Klipsun Magazine, 1990, Volume 23, Issue 02 - March

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A critical look at the "Golden Years"...
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Special Thanks To:
Greg Stair, Ted Ramsey and Chris
Jones at the Art Annex Computer Lab;
Teari Brown, business office; Bill,
Dave and Veronica at the Print Plant;
R. Scott Randall; Madge Gleeson for
advice; and to Brian Grigsby for his
help and understanding.

In memory of Mark DeSipio

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Volume 23, Issue 2
Front and back cover photos by Tim Boyles
Inside front cover photograph by Jeff VanKleeck
KLIPSUN is a Lummi Indian word meaning "beautiful sunset".
Growing Up:
One Boy's Childhood Dream Still Burning

-By Chris Webb-

While young, almost everyone dreamed of what they wanted to be when they grew up. Astronauts, doctors, professional baseball players or Presidents of the United States are always among the more popular choices.

Then the maturing process began to take over, more idealistic expectations set in and the career choices you made were more realistic. Or maybe you just plain lost interest.

Unlike most people, my childhood dream has never left. Ever since I was old enough to stand, I wanted to either play drums for a rock and roll band or be a firefighter. Since my musical ability goes as far as singing "Happy Birthday," I figured being a firefighter was the next best thing.

When I was about five, I would get out of bed just before the sun would crest over the Cascade Mountains. While in my baby-blue, one-piece pajamas, I would run out of my room, down the hallway, to the living room where my dad was getting ready for work. He was a firefighter.

The next morning I would wait in the living room and watch cartoons until I saw the reflection of headlights shine through the front window. I would quickly throw off my blanket and run to open the door to greet him. A shiny silver badge was pinned on the upper left side of his dark blue uniform. I would shake his hand, as if to congratulate him for all the lives he must have saved in his 24-hours absence. While my hand would get lost in what seemed to be gigantic hands, I would begin to smell the smoke that hung like a magnet on his uniform. It wasn't a bad smell, like cigarette smoke. This smell had a fragrance and almost a texture to it that said bravery, hard work and the satisfaction of a job well done.

I can still smell that odor, although usually only when I build a fire in the fireplace.

One of the best parts of living in my apartment on Indian Street last year was not only having the rugby team's house next door, but having a fire station less than two blocks away. One of the best parts of living in my apartment on Indian Street last year was not only having the rugby team's house next door, but having a fire station less than two blocks away. I still get a rush watching a fire engine drive by my house, with the sirens wailing and engine bogging down as it turns the corner of Cornwall and Alabama.

As soon as I finish my other dream -- a college degree -- I think I'll pursue firefighting.

What could be better than driving a 10-ton company car?
By Christie Houser

Staring out of my apartment window, I watched the icy rain pour relentlessly from the sky. In the corner stood the twisted metal remains that used to be my umbrella, looking more like some abstract art form after a windy walk through Red Square. Winter in Bellingham must be a lot like hell.

Determined to escape the tormenting rain, I jumped in my car and headed for the nearest travel agency.

"Send me to the sun as cheap as possible," I declared upon entering the Travel Gallery. "San Diego, Mazatlan, Waikiki, Ft. Lauderdale — I don't care -- as long as there are college kids and lots of sun!"

But much to my dismay, the package prices, including airfare and hotel accommodations, would wipe out most college pocketbooks.

San Diego. For those lucky enough to get a flight, the least expensive package for a week in San Diego was via Alaska Airline Vacations for $452.21, including hotel and airfare.

Waikiki was even less affordable. A week-long package averaged about $550 via Pleasant Hawaiian Isle, traveling Hawaiian Airlines. An Empire Tours package through Northwest Airlines cost about $541 during spring break. The hotel accommodations weren't even on the beach. Tack on food and entertainment and you're talking an easy $800.

Ft. Lauderdale. Delta Dream Vacations will book your flight and lodging for 3 nights and 4 days for about $499. At least they throw in a Geo Metro rental car with unlimited mileage. But even if you starved for four days, it would still be unaffordable (you still need beer money).

Mazatlan seems to be the best deal. A week package with off-the-coast accommodations costs about $461 via Empire Tours and Mexicana Airlines. Agents at the Travel Gallery said the alcohol is cheap and the U.S. dollar goes a long way.

For those of you who are so eager to get out of Bellingham that not even the price will stop you, area travel agents listed a few vacation-planning guidelines:

* Spring break flights are hard to come by, so make reservations at least a couple of months in advance.
* Travel with at least one other person. Double occupancy packages are much cheaper. Besides, who likes to party alone?
* Watch out for laws in foreign countries. Drugs can land you in a Mexican jail for many years.
* If you travel during the week and stay at least one Saturday you pay less. Wednesday specials, which require you to leave and return on a Wednesday, offer better rates.
* Prices drop after April 15, go up slightly in the summer, and drop again during the fall months.

I am going to take that vacation. But this time I am going to save up and plan ahead so that I can actually take it, guilt free, and still afford to pay for college. Meanwhile, I think I'll go buy myself a new umbrella.

By Jeff VanKleeck

I was on the left side of the lecture hall again, listening to another long lecture. Banished to the left because of my handedness. Trapped in a right-handed world.

Since doodling is usually a good standby in situations of exasperated boredom, I picked up my pen to begin, when I noticed the Scripto Classic logo was upside down. I put it in my right hand and looked at it again. It read correctly. I was now in deep thought. What else in this right-
Lefties (cont.)

handed campus was against me?

An endless list loomed:
coat-zippers, pencil sharpeners, TV knobs, light switches, calculators and cameras.

I could go on and on. I looked at the clock and continued.

Scissors: Scissors are right-handed. Only in elementary school will you find those cute little green-handled scissors that say “lefty.” If you need something cut out in college, you either learn to use your right hand or you get your roommate to do it for you.

Bank Pens: Bank pens are always on the right hand side of the teller. When you go to write, the cord that is supposed to keep you from stealing the pen keeps lefties from writing anything at all. I usually wrap the cord around myself a few times to get control.

Lecture Halls: We are banished to the left side of the room. It really makes me wonder what it’s like on the right. Do they have a better view? I bet their seats are more comfortable.

Regular Classrooms: Left-handed desks? I don’t think they exist. All they have now are those modern space-conscious half-desks that are totally anti-lefty.

Eating With a Group: Run for the left corners of the table, unless you want to end up fighting the person next to you for a chance to use your elbow.

The classroom’s clock ticked to 10 of the hour and I made a mad dash for the classroom door.

Just try to open all of the doors with your left hand.

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Blood For Bucks

-By Michelle Partridge-

Just the thought of a large needle sucking blood out of the crook of your arm is enough to make most people cringe. But for some Western students, it’s simply a way to get the bills paid each month.

At the Bellingham Plasma Center, people can earn up to $80 per month giving plasma as often as twice a week. The center, located at 1310 State St., pays up to $80 per month -- $8 for the first visit of the month, and $10 for the following visits.

Those who donate plasma eight times in one month also receive a cash bonus of up to $20 to $30, and cash prizes are given away each hour, center manager Joe Cook said. One Western student won $33 during a visit in January, he added.

Students provide about 30 percent of the plasma the center receives. Most students donate about four times a month.

A lot of people depend on this money,” Cook said. “Students can use the money for car payments, rent, or other bills. Whenever they need money they come in and donate.”

Western freshman Lauri Sherwood visited the center about five times last quarter. “I had a boyfriend in Oklahoma and I had some serious phone bills,” she said.

Sherwood used to give blood in her home town, and decided to give blood here as well. When she found out she could get paid for it, she said she decided to keep going and make some money.

Cook said each blood draw takes two hours. Two pints of blood are drawn, then the plasma is removed from the blood, and the blood cells are returned to the donator. He added that the cells take 48 hours to regenerate.

Cook said the most uncomfortable part of the process is when the blood cells are returned. The cells are injected by needle back in through the arm, and they’re “a bit chilly,” he said.

All the plasma is used for medical purposes, Cook said. It is used in the treatment of hemophilia, AIDS, cancer, shock, burns, and in emergency situations where people need blood fast.

Cook, who used to work at a plasma center in Seattle, said a Seattle man gave blood twice a week, every week for seven or eight years.

“He saved every penny he made donating his plasma,” Cook said. “Then he bought a new car -- and paid cash for it.”
Car Sharks
-By Darlene Obsharsky-

This is the big shark tank and a feeding frenzy is about to begin. The victim just barely arrived — by tow truck. Just one payment away from total ownership, Betsy decided to go exhaust pipe up. Dead. As if she knew her owner would soon be out of debt. Betsy may rest in peace, but you never will.

Drawn by the scent of your helplessness, Smiling Jack, the friendly used car salesman, greets you with a fatherly grin. You're vulnerable, you're alone, you're his, and he knows it. He will use every trick available to get your signature on the dotted line.

Jack's got over 80 vehicles on his lot to choose from. That's what the ad says. The problem is finding which one of those 80 cars actually runs. You, the fresh victim, are led to "the prettiest little car on the lot."

As you lift the hood, sweat rolls down Smiling Jack's face and beads on the shoulders of his triple-ply polyester suit. He knows you're looking to see just what kind of engine lurks beneath that shiny little hood. But before you get a really good glimpse, he gently lowers the hood and suggests you'd be happier with a better car; "Something more your style."

"Just look at this little baby over here," he coos. He protectively places his hand on your shoulder. Just for a moment, you begin to feel safe as he guides you to the rear of the lot. The only way out now is past the sales office. "Just sign and this little cream puff is yours," he coos.

As you drive away, it's like a mantra in your ears: "Don't worry we'll fix that, don't worry we'll fix that." But it's reality time now -- you've signed on the dotted line and that baby is yours.

After two weeks your vision clears. You notice the crack that goes across the entire windshield. When you take a left turn your seat tilts to the left, too. You almost capsizely turns into gas stations. An uneasy feeling forms in the pit of your stomach.

For the first time, you really look closely at your car. Morbid fantasies begin to fill your mind.

Why are the seats brown when the rest of the interior floorboard that looks suspiciously like a shotgun blast? And are those powder burns? Just what happened to the exhaust pipe? Where is it?

What are those gouges on the sides of the tires? And are those actual chunks of tread missing?

Why does the engine sound like there's a little man inside with a hammer trying to beat his way out? Maybe he knows something you don't.

Remembering those promises of repairs, you call your new car dealing buddy. But Jack's saccharin sweet tone quickly changes when you attempt to collect. A new mantra comes through the receiver: "all cars are sold as is."

With each successive call

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If a car dealer hedges when the buyer asks for repairs, don't rely on the Lemon Law for protection. It doesn't apply to old lemons, just new ones.

The only friend a used car buyer has under Washington state law is the "implied" warranty. This should insure that a used car is safe for ordinary driving and free of any major defects. But this legal friend is a weak one. If a dealer sells a vehicle that is unsafe, or refuses to make repairs, all a car buyer can do is take him to small claims court.

The law may not necessarily be able to help you but these tips can. There are three things a used car buyer should never do:

Never reveal you are a student. Claim you work for the CIA or the Attorney General's office. Do not use your student card as a form of identification or as a major credit reference. Don't dress like a student. And don't figure that wearing your best is going to make the deal any easier. Not only will the shark up the price of the car, he'll think your parents will foot the bill, too.

Never ignore the condition of the other cars he's trying to sell. Do all of the cars have tires with only one thin strip of tread left? Do they all seem to be missing their original front seats? And have they all been replaced by torn and mismatched ones? Do all the cars have a thick layer of oil on the engines? Is the oil sheen on the lot larger than the last Alaskan oil spill?

Never let him see you sweat. Don't let his sherbet-colored suit fool you -- under those layers of polyester beats the heart of a true killer. ■

(illustration by Brent Evans)
Although Gabe Schuldt and Dan Immermann have been living in Bellingham for only a few months, they've already found a place they call home.

And if it's not exactly home, it's the closest thing to it -- a place where they can go and relax among friends. The two native Iowans say they like the small-tavern atmosphere better than going home after work and zoning out in front of the boob tube.

"Work is a bitch," said Schuldt. "The house is kind of neurotic. We could go to Tony's and get coffee. I would rather come here and get beer."

They're not the only ones. Off the well-worn college track, are a few Bellingham bars where the clientele know each other on a first name basis, where sharing personal problems with everyone at the bar is the norm, not the exception.

Few college students are among the regulars at Bellingham's traditional water-
ing holes, which attract instead an older,
more blue-collar clientele.

Cal’s, at 1303 12th Street, is a convenient stop on the drive home from work for Schuldt and Immermann. Tonight was “pool night” at the tavern, and Schuldt left the table every once in a while to get in a game. Immermann was content with his beer and cigarettes.

Across town at the Cabin Tavern, at 307 Holly St., Bill Allen sat perched on a bar stool. He volunteered his opinion of his fellow customers: “Everybody’s loose. One lady here has a lump in her breast. She discusses the therapy with us. If you’re ever in a down mood, you can come in here and they’ll pick you up.”

The friendships extend out of the bar, he said. Some of the guys go fishing or hiking together. Allen, a local contractor, comes in to the bar after work, three or four times a week.

“Most guys who come in here have a couple three beers, go home and mellow out,” he said. “I have to get up at 7:30 a.m. and can’t afford to get inebriated. When I get home tonight I’ll have to do some work.”

Asked if any fights break out at the Cabin, Allen pointed to the door. One night a stranger walked in and, not much later, was dragged out by two of the regulars. They just left him out there, he said.

“You don’t have to worry about hassles,” noted Western student Bob Bloodworth, who likes the Cabin’s quiet atmosphere and the darts. “Once the people here figure out who everyone is, they’re real friendly.”

Allen said he enjoys the relatively quiet atmosphere of The Cabin. “I’m 42 and if I want to dance I’ll go to the Elk’s Club.”

Three men sat together at one end of the bar, laughing. One of them ordered another beer. After filling the glass, bartender Larry Munson described the customers “as kind of one big family.” Some are construction workers, some work in frozen food shops.

“If anyone needs a loan, someone here will help them out,” Allen said. “If you need someone else’s expertise, we’ve got plumbers, carpenters, all walks of life. They come in here with their business cards.”

At the Beaver Inn, 1315 N. State St., bartender Guy Cooper assured a woman customer that her personal problems will work out.

Another customer, who introduced himself only as Brian, ordered a pitcher of beer.

“The place is laid back, has a nice atmosphere, but it is a bar. It’s smoky and there are drunks in here,” Brian said. “I put up with it and have fun.”

Waiting for the pitcher at a window table was Larry. “We come here once a month for a few hours,” Brian said. “We just drink a couple pitchers.” Brian and Larry grew up together and still live in Lynden.

“This is something different to do,” Larry said. “It’s a chance to get out of the house. What we talk about in here is casual, not in-depth.”

One of the attractions of the Beaver Inn, Brian said, is that it’s not a big hangout for yuppies. “All kinds of different people come in here.”

Once a guy approached their table yelling “Oono, noono,” Brian remembers.

“Brian went over to the bar and talked to him,” Larry added, laughing.

“I wanted to see what was on his mind. We saw him a couple weeks later and he was totally normal. He was on some kind of drugs.”

A block away at Buck’s Tavern, at 1226 State St., Jesse Ogden celebrated his birth-
Jerry Sheire shoots pool in Cal’s Tavern.

Buck’s is more than just a place to work for bartender Andy Anderson. Just ask him about Christmas dinner last year.

“A bunch of friends from the bar that don’t have family in town came to my place on Christmas Eve,” he said. “We all chipped in, had dinner, drank beer and played games. I have a bunch of friends who come in here. I sometimes come in on my days off to see them.”

The regulars come in here to drink a few beers and relax, Anderson said. “They are the bread and butter of a bar. They’re always there. That’s why you’re there.”

Back at Cal’s, Schuldt returned to his table from a game of pool. Sometimes he and Immerman stay there until closing, he said. “Everyone’s talking. You just sit back and listen. It’s great.”

Pouring drinks behind the bar, Ele Burger scans the room. Two life vests hang from the rafters above one of the pool tables. Against one wall is a juke box, playing a John Cougar Mellencamp song. Above the bar, a news show plays on the TV.

“I know everyone in the bar,” she said. “I have been friends with them for 10 to 13 years. I have hung out here the whole time. The place has changed since 1976. Then there were more long-haired people in here. You’d hear Jimi Hendrix. That kind of atmosphere. We were younger then.”

Pulling another cigarette from her pack, Burger said the atmosphere hasn’t changed. “There has always been a live and let live atmosphere here. The bar is a place everyone can share. Instead of someone’s living room, it is all of ours.”

A man from the group at the bar waved for Burger to come join them. In her absence another customer poured himself a glass of beer.

Carrying an empty glass, Kristy Lane approached the bar from one of the window tables. Lane visits Cal’s with her husband a few times a week.

“The first time I came in here I thought it was a dive,” she said. “When I got to know the people. Now I know 90 percent of them. My husband will come down here in the late afternoon or early evening to play pool. I’ll come down in the evening. We’ll stay several hours. This is home base.”

Despite the neon beer signs flashing from the windows, life inside Bellingham’s taverns isn’t much different from the outside world. Maybe a little more friendlier, a little slower -- the perfect atmosphere for relaxing after a hard day’s work.
"Respect for the personality of others, a strong sense of the dignity and intrinsic worth of each person, realization that all men are similar and on an equal footing in more ways than they are different -- all this is essentially a religious and democratic outlook in the best and deepest sense."

Ordway Tead
"The Art of Leadership"

With ten minutes left to the hour, the lecture hall is buzzing with activity. Dashing in the doorway, students scramble for a seat before class begins. Heads of blond, brunette and red huddle for a last minute review of last weekend’s party or yesterday’s class notes. Conversations are tossed back and forth across the room. Few people notice the student who sits conspicuously quiet and alone, surrounded only by an unbroken circle of empty chairs; an island of solitude in a sea of commotion.

For some of Western’s minority students, this scene describes how a class has sometimes begun.

"I sit in a chair in class and don’t see anyone sit near me. Maybe they feel uncomfortable or don’t like me," explains Mansour Jazayri, an Iranian.

Jazayri is not alone. His questions and concerns are shared by others of Western’s ethnic population. The university’s program to promote and enhance cultural diversity has placed a new challenge before Western’s students: to be inquisitive, take risks, destroy stereotypes, accept differences --
in the end, perhaps, make friends. Some minority students say there is more work to be done before the challenges are met. Acceptance of others doesn’t seem to be as easy to learn as Chemistry 101’s periodic table.

Meeting and making friends with white, majority students is difficult for some ethnic students like Jazayri because they believe they have to fight the stereotypes and myths that others have about their heritage or nationality. As a result, Jazayri said he has few American friends.

Atissa Azar, also an Iranian, agrees. She said she believes her personality may attract more foreign students, but she said she does not feel any prejudice against whites.

"The media has given Iranians the image of terrorists," Jazayri said sternly. "(It) hurts for sure. Some people are scared to talk to Iranians."

But not all ethnic students find it difficult to make friends with majority students.

Freshman Chad Goller, an Afro-American, believes he has a unique perspective on race relations because of his background and upbringing. Goller comes from a multi-racial family: his parents are white, his sister is Samoan and his brother is of black and white origin.

"I think I can see more sides of the coin," he said with a large smile of pride.

"It’s been difficult. Because being raised by white parents, for a while my black friends said ‘You’re not black, You can’t be black because you’ve been raised in a white family,’” he said. When Goller was younger, he said he found it awkward to have his mom go to PTA meetings.

Those obstacles are behind him now, Goller stressed. When considering prospective universities last year, he looked at the minority population and how it was treated here at Western. Goller, who applied for and received the Minority Achievement Scholarship, chose to come to Western because of the university’s location, national reputation and liberal campus. He says he hasn’t experienced many obstacles or barriers due to his ethnic origin.

"A lot of people don’t understand that when minorities choose colleges they have to be really wary because, statistically, racism is alive and well on many college campuses." --- Goller
they have to be really wary because statistically, racism is alive and well on many college campuses. You have people being beat up and frat houses being burned," Goller said. "Western had a smaller population (of minorities) but on the whole I would say it does not have nearly as much prejudice as other schools."

Goller, the only Afro-American in an Afro-American literature class this quarter, said no comments are made about his ethnic origin, but he can feel what others are thinking.

"Being black, you're expected to be the voice of black America. I don't feel any added pressure; I feel added responsibility toward myself," Goller said.

"When a black person does something, they become what you see," he said. "For instance, when a white person does something, you say 'Look what he or she did,' but when a black person does something, you say 'Oh, look at the black race.'"

"Look at Jesse Jackson. People think he represents the whole of black America. Well, if Sean Penn goes out and beats somebody up, they say 'Oh, that's Sean Penn,' not all of white America."

"That's why I try to glorify the race. I hope when people look at me they say 'Boy, he does this. And he's successful,'" Goller said, adding he hopes to lead by his example. He is currently coordinator of AS Social Issues and is the only freshman coordinator in the AS.

Jazayri, who left Iran nine months after the Iranian Revolution in 1979 because the country closed the universities, said the major problems he has

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**Balancing the Scales**

_By Sara Britton_

On the back of his 1- by 3-inch business card, Ted Pratt jots down Samoan phrases. "Talofa," he writes. This means hello. "Aulelei" is beautiful and "aulagea--ugly."

He's not a linguist; he's an admissions counselor at Western. Pratt says he drags out the card to surprise his Samoan students with a few words in their own language.

It's more than a business card -- it's his calling card.

And it is, perhaps, this attitude that carries the life behind the rhetoric in Western's push for "cultural and ethnic pluralism."

Minority enrollment at Western, although rising at rates unmatched by public universities statewide, still lags behind all Washington four-year schools. Minority students make up only 7 percent of Western's student body. In 1986, 11.6 percent of Washington State high school graduating seniors were listed as minority students.

Active recruitment (or outreach, as admissions counselors prefer) is Western's first step to becoming "culturally plural." Admissions counselors travel throughout the state, gearing extra college information sessions to eligible minority seniors, Pratt said.

"Recruitment is what the Marine Corps does; outreach is what we do," said John Geer, associate director admissions, coordinator of high school relations. Rather than filling a quota, they say they look for qualified students who are looking for Western's educational program.

"One of the worst things you can do is bring people in and see them flunk out."

**The myth of reverse discrimination.**

When the university turned away more than 2,000 students last spring for fall quarter 1989, officials admitted they had chosen some qualified minority students over qualified non-minority students. Rejected applicants, parents and some of the student body sent up a cry of reverse discrimination.

Up until fall quarter, Western had used a first-come, first-serve policy -- applicants (who had taken a standardized test like the SAT, had a high school GPA of 2.5 or better and had taken the required high school college-prep courses) were admitted according to enrollment date. Those who had less than a 2.5 GPA waited until the cutoff date to find out if
faced as a minority at Western stem from his language barrier. "If I didn't have a language problem, I could fit in," Jazayri said softly, almost under his breath.

"Because you have an accent, others look at you different, like you are lower than the others. In class people sometimes make fun," he said. "If you don't speak English correctly, other students look at you." Jazayri speaks slowly and directly with a heavy, but clearly understandable, Persian accent.

Jazayri, 30, said it's difficult to be the only ethnic student in a classroom. Often a minority's treatment by majority students and faculty depends upon what department the student is in, said Azar, co-coordinator of the AS Cross Cultural Center.

"Sometimes, I have heard from other people, and (believe) myself even, that you have to prove yourself, and you have to be better than others. Otherwise they assume automatically that you are somehow less than them," she said.

Azar came to Bellingham six years ago from Iran because she wanted to escape religious persecution and continue her education in Communication and International Studies. Azar is inspired by the philosophy of her religious faith Baha'i, a minority religion of Islamic Iran whose followers have been persecuted during the last 150 years.

"One of the basic rules of my faith is the elimination of all kinds of prejudice. And to eliminate prejudice, we have to educate ourselves because when we are educated, we find out that other cultures, other religions, other backgrounds aren't really inferior. They are nothing to be scared of. Knowledge is always the great weapon," she said.

Western's ethnic population is made up of two classifications of ethnic and international students, Azar said, though the groups are similar.

International students are generally in the United States temporarily for a specified amount of time. Western has exchange and visiting students from Africa, Morocco, Tanzania, Egypt, Iran and Hong Kong. Some of the international students are in the United States to live permanently as refugees, politi-
cal refugees or immigrants, many of them hoping to become American citizens in the future.

The other group of ethnic students come from cultures indigenous to the American culture, including Afro-American, American Indian and Asian-American students, Azar explained.

Minority students say they face some obstacles the average white college student might not. For example, a recent International Club trip to Canada created a major inconvenience for the U.S. Border Patrol and the students, the majority of whom were not U.S. citizens.

"My god, it took us about an hour and half at the border. Every single person had to go through. They weren't very happy with us," Azar said.

Majority students should try to put themselves in the place of a minority student or have some empathy for them, advised Chris Ninaud, co-coordinator of the Cross-Cultural Center. Many international students may be without much support from friends or family.

Other majority students sometimes single out minorities for special treatment, which is not what minority students want. Goller said minorities just want to be treated equally and given a chance to succeed.

Within the last 10 years, Western has seen up to 10 percent of all Western students enter with averages less than the university-required 2.5 GPA. This year, Western had to be more selective and cut admissions at those students who earned a 3.15 or above.

As Western's admissions standards continue to rise, minority students are reflecting the same high qualifications as other entering students, Geer said.

"These kids are better prepared -- the qualifications are tougher to get in -- no doubt about it."

High school outreach.

Part of Pratt's job is to make sure minority students prepare themselves to meet college requirements while still in high school.

Some minority students may simply need guidance from counselors because they are often the first generation in their family to go on to college. They need to figure out the "hoops to jump through," said Mark Robertson, vice principal of Decatur High School in Federal Way.

For Pratt and other counselors, this means getting out and talking to people. He stops at the roadside cafeterias in Spokane and Yakima Valley.

"It gets so they know me," he said. "They'll see me and say -- Ted's back!"

He keeps phone numbers of interested high school kids, interested families. When he drives through their neighborhood, he calls.

"When Western offers a 'Ted Pratt' it shows (minority recruitment) is not just lip service," Robertson said.

The Western impression.

While all parents worry about whether their child will be able to handle living independently, Pratt said minority parents voice other problems: What is the community atmosphere? Will my kid get a fair shake?

In general, Pratt says Bellingham is "sensitive to minority issues."

Pratt remembers one phone call he received in 1987, soon after he was hired to aid in minority recruitment, from a man who called himself a "concerned community member."

"I thought, 'Oh great, here we go,' " Pratt said. But instead of cooling a hot-headed proponent of integration, Pratt was surprised to find someone concerned about aiding community diversity.

"He told me he was concerned that Bellingham (should) look more like the actual world than like an all-white elitist society."

The man asked Pratt what he could do to help promote cultural diversity.

"College is only 50 percent books," Pratt tells those who question the importance of community and campus diversity. Experiencing other cultures allows students to grow and change and look at the world in different ways, he asserts.

Many minority students who come from areas with large minority populations overlook Western in their search for higher education, Robertson said.

"College is only 50 percent books," Pratt tells those who question the importance of community and campus diversity. Experiencing other cultures allows students to grow and change and look at the world in different ways, he asserts.

Many minority students who come from areas with large minority populations overlook Western in their search for higher education, Robertson said.
It seems that once you become successful at what you do, be it in education or administration, if you become successful, they look past your color. Always tried not to assimilate and to keep a part of my heritage," Goller said.

"Isolation of groups from each other is pretty much taking the path of least resistance. I think it takes a little bit of risk on everyone's part."

-- Ninaud

The ethnic students interviewed for this article said the local and campus media have contributed to the misconceptions students have about minorities and the university's minority recruitment and retention policy. The media concentrates on the minorities while ignoring the admissions policy of other groups on campus, like athletes, Goller said.

Azar agrees with the university’s commitment to support cultural diversity through minority recruitment and retention.

"Society has always supported the majority and now society is going to do one single thing for the minority. Why does the majority get so upset about it? I think that is a very selfish thing to do."

Azar said the obstacles she faces as a minority are often compounded.

"I think it’s hard enough to be a woman (in American society) and then being a minority on top of it makes it even harder," she said, noting that her opinion is often given less value because she is a minority woman.

"They probably think you don't even know what you’re talking about because most of the time they think they don’t understand your accent," she said.

"Sometimes there is a group and we are all trying to decide on something, and I give a suggestion and nobody pays any attention and then five minutes later a guy gets up, says the same exact thing and they all go ‘Yea, great idea,’" she said.

It takes a sense of responsibility to get involved with students from different backgrounds, the students say. Talking to someone new is a frightening experience for many people, of any race or color. But both Goller and Ninaud stress that talking to people is important.

"When people start talking you find out you aren’t that different," Goller said.

Ninaud, a majority student, said "We’re all students here on campus and we can all get along, but at the same time we have to respect our own cultural differences.

"Isolation of groups from each other is pretty much taking the path of least resistance. I think it takes a little bit of risk on everyone’s part," he said. "You may not always feel you have something in common, but you can and you do.

Goller summed up the definition of education aptly when he said "Friends from all groups: that’s what you come to college for, not just to learn but for community, to grow."
Eight out of every 10 colleges are attempting to boost minority enrollment, according to a recent survey of campuses by the American Council on Education.

"Every school, public, private, two-year, four-year is searching," Geer said.

To encourage prospective minorities to apply, the Western Foundation offers 60 minority scholarships, which knock $400 off the current quarterly tuition of $506. Two-thirds of the monies are earmarked for entering freshmen or transfer students.

"In a cynical sense, we’re attempting to buy students, but all the schools are doing it," Geer said.

Staying in.

The administrative push for diversity -- whether it is called "ethnic pluralism," "minority recruitment" or "outreach" -- has been done before.

In 1969, fueled by the era of "brotherly love" and the "Age of Aquarius," Western started up an ethnic studies program. Funding cuts later spelled the end of the program. Minority cultural programs, which Pratt calls "hippie-era, band-aid programs" battled for administrative funding in the late 1970s and early 1980s and lost. The current push for diversity is credited to Western’s late President Robert G. Ross, who began a task force in 1987 to implement a new minority outreach program.

"This is not a band-aid, fix-it program -- this is a true commitment by the university to get and keep a program going," Pratt said.

"It’s the first time we’ve seen a concerted effort on the part of the university, not only rhetoric ... I’ve heard the rhetoric for years," Geer noted.

Word of mouth spreads faster than any university rhetoric, Pratt noted. Sometimes, all it takes to sour a minority community on a school is "one student going out into the community with a negative attitude."

The wave of the future.

By the year 2010, blacks, Hispanics and Asians will account for one third of the nation’s population, according to Department of Labor forecasts. They project that 85 percent of the new workers in the year 2000 will be women and minorities.

Even today, the lines between "traditional" ethnic minority and majority students have begun to blur:

At Tennessee State University, a predominantly black college, minority scholarships are earmarked for white students. The administration has specified that an opening in the vice president’s office will be filled with a white professional.

At North Carolina State University, support services are provided, not for the "traditional" ethnic minority but for their white minority.

The Great American Melting Pot is brewing a new society, in which the majority of people may count themselves some type of minority. Preserving cultural individuality may well become a priority of the majority, and universities seeking students must be aware of the changing student population.

In the words of Western’s president Kenneth Mortimer, "The demographic reality of the 21st century requires (it)."
Lost in a TV Time Warp

-70s Child Misses the "Classics"

-By Kristi Warren-

Would someone PLEASE tell me what is so great about four, green, mutated, sewer-crawling creatures participating in toilet-flushing warfare and pizza throwing? Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles -- Pthfff.

Kids today don’t know what they’re missing. I just can’t imagine growing up without Johnny Quest and his dog Bandit, Mr. Rogers and The Lost Saucer. Seriously, give me Witchie-Poo and the cute little flute player from H.R. Puffin-stuff or give me death.

It was George of the Jungle and Grape Ape, with pure cartoon magnetism, that pulled this sleepy child from her upper bunk on Saturday mornings. Slinking out from warm, Scooby-Doo sheets onto orange shag carpet, I’d race, slipper-footed, past my little brother to the TV. The first to the set had early bird rights to the choosing of channels. I’d pull the small silver knob with a quick jerk and set the volume low, so it wouldn’t wake mom. Slowly the light appeared in the center and spread into multi-colored magic.

The Hair Bear Bunch had just started and the guys were blowing big pink bubble gum bubbles to get out of the zoo. Up they went -- one by one -- up, up and then down, one right on top of the other.

Lenny, my brother, thunked into the room, whining that it wasn’t fair that I woke up first.

“Too bad, so sad,” I’d sing, knowing that if he had his choice I’d get stuck watching Sesame Street or some other kid stuff, like the New Zoo Review. I hated Henrietta Hippo and that big dancing Frog.

A few years passed and as society matured, so did my tastes in television. What can I say? I was a child of the 70s -- the era of free love, being groovy and doin’ your own thing. My “thing” was going to be becoming Mrs. Davy Jones. I’d have the Monkees sing at my wedding.

Every day in anticipation I would endure the long bus ride from school, the smell of little armpits gagging me. The eagle-eyed driver never went fast enough. At home, I’d change out of brown- and green-gingham, wide-bottomed pants and into a daisied, yellow, velveteen dress to sit in front of my beloved Davy, in hopes he’d spy me cooing to his every cockney word.

When I realized none of my efforts with Davy were appreciated, I moved on to taller, better things. Like Keith Partridge. Now he was a dreamboat -- chocolate brown hair, cyan blue eyes and a voice so simply gooshie that I bought the entire Partridge Family album collection with my weekly chore allowance.

Now, it’s not that my only interests were adorable teenage musicians (though infinitely better than teenage turtles --
get real!). I kinda liked guys my own age, too. And for that very reason, I'd wake up at 8 a.m. on school days to watch Speed Racer and Marine Boy.

It was a good conversational topic. While the other girls were squawking about being honorable members of the New Mickey Mouse Club and forming air bands to perform lyrical masterpieces by Josie and the Pussycats, I was exchanging insights with the guys about how Marine Boy was going to escape his current peril.

All too soon, I realized that this knowledge, though contemporary, was not getting me anywhere. I had no Mouseketeer ears for the boys to knock off my head and my vocal talents were wasting away. Therefore, I turned my attention to scholastic achievement and began taking note of the brief and fleeting pleasures of Schoolhouse Rock.

"Now, a noun is a person, place or thing," sang an animated stick girl, red hair kinked and swirly. The educational value of these short takes was immense. I learned that the words "and", "but" and "or" were called Conjunction Junctions. And I grasped, early on, the political and bureaucratic run-around of the government lawmaking process through the antics of Bill. What he went through to become law! Bill looked so sad sitting on the staircase of the legislature. Without Schoolhouse Rock I'd bet half the adults my age wouldn't know what the Constitution of the United States says or understand the concept of the Great American Melting Pot.

The expanding mind of the late 70s provided creative learning opportunities. On the Electric Company, silhouettes blew white letters out of their mouths when sounding out words. Sha ... Dow. Sha-Dow. Sha-Dow. Shadow. Of course I knew the word, how to say it, how to spell it backwards and upside down, but it was kinda funny seeing adults blow the letters around.

Mr. Dress up and his little marionette Casey taught me everything from sewing buttons to cross-dressing. They played dress up out of big old chest and sometimes would dress up like girls.

Gertrude on the J.P. Patches show, though, was one guy that really stretched the meaning "drag." There was something odd about that show -- and I never liked the way they threw Esmerelda around. The Friendly Giant was another peculiar dresser. I always thought he was kinda weird, but now I know he was just before his time. A khaki tunic and spandex tights would be a big hit in the 90s.

Today, kids watch MTV where everybody wears black leather or nothing at all. The scary thing is that kids mimic that now. I mean, you never would have seen me dressing like Captain Kangaroo, or Lilly on the Munsters. When I was a kid the television characters were decent, ordinary, respectable people -- like the Beverly Hillbillies, the Adams Family, Maxwell Smart, Samantha and Darrin on Bewitched, the family from Land of the Lost, Treasure Island (excluding Chongo, he was just plain strange) and the Bugaloos. I just wonder what kind of person I would have turned out to be if my role models would have been less wholesome.

The cathode-ray time machine provides a vivid image of the way things were and the way I wish things could be again. I guess when you get right down to it, I just never wanted to grow up. Now, a sad, aging feeling comes over me when, during verbal reminiscing of the Bay City Rollers Hour, some turtle-watching, ghostbusting, smurf-loving kid blurs face-long into the TV "Sssshhhh, Alf's starting."
Retiring the American Dream:
An Aging Population Faces Not-So-Golden Years

-By Sara Bynum-

As she has on many other days, Rozila Austin sits on the edge of the couch near the entrance of the Parkway Chateau, her suit jacket draped over her arm. She stares forward as if she expects somebody to walk through the doors and take her on an afternoon drive.

The sound of footsteps at the front door stirs the residents on the couches. Each person takes a good hard look at visitors as they walk through the door, inspecting them for a sign of friendship or familiarity. Even strangers are greeted with warm smiles and carried back in time, with tales of Depression hardships or precious memories.

Gone are the stereotypical white, sterile hallways, the smell to mark the place "institutionalized." The oak doors of the rose-colored adobe building open to antique furniture, classical paintings and carefully chosen soft colors. It looks more like a grand Southern mansion.
than the typical "old folks home."

As America's population ages, with senior citizens living longer than ever before, retirement villas have become one alternative living arrangement for over-burdened extended families.

According to Newsweek, the average American now has more living parents than children. By the year 2030, one out of three people will be a senior citizen.

Inevitably, no one is getting any younger. In 15 to 20 years we may be taking care of our own parents, confronting decisions. Where should our parents live after they can no longer care for themselves? Will we be able to welcome them into our homes? Or should we help finance the cost of a retirement home, where they can live somewhat independently?

While some people step easily into their retirement years, others find themselves losing control of their lives. Some couples have waited and planned for those "golden years" only to find one spouse unexpectedly torn from their carefully laid plans. Or perhaps their own health is failing. Unable to live with relatives, the decision to enter a retirement home is often the only alternative.

Many senior citizens cannot afford to pay for this kind of care alone. Social security checks and savings are often

--- Newsweek
not enough to cover the fee for apartment rental, three meals a day, maid service, linen service and utilities which runs between $655 and $1495 per month.

Families are often called upon to help support mounting costs for care, and many senior citizens feel they are burdening their families, Parkway manager Nada Young said.

For the past two years, Tony Elick has had a $655 monthly rent to worry about, which -- for any of us -- would be rather expensive.

"Social security don't give me much," Elick said. He augments his small social security income by doing repair work around the retirement home.

Lorraine Beach is 86 years old and would rather be living with her grandson, but she would have to move to California. Beach's daughter pays for her care at the Chateau instead.

"It makes me feel like I should pass on to save some money," Beach said.

Like college students relegated to dorm life, senior citizens often feel uprooted, lonely and frustrated when they move from their home into a retirement complex.

Austin moved to the Parkway Chateau to escape her loneliness, yet she says her new home is not any improve-

"It makes me feel like I should pass on to save some money."

-- Beach
Genevieve Ross displays a pillow hand-stitched by her daughter, who lives in Orlando, Florida.

"It ain't as nice as could be, but we try to do the best we can and pray to the good Lord to help us."

-- Elick

ment. Even though people are friendly during planned activities, Austin is surprised people don't make an effort to make friends.

"Loneliness is the biggest problem," she said.

Retirement homes are often a forgotten community within a community. A plea from a local Bellingham retirement home to the local churches for volunteers to simply visit with its residents was met with only one response.

Austin and other residents look forward to mealtimes, which give them a reason for them to come out of their rooms and socialize.

Eighty-three-year-old Marcelle Lyndale spends the time between meals in her room reading, sewing or watching the seasons change outside her window.

Above Lyndale's bed sits a photograph collection of her husband and parents. Within easy reach of her crooked fingers leans another assortment of photographs, a nearby reminder of times passed.

In his younger days, Elick busied himself with carpentry, fishing and square dancing. Elick doesn't com-
plain much. He tries to maintain a positive attitude, which he admits isn’t always easy. In the past few weeks, his car was vandalized and his only living relative, his brother Louie, became ill. Louie is not expected to live much longer and Elick will become one of the many elderly residents without family.

“That’s the way the ball bounces,” Elick said. “It ain’t as nice as could be, but we try to do the best we can and pray to the good Lord to help us.”

Paul and Genevieve Ross chose to move into the Parkway Chateau three years ago.

“We’re up there. I’m 88, going on 89 in the spring, and my husband’s 86.

We decided it would come sooner or later, so we decided to move now while we still had our strength, before someone else had to do it for us,” Genevieve said, deep facial lines framing her sparkling eyes, which seem to welcome anyone.

Paul sat in his recliner chair, seemingly absorbed in his newspaper, but jumped into the conversation to clarify Genevieve’s comments. Despite their age, the Rosses are young in spirit and say they couldn’t be more happy with their lives. They still drive and juggle a full social calendar.

“We now is beyond what I’ve ever expected. The Lord has been so good to us,” Genevieve said.

Genevieve attributes their good health and stable finances to the work of the Lord.

“We intend to stay here until the Lord takes us home,” she said.
WE DO IT WRONG, BEING SO MAJESTICAL TO OFFER IT SHOW OF VIOLENCE, FOR IT IS AS THE AIR INVULNERABLE AND OUR VAIN BLOWS MALICIOUS MOCKERY!

IT WAS ABOUT TO SPEAK WHEN THE COCK CREW!

AND THEN IT STARTED LIKE A GUILTY THING UPON A FEARFUL SUMMONS.

-By Jeff Quiggle-

For Western alumnus Kevin Keyes, Shakespeare’s “Hamlet” is much more than another timeless classic play. It has become his magnum opus.

Keyes, a 1971 graduate of the theater department, spends every weekday in the Viking Union coffeeshop, surrounded by his drawing boards, inks and paints, transferring the masterpiece into a 15 volume comic book series.

Why “Hamlet”?

“It’s the most universal play in the English language,” Keyes said. “It’s got an interesting story and a kinky plot... These people are sick. Incest, murder, poison, multiple stab wounds - it’s all here.”

Keyes said he feels “Hamlet” is a play that defies time. “Power struggles like the one Hamlet gets into with his uncle are things that exist today and will continue to exist,” he said.

Keyes said he could write a book about how Hamlet relates to life in the 20th century. “My perception of “Hamlet” is that it is a psychological, whodunit thriller featuring an alienated young man who can no longer function in, or care about, a society he now perceives as being irredeemably corrupt,” Keyes said. “It has a very modern sensibility in that institutions that run our lives are fraudulent, manipulative, and out of control.”

“It involves the whole collapse of
faith that occurred in our society after the second world war," he said. "This was also true at the time of 'Hamlet.' Any time a society is involved in a paradigm shift, there is a lot of anxiety and fear and distrust."

"At that time they were involved in the struggle of getting away from medieval philosophies and moving into the modern era," he said. "There are 500 valid interpretations of 'Hamlet,' even in the cartooning format. You could do Hamlet with Donald Duck and the Disney characters. You could also do it like a Buck Rogers thing in the 25th century."

Keyes said he's trying to portray the characters and their fashions as they would look during the Elizabethan era. He even tries to capture realistic background scenes. "I'm not trying to disguise it with cats and mice, although that certainly would be a valid way to do it."

Keyes began cartooning back in 1977. He spent the six years after graduation moving up and down the West Coast looking for a job that would make him happy.

A combination of inspirations led him to cartooning. Keyes he was inspired to do "Hamlet" after reading "Savage Sword of Conan" comics in the 1970s. Reading "Conan" helped crystallize his artistic goals, he said, because the stories shared similar artistic goals.

"Essentially, the story is the same (in both 'Conan' and 'Hamlet')," Keyes said, "He has some supernatural element that he winds up dealing with by stabbing it."

Although his comic version of "Hamlet" could be used as an educational tool, Keyes said he would have to change the focus of the project. "I would start censoring out things like the sexual content, which I'm choosing to include."

"I'm aiming very hard at popular entertainment," Keyes said.

Keyes has now completed and published three of the 15 volumes of "Hamlet." The fourth one is due out in March. The books are now on sale for $5.00 at the bookstore. The volumes can also be bought separately, Keyes said.
Ever since Vietnam, there's been a tension in the air.

Just watch "Platoon," or "Born on the Fourth of July," as director Oliver Stone asks what was the United States doing in Vietnam in the name of combatant protection.

It's a question many young enlistees may be asking again today, when new military benefits are attracting more than a few aspiring students.

While the legislature debates the amount of defense spending, some students face a more elemental problem: what happens if we go? Did local Fort Lewis members sent to Panama truly consider the possibility of losing their lives when they enlisted?

When Western broadcast major Moira Hopkins, a member of the Air National Guard, signed that dotted line she said she didn't really consider the price she might have to pay for college benefits. "You look at the benefits; you forget the reality of war. It never even struck me until I got to basic training -- once I got to basic training I realized it.

"I think we were having that briefing on ‘Russia is our enemy; they’re going to try and infiltrate America with sex, they’re bringing the degeneration of the American society down so they can move in and take over America.' Also, a number of the briefings were on ‘buddy care'; even something as simple as buddy care, and suddenly I realized we’re here to be prepared for war--SHIT!!"

Hopkins soon got over her initial shock. Since women are banned from combat activity and she held an administrative position, she realized it would be highly
unlikely that she would lose her life in combat.

Junior Tom Ryle, who is in the Naval Reserves, shares her optimism.

"I never really thought it would come down to me. I thought, 'Well this will get me through school and things with Russia seem to only be getting better.' I didn't really think anything of it and I still don't. As reserves, I really don't think we'll be involved. For reservists I really don't think it's that much of a threat; if it was, I'd be in it 100 percent."

Although some members seemed unconcerned about the possibility of seeing combat, all the members seemed to agree with Ryle's final comment: they would go willingly if they were deployed.

"It's your job," says Fred LaFreniere, a senior accounting student and a sergeant in communications for the Marine Corps. "There's no debating whether it's right. There are personal morals involved, but ultimately it's not your decision. Going to combat, though, is part of history and there's a sense of contributing to it; it's an honor."

"I think anybody who joins the Marine Corps knows ... well -- look at history. Peace hasn't lasted very long and there's always a possibility. Anyone who joins the service has to accept there's a slight possibility of going to war," agreed visual communications major Greg Thomson, a Marine corporal.

Although senior Brian Presson, who came from a military family, said he was prepared for combat, he noted other enlistees might not be.

"I know people who do go in just for the benefits and they're misleading themselves if they think they couldn't lose their lives," noted Presson, a staff sergeant for the Air National Guard. "If you're not willing to take the risk, don't do it."

When John Armstrong, a senior visual communications major, joined the Naval Reserves, he said he considered the benefits of the reserves first and the
price he could pay for them second.

"When I started it wasn’t even in my mind. I wanted to go back to school and the college benefits were really the key. But you do think about it. You’ve been through that training and it’s just something you feel like you might be expected to do. It comes with getting the benefits and getting the opportunities in the Navy -- you have to consider you have to do your part sometime."

Ryle said he caught some people off guard with his decision, causing some initial negative responses.

"When I first went in, nobody expected it. I got a lot of weird reactions from friends like ‘What are you doing?’ But now, over Christmas break, I had one of my friends ask, ‘What did you do exactly? I was thinking about maybe doing something like that.’ They see that it all turned out for the better."

Unlike their Vietnam-era counterparts, today’s enlistees do not have to defend their military participation to the general public, note those involved.

"It’s changed a lot since I’ve been here. I think most people see it more as a way to get help through college and not that you’re some kind of evil, militaristic animal and you’re just wanting to kill … In turn, I’ve never had any kind of flack on campus," said Armstrong.

Thomson explained, "Most people may kid you, but for the most part they respect you because you’re doing a little bit extra. I haven’t gotten anything but positive response."

Tim Osterholm, coordinator of the AS Veterans Outreach Center (VOC), agreed that public attitude toward members of the armed forces has “done a 180-degree turn” since Vietnam.

"The attitude has changed, not towards war, but toward the soldiers," he said.

J.P. Leghorn, a VA accredited service officer for the American Veterans Department of Washington, says he has seen a change since the Vietnam era in support services for military and in public attitude.

Although these student support services like the VOC help military members cope with dual lifestyles of student and soldier, Leghorn said he has seen a real change in enlistees’ attitudes.

"(Student attitude) is the real change from the 70’s, (when) a person was evil if they participated in the military."

Leghorn feels these changes are partially due to the media creating more awareness among the public about Vietnam. Films, like “Born of the Fourth of July” also help.

"‘Born of the Fourth of July’ shows a person can do wrong without being wrong. But it’s just like dealing with a child; if the child misbehaves, you don’t stop loving the child."

"The people I’ve seen who had the most severe reactions to Vietnam were those who chose to go, believing they were doing the right thing. It was a patriotic effort to save the world from Communism. With what happened in Vietnam, that illusion was shattered creating a destruction of trust in authority leading these people to question their actual beliefs and values,” Leghorn said.

Although the military experience has changed from Vietnam days, some military members still feel some disapproval.

Noted Presson: "People have never taken anything out on me personally. They can have negative feelings toward the military but they have never taken it out on me. However, I don’t forget that because of my job, they can say how crummy I am for doing it.”