Living With Alaskan Malamutes: The "Bear" Truth
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KLIPSUN is the Lummi Indian word meaning "beautiful sunset."

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(Left) This desolate landscape is all that remains of the once beautiful Spirit Lake. Photo courtesy of the Washington State Department of Transportation.

On the Cover: "Bear" is goo-goo over owner Gary Winkler.

Front Cover: Photo by Brad Ellis

On the Back Cover: "Barbara" is one of many sculptures on display, (and for sale) in the garden.

Back Cover: Photo by Brad Ellis

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The zipper rests at the bottom of the closed-up mesh screen on the dingy, blue canvas tent. Bacon, bread and miniature cereals are strung high in an arching Evergreen. The full, orange moon lingers directly above the tent window, illuminating the sky with a brilliant light. "SMOOCCH, good night, honey." A few minutes later soft snores mix with the sound of the rustling trees.

Suddenly, out of the night comes the buzzing, laugh-
ing, echo of what sounds like the world's largest mosquito. You dive into your warm down-filled sleeping bag and pull the opening tightly shut. The buzzing gets louder. The pest is doing hurdles on your forehead with a Gore-tex track.

Blap?! A large object slaps your head. Then, no sound. Peering from your shelter you see a flashlight glare and recognize the splattered form of a former flying fright on the shell of your bag. Oh! Thanks.

Through the numerous years since camping first laid it's almighty egg on the planet to plague humans with the urge to kiss the earth and hike the hills, similar stories have hatched. Complaints expressed about bad weather, bugs and bearing heavy loads are all too familiar.

However, camping trips can be a great adventure, and, yes, even fun. Here are a few suggestions for achieving the ultimate camping experience.

BUGS:

The fly, tick, mosquito, chigger. The pest, demon, lil' horror. By any name, the bug -- one of campers' worst nightmares.

How is it that such small crawling and flying creatures can enforce such sheer terror in us? Shouting 'bug-be-gone' or chanting Buddhist prayers is not the answer; spray cans and gooey, unpleasant smelling salves seem to be. Smoky fires are another choice. Another way to combat insects is to stay away from bug-infested areas. Don't camp near a low, wet, muddy area, because it's probably a mosquito's mecca.

CAMPSITES:

We step with care unloading gear, Avoiding sleepers' legs. The other tents were pitched so near We had to use their pegs.

All night we heard the trail bikes race, The din made sleeping hard. Next night we found a quiet place With room -- in our back yard.

Whether you are a Winnebago wild man, a mountain bike maniac, or a break-of-dawn backpacker you will need to find a suitable campsite location. Remember those topographical maps from Geology 101? Well, they work. They are the easiest way to judge cliffs and flat areas. Just remember, the wider apart the contour lines, the more level the ground is likely to be. Look for a location fairly sheltered from the wind. Stay away from rain run-off areas unless you bring small paddles. Most importantly look for a good place to put your gear.

EQUIPMENT:

There's just so much that you can pack From car to camp upon you back. And when you're ready to bed down You'll wish for things you left in town.

And don't complain to Eddie Bauer That you weren't sold a heated shower. You hit the trail please keep in mind To leave such city stuff behind.

Equipment is basically a matter of preference and depends on the length of your trip, as well as how primitive a location you choose. If you decide to camp at one of Western Washington's 30 plus campsites, a 12-pack of Animal Beer, hot dogs, mustard and some buns would be satisfying; a two-man tent and a wool blanket would keep you snug; and a roll of quarters (for the showers) would keep you clean. But if you are planning to be creative -- without all the luxuries provided for you -- think light and smart.

The primitive adventurer, with equipment strapped to his or her ankles, would rely on fresh running water (treated of course), rice and noodles with dehydrated peas, corn and celery, and canned chicken. The invention sent down from the gods to take the chore out of cooking is the pack stove. The most current models are compact enough to nestle into your pack's side pocket and are extremely easy to use -- you just turn on the gas, light it and cook.

Sleeping bags vary in price from $85 to $600, use quality shells such as Gore-tex, ripstop nylon and nylon taffeta. They are filled with everything from down to wool to synthetics.

Choose a tent to fit your needs and your budget. Ev-
VALHALLA OUTDOOR EQUIPMENT
RENTAL AND BIKE SHOP

Day  Weekend  Deposit

Tents:  
2 person  $2  $8  $20
4 person  $2.50  $10  $25

Sleeping Bags:  
$1.50  $5  $10

Insulite Pads:  
$.50  $2  $5

Stoves:  
1 burner  $1  $4  $5
2 burner  $2  $6  $10
fuel bottle  $.50  $1  $5

Packs:  
Internal  $2  $8  $25
External  $1.50  $6  $20

Poncho:  
$.50  $1  $5

BACKPACKER MAGAZINE SURVEY
OF TOP EQUIPMENT
Story by Cindy Ross

Choices of 140 thru-hikers midway along the Appalachian trail.

PACKS:
External packs:
- Camp Trails  $75 to $167
- Jansport  $79 to $239
- Kelty  $110 to $300

Internal packs:
- The North Face  N/A
- Gregory  $216 to $219

BOOTS:
Leather:
- Vasque  $110 to $215
- Merrell  $109 to $245
- Danner  $45

Fabric:
- HiTec  $50 to $95
- Vasque  $68 to $155

TENTS:
- Sierra Designs Clip Flashlight  $158
- The North Face  N/A
- Eureka Timberline  $149

SLEEPING BAGS:
- The North Face  $149

STOVES:
- MSR-Whisperlites  $46
- Svea 123 Rs  $60
- Coleman's Peak 1 Multi-fuel  $90

Cindy Matson/Klipsun

everyone knows the limit on a student Visa.

Hiking boots are a must if you are taking the round-a-bout back roads.

WEATHER:

Monday through Friday
It's warm and fair.
Weekend weather -- Rain to spare.

Rain, for a Washingtonian, is realized at birth as a form of god-speak. A prepared camper ignores the wet dropping menace and enjoys the plap, plap, ting, ting of the rain bouncing off the tent. Rain gear for you, your tent and your equipment is essential. The combination of being cold and wet is not pretty.

When the sun is shining, the birds are singing and every noise and color is straight out of a G-rated Disney movie, you might take the "bare is better" approach. Wrong answer. Long-sleeved cotton shirts provide protection from insects, branches and too much sun. Shorts are comfortable in the heat and long socks will help protect you from long nettles. Hats minimize the sun's effect of fatigue.

COMPANIONS:

Have you ever been on a long trip with a friend, relative or lover, with all the modern conveniences of car and lodging plus entertainment to satisfy the most unpleasant partner, and by the end of the second day you begin spending most of your time plotting their slow, painful execution?

A camping companion should be carefully chosen. Does he or she think you are kidding when you scream "Help! I'm stuck under a rock that's about to roll over a 100-foot cliff?"

Your partner should have equal camping experience, unless one of you is a leader and the other a follower. This avoids complaints like: I didn't think this pack would be so heavy; When do we get to stop walking? You want me to climb that cliff?

SANITATION:

Back in the days when you were still being weaned, grandfather used to bury all the unwanted bottles, aluminum cans and tin cans so the next camper wouldn't have to see the mess. Very considerate grampa was, but mother nature was contemplating a giant lightning bolt striking you from the sky. Although intentions were good as well as grandma's cooking, they were very misinformed. Campers must realize that what they pack in, most cases, they must pack out.

Man-made toilets should be constructed several yards from any source of water.

Dishes should be washed in just water, but if soap is necessary for a clean piece of mind, use biodegradable and use it sparingly.

After following such simple suggestions, campers from novice to veteran are sure to have a blast. That is, unless there is such a thing as 'Bigfoot.'
By Julie Anderson

The gravel path in the nursery turns and winds through the trees, shrubs and flowers, as figures and abstracts pull the eye in every direction.

Flowering rhododendrons in shades of pink, purple and white are scattered throughout the landscape, adding a striking vividness to the varying shades of green. As the eyes remain in motion, the sun streams down, parting its way through the leaves, to be reflected and absorbed by the elements it meets.

The scene lends easily to both daydreaming thoughts and simple questions about all that is new and unfamiliar.

Inquiring for assistance from the owner, I am told he is out, but that David would be happy to help me. A young man with short, brown hair approaches, extending his hand for a greeting.

If you don't know what an azalea looks like, just ask David Drake.

"I know everything about plants," he exclaims, a proud smile spreading across his face. "I'll show you some azaleas."

David squints from the sunshine, his black-framed glasses resting firmly in place as he sets off down the path. His red sweatshirt and faded jeans are covered with the dust and stains from hard work, yet he does not seem tired as he turns and beckons for me to follow.

While walking along the garden path surrounded by tall evergreen trees and various plants for sale, David points to a fence encompassing the garden and explains that deer and fox have to stay out because they eat the rhododendron and azalea leaves.

Between the greenery, various artworks are framed by the leaves and flowers to become a part of the natural setting. A sculpted figure of a woman adorned with erratic streaks of color stands on a pedestal with hands together, pointing upward to the sky as if trying to reach out and grow like that which surrounds it.

David leads me to a cluster of potted azaleas and looks back with a smile. "Here they are," he says.

Asked if he needs to get back to work, he responds with a quick laugh and shake of his head as he says, "It's all right to talk for awhile."

David, 28, has Downs Syndrome and works at the Big Rock Garden Nursery and Garden of Arts on top of Alabama Hill. He attributes
his knowledge of plants to reading and on-the-job experience. David says he likes his job and the people he meets who come to the garden.

George Drake, owner of the garden and David's father, started the nursery with his wife in 1981 to provide a place for his son and other mentally disabled youth to work. Drake works at Western as assistant to the president for international programs and has undertaken the Big Rock Garden as a private venture. Mary Ann Drake explains how one day she was talking to her husband about the 2 1/2 acres of land located by their house.

"I said, 'Why don't we start a Ma, Pa and David nursery."

Roughly two years before the opening of the garden, the Drakes went to work clearing the land and building a greenhouse. Mary Ann quit her job as a nurse and began to study horticulture.

What began as a small nursery branched into much more.

A full-time manager for the nursery, Frank Corey, was later hired. A 1986 graduate of Western and outstanding student of the year in business, Corey was a work-study student for Drake while at Western and after graduation worked with handicapped people. He is in charge of the nursery side of the business and supervises David and two other handicapped people employed at the garden.

Drake describes the progression of the nursery as "outstandingly successful." The nursery specializes in plants of Asian origin. More than 100 varieties of Japanese maples, 600 varieties of azaleas and 400 to 500 varieties of rhododendrons flourish within the nursery.

Drake said he brought the first hybrid azalea plant from China to Big Rock Garden. After developing other varieties of the plant, he later took a collection back to the botanical gardens in Beijing, China.

Drake said he presented the donation to the Chinese "from the city of Bellingham with love."

He recalls the people of China were delighted when Drake said he was "bringing the grandchildren home again."

After Corey was hired, Drake began to work on a new project -- the Gardens of Art.

Drake's idea behind the garden is to provide a unique setting for the
display of various artwork. Today more than 100 artists from five different nations have their works shown at the garden.

The mixture of artwork among the giant evergreen trees and landscaped ground provides an experience far different from a museum. The Khmer Buddha, a stone figure dating back to 14th century Cambodia, stands immobile and solid, bracing itself against the elements of the weather. Large, contemporary mobiles in various shapes provide contrasting movement to the scene.

Soothing sounds of wind chimes ringing from the light breeze join with the sounds of birds to create a relaxing, natural music. It is this unique setting that has attracted people's attention. Views of Lake Whatcom, the Olympic Mountains and the San Juan islands surround this land, molded into a picturesque blend of art and nature.

It is the Northwest's first outdoor retail sculpture gallery, Drake said. Drake feels that a garden and art belong together and has used his gallery to accentuate the beauty within both.

Works in sandstone, granite, marble, glass, stainless steel, corten steel, cast iron, aluminum, bronze, wood, stoneware and many other media are shown. Art styles range from representational to abstract, and prices fit modest to extensive pocketbooks.

Drake said the prices on pieces here are much less expensive than those back East, because costs for gallery space are very expensive and owners of such space receive a large commission. The Garden of Arts receives a very small commission for the selling of a piece, making it different from other galleries.

"The ordinary gallery has a sculpture within four walls with artificial light on it and may or may not be interesting, but it's nice," Drake said. He added that gallery owners are trying to attract people who are collectors with a lot of money to invest in art.

However, Drake is trying to orient the art toward the home gardeners of America.

The garden is located atop Alabama Hill on the eastern edge of Bellingham, near Lake Whatcom. Visitors to the garden come from Vancouver B.C., down I-5 to the Portland area. The recognition by people in Bellingham is relatively small, Drake said.
By Darlene Obsharsky

Editor's note: Paul is a fictional name. Daniel requested only his first name be used. Both sources were concerned that their families would suffer adverse reaction from the community if they became identified in any manner in this article.

A huge fake palm tree dominated the living room. An elaborate beach setting was laid out for guests by converting the dining room into a giant sandbox, complete with 200 pounds of real sand. The atmosphere was enhanced to a tropical climate by cranking the heater up to 90 degrees. Almost 100 guests showed up in shorts and T-shirts. The January, 1989 beach party was a celebra-
tion dreamed up by former Western student Scott Lennon. Last November he lost his job as a naturalist on a cruise ship when the company went bankrupt. His plans for a Mexican vacation faded when the company folded. The party reflected a change in luck for Lennon. He had just started a new job; things were looking up for him. The beach theme was simply an excuse for Lennon to bring the fun of Mexico to Bellingham.

It was during this party that Lennon's friends remarked on how much weight he had lost. Their words would come back to haunt him.

For Daniel, 28, a Western senior majoring in graphic design, it wasn’t friends who alerted him to a health problem. He knew from the re-occurring bouts of fatigue and swollen glands in his neck that something was wrong.

It was dramatic and rapid when Paul's symptoms manifested. He collapsed in the shower. He was rushed to a hospital and admitted.

All three men have much in common. Each recalls events leading up to being diagnosed with Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS). Each are in the advanced stages of the disease and each has to deal with living with AIDS in Whatcom County.

AIDS is caused by Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV), which is spread by sexual contact or sharing needles and syringes with a person infected with HIV. It can also be transmitted from an infected mother to her baby during or immediately after pregnancy, said Carolyn Robbins, administrative consultant for Evergreen Aids Support Services.

HIV damages the body's immune system, which leaves the body unable to fight off certain infections and cancers that would not be a threat to someone with a healthy immune system.

As of April 4, 1,698 people in Washington State have been diagnosed with AIDS and of those, 939 have died. During the same time period, Whatcom County Health Department said 20 people with AIDS have been diagnosed in Whatcom County. Eleven of them have died.

Misconceptions and paranoia about AIDS exist everywhere. In small rural communities these problems become magnified.

"Whatcom County has been in denial. People don’t think AIDS can happen here," said John Jordy, counselor for Student Health Services and the Counseling Center.

"The prevailing attitude has been that in Whatcom County people don't shoot drugs, they don’t have anonymous sex and certainly there are no gays in Whatcom County," Jordy said.

If people admit Whatcom County can have people with AIDS, then they have to admit that maybe it could...
also happen to them, they could get AIDS. Whenever reactions and decisions are made out of fear, it sets people up for discrimination and persecution, Jordy said.

Discrimination encountered by people with AIDS includes lost jobs, cancellation of health insurance, eviction by landlords and ostracism by the community, Robbins said.

Also, in an area geographically spread out like Whatcom County, many areas are not serviced by public transportation, leaving AIDS patients to rely on friends and family. Another barrier is Whatcom County's shortage of affordable housing, Robbins said.

Even a small population, such as that on Western's campus, is not immune to prejudice. When Lennon was a student at Western, in 1986, a petition was circulated to close the Sexual Minorities Center and called for identification of all gays on campus, Lennon said.

When Lennon was tested for HIV during that year, no procedures were established for pre- or post-test counseling. While working at the campus radio station (KUGS-FM), just before he was scheduled to go on the air, Lennon called the Whatcom County Health Department to arrange an appointment to get the results of his test.

"I never figured the health officer would just blurt it out to me. I was totally devastated and I couldn't believe it. It never occurred to me that it would come back positive," Lennon said.

"I felt fine, I was fine. I went on with my life. It did make enough of an impact on me to force me into making a behavior change in terms of my sexuality. I immediately went out and learned about safe sex," Lennon said.

The weight loss his friends at the party commented about was Lennon's first warning sign of AIDS.

A month later, he was not able to eat.

"I would be ravishingly hungry, but after two bites I was stuffed," he said. His weight slid from 185 to 145 pounds.

Soon episodes of fatigue, night-sweats and nausea set in.

"Each morning I had to drag myself out of bed two hours early just to get dressed for work. Even something as simple as making a phone call would overwhelm me," Lennon said.

When he knew these symptoms were HIV related, he went to his boss and was told to take all the time off he needed. He took two weeks off for medical tests and to recuperate.

In March, he developed a high fever and was admitted to the hospital. He became sick very quickly. "It was one crisis after another," Lennon said. He was put on oxygen. Lennon had Pneumocystis carinii pneumonia (PCP), one of the most common opportunistic infections seen in AIDS patients.

While he was in the hospital, his boss requested a letter from his doctor. The doctor sent out a letter stating that Lennon should be getting better and would be able to return to work within eight weeks. His employer received the letter on March 12. The next day his roommate received a phone call (at home) from the employer informing him that Lennon had been fired.

"Each day I look out the window and see a mountain that I have to climb," Lennon said. "Some people are curious about AIDS, about me and also if anyone I know has AIDS. They don't come out and ask, they just hint at it," he said. "They walk around with their mountain in their pocket and when they see me they take it out and try to give it to me. I have my own mountain, it's called AIDS. Their mountain is called AFRAIDS. I can't take on their mountain too," Lennon said.

Lennon currently survives on $396 from Social Security plus $17 in food stamps and medical coupons monthly. Because he is
considered disabled, any money he earns would either be deducted from his check or disqualify him from assistance.

Currently he deals with bouts of skin problems, muscle cramps, headaches and yeast infections. He has to keep his immune system up to fight off colds or pneumonia. Often yeast infections and irritations or growths in his throat make it difficult for Lennon to eat.

Lennon takes 400 mg of AZT every four hours each day. He uses a pill holder with a built in beeper to remind him to take his medication. He pays $580 for a prescription of 360 AZT pills -- a two-month supply. Other medication he takes include Mycelex (six times per day) for yeast infections and tylenol or advil for headaches. This is the least amount of medication he has taken since being diagnosed with AIDS.

"Illness and poverty go hand in hand in this country. The health care system is screwed up. You end up sick and poor," Lennon said.

Financial worries also plague Daniel. He had to get rid of his car in order to qualify for services through the Department of Social and Health Services (DSHS). Regulations stipulate that any car he owns can't exceed $1,500 in value and limits any savings to $2,000. In return he also receives $396 in social security disability. However, he must pay $355 toward each medical bill before the state will pay.

"It ain't no free ride," Daniel joked, but stressed that it took more than three months for his claim to be reviewed and accepted. He said the amount of paperwork he filled out was enormous.

He has been hospitalized four times since November. During his last stay in the hospital, Daniel kept a Pee-Wee Herman doll by his side. Whenever he is asked about the doll he tilts his head to one side and raises his voice a few octaves as he replies, "Why? Well, cause he's my buddy! OK?"

Not only does he sound like PeeWee Herman, he looks like him, too. His hair is close cropped and his facial profile matches the doll's. He is thin, very thin.

Daniel suffers from double and blurred vision. Also, he experiences blinding headaches, nausea, and numbness on one side of his face.

He has Toxoplasmosis, which results in brain infections. Antibiotics have to be taken every day to control or suppress the disease but no medication will alleviate it, Daniel said.

Because so many of his friends have died from AIDS at such an early age, Daniel has made a promise to his friends and family to "hang in there until I'm 30." He stressed that although he is gay, AIDS is not just a gay disease. "I have fought my whole life not to be a stereotype, now I'm dying as one," he said in reference to people assuming that only gays get AIDS.

Daniel speaks softly and pauses often when he recalls the time he was given medication that is a derivative of marijuana. "It really sent me on a trip. I felt so open. I was finally ready to
discuss with my mother what arrangements I wanted made," he said.

It was something he had not been able to bring himself to do before. "It was a good talk," he said.

"I told her what kind of a service I wanted and where. We talked about a power of attorney and the disposition of my possessions, who should get what and how much. We talked about a living will and how much or how little life support system to use. Then we had a good cry," Daniel said.

For some people with AIDS the opportunity to open up and talk with family members or friends has eluded them.

"This community is very apprehensive about AIDS. There is a very big stigma attached to this disease," Paul said. He is in his mid-30s and returned home when he was diagnosed.

His parent's home reflects the traditional rural lifestyle and religious orientation of most of the community where he lives. From the outside, it looks like a typical home. Few in the community know that Paul is dying from AIDS.

The interior of the house is immaculate. A wheelchair is parked neatly by the front door. An oxygen tube marks out a thin trail down the side of Paul's recliner and snakes across the carpet and disappears under a closed door. The oxygen tank is neatly tucked behind this door.

Like the rest of the house, the carpet is groomed to perfection. There is no hint of any footsteps taken across it. Glass figures and mementos are arranged in an orderly manner around framed family photographs on the bookshelf. Perched on the piano ledge is a hymnal.

On the wall, opposite the piano and to Paul's left, hangs a needlepoint design. Ornate flowers and birds hover in each corner. They serve as accent marks to the inscription: 'Life is fragile...Handle with care.'

In sharp contrast to the neat and perfected decor, the symptoms of Paul's illness offer a bitter, ironic twist. He has Kaposi's sarcoma (KS), a cancer that manifests as bluish and reddish-purple discolorations on his skin. The lesions are raised and nodular. They appear on his face, arms, hands and legs.

It is the only sign of disorder in the room. The lesions, hard to ignore, offer an obvious reminder that Paul is sick and that he has AIDS.

It is impossible to tell which figure in the family photographs is Paul. The lesions have swollen and distorted his features so much that it is difficult to find any hint as to what Paul looked like before the cancer.

Paul was diagnosed with AIDS 18 months ago. At first it was difficult to find a doctor in the area who would take a patient with AIDS, he said. "I had to knock on a lot of doors. Finally, I found a doctor that was knowledgeable (about AIDS) and compassionate," Paul said.

"I was very apprehensive how my family and friends would react to my illness. It was a bridge to cross. They have been very empathic and supportive," he said.

Some people don't understand the disease, they have no comprehension of what it is like. They react from fear and a lack of knowledge, he said. "On the whole, the community has done a good job considering it is not a metropolitan area," Paul said.

"People have a paranoia about what they don't understand," Paul said. Most people don't understand that the lesions are not the beginning of the disease but have developed over time. "They are not contagious, but people are afraid to be in the same room with me. They can't get AIDS from touching me," he said.

Paul repeatedly explained that to change the community's attitudes it will take education, compassion and lots of time.

But time is something he doesn't have. Paul died two weeks after his interview.
A Family "Pack"
No Communication Gap Between this Dad and his "Kids"

By Michelle Partridge

The group of wolf-like dogs made a gray, black, and white streak as they sped through the woods on Chuckanut Mountain. They leaped over logs and rocks in their path as they hurdled their large bodies along, concentrating solely on the man before them -- the man leading their pack.

Gary Winkler and his 11 Alaskan Malamutes spend about three to four hours a day trekking through the woods around Bellingham, getting exercise and "getting away from the concrete jungle," he said.

On most days, when he's not out running with his pack, Winkler, 34, can be seen driving around the streets of Whatcom County with his dogs in the open back of his black truck. Since his dogs are a major source of his income, driving them around is his main advertising tool.

Winkler’s dogs have been used in several local and national advertisements, including for Eddie Bauer and REI. Many of the ads have shown the powerful dogs, some weighing up to 185 pounds, pulling sleds. In some shots, the camera zoomed in to catch a curious expression on the dog's face, a face with an almost heart-shaped, white patch in the middle, surrounded by gray, black, and white soft fur.

Taking a break from his running while the dogs cooled off in a nearby mud puddle, Winkler attempted to explain his relationship with his animals.

"I am part of their pack, part of their family. My dogs are a major part of my life. I just love hanging out with these guys. If you hang around with someone long enough, they eventually think you're one of them. I've become one of them, in their eyes."

Winkler fell in love with his first Alaskan Malamute when he was 19 years old. He took care of a friend’s dog, Nanuk, for about two months.

"I was never so impressed with an animal in my life. He was so intelligent. The dog became so much a part of my identity that I felt lost without him when my friend came back from Europe and took him back."

That is when Winkler began looking for one of his own. He spent two-and-one-half years searching for his first Malamute. He figures he must have examined 90 different litters looking for one pup with just the right black-and-white markings.

He finally found Bear in Granger, Wash.

"When I first saw Bear, it was like it was meant to be. Bear turned around and looked at me, from where he sat with the other pups, and then ran over to me as if to say 'It's about time you got here."

At the time, Winkler had no money on him, but he was afraid the owners would sell Bear. He ended up giving them everything he had in his car at the time -- his tennis racket, a vacuum cleaner, and his driver's license. He went back later and paid the people $200.

"When I bought Bear, I was just a young buck in the woods. We worked one-on-one and learned a lot together. I used him for his ability to sense when there was danger in the woods."

A family portrait.

Brad Ellis/Klipsun
His natural instincts steer us from trouble. We valued each other’s friendship."

Winkler went on to say that Bear would do anything to protect him from danger.

"If a bear had jumped out to hurt me, Bear would have died trying to protect me. How many friends would do that for each other?"

Winkler, who grew up on a farm outside of Bellingham, studied pre-med at the University of California at Los Angeles and later at Western. In 1978, he got fed up with city life and people and moved to Alaska with Bear. It was while living in Skagway that he began working with Bear to make money. When the Alaska Ferry and cruise ships -- some carrying more than 2,000 people -- came into port, Bear would tow people into the downtown area on a sled made by Winkler.

Soon after, Winkler bought Panda, a female Malamute, to pull sleds with Bear.

"Bear was a big hit. I would charge $10 per person for a 10-minute ride. I was making about $50 every 10 minutes."

Winkler moved back to Bellingham in 1984 and now hires his dogs, all of whom are pups from Panda and Bear, out for store openings, and plays Santa Claus, giving sled rides during the holiday season.

Winkler said his dogs are used to getting a lot of attention from people. However, as comfortable and gentle as the massive animals are around crowds of people, Winkler said it’s out in the wilderness that the animals -- and he himself -- are really at home.

"I'm not really sure man was meant to be in cities," Winkler said, as he scanned the woods around him.

"Things are simpler out here, more black and white. And you can see how happy the dogs are out here. They run freely. This is where they get their balance and agility. They can't get this from running in the concrete jungle."

"It frustrates me, money and work. I like it so much better out here in the woods, but I couldn't afford to be out here all the time. I have to feed my dogs and pay their vet bills."

Winkler operates a car shop downtown during the day, restoring old cars.

Back on the trail, Winkler said that he and his dogs usually blaze their own path through the woods. Coming upon a six-foot rock face, three adult
“Aaaagggghhh ... that feels good.” Mutual affection and respect are abundant in this family.
Brad Ellis/Klipsun
dogs leap up and wait for the puppies to follow. Winkler, too, scales the rock and turns to wait for the puppies. BooBoo, one of the more outgoing and independent puppies, struggles for a moment before mastering the rock. Another puppy follows. Little Bear, weighing 50 pounds at 13 weeks of age, looked up at Winkler and uttered a high, sharp yip for help. Winkler explained that the puppies learn lessons out in the woods from him and the older dogs.

"It's either keep up or get left behind. That's how they learn," he said. "The puppies watch the older dogs and try to do what they do."

Winkler said there are three breeds of Alaskan Malamute. His are descendants of the McKenzie wolf, an Alaskan wolf known for its enormous size. He spends about $800 on dog food each month. He said the puppies grow about a pound a day until they reach 140 pounds, when they level off for a while. But the males will eventually reach about 180 pounds.

Winkler said his love for animals started when he was very young. He grew up on a farm outside of Bellingham and spent most of his time with his animals.

"I've always had this natural thing with animals. I don't try to act like their superior. I act on their level. I think of animals as I think of people. We communicate through looks. We don't need words, it's all in the expression."

Winkler said he watches his dogs watch people and can tell by the dogs' expressions what kind of people they are.

Winkler said each of his dogs has a personality of its own. He said Bear, who died of old age last spring, was fast and agile, and worked hard while pulling sleds and running.

"I hoped that Little Bear would be more like his father, but he's a wimp. He's fat and lazy and he usually hangs back with me when the others are running."

Winkler reaches back to scratch Little Bear's ears while he walks around Fragrance Lake, a place where he and his dogs usually go when they run.

"They beat the hell out of each other at times, just like siblings, but they're still a pack and would protect each other.

"Something I really like about these dogs is they are so innocent and pure. They don't want to hurt anyone. I always know that no matter how mad they get at me, they always come home with me."

One of the greatest jobs Winkler does with his dogs is taking people backpacking in the mountains. The larger dogs can carry about 20 pounds each, and the people only have to pack in their sleeping bags. He charges $2,000 a week to take people "to the most wonderful places that most people never have a chance to see. It's really great. I make a lot of money and it puts me out in the toolies where I like to be."

Winkler hopes to break into larger national advertising with his dogs in the next few years. He is currently preparing a portfolio of pictures of his dogs in different ads they have appeared in over the years. He would like eventually to do ads for Budweiser, Miller, Coke or Pepsi.

Winkler said the business part of owning his dogs is not a very important part of their relationship. Running freely in the woods on warm afternoons, or wrestling around in the backyard of his Everson home, brings Winkler his greatest joy from his dogs.

"Most people go their whole lives without anything special happening to them. I have 11 special things. I am very happy just spending time with them. They are a part of me and I couldn't imagine life without them."
Seeing Western in a New Light

By Doree Armstrong

Most of us take for granted the ability to appreciate Western's varying landscapes, architecture and outdoor sculpture garden. But, for visually-impaired students, those aspects take a back seat to simply navigating the campus.

Western has a large braille map of campus but it is outdated and impractical because students can't keep it with them all the time.

So, Western's geography department, with the help of the technology department and a few volunteers, has put together a braille map to help make visually-impaired students' lives a bit easier. The new map will be small enough so anyone who wants a copy can have one.

Robert Monahan and Gene Hoerauf of the geography department got the idea for the map from a visiting cartographer from the University of Washington. The 1989 spring quarter advanced cartography class took up the project. Hoerauf said the focus of the class was to give participating students practical experience as well as to produce something useful to the campus.

"There are quite a wide variety of ways of producing maps for the blind," Hoerauf said. The group decided to use a Geographic Information System (GIS). "With a GIS, you accumulate the data and then use the computer to develop it in a variety of ways," he said.

The first task for the class of about 15 students was to take existing campus maps and examine which features the visually-impaired would need to know, such as parking lots, buildings, walkways, stairs, etc.

"Then we had to go out in the field...and look to see where things were different because (the maps) were outdated," Hoerauf said.

While field testing the maps, the students discovered one thing visually-impaired students need to know -- "hazardous" sculptures.

Many pieces of artwork in Western's outdoor sculpture garden are placed in the middle of heavy traffic areas, such as The Alpha-beta Cube in front of Wilson Library and the Skyviewing Sculpture in Red Square.

"You can imagine walking through that area and how easy it would be to hit your head," Hoerauf said.

If you look closely around the perimeter of the Cube you'll notice small, wedge-shaped pieces of cement designed to warn visually-impaired students of the object. The Skyviewing Sculpture doesn't have such indicators, Hoerauf said, because it would be awkward with so many people walking through it all the time.

The students had a lot of revision to do because some sidewalks had changed, along with the landscape and buildings.

"The entire technology..."
building wasn’t on the map,” Hoerauf said.

The class was divided into three groups. The first group read books about braille and being visually impaired and also analyzed sample braille maps from other campuses to determine what style would work best for Western. The second bunch, the user contact group, talked to visually impaired students to find out specific problems they had with getting around campus.

The third group produced the base map. They divided the campus into three sections -- north, south and central -- and began determining the campus’ features. They also picked out the materials to be used and determined the actual size the finished map would be. They decided to make a separate map for each of the three sections of campus.

Disabled Student Services said it knows of five visually-impaired students currently on campus. Juana Wilson, a Western graduate and intern at the Disabled Student Services, along with former student David Means, both visually-impaired, were invited to help the students out.

“One thing that interested me about this particular project was that they wanted to make personal maps for each individual to keep," Wilson said. "We learned a lot from them. They told us what would be good map-wise,” senior geography major Matt Mechler said.

Wilson said working on the project was a good experience for everyone involved. “I think they (the students) gave me insight," Wilson said. "They asked questions they obviously thought about a lot. They were very smart about how a blind person might think. I don’t remember there being any stupid questions asked.”

Once the maps were updated the process switched to “digitizing,” where the information was converted into x and y coordinates and plugged into the computer. Then the GIS converts the data into a slightly different form that works with computer-aided design and drafting (CAD system). This prepares the data to go to the technology department’s automated milling machine. The milling machine then carves out the map onto a 12-inch by 12-inch by 1/8-inch sheet of aluminum. Just 2/100 of an inch distinguishes buildings from walkways and walkways from streets and streets from landscape.

With the aluminum sheet being only .125 inches high, the total height of the carved map is only 8/100 of an inch.

Such a minute difference may not seem like much, but “the research with the blind indicates they can distinguish that difference,” Hoerauf said.

Since aluminum is rather expensive, the class turned to Claude Hill in plastics technology to reproduce copies in plastic. This way, any student who wants a copy can have their own.

Plastics technology reproduces the map through “vacuum firming.” The carved aluminum sheet is called the “firming plate” and is screwed onto a wooden platform, Hill explained. A sheet of plastic is heated in an oven for about 15 seconds to get it to a "thermoform" state, where the molecular structure is pliable (it feels a lot like rubber).

The hot, pliable sheet is immediately removed from the oven and placed on a platform above the firming plate. The vacuum causes the plastic to conform to the plate.

By the end of last spring the class had completed the field survey and digitizing and were preparing to convert the information to the CAD system. But, they ran out of time and then the milling machine broke down.

“The project turned out to be a bit more involved than we thought it might be,” Hoerauf explained.

A few students worked with Monahan and Hoerauf during this past year and the data is currently ready for testing on the milling machine.

Hoerauf said the finished maps will probably use clear plastic over printed paper so the sighted can also “read” the maps.
By Dana Nowicki

Editor's note: Pam's name has been changed to protect her identity. Jonathan also is a pseudonym.

At first meeting, 22-year-old Pam appears intelligent, beautiful, content. Her long, wavy, auburn hair, big brown eyes and tall, slender figure are an envy of her peers. Pam graduated from Seattle's Gene Juarez Academy beauty school in half the time an average student does. She recently began management training for a hotel in Seattle and is in the process of opening her own hairstyling salon near her home in south Seattle. No one would ever have guessed where Pam had been or what her life entailed six months ago.


"It all started when I was 17 years old. Jonathan was considerably older (10 years) and I was taken by the fact that he paid so much attention to me. That's all I could see," she said.

As Pam sat on her couch with no emotion in her voice, no tears in her eyes, she recounted the events in her life that she'd kept from her friends and family for two years.

"In the beginning I struggled with going out with an older, twice-divorced man with a history of alcoholism. But, as time passed I eventually forgot about or tried to minimize those factors. I convinced myself they wouldn't affect our relationship."

Pam said she and Jonathan were together for a year before she ever saw this 'dark side' of him. "He treated me great until I moved in with him in November of 1987. After that I became his possession. He had control of me. He hit me after only a week of being there. He'd come home drunk and I started yelling at him for driving home. He just slapped me around and I blamed it on his drinking. And from then on I decided to avoid him after he's been drinking."

Pam soon learned Jonathan's drinking and violence were not something she could avoid if she continued to live with him.

"He was hitting me probably every couple of weeks. But it was usually on the chest or back so it was easier to hide," she said. And so she did hide.

"During one fight he pinned me to the ground and pounded on my chest and collarbone with his forefingers until it swelled together," Pam said while demonstrating the aggression.

"I called the police and threatened Jonathan I'd tell them everything. But when they arrived I chickened out and said he didn't do anything. He in turn said I kicked and scratched and hit him. I was taken down to the police station and spent the night in jail. Because my injuries were on my chest, the police had no suspicion he had hurt me at all. I was charged with domestic violence. But I went back to him the very next day," Pam said, recalling the incident as if it happened yesterday.

"If I ever had bruises on my face, I would just stay at home and call in sick to work until they disappeared. I covered things up very well."
Pam blames some of her dependency on Jonathan on events from her childhood. Her father left when she was 10 years old and this, she said, gave her an incredible fear of abandonment -- especially by a man. "I would do anything to stay with him. He obviously knew this and took advantage of it."

Barb Carlson, counseling coordinator for Womencare Shelter of Bellingham, said excuses like the ones Pam uses for in an abused relationship are only a few of the many excuses women in the same situation use. "A lot of these women believe that this abusive relationship is better than no relationship at all," she said. Carlson said other reasons women stay are: a lack of job skills, low income, having no other place to live, and lack of transportation.

Pam said she did threaten to leave Jonathan once and he threw her down the outside stairs of their apartment. She said she screamed for help but their neighbors had called the police so often for their domestic violence that they probably thought she was 'crying wolf' again.

In August of 1989, Pam was again charged with domestic violence and her bail was set at $1,000. She called her mother to bail her out, and her mother confronted her about the relationship with Jonathan. "She asked me how long I was going to take this. Until I was dead? I'd never really thought of it that way. Could it actually go that far? During the really violent fights he had threatened to kill me. And now that I think about it, he didn't just abuse me physically but emotionally as well. I didn't know who I was anymore, but I knew I wasn't Pam." "I went back again but about a month later, he had hit me for the last time. I called my mother and asked if I could come back home," Pam said.

Carlson said it takes most women an average of leaving seven times before they actually follow through.

Carlson explained, "I think these women all have a little nagging voice in the back of their minds telling them, 'You're too good for this. You deserve better than this.' It just takes some longer than others to listen to that voice. Some never listen."

Pam moved back home in September of 1989 while Jonathan was at work. He followed her for a week, begging her to come back, apologizing and making promises to change. She called the police and a restraining order was issued to keep Jonathan from seeing her, or going to her hotel or her mother's home.

Pam had been back at her mother's for three weeks, desperately trying to get her life back in order. Jonathan, in trouble with the law for events not related to his relationship with Pam, moved to Arizona. Pam hoped this would finally give her the space she needed to begin reorganizing her thoughts and her life.

However, although Jonathan was physically removed from Pam's life, he continued his abuse over the phone. "He'd call me in the middle of the night and tell me how much better his life was without me and how wonderful his new girlfriend was. He didn't threaten me anymore just called me every dirty name I've ever heard."

After changing her phone number last December, Pam hasn't heard from or seen Jonathan.

Carlson said that when the abusive partner finds a new romantic interest to focus on, it's the best hope for the woman who has escaped. "He has a new obsession now and chances are he'll continue to leave her alone," she said.

Although a woman may have finally escaped the relationship, Carlson said she believes an important part of the healing process is seeking some sort of counseling.

Pam has begun the long road to recovery and is currently seeking help. "I've started to go through counseling to gain some of my self-esteem and
self-respect back, but it's going to be a long process.

Carlson said telling her story matter-of-factly is just one of the ways an abused woman uses her coping skills. It makes the reality of it not seem so horrible.

Although more than six months have passed since Pam left the relationship, the scars and wounds will remain with her for a long time.

"I know I'm harder to get close to — especially with a man. I don't know if I'll ever be able to completely trust a man again," Pam said.

"A woman can recover from physical abuse in about a week but recovery from psychological abuse may take up to 10 years," Carlson said.
Professional Wrestling Fans Whoop It Up

By Drew McDougal

The "sport" of professional wrestling has been around for many years. It was an off-spring of the ancient Greco-Roman and Sumo styles of wrestling that first appeared in traveling carnivals during the first half of the century. The objective is the same: to maneuver your opponent to a position where both shoulder blades are touching the mat for a referee's count of three. But fans and critics alike will tell you that the professional wrestling of today bares little resemblance to the traditional forms that spawned it.

Today, professional wrestling is a multi-million dollar sport. There are various greater and lesser leagues. But the NWA (National Wrestling Alliance) and the WWF (World Wrestling Federation) are the biggest. Wrestling fans have their favorites and will gladly debate over which league has the best wrestlers.

No matter which league they're partial to, thousands of fans watch their favorite competitors do battle on television and at wrestling events each week.

On this particular night a group of Western wrestling fans gathered to watch the televised match between the current NWA World Champion, "The Nature Boy," Ric Flair and the number-one contender, "The Total Package," Lex Luger.

Like Roman Gladiators, the combatants entered the packed arena to the cheers and jeers of hundreds of voices, blaring music and the thunder of theatrical explosions.

Though money, pride and prestige were all on the line, something more important was on their minds. It was something both had strived for over the years -- the most coveted prize of all -- the NWA World Championship Belt.

Quoting his favorite wrestler, avid wrestling fan Jeff Custis explained, "It really doesn't matter how you win, The Belt is the only thing that counts. Because, baby, when you go to the bank to cash your check, the lady at the counter doesn't ask you how you won your money, just how you want your money."

Custis, a senior finance major, has been a fan of wrestling since he was a kid. "I used to stay up late on Saturdays to watch Big Time Wrestling on channel 11," he said. "It's great. Wrestling's the only sport in the world where it's O.K. to smack someone in the head with a chair, as long as the ref has his back turned."

Dan Custis, an undecided freshman, started watching wrestling the same time as his older brother did and both have followed the sport ever since. "I remember one time my mom came home from the store and Jeff had me pinned on the floor and was wrapping a chain around my head. It's not like he was really going to hurt me with it. But man, was she pissed."

The Custis brothers let out the que in the match and the Andersons grabbed him and ran out of the arena with the World Belt in hand.

The two wrestlers slowly worked around the ring sizing each other up. Then Flair bounced off the ropes and lunged at Luger with one of his trademark arm-chops to the chest.

Using various ominous-sounding moves as the "pile driver" and the "flying cranium kick," the men battled back and forth; each taking the upper hand at different points in the match.

At one point Flair threw a dazed Luger out of the ring onto the hard ground below. In another, Luger had Flair pinned to the mat, only to be hit in the head by Oly when the referee had his back turned.

Suddenly, Sting appeared at ring-side and slapped Luger in the face and yelled at him to finish Flair off. Luger regained his composure and picked Flair up and bent him over his back in a submission move entitled "the torture rack."

But just when it looked as if Flair was about to give up, the Andersons attacked Sting. Sting tried to fight them off with his crutches but they over-powered him and started kicking him on the ground. Seeing this, Luger dropped Flair and jumped out of the ring to help Sting. In the ensuing battle, Luger lost track of time and forgot to get back in the ring before the 20-second time limit. A dazed Flair won the match and the Andersons grabbed him and ran out of the arena with the World Belt in hand.

The crowd broke into turmoil. The Custis brothers began "whooping"-it-up again and Pat started screaming foul-play.

Dan gave the Horsemen sign of four fingers facing up and, quoting Flair, answered...
their protests with, "you know, Pat, its not how you play the game. Its whether you win or lose."

Jeff expressed the whole mentality of wrestling and the Horsemen with another Flair quote saying, "Whether you like the Horsemen, or you don't like them, learn to love them. Because, baby, they're the best thing going today -- Whooo!"

Confessions of an Ice Cream Man

By Erik K. Johnston

"HEY!" A three-letter word, as simple as that, said to you by someone older with fire from their tongue would always be enough to make my friends and I shudder in our shoes. This situation occurred many times when I was a trouble-making 12 years or younger. Typically, we would run off fearful, thinking we might get slugged if we didn't. However, the youth of today are less intimidated by my generation and my elders than when I was younger.

I came to this conclusion four years ago, while working for the Joe Confection Company in Seattle. For those of you who don't know, this means I was an ice cream vendor on route number 24.

My vehicle was a gutless, white, 1969 Jeep with orange stripes, a slipping transmission, an annoying "Pop Goes the Weasel" tune, and a big "JOE" printed on all sides. This machine helped to serve my refreshment-starved public the finest Arctic bars, Popsicles and Fudgesicles that money can buy at 50 percent higher than grocery store prices.

When I was young, I believed the ice cream man was the greatest person in the world. Today, a few kids have the same attitude, but there are more than a few obnoxious ones who think differently. Numerous events during that educational summer aided me in reaching my opinion about the attitudes of the youth of today. One day, a young 'girl', about 8 years old, spit on me because I told her she didn't have enough money to buy another red Popsicle. A thick mass of cherry-flavored saliva oozed down my thigh. (Authors note: I did not taste the slime to determine its flavor. I was aware that red was cherry.) I screamed at her, saying that I would never sell another Popsicle to her again. She calmly responded, "You will to. You want my money, and I buy from you every day." She was right, and we both knew it. When I was her age, older people knew everything, or at least I let them think that.

Another day on route 24, my truck was surrounded by a swarm of shrieking little annoyances waving money (and sharp sticks occasionally) at me. As I was tending to business on my right, three rebellious punks, about twelve years old, attempted to rip me off. It was a hot afternoon, and my left side window was wide open. The first of the young would-be criminals tried reaching into my cooler through the open window. I told him to get away. He simply pulled back and laughed. The second kid also made a gallant attempt to snatch a nice, chilled Fudgesicle. I looked away from my favorite customers on my right (the ones with money) to bat the little jerks hand away, before he got to the goods.

So far, no big problem. But now the rest of the masses began to follow suit.

More and more kids began laughing and screaming; they all thought it was funny. The third delinquent struck at the wrong time, when the ice cream man was in a bad mood. With rage in my eyes and the adrenalin pumping, I grabbed the little rat's arm as he clutched an ice cream sandwich, and slammed his fingers into the side of the door. "Drop it!" I said. Holding back his agony, he snickered and refused (his mistake). In a blind fury, I bashed him in the arm with a closed fist. He cried out, as he crushed the sandwich, "You can't hit me! You're older than eighteen and that's against the law! I'm gonna get you fired!"

I wasn't sorry that I hit him, because he deserved it. I didn't get fired, and the three punks finally apologized to me. I was even congratulated by a nearby mother who told me that they should've gotten the hell beaten out of them.

The youth of today just don't know about respect. Sure, my prices were high, but I was the ice cream man. Who deserves more respect than me?
A BLAST FROM THE PAST

Where were you when the ash settled?
By Matthew W. Campbell

It is doubtful anyone living in the state of Washington on that day will ever forget where they were when it all began.

Among the many who will never forget is Western senior Mara Chea, who was living in Olympia when Mt. St. Helens blew her top 10 years ago.

"Everything slowed down and was deadly quiet. The birds all disappeared and everyone was afraid to go outside. There were no cars on the road either," Chea recalled.

He remembers riding his brand new BMX bike around in the ash despite his mother’s wishes.

Chea, a physical education major, described the ash as being "more dense than snow and bigger than normal dust particles."

Chea distinctly remembers just how loud the explosions were.

At 8:30 a.m. two violent earthquakes shook the Northwest. At 10:30 a.m. mother nature couldn’t hold back any longer. With a large belching sound, Mt. St. Helens became the first active volcano in the continental U.S. since 1914, when Mt. Lassen, 600 miles to the south, erupted.

On that fateful day 10 years ago Mt. St. Helens claimed the lives of 57 people, countless birds, fish and other animals, as well as 1.6 billion board feet of prime timber.

The most famous victim on that day was Harry Truman. He refused to leave what he called “his mountain” despite the warnings and pleas of scientists and family. He claimed to know the mountain better than the scientists. According to official estimates, Truman was buried beneath 150 feet of mud and another 150 feet of water.

Many of the people who died in the blast perished because their curiosity called them to the mountain, beyond the ‘red zone’ and into the blast area.

Curious would describe the attitude of Siha Top in Vancouver. Top, a junior business major, lived close enough to the mountain to clearly see it from his backyard.

"I was about to go to the beach with my family when I heard it had exploded. I didn’t even hear a noise of any kind," he said.

He then proceeded to open up the garage door only to discover an inch of ash already covering the ground.

Looking up at the mountain Top could see that the top, or what used to be the top, was no longer there. Later he found out that 1,377 feet of the mountain had vanished with the eruption. He recalled it became like an overcast day and remained like that until the next morning.

"You could see the sun trying to sneak through, but the ash was too thick. By the end of the day we had at least five inches of ash in our yard," Top said.

This curious attitude towards nature continues to this day. According to Loretta McCorkle of the administrative office of Mt. St. Helens, well over 2 million tourists have come to see what nature has done. McCorkle said that people as far away as Japan and Australia have come to witness the destruction first hand. In 1989 alone, 485,300 people came to the visitor’s center.

It is impossible to say how much revenue has been a direct result of tourism, but McCorkle estimates that well over $10 million has been spent by tourists seeking out the excitement of Mt. St. Helens. Being that it is the tenth anniversary McCorkle expects this year to be the busiest.

Eighteen of the 32 species of mammals that lived in the blast zone at the time of the eruption were killed off completely either by the actual blast or by side effects, such as all their food being destroyed. Elk and deer are the most obvious of the mammals to have returned to the area. Only

“Everything slowed down and was deadly quiet. The birds all disappeared and everyone was afraid to go outside. There were no cars on the road either.”

— Mara Chea
Seven hours after the initial eruption, Mt. St. Helen's still spewed ash throughout the state.

People all over the state of Washington, not to mention Oregon, Idaho and Montana, retain colorful visions and recall stories of what it was like for them on that day. Another day that will live in infamy. Among the many to witness the horror and destruction are many Western students.

In Wenatchee lived Western junior Kris Thompson. She was out playing in the yard with her dad when they heard a "large boom-like sound." Thompson's dad thought it was a train exploding because many years earlier he heard a similar sound and it turned out to be an exploding train. She recalls not believing it when she heard it was Mt. St. Helens. Thompson said she got about an inch or two of ash at her home.

Junior David Keith experienced the power of nature on San Juan Island. "I was asleep and I heard my parents saying 'wow'

and 'gee' and I heard some pans rattling. It takes a lot to wake me up on the weekend, but this got me up in a hurry."

The only sign of the explosion at his home was a thin layer of ash on some of the cars.

A fellow island resident at the time, Mike Lemon, was riding in a car at the moment of eruption.

"It felt like an earthquake to me so we kept on going and ignored it. Only later did we realize what it actually was."

Lemon's grandparents had a cabin at Silver Lake on Mt. St. Helens. They were forced to evacuate because of the threat the mountain posed. Somehow the cabin managed to stay intact and undamaged although everything surrounding it was virtually destroyed.

To many of us 10 years represents nearly half our lives. To some this is the most historical event we have witnessed, besides the decline of communism in Europe. We have split the atom, put men on the moon and put an artificial heart in people. Despite all our technology we cannot tame or harness nature.

The Mt. St. Helens blast had the power of 500 Hiroshima Atomic bombs. The ash will never go away. Mt. St. Helens is not dead or even dormant.

Last Christmas ash was sent as far away as Yakima. The blast was simply a reminder to us and to our leaders. It will not soon be forgotten, and that is exactly what the mountain wanted to get across to us.
Local builder helps soften the blow for cycling's rough riders

Bike Rogers in the 21st Century

By Chris Webb

At the end of a dirt road on the south end of Lake Samish in the small community of Alger, Paul Barkley sits in the office of his workshop and finishes some financial business.

He walks out of his office into the working area of his workshop, which is about the size of a two-car garage. Work benches surround the area as a few bicycle frames hang from the ceiling. Barkley, sporting a deep tan grabs a chair and sits down.

He begins to glow when talking about a revolutionary design that may change the future design of bicycles.

"This is probably the biggest design impact on the bicycle industry in the last 80 years," he said with a slight rise of excitement in his voice.

Allsop, a Bellingham company that is innovative in consumer electronics, ski poles and other various products, designed a suspension system that replaces the seatpost of a bike. The radical-looking product is greatly curved and made of two pieces of polyurethane foam, wrapped in fiberglass, with a thin elastic layer sandwiched between.

"The Allsop SoftRide Suspension System was designed last August," Barkley said. "It was originally designed as an after-market product."

"I built one bike originally to test the product," he said while looking at one of the original, neon pink frames hanging on the wall to the left of him.

After finishing the frame at midnight, Barkley explained, "I raced it at the NORBA (National Off Road Bicycle Association) race at Crystal Mountain the next day. I placed third in the Veterans Division," he said smiling.

He was convinced the exotic-looking bike would work. So, he decided to do joint marketing with Allsop and built four bikes especially designed for the SRS to be displayed at bike and trade shows.

"The bike attracted so much attention while I was walking through the show," Barkley recalled about a particular show in Europe, "that security had to be called and they chained the bike up in the booth."

Barkley makes three models of bikes for the SRS system: mountain, road and triathlete. Although he does have a number of standard sizes, Barkley said most of the frames are custom made. The frame, fork and SRS will sell for about $1,250. The cost will jump between $2,000-3,000, depending on the quality of components one wishes to add on.
A lighter frame, more comfortable ride and a stable yet quicker handling ride are the main reasons why Barkley feels the bike will become so popular. “The more I ride it the more I become convinced,” he said while looking back at the frame.

His concern of the environment and love of bicycles caused Barkley to drop out of the University of Washington during the '60s, one quarter before gaining a nuclear engineering degree. "I've always been interested in bicycles, they're the most efficient means of transportation. It uses you and your energy and makes you healthy," he said while leaning back in his chair.

He didn't even own a car for several years, doing all his commuting on his bike. He started Kulshan Cycles in 1979, the same year he built his first frame for himself. After selling out his share of Kulshan in 1986 he started his own business of constructing hand-crafted, custom-made bicycle frames and forks.

His first year he produced about 25 bikes, which has gradually increased to about 50 last year.
"The latest way of designing bikes is the way I built them five years ago," Barkley said.

His idea of having the business low key has never left.

As for now, Barkley will build about 100 Allsop/Barkley bicycles before going back to building his own custom built bikes.

Success for Barkley will be five years from now when the Allsop design will be in mass production.

"I would like to say my bike became the standard for the bikes built in the future."

Until then Barkley will continue to stay out of the lime-light while continuing to build quality, custom-built bicycles.

Oh yeah, he'll be sure to sneak out of the workshop every once in a while and go for a ride himself.

### Biking for Business and Pleasure

**By Chris Webb**

"This is my kind of home work," I said to myself as I tied my shoe. I walked across the living room and put on my "brain bucket" (helmet).

My adviser told me it would be a great idea to test ride this new Allsop SoftRide System and write about it.

I couldn't have agreed with her more.

Telling me that I have to ride a bike is like telling an alcoholic he has to drink wine. We'll both enjoy it to death.

Unfortunately, the only custom built Paul Barkley bike equipped with the SRS was being used by a local racer in California.

But not to worry, a nice man with a lot of power at Allsop was able to set me up with a second-rate mountain bike equipped with the SRS. In other words, the alcoholic received Thunderbird instead of Earnest & Julio Gallo.

Strapping my feet in the toe clips, I left my beautiful, pink, two bedroom house on F St. (It has a strong resemblance to a crack house, so says my mom).

Since I didn't know too much about the bike, I decided to stay somewhat close to home so a major breakdown wouldn't cause me to walk 20 miles home.

A slight bobbing motion is the first thing that is noticeable when riding a SRS equipped bike but it isn't significant enough to disrupt the ride.

I circled through campus to the south side of Sehome Hill, where the main entrance is, and rode up the gravel trail to the top.

The SRS didn't really hinder riding up hills, although there is a slight increase in movement. But some things must be given up to compensate for pleasure, and the SRS makes any downhill an extreme pleasure.

My first descent was down a narrow single track, cluttered with ruts, dips and logs. The SRS put more comfort into what is usually a rough ride.

The SRS made the bike have unusually good control and balance on the descents, whether on high speed or more technical trails. But probably the best thing the SRS does is save the upper-portion of the rider's body from pain and soreness that can occur after a long, vigorous ride.

Telling me that I have to ride a bike is like telling an alcoholic he has to drink wine. We'll both enjoy it to death.

The SRS takes the beating that is normally absorbed by the riders body.

If I was able to do this sort of homework all the time, I could probably make the honor roll for the first time in my life.

I hopped back on the bike, after a quick pit stop, and began to ride home.

"Wow," I said while riding through campus, "I think I need a drink."