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WON'T ANYBODY HELP ME?

When a college girl is nineteen years old and pregnant, where can she go for help? Western should have enough counseling centers, among the Sex Information Service, Crisis Clinic, the Dean of Women, resident aids, and Miller Hall Counseling center, but do they really do any good? I had to find out.

I tried the Crisis Clinic first. When a girl named Ann answered the phone, I told her that my "friend" thought she was pregnant and didn't know how to handle it. Ann asked me if my "friend" had been to a doctor to have a test. I said no, but that she was very sure. She suggested that she have a test before she did anything else, and told me that Family Planning would probably be the most convenient and economical place to get the test.

The next step she mentioned concerned the courses of action open, if I really were pregnant. I told her that abortion was absolutely out of the question, and Ann still had more answers. We discussed money, and the fact that "my friend"
couldn’t afford to have the baby, and there was no way her parents could be told. Then she suggested the financial and counseling services provided by Public Assistance. She also mentioned the Sex Information Center at the college, and Family Planning for further institutional information and counseling. By the time I hung up the phone, the situation didn’t seem quite so hopeless.

The next day I took her advice and called on the Sex Information Center in the V.U. Although most of their assistance is directed to preventing pregnancy, Frannie, the new director, was still helpful and understanding. She also suggested that I first see a doctor, or if I didn’t want a private physician, that I go to Family Planning. She had many medical referrals for abortions, but I told her I was planning to have the baby. Frannie also mentioned the services of Public Assistance. But she also added to ask for a caseworker and to think seriously about telling my parents.

From the Sex Information Office I was referred to the Dean of Women and the Miller Hall Counseling Center. I was hoping that a talk with a professional counselor would really help to set things in order. After all, that’s what they’re there for.

But things didn’t work out so well there. At 9:30 the following day, I searched for and found the Miller Hall Counseling Center. At that time I was scheduled for an appointment, at 3:00 that afternoon, with a woman who seemed to be a resource and screening person, whose primary purpose was to determine the actual nature of my problem. It seemed that the counselors are busy for literally months in advance, and the chances of seeing a professional counselor are not very good, unless your problem qualifies as an emergency, like suicide.
When I returned at 3:00, the first thing she said to me was that I had two alternatives, either abortion or having the baby. She didn't think I needed any further counseling so I never spoke with an actual counselor. She did contact a number of people for me, like a psychologist from Seattle who would help me keep my head together in the coming months. She suggested psychological counseling for me and also for my parents if I felt it was necessary. But she never once elaborated on the different alternatives which were open to me when it came to having the baby.

Somehow, the Counseling Center seemed oriented only to long term and emergency counseling rather than for short notice, short term problems (if nine months is a short term). The supply of counselors just doesn't meet the demand.

Last on my list was the Dean of Women. I was very wary of talking to her. It is such a personal thing, and I had never even seen her before. I made several appointments, and had several cancelled, but when I finally spoke with her she was cordial and helpful in every way.

Her main concern was my health and the medical aspect of things. Because of my decision to have the baby she suggested adoption and asked me if I wanted to involve the father or my parents. I said that I didn't want to involve either, and she understood. She also told me that a representative from Washington's Children's Home Society comes to campus every week and I should talk to her concerning the agency's adoption policies. She also mentioned Public Assistance, but added that because I am a minor, they would probably have to involve my parents. She also suggested having the baby right here in Bellingham, at St. Joseph's. Apparently, all records of such things are strictly confidential, so that no one would have to know. She really seemed to know what she was talking about.

Actually, I am not now, nor ever was, in that inconvenient condition — but I adopted the role in order to investigate the various counseling services open to students at Western. It should be noted, in conjunction with the above article, that the counseling facilities available to the Western student are grossly understaffed, and, for the most part, unable to accommodate the increasing demand for these services. It is virtually impossible to obtain professional counseling on short notice due to crowded calendars, full of weekly appointments scheduled for months in advance.

It is my contention that Western's counseling centers should be geared not to extensive counseling for a chosen few, but rather to the average student seeking immediate professional advice. As the situation now exists, this is not possible, and thus, you, the average student, are at a definite disadvantage.

by Debbie Pitts
Fairhaven College is presently finishing up its fourth year in existence, and will soon be graduating its second and third students. Last December, Patricia Bryon had the distinction of being Fairhaven's first graduate, and this June, Donna Cox and Barbara Gutterude will round out the Class of 1971.

The first of Western's cluster colleges has been surrounded by controversy all during its first four years. It's students have been called everything from "autonomous, independent, and intellectually-oriented" to "those dirty hippies," and the college itself everything from "exciting and imaginative" to "a communist training school."

**WHAT IS FAIRHAVEN?**

Fairhaven was designed as a cluster college, a community that would exploit the advantages of a small college while utilizing the facilities of a much larger institution.

Fairhaven was expected from the first to draw a special type of student. In fact, the original class was composed of students with a combination of high G.P.A.'s and high test scores, plus, although this may be apocryphal, low P.E. scores. The sociological and academic differences are pointed out by an unscientific random survey of 131 Fairhaven students. Of these:

- 49% were in the top 10 percent of the class, compared to the national average of 24.6%.
— National Merit recognized 22% of Fairhaven's students as opposed to the national average of 7.2%.
— 23% of the Fairhaven students wanted to pursue doctorates, compared with 10.3% on the outside.
— 50% of the fathers and 36% of the mothers were college graduates.
— 63% list family incomes over $10,000.
— 1% want business careers, compared to 11% nationally.
— 45% want to "raise a family," compared with 71.4% nationally.

Those are the Fairhaven student's statistics. Now how does he think?

The Omnibus Personality Inventory was administered at Fairhaven to determine the type of students Fairhaven drew. The results of 301 responses at Fairhaven was compared to a normative group of 7,283 students from 37 schools. The results indicate that Fairhaven people tend to be:

— more autonomous: independent of authority as traditionally imposed through social institutions, opposed to infringement of the rights of the individual, tolerant, realistic, and intellectually and politically liberal.
— less practical: have a greater appeal for ideas than facts, like to discuss philosophical problems.
— more complex: having an experimental or flexible orientation rather than fixed point of

"THERE'S ROOM FOR SO MUCH LAZINESS THAT AFTER A WHILE YOU JUST GET BORED WITH IT AND START WORKING."
— more aesthetical: have diverse interests in artistic matters and activities and a high level of sensitivity and response to aesthetic stimulation.
— less religiously oriented: skeptical of conventional religious beliefs and practices and tend to reject most of them, especially the orthodox or fundamentalistic.
— socially introverted: tend to withdraw from social contracts and responsibilities.

But what do the students say about their community at large?

Theresa Mathes, a freshman, commented that many classes "aren't learning things . . . just bullshitting" and that one needs a great deal of self-discipline to take full advantage of Fairhaven, more self-discipline than most people have. While Curt De Maris agreed to that in general, he still thought Fairhaven was much better than Western: "There's room for so much laziness that after a while you just get bored with it and start working." One former Fairhaven student, who transferred to Western after one quarter, said, "Fairhaven seems to be a refuge for the way-out fringes of the radical chic. Many people act like they're expert on everything but so few take papers or have any news source other than Newsweek or Time they really don't know what's happening." Cricket Dixon, also a Frosh, said, "People have great big ideas, but nothing to sustain them. A little more self-discipline is needed."

Fairhaven's residency requirement drew some criticism from students. Cricket considered the residence requirement "contrary to its idea of freedom." De Maris thought that the architecture of the residence halls at Fairhaven could have been better suited to student's needs.

Fairhaven's faculty also came under fire. All students interviewed had their favorite teacher, either because of what he teaches or how he
teaches. Most said they usually picked their classes by who was teaching them, gravitating towards some instructors and avoiding others. "Some people on the faculty are really good, but others just float along giving people credit for nothing," Theresa Mathes indicated. Curt De Maris called the faculty "a pretty good cross section of weird people." "You have a lot more opportunity to work person-to-person with your teachers," he added. Others stated that the faculty was excellent as a whole.

One of the major goals of the cluster college, and perhaps one most difficult to achieve, was the making of a cohesive living and learning unity of independently motivated students. Gary MacDonald commented that Fairhaven was not cohesive enough now, because the Fairhaven community was not too proficient at arriving at systems of accommodation. He added that he thought there was little self-discipline at Fairhaven and that it was not as friendly as it should be. "As a result of the emphasis on personal/academic autonomy . . . the Fairhaven student shared little with his fellow students of his relationship to the college proper." Warner Miller commented, "... the community at large has little to unite it beyond general proximity and sunny afternoons in the courtyard."

by Gordon Hanna

"THE FACULTY IS A PRETTY GOOD CROSS SECTION OF WEIRD PEOPLE."
This is going to be very harsh.

There is something ugly lurking here, a bright flash of darkness pointing like a well-honed blade in a robber-junky's hand lurching drug-hungry at me on a friendless street, and its glimmer scares me. I have seen its knife-thing shine before, siren-singing promises of numb intoxication, dreaming grandiose dreams, nodding warm-orange flashes of fearless ultimate highs, mucous-membrane corners, cellophane bag streets, gonorrhea mattresses. The smack is here, waiting in some secret stash, waiting sure and deadly as a wounded leopard watching its hunted hunter approach.

I do not see him until he speaks, but I feel his presence and my impotence before it, and therefore I ignore him until he thrusts his lethal blade beneath my chin:

"Hey meester . . ."

The shiv clicks open pointed under my throat, counter-pointing the now-terminal subway growl.

"Hey meester I want your camera."

He is maybe 15 and he shivers through the heavy sweater and the July stench of the D-Train. He has timed it perfectly, of course. The train is slowing. The circuit-breakers clunk beneath the cars and the first hiss of the airbrakes signals the onrushing stop at 14th Street. His yellow eyes will kill me. Almost as if it were alive the Leica slides down my arm on its strap, changes hands, sinks beneath the jacket, whirling, disappearing through the rushing open train doors and into the crowd. He is gone and the Leica is gone and I want to kill him because he has stolen my tools, my livelihood . . .

JUNK CITY WEST:

The kid next to me in the tavern in Bellingham thinks I'm full of shit. "You're not in the city, man," he says, "it's different here. Some cat came into town three years ago trying to push smack and some cats caught him and beat him up so bad he was in St. Luke's for six weeks, and he never came back."

"That was three years ago," I say, groping for the words, taking it slow, trying through the fog of too many beers to explain that New York and Bellingham are part of the same country and part of the same system, and I don't get it across, and he splits a little later, not realizing the mob has the best marketing men in the world, men who sit and watch and find the markets and then go exploit them.

Even if he understood I doubt he would have cared. Sometime the reality will enter the tiny realm of his experience, and when it does it will be too late to stop what is happening.

Revolution is a funny word. It means different things to different people. To some it means fantasy scenes out of Petrograd in 1917 refilmed in the 1970's in the streets of Chicago, New York and Berkeley. To others it means a head thing, a change in the condition of the human mentally upon which might someday be predicated a change in the external order. For most of the peoples of the world revolution means a chance for a better life. The women of the Lower East Side in New York get it together and make a day care center so they can work and get a little more money for their families and maybe get off welfare. The people in Watts build a clinic so their neighbors who don't have any money can get better medical care. The people of Cuba take their guns and run a gangster named Batista and his gangster cohorts out of Havana so they can have a little more freedom . . . freedom to go to school and work and live more healthy lives without having to cringe in constant terror of the fascist secret police. Some people call all of this revolution.

What is not revolution, what can never be revolution, is what happens when a bunch of people gather in one place for the expressed purpose of getting high and staying that way as much as possible. There are those among us who think that revolution, whatever they mean by it, will give them a time and place to lie on their asses and stay permanently high without having to worry about busts and survival things, food and shelter and the like, and they sit around goggle-eyed and bullshit about "the Revolution" and about "alternate life styles" and I think most of it is just a handy rationale for staying stoned most of the time and not doing anything about anything. I say it is no wonder the third world brothers and sisters find so little in common with so many of the so-called white middle class radicals. The eternal high, whether it is induced by grass, hash or smack, is plain goddamn escapism, and no other word will suffice. Doing dope once in a while is one thing; doing it every waking hour is quite another. The people who reach for a number every time it gets a little tense, a little heavy, and the people who say they can't cope without dope, and the people whose sole trip is dope and chemical induced cotton-candy fantasy, these people are no different from the suburban mothers who can't make it without their little yellow helpers and suburban fathers who can't make it without their simple little blue pills and the junkies in the street who can't make it without their smack.

It's bullshit that grass leads inexorably to smack; that's a slick piece of propaganda put out by those who think they can frighten a lot of people into not smoking grass and maybe even into turning their grass-smoking friends into the police under the guise of doing them a favor. What leads people to smack is their desire to escape, and the people who make up the natural market for smack therefore are those who in their quest for the almighty high will try anything. Anywhere these
people gather the mob with its topflight marketing
men will see the potential and in just a little while
the smack will be waiting. Somebody told me the
other day he can have a bag of smack in about 30
minutes. I'm not surprised. The cocaine showed up
in Bellingham last winter . . .

My friend and I are sitting in my Chelsea
apartment talking about junk. My friend used to
be a junky. Now he is helping me illustrate a story
about addicts and former addicts and he is telling
me about a junky whore he used to know in
Brooklyn:

"She was afraid of a bust. She really blew
my mind. We were sitting in her room and it was
time for her shot and we're talking while she cooks
it up. Some people take it under their tongue. She
took it inside her cunt. She said they couldn't find
the tracks that way."

I do not know now if I believe him or not
and I scoffed then but I do know what junk will do
to people and that is why I am so afraid of it, and
that is why also I have never shot it. I am afraid
that if I shot it once I would keep on shooting it,
and I have that fear because I know a lot of people
who shot junk once and then shot it again and now
they shoot it all the time, and the reason they shoot
it all the time is the same reason some people
smoke dope all the time: it makes you feel good.
It gets you to a space where you're invulnerable,
where you don't give a shit about anything. Smack
makes you feel so good and so invulnerable that
for a while in the most cynical city in America there
was a pusher called Doctor Feelgood. The difference
between smack and dope is that with smack you
either feel good or you feel awful, and when you
feel awful, you puke and gag and double up with
cramps and maybe if you can't get any smack you
scream and cry all night and if it's real bad you die.
To keep from feeling awful you'll do just about
anything, mug, rob, con, boost, anything except
rape. You don't rape behind smack because it kills
your sex urges, and if you're somebody who has
known nothing but one-night fucks and morning
alienation, the trip is especially attractive.

This time last year I was working on a word
and picture package, writing and photographing
about junkies and ex-junkies, and I met a lot of
people who had shot smack and they all told me
the same thing: You don't need to shoot smack,
they said, when you learn to get it on with the
people around you, and you do that, they said, by
confronting all the things in yourself that scare the
shit out of you, and after you do that, you can
start to confront all the outside things.

The world is a reality trip; to see the beauty
you've got to get past the horror of the wars and
the Nixons and all the millions who are starving
to death and all the others who are killing themselves
to get bigger bank accounts and deeper carpeting,
and to get past all that ugliness you need a lot of
help. Love and grass and good vibes by themselves
don't change a thing; they don't mean a thing in a
rihoff culture in which people are afraid to see and
think and feel, or in the context of a so-called
alternative culture that wistfully pretends it's made
the ripoff culture irrelevant. Grass numbs your
sense of outrage, and that just rids the ripoff culture
of its enemies, and smack, which not only numbs
your outrage but makes you physically dependent
on the numbness, helps the ripoff culture most of
all. In the very heart of the house of horrors, the
only thing that does any good is having a few close
friends, the sort of friends who can talk naked with
one another.

This is Bellingham, a place of green trees,
bright in the sun and dark in the shadows and sexy
with the heavy scent of flowers. They say it can't
happen here. That's what they used to say out in
Westchester County where the houses are 500 feet
apart and the kids in the high schools mostly drive
their own cars, but now they aren't so sure any
more. Their upper middle class smugness is shaken
daily, and for some of them it comes home hard
and fast when they find their brothers and sisters or
their kids are hooked on smack. They say it can't
happen here in Bellingham, but I say bullshit,
because I've been hearing about the smack in town
for a good three months now, and that kid in the
office the other day who told me he could get a bag
in about half an hour was just the latest. The candy
man is here, people, and that means it's already too
late, and all of us, you and Nixon and momma and
daddy and I, we are all to blame.

by Loren Bliss
THE
FISHERMEN
When the sun is out, and the green wooden ramp is hanging at a 45 degree angle with the dock, chances are that the time is ripe for a visit with the gill net fishermen. All it takes is a turn down one of the walkways branching off from the main dock in Bellingham’s Squalicum Harbor. Strolling quietly, you can hear the sound of water lapping the front edge of a hull, the sound of a fisherman off in the distance, scraping the side of his boat for a fresh paint job, or the relaxed chatter of voices around the next boat.

"We’re underfed, overfished, over-regulated, and over-polluted. Look at that crap in the water. Where’s all the crabs and herring?"

"Yeah, and it’s getting worse around here. Smelt used to come into Bellingham Bay. They haven’t been around for three years now."

A gray and white gill net vessel about thirty feet long rests in its number eight slot. A tall orange mast points to the sky, growing from a deck littered with the assorted necessities of the gill net fisherman. It is a casual afternoon when a boat owner takes paint brush in hand and changes orange to gray. Green-brown trim graces the white hull of the St. Marguerite.

"Are you gonna pull that net off?"

"It better be a cool day . . . I don’t want to sweat any."

The fishing season is almost on, and time is getting short for last minute repairs. Paint is still
wet on his boat as gill netter Bob Lorenzo takes a break and begins to talk about his trade. Sitting alongside the *St. Marguerite* on the wooden planks of the dock is a friend and old-time fisherman known to the waterfront crowd as Duffy.

"You're workin' too hard, Bob."

"Oh, Duff, you don't know what work is."

"The hell I don't! I've made my fortune. I don't need to work anymore."

"Well, you're not talking about the fishing business then . . . there's no fortune here. Look at the soles of your feet. They're so thin I could . . ."

"Yeah, I know . . . you could toss a dime on the deck and I could tell if it's heads or tails by stepping on it. Yeah, I've heard it all before."

Gill netting as a method of commercial fishing has its beginnings far back in history. In principle, the gill net is placed across the path of migrating fish, the netting suspended from cork line floating on the surface of the water to lead line on the bottom of the net to hold the netting is a perpendicular position. The net drifts with the tide being tended by a small boat, usually made fast to the downwind end of the net. When all conditions are right, traveling salmon drive into the net and become entangled. The type of fish sought determines the mesh size of the net used, making the gill net a highly selective type of fishing gear. Expensive is one way to describe the nets, as they cost about $1700 dollars apiece. The mesh size requirement makes it necessary for the gill netter to maintain a variety of gear to fish each of the five species of salmon legally and efficiently. As none but mature fish are caught in the net, it is one of the easiest gears to regulate from a conservation standpoint.

Across the water, another line of gill netting crafts are setting in formation as individual owners move about their decks. A figure can be seen on one of the boats, crawling up his mast on some unknown but, no doubt, important mission. His outline looms conspicuously against the pale blue sky, directing Duffy's glance toward the strange spectacle.

"Take two more steps, Oscar. That's as close to heaven as you'll ever get." The shout echoes across the water, but Oscar only smiles.

"You might live to be an old man, but you won't live to be a good old man, Oscar!" Duffy shouted again, but still getting no response from this high climbing Oscar, he lowers his voice and drifts off into fond memories:

"Good old Oscar . . . he was a booze runner . . . up the Samish River. He ran some booze in his time alright. The Coast Guard was being paid off.
And old Friday ran more booze than he did. Yeah, he had that seven knot boat then . . . the Barbara Ann . . . those were the days. But a guy just can’t make a dishonest dollar anymore.”

Duffy sits back and casts an eye to the sky as though relishing every thought of those by-gone days. Oscar’s making his way slowly around the dock to the site of the noise, but Duffy turns his eyes down to study his feet, and throws in his afterthought with an indifferent shrug of the shoulder:

“oh . . . they were amateurs though. They only drank booze. I know of only two bootleggers who made any money.”

Bob sits at the rail of his boat laughing.

“Oh, you can talk about drinking, but that’s about all. Now when I was in the Navy, we used to get into the medical alcohol and mix it with grape juice — burned the brain right up!”

“Self parise goes but a little ways, men.” And Oscar grins as he catches them bragging again.

The gill-netter starts fishing for king salmon in May, but he takes up the chase for sockeye in July and August. Another blast of kings comes along in August before the nets turn to welcome the silver salmon in September and October. Finally, a wave of chums in November finishes out the season. Part of seven months are spent on the water,
at three days a week.

Gill netting in Puget Sound is a night job, where in Alaska it's mostly a daytime operation. The main reason for this is the clearness of Puget Sound waters as opposed to the murky glacial waters of many Alaska waterways, as well as the ability of the salmon to become very "gear wise" in his journey through Puget Sound.

Four hundred fish a night is a good haul, with average catches running less. Gill netting is a popular method of harvesting salmon with many fishermen because it can be a one man operation in most areas. It is this solitude and independence that the skipper of the St. Marguerite finds so rewarding.

"I'm my own boss out here. I depend entirely on myself for survival in this game. It's not even work to me. I suppose you could say it's just another way of making a living, but I enjoy the way I do it."

Bob began gill netting in 1947. He built his present boat in 1952 and figures it should be good for another twenty or thirty years with proper care. When he's not fishing he spends every spare moment maintaining the boat, engine, nets, and other fishing essentials.

"I'm always working on the boat or the nets when the weekend rolls around. And during the off-season, I'm always looking ahead to the next. The nets have to be mended, the bottom of the boat scraped, and the engine kept in top running order. There's always plenty of work. Isn't that right, fellas?"

Oscar looks at Duffy, then turns his back to the question. "I don't know a thing about it."

Duffy looks at Oscar, sighs and sits down with a weary groan. "You make me tired."

"It's not that bad, Duff," teases Oscar. "C'mon, Duff, let's go a quick round or two."

"Hell, the only round or two I can go is at the Alpine!"

"Hell with it, Duff . . . let's go a round or two with those girls." Two waterfront strollers catch Oscar's eye, but Duff just clears his throat.

"Well, Oscar, you'd have to hook a Briggs and Stratton to your wheelchair and haul me in tow."

"Never mind, Duff . . . just bring some alum."

"I'll bring the alum if you bring the vaseline. I can't carry too much at one time."

A large stainless steel cylinder supports the elbow of the laughing skipper at the stern. It's mounted between two other steel rollers attached in a V-shape to the business end of the craft. The rollers keep the net in the center as it is being drawn into the vessel. A large gray reel sets motionless a few feet in front of the V. Before the arrival of the reel the net was picked up by hand and stowed in the stern cockpit. And as anyone who has ever picked up 300 fathoms of gill net in a southeaster by hand alone knows — it's hard work. With the advent of the power reel, where the net is hauled in by mechanical or hydraulic means, much of the hard labor was removed from the operation.

Baskets are placed around the propellers to keep the nets from tangling. They still manage to catch the nets quite often, while the basket occasionally catches a visitor. Captain Bob reports a late night episode as he was making ready to end the day. As he hauled in his net, a pair of green eyes gazed up at him from the rudder. A dogfish had trapped himself in one of the baskets, but had feasted on his last salmon, at any rate.

"Those damn dogfish will eat anything, though," Bob reflected, "So I can't blame them for moving up in class a bit, and taking on an occasional salmon. But what a nuisance! With all this pollution, dogfish are about the only things that survive in Bellingham Bay."

"And wasted salts like you," challenges Oscar.

The laughter is echoed by the slap of water against the side of another gill netter. Dusk is settling on the scene and their voices rise and fall with rocking of the hulls of their boats. Soon nets will hit the water for real, and all the waterfront chatter will be forgotten as another night of steady fishing sets upon the fishermen.

by Mark Morrow
The day of the student patrolman, commonly known as the campus pig, begins slightly later than that of most students. On the other hand, it may begin much earlier, depending on how one wants to look at it.

A few minutes before his shift begins, sometime after 11:00 p.m., he wanders into the campus security office. There he readies himself for patrol, signs for his radio, picks up his keys and flashlight. He fills out a building maintenance list and he has completed his pre-briefing procedure.

From there he moves into the office for an informal briefing, which lasts about the time it takes to have a cup of coffee, and it sums up the events which have occurred on campus in the past 24 hours. The marshals update the patrolmen from entries in their log books, such as “6:30 p.m. Bellingham Police Department called to request address of student” or perhaps, “Let Richard Jordan into computer center — name checks out on list.”
On lower rounds the patrolman is assigned the library and all buildings north of it. On the early shift his basic duty is to secure all open windows and doors. He also checks for burnt out lights and any indication of theft or vandalism. On an average he may find one or two lights out and maybe the same number of doors open. An open door, though it doesn't seem like much, is probably the most irritating problem he finds. Some doors, for instance, have no door knobs, and can deceive a man, and even a student patrolman, into believing that it is secured. However, on closer inspection he finds the door is open. So he writes it up on his building report, and proceeds to another building.

The inspection of buildings includes a number of dorms: Mathes, Nash, Higginson, and Edens North and South. The majority of problems here deal with open doors. Each dorm has established certain visitation hours, and the patrolman helps enforce these by making sure all entrances are secured. The late shift deals principally with the dorms and is mainly a fire and theft prevention patrol.

The late shift is the most interesting. Here
the patrolman comes in contact with all sorts of people — sleeping people, studying people, wandering people. Sometimes he is even startled — like the time he encountered the girl talking on the phone in the hall. Not so unusual, but this girl had no clothes on.

People who sleep in dorm halls, study lounges, etc., are another big problem. The patrolman knows he should have the fellow (or girl) moved, but who wants to be awakened at four in the morning, especially to the blinding flash of a badge.
The patrolman has even more unpleasant tasks, such as confiscating any alcoholic beverages, directing traffic on High Street in the snow, or covering buildings during alarms. He must also assist the fire department and police department when called upon.

Certainly there are hazards involved. They range from being insulted, getting snowballed, to being used as target practice for people who like to throw rocks. But it is only the minority of students who cause these problems. The rest are engaged in water fights, climbing on construction equipment to get kites out of trees, shouting out “here come the cops” and holding up their buddies after a good night in B. C.

by Pete Murphy
TAKE AN OCTOPODA PUNCTATUS OUT FOR LUNCH.

Have you ever eaten an octopus? No? Then go catch one for the treat of your life.

These fascinating creatures are plentiful in KLIPSUN country. The largest caught to date, so it is rumored, weighed some 125 pounds with a tentacle spread of about 20 feet — too big for most of us to meet. Smaller ones of five to forty pounds are common on our tidal flats and can be easily caught at low or minus tide. These little ones have a tentacle spread of only five to ten feet and can be easily handled. Scuba gear isn’t necessary either, just find a rocky tidal flat, wait for a minus tide, and then go look under boulders that have been exposed by the low tide. But peering under boulders could make you look and feel a bit silly, so here are some hints on finding the creatures:

First, cut a slim, straight alder branch six or eight feet long. This is a medicine stick. The older Indians believed that if a stick found an octopus, it possessed good medicine and would continue to find octopi as long as it was used. They’d use the same stick until it was lost or broken.

Next, prowl around the rocky tidal flats examining the base of the boulders. You’re looking for a small pile of empty crab shells, neatly stacked by an opening under the boulder. The octopus is a tidy housekeeper and when it kills and eats a crab it carefully piles the empty shells outside the door. The opening doesn’t have to be large — the only solid part of an octopus is its parrot-like, razor sharp beak. On a 20 pound octopus this is about two inches in diameter. The octopus can flow its entire body through an opening about this size with unbelievable speed.

Determining whether one is in the nest is a bit tricky. Insert your medicine stick in the hole and probe gently. If there is a slight resistance as the stick is moved back and forth there’s someone home. You will probably be fooled into thinking the hole is empty at first, because the resistance is so slight. The octopus doesn’t seize the stick as you might suppose, but gently tries to push it away.

Now comes the problem. How do you get
the thing out now that you’ve found it? The rock is too heavy to move; it’s illegal to use a barbed or pointed instrument; and you’re not strong enough to pull it loose if it doesn’t want to come. The solution is to use an irritant to make him abandon his nest and come out into the open.

The Indians used the crushed or powdered bark of a tree — sorry, I don’t know what kind. Some people use a poison such as bleach or copper sulfate crystals, but this is a pernicious method and will poison the octopus and other marine life. Others claim that rock salt will dissolve and create excessive salinity in the limited supply of water under the rock, irritating the octopus into coming out. Whatever method you use, be prepared for a shock when it comes boiling out from under the rock. It’s a formidable looking critter and it will take quite a bit of will power to pick it up while it looks you over with its large bulbous eyes and thrashes it tentacles.

The critical time in capturing the fellow is when it’s coming out. If you move, it will see you, go back under the rock, and you’ve lost it for good. Wait until it’s fully out and step forward quickly and pick it up. It’s really harmless, but its formidable appearance is non-plussing.

If you’re lucky, you’ve just captured one of the most fascinating creatures in the marine world.

Contrary to legend, the devil fish is a shy, gentle creature that just wants to be left alone. It’s a member of the scientific family Moluska and is a relative of the clam and oyster — with one important difference. This marine animal has intelligence and is capable of learning from experience.

In most of the world, the octopus is regarded as a delicacy and is highly prized. When properly prepared, it is a true gormet’s delight. Skin it if you prefer, then slice it into segments about an inch in diameter. Pound each segment thoroughly with a meat hammer, dip in milk, roll in a crusty mixture and then french fry for about three minutes. This method is simple and the results very tasty — better than abalone, prawns or scallops.

But be careful, octopus is extremely rich food, and you can very easily eat too much. A meal of crisp, tender octopus, with hot buttered garlic bread and fresh green salad, and a little beer, makes an unforgettable experience.

Don’t be wasteful — a small, ten-pound octopus will yield about seven pounds of pure, white meat, easily enough for eight or ten people. Two octopi is the bag limit. Don’t be greedy, and leave some for the next time.

by Bob Davidson
"This place has got so many rooms, I've just never bothered to count them."

Such was the response of Paterson Fugitt, owner of the green mansion so conspicuously overlooking the town of Fairhaven, variously known as Hilltop House, Wardner's Castle, or 'that old greenish tower on the mound.' Call it what you will, you have probably wondered a few things about it, for that matter, about many of the old houses around town.

A cat with an arched black back and matching black smile scared this writer away from one old castle on the south side just as he had made his way up a winding path to the front porch. I was just leaving, anyway. A rather angry response from another old time Bellingham castle owner (this one over the phone) cast me into absolute despair. But such are the hazards of original research.

The first friendly welcome had to come from somewhere, and in this case it happened to be at the site of Hilltop House.

Fugitt bought his home in 1958 from a pair of sisters who had earned local fame in the old house by serving chicken dinners to the public, while calling their place of business the Hilltop House. But all things come to an end, including chicken dinners — and Fugitt had a plan as well. With the college growing steadily, students would be in search of places to live. So Fugitt set about renovating the old castle to fit the needs of a modern day boarding house. Everything went well except with the neighbors, and approval by neighbors is definitely needed when one is seeking the
Hilltop House, alias Gardner’s Castle

summer’s day party.
Eight bedrooms, several bathrooms, assorted reading rooms, dining rooms, and every other kind of room, including hidden ones take up enough space to make a count confusing.

“I don't really know how many rooms are in the house. Sometimes it's hard to tell where a hallway ends and another room begins,” says Mr. Fugitt. “But I do know there are still six fireplaces left out of the original seven.”

One of the finest hotels on the coast was completed in Fairhaven in September, 1890. Designed by architects Longstaff and Black, the Fairhaven Hotel was the polished gem of the town and occasionally the stopping-off place for famous travellers. World globe-trotter George Francis Train stayed at the hotel in 1891, and Mark Twain himself spent a night in one of its rooms in 1895.

Located at the northeast corner of 12th and Harris, where its place has since been taken by a gas station, the hotel was thoroughly grandiose in both furnishings and exterior trimmings. The national depression of the '90's eventually brought a halt to the fast-paced commercial activities of the area. Gradually the Fairhaven Hotel began to lose the spectacular look of earlier days. A fire damaged the old hotel in 1953 after it had been taken over by a group of boys’ and girls’ clubs. It was finally dismantled in 1955, leaving nothing of its grandeur but old lithographs on tavern walls.

Fairhaven Hotel
George Francis Train arrives in Bellingham.

HOUSE OF THE LOCAL LAND BARON:

At the very edge of Fairhaven, on the corner of 16th and Douglas, stands the old castle of Roland Gamwell, real estate man. This gray mansion sets in a crowd of trees, its rounded tower standing out noticeably from the greenery beneath it. Gamwell finished his home in 1892, and one of his greatest pleasures came from the respect everyone in the neighborhood paid his stained glass windows. To his last days Gamwell's windows remained intact, not a pane broken, even by a schoolboy's misguided rock throw.

Gamwell House

Douglas Street marked the northern line of Fairhaven. Anything north of the Gamwell mansion was in Old Bellingham. Traces of two distinct settlements can still be seen in the kinks in the streets running from Fairhaven past Douglas Street into Old Bellingham.

The oldest house in Old Bellingham, was built by Judge George A. Kellogg. The house was later passed on to his son, John Alonzo Kellogg, judge of the superior court of Whatcom County and one of Bellingham's most distinguished citizens at the turn of the century.
On the corner of 14th and Easton banker A. H. Clark built a house that tops all the others in size. Also designed by Longstaff and Black, this sprawling mansion was completed in 1890 – the boom year for new-fangled houses around Bellingham Bay. The house was later occupied by M. E. Downs, president of the Blue Canyon Coal Company. House swapping was a fine art even then.

GARDEN STREET CASTLE:

Still another town grew up in this area. This one was called Sehome, and it stretched from just north of Bryant Street past the Sehome coal mine to Whatcom Creek. In Sehome, along Garden Street, you can't help but notice the remarkably well-preserved Morse castle. Built by the founder of the Morse Hardware Company, this deep gray mansion with the alternately curving front steps is well over 75 years old.

Today the house is in the capable hands of George L. St. James and his wife, who have done a thorough job of preserving house and grounds. The St. James' have been living in the castle for the last eight years, and find themselves with enough room to rent out four apartments.

Once inside the front door one is immediately impressed by the wide staircase that curves up to the second floor. The house sets high
above the level of the street, its tower standing out clearly above the trees, keeping a watchful eye on the streets and the bay below.

Enclosing the waterfront west of Whatcom Creek, the town of Whatcom has more stories to tell, and some buildings that are working on their second hundred years.

ANCIENT LANDMARK:

Two blocks west of the sewer reduction plant on Whatcom Creek stands one of the oldest brick buildings in the State of Washington. This two story building faces northwest on E Street just above Holly, where it was erected by T.G. Richards & Company in 1858, during the Fraser River Gold Rush. The one-time store, courthouse, bank, jail, and newspaper office building naturally enough shows the signs of wear. Over the years a few necessary changes have been made in the building. A gabled roof replaces the old flat one. The brick walls have been covered by a coat of stucco. Even the iron shutters are gone. But it still stands.

Contemporaries of the brick building in the Division Street business area were destroyed in the fire of 1885. Soon after, the West Holly district began to boom. West Holly was surrounded, from the Creek to G Street, with business houses, stores, saloons, rooming houses and offices. But unlike the sturdy brick job of T. G. Richards, they have all crumbled and vanished.

COUGARS ON THE ROOF:

On Bancroft Street, just off F Street, is the oldest house in the Bellingham area — the Pickett House.

Captain George E. Pickett of Civil War fame arrived in Whatcom in 1856 to begin construction of Fort Bellingham. He immediately erected a two-story frame house on what later became Bancroft Street.

Only a few changes have been made in the home through the last century. A winding stairway now leads to the second story in place of the original ladder. The west wall of the lean-to no longer features the fireplace with its mud and wattle chimney.

One popular story about the Pickett House concerns the W. H. Fouts family, who occupied the property in 1873. The winter was so cold and the snow so deep that year the fire was never allowed to die in the fireplace. A pair of cougars had taken up the rewarding habit of spending nights on the lean-to roof close to the chimney for warmth. Their movements were plainly audible to the frightened woman and children below. Rather than face the possibility of the animals crushing the roof or coming down the chimney, Mrs. Fouts and her offspring could only close the lean-to door and spend the night in an unheated room.

Judge W. H. Harris bought the Pickett House in 1884. In an article written many years later, Judge Harris described part of the difficulty in simply reaching the front door:

"We were living in an old time place said to have been built by General Pickett when stationed at Fort Bellingham in the '50's. Its location was on 15th Street, near E. These streets were unimproved and unused, being thickly covered with brush, logs, and standing timber, at the top of a high abrupt hill, reached only by long steep stairs, made of two inch planks with platforms about four feet square and about 30 feet apart, used as resting places, that you might recover your breath to reach the next platform above."

Fortunately, its not that hard to get there today. In fact, its not hard to get to any of the old historical landmarks that still abound in Bellingham. They're all waiting for the inspection of anyone with enough time and curiosity to search them out.

by Mark Morrow

T. G. Richards Building
Every Tuesday, a 24 foot inboard cabin cruiser shoves off from Lake Whatcom Resort. Although the vessel is said to be of 1940 vintage it still manages to run to the end of the lake, around and back again several times, carrying a load of many different types of measuring devices and two trained technicians.

The Institute for Freshwater Studies lab technician Joe Scheib and George Garlick, a Biology Department technician both work in gathering information from Lake Whatcom for the Institute for Freshwater Studies.

Beginning early in the morning they make five stops around the lake for data and sampling, including a stop at the mouth of Anderson Creek, before they finish late in the evening. Each stop takes about an hour and a half, and it entails taking water samples, temperature readings and light intensity readings at different levels in the lake. But the work doesn’t stop there. After gathering the information and water samples a week of processing begins.

George Garlick lowers a light metering device as Scheib calls off the different water levels.

Most of the equipment is geared to measuring the slightest degree of change.
WHY THE INSTITUTE FOR FRESHWATER STUDIES?

Approximately eight years ago the Institute for Freshwater Studies started out, with the help of Gerald Kraft of the Biology Department, and President Flora. Both Dr. Kraft and Flora were interested in research on a particular body of freshwater and in bringing attention to the different problems of the fresh water in Western Whatcom County.

When it was found that Lake Whatcom had had relatively no research done on it, they began plans for the project. Not only did Lake Whatcom provide the main part of the city water supply, but also, the city of Bellingham knew almost nothing about its contamination, volume or turbidity. It was finally decided that the City of Bellingham would join in on the immediate funding of the Institute for Freshwater Studies. Since then, the Institute has been funded through the college and budgeted as research.

At the beginning of the research project, the city was particularly interested in the measure of E. Coliform organisms in the lake. It seems that these organisms help in detecting the amount of pollution in the water — the drinking water of Bellingham.
Some of the less strict measurements include checking the wind speed.

WHAT IS THE INSTITUTE NOW?

Two years ago, Bruce Lighthart was named half-time director of the Institute. At this time, the purpose and organization of the Freshwater Studies Institute broadened. Since then the Institute has acquired more equipment, including a new autoanalyzer for measuring phosphates and nitrates in the water, and a computer-indexed library of reprints.

Lighthart explained that since the Institute was reorganized it began to draw interested people, including students, to the project. His main hope is that the Institute for Freshwater Studies becomes a facility for the whole college to use: the Library, equipment, space, and different people that are involved.

It is hoped that through the project professionals such as mathematicians and biologists will be able to come together and be able to formulate a mathematical model from which to work. This would enable the Institute to predict the rates and pool sizes in the carbon cycle. With this information it could be possible to say what is now happening to the water and what could be done to prevent it. According to Lighthart, such a model could be used to see what can be done to the water as well as

One of the more important tests measures the temperature change at different levels, including the muddy bottom.
what should not be done to it.

Although the Institute no longer makes E. Coliform measurements it still continues to monitor Lake Whatcom. A complete depth survey of the lake has been made and from the resultant data, a working scale model of Lake Whatcom has been made. The Institute still measures temperature changes at different depths, oxygen content, VH, and takes numerous samples of the water to be treated and tested in the labs back at the campus.

WHAT IS THE FUTURE OF THE FRESHWATER INSTITUTE?

Lighthart also explains that although the Institute for Freshwater Studies does not hold classes it is still a para-academic research facility. He is in hopes that not only will the college faculty become aware of the available facilities and use them, but also that the student population will become interested enough to take an active part in such studies. It is believed that the Institute could easily monitor the freshwater throughout Whatcom County — not only the lakes but such freshwater storages as creeks and wells also.

Progress is being made in such a way that the Institute will eventually be able to do research in aquatic microbiology. Since there is very little known in this field, information gathered by the Institute for Freshwater Studies could be applied to comprehension of present situations and to prevention of any future problems.

by Richard Kenyon
SAQA OF THE SEHOME EIGHT

or

LOITERING TO THE SUPREME COURT

On the morning of Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1968, eight activist Western students committed what to many Bellinghamites was the unforgivable sin: they "invaded" Sehome High School.

For many townspeople this was the expected but no-less-hated culmination of the college’s cancerous population growth. Just eight years before, it had been safe, sleepy Western Washington College of Education, with barely 2,000 students: a teacher's school that caused no more problems than an occasional panty raid or all-night drinking party. Now it had become Western Washington State College, and there was considerable talk of changing the name again to make it a university. In 1968 Western had some 7,500 students and was projecting an enrollment of 15,000 by 1975. The little campus had become a sprawling monster, gobbling and developing adjacent lands at a fearsome rate; forcing the eviction of many from their homes and at least implying to many others that they were next. Students had marched downtown to protest the war and had invited communist speakers to campus. (American Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell had also spoken at the school, but many people tended to forget this.) And tiny co-ed Karen Anderson had brought the town a measure of notoriety when, in a pique of exasperation on General Electric’s “College Bowl,” she introduced national prime-time television to the word “damn.”

For the townsman, there was suddenly no getting away from college students. They came in hordes, and brought with them beards and long hair and bra-less breasts and bare feet and rock bands in the parks and LSD and marijuana and free sex and, worst of all, an intolerable air of smug superiority over the native. Well, we could understand it if this was Berkeley, but fer chris' sake it's Bellingham!

And now they had invaded the high school.

It wasn’t an invasion, actually. What the eight students were doing was passing out anti-draft pamphlets to the high school students. And that is what got Wally Oyen, Ian Trivett, Lauren Bathurst, Ron Felton, Joe Start, George Hartwell, Tony Morefield and Mike Burr arrested for loitering.

On the day before, Start had talked to Sehome Principal Brian Barker about distributing literature at the school. Barker told Start it was a violation of district regulations to pass out literature at the school without first securing approval from the superintendent’s office. Furthermore, Barker said, if the group did distribute its pamphlets without following normal procedure, he would be forced to call the police.

At 7:30 Tuesday morning the eight met on the Sehome campus beneath a covered walkway which was between the street and the school buildings. In their hands they held copies of two pamphlets: Channeling (written by then-selective service director Gen. Lewis B. Hershey) and Uptight with the Draft. They began to hand the pamphlets out to students who were getting off the schoolbuses.

Within minutes Barker appeared and told the pamphleteers they should leave because they were in violation of state law. The eight informed Barker that in their opinion the law in question was unconstitutional, and refused to leave. Barker repeated his request twice and then called city police.

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All this took place before morning classes
Three years after the big bust, Lauren Bathurst, his family, and George Hartwell relax on Bathurst's Farm.
Ron Felton now operates a body shop on Forest Street.

began at Sehome.

On Jan. 6, 1969, Judge Ward Williams of the Whatcom County District Justice Court found the eight guilty and sentenced them to 5 days in the county jail. Later, the conviction was upheld by the Whatcom County Superior Court, but sentence was changed to a $35 fine for each, the jail sentence being removed.

The initial conviction raised a furor not only in downtown Bellingham, but on the college campus as well. Then-Dean of Students James Hitchman, a former Marine sergeant, informed Oyen he was removing him from the college discipline committee. Told in turn that he had no authority to do so, Hitchman then asked student President Noel Bourasaw and the student legislature to initiate the removal. They refused. Hitchman stated that though he disagreed politically with Oyen, this had nothing to do with his request; that he would request removal of any committee member who had been convicted of such a "serious crime." (Oyen had yet another notation on his police record for parading without a permit.)

After the Superior Court decision, American Civil Liberties Union lawyer Mike Rosen, who was handling the case, asked Western Washington District Attorney Stan Pitkin if he would ever try to bring a conviction on this case in federal court. Pitkin, who as Whatcom County Prosecuting Attorney had prosecuted at the first trial, laughed, said "Are you kidding?" and walked away.

The Washington State Supreme Court, however did not think the case as ridiculous as Pitkin did. On March 15, 1971, two and a half years after the arrests, it unanimously upheld the decision of the superior court. The case was over; the Sehome Eight had lost.

Or had they?

From the beginning the eight had been represented by the ACLU. ACLU officials were convinced the defendants had clearly and discriminatorily been denied their First Amendment right to free speech. Furthermore, they thought they had a near-perfect test case. So, seven days after the state supreme court decision, ACLU sent notice of appeal to the United States Supreme Court. This will mean, according to local ACLU representative Bob Keller, "a wait of at least several more months," without even the assurance that the supreme court will accept the case for consideration. It has been a long wait for the defendants. It will be longer yet.

RCW 9.87.010
Every -
. . . (13) Person, except a person enrolled as a student and/or parents or guardians of such students or person employed by such school or institution, who without a lawful purpose therefor willfully litters about the building or buildings of any public or private school or institution of higher learning or public premises adjacent thereto . . . is guilty of the crime of vagrancy.

The Washington State Supreme Court, by upholding the conviction of the Sehome Eight, has taken an important step beyond what used to be the boundaries of criminal law. It has determined the phrase "without a lawful purpose" not to mean an illegal or criminal purpose, but rather any purpose which is not authorized by school authorities and school-connected. Were this concept applied to other laws, it could conceivably flip our legal structure upside down. Such a concept, if widely applied, could open the door to a genuine police state. No longer would the state have to prove a citizen guilty of a crime. The onus would be on the citizen to prove, not that he was innocent of a specific crime, but that he had been actively engaged in an officially authorized activity. It could mean,
for instance, that a man taking a walk could be thrown in jail because he was walking no place in particular.

It is with this interpretation especially that the ACLU takes exception. "The chilling effect of the statute as construed," says the ACLU's jurisdictional brief to the U.S. Supreme Court, "numbs all exercise of First Amendment rights of nonstudents in the vicinity of public school premises, and needlessly deters constitutionally protected activity without promoting a legitimate state goal."

(emphasis mine. B.H.)

The Sehome pamphleteers did not disrupt the normal educational functioning of Sehome High School. They did not disrupt classes; they were not even on school grounds during class hours. What they did was to voice an unpopular (at the time) opinion in a public place. They were not addressing a captive audience, though Principal Barker and Judge Williams contend they were: students were free to accept or reject both the pamphlets and the ideas they espoused. Pamphlets were forced on no one.

Barker and the three courts which have so far heard the case do not want schools to be considered public places. The school, they imply, should be a closed institution, protected in its traditional and proscribed subject matters from the wider-ranging controversies, debates and social issues of the nation at large.

The statute the defendants violated, according to the state supreme court, "... is plainly aimed at maintaining and preserving the integrity of a paramount societal interest—the effective education of our youth in safe, orderly, and compatible surroundings."

Wally Oyen and wife, Judy, are still in town. Other members of the Eight have left Bellingham for bigger or better things. Joe Start is working with the Head Start Program out of the Mennonite Community near Eugene, Oregon. Mike Burr is studying to become a Unitarian Minister, and Tony Morfield is somewhere in California. Ian Trivett has been working for a day care center in Seattle and is soon departing for an extended stay in Europe.

It is difficult to understand how the actions of the Sehome Eight impaired this goal. It can be argued, in fact, that by exercising their constitutional right to free speech, they actually contributed to "the effective education of our youth." The U.S. Supreme Court and the Washington State Legislature have ruled that 18-year olds are adults. They have the legal right to vote, to marry, to sign contracts. Does it make sense, then, to prepare them for these adult roles by censoring their intellectual input? Sehome High School boys were facing the draft, yet there was no information available at the school on draft alternatives. It is traditional for public schools to be closed, authoritarian institutions. That it is traditional, however, makes it neither right nor legal.

In 1969 the Fortas court ruled in Tinker v. Des Moines Community School District that First Amendment rights of neither teachers nor pupils are "left at the schoolhouse gate." In this case, several students had worn black armbands to classes to protest the Vietnam War, in violation of school regulation. The Supreme Court, if it accepts the Sehome case, must now decide whether these rights extend to nonstudents as well.

It's been a long wait for the Sehome Eight. None of them are any longer students at Western, though most still live in the Bellingham area. Their lives, their daily concerns have changed in the past 30 months, and will continue to change. But in the timesnap of the judicial system they are still a unity, and if they are acquitted by the Supreme Court they will become, as a group, a legal symbol of freedom.

by Bob Hicks
The sign said *walk in* as I slowly and tentatively opened the big white door and entered the CCM House on a sunny Saturday morning. The subdued light inside the old house brought me into another world. As I went wandering through the empty shell of a house I discovered only the silence, loneliness and darkness that seem to be so much of an old house. The empty rooms begged for voices and movement.

I returned on a warm Sunday evening. People began to trickle into the house in twos and threes. There were faces of friends and acquaintances and faces of people I had never seen before. A small community was forming, diverse individuals united for one short hour in the liturgy of Christian worship.

Almost everyone sat on the floor in a comfortable position to take part in the service. People were laughing, conversing freely, listening
and watching with each other. Within fifteen minutes, the entire room was filled, crowded with faces and voices, guitar chords, choruses, single voices reaching out at one time and another.

The Campus Christian Ministry became more than just a building — it became a very real collection of human relationships, reaching out of the building to other areas. An example of this was a weekend retreat out in the country, called a Search. Here were different types of individuals willing to share with one another. The most striking thing was their togetherness as a small community.

But this was only one of the many small communities that come together to form the one complete Campus Christian Ministry, and the entire Western Washington State College Community as well.

by Bill Braswell
Saga recycles cardboard.
MINIMIZING THE EGORAE

At this stage of the attempt to replace the Cowboy Economy with the Spaceship Economy, a good general strategy in the absence of detailed information is to reduce effluvience by a) not using what you don’t need, and b) reusing all the effluvients you can.

Western contributes a lot of effluvia to the environment, the most conspicuous of which is paper. A good way to reduce the volume of paper used as bay fill, involving no tricky, state-of-the-art hardware, would be to sell it to Georgia Pacific, right here in Bellingham. The Recycling Committee, a sub-committee of the Campus Environment Committee, is working on this. Eden’s Hall and some departments in Haggard Hall are cooperating by separating their paper from their other refuse. SAGA flattens its cardboard boxes and sells them to G.P. (except egg cartons, which are reused). SAGA also flattens its tin cans, but as there’s no one in town who recycles this kind of scrap, they go to fill in the bay (as does other metal scrap, from the physical plant shops). There might be an ecobusiness here for someone.

The bookstore continues to send its cardboard to fill in the bay, although its loading platform is less than 100 feet from the pickup point for SAGA’s recyclable cardboard.

Students’ atrocious eating habits contribute greatly to the volume of garbage, especially in the very inconvenient forms of cellophane wrappers, small tin cans of fruit juice, and innumerable styrofoam and wax or plastic coated paper cups. The plastic materials are not recyclable, and the small size and wide distribution of the others makes them unnecessarily difficult to cope with.

The campus is still somewhat littered, although its getting better. Dog shit, however, approaches the status of a major problem. Students are just as unthinking about their dogs as consumers are about their private industries, but dog shit in a room or corridor you have to sweep can’t be ignored. Ask any custodian. If you’re gonna have it around, ya gotta clean up after it. (Second Law of Spaceship Sanitation.)

WATER

A lot of water goes down the drain at Western, about $13,000 worth a year. Some Student Co-Op doesn’t.
of this is used in the steam plant, some for the fountain, which must be cleaned every 3 or 4 weeks because of those myopic students who mistake it for a trash barrel. Those ever-flowing drinking fountains cost $8.00 per fountain per month and a request for funds to convert them so the automatic shut-off couldn’t be jimmed was recently trashed by the legislature.

Toilets use 5 gallons (plus or minus 2) per flush, and a shower perhaps thirty to forty gallons. All of this waste water from the buildings south of Old Main runs directly into the bay, untreated. Landowners in the area where the city seeks to build the new treatment plant are fighting the attempt to acquire the land, so the time required to get the plant into operation is indeterminate.

The outfall empties right in front of the Port of Bellingham’s new Marine Park, but the County Health Department has a sign warning that the shellfish are polluted by raw sewage some hundreds of feet south of the park along the railroad right of way.

Hint: Students interested in working on water use at Western should contact Jim Newman at Huxley College.

AIR

Western’s steam plant, running on natural gas, emits only about half of what the Northwest Air Pollution Authority allows it to emit. Cascade shuts off the gas when residential use soars in cold snaps — the plant then runs on no. 5 oil, a relatively clean, sulfur-free fuel.

Early in the quarter, you may have noticed some rather unpleasant fumes from the reroofing of Carver Gym with tar. Building Maintenance is looking into the possibility of using emulsion roofing compounds, rather like latex paints, which do not emit such fumes when applied.

The college operates about 100 vehicles, 25 of which are the familiar 3-wheeled scooters. The new sedans the motor pool is acquiring this quarter will have 6-cylinder engines, to reduce the volume of combustion emissions. A complete set of engine
analyzing equipment has just been purchased, too.
and engines will be tuned to reduce hydrocarbon
emissions. This isn't all as peachy as it sounds, as
tuning an engine to reduce hydrocarbon emissions
increases emission of oxides of nitrogen, but that's
the way it goes.

The college currently uses leaded gasoline
in its vehicles, but when the new state fuel contracts
are drawn up, they may specify unleaded gas. Some
environmentalists think that the compounds used
to replace tetraethyl lead may be powerful carcino-
gens. If this proves to be true, it isn't much of an
improvement over lead poisoning, but it's a change.

Autos have greater costs than in air pollu-
tion, however. They take up space better used for
quiet green areas, and they menace pedestrians at
every turn. Western currently charges an $18.00
parking fee and may next year assign parking lots
in a way that will encourage car pooling and
walking from nearby residences. The general un-
desirability of the automobile is such that one is
tempted to propose that the fee be raised even
further, but unless the school works toward
adequate public transport and/or legalization of
hitchhiking, this would be pointlessly Orwellian.

A lot of Western students have made the
change from infernal combustion to self-propulsion.
Bike security has become a major problem but the
advantages of this mode of transport seem to attract more students and faculty every quarter.

In the area of aesthetics, there has been some major pollution lately: Residence 71, which the campus architect has referred to as simply "gross." Its ugliness results from its having been altered from a 300 student dorm to a 400 student dorm, losing frills and attractiveness in the process. The change does save the school $900,000 plus forty year's interest, or about $20 per student per year. The extra money might have been worth it.

A forthcoming improvement will be the closing of High Street between the driveway to Eden's and College Hall — this part of the street will become a pedestrian mall, with access for emergency and service vehicles. It is also to be hoped that the portion of Sehome Hill designated as an arboretum will suffer less damage than in the past, and possibly be closed to motorcycles.

by Jefferson Bear