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Shadows on Teddy Bear

Gena Myers

I lie on a blessed beach freely reaping the sun's gifts. As accompaniment to the solar symphony playing on my back, flute and guitar music echo from the base of a small cliff: orchestration for the spontaneous choreography of those young children intent on discovering tidepool wonders.

An idyllic atmosphere pervades this small beach: never an unfriendly exchange, always an open sharing and respect.

The sun struck firmly, unrelentingly. I gave in to the superior force and suddenly my textbook dropped down flat on the sand. I dozed.

I woke to find my paradise disturbed: a cool, creeping shadow had engulfed me. No problem—just move over into the sun. Even if it were to go down altogether. I knew it would return. My paradise would be intact. Or would it?

Less regular than the sun, but able to place a permanent shadow over this paradise are the fluctuations of the Whatcom County real estate market. Teddy Bear Cove is for sale.

Teddy Bear Cove is a saltwater beach with two sandy sunbathing areas isolated by a rocky point of madrona and fir trees. This point shelters the beach from prevailing winds, and has tidepools and sculptured rocks for diving into the deep clear water.

Teddy Bear Cove is only two and a half miles from central Bellingham and secluded from the hustle of highways. This and much more is what would be needed to replace Teddy Bear Cove.

Unfortunately, all such substitutes are privately owned and are inaccessible to the public, which has used Teddy Bear Cove for many years. It was with much alarm that a group organized last spring when it heard that Teddy Bear Cove was up for sale.
EDITORIAL

Flesh and Bones

The environmental newsletter called the Monthly Planet has decomposed into a problem that looks like it could be effectively side-stepped without any immediate peril to life or limb, there is a temptation to cop-out.

There are many standard reasons for coping-out that are in common use. The one which we are going to examine is extremely pertinent to environmental issues. It is the ever popular "what can one person do about it?"

The "one person" is us and the "it" is any problem large enough to make us feel too small to handle it. The real crux of the matter is that all environmental problems facing us today fall into this last category.

Actually, what can one of us do to combat and abolish overpopulation, world hunger, land erosion? Any degree of realism points to the fact that one person can have very little impact in any medium other than his own tiny sphere of influence, i.e., his family, his friends, or his dog.

For this reason an individual has great difficulty in perceiving his own small actions as having any real consequence on a scale as vast as the world and, to a large degree, they don't matter. In a presidential election, what impact will our vote have on the outcome? None. Why should we bother to cast our vote among the billions of other votes that have already decided the issue?

There is a statue of a man which stands in Saint Peter's Basilica in Rome. Thousands of pilgrims come to the Vatican every year to attend Mass and catch a glimpse of the Pope peeking out his win-

Making a Dent

Steven Kovsky

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CREDITS


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Rainbow Vision in Carver Gym

Dennis Dechaine

In an attempt of find relaxation in a physical exercise, I decided to visit the Carver Gymnasium swimming pool last week. Being fond of aquatic frolics, I had a difficult time suppressing my eagerness while changing. I ran through the shower into the swimming area to discover a mass of bodies waiting for a turn at the water.

I took my place in line, and when my turn came up, I feverishly swam in a sea of bodies for as long as I could. Three hundred yards and 20 pokes later, I climbed out of the pool and headed for the showers to rid myself of the chlorine smell.

I rubbed and scrubbed with all my strength, but to no avail. The chlorine odor was stronger than I was. The rainbow vision that I got from swimming with open eyes lingered long after I'd rinsed my eyes.

Not long after I left the pool, my eyes began watering profusely, my body's reaction to prevent them from drying out. When I reached home, my landlord glared at me, and with a shocked look in her eye she proclaimed, "My, it looks like your skin is dry today!" Not only was it dry, but my whole body was flaking away. My eyes were so painful. I had to keep them closed, which is not exactly conducive to studying. Needles to say, I went to bed early that night.

I felt semi-recovered the next morning, but, unfortunately, I had sworn off the swimming in an effort to maintain my health.
Wild and Wooly speak

Brad Carlquist

Last week Wooly and I found ourselves waiting at the Skagit County Court Courthouse. We came to testify before the Washington State Ecological Commission.

Why would two busy students travel to the Mt. Vernon Courthouse to testify amidst microphones, tape recorders, bureaucrats, and polished industry spokesmen? What obstacles would oppose us?

On the afternoon of the hearing, Wild (that's me) called up Wooly and asked him to help defend the Wildland country, whence we both sprang. This was our last chance to oppose the recommendation of 0.00 additional acres of Wilderness by both Dixy and her Department of Ecology.

With little time to prepare florid speeches or dramatic presentations, we grabbed a RARE II Environmental Statement maps of the areas, and my backcountry logs. We left Bellingham promptly.

On the road to Mt. Vernon, we met our first obstacle. We realized an it grew dark that our "freedom mobile" had only parking lights! We checked switches, wires, lights, and fuses, but still no lights. Were our plans and our hopes to be extinguished? We refused to lose sight of our initial goal.

We found an empathetic mechanic who dropped everything to jerry-rig our headlights. Sometimes you realize you have friends out there and maybe it's not so crazy to think you can influence attitudes and policies...

We arrived at the Courthouse; the hearing had begun. We discovered that 35 persons had signed up to testify and our opportunity to speak wouldn't come until much later in the evening. The prospect of voluminous testimony and the late hour almost convinced us to leave. However, our keen social responsibility to ourselves and to future generations, combined with thoughts of majestic forests left us no choice. We had agree plans our views on the zero wilderness plan.

A cafe a couple blocks away offered space, light, warm coffee, and time to organize an intelligent review of our information. In an hour and a half we soon discovered that formality was the ever present rule at the hearing. Commission members sat behind long and formidable tables. We noticed both a tape recorder and a shorthand person present to accurately record the contents of the hearing.

Searching for

Amy Pujanauski

I came to Washington via the Northcoast Hiawatha between Madison, Wisconsin and Seattle. This city, so nice they built it twice, was my positive introduction to the fabled Northwest, land of eco-awareness and magic mushrooms.

Built into hills and waterfront, it is unlike anything in my native Midwest, part of that vast "East" between the Cascades and the Atlantic.

I was anxious to settle into Bellingham and begin Buxley College where, in six weeks, I would learn to be a keen environmentalist amidst the evergreen forests.

First day in B'ham: rent search but lunch first. It was a warm June Friday when we unloaded in front of Carolyn's, and we were immediately assaulted by a smell worse than institution food combined with McDonald's.

Downhill we saw the notorious plume and my informed friend said, "papermill." Bellingham's number one stinker. I said, "It's only for two months. We probably won't suffer anything permanent." This was the first crack in my perfect summer model.

We explained to some friendly Bellinghamsters during lunch we were three women and one 85-pound black dog looking for a nice cheap apartment and decent jobs while attending summer school.

They smiled knowingly and said, "Good luck."

Forty city miles later, our driver wasn't smiling anymore. For two more days we searched the expensive student ghetto, touring sagging structures with rainbow interiors, worse than anything I'd seen in the East.
We got lucky with a house in Fairhaven—away from traffic and Georgia Pacific, and close to the bay, Chuckanut and the Co-op. We'd found the ideal neighborhood. Only Thriftyway, a surreal space-age supermarket, intrudes upon Fairhaven's small town atmosphere.

Unskilled except as a student and waitress, I suffered the two worst jobs of my life this summer in B'ham. I waited, cooked, cleaned and washed dishes at a greasy spoon. On July 6, tuition due date, I got my first and last check which barely covered fees.

I had looked forward to biking in Bellingham. I was in no shape for the uphill struggle and thought only of the downhill ecstasy. Twenty-first Street loomed like a mountain.

I'd been biking for just a couple days when my first new "friend" and I took the shortest route to Lake Padden—straight up. I began to doubt my future as a cyclist.

I thought I'd escaped the bureaucratic struggle by coming to Western. Registration was supposed to be easy. But not so for me. I'd been misclassified as a transfer student (they wanted me for keeps) and hadn't prepaid.

I'd had visions of small classes and intimate discussions. Welcome to Geology 211—straight lecture, 50 people, one million years a day and two computer exams. The lab saved the course.

Pollution with Ruth Weiner was more informal but contributed to my environmental depression. Where might I find a comfortable niche on campus? Alas!

The Environmental Studies Center! It

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Ten residents of Omega dormitory, an upperclass dorm, recently described the good and bad aspects of the dorm environment.

"I live here so I don't have to wash dishes," said Jeff Vickers. Tim Spear said, "I'm so impressed with living here that I'm signing up for an R.A. position next quarter. We've got a good group of people here. I don't know anyone who wants to move."

Ex-Omega resident Frank VanHaren said, "Around here beer drinking comes first, academics second, and going to church third."

There were contrasting views on the amount of privacy in Omega. Four of the residents said, "It's easy to leave and go somewhere else if you want more privacy."

One woman said, "There's a small town atmosphere here, lots of rumors and gossip."

Jeff Vickers said, "If it wasn't for my single room, I would have cut out of here last Christmas."

Another resident said, "I know most of the people on my floor, but many people know only a few neighbors."

One woman said she knew only a few neighbors. Her other neighbors don't like her because she tells them they make

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Dorm life is a unique experience. Dormitories now called residence halls on most campuses are an isolated and artificial environment.

This environment is designed to be a community within a community, and often this limits a student's contact with other people, fellow students. Most people will not spend the rest of their lives living in this situation, and many are thankful that this is so.

Some students, however, like living in residence halls, and apparently enough Western students do to warrant three dorms reserved for upperclassmen and older students. Edens, Ridgeway Omega and Sigma are all special in this respect.

To live in Omega one must be a junior or 21 years old. "Why would anybody want to live in a dorm after they are 18 years old?" one might wonder.

"Because it is convenient," says Shelly Michels, who is a senior and Head Resident at Omega. "Laundry is right downstairs and only costs ten cents a machine. Food is prepared by somebody else and there are no dishes to clean-up."

Apparently more upperclassmen have

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Making a Dent

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dow. They also come to see the magnificent artworks which are displayed there.

If you were to take a tour of the Vatican, the tour guide would no doubt point out this particular statue. As you shuffled by it in a haze of snapping shutters and popping flashbulbs, you might notice that the great marble man has no toes. His feet simply slope down and blend into the pedestal.

This is not due to an oversight by the long-dead sculptor. It is the result of an infinite number of Catholics, many of whom travel great distances to come to Rome and kiss the feet of the famous statue.

One must admit that even if someone had very chapped lips, it would take many lifetimes for one individual to kiss a marble toe down to nothing. But when one person's actions are compounded with the identical actions of a great number of others, as in the case of the election, great deeds can be accomplished.

Consider the boycott, one of the most effective tools for environmental coercion. If tomorrow I decided to boycott ITT and its subsidiaries until they stopped making Twinkies, which are ruining the teeth and eating habits of our youth,
Searching for . . . continued

from page 6

I took my first trip into the Cascades and came out making plans for fall quarter at Western. I liked Huxley and the mountains had convinced me, but I was planning to winter in the lidw st.

I became familiar with B llingham. I was bounced from bar for th first time. I l arn d it doe·n't always rain in the 'orthw st and I 1 arn d to k p this a secre.t.

saw Lh vid nces and ontrasts of growth! Cond miniu son stilts, built into hills newly plant d with trees, trail r courts ~d n w exp nsive homes with land caped ·ards. I was impress d by all the ros sand veget ble garaens.

School was out and I h d to ind w'ork in ugu t. o on was hirin un-skilled labor in th midd~ of slow swmn r xcept Petr Pan, th St>cond of my two most org ttable mploym nts. F.v rly-

The initfal rann£>rv shnc-k wore off and discov<>r<>' must employ w re ellow stud nts, many Huxleyites includ d. Can­

nary work is a moral dlla and ma~s mur­

d r for $5.40 an hour.

My "full tim jol)" amount d to 12 day out oft~ whul month, but nabl~d me to n

work land p y (all r nt.

I took w kend jaunt on th .or h C scads highway to st rn Wa hin ton with f llow cann ry work rs and Huxl y students. W wer too lat to pick pears and too early for apples, so we hik d 3500 f t up t Lake Ethel instead. During those thre d ys If

in lov nd forgot all my r a-

ons for

work d out.

Wild and Wool y Speak More

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The speakers were presenting polished arguements which were supported by graphs and figures. As the PR man from Scott Papper gave his testimony in support of the 0.00 wilderness recommendation, I could not help but reflect on how different our viewpoints were from one another.

The industry spokesman finished speaking and I heard my name being called. I walked briskly to the podium. "I'm strongly in favor of the Rare II lands in Washington being designated wilderness for the following reasons.

"Wilderness management gives society longer-term options with economic and aesthetic values..." I concluded with personal reflections based on experience in the field as a backcountry ranger and naturalist.

Returning to my seat, I felt re-

lied. I felt good. I had been able to express my views and feelings based on knowledge and experience gathered over the years. Our effect on the impact of the final decision on Washington's Roadless Areas cannot be proven. We felt we had been effective in presenting our views to the Commission. We learned a-bout the functions of government, special interests, and most importantly, about ourselves!

Outback

Dennis Dechaine

Have you wondered about the rustic cabins tucked behind Fairhaven? I checked them out the other day.

I arrived at "Outback" to be greeted by a healthy looking lady clad in bulky wool clothing. Outback students aren't primarily interested in aesthetics. They like their surroundings to be functional.

From the rainwater refrigerator down to the compost toilet these folks not only talk about ecological awareness but live it. Time is spent raising organic gardens, plus goats, chickens, and even earthworms.

Outback students want to start solar and wind-powered projects soon. Knowledge is shared through small but informative seminars. Interested students are invited to visit the rustic cabins in the wooded area behind Fairhaven.
Omega Mom cont
from page 5

noted for convenience this year than in previous years. Shelly said, "This year there are so many returning upperclassmen that freshman enrollment has gone down. For the first three weeks of school new students were sitting on suitcases with nowhere to go."

Other advantages to dorm living, Shelly added, are the good social life and and friends. "Friendships usually do last, and people like that in a dorm," she said.

Activities like dorm dinners, hiking trips and road rallies are organized by residence hall staff. Shelly said, "When upperclassmen come back (to the dorms) it's by choice. There is probably more interest in dorm activities in an upperclass dorm than in underclass dorms."

What about disadvantages of living in a dorm? To an extent there is no privacy, and no control over neighbors, Shelly says.

Rules and guidelines are set up to help students get along with each other. This year the rules are being more strongly enforced than in the past, because of some problems encountered last year.

Some residents complain about these rules and say "no way, I want my freedom," says Shelly.

Shelly thinks many students might come to college and dorms looking for freedom, but "A dorm is a community, not a utopia." She added that students may hear that it's "party city" on campus, but they may not realize that there still are rules to live with and abide by.

Most of the rules are courtesy rules dealing with noise, quiet hours and par-

ties, Shelly said, and she does not think they are unreasonable.

Though there are guidelines and rules to help make dorm living more agreeable for everybody, difficulties still arise.

"People can always escape back to the staff when they have problems. Off campus it's not possible to do this," Shelly said.

Getting along in a dorm might be facilitated by a third party (the staff), and in some respects might be an easy way to circumvent problems. However, the sheer numbers of people thrown together in a dorm may make it difficult to get cooperation among residents.

These experiences are designed to do this, but whether or not they actually do is difficult to determine. What may not be so difficult to determine is how the dorms affect the rest of the campus.

Shelly warned the residents of Omega not to put their speakers out their windows to blast out the classes in Arntzen Hall. It remains to be seen if Led Zeppelin will once again bounce off the Environmental Studies building and float over the playing fields come spring.

Omega continued
from page 5

too much noise.

Three other residents said they knew most of the people on their floor. They said that having many friends was a prime attraction to dorm living.

Residents also had conflicting opinions on the "party ing" that goes on in Omega. One resident said, "I like the partying atmosphere in the dorm. Jeff Vickers, "It's an upper class dorm but to me it's still has a freshman atmosphere."

Vankaron said, "When people put loud music on they open their door to let you hear their 'fick' selection and powerful wattage."

Seven of the people interviewed said they felt no peer pressure from other residents. One resident said unwelcome visitors that won't leave are a constant annoyance. "There's a lot of 'leeches' and insecure people here," he said.

The extent to which dorm rules are followed varies. One resident who would not give her name said male and female residents often sleep together in spite of the rules against it.

Three residents said dorm rules make dorm living similar to living at home. Four other residents said they feel more freedom living in the dorm than they had at home.

The resident aides in Omega received mixed reviews.

Tim Spear said, "We have excellent aids who really care about people. They bring the whole crowd together."

Another resident called the activities organized by the R.A.'s "childish."
The residents complained about the cafeteria food. "Tastes like dog food," said one resident.

Residents' opinions of the dorm environment seem to vary widely. Despite the unpleasant aspects of dorm living, dorm space is in great demand at Western.