Two nations so alike,

yet different . . .
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Western Washington University
Olscamp: Ambition Knows

One Land Loved, and an Anthem for Two Peoples

Two peoples and a land do I love,
A land into two by the two divided;—
An act as old as urinating
Dogs marking out their places,
And equally unreasoned.
The Indian knew
[He's forgotten now]
The transitory nature of our passage.
The Indian knew draining fluids
From a buried body
[Or one just left there, killed]
Will drain across a slanting rock,
Though artificial lines on a picture of the land say no.
I do not love the lines, I love the land.
The people of the land use the lines
They drew upon it
To make themselves as different from the other
as they can,
Lines that cannot stop a mild breeze,
Nor the passage of a step
Save with force from those who will not
See what we so deeply share
Because they see the lines and not the land;
I do not love the lines, I love the people.
One Land do I love, and two peoples passing over it.
The passports in the pocket of the dead
Will all become one land again,
Mingled as my anthem is:
My country 'tis of thee
The true north strong and free
Sweet land of liberty
We stand on guard for thee,
Of thee I sing.

Paul J. Olscamp

Western President Paul J. Olscamp is a man straddling two nations . . . and he likes it that way.
Olscamp was born August 29, 1937, in Montreal, Canada and was raised in the nickel mining town of Sudbury, just north of Ontario. The 14 mines, two smelters and constant sulfur fumes of the International Nickel Corp. of Canada "overshadowed the community," he said.
His father, an officer of a trust company, encouraged his children to excel in education and enrolled Olscamp in a Roman Catholic, five-year high school. After graduating, Olscamp entered a Catholic seminary to further his religious upbringing as a member of the Roman Catholic clergy. His training for the priesthood, however, lasted only one year, and he left to pursue his education in the field of philosophy.
He entered the University of Western Ontario (UWO) after the seminary. His summer breaks from college were spent back in Sudbury, working to put himself through school, and seeing his wife Joyce, a hometown girl.
Two of the summers he was employed as a social worker in the mining community where he gained "an insight into the life of the isolated and underprivileged French speaking mine workers." However, his career ambition required that he leave the mines and return permanently to the classroom: Olscamp wanted to become a teacher.
"I was the first person in my entire family's history to go to college," Olscamp said. "I was motivated by my father who knew what an education could do for someone."
Olscamp received his Bachelor of Arts degree from UWO in 1958 and his Masters two-years later. In 1962 he earned his PhD. at the University of Rochester
No Boundaries by Angelo Bruscas III

and was offered his first teaching position at Ohio State University (OSU) that same year.

"I believe Canada provides a much better undergraduate education," Olscamp said. "but the opportunities in the U.S. at the graduate and professional levels are the best in the world."

As one of only a handful of Canadians at OSU, Olscamp received numerous awards, including being nominated three times for the Alumni Distinguished Teaching Award. He also published a college textbook entitled "Philosophy: An Introduction." But after eight-years as an instructor, Olscamp departed, coming west with the Syracuse football team in 1974, he decided the Northwest was where he wanted to live.

"I wasn't happy with my colleagues at Syracuse," Olscamp said. "Quite frankly, I wanted to be president of a university."

In 1975, at the age of 38, his dream came true; he was named president of Western Washington State College. For Olscamp, the position gave him a chance to blend his Canadian background with his expertise in educational administration.

Western currently has the only Canadian-American

"I wasn't happy with my colleagues . . . quite frankly I wanted to be president of a university."

and accepted the position of Vice Chancellor for Student Programs and Executive Assistant to the President at Syracuse University.

"I have no regrets about Ohio State," Olscamp said. "I only left because I wanted to go further in administration."

His stay at Syracuse, however, was short. After studies program west of the Mississippi River. Also, Washington recently passed legislation enabling British Columbia students studying at a Washington university or college to pay only resident tuition. Olscamp played major roles in both of these areas by lobbying and speaking at state legislative sessions.

"Canada's well being is tied to a working
relationship with the U.S.," Olscamp said. "There is a vast reservoir of ignorance about what goes on north of the border."

"I'd like to see us develop our Canadian Studies program to where we are competitive with other eastern universities, he said. "Johns Hopkins, Duke, Vermont and Maine all have fine programs."

Olscamp hardly looks the Hollywood stereotype of a university president. At 40, he is still a young man with a future, not an elderly, tired and baggy eyed academian. His sturdy frame and clear resonant voice suggest an overwhelming amount of confidence and self assurance. He never flinches when a camera flashes in his direction. He is always at ease.

"The Canadian experience is very different from the American way of life," Olscamp said. "Canadians are laid back when it comes to national pride. Basically, the country developed out of fear of U.S. expansion," he said.

"The nation acts as a buffer between competing parties, and as a peace keeping force around the world. The use of violence as a political tool is foreign to Canadians. Nobody owns handguns, and they don't care to," he said.

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"I feel very deeply about my native country."

"Canada, at the present time, is in a typical phase in a growing country's development," Olscamp said. "Canadians are becoming aware that they are part of a genuinely strong, effective and working nation. The people, by and large, expect their government to play a role which Americans consider socialistic. Canadian government and private industry are combined in the most unusual places," Olscamp said. "They only developed this way out of geographic necessity."

"I'm an advocate of a very strong and friendly relationship with the Canadian people," Olscamp said. "The U.S. and Canada are more closely intertwined than any two nations in the history of the world."

"As long as I'm president of Western, I will try to cultivate a better relationship between the two nations," Olscamp said. "I feel very deeply about my native country."

Western, and the surrounding Bellingham area, is now home for Olscamp and his family. His office towers high above the university, on the fifth floor of Old Main. On one side of the office hangs a stunning aerial photograph of the campus. The picture displays Western in all its colorful spring beauty, with the sun glistening on Bellingham Bay in the background.

"I had smaller prints of the picture made so I could send them to friends back east, to show them where I work," Olscamp said. "They all write back and tell me what a lucky bastard I am."
THE REAL THING

by Michael Vouri

It happened in October, 1973. The 11 o'clock news was bearing grim tidings about the Jews taking it on the chin from the Arabs and the Russian Fleet multiplying in the Mediterranean. At that moment I could have cared less. My checkbook was a mess. So much so, that I was still fighting with my own figures, mired up to my armpits in canceled checks and owing more money to more creditors than I'd ever dreamed possible. It may not have been the most dangerous hole to be in that evening, but I was in it.

Then the phone rang. It was the Canadian sergeant I worked with at the blockhouse. He told me that Nixon had reacted to the Mid-east crisis by calling a "Defcon Five." (Defcon Five, another of those acronyms the military is so fond of, means "arm all them nukes boys, and roll 'em on out to the pad. Them Russkies is 'comin'.")

The sergeant seemed amazingly sotto-voiced, considering the gravity of the information he was dispensing. I was immediately suspicious.

"Sergeant Vouri? You've got to come down to the blockhouse immediately. We're having a total recall," he said.

The blockhouse referred to is the Semi-Automatic Ground Environment (SAGE) Building, located at McChord Air Force Base on the outskirts of Tacoma. It is a tombstone-gray, four-story hunk of cement in which 400 U.S. Air Force people and 40 Canadians
work side-by-side scanning the skies for enemy-manned bombers attacking North America.

“What do you mean? The alert isn’t until tomorrow,” I replied, beginning to suspect he was drunk off his ass and trying to rattle my cage.

We usually had alerts every month or two so we could practice scrambling interceptor aircraft and count simulated cadavers.

His voice dropped one octave. “This is the real thing Sergeant Vouri.”

“All right, you’ve gone too far. I see no humor in —”

“Sergeant!!”

Uh oh. That ring of authority. The voice of the colonel.

“Sergeant, the president has put the entire armed forces, worldwide, on alert. Now get your ass down here!”

“Yes, sir!”

Jesus. Stupified, I hung up, moved in a daze toward the bedroom and perfunctorily changed into uniform. The real thing?

. . . I noted life going on as usual in town.

Suddenly, my mind flashed back 11 years to Jack Kennedy looking grimly into my parent’s living room and announcing that he wasn’t going to take any more shit from Khrushchev. I began to tremble . . . just as I had then.

On the way to the base, I noted life going on as usual in town. Tavern parking lots were full. Tired housewives were folding mountains of clothing in laundromats. High school kids in jacked-up automobiles were gunning off the line at traffic lights.

No one knew.

I drove through the main gate of the base and down the perimeter road to the blockhouse. There, it was obvious that everyone knew.

The security guard performed an anomalous inspection of my restricted area badge, looking intently from my face, to the photo on the badge, then back to my face.

“You don’t have a mustache,” he barked, narrowing his eyes.

“I shaved it off. Too hard to eat banana cream pie with the little bugger, heh, heh.” It was a weak, half-hearted stab at being irreverent and he took it that way.

“Go on, get lost. They’re expecting you in the briefing room.”

. . . I wasn’t about to resign myself to nuclear combat —

The room was packed. The air was heavy and stale from cold sweat and cigarette smoke. The briefing officer, a red-headed major who always looked too clean, was in the middle of his brief when I walked in.

“. . . that’s right, ladies and gentlemen, everything’s armed and ready to go the minute the President gives us the word. It’s the real thing and now we’re going to see all our months of training start to pay off!”

The son-of-a-bitch was smiling. I couldn’t believe it. All I could think of was Nixon. He’d finally gone off his rocker. At last he’d get even.

From the briefing room, I went directly to my position at the Battle Staff Support Center. My job was to take nuclear detonation information over special phone lines from our outlying radar sites in the U.S. and Canada. In essence, the job entailed counting the dead and dying.

But, I couldn’t bring myself to slip on the head-sets right away. Somehow, I felt I’d be giving in if I did, and I wasn’t about to resign myself to nuclear combat — not until I was absolutely certain it was going to happen.

Hoping to escape the lugubrious atmosphere of the Battle Staff, I strolled into the coffee room and found several airmen lost in a nervous game of stud poker. Ah, normalcy, I thought. But the feeling was short-lived.

Perry, a portly black Army sergeant, was intently applying a compass square to a map of western Washington — something I’d never seen him do before. With a red marker, he inscribed a fat dot and then graphed a series of circles running out from the center.

“Hey, Perry, what’s that you’re doing?”

“Oh, I’m charting the explosions,” he replied calmly, not looking up.

“Explosions? What explosions?”

“Oh, the ones that’ll probably go off around here.”

There were a hell of a lot of red dots on that map and all the circles overlapped.

I’d read Hiroshima . . . I still remembered the description of human skin sliding off limbs like steamed wallpaper.

“Would this building hold up, if say . . . this one hit?” I pointed toward a dot on the McChord runway.

“Hell no.” He looked up then, eyeing me seriously. “This place would collapse like a cracker box.”

“Then why the hell build a thing like this in the first place!” I shouted.

I was aware, suddenly, of the hush that had fallen over the room while we’d been talking. The card game had stopped, and all eyes
were trained now on Perry, waiting for him to answer.

"There's got to be a plan. Right?" he offered.

I nodded.

"OK, this is it." And he went back to his map.

"Perry. You don't think anything's really going to happen do you? You were around in '62. This isn't as bad as it was then, is it?"

"Oh yeah," he answered dryly.

"It's about the same, but this time they might call our bluff."

"Shit!" I spat. "What's the point? What's the goddamned point?"

"There ain't no point," Perry said. "It's politics."

And I was worried about my checking account? And I was beginning to think my life was so damned intolerable? I'd read Hiroshima by Mersey in the eighth grade. I still remembered the description of human skin sliding off limbs like steamed wallpaper. I had to get away from Perry and his macabre, professional resignation toward the inevitable — so I returned to the Battle Staff.

There, my best friend in the world, Jonesy, was talking to his girl on the telephone. He cupped his hand over the mouthpiece and motioned for me to come over.

"Diane says there's nothing on the radio about this. Nobody knows anything out there. What do you think's going on?"

I shrugged my shoulders. What did I know? I just came down to count dead bodies. Jonesy resumed his telephone conversation, dropping his voice to whisper endearments.

About half a pack of Marlboros later an announcement came down. The Canadians were told they could go home. It wasn't their fight, headquarters said. The Canadian sergeant who worked next to me, the one who'd called me a lifetime before, left the room. But, he was back several minutes later.

"We talked it over with the commander and among ourselves," he explained, patting me on the back. "We're going to stay. We've gone too far with you to back out now. Besides, anything that hits the states is bound to get us anyway."

For a moment, I felt like commending his nobility, but I couldn't. Nobility is admirable enough in theory, but owing to my experiences in Vietnam and other moments of crisis in my life, I'd become convinced that nobility, in the purest sense of the word, was reserved for royalty, racehorses and Sir Walter Scott novels. What I did say, however, was thanks . . . and I meant it.

Altogether, the 440 of us spent 10 hours in that mausoleum-like building, full of black lights, flashing status boards and portentous undertones of doom. Then, the status board changed, from red to yellow. Someone, somewhere, in some wood-paneled, leather-filled room, had come to his senses.

The pressure was off. It was all over.

I was commended for "responding professionally," released from duty and told I didn't have to come to work the next morning.

Driving home, Lakewood and Tacoma were fast asleep and I wondered if everyone was still oblivious to what had almost happened. I pulled into my driveway, turned off the key and sat for a moment. I'd awakened my dog. He was sitting on his haunches next to the car door, waiting patiently for me to get out and pat him on the head.

"Fools," I muttered softly to myself as I got out and scratched him behind his ear. "Damn fools."

Then I remembered the stack of canceled checks on the kitchen table.

To hell with it, I thought. It certainly wouldn't mean the end of the world if I let them slide another day. I went inside and went to bed.

But I couldn't sleep.
Air Waves

story and photos by Jerry Galloway

If it weren’t for Canada, Bellingham wouldn’t have its own television station. And if it weren’t for Canada, KVOS-TV probably wouldn’t be reduced to airing reruns of old sitcoms and syndicated game shows.

KVOS allied itself with the Canadians after a year as Bellingham’s very own station. Owner Rogan Jones hoped to prove that a TV station could survive in a small market, but by 1953, he and two employees had mortgaged their homes trying to keep the station on the air.

KVOS then became something of a Canadian step-child and today, is still dependent on Canadian dollars. As its signal crosses the border its market grows from 75,000 to 750,000 viewers. And although Vancouver has four stations of its own, most Canadians are hooked to cable, because so many Canadians would rather watch Rockford race around Malibu than face the endless trilling of the Irish Rovers.

Canadian businessmen know what their customers are watching and in 1976, spent some $6 million in advertising on KVOS. That meant nearly 90 per cent of KVOS’s ad revenues flowed south from the provinces. Without the Canadian market the KVOS license would have stopped in Seattle and this little town by the bay would still be looking for a spot of its own on the dial.

Why, then, after years of serving a major, if foreign, market as a CBS affiliate, has KVOS forsaken Walter Cronkite and reverted to “I Love Lucy,” “Phil Silvers,” and some unspeakable talk show for its nightly fare?

Why? Ask the Canadians.

Or at least the Canadian government. While many of our friends to the north were quite content with America’s TV offerings, others — the Liberal government in Ottawa — thought the U.S. exported too much of its culture (using the term loosely). Besides, U.S. border stations like KVOS were draining $20-million a year from the Canadian business well, and how, they asked, is the Canadian entertainment industry to prosper against the interference of American TV?

Ottawa’s answer was a 1976 federal law, C-58, that, as of last September (1976), denies tax deductions to Canadians spending their advertising dollars abroad.

“Since most of these businesses are at about a 50 per cent tax bracket,” KVOS station manager Frank Jank said, “that makes our advertising twice as expensive as it was.”

KVOS’s immediate response relies on another law: supply and demand. Since Canadian businesses would now effectively pay twice as much to peddle their wares on KVOS, the station cut its advertising rates in half. To balance its own books, KVOS made an equally large cut in program quality (although they certainly don’t put it that way). Network programs were dropped in favor of potentially more profitable syndicated shows.

KVOS could make up to $540 selling the minute it had left in a 29-minute “half hour” of CBS programming, plus about $50 from the network for airing a CBS show. (The fee is low because CBS doesn’t “recognize” the Vancouver audience, and rates Bellingham down about 196th among U.S. Markets).

Now, however, KVOS buys syndicated shows like “Phil Silvers” for as low as $75 a half-hour, and sells it all itself. With the 50 per cent rate-cut, and six-minutes of ad time for each show to sell, the station’s potential gross jumps from $590 to $1545 for a half hour.
Now all KVOS has to do is sell all that time, not get stuck with too many losing programs, then thumb its nose at C-58.

Now Jank gives the impression that, although KVOS is still working with other border stations to influence a repeal of C-58, the station isn't too unhappy about what has happened to its programming.

"Most markets have an independent station to offer this kind of programming," Jank said. "Seattle has Channel 11. As it was, some of our newwork shows aired on Canadian stations a week in advance, and even when they didn't, we still competed for cable viewers with KIRO, out of Seattle. That split the market pretty thin for us."

The other stations which are fighting C-58 with KVOS control a larger home market and aren't as dependent on Canadian dollars. The four Buffalo area channels take only about 20 per cent of their revenue from Canada.

Those stations are more concerned with Canadian cable operators whom they accuse of outright piracy of their signals. Rather than trying to defend the homeland from the whole of American TV, some Canadian cable operators have tried stripping out U.S. commercials and substituting Canadian public service announcements before passing the picture along to their viewers.

That "piracy" charge reveals a certain truth in the whole U.S.-Canadian television war. American TV isn't so bad, it seems, if Canadians can get it free. Once their businessmen start spending money to support it though, U.S. programming suddenly becomes tainted.

The government in Ottawa didn't discourage the "piracy" of the Buffalo stations' signals but the stations themselves have put at least a temporary stop to the stripping. They began erecting jamming gear which would keep any part of the popular American shows from drifting north.

Jank said the interesting point here is that many Canadians prefer to watch American TV. The government is trying to cut them off, or at least weaken them, for their own good. If tax laws, or jamming, or whatever, cleared Canadian airwaves of all U.S. shows, public pressure on Ottawa would likely prompt a quick reversal of policy. The Liberal government's pro-Canada policy might well be surviving only because it isn't very effective.

Despite C-58, KVOS is still exporting U.S. shows and importing Canadian dollars. However, the long-term success of KVOS's new programming is yet to be seen. The station's Canadian market previously hadn't been exposed to an independent's syndicated schedule, and new ratings measuring its acceptance won't be out until December.

Jank, relaxed, bearded and friendly, is ready to defend his station's new shows. From his perspective, KVOS is filling a "market need" with "unduplicated programs" aimed at "alternative audiences." He admits "The Merv Griffin Show" lacks something even for him as primetime entertainment, but sees no problem there. "Merv" fits a market need. That market might be small, but KVOS did well while splitting the CBS market with KIRO and the Canadian
stations, and Jank hopes for a nearly equal market share in the "alternative audiences."

If Jank and KVOS have it figured right, C-58 won't significantly lessen their exportation of America's televised culture. In the wake of C-58, though, KVOS is closing a film production company it operated in Vancouver, employing Canadians.

"C-58 is unfair, unreasonable," Jank said. "It was aimed primarily at the print media and we were just a victim. Because of the law, "Time" magazine dropped its Canadian edition. Now we're phasing out our Vancouver production facilities after 20 years. We can't afford it now."

Jank said he just cannot see the benefit in it at all for Canadians.

"The CBC station can't be troubled by us," Jank said. "It's supposed to operate for the public good. BC-TV, Channels 6 and 8, is already turning a handsome profit. And Vancouver's UHF station is also doing well.

"There are just as many U.S. programs on the Canadian stations as ever," he continued. "Despite C-58, the people simply don't want to watch what the government wants them to watch."

The impact of C-58 is more visible here in Bellingham, with only one station, than in Canada, where another dozen channels are available. What is left is an American station programmed for a small piece of the Canadian market. But for local viewers without cable, the Canadian government's tax policy caused a major cut in the quality of programs they can view.

Jank defends his service to the community, noting that the station's public service efforts more than satisfy the requirements of the Federal Communications Commission. Nevertheless, local programming is thin.

KVOS is crowded into a small two-story, cement-block building, with one small production studio. If they needed to add another video tape recorder, they would have to start doing business in their parking lot. Administration has already over-flowed into an old house next door. Overall, it gives the appearance of a station just getting by.

Before C-58, KVOS offered five or ten minutes of local news every night, squeezed between "Merv" and Walter Cronkite. A single camera was locked in place as the newsmen, nearly alone in the building, read mostly wire service copy. The nightly news was then rehashed and made part of the station's weekend public affairs show. The numbers added up for the FCC, but the investment wasn't there.

Now, KVOS News is a 90-second "news-feature" repeated a number of times each day. The station is introducing a new show, "Weekend," to boost its public affairs time commitment. But local production is still minimal, and the first show, at least, was laden with canned material which did fill up the half hour, but little served the local public.

Over the years, KVOS has sustained the right blend of frugality and circumstance to earn a reputation as a lucrative operation. And C-58, and syndicated schlock, notwithstanding, TV stations have been called a license to print money. KVOS is not alone; Howard Thomas of the British Broadcasting Corporation noted, "One of the things true about television, world-wide, is that the less production you do, the more money you make." There is, it seems, little reason to see why Frank Jank shouldn't be confident of the profitability in selling bargain shows at bargain prices.

And if the station persuades Ottawa to repeal C-58, KVOS could really be in the money. Syndicated shows (if that "alternative audience" is there and watching) sold at the old rate, would be lucrative indeed. CBS would certainly attempt to draw the station back into its fold, but might not succeed.

Either way, it seems Bellingham will be left with a station which isn't really its own. The commercials, the shows, the whole tune will be called by the Canadians, because they can better afford to pay the price. And if viewers in Bellingham don't like what's offered, well, they can always flip over and see what's on the Canadian channels.
On the Border

by Bill Slater
Western holds a unique position in having the only Canadian-American Studies program west of the Mississippi River.

It was begun in 1969 by Gerard Rutan, a political science professor at Western. By 1971 a minor in Canadian and Canadian-American Studies had been established. A Bachelor of Arts degree in Canadian Studies was approved by the program faculty in 1977. It will become a reality when it is approved by Western.

Last summer the State Legislature budgeted $30,000 to the program. Robert Monahan, director of the program, said the money has allowed the interdisciplinary program to expand. It now has over 25 participating faculty members in 12 different academic areas. Some of those areas are political science, history, geography and economics.

A major objective of the program is to serve as a resource center for problems involving Canada and Canadian concerns in this area. It allows students to fully develop knowledge and a deeper understanding in regards to Canada.

Although the concept of Canadian studies is relatively new throughout the country, Monahan said the program is growing in "leaps and bounds, with new centers developing everywhere."

"Canadians and Americans in the Pacific Northwest share many mutual problems . . ."
one neighbor helping another," Monahan explained. "When we work together, we eliminate the risk of damaging resources," he said.

A continued area of conflict lies in the "so called American rights" to half of the salmon run off of Canada's Fraser River.

"Because the U.S. rehabilitated the Fraser a number of years ago, they feel they are entitled to some of the benefits. Yet, Canadians feel that the debt has been fulfilled for quite a long time," Monahan said.

Indian fishing rights is just beginning to crop up as an issue in Canada and Monahan said an exchange of information between the U.S. and Canada could be helpful.

"Of course it all depends on whose side you're on," he chuckled.

The Canadian Studies program at Western was set up to better inform students as well as the general public.

Monahan stated that he hoped the Canadian Studies program never obtains department status. "Now we have the freedom of exchange between interdisciplinary departments," he said.

Future plans for the program, as outlined by Monahan, include assisting in research costs and traveling expenses for graduate students and a continued outreach into the community.

Donald Alper, assistant director of the program and professor of political science at Western, said "Canada's importance to the United States is growing; we have interdependent economies."

"The economic position between the two countries is very complex and far-reaching," Michael Mischaikow, professor of regional economics at Western, went on to explain. "The flow between the two countries is large. The United States imports materials like zinc, copper, fertilizer, timber and aluminum. We are even importing beef from Canada and replacement parts for automobiles."

"There are three natural resources: capital (money), land and labor," Mischaikow said. "Instead of bickering we should somehow join forces to make it best for both of us."

"It is the function of the Canadian Studies program to promote an interest in these problems so a greater understanding of the relationship between the two nations can be reached," Monahan said.

In the last three-years the Program has sponsored three major conferences dealing with crucial issues like fisheries, land use and pollution. In 1974 a joint meeting of Washington and British Columbia legislatures and administrators was sponsored. This was a first of its kind. A major symposium entitled 'The Canadian Identity' is now in the planning stage.

Western's Canadian Studies program does have the advantage of easy access to bountiful library resources. Western's library has been designated a depository for publications and documents of the Canadian government. The map library receives all
the Canadian topographic maps. Negotiations are under way to have Western named a recipient of other documents through the department of Environment of Canada.

Three of Canada’s university libraries are within commuting distance of Western. They are at the University of Victoria, University of British Columbia and Simon Fraser University.

Western’s Canadian Studies faculty regularly publish research in their special fields. Some recent examples are “A Comparative Study of Intensity Perceptions and Issue Orientation Regarding the Ross Dam Controversy,” “The Trail Smelter Case,” “Psychedelic Drug Use in Vancouver: Notes on the New Drug Science,” and “The Ugly Canadian: Canadian Purchase and Ownership of Land in Whatcom County, Washington.”

This program is of special interest to those students who want to get business or government positions that deal with these Canadian-American problems, Alper said. With the recent legislative action which waives out-of-state tuition for Canadian students, the program expects to attract considerably more participants.

Canadian Tuition: At Par

by Sherry Wickwire

More than one hundred Canadian students attending Western Washington University full-time were given a break when it came time to write their checks for tuition this fall.

A tuition decrease? Washington students had to dig into their pockets deeper than ever to meet a tuition payment of $197 this quarter, a $28 increase.

But, for the first time, residents of British Columbia paid the same tuition as Washington state residents. Out of state tuition is now $661 a quarter.

The decrease is due to a reciprocal agreement with schools in British Columbia, passed into law by the State Legislature on August 1, 1977. A B.C. resident can now study as an undergraduate at a Washington state school for the same cost as a Washington resident, and vice versa.

The agreement, which runs four years, ending July 31, 1981, also calls for a group to study the usage and cost of the plan and to review its results in three years.

Don Sturgill, Western controller, said the Bellingham legislative representatives were key supporters of the bill.

“We have Mary Kay Becker, Art Moreau and ‘Barney’ Goltz to thank,” he said.

Western was especially interested in the reciprocal agreement because of its growing Canadian-American studies program, Sturgill said.

Registrar Eugene Omey said 308 Canadian students are enrolled here compared with 250 last year. Omey said he views it as a natural increase and doesn’t believe the new bill had any impact on fall enrollment because news of the new law came so late.

For one Canadian student, the news came when a friend happened to mention it only a few weeks before school.

“I was in the process of taking out a loan, but when I heard about the drop in tuition I cancelled my loan application.”

While B.C. students are elated about the cost plunge, not everyone shares their enthusiasm.

Dawn Cleal, a Canadian student, said she was talking with a woman in the coffee shop one afternoon who was almost hostile over the reciprocal agreement.

“The woman was from Alaska, paying out-of-state tuition, and didn’t think it was fair at all to give foreign students a break like that,” Dawn said. “I could see her point, but all I could do was sympathize with her, knowing how it felt to pay out-of-state tuition for two years.”

Controller Don Sturgill said that similar agreements are common at other universities. For example, the University of Washington makes it possible for Asian and European students to pay only the cost of tuition for state residents.

However, as far as he knows, Washington is the only state having such an agreement with a Canadian province.

Colleges and universities in British Columbia do not charge “out-of-province” fees to Washington students.

The impact of the agreement benefits undergraduates from B.C. this year. Out-of-state tuition ran $1400 last year and jumped to $1983 for this school year.

More students from B.C. are expected to take advantage of the lower cost as they become aware of the new law. In order to be included in the lower rate schedule, a Canadian student must submit a document confirming B.C. residency.

The registrar reports that only 100 of 290 B.C. students have submitted those documents.

At least a few of the students at Western will be smiling rather than wincing as they write out their payments for tuition and fees this year.
Western senior Steve Boyd lives an aggressively patriotic life; defending his Canada orally on Western's terra firma.

His side of the room, at 318 Omega, is sparsely decorated with a very large Canadian map, a miniature Canadian flag and a Canadian sign, reading "I'm Canadian and proud of it."

The 22-year-old English major said these few items are declarations of his Canadian heritage and warnings that he is ready to defend his country's interests.

When he came to Western last year he was not so nationalistic. But, after being taunted about being Canadian so much, he has changed.

Boyd has begun spending time keeping track of distinctions between Canadian and American literature, art and mass media. He said there is a real struggle to get more Canadian television programming, for example.

Television shows mimic American programs and Canadian magazines follow American patterns, Boyd said.

"Athletes feel like they can't compete with American teams and Canadian scholars feel they can't excel without American schooling," Boyd said.

Boyd's personal impulse to question American dominance and Canadian attitudes didn't really exist until last year. He cites American-owned stores as an example of economic dominance.

His philosophy is that the base of everything "is in people's attitudes."

"Attitudes," he said, "are the source of the arts."
Now that Canadians are realizing they are not inferior people, there has been a movement toward improving the cultural arts, Boyd said.

"Individual Canadians are beginning to realize that displaying a Canadian flag patch or bellowing out the national anthem are more than just some silly ideas," Boyd said.

His letters home last year articulated some of these feelings and experiences. Relatives wrote back asking if he was showing the students he was proud to be Canadian. Many people wrote telling him they would come to Western wrapped in Canadian flags and sing the national anthem, "Oh Canada," if it would help. Boyd said they were probably quite serious.

Boyd's father sent him the sign for his room. "It fit my sentiments exactly," he said.

Boyd said he needs something occasionally to re-assure his nationalism. Every Saturday, he watches the hockey games on television. He also follows Canadian Football.

His use of Canadian media covers the full spectrum. He reads Macleans, a Canadian news magazine, and listens to Vancouver, B.C. radio. He also watches British Columbia television and reads the Vancouver Sun newspaper.

"Canadians are developing a conscious awareness of their unused potential in cultural expression," Boyd said. "There is a growing demand," he said, "for Canadian novelists; where there used to be few Canadian sections in the stores with only six to eight authors, new Canadians comprise almost half of the total authors."

Boyd has also tried to write. Boyd keeps his writing skills sharp by reading works of authors with optimistic attitudes: Canadian humorist Stephen Leacock, Jewish satirist Mortie Rithcler and Canadian naturalist Farley Mowart for example. Boyd says he reads two novels per quarter during school (along with his class novels) and about one book every ten days during the summer.

His first attempt at a novel was abandoned after the fifth chapter. Last summer he started a new book, which is now in its seventh chapter.

The novel is centered around a 17-year-old loner who spends much of his time daydreaming. The constantly changing scenes climax with the boy overcoming his daydreaming. "Some of those experiences were mine," Boyd said.

The purpose of Boyd's book is to make "people feel good about where they're at. It is a story of overcoming a battle," Boyd said.

It's his story.
The wail of the warning sirens raced across the valley, shattering the serenity of the noble land. Pigeons fled to the air. Screaming parents ran through the streets. Abandoned infants cried in the crowds. Church bells clamored. One powerfully automated steeple clanged "Nearer My God to Thee," as the streets filled and emptied with the waves of human panic.

The Pur-Chasers had finally come. The fanged, troll-like creatures were advancing and swarming over farms and villages. Surely, these were evil times.

Are they ghastly Orcs from a Tolkenesque dream? Are they diabolical monsters escaped from a sci-fi flick? Are they merely Swedes on vacation?

No, they are Canadians.

Canadian investors have acquired certain land holdings, including the shopping center opposite Yeager's, and they do have an effect on Whatcom County's economy.

But, they are not troll-like... unless of course the onlooker has had a potent cup of fungus tea.

According to Whatcom County Assessor Lewis Turner, Canadians own roughly 86 per cent of Sudden Valley, 87 per cent of Mt. Baker Rim, 84 per cent of Glacier Springs, 77 per cent of Birch Bay Village, 85 per cent of Point Roberts and 97 per cent of Campers' Paradise.

Despite all this, Canadians own only about four per cent of all the taxable land in Whatcom County. With the most beautiful coastline in the state, Whatcom County starts at the Canadian-American border and continues to the Chuckanut Mountain area shoulder of the Skagit Valley. Including Lummi Island, it stretches inland to the crest of the Cascade Range, covering 2,100 square miles. Two-thirds of the county are federally controlled forests and parkland, leaving 755 square miles for general public use. Of this 755 square miles, 220 are cultivated pasture and fallow, 475 square miles are forest and brush, 34 are "urban intensive" and 26 are rural non-farm use. Only 325 square miles of Whatcom County are low river valley lands, the rest is foothills and forests. The Canadian four per cent comes to about 30 square miles.

Canadian ownership is generally located in several non-developed, investment-type areas. For example, Sudden Valley, appraised at $47 million, is divided into 4,260 lots. The majority of the lots remain without homes or permanent improvements.

Nor do Canadians appear to be rushing into home building. Several bankers, county planning people and the county assessor seem to agree that the majority of vacation homes have already been built. Each also believed that the crest of Canadian land buying has passed. County Assessor Lewis Turner said Canadians tend to be buying from other Canadians, and that the majority of Canadian properties are "investments."

The Whatcom County Planning Commission in its 1970 report wrote that the unincorporated areas of the county will require 12 more square miles of land within the next twenty-five years for living space. This is less than half of the land reportedly owned by Canadians.

While the amount of Canadian-owned land is not great, it is reasonable to wonder, with an increasing resident population requiring more space, if any sizable landholding by non-citizen investors would have deleterious effects? Especially since one of the prime reasons for Canadian land investment here is the high density of population and scarcity of land in the Vancouver environs.

However, Assessor Lewis Turner said the large Canadian investments are going outside Whatcom County where a quicker return can be made.

Yet, land and housing prices increased by 15 per cent in the county last year, compared to 12 per cent state wide, according to state revenue officials.

The one-million Vancouverites supply Whatcom County with its biggest industry, the Canadian buck, according to Bellingham banker J.W. Hogg. Executive Vice President of the Bellingham Chamber of Commerce, Bob
Stephens, stated that the Canadian shopper supplies Whatcom County with more moving capital than either Intalco or Georgia Pacific. Estimates of the monthly inflow of Canadian dollars range from two million dollars to six or seven million dollars.

The difficulty in calculating the monthly amount of Canadian funds entering the county results because not all Canadians use currency. Sears, a U.S. company, has over 40,000 charge account customers who live north of the border. Several local banks have made loans to Canadian citizens who are buying land in Whatcom County.

Sixty-five thousand property tax statements were sent out last year, of these 20 per cent were sent to Canadians. The seeming discrepancy between four per cent of total land ownership and the large percentage of tax statements is best explained in an Oct. 6, 1977 article in the Bellingham Herald by Linda Schild. It stated that “most Canadian land purchases are single lots, from one-quarter to three-quarters of an acre.”

Another way the Canadian dollar enters Whatcom County is through savings deposits. Hogg reported that about six months ago, when the value of the Canadian dollar was starting to decline, his bank received on a single Saturday, more than 350,000 Canadian dollars in deposits. Canadian dollars help stuff Bellingham banks, and this helps to increase the banks’ lending and investment abilities. Because of federal law, every panic-stricken Canadian stashing money in the States receives his very own social security number.

However, jumping into piles of Canadian dollars may become a reminiscent longing for Bellingham business people. With the constant weakening of the Canadian dollar, Canadians no longer enjoy the same savings. Sales have already fallen, and weekend crowds are smaller. Furthermore, the Canadian government is considering a bill to limit to $600 a year the amount that its citizens may take south of the border. Does this doom Bellingham commerce?

Perhaps not, if the natural gas pipeline is built, loads of American dollars will flow to Canada and will probably work to strengthen the Canadian dollar, and if Ottawa’s $600 limit does not pass, Bellinghammers may once again find their streets filled with their northern neighbors.

There will be no trembling before the swarm. Instead, they will all be happy and dance with the flowers, pick colorful money from enchanted trees and exhale blissful sighs throughout the land.
Weekend Americans
by Michael Vouri

Saturday afternoon. A bright, blue canopy of crisp fall sky, unblemished by clouds, runs from the peaks of the North Cascades to the island-freckled horizon of Puget Sound. It is a fine day to be basking on a bay-side sun-deck, sipping a cold drink and watching gaily-painted pleasure craft thrumming in and out of the harbor.

Bob and Virginia Diggon and their two children, Stewart and Anne, savor such weekends in their beach-front condominium at Sandy Point shores. Although they're loyal Canadians, with "Tory" American roots, they hardly feel uncomfortable in this American resort community that lies on a man-made spit, jutting into the sound like a beckoning finger, eight-miles southwest of Ferndale. Sandy Point provides a needed change of environment from their work-week home in West Vancouver, B.C.

Monday through Friday, Bob is Regional Labor Relations Manager for Shell-Canada. When he isn't engaged in midnight polemics over a new union contract, he's likely to be found evenings teaching related subjects at Simon Fraser University. Meanwhile, Virginia teaches English to newly-arrived immigrants at two secondary schools in Vancouver's southeastern suburb of Burnaby.

"Several months ago we decided a permanent holiday residence was in order," Bob said, rising to fetch more beers from the Frigidaire. He moved across the deck in a long, loping, athletic stride that suggested his 1954-1955 stint as a professional basketball player with the National Basketball Association's old Buffalo Braves' franchise. He returned with a Canadian beer for his guest, an Oly for himself, settled his six-foot, five-inch frame into a lounge chair and continued.

"We explored the possibility of purchasing a place in B.C., but the only economically feasible spots were located either in the Cariboo, a 10-hour drive feasible spots were located either in the Cariboo, a 10-hour drive north, or the Okanagan, which is about five hours east. Those areas were geographically unacceptable for weekend purposes, so, we looked south to the states."

They didn't have far to look. Sandy Point is an hour and twenty minutes, over the Lion's Gate Bridge, through the Fraser River Tunnel, and across the border from their West Vancouver door-step... and the price was right. So right, that after they moved in seven months ago, they found a few of their neighbors were also thrift-minded Canadians. The maple leaf flag flutters over several trailers, townhouses and exotic seaside homes throughout the community's three-mile network of meandering canals and bulldozer-sculpted peninsulas.

The Diggons were hardly taken by surprise — partially because of the stories they'd read in the newspapers, but mostly because of Bob's background in economics.

"At the moment, British Columbia is riding along the back of an economic boom," he observed. "The wages in B.C. are the highest in the western hemisphere, and..."
you can probably attribute it to the pioneer-maverick atmosphere in the province. In my opinion, B.C. is very similar to California. Like California, B.C. is the great melting pot of Canada. People from all parts of the nation pull up roots and head west, looking for the end of the rainbow. This state of mind is exceedingly conducive to rough-tough entrepreneurs, rough-tough industry . . . and rough-tough unions," he said.

"Now, of course, for every action, there is going to be a reaction, and in this case, the wages have shot sky-high. For example: The B.C. forestry worker makes $1.25 more an hour than his American counterpart, and the oil industry worker surpasses his U.S. counterpart’s wage by $1.75," Bob said.

He leaned forward in his chair and stabbed the air with his cigarette.

"But here’s the clincher, and probably one of the main reasons you see so many Canadian license plates in the Fred Meyer parking lot — the B.C. manufacturing worker earns $8.56 an hour, while the U.S. worker gets $6.56 an hour," Bob said. "In essence, we’ve priced ourselves right out of manufactured goods. As wages go up, so do prices, and that’s why Canadians come over the border to shop. They simply cannot afford it at home."

Bob gestured toward the sliding glass doors of the condominium and revealed that he paid "around $34,000" for his place.

"You couldn’t move into exactly the same building, in a similar location, for less than $70,000 in B.C.,” he said.

Inflated economies not only run contrary to Bob’s fiscal philosophy, but to his deeply-inbedded conservative roots as well. Both he and Virginia are descended from “British Empire Loyalists” (or Tories, as American patriots called them) who fled their Pennsylvania homes in 1776 to settle in southwestern Ontario.

"For as far back as I can remember, and from what my grandparents told me, our family has voted a straight conservative ticket in southwestern Ontario since the Canadian Confederation was formed in 1866. And it
probably goes further back than that,” Bob said.

“The ancestors of our ancestors were Puritans and part of the earliest English settlements in North America. When the ‘radical elements’ (he smiled) seized control during the American Revolution, our ancestors considered themselves, loyal English subjects and refused to remain.

“It was probably blind loyalty to George III — right or wrong — that convinced them to leave, and that loyalty, in my opinion, is still prevalent in southwestern Ontario.”

He leaned back in his chair and laughed quietly.

“I’ll always remember my mother telling me ‘those Americans suffer from a lack of understanding of responsible government.’ She simply could not fathom American congressmen voting across party lines any time they chose. In our country, an M.P. (Member of Parliament) must vote with his party at all times,” Bob said.

Bob believes the conservative bent of southwestern Ontario (the economic center of Canada and seat of the federal government) could be considered as another reason why British Columbians are drawn to the American northwest mercantile scene.

“In Canada we have what is known as the Crow’s Nest Railway Rates,” he said. “If British Columbia sends manufactured goods back East, a high tariff must be paid. On the other hand, goods shipped to B.C. from back East have an easy go of it. This rate is based on a ruling made in 1921. As you can readily deduce, in B.C. there is a strong alienation toward the central government, therefore, the province is naturally inclined to ship more raw materials south, than east. In fact, when you get right down to it, I am inclined to believe that although B.C. is tied politically to Canada, she most definitely maintains a customs union with the U.S.”

Owing to their early Yankee roots, do the Diggins’ believe in the notion of a “homecoming” now that they own property in the U.S.?

“That was 200-years-ago,” Virginia said, blue eyes twinkling. “We’re Canadians and we’ll always be Canadians. When our neighbor in West Van found out we bought the condominium, he suggested we might be looked upon as ‘Ugly Canadians,’ but I haven’t encountered any animosity to speak of ... yet.”

“That’s probably because we don’t go around advertising the fact,” Bob added. “I have no desire to run a Canadian flag up the mast here on the weekend like some of our neighbors do. I have a healthy respect and admiration for American citizens and I’m quite content to blend in quietly while we stay here.” Virginia nodded her head in affirmation.

“In fact, I might even retire here,” Bob said. “However, I don’t think I’ll go as far as my uncle did. He moved from southwestern Ontario to upper-state New York, became a naturalized citizen ... and joined the Sons of the American Revolution.”

“We’re Canadians and we’ll always be Canadians.”