working world, particularly student-parents, and the regular students who come straight from high school.

Kergie Smith, coordinator of STRATA (Students That Return After Time Away) for the Associated Students, agreed.

"Most of us are there (school) because we want to be there," she said. "We have goals. We know what we want to do and how to get there. We are a lot more motivated, for the most part."

"Sometimes when it gets really, really hectic, you just do what needs to be done. You need to just get to it. Usually what gets cut out is the sleep."

— Kergie Smith

Smith, a single mother of three, admitted the role of the student-parent is not an easy one, but she said she thinks it can be a very rewarding one.

College has changed Smith's life in a variety of aspects. She never went to college after high school, but instead was a housewife for 18 years. However, that all changed five years ago when her husband left her and her family. She said she looked for a job, but had no experience. Without experience, she realized, she wasn't going to be able to find a job.

After an eight-week program at Yakima Valley Community College, she said she decided she needed to go to school. While she was going to school there, she worked 20 hours a week as well as took care of the usual chores on the ranch they lived on outside of Yakima. During this time, she stressed, she never missed either of her sons' football games or wrestling matches.

By the time she got her associate's degree, her eldest son graduated and she and her youngest son moved to Bellingham. But she said during the time she was at Yakima, she and her daughter took a number of classes together, which was a real growing experience for Smith. Before she went to college, she couldn't understand why her kids couldn't just get straight. As if they studied. She learned school wasn't so simple, she said.

Time management is the biggest factor in success as a student and as a parent, Smith said.

"We all have the same 24 hours, but we choose to use it differently."

Smith is very low-key about her successes, both as a student and as a parent. She will have begun graduate school this summer.

"Sometimes when it gets really, really hectic, you just do what needs to be done," she said. "You need to just get to it. Usually what gets cut out is the sleep."

Carol Forte learned no matter how diligent and hard working an individual may be, it isn't possible to do everything at once.

"I tried to be Superwoman," Forte said. "I tried to do everything I had done before I started school." It just wasn't possible, she conceded.

Forte, who moved from Massachusetts to San Francisco in the early 1970s, has grown up since her days as a radical youth.

Education, she said, has helped her mature and expand her world. It has changed it. She said she thinks everyone should have the opportunity to have education do that for them too. "I'm really sold on making college accessible to everyone."

It is that belief that has raised her interest in working at the Western Foundation for her internship. She explained that funding from private sources is needed to make that happen.

Forte, 38, is currently working full-time as an alumni events coordinator in addition to her classes and parental responsibilities. But, she says, "That's what I want, challenge and adventure."

Forte's success has not come without its hardships and sacrifices.

Though she started college in California in 1975,
she didn’t return until 1982. By that time she was living in Cleveland. She said she got serious at that time, and got her associate’s degree in 1985, despite continuing to work full-time. She and her family moved to Port Angeles in 1986. She attended Western, living in Bellingham during the week and commuting home to the peninsula for the weekends.

This was a difficult time in her life, she said, because on top of the stresses of school and playing weekend mother to her two children, she faced the most trying experience she has faced being a student-parent. It became clear to her that her husband of 17 years, an officer in the Coast Guard, wasn’t as supportive of her as she thought he was. She said because he’s in the Coast Guard, an officer’s wife usually must be able to take second seat to a husband’s career -- go where he’s stationed at the drop of a coin.

She wasn’t willing to give up her goals, and he wasn’t able to deal with that. They divorced.

"I struggled for a while thinking it was my going to school that was the problem," she said, reflectively. But after some time she realized that she had the right to lead her life too.

Like most single parents, she said her kids, 18 and 15 years old, are her most loyal supporters. They have encouraged her to go on. In fact, she said, they insisted she go straight into graduate school instead of taking time off until they were off to college.

She said she used to feel guilty spending time away from her kids when they were younger, but now the biggest problem is just finding time to spend with them.

These parents think the two biggest problems they have to deal with are budgeting time and budgeting money. They all said money situations seem to take care of themselves if a budget is maintained. But the other seems to be the more difficult. Smith said, and all seemed to agree, that when it comes right down to it, family comes first.

"Being a parent is something that never leaves you," Smith said. "It’s an awesome responsibility."
Edens Hall is the only building on campus that has ominous pillars that could make a Greek god swoon. The wide, granite steps are the red carpet that make you think you're heading some place important. The grand front door almost guarantees a frigid butler named Cadbury would answer the door after summoned by a gong-like doorbell. All of this could actually be true if Mother Nature hadn't done such a good job of trying to reclaim Edens Hall. The building is dark and quiet now.

Clumps of brownish-green moss have overrun the hard granite steps. The pillars are a dull yellow hue, similar to the color of large, over-used teeth. Vines cover the walls. Windows are broken and boarded up.

Edens Hall has come a long way since it was first built in 1921 when the state Legislature allotted $219,787.50 for the project.

Suppose this building had a personality like yours. You are the life of the party. Everyone came to you when it was time to enjoy living.
In Edens' prime, most of the important faculty meetings were held in the large blue room. Celebrations cherishing Legislative victories by the administration flourished at times. Even the play "Dear Ruth" was presented in Edens' blue room in 1950.

Then, slowly but steadily, everyone stops calling. You're not the center of attention anymore. People begin to forget you're around. So you quit spending so much time styling your hair and picking out your clothes. It just doesn't matter as much anymore. And you let your hair droop to one side -- Edens' roof leaks. You let your shoes become scuffed and dingy -- Edens' floor is warped in many places by swelling wood. You let yourself go -- Edens' windows not boarded up are filthy, and the vines growing on it need to be shaved off.

And then you are thrown aside and given the cold shoulder. No body wants to be seen around you anymore. And so it is, in 1978 Edens Hall was shut down.

In the midst of spring quarter one sunny day, ten students walked by Edens Hall, and none of them looked up at the molded structure. The students must have known the building was there because they did walk around it. Not one student smacked into its walls.

According to the Cops box in The Western Front, two students were caught walking through Edens Hall one night. Mysteries always appeal, and a large, closed-down building seen by only a smattering of people must be interesting.

All those who have gone to the trouble of breaking into Edens Hall at night didn't know that there is an easier way. If they had been journalism students wanting to do a story about Edens Hall, they could have arranged for a tour of Edens' innards on a sunny day.

Steve Sutterman, a Western maintenance worker, was scheduled to let a journalist and an engineer tour the inside of Edens at 1 p.m. on that sunny day. Sutterman handed out flashlights, because in places where there are no windows flashlights are needed. Inside was cold, damp. On the first floor most everything had a gray patina. Piles of old office equipment filled the rooms near the entrance. A moist dust coated everything.

Sutterman led the engineer away and gave a last warning to "Watch your step." The floor was uneven in places from the warped and aged wood, while in other places engineers had torn holes in it to inspect the building's frame -- The engineers had to be certain the frame was still attached to the outer brick wall.

The ceiling of the first floor was twice as high as in most modern buildings. The long hallway had windows at the end that let in streams of light. The smell of decay and mold soon became unnoticed.

The upper floors seemed nicer, but were no less creepy. More light filled the hallway. Signs of life appeared here and there. The former dorm rooms were mostly empty. The rooms with the best views had a few beer bottles lying around the floor. One room had a few pages of a victimized phone book sitting in the corner next to a comfortable-looking piece of carpet.

Sutterman said, "Students have been breaking into this building since it was closed down."

Even the attic showed evidence of life after Edens was closed. "Tina Chopp is God," was scrawled on the wall in thick, black permanent marker.

But today, there was no life except a few bodies touring the building. Many of the windows let in sunlight, but the glass was old and warped, distorting the outside view. Old vines crept along the edges of the windows leaving room in the middle for an undisturbed view. The bodies of dead bees lay along most of the window sills.

In the center of the building stands the grand entrance hall at the top of the granite steps. Surprisingly, the entrance door worked fine. It swung open wide, and sunlight poured in from outside. Several beer bottles lay near the outside of the door at the top of the steps. Maybe they were waiting for someone to let them in but someone never came.

When President Kenneth
Mortimer arrived on campus for his interview he received the usual presidential-candidate tour. He asked about Edens Hall and why it wasn't being used for anything. Last fall quarter, he created a committee to look into possible uses for the building. George Pierce, vice president for business and financial affairs, heads the committee.

"We're pursuing any and every course we can to save the building," Pierce said. "We are certainly stirring the broth as much as we can."

From a view directly above, Edens Hall actually resembles a U-shaped cup floating above its plate, which would be High Street. The Edens Hall committee has conducted several tests to see if the structure is salvageable. Nothing conclusive has been decided yet.

If Edens is torn down in the end, it wouldn't be the first time. The brick structure of Edens replaced a smaller wooden Edens Hall in 1921. At the time, the new structure was probably seen as progress. But I'm not sure everyone would consider it progress if our brick Edens Hall is replaced with an updated version more in-tune with the 90s.
Ways to Beat the "Heat"

by Christina Rustvold

Well, it's been a few weeks since you've been home, and Homecoming for your Alma Mater is just around the corner. Sounds as if it's time to pack up your car and drive that long and winding road leading home. However, since many Western students live in western Washington, the road home is probably that State Patrol trooper's paradise known as Interstate Five.

Pulling out of a gas station on Samish Way you pop in some motivational music -- something that beats so loud the yuppie in the lane next to you can even stay awake.

Music pumpin', shades on for rare but potential sun breaks, you're now ready to hit the highway. But don't forget your most important weapon of defense -- your radar detector.

If you don't have a quality radar detector when driving I-5, you might be faced with a ticket ranging in price from $38 to $66 on the average -- depending on the zone you're in and exactly how fast you're going.

Now, you might think the detectors don't work against the speed measuring devices of the State Patrol. But, my boyfriend was saved from a horrendous ticket by his radar detector. Doing 87 miles per hour in a 55 zone, he was spotted by a State Patrolman on a motorcycle. His radar detector exploded with warning beeps and vivid red lights. Literally standing on the brakes, my boyfriend was able to reduce his speed to 56 mph by the time the trooper's radar locked-on. He was pulled over and severely warned. The trooper said he had no proof to ticket him since he shifted speed before the radar locked-on.

If you really can't afford a radar detector, like most college students in the United States, there is another way to avoid getting caught on I-5.

All you need is to know where the troopers drink their cups of coffee and eat their doughnuts while casually clocking speeders. Watching for cops is also a good way to keep alert as you travel past miles of green acres spotted with an occasional cow.

Areas on I-5 that are normally speed trapped can vary. A popular spot I've observed in my travels is coming northbound just outside of Everett before the speed changes to 65 mph.

This area is a trooper heaven. Many folks get mesmerized by the highway and begin to think, "Gee, did I miss the 65 mph sign?" So, thinking they just weren't paying attention, they begin to increase their speed and -- WHAM! Here come de fuzz.

State trooper Scott Nelson said in Whatcom County the areas they are most likely to catch speeders are at the 55 transitions into the city and in the Birch Bay and Lynden areas. The troopers do give drivers a bit of distance to reduce their speed. For example, coming northbound into Bellingham they give drivers until the North Lake Samish exit to reach 55 mph.

For students traveling southbound to Portland, Ore., the speed changes to 55 mph at the Clark County Fairgrounds exit. I have seen as many as seven troopers at one time occupied at the side of the road with speeders.

So, be aware of speed zone changes!

One final thought to aid you in your various journeys: As well as avoiding cops for speeding, be very sure to avoid them for DWI offenses. Hey, I-5 hypnotizes you enough that you don't need to be drinking on your trip too! You never know, one of those jersey barriers could just jump right out at you and you'd be history!

Arm yourself with awareness and common sense, and I-5 will be yours! Happy motoring!