
Jennifer Wynn
Western Washington University

Follow this and additional works at: https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine

Part of the Higher Education Commons, and the Journalism Studies Commons

Recommended Citation

This Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Western Student Publications at Western CEDAR. It has been accepted for inclusion in Klipsun Magazine by an authorized administrator of Western CEDAR. For more information, please contact westerncedar@wwu.edu.
CONTENTS

4    Spaced Out
     Enterprising Student Klings On To Final Frontier

7    The Bottom Line
     Student Entrepreneurs In The Business Of Making Money, Learning Responsibility

11   Off The Record
     Wanted: Sun Sloth

12   Thought For Food
     Campus Eateries Reviewed

14   Racism On Campus
     Not Just A Black And White Issue

16   Male Order
     Breaking The Stereotypes

20   On The Record

22   Pizza Perils
     Delivering Sometimes A Combo Of Saucy Customers, No Dough

24   Emergency!
     Firefighters Answer The Call Of Duty

26   Doo-Dah
     Horseplay Is Risky Business

Special thanks to:
Jesse Tinsley, photographer;
Garth Mix and Katey Olsen, illustrators.
Cover illustration by Garth Mix; cover headline by Russell S. Randall

KLIPSUN is a Lummi Indian word meaning "beautiful sunset."

KLIPSUN magazine, published twice quarterly, is supported by student fees and distributed free.
It is printed by the Western Washington University Print Plant.
KLIPSUN magazine
College Hall 137
Western Washington University
Bellingham, WA 98225
(206) 676-3737

Copyright May 1989 Vol. 21, Issue 4
Hunched over a pile of textbooks on his desk, Barry Hutchinson momentarily pauses to snag a video tape off his shelf and pop it into his VCR.

"Space ... the final frontier ... to boldly go where no man has gone before," the program blares.

Satisfied, he returns to studying. With this jolt, he can study all night. Hutchinson, a junior pre-med student, with a major in biology and a minor in chemistry, finds watching *Star Trek* a stimulus for staying awake late into the night.

"I could watch it 42-hours-a-day," he admitted.

However, his interest in the program doesn't stop at using it as a study tool. Hutchinson collects *Star Trek* everything: character-embossed pillowcases, posters of Mr. Spock and *Trek* scenes, models of the Starship Enterprise and several Romulan vessels and a video library of original *Star Trek* programs.
If curious about resident adviser Hutchinson's whereabouts, a unique message board, on a window next to his door, shows whether he's warping around the Star Fleet lecture halls, or existing beyond the galactic barrier. He can also be found at the helm, meeting with the admiral, consuming tribbles, spending time in the Star Fleet library or running amok.

Hutchinson's interest in the program began during his childhood when he and his four older brothers would congregate around the TV at Star Trek time.

"I grew up with Star Trek," he explained. However, as the years went by, and other people's interest waned, his increased.

But it wasn't until the ninth grade that he began building his collection by looking for memorabilia in antique stores.

"I nearly cried with joy the day I found a Mr. Spock doll sitting in an antique store window. I bought it right away," he said.

Two of his favorite possessions are his Capt. Kirk and Mr. Spock dolls made in 1974.

"I'll never take them out of the package," he said. "It would devalue them." Today, the dolls are worth $20 to $35 apiece.

Kirk and Spock are his two favorite characters. He can identify with Spock, because of his science-oriented reasoning.

"He's different. I like his logical thinking," Hutchinson said.

However, he said, he likes Kirk for the very opposite reason. Kirk exists between emotion and logic, and is in a position of command.

"He gets to kiss all of the women," Hutchinson noted.

Dr. McCoy, the third member of the triangle, is purely emotional.

Both Kirk and Spock appear lifesized on posters, greeting visitors at the door as they enter the room. The posters represent his admiration for the old show compared with the new show, Star Trek: The Next Generation.

"Nothing can beat classical Star Trek," he said. The characters are better defined and story and plotlines are more complete.

Besides, he said, no one can beat the Kirk and Spock combination.

"They could handle anything. No one could beat the duo," he said. It's a relationship that can never be reproduced. He's heard rumors of creating a more intense relationship between Capt. Picard and Cmdr. Riker on the new show, but said he doesn't think it will work.

Seventy-nine episodes were shown before Star Trek went into syndication. After that, the ratings went through the roof.

"It was the most successful show of all time," Hutchinson quoted from the "Star Trek Compendium," which provides a synopsis of episodes.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

"I nearly cried with joy the day I found a Mr. Spock doll sitting in an antique store window. I bought it right away."

Barry Hutchinson
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

One of the main themes for the show is the belief that there is a better tomorrow.

"If you survive your violent childhood, you'll reach the stars," Hutchinson said.

Another aspect of the show that impresses him is the Vulcan philosophy of infinite diversity, infinite combinations. It is the belief of finding beauty in everyone and everything that is different.

"People should appreciate everyone for their differences, not condemn them because they're different," he said.

Every show also teaches a moral. Of course, there are the special effects, aliens and the fascination with travel throughout the universe.

Star Trek realizes the dream of being able to travel through space.

Naturally, Hutchinson has seen all four Star Trek movies.

"I've heard the fifth is in its final stages and supposed to open in June. I'm waiting with bated breath," he said.

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan and Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home are his favorites. The Voyage Home tops his list because, "it was more lighthearted and dealt with the environment."

Hutchinson has been to three sci-fi conventions, one of which was devoted to Star Trek fans.

"I mainly go to conventions to see celebrities, and to see the weird people who hang out there."

The weirdos he describes, come to the conventions dressed in various outfits from the shows and the movies.

Each convention hosts similar activities. A speaker thanks the crowd for its support -- because without the trekkies, Star Trek wouldn't be the phenomena that it is today -- then trivia, costume contests, prize drawings and finally updates about pending conventions. Conventions provide an opportunity to get celebrities' autographs, and to buy memorabilia you just can't find anywhere else, Hutchinson said.

Hutchinson received Mr. Sulu's (George Takei's) autograph at an Everett convention.

"I was really impressed with Mr. Sulu. He was very funny and friendly," he said. "Even though he was getting sick, he made sure he signed every autograph."

He's also looking forward to adding new items to his collection from the "Paramount Special Effects" catalog, and is planning to spend about $70.

"I can't wait to order the compact disc with background music from the old show. It is so cool," he said, thumbing through the catalog. He also wants the bust-of-Spock liqueur decanter.

"I'm more extreme than the people who just watch the show and maybe have a couple of posters, but there are people who know everything."
He also said he's close, but hasn't quite made it to the intermediate trekkie stage, the rank of someone who goes to all conventions and has hundreds of dollars invested in memorabilia. The final stage, an ultra-extremist trekkie, is a Kirk or Spock wanna-be.

Hutchinson has heard of one man who built the whole bridge of the Enterprise in his garage. "Now that's what I call a trekkie!"

He laughs about the way people react when they walk by his room. He hears them laughing and commenting, "This guy is so strange." But, as he peers through the curtain at the people outside the door, he doesn't really care what people think of him.

"It's a harmless hobby," he said.

And with that comment, he turns out the light and snuggles into bed, and watches the last show on his tape. Time quickly catches up with him, and his study-aid no longer keeps him awake. Drifting into sleep, he dreams of what Mr. Sulu wrote.

"Bariy, dare to dream the future."*
In 1986, Roger Schjelderup founded a boat-detailing business and earned $4,000. Last year, he grossed more than $40,000. He’s still at Western, but at the tender age of 25, he has all the necessities of college life -- a house, a boat and a truck.

Schjelderup’s (pronounced shell-drup) business, Top-to-Bottom, makes neglected boats shine by refinishing fiber glass into a high gloss, buffing teak until it looks like new and polishing dull chrome until it sparkles. But, Schjelderup isn’t the only leader in this growing army of student entrepreneurs.

In the face of dwindling financial aid, shrinking access to student loans and discouraging wages for summer jobs, some students are opting for the more profitable alternative of starting their own businesses.

Schjelderup’s remarkable success is rare among student entrepreneurs. Most students dream of making it big, while others would prefer to keep their businesses in the minor-leagues.

Freshman Becky Rhoades started sewing the ripped crotches and knees of Levi’s to pick up some extra cash. She only tackles a few pairs of Levi’s a week; but for now, she’s content to keep it that way.

“I don’t want to be doing everyone else’s sewing and not have any time for doing my own. It would also get in the way of school and stuff,” she said.

Junior Tony Robinson started his business, Y-Not Enterprises, after sewing several pairs of nylon shorts for himself. Friends and acquaintances liked his unique designs and starting badgering him to make pairs for them. Before he knew it, he owned three sewing machines, and had an order for 47 pairs of shorts for Western’s crew team.

A few times Robinson entered into the athletic wear market by doing advertising and competing against other brand names. It resulted in an avalanche of orders.

“But I don’t want to get that busy while I’m in school. You have to be prepared to work seven to eight hours a day,” he said.

Still, he does a little advertising to keep employed. Beside posting signs around Carver Gym that read, ‘Tony would like you to get into his shorts,’ he also takes the more subtle approach of sponsoring amateur and professional athletes such as Pat Porter -- one of the
Roger Schjelderup Santos his way from bottom to top with his Top-to-Bottom boat detailing business.

top cross-country runners in the nation.

"I give them shorts every couple of months to wear in races. When people ask them where they got the tights, they tell them," Robinson said.

Michael James, a 1988 Western graduate and co-owner of College Students Who Paint Houses, said the best advertising is word-of-mouth, which generates 80 percent of his jobs.

Besides making money, Schjelderup, Rhoades, Robinson and James all stated another reason for starting their businesses: the reward of being your own boss.

"I worked in an office. I don't like working for people. You get paid less and have to do more," Rhoades said.

James said, "I got tired of working for someone else. I figured I was worth more. I found out I was worth $20 an hour instead of $4.78."

Despite the benefits, being your own boss can carry with it some unforeseen problems.

James handled the accounting for his painting company for two years, but employment agencies refused to hire him for any position requiring accounting skills because of his lack of references.

"They like me on paper, and what I have accomplished," he said. But every employment agency wanted to check his performance with a past employer. Unfortunately, his only references were clients. They could only comment on his painting abilities -- not his management or accounting skills.

Schjelderup said his business has affected his personal life.

"My social life sucks," said Schjelderup, who sometimes works 16 to 18 hour days during the spring and summer.

"The only social life I have is talking to clients, and I occasionally go out with friends ... I'm a workaholic."

James said another drawback of being your own boss is that you never really leave work.

"You get up in the morning and start organizing. You work production (paint) all day, come home and do the books, call clients and then
do more organizing. There's always something to do. You can't get away from it," he said.

Robinson said he has learned to treat his business like a normal job by scheduling a few hours a each day for sewing, and working at it full-time during the summer.

"It's great being my own boss. But once in awhile I have to bitch myself out," he said.

Robinson said he doesn't plan to be a full-time businessman when he graduates. Instead, he hopes to be employed as a physical education teacher, working the sewing business part-time and employing teens to produce his wares.

"I really like creating something I know other people appreciate. It's neat to see people I don't even know wearing my stuff."

Rhoades said she plans to continue her business through college. She hopes to be a clothing designer after graduation, and eventually to have her own label. Her business has taught her to keep commitments, such as returning clients phones calls quickly and getting the work finished as soon as possible.

James said painting is just a way to make money until something better comes along. He eventually sees himself as an executive in a major corporation.

The experience of two years on the Associated Students Board and running a business has taught him a lot about responsibility, leadership and motivation of himself and others. He adds the academic aspect of college was poor preparation for running a business.

"The only class I found useful was Accounting 241," he said.

Schjelderup agrees.

"School doesn't have anything to do with learning to be an entrepreneur. They're teaching you to strictly work for someone else," he said.

Schjelderup said his business taught him to accomplish tasks correctly the first time, and on time. He attributes his success to persistence, using the best materials, not taking short-cuts and employing the best equipment.

"Everything has to be 100 percent quality ... you gotta be number one -- and everything else comes with it."

Schjelderup has attended college for seven years because he spends six months out of every year running his business. But, unlike most seniors, he is not in a hurry to graduate.

Schjelderup said many students put their lives on hold until they graduate. Most college students are anxious to get out of school because they share a cramped apartment with other people, or because they see friends earning money and buying the luxuries employment offers.

"I'm doing what I planned to do anyway," he said. "My life has already started."
LIFE GUARD
WANTED: SUN SLOTH
Fun In The Sun Means Money

By Jeff Galbraith

The rite of spring at Western: waiting in vain for a glimpse at that strange red and yellow thing that rises in the east; heckling the nudists at Teddy Bear Cove; attending terminally busted lacrosse parties; and—oh yes—scheming of ways to earn enough cash to be here again next spring.

There's fishing in Alaska. No, the people are too weird, it's ultralicky and just too labor intense.

Landscaping? No, remember those horrible little silver-things that embedded themselves in every inch of your body when you shoveled those monstrous piles of Dad's Beauty Bark in high school? And again, that bit about hard labor.

Retail? Nope, indoors.

At this point there seems to be no alternative for the sloth-like sunlover but to submit to the war machine.

Not so. There is one particular summer occupation I would like to recommend to those of us who prefer to remain comatose in the sun during the day and retain enough energy to go out and rage at night.

Lifeguarding.

Oh, I know, my Red Cross instructors are fighting hard against this type of attitude, constantly reiterating that it is a "real job."

It's a real job. It's a real good job. It's a real good job if you like spending hours in the sun rarely lifting a finger.

This summer will be the first in three successive summers that I won't be guarding at a lake or pool. However, I have concluded it is a superior form of employment.

A few of last summer's highlights:

I worked for Snohomish County Parks and Recreation, one of the old-style, hard-line park departments. I manned the beach every day regardless of weather (except for serious rainstorms). During one week of overcast and sprinkling skies, I was personally responsible for the entire patronage of the beach, which consisted of one mallard drake. I'm proud to say he's returning north this spring due to my attentive supervision.

An occasional rule breaker needed to be dealt with. But there was a certain beauty to this. When was the last time the Alaskan fisherman picked up his bedside bullhorn and screamed at his captain, "Shut up! I'm still sleeping, You get your butt up there and haul in those nets?" Lifeguarding is one of the few summer occupations where you do the ordering.

In fact, sometimes beach rebels provide comic relief.

One particular drunk used to stagger down to my beach every other week or so. He was generally harmless and gave me less grief than many of the sober bathers. So I pretty much accepted his presence.

One day toward the end of the summer, for some odd reason, I knew his placid behavior was about to end. He approached the water, calculating wind direction and taking account of his surroundings. He gave one last look, faced the water, dropped his pants and underwear to his ankles, and stood there oblivious to the cries of surrounding sunbathers.

I jumped to arrest the situation. I was trained. "You're going to have to pull up those pants, sir! It's against park regulations," I barked with supreme authority through my bullhorn.

Yes, there's a serious side to lifeguarding as well. I did rescue one fat kid who swam into deep water to retrieve a ball. He probably would have bit the sediment had I not been there. But I was.

And if you can manage the certifications (Advanced Lifesaving and Water Safety Instruction, both offered through the P.E. department for credit), I seriously suggest you be there this summer as well.

Lifeguarding for summer employment? It's not just a job, it's an adventure and a tan.

MAY 1989
Thought For Food
Campus Eateries Reviewed

By Paul Douglas and Troy Martin

As noon approaches, stomachs growl and taste buds yearn for an appetizing meal. Often, there isn't time to go off-campus. Finding an inexpensive, quality meal on campus can be quite an undertaking.

However, in a non-scientific consumer survey, the authors found they could purchase a tasty meal on campus for $3.10 or less, except at The Deli, which was a dollar or two more. They conducted a whirlwind visit to each campus eatery and sampled various offerings.

Each eatery was given a letter grade based on its prices, service, environment, and food quality and quantity.

This is what they found:

The Arntzen Atrium -- This sterile, south campus eating place is roomy and clean, but cold and confining. Large, colorless pipes extend across the off-white ceiling. A glass window, located along the west wall, allows patrons to look down on Arntzen students and faculty scurrying to class like mice in a maze. Windows, hanging green plants and fake pink carnations on the tables splash color into an otherwise dull environment.

Sandwiches, juices, fruits and salads are conveniently located in a sliding glass refrigerator. Serve-yourself sodas and pastries are nearby. A counter with napkins, lids, straws and other necessities is centrally located.

The egg salad sandwiches have the proper blend of mayonnaise and mustard. Neither overpowers the other. Large chunks of egg make up for a lack of lettuce, pickles and onions.

Ironically, the tuna sandwiches contain plenty of lettuce and tuna, but little mayonnaise.

Grade: C+

Cafe a la Carte -- This homey hideaway, located on the fourth floor of the Viking Addition, provides a welcome alternative to the often-congested Viking Union Coffee Shop. The dining areas are subdivided into clean, carpeted rooms with attractive pictures adorning the walls.

The hearty roast beef sandwich is served with whipped potatoes, thick brown gravy and crunchy broccoli. The tender French dip sandwich is laden with roast beef and served with au jus.

The cherry cheesecake is tart and fresh, but a bit dry. The carrot cake is moist and crunchy, with creamy cream cheese frosting.

Grade: A-

The Deli -- This narrow, mouth-watering, yet high-priced lunch bar is on the plaza next to the cashier. Pleasing posters decorate the tiny eatery. Paper bags and plastic utensils are obtainable for to-go orders.

Patrons may create their own sandwiches. A combination of ham, onions, mayonnaise, tomatoes and medium cheddar cheese on honey wheat bread was fresh and stuck to the roof of the mouth.

The day's special was a veggie cheese on honey wheat bread, served with potato salad and pickles, attractively boxed in clear plastic. The sandwich, which contained crisp cucumbers, gritty sprouts, crunchy lettuce, mild onions, flavorful caraway cheese and tangy sharp cheddar, was sweet and inviting. The potato salad was thick and moist, and the pickles were luscious and juicy.

Grade: A-
The playful Joes are laden with zesty, better service than the Red Square. Wide variety of selections. Lovely soda crackers and plenty of Catal- movie house. Well laid out and eye- resembles the goodies counter of a Main Theater, this snack bar reordered in the corridor near the Old onion and pickle. The French fries are crisp, warm, delicate and espe- especially tasty with a pinch of salt and these salads tantalizing treats. Wet, creamy deviled eggs add the finishing touch. The pita vegetarians are filling, light blends of bread and veggies. The sloppy joes are laden with zesty, tomato soup meat sauce, with hints of onion and pickle. The French fries are crisp, warm, delicate and espe- cially tasty with a pinch of salt and a dab of tartar sauce. The cookies are soft, chewy and moist.

Grade: B

Fairhaven Commons -- Far and away the most beautiful eatery on campus, this spacious, colorful and well-organized cafeteria has a wide variety of selections. Lovely Georgia O'Keefe paintings dress up the walls of the dining area. Large bay windows showcase the forest flora surrounding the eating rooms and green plants inside accent this. Pretty peach-colored artificial roses dot the tables.

The Fairhaven Commons has the most attractive, well-organized and appetizing salad bar on campus. Fresh vegetables, crunchy croutons and tangy dressings make these salads tantalizing treats. Wet, creamy deviled eggs add the finishing touch.

The pita vegetarians are filling, light blends of bread and veggies. The sloppy joes are laden with zesty, tomato soup meat sauce, with hints of onion and pickle. The French fries are crisp, warm, delicate and especially tasty with a pinch of salt and a dab of tartar sauce. The cookies are soft, chewy and moist.

Grade: A

Main Attraction Cart -- Located in the corridor near the Old Main Theater, this snack bar resembles the goodies counter of a movie house. Well laid out and eye- catching, it has more variety and better service than the Red Square Cart.

The green salad, served with soda crackers and plenty of Catal- ina dressing, is fresh and crisp. The potato salad has a strong mustard-onion smell and a faded lemon coloring. It is crunchy and fresh, like the onion sprouts it is served with.

Grade: B

Miller Hall Coffee Shop -- Perhaps the most centrally located eatery on campus, this establishment has a variety of selections and a separate coffee bar. The counter is cluttered with pastries, bagels and chips.

The chili is meaty and beany, but soupy. The included crackers add much-needed thickness when ground and sprinkled over the chili. The Mount Baker sandwich, with limp turkey, zesty ham, fresh lettuce, melted cheese and skimpy beef, is unappetizing. The jumbo hot dog is meaty, spicy and fresh. Mustard, relish and ketchup add a sweet, tangy flavor to the dog.

The poppyseed bagels are doughy and chewy, and require two packets of cream cheese per bagel. Even non-coffee people will enjoy the wonderfully mild Kona coffee served at the Cafe Noveau coffee bar.

Grade: B

Plaza Pizza -- Located on the plaza behind the bookstore, this parlor emits a spicy, appetizing odor of pizza fresh from the oven. Tightly spaced tables with red-and-white checkered tableclothes provide an old-fashioned contrast to the video games and overpowering big-screen television.

The pizza is greasy, cheesy, crunchy and easy to cut with a plastic knife. Using a fork, each bite moves easily from plate to palate. The taste buds bloom. The sausage is lightly spiced and hearty, the pepperoni limp and chewy, the pineapple sweet and firm and the mushrooms and olives plentiful. The Canadian bacon has a smoked ham flavor.

Grade: B+

Red Square Cart -- This faded standby desperately needs a splash
dot the tables.

The chicken burger is crisp, warm and light. The fishwich is meaty and beany, but soupy. The included crackers add much-needed thickness when ground and sprinkled over the chili. The Mount Baker sandwich, with limp turkey, zesty ham, fresh lettuce, melted cheese and skimpy beef, is unappetizing. The jumbo hot dog is meaty, spicy and fresh. Mustard, relish and ketchup add a sweet, tangy flavor to the dog.

The poppyseed bagels are doughy and chewy, and require two packets of cream cheese per bagel. Even non-coffee people will enjoy the wonderfully mild Kona coffee served at the Cafe Noveau coffee bar.

Grade: B

Plaza Pizza -- Located on the plaza behind the bookstore, this parlor emits a spicy, appetizing odor of pizza fresh from the oven. Tightly spaced tables with red-and-white checkered tableclothes provide an old-fashioned contrast to the video games and overpowering big-screen television.

The pizza is greasy, cheesy, crunchy and easy to cut with a plastic knife. Using a fork, each bite moves easily from plate to palate. The taste buds bloom. The sausage is lightly spiced and hearty, the pepperoni limp and chewy, the pineapple sweet and firm and the mushrooms and olives plentiful. The Canadian bacon has a smoked ham flavor.

Grade: B+

Red Square Cart -- This faded standby desperately needs a splash
do hot dogs is meaty, spicy and fresh. Mustard, relish and ketchup add a sweet, tangy flavor to the dog.

The poppyseed bagels are doughy and chewy, and require two packets of cream cheese per bagel. Even non-coffee people will enjoy the wonderfully mild Kona coffee served at the Cafe Noveau coffee bar.

Grade: B

Plaza Pizza -- Located on the plaza behind the bookstore, this parlor emits a spicy, appetizing odor of pizza fresh from the oven. Tightly spaced tables with red-and-white checkered tableclothes provide an old-fashioned contrast to the video games and overpowering big-screen television.

The pizza is greasy, cheesy, crunchy and easy to cut with a plastic knife. Using a fork, each bite moves easily from plate to palate. The taste buds bloom. The sausage is lightly spiced and hearty, the pepperoni limp and chewy, the pineapple sweet and firm and the mushrooms and olives plentiful. The Canadian bacon has a smoked ham flavor.

Grade: B+

Red Square Cart -- This faded standby desperately needs a splash
Western freshman Ericka Jackson noticed only one problem during her first few weeks on campus. Students stared at her. "I don't know if it was because of my color or because, as an individual, I stand out in a crowd," the black student said.

Black freshman Jai Honna German echoed the incident. "When I noticed how many strange looks I got while walking across Red Square, I felt, for the first time, what it was like to be a black." It is the general premise in today's society that racist attitudes toward black culture are a thing of the past, the June 15, 1988, edition of the Christian Science Monitor reported. This premise is false, some assert. The issue of racism today is more complex and subtle than the highly visible civil rights furor of the '60s, which most people still associate with the term.

Many blacks say racism still exists because, although they are allowed to be part of white society, black culture has never been accepted, and is compounded when blacks themselves often are torn between the white society and their black heritage.

Western is not immune to these problems. In fact, because of its low black student population -- approximately 102 out of 9,838 -- many problems are intensified, said Luz Villaroel, coordinator of the Minority Achievement Program.

Last year Western ranked last among state colleges in its percentage of minority students, according to the July 25, 1988, edition of The Bellingham Herald. Being a minority student often results in alienation and ultimately puts pressure on them to change and become part of the mainstream, said Pamila Gant, president of Western's Black Student Network (BSN).

Blacks say the "become-mainstream-or-don't-fit-in" attitude they encounter implies whites still don't appreciate the different experiences and culture of their race, and this is when subtle forms of racism result.

Freshmen Cinque Finnie said he notes racial ignorance each time one of his friends says, "Some of my best friends are black." "If color didn't still matter they would never bring it up," he said. "I don't want my color to be ignored or denied. I just don't want it to be an issue."

Color also affects academic expectations of Western's faculty, explained Saundra Taylor, vice president for Student Affairs. Many teachers assume a minority student was admitted with special, affirmative action conditions, and don't expect them to meet regular standards, she said.

Comments such as "That's a good paper given where you went to high school" or "You can get a 'C' in this class if you study" -- assuming blacks are unable to get an 'A' -- are reported to her often enough to establish basis for a problem, she said.

"When a black student does well academically, they are deemed an exception to the rule," Taylor commented.

Professors also are guilty of perpetuating prejudice in the classroom through racial slurs they do not realize are demeaning to black students, Taylor said.

For example, one black student complained her teacher laughed about Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder's remark that blacks were bred to be good athletes. She was the only black in the class, and was offended.
Because of the lack of consideration toward her feelings.

Another racial problem affecting black students is within the black culture itself. In an effort to establish an identity, blacks are torn between becoming mainstream or retaining their “blackness,” Gant said.

Black students are faced with either keeping their strong cultural ties and being ostracized by other black as well as white students, or becoming part of the mainstream, she said.

Racial tension among black students appears with the emergence of black students from areas with strong cultural ties, such as Seattle’s central district, Gant said. These students have a different cultural background than black students from white middle-class communities, such as Bellevue. Gant described the latter as being from the “Martin Luther (King) dream scheme” -- a reference to being raised in a white community, and being treated as part of the mainstream.

Students from areas like central Seattle come to Western and are shunned by other black students because they act too black, she said. On the other hand, newer black students often see their peers trying hard to assimilate into the mainstream -- especially when it comes to dating.

“If I first came to Western I was surprised to see black junior and senior guys only dating white girls,” Jackson said. “They didn’t even acknowledge I was here. I think it was because I was black, and they didn’t want to stand out as being black.”

All of these types of racial pressures cause students to recognize the value of attending a predominantly black college, instead of a college like Western, and may add to non-completion rates for minority students.

According to the Christian Science Monitor, only one in four blacks at the University of California at Berkeley will graduate and about 45 percent at the University of Michigan never finish.

“Western already lost a couple of students this year,” Gant said. “If we get a 50 percent return next year we’ll be in business. If not, we lost again.”

Colleges are beginning to recognize reasons behind the low reten­tion rate of black students, Taylor said. The problem is often termed “structural racism,” meaning the university’s frame does not incorporate black culture.

Western is combating the problem by increasing the number of minority faculty, Taylor said.

“It’s clear it is time to have more minorities in a position of authority in order to exert a positive influence on the minority students,” she said.

_____________________

“I don’t want my color to be ignored or denied.
I just don’t want it to be an issue.”

Cinque Finnie
_____________________

This is particularly true for fields, which black students normally avoid, such as teaching, Taylor said. Cultural support in unfamiliar areas is an incentive that lures and retains the minority students, she added.

Western officials also are attempting to raise minority attendance through programs designed to attract “high risk” students, minority students who otherwise would be unable to attend college because of lack of funding or low grades, Taylor said.

Western’s social environment still lacks the appeal necessary to incorporate different cultures, especially since Bellingham is far from having a black community where black students can go and listen to their type of music, eat soul food or sing in a gospel choir, Gant said.

German said, “When I went to the Red Square dance at the beginning of the year, I couldn’t figure out what those people were doing out on the dance floor. I guess they call it slam dancing.”

Some black students claim leaving Red Square dances early because they find them boring.

Most of the pressure to create a black social scene has been placed on the university, and it has failed to provide one. Change has been limited to events such as dances, which feature rhythm and blues music sponsored by the Black Student Network.

Western’s many minority affairs support groups are socially inadequate. They are not designed to become student hangouts, and have very little substance to them when used in that way, Gant said. The BSN is a support group and sounding board for blacks and their problems, but by no means is it a substitute for a social life, she said.

One student compared Western to a puzzle that was completed without adding the section of pieces marked “black culture.”

Because of this, Gant said, many black students are missing a lot of college living.

“Western’s not loose. There’s no humor or real comradery. Everything’s temporary -- just passing through,” she said.

Taylor said the problem will be administratively combated through a new position, vice president for Ethnic Diversity. It will become a specific person’s task to ensure Western’s environment becomes conducive for all minorities.

Martin Luther King III, son of the slain civil rights leader, introduced another aspect to racism on campus when he spoke last year to an 800-person audience at Western about black history. King said no change in racism will occur until people put love above skin color.

“It isn’t about blacks having to change and whites expecting them to. It’s a problem about not loving. You must love yourself, and once you do that you can be more accepting of others. You can’t let yourself become so high that you can’t love.”
American men are in the midst of a movement -- a movement similar to the women's liberation movement of the '60s and '70s.

The men's movement focuses on men realizing their inherent personal power and breaking outdated stereotypical images of what it means to be male. The men's movement exists whenever men enter into a sincere, honest dialogue about what it means to be male.

Most often, this happens in one of the growing number of grassroots men's-consciousness raising groups popping up across the country.

Seeds of the movement also can be seen in some mainstream venues. It may be in the New York Times Weekly Magazine's column devoted to men's experience, or in some of the men's studies classes appearing on college campuses. It may be on a San Francisco radio station that airs the weekly call-in show "Men Talk." Even that bastion of masculinity, Playboy magazine, which has historically defined men as suave, chauvinistic, high-living, non-introspective admirers of airbrushed females, is publishing a column "About Men."

"The men's movement is a response to issues raised by the women's movement," said Bill Held, professor of men's studies at Fairhaven College. As women continue to become more valued as powerful, capable human beings, instead of delicate sex objects, the distinctions between what is men's and women's work are becoming more ambiguous, Held said.

For many men, this is a frightening situation. Robbie McManus, an active member of the men's movement in Bellingham, said, since men in our culture traditionally have defined their identity through their work, men's perception of what it means to be a male is being thrown into tumult.

Employing a traditional value system, a man may find it difficult to accept the reality that while his wife is flying a jet for the Air Force, he
must change baby's diapers and cook dinner. In today's world, the stereotypical notions that it is unmanly to raise and nurture children or do housework rapidly are becoming obsolete, Geoff Morgan said.

Morgan, 35, is the most visible player in Bellingham's men's movement. Morgan, a singer/songwriter, achieved national success writing hits for Barbara Mandrell, Charlie Pride and other country music stars in the mid-'70s before shifting away from the limelight to begin writing and performing "men's music" — songs supporting men's efforts to go beyond stereotypical ways.

Morgan said learning to accept, rather than feel threatened, by living equally and sharing equal work with women, is one goal of the men's movement.

He believes the challenge includes the opportunity for men to reclaim many of the rewarding, acceptable feelings, emotions and life experiences traditionally reserved for women.

Morgan, who derives much joy from the active role he plays in parenting, said men can gain a greater, more nurturing role in child-rearing from the shake-up in gender roles.

Of course, going hand in hand with assuming some of the gratifying elements of "women's work," men will have to accept some of the less than glorious tasks traditionally assigned to women, such as laundry and dishes, so women may explore new aspects of their potentials, Morgan said.

In a song titled, "Goodbye John Wayne," Morgan sings a farewell to the persona of the woman-slapping, hard-hearted, "what I say goes" macho-male. In his song "For A Change," Morgan sings to men, "For a change, when we're afraid let's not hide it. When we're afraid let's reach out our hands. And each one of us can be the solution if we all work together for a change."

"We (men living today) aren't to blame for making the world the way it is," Morgan said. "But we have to take some responsibility for shifting things when we start to become aware that they're unjust. And that's where I feel a lot of pride will come for men -- in how we, as men, are going to make things change."

Rolf Vegdahl, 34, regards men's groups as an important way the men's movement can help men get beyond the stereotypes. Vegdahl has participated in two men's groups in Bellingham, and he is designing his own men's studies major at Fairhaven College. He joined his first men's group in 1974 as a freshman at a Minnesota university. That men's group began as a forum for men to explore and explore their own grievances put forth by the women's movement. Vegdahl said the all-male group enabled men to discover their sexist attitudes without being harshly criticized by women.

"The process of naming things without being nailed for it is good," Vegdahl said. "You have to be able to name things in order to identify sexist patterns in thinking. I once wrote a song called 'I Like Skinny Women -- What We Gonna Do About That,' and it was a very empowering experience to get that out there. We need a space to get these sexist patterns out in the open without being called a sexist pig. We need to be able to ask, 'Why am I not attracted to her?' We need to look at why the women that men view as attractive are anorexic or unhealthy."

The women's movement and men's movement seem to be inexorably intertwined in a number of different ways. As women demand more respect and tolerance, men are challenged by these demands. Whether it be in the areas of sexist beauty images or discrimination, John Jordy of Western's counseling center feels men can only benefit from rising to the challenge.

Jordy sees males as traditionally obsessed with "external" rather than "personal power." By external power Jordy is referring to men's desire to control others instead of controlling and knowing oneself. Jordy cited imperialism and rape as two examples of men exercising external power, or power by force.

"I think the men's movement is about directing one's energy inside to our own personal, psychic development rather than trying to control other people -- that's regression," Jordy said.

Jordy said that through forsaking external domination for inner exploration, personal power is acquired by realizing, accepting and taking pride in parts of oneself never explored or felt good about before.

"If I have five days left in my life, am I going to try to control you to get what I want, or am I going to go inside to get it from myself?" Jordy asked rhetorically.

Jordy's comments illuminate the dynamic in a men's group in which a group starts out to address the grievances put forth by women, but may eventually turn into a support group, or an empowerment group for men. Men may come to realize true power resides in developing and exploring their own powers, rather than in rejecting and narrowing the powers of others.

Vegdahl said, "The history we men have of over-valuing a rational, linear, reasoned approach to life, and under-valuing an experiential, emotional, intuitive approach, has often left us without language for

~~~~~~~~~~~~

"I remember being that age in the locker rooms; nobody would admit it, but you're checking out other guys' penises to make sure that yours isn't too small."

Robbie McManus

~~~~~~~~~~~~

with assuming some of the gratifying elements of "women's work," men will have to accept some of the less than glorious tasks traditionally assigned to women, such as laundry and dishes, so women may explore new aspects of their potentials, Morgan said.
talking about fear, elation, anger or loss. The men's groups I have been in have been good places to discover a language of feeling, and a place to support other men in their struggle to speak from the heart.

In addition to playing concerts and recording his music, Morgan uses his songs to get groups of men talking about the difficult emotions in their lives. "The music helps circumvent the head to the heart about the issues," Morgan said. Morgan and his guitar have been invited to men's groups, men's workshops, schools and institutions. In between songs, he facilitates frank discussion of the issues.

Morgan said one of the biggest problems facing men in our culture is the need to always appear strong, reliable and confident, when in reality men may be struggling inside.

"We learn to bullshit about what we know," Morgan said. "But we have underneath our image of competence, feelings of incompetence. This is the big contradiction in our culture concerning gender politics. Men have all the power, but men don't feel that internally."

Morgan believes this duality of appearing in control while actually having no control of one's emotions is taught to men in their childhood.

"People don't approach young men and say, 'What's going on? How can we support you so you can feel good about yourself?' The lack of contact is an isolating ritual we do with young men. That sense of not having anybody to tell men what to do is one of the ways men feel cut off."

Robbie McManus, 33, said the most powerful messages about manhood most young men receive are generally the shallow-male-stereotypes propagated by the mass media. As the former male advocate for Planned Parenthood in Birmingham, McManus travelled to high schools, colleges and detention centers to talk with young men about what it means to be a man.

McManus said films like The Last American Virgin and the U.S. Army's barrage of "be all you can be" commercials during football games perpetuate the twisted notions our society has of what it means to become a man. The notions are twisted because they foster more pain than progress.

McManus said, "I think a lot of young men around the ages of 16 or 17, when their bodies are changing, pick up a lot of messages from their friends and from the media. Some of these messages are: a man is not a virgin, a man has a lot of money and a man has big muscles. Penis size is important also.

"I remember being that age in the locker rooms; nobody would admit it, but you're checking out other guys' penises to make sure that yours isn't too small. It was scary. You wanted to make sure
you were a man, but none of that stuff separates men from boys. So what makes a man? I'm 33 years old and I still don't know."

Citing figures published in the book "The Hazards of Being Male," McManus said men kill themselves at a rate of six times greater than women at the ages of 17 to 18 -- the time when most men must make the decision between continuing school or finding a job.

McManus said the goal of his talks for Planned Parenthood was to dispel the "teen-sexploitation" notion that a real man has intercourse at a young age. For the men's movement, the goal was to help young men see through and beyond the mass media stereotypes.

Although a large part of his work at Planned Parenthood was to provide answers for young men who had questions about masculinity, McManus said for himself, he still is checking into what it means to be a man. Much of the knowledge he has gained about men and himself came through participating in a men's group last year. The group of about seven friends gathered regularly throughout the year to talk about their lives and experiences.

"The men's group was just a time to get together with friends to talk, share things about our lives, and say, 'How are you feeling right now?''" McManus said. "We did a lot of reading together and shared ideas to try and understand more about the male experience.

"I think it's kind of rare to have a bunch of men sitting around together talking in a free way, knowing that nothing said will leave the group. I found out a lot of things I didn't like about myself were the same things other men in the group were thinking themselves, but wouldn't admit to other people."

McManus said he found these insights empowering.

Michael Durbin was also a member of McManus' men's group. His perspective on the group represents perhaps not only how far the men's movement has come -- but how far it still has to go.

Durbin, a Western student, parent and avid kayaker, was impressed at how being with men in the group, with no agenda other than a willingness to communicate, was different from being with men in a work situation.

"In the men's group," Durbin said "There was a lot more curiosity about who people are. In a work situation you have a pretty solid image of what men can be counted on for."

Despite the group members' willingness to view one another as vital human beings beyond their individual marketable skills or talents, or for that matter the lack of special skills or talents, Durbin said the group as a whole lacked the ability to sustain spontaneous, heartfelt, insightful dialogue.

"One of the guys wanted to interpret everything in terms of philosophy. That really burned me out. All the bullshit he was saying sounded true, but who cares. It all came from a formula."

Durbin said he would have liked to see all the group members be willing to explore uncharted territory.

"You have to be willing to get tuned into something," he said. "So that it comes inside your guts and changes you. It's a willingness to be wholly involved. You have to ask yourself, 'Am I here to learn -- experience something new -- or propagate the same old bullshit I've been living?' We all had a lot of motivation, but when it came down to making real changes and working through hard stuff it was a mixed bag."
No Sour Grapes

By Terry Keenan

Mount Baker Vineyards began in 1982 in the basement of a retired Army surgeon with time on his hands, a home wine-making kit and a passion for gardening.

But Al Stratton's hobby quickly blossomed into a booming full-time winery business that today produces approximately 90 tons of grapes, 15,000 gallons of grape juice and 25,000 gallons of wine, only 15 percent of which stays in Whatcom County because of its popularity elsewhere. Exports to Japan account for at least 50 percent of the winery's sales.

Within a month of its grand opening, Mount Baker Vineyards, which occupies 25 acres of lush farmland in the Nooksack River Valley near Bellingham, was tenth on the 59-member Pacific Northwest wine sales list. Last year, Mount Baker's distinctive fruity, floral wines captured 12 silver and bronze medals in six west coast competitions.

Mount Baker Vineyards consists of the orchards, a gift shop and a small processing building. The bottles are boxed and delivered to the "barn" as soon as possible. White grapes are cleaned, crushed, cold stored, centrifuged to remove yeast and suspended particles, and fermented. Temperature sensitive red grapes endure a similar process minus the cold storage.

Following 20 to 30 days of fermentation, the wines are tested and eventually hand bottled by one worker. The bottles are boxed and stored for six months to two years, depending on the variety. Throughout the process the wines are chemically analyzed, sight and taste tested. Larsen said the fermentation process is the trickiest. The grapes are traumatized. You can lose the whole vat, even the whole crop if you don't know what to do immediately. One organism will turn your beautiful mustard into a rotten, garlicky old tennis shoe. We can correct problems by adding yeast, acids and chemicals to balance out what nature gives us," he said.

Larsen said he sleeps in the lab during harvest season because some musts require testing every three hours.

"Each crop is different from the last. The weather, climate and soil conditions all contribute to the flavor of the grapes, and the legs, aroma and body of the finished wine. The amount of mold on the vines, even the type of organism, affects the flavor. Picking the harvest time is crucial too ... that's one of my many jobs," Larsen said.

Blub, Blub, Blub

By Gail Skurla

Mermaids and mermen in combat? Dolphins in snorkeling gear? No ... it's underwater hockey!

Watching this unique sport from the edge of a swimming pool is slightly reminiscent of a National Geographic special on frenzied shark feedings. The original version of the game, called "Octopush," was invented 35 years ago to help scuba divers improve their diving skills mentally and physically.

Players use an eclectic assortment of gear: snorkel, fins, mask, head gear, knee pads, a glove, a buoyant mini-hockey stick and a lead-filled, rubber-coated brass puck.

The object of the game is to propel the puck into the goal areas at each end of the pool. The physical and strategic skills used are called "deking." They include maneuvering the puck with the stick, fake-out the opponents and sprinting ... all performed underwater.

During the labor-intensive harvest the tiny, permanent staff of four swells to 30 with the temporary addition of fruit pickers.

"I don't make any money at this, but it is fun and a labor of love," Larsen said. "We all love this business. Where else can you stay up all night, eat pizza with the owner and drink fresh wine for a living?"

"Besides," he added, "it beats the hell out of doing toxic substance studies for the EPA."

Stratton may sell his interest in the business later this year, since the vineyard's success doesn't leave him enough time to pursue his horticultural hobbies.
Bouncers

By Jerry Porter

A symbol of control. A deterrent to violence. These descriptions do not refer to a military weapon but instead illustrate the essence of a bouncer.

Known as the big, muscle-bound doormen who break up fights, bouncers need more than bullying muscles to survive in the bar and nightclub world.

Butler, a Western football player, possesses an intimidating figure. But size is not always a deterrent to fighting.

Rob Raphael, a Western student who is a bouncer at Club U.S.A., an under-21 nightclub, said, “I remember one time these two guys were fighting in the parking lot. They were just pounding on each other when this other bouncer and I tried to break it up. I didn’t see any weapons on them but all of a sudden one of the guys pulled a knife on us. Well, I just told him he’d better put the knife away before somebody got hurt. I guess he got scared because he just ran off.”

Violence such as this doesn’t happen every night, though. Butler said the worst part of the job is boredom. Working five to seven hour shifts, a bouncer has to greet an endless number of faces every night. To break up the monotony of the job, bouncers typically rotate throughout the bar or club.

At Club U.S.A., four or five bouncers usually rotate all night. One or two men are placed at the door to greet, search and stamp customers. Inside, three or four men are strategically placed around the room to answer questions, point out bathrooms and, most importantly, to watch for violence of any kind.

Along with the boredom, being a bouncer has its share of humorous incidents. Butler recalled a time when he was checking identification and a girl handed him a license that was obviously not hers. He turned her away, but after an hour or so another girl tried to get in the bar with the same I.D. Butler just laughed at her and told her he couldn’t let her in. The next night the same girl tried to get in with a different license.

“I don’t know if she thought I was stupid or what,” Butler said.

Individual bouncers have their own system of checking I.D. Most bouncers usually check the age, height and the eye color. Some bouncers ask what a person’s zodiac sign is.

During the course of his job, Butler said he has found “friends” he didn’t know he had, such as when Black Angus is at capacity and people try to flatter him into bending the rules.

But, when dealing with these “friends,” a bouncer can’t be too nice or people will take advantage of him, and the bouncer can’t be too much of a jerk or the people won’t respect him, he said.

Money is not the driving force behind a bouncer. The average bouncer makes about five dollars an hour. Raphael said being a bouncer gives him an incentive to continue lifting weights. Since he is a former competitor in the Mr. Western bodybuilding contest, Raphael thinks he has the confidence in himself that a bouncer must possess.

Though most club owners and managers do not set specific height and weight requirements for bouncers, they do look for an impressive figure.

Raphael said a bouncer must look as if he can handle himself in any situation. He also said a bouncer must be in control of himself as well as his surroundings in order to gain people’s respect. Raphael said appearances are extremely important to this aspect of the job. He said a well-dressed, well-built man who’s on the ball can do a great job as a bouncer.

“You can’t just have some big, dumb looking guy out there checking I.D. There’s more to the job than checking I.D.” he said.

MAY 1989 21
Pizza Perils

Delivering Sometimes A Combo Of Saucy Customers, No Dough

By Jeremy Meyer

Standing in the doorway of a house filled with college-aged revelers, clutching his pocket-book full of change, Berk Taylor felt like a fool.

Taylor, a Domino's pizza deliverer, was the driver fortunate enough to make a delivery to a party, where he stood out like Salman Rushdie in an Iranian mosque. Because of the mandatory uniform of a red company shirt, baseball cap and blue slacks, Taylor, like any other Domino's driver would be, was relegated to insults, stares and snickers as he stood in the doorway patiently waiting as the drunken pizza-craver scrounged for exact change.

"A lot of times when there's a wild party, they make you feel like an idiot," Taylor said.

The pizza deliverer must deal with all types of pizza eaters. Driver Mike Henderson said one of the worst aspects of the job is doing business with intoxicated people.

"Drunk people can be obnoxious," he said. "But they're obnoxious anyway."

Life of a pizza deliverer isn't
boring like plain cheese, but is a combination of harrowing, eyebrow-raising and sometimes humorous experiences. At least that's what the Domino's employees at the East Magnolia outlet said, while they worked the evening shift.

Taylor said his most embarrassing experience was when he delivered a pizza to a lecture hall classroom, while a class of more than 100 people was taking a test. He entered the room, expecting the person who ordered to immediately come and get the pizza. Instead, he discovered, no one would claim it. Finally, after he endured ringing laughter for several minutes, a student came forward with the money.

Nick LeRoy, a self-proclaimed utility man on the Domino's team, said many times he has interrupted an impassioned couple in the middle of an extremely personal matter.

"You can just tell these things," he said. "You just know, because they take a while opening the door. And she's yelling, 'Coming,' no pun intended. Then they open the door with hastily put on sweats."

Henderson, after listening to LeRoy's experience, said he even had delivered to a house he thought was making X-rated movies.

Drivers wandered in and out of the Bellingham outlet, and exchanged stories of their more wild deliveries. But, no one had any strange experiences that evening. It was a slow night. The drivers stood waiting for their next run to come out of the oven. Business was steady. The night was void of "rushes," when customers were arriving two to three pizzas out of the store at a time, and phones ring continuously.

A pizza slowly made its way through the oven on a conveyor belt. Alissa Fast worked the oven. She grabbed a large spatula that looked more like a flattened snow shovel and slid it under the hot pizza. With a quick turn she placed it into a cardboard box on the metal table behind her. She picked up a pizza cutter and sliced the pizza into eight pieces with four swift movements.

A small strip of paper on the box listed the pizza's toppings and price, the customer's address and phone number and the number of Cokes ordered.

After slicing the pizza, Fast put the box on the rack. Henderson, or as he is known, "Hendu," checked the address and if the order called for any Cokes. He put the pizza in an insulated bag and walked out the door.

Owner Glenn Crowe watched as his employees performed their duties. He said the key to Domino's fast delivery isn't in the driving. It's in the preparation of the pizza. He said the pizza should be made in less than 10 minutes, giving the driver almost 20 minutes to get it to the customer's door.

A driver is not penalized for giving away a free pizza because the fault is usually in the preparation. "It's not the driver's fault," he said. "Unless they get lost. If this happens a lot, we try to figure out why."

The store's phone rang. A driver who had just entered the store grabbed the phone and took the order.

The order was for a 12-inch, Canadian bacon and pineapple, otherwise known as an "H and I," for ham and pineapple.

Preparer Brad Hubbard stood in front of the oven, twirling a spatula.

"H and I is the most popular pizza," Hubbard said, as he scooped another pizza out of the oven.

The phone rang. LeRoy answered the call, which was from campus. After taking the order LeRoy said he hates taking pizzas to campus.

"Runs to campus are the worst, especially Gamma," LeRoy said as he brushed off flour from his apron.
Fire Capt. Danny Anderson and firefighter Robert L. Gray were sitting down to eat dinner. As Gray opened his pizza box, a loud, low frequency “EEEEEEEEEE!” sounded throughout the station. The dispatcher’s voice said slowly and deliberately, “Attention 52, 53. Brush fire ... at 12th and Old Fairhaven Parkway by the bridge.”

Within minutes the firefighters were up and gone.

Ten minutes later, they were back. They had been code-greened on the way to the fire. “That means go home,” Gray said. “We thought we might be at this call for a while, so we brought the whole pizza and stuck it in the rig.”

Episodes such as this are all in a day’s work for firefighters working at the station on Indian and Maple streets. This station, with its open architecture and well-groomed lawn, serves most of Western’s campus north of Fairhaven.

“We get quite a few calls to Western, most of them false,” Battalion Chief Gary Hedberg said.

Gray said the firefighters are required to practice drills with their equipment in different residence halls. Students aren’t usually living in the halls when these drills are performed.

However, one Saturday morning, Gray said he and another firefighter were lugging a hose up a stairwell while wearing helmets, face masks and nose pieces. “We looked like Darth Vader ... a big mass of equipment and clothes.” Two women residents, who looked as if they’d just awakened, opened the door. They screamed at the sight of the firefighters, and slammed the door.

Anderson remembered another drill in which a Buchanan Towers woman headed down the hall naked. As the firefighters did a double take, her friends grabbed her and detoured her. Anderson joked, “At least she did what she was supposed to do. She got out of her room.”

Hedberg said the station receives different types of calls around final exam weeks. He named suicide threats and reports of hyperventilation as examples.

Paramedic Tony McGuinn said most aid calls are for intoxicated students who need to be monitored. Drunk individuals risk choking on their vomit, he said. “If they’ve had too much, we have to take them in.”

When 911 receives a medical call, a fire truck and medic unit are dispatched simultaneously. All firefighters are trained emergency medical technicians (EMTs) and all paramedics are trained firefighters. Both the truck and medic unit are dispatched to make sure there is plenty of manpower, Hedberg said. If the medic unit already is out on a call, the fire truck generally will arrive faster.

Anderson said certain cases remind him that no one, not even himself, is immune from accidental injury. “When you’re young, you don’t think about your own mortality.”

By Mary Beth Neal
Firefighter Robert L. Gray unpacks a firehose for an exercise.

Linda Dahlstrom

Gray said, "The first call I ever had was somebody I knew." The call came in, saying there was a 67-year-old man down. Little did Gray know it was a close family friend. When they arrived at the scene, a lady was on the front porch screaming, "Save my baby!" Gray said he ran right past her into the house. In the kitchen, a man was lying on the floor with medics already working on him. Gray opened his aid box and started helping.

"We were doing CPR and pushing drugs... things were going relatively well." Soon they had a heartbeat and spontaneous respirations, he said.

One of the medics asked him to talk to the victim's wife. Recognizing her, Gray said, "She came up to me and hugged me." Until this point, he hadn't realized who the victim was. He attributes this to "sensory overload," the blocking out of everything in order to concentrate on doing the job.

"I feel very fortunate that first I had turned out as well as it did... I think it gave me a little bit of an advantage," Gray said.

Capt. Don Wright said some incidents "hit a nerve." He remembered one heart attack call in which the woman died. One of the firefighters said he'd go call the chaplain. Another firefighter said, "I'll take care of it. She's my mother."

Gray said many calls the firefighters respond to are emotionally taxing and grotesque, and often include a lot of vomiting.

"You're looking death right in the face. It's not something that you're really trained for," he said.

Anderson said firefighters have to treat a victim as a person, in spite of ugly injuries. He recalled one incident where a man tumbled down a staircase backward with a refrigerator. His skull was fractured in numerous places, "sectioned like an orange." Blood was coming out of his ears, eyes and forehead, but he was still talking when medics arrived.

Part of a firefighter's job is to make the injured comfortable, offering reassurance. Anderson said, "You have to show compassion."

Sometimes all that's required on a medical call is the use of simple psychology. Anderson said several years ago the firefighters aided a little girl whose finger was stuck in a gumball machine. After being freed, she continued to cry hysterically, big tears streaming down her face. An older captain on the call knelt down beside her and said, "Oh my little sweetheart." Taking the child's hand, he kissed her finger. Immediately her tears stopped. Smiling, Anderson said, "It didn't take CPR, just a kiss."

Emergency calls involving children are the worst. Firefighter Jerry Stougard said, "Adults are just adults, they're not tough. Kids are still tough. You're not supposed to die when you're a little kid. You're supposed to have fun."

Some calls have unexpected twists. Anderson said one boy's dog got loose, dragging a leash. Somehow the leash got wrapped around a tree. He said when the boy reached the tree, the dog was hung. In trying to free the dog, the youngster used a pocket knife to cut the leash, slashing his thumb in the process. The boy fainted. After finding both the boy and his dog, the child's mother panicked and called an aid car. Arriving at the scene, firefighters quickly determined the dog was top priority. Anderson said. Both the boy and the dog were fine.

Fighting fires presents the biggest danger for these men. Wright said their senses of smell and sight are greatly reduced when fighting a fire. A flashlight won't penetrate thick, black smoke very well, he said.

Firefighters have to grope in the dark to find their way. Anderson said they have to reach under beds with their legs and feel around to find people. One time he felt what he thought was a charred human skull. A sickening feeling came over him. Fortunately, he found only a planter.

The firefighters agreed they don't think about danger when they arrive at a fire. Wright said, "It's just like you got a battle and you're going in there to beat that sucker."

Hedberg said, "Panic comes later. The emotion comes later. The miraculous thing about the human body is that it learns to suppress."

Gray said being a firefighter takes 10 to 15 years off one's life. But, he said, "I'm young, so I feel relatively immortal, and I want to do this job so bad that I'm willing to sacrifice."

Paramedic Rob Wilson said a chaplain program assists grieving victims and their families, taking this burden off medics and firefighters. "Our goal is to save lives and then get back into service," he said.

The payoff comes when the job is done. Hedberg said when they revive someone who's clinically dead, "You don't need a pat on the back."
Accounting major Allen Caldwell studies with some real animals and gambles with his education.

Earlier this spring, on one of the first sunny days of the year, Caldwell was inside with his nose buried in "The Management of Operations," a textbook for Accounting 360. As many students do, Caldwell studied with the TV on. In fact, he was studying in front of 17 televisions, two of them big screen and all showing horses thundering down a race track.

Caldwell, along with about 200 other people, was at the Winners Circle, which is sometimes referred to as "Longacres North."

Winners Circle, located across from the Bellingham Airport, is the first satellite wagering system in the state. This is its second season. Last year, Winners Circle averaged 375 people and $47,000 in bets per day. The biggest single day of betting took in more than $100,000 last summer.

Along with telecasting all of the Longacres races, national stakes races such as the Kentucky Derby, the Belmont Stakes and the Preakness are shown.

It took about a second for the television signal to exit Longacres, travel 23,000 miles up to an orbiting satellite, 23,000 miles back down to a satellite dish and onto the television screens Caldwell and his fellow bettors were leaning forward and straining their necks to see.

Originally, Caldwell did not like being inside to watch the races, compared to being in the open-air grandstands at Longacres. "Now even when I'm at Longacres, I go inside and watch a screen because you can see more," he said.

"This is the first time I've had my books out while doing this," Caldwell said, referring to his accounting text. The night before, he had picked up "The Racing Form," a horse race betting guidebook. "I had a few races I wanted to bet on specifically."

Three years ago, Caldwell went to Longacres in Renton and bet $2 on an exacta race, which meant he had to pick the first and second place horses to win his bet. He won $900.

"Ever since, I've been coming out," Caldwell said.

There are two classes of bettors, those who bet for a living and those who bet for entertainment. "If I come out even, after paying for my food and my way in. I'm happy. I'm not here to make money, but it's nice when it happens. As long as I'm not gambling for rent money or clothes, it's OK," he said.

Caldwell claimed he has probably lost money betting on the horses, but, on the average, it has been fairly cheap entertainment.
Bellingham residents jockey for a sure bet by using two of the numerous televisions at Winners Circle to keep tabs on the odds.

Winners Circle costs $2.25 for general admission and $3.75 for a reserved seat in the Clubhouse. “The Racing Form” costs $2.50 and is invaluable in handicapping the races. The Clubhouse has a full menu, including steaks and sandwiches. General admission, located on the bottom floor of the two-story building, has a food concession.

Molly Wood, an English major, also spends a lot of time at Winners Circle. She always comes home with more money. Her secret? She waits tables at the newly added upper-story Clubhouse, which features a full bar, tuxedo-clad staff and plushly carpeted restaurant. Manager Rosemarie Streuli said Longacres has spent more than $2 million on Winners Circle.

“I told one guy -- he bets lots of money -- which horse to bet on. He won $2,000 and he tipped me $20. He never bets less than $200 and never less than $500 for winners (first place),” Wood said.

Wood has nicknames for some of the gamblers. “The Clocker” times all the races with his stopwatch instead of relying on the Longacres tote board. “The Grump” is an old Canadian who never tips more than $1.

Lowell Thacker works at Winners Circle as a mutuel, but due to the current low attendance, his hours have been cut. Thacker’s job is to take bets and punch the correct information into a cash register-computer that spits out betting tickets. It can be complicated. Along with win, place and show bets, there are the exacta, daily double (picking the first place horse for both the first and second races) and trifecta (the first, second and third place finishers of the last race).

Thacker, a physical geography major, saw one man rip up his losing tickets, scream profanities and throw himself into his chair. “The professional bettors keep to themselves, sometimes muttering at the jockey or horse,” Thacker said. The pros also keep a poker face, even when they win amounts as large as $500, he said.

But, most bettors are vocal. “They expect you to yell. They are not going to kick you out if you have a couple of beers and yell at the races,” Thacker said.

When the horses come around the last corner, the crowd always begins to make noise. The roar gets louder the closer the horses are to the finish. Immediately after the horses cross the finish line, some scream and yell. “All right. Halo Express” and “I can’t believe he didn’t win” can be heard.

Caldwell heard five women from Western win their bets. “You could tell they did well. You could hear them from across the room,” Caldwell said. Winners Circle might even be a good place for an off-the-beaten-track date, “as long as she doesn’t like to bet too heavy.”

Winners Circle offers the lure of legal, easy money. “If you win, you don’t feel like doing any homework. If you lose, it’s kind of good. You’re down and out and you feel like you have to study,” Thacker said.