Letter from the editor:

Male, female, black, white, brown, yellow, red, heterosexual, homosexual, bisexual, Christian, Jewish, Buddhist, rich and poor. These traits, along with many others, are used to separate people into groups within our culture. Because someone was inherently given these traits, they could be considered by others as more or less of a person. This was true during the era of slavery and internment, and is unfortunately still true today.

Three years ago, I attended Florida State University, where the student body was more representative of the national ethnic makeup than Western. Since I didn’t have a car, I was dependent upon the bus for transportation. I was sitting in the third row, watching the bus driver deftly manipulate the oversized vehicle into the Albertson’s parking lot. His shirt had perspiration rings underneath his sleeves and around the collar, no doubt a result of the humid, Florida weather.

As we slowly moved through the parking lot, a woman driving a fire-engine-red Honda positioned behind the bus became increasingly agitated by our slow speed. After taking all she could, she decided to pass the bus in the two-lane aisle. The driver drove the bus as closely to the right as he could, politely giving the angered girl as much room as possible. As she drove by, she didn’t wave a thank-you. She didn’t even smile. Rather, she yelled “Goddamn nigger!”, raising her middle finger high through the car’s retractable sunroof.

In that awful moment, I felt ashamed of my race and by the lack of change in segregatory attitudes.

In this issue of Klipsun, we take an in-depth look at affirmative action and how it is helping minorities establish themselves in the previously white-dominated managerial world. The sole existence of this method proves that we are taking strides toward ethnic equality, but the actions of that college-aged woman three years ago shows how far we must still go.

We are Caucasian, Asian-American, African-American, Latin-American, Native American and more. We should be proud of our heritage, but should also remember that we are all human.

Thanks for reading,

Ryan McMenamin

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Evenly distributing
Similar to M&Ms, affirmative action puts more orange, red, yellow, dark brown and green in a world of tan people of color

Animations
America's national drug problem moves into Toontown, hooking cartoons on crack on acid

Working together
Taking part in a multi-university project, Western's plastics department creates The Raven toward human flight

Battling against the
Willy Spaulding's one-man adventure pitched him against the white face of death elements for survival

Technology gives
Western's technology students design computers, enabling impaired children to communicate in a new way children a voice

The cost of
A look at Marriott's monopoly and its tight grip on the pocketbooks of Western students convenience

The natural
Homeopathy offers patients an alternative to the traditions of modern medicine power of plants

An alternative
Jazz music finds its own niche in Bellingham's bar scene to alternative
We come here for opportunities and freedom. We barely speak English, but we sure can do our math. We don’t eat apple pie, but kim-chee and dog is our cuisine of choice. We don’t live and breathe the “American Way,” but we’ll watch an old John Wayne flick any day. We don’t buy our clothes at the Gap, but boy, do we love those Levi’s. We drive like maniacs and we’re fresh off the boat. We have scholarships and support groups for us, while you get jack shit. We were admitted into Western with a 1.7 GPA while you sniveling fools worked hard in high school to get that 3.5. We work half as hard as you, but we get double the benefits. We can’t measure up to the standard, so we take all the breaks we can get. But don’t try anything because we all have black belts in Kung-fu.

To most people A.A. is a weekly meeting for alcoholics, but for us, A.A. — affirmative action — is an everyday blessing. And we’re here to take your jobs and opportunities.
AFFIRMATIVE ACTION

Story by Ruby Quemuel and Jaymes Song
Photos by Ryan Burden

Myths, but enough to stigmatize a whole group of people. Misconceptions, stereotypes and prejudices about affirmative action hover around discussions about universities and applications.

But few understand the complexities of the issue.

Is it as simple as a pack of M&Ms? A package of the chocolate candy has a variety of red, light and dark brown, yellow, green and orange M&Ms. One has to wonder how the number of each color for a package is determined. What happens when there are too many oranges in one pack?

"THE LAST TIME I CHECKED THIS WAS AMERICA. IF I WAS A BUSINESS OWNER IT WOULD UPSET ME TO HAVE CENTRAL AUTHORITY COME IN AND TELL ME WHO I SHOULD AND SHOULD NOT HIRE." – THOMAS STAMPER

Now America decides the future of M&Ms by voting for the new color of the chocolate candy.

Like M&Ms, the people of the United States are diverse and rich with color. However, the American work force is striving to become more like Starburst candy: a package with a fixed number of colors. Just as Americans will decide the fate of M&Ms, so too will they decide the fate of the affirmative action policy in the courts, legislature and voting booths across the nation.

The affirmative action issue raises questions of self-worth and competence, and concerns of reverse discrimination and quotas, which cross gender and race lines.

"The last time I checked this was America," said Thomas Stamper, a student from Huxley College. "If I was a business owner, it would upset me to have central authority come in and tell me who I should and should not hire."

Affirmative action is a complex, emotional issue, but people often don't know how affirmative action programs really work.

"There's a lot of things to it," said Karen Krantz, human rights representative for Western's Center for Equal Opportunity. "It's not just numbers. It's not just recruitment. It's not just hiring. It's a real combination of things that make up affirmative action programs."

According to the Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, affirmative action is "an active effort to improve employment or educational opportunities of minority groups and women."

The U.S. government has a similar stance.

According to the U.S. Department of Labor's Equal Opportunity handbook, "an affirmative action program is a set of specific and result-oriented procedures to which a contractor commits itself to apply every good faith effort. The objective of those procedures plus such efforts is equal employment opportunity."

"Basically, the federal government is saying that there's been a history of discrimination in employment in certain groups known as 'affected' groups and contracts are set up for pre-active efforts to employ these people," Krantz said.

Yvonne McKinney, Weyerhauser diversity manager and equal-opportunity officer,
thinks affirmative action does two things. "First, it provides an opportunity for women and minorities to have access to certain jobs. Second, it makes hiring organizations think twice about hiring women and minorities. It opens their eyes," she said.

Many concerns about affirmative action policy revolve around the concept of quotas. The word "quota" is nonexistent in the U.S. Department of Labor's Equal Opportunity Handbook. Companies guilty of discriminatory practices are mandated by the courts to set up quotas.

"No one has ever gotten a job or into school because of affirmative action," Jesse Jackson, president of the National Rainbow Coalition, wrote in a February issue of USA Today. "Affirmative action only gets one in the applicant pool for consideration and gives a person an opportunity to be selected. One has to be qualified to be in the pool."

Government agencies and volunteering private companies set goals. A particular organization's goals are determined by the "availability," or the number of qualified people for a specific job in a recruitment area. The data is based on the 1990 U.S. Census Bureau. The numbers of qualified people in the recruitment area are broken down into percentages of gender and ethnicity. Then, availability is compared with the current makeup of the specific organization. If the workforce doesn't reflect availability, goals are established.

Minority scholarships and job fairs are ways to recruit and provide outreach to certain populations to ensure that the applicant pool at the onset reflects the availability, Krantz said.

Some people think that all of this means that white males are getting the shaft in the job market. Krantz argues this is not true.

"People with requisite skills to do the job are employed," Krantz said. "We're not going to tell them that they have to hire a certain type of person for the job. We want them to get the most qualified person for that job. The way we can possibly affect and take proactive efforts to affect who eventually gets that job starts way before the decision of who is to be hired." Equal opportunity, outreach and recruitment are ways to achieve affirmative action before the hiring decision, Krantz said.

McKinney doesn't think the programs are negatively affecting white males.

"We (Weyerhauser) are an inclusionary organization," she said. "We make sure outreach is done appropriately. White males are a part of that process."

Despite these types of efforts, some people question their effectiveness. Civil Rights leader Malcolm X argued that in a quota system, minorities are hired into low-level jobs to appease the government regulatory agencies.

The number of professionals, officials and managers has slightly increased for minorities. According to the U.S. Department of Labor, the number of minority and white officials and managers rose 2.1 percent between 1973 and 1990. The number of minority professionals rose four percent from 3.8 to 7.8 percent. However, white professionals increased 6.1 percent from 9.2 in 1973 to 15.3 percent in 1990.

"We still need improvement, but we have made a lot of progress," said Barbara Vane, assistant human resources manager for the Washington State Department of Revenue.

Dr. Robert Kim, education professor and head of the Educational Foundation Program at Western, said that by looking at the number of minority faculty members at Western today, compared to 1971 when he first came to Western, he feels affirmative action hasn't been working very well.

"In light of the increase of the minority population in 1971, the population was probably less than a million-and-a-half to two million in the United States," Kim said. "Now we have almost nine million Asian-Americans. So that's a 400 percent increase. I guess the question is, do we have a 400 percent increase in the number of Asian-American faculty? And I don't think that's true from that point of view. I will say that if affirmative action was created to do that, then I don't think it has been working very well, but who says it is?"
Alex MacLeod, managing editor for The Seattle Times, said that the Times has a workforce made up of 25 percent minorities, which closely mirrors the minority population of Seattle.

"I think affirmative action is a necessary thing for most businesses to have a pool of employees that's going to enable them to be successful businesses," MacLeod said. "The demographics of society are changing so much that when you're in a market-driven business like newspapers, you need to relate to your community."

"If affirmative action did not exist, there are some companies that wouldn't have even thought about it," said Connie Riu, diversity outreach manager of the Newspaper Association of America. "It's not like they (companies) were doing the do-good thing; they would have lost out on a lot of opportunities. For example, the newspaper industry needed minority reporters to cover the Rodney King riots."

Affirmative action can influence the hiring process in many ways. As assistant managing editor of the Spokesman Review, Peggy Kuhr does much of the hiring for her company. She said she looks at qualifications and then potential.

"In my newsroom today, if there were two people of equal qualifications and potential, I would go for the person of color because we need to have people of color in the newsroom," Kuhr said. "So I would give that person an advantage. But people aren't equal in ability. It's a hypothetical situation I've never seen."

Vane said that if a black male and a white male have the same qualifications, it is imperative to look at their affirmative action goals.

"You look beyond the education and the basic qualifications, and look for additional skills specifically related to the needs of the position," Vane said.

Although affirmative action is a hot issue today, it has been around for a while. It was developed during the 1960s and 1970s in two phases. The first phase emphasized nondiscrimination and hiring practices based on merit. President John F. Kennedy ordered federal contractors to "take affirmative action to ensure that applicants are employed, and that employees are treated during employment, without regard to race, creed, color, or national origin."

During the Nixon administration, the federal courts and agencies developed the second phase of affirmative action that gave preference to minorities and women.

Although it has evolved to a large degree and has influenced American culture over the past 30 years, many say it's too soon to stop. Kim said that abolishing affirmative action, such as the proposed California initiative, is like rolling back the clock to 1868 when the 14th Amendment was ratified. Kim believes that opponents of affirmative action use the platform that no one should be discriminated against based on gender, race, ethnicity and religion. But hidden motives lie within this viewpoint.

"What that statement is going to do is give whites more power because they have more power economically," Kim said. "That's the way I will interpret it. But I don't want to say if it's a good idea or bad idea. I'm going to look at this in a methodic, scholarly, historic way of what these things would do.

And the question in the 14th Amendment is whether it was meant to create economic due process and economic equal protection of laws. I would say that, yes, it's empty to have political equality without economic equality," Kim said.

McKinney feels abolishing affirmative action could significantly affect female African-Americans and Hispanics.

"Affirmative action was designed to open the door and to prove we are capable," said McKinney, an African-American. "Access would not have come if there had not been laws saying you can't discriminate against me."

However, she feels that regardless of what happens with affirmative action, some organizations will always strive toward diversity. Employers that remain committed to diversity will have a more competitive edge because highly talented women and people of color will want to work for them, McKinney said.

Affirmative action carries as many opinions and views as it does combinations of colors in a pack of M&Ms. However, the answers are not as simple or as sweet as candy.
A short tube was held to the whiskered snout. With a quick snort, the line of powder on the mirrored surface that reflected a blue face disappeared into the furry nose. After a short sniffle, his eyes began to glaze and then to bug out of his head rhythmically, in time with his increasing heart rate. His long ears twirled helicopter-like until, eventually, he took off. He bounced around the room at a frenetic pace, much to the amusement of his friends, who looked on or did their lines. Then, suddenly, he hit the floor and did not bounce back off the carpet. Ricochet Rabbit, a little-known cartoon star long out of the business, had just overdosed on cocaine.
The problem is widespread and pervasive, yet it is allowed to persist and even flourish.

It started slowly for most. The occasional joint at the end of a long day, a quick snort of coke before one of the crazed parties thrown by superstars like Bugs Bunny and Mickey Mouse every weekend. But it grew from there, and today it is the rare cartoon character who is not wallowing in the throes of addiction.

Many of the classic cartoon stars burned out early. Early experimentation with speed left the Road Runner a quivering schizophrenic. Porky Pig’s stuttering has reached such proportions that it now may take him a full week to finish a sentence. It is all because of years of speedballing with Yosemite Sam, who is long dead from a gunshot wound at a bust.

One of the first to seek help was Wile E. Coyote. Before he had reached the echelons of cartoon villains, he had already been inflected with so many painful injuries that he was spending three days a week in the hospital.

“It was tough in those days,” says Wile E. today. “It wasn’t like now, where everybody has stunt doubles to do the dirty work.” Wile E.’s foggy eyes glass over as he reminisces about the good old days. “Babe, when you saw Wile E. Coyote fall off a 2,000-foot cliff, land on a sharp rock and then get crushed by a falling boulder, you were watching the real thing.”

But those fantastic stunts got the coyote into serious trouble. “I started off easy: Demerol, codeine. But then it wasn’t enough. I needed something with some real kick. That’s when I ran into those damn kids and their dog.”

He is speaking, of course, of the infamous cast of Scooby Doo.

“You knew you were in for good times when you saw the ‘Mystery Machine’ come around,” says a lesser-known Disney character who wished to be unidentified. “Those guys were packin’ everything: ludes, meth, weed. Hell, they’d cook a spoon right in the back of the van for you. They were crazy. Fred and Daphne were always up on ‘X’ and Velma, she was into the hallucinogens. The other two, they were pot-heads. Why do you think they always needed those snacks? The bushy character, confined to a wheelchair ever since he ‘burned up like Pryor,’ tells of a darker side to the snooping kids.

“Oh, Shaggy. Yeah, well, that guy seemed all nice on TV, ya know, goofy and all. But off-screen he was all business. I remember one night I was hangin’ out, playin’ three-card Monte with Snagglepuss and Pepe LePew and in busts Shaggy and the dog. ‘Where’s my money?’ he says to me. ‘I tell him, ‘I don’t know what you’re talking about!’ So then Scooby starts roughin’ me up. By this time, Pepe’s bounced the hell outta there and Snagglepuss has exited — stage left, I suppose. So, finally, I give them everything I got on me. Before they leave, Shaggy kicks me across the room, calls me ‘a squealy squirrel.’ So I tell him I ain’t a squirrel, I’m a chipmunk. Then he gets really mad. I swear, I thought I was gonna die that night. After that, I only dealt through Goofy.”

Many of the old characters, having lost the protection of the studios, have been busted in recent years. Two years ago, U.S. Forest Rangers shut down Fred Flinstone and Grape Ape’s marijuana-growing operation after receiving a tip from a squat, blond man who claimed he’d “taken enough shit” from Fred. Speedy Gonzales is still on the run from the DEA after being caught at the border with 20 pounds of snow.

“Yeah, doc, they’re all gone, all the great ones,” Bugs Bunny says. He was able to kick his heroin habit through a methadone carrot program at the Betty Ford Clinic. “Daffy, that was sad. They got him locked away for good. He sucked down about a half-gallon of liquid acid one night. We were all sayin’, ‘Daffy! Don’t do it! It’s too much!’ But you know how Daffy was. Pretty soon he’s just spittin’ all over the place. I mean, more than usual. He never came back from that.” A lonely tear made its way down the rabbit’s gray cheek. “We ...” he speaks slowly through choked sobs, “we were so damn young!”

The drug culture is just as prevalent today as it was in the past, even with the cast of Scooby Doo retiring to the hills of Columbia. But few of today’s stars will talk about the issue.

“I don’t have any comment! Get away from me!” The anonymous star is clearly nervous and shaking visibly.

“Well, I think that —”

“Stinmpy! Shut up, you eediot! Don’t make me keel you!”

So, you see, the problem is difficult to deal with. Sting operations have been ineffective, and the last time the DEA tried slipping in a wire-tap, the informant was found on the cutting-room floor.

But the time has come for America to stand up. Can we, as a nation, continue to allow our children to watch programs featuring crazed drug fiends? We must act swiftly, before the plague spreads to other parts of the children’s entertainment industry. How long before we see Barney smoke a bowl on TV? And how long before they change their name to the Mighty Morfine Powder Rangers?
Human-powered airplane. For many people, these words may conjure up images of cartoon characters strapping themselves to enormous wings and making a mad dash off the nearest cliff. However, a human-powered airplane is no cartoon for students in Western’s plastics department; it is a reality they are helping to create. Western, along with several other universities in the Puget Sound area, was chosen by the Puget Sound Industry and Undergraduate Studies Research Program to be part of the team that will design and construct The Raven. The team’s goal is for The Raven to fly 100 miles and break the world record for human-powered flight. The current world record is a 75-mile flight.

Western is designing and building the fuselage, wings and tail of the plane. Steven Dillman, plastics professor in the technology department, said Western was chosen to build these key parts because it has the best undergraduate composites program in the area. Composites are properties formed from two or more materials. Concrete, plywood and fiberglass are some examples.

Designing and manufacturing these parts is especially innovative, Dillman said, because previous human-powered airplanes have used wire braces to support the wings, while the fuselage hangs underneath. The Raven, however, will not use the wire braces, which cause drag on the plane. The fuselage will be much smaller, causing the pilot to pedal from a recumbent position.

"In order to build a plane that’s going to fly for 100 hours on human power, you’ve got to make it extraordinarily light, and to do that you need very strong, light materials," Dillman said. "There’s no choice but to make it out of composites."

He rifled through piles of papers on his cluttered desk. After searching for a moment, he waved a piece of gold paper in the air — the specifications for The Raven.

"It will have a 115-foot wing span, which is equivalent to that of a 737, and it can only weight 75 pounds," Dillman said. "That gives you an idea of what kind of a challenge there is in building something that can be that large and weigh that little ... we have to be very careful in how we choose the materials."

Choosing the materials has been a source of frustration for Todd Simmons, fuselage team leader. Simmons, a junior majoring in plastics engineering technology, is one of about 10 students who have been volunteering time with The Raven.

"It’s frustrating because the materials we need are expensive and I need to get hold of a lot of it," he said. "Despite the financial concerns, Simmons is excited."

"I’m learning (about) new composite materials and new fabricating and tooling processes," he said. "It will also help me get some publicity in the industry, get my foot in the door."

Teams of students will also work on the tail and the wings. Although there isn’t a class devoted just to work on The Raven, students may use their work on the plane to fulfill class project requirements.

Students have already manufactured the fuselage "plug," which will be used to form the actual hollow fuselage. It doesn’t look like much now — just a silver-gray, oblong blob — but those who are working on it have visions of their creation soaring gracefully (with some help from a pilot who will be pedaling like crazy).

The record-breaking flight from British Columbia to Seattle isn’t scheduled until winter of 1997. Simmons, who is graduating in the spring of 1996, plans to keep in touch and help out with The Raven even after graduation.

Story
by
Dana
Goodwin
"I really want to be there when it flies," he said.

Simmons and the other students participating in the project will actually build three airplanes. The first one will be a prototype that will be tested locally. For example, the wings may be mounted on a car to test them, Dillman said. They will then make the next two planes based on the testing of the prototype. One of these planes will make the flight, and one will be the back-up.

Because of the size of the plane, especially the wings, The Raven will have to be transported in pieces and assembled on-site.

"One of the problems you run into when you build human-powered airplanes is, because they are so lightweight, they are extraordinarily fragile," Dillman said. "There is a very high probability that the plane will get broken while we're either transporting it or assembling it."

From the take-off time to landing time, everything is in the hands (or legs) of the pilot. Dillman said the plane should take off at 20 mph, but the pilot won't receive any assistance.

"We don't have a big slingshot or anything," said Dillman with a laugh. Wing walkers may be necessary to support the wings, but they can't push, he said.

In order to complete the flight in five hours, the pilot must keep up a constant speed of 20 mph. Dillman said the ideal pilot must be someone who is a professional bicyclist. The entire flight will take place 18 feet over water.

"There is a risk the plane will crash, but if it crashes it will crash over water and we'll have a chase boat following the plane," Dillman said. "Furthermore, it won't be flying very fast."

Breaking the world record is not the only goal of The Raven, however. It will give students the chance to work with industry advisors and become part of a team that will work together much as they would in industry.

The other schools are participating in areas such as graphic design, technical management, pilot training and meteorological research on flight paths and times.

"This is much like an industrial project where you've got different departments or teams that are working on different areas of the project, and we have to establish communications between the teams so that everything gets matched up," said Dillman.

Kim Orlando, a junior majoring in manufacturing engineering technology, said the first step will be to learn to communicate with each other here at Western.

"It hasn't been a group project ... you have to learn how to depend on other people," she said.

Learning is the key to the whole project and despite minor glitches, Orlando and Simmons look forward to spending more time with The Raven. Dillman is also looking forward to the project that is ahead of them.

"If you'll forgive the pun, this is just starting to take off."
On a cold, clear day in January 1994, Willy Spaulding found himself pedaling through the backroads of Whatcom County. As he puts it, he was "taking in the texture of the landscape." From the county road, Spaulding could clearly see the Twin Sister Mountains standing sharply against the clear blue sky.

"You know, I'd really like to head up and check that out and ski it," Spaulding had said.

A week later, having failed to convince any of his friends to skip the Super Bowl to join him on his adventure, Spaulding set out alone.

"I left a message on my phone machine saying that I was going to take off. I was a little flip about it because a bunch of people I had told I was going or tried to get to go with me said, 'Well, be careful.' So my message was 'I'm gonna be back Sunday night. Don't worry, I'm not going to die. If I'm not home, check at the Alger Tavern.' I was really kind of sarcastic," Spaulding said.

By 9 a.m. Sunday, Spaulding, a 28-year-old graduate student in exercise physiology at Western, had driven to Mosquito Lake Road, up a zig-zagging logging road and was hiking toward the west ridge.

Spaulding left a sleeping bag, bed roll and a tarp by his front door because he didn't want to ski with the extra weight. He did bring two layers of Capilene for the top, medium-weight Capilene long johns, pile pants, Gore-tex overpants, a pile jacket, windshell, warm hat, mittens and overgloves. He also brought a stove, a pot, soup, oatmeal, homemade cookies, matches, a first-aid kit, compass, maps and a Beckett guide.

He had not been to the Twin Sisters before, so he relied heavily on the maps and the clear weather.

On his way to the summit, he caught his skis, which were secured to his backpack, on an overhang, causing him to stumble. He poked one of his crampons into his leg.

"It was really funny because I thought, 'Ooh, this will be a nice ugly wound to show somebody,' because it was all fleshy and there was stuff poking out of it. I didn't really think I'd have anything better to show off," Spaulding said.

Three-and-a-half hours after he left his car he was at the top of the west ridge.

"I'd eyeballed things out from below and surveyed. There was a rocky rut. To the left side there was a couloir that looked pretty nice, but there was one big rock right in the middle of it and so I thought, 'That's an accident waiting to happen.' He decided he would ski the other side, even though there were rocks he would have to ski around.

"I totally, 100 percent expected to flash down and ski it," Spaulding said, slapping his hands together. "I jumped in and did a hop-turn left, a hop-turn right and was sliding. Once I got 20 or 30 feet down the hill it just totally gave way to wind-scoured ice. I was three turns into it and I was side-slipping and my edges weren't holding. ... I was going so
not going to die'

Story by Johnny Payseno

fast so soon because it was just pure ice and there was nothing for my edges to catch. I remember looking down at my skis and just seeing them rattling under my feet.... My right ski-tip caught a rock and spun me backwards. With the weight of my pack and being spun all the way around and not having any good edge hold, I was basically facing straight uphill — which is really bad news when skiing. I went over backwards and I kind of reached down with my hand to get the snow and I just fell over," Spaulding said, stretching his tall, lean, muscular frame backward over his chair to demonstrate. "It is super-steep. The very top of it is 50 degrees.

"It is really weird because I don't know exactly when the injury happened. I broke through the bottom of my ski boot. Straight across the sole — it was a total fracture," Spaulding said, reaching for his right foot.

His ankle was broken. His knee cap had shattered. He had lacerations on both arms and was bleeding from his knee.

“There must have been one time when I was off the ground where I came down and hit this way, and hyperflexed," Spaulding said, pointing his knee down over his toes and slamming his fist into his hand to simulate the impact.

"I think what I did was just drive my knee straight in front of me, kind of like a Joe Theismann thing. I bet if you could have slowed it and seen it on camera, it wouldn't have looked real natural," Spaulding said.

“Everyone talks about stuff being in slow motion and everything (when you fall). I don't know how much it was in slow motion, but it was the longest fall I've ever had. I've probably chewed on a groomed slope at 40 or 50 miles per hour where you tumble and stuff, but you always come to a stop.

“The fall was the one time where I potentially thought I was going to die. It is just bizarre, because it wasn't this massive terror like, 'My God, I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die.' It was more like, 'Oh, shit. Worst possible scenario — you're gonna die.' ...

my head I would be toast. That was the one thing I was thinking about because there was a lot of rocks at that time of year.

“During the whole fall it was just weird. I felt like a pinball. When I got to the bottom, my best description was like being in a bar-room brawl — one against 20 or something, like you'd smarted-off and someone taught you a lesson," Spaulding said.

At the bottom of the hill Spaulding was a bit shaken, but otherwise felt all right. He began to check himself for injuries.

“I knew I'd done something because I went to move my leg and it didn't move right. I could move it from the hip, but nothing was moving below so I just kind of sat there and collected my thoughts and was looking up at my ski gear," Spaulding said.

Scattered on the slope above was one of his gloves, both ski poles, his skis, his baseball hat, sunglasses and a crampon.

“I knew I could be stuck up there so I immediately wanted to get as warm as possible and keep the heat that I had. So even before I scooted off anywhere ... I put on basically every piece of clothing I had," Spaulding said.

He slid himself to a knoll where snow had built up. He began digging a snow cave with a pot. By the time he was done he had built a shelter roughly the size of the space under a small desk.

“Once I got there, I pulled my pile pants on without taking off my shell pants because I didn't want to lose heat and I didn't want to
take off my (ski) boot because my leg was pretty bad. That is when I got my first real look at (my leg). My polypro pants were torn open and it was just really fat, swollen, bloody and nasty."

He emptied his large backpack and slid himself inside it, up to his butt. He then cinched it up to keep in the heat. He made soup with his pot on his stove and ate cookies he had made the night before.

"I basically got ready for the night there," Spaulding said.

The sun went down at 4 p.m. and the temperature dropped rapidly. He began melting snow in his pot. He would get the water as hot as he could stand it and then drink it.

Spaulding feels his physiology background was essential to his survival. He knew he needed to remain well-hydrated to retain the little heat he had.

"I don't know how much I was bleeding, but all of my stuff was soaked. I was bleeding mostly from my knee. ... I saw bone (in my knee) when I was putting the stuff on. ... It was open and nasty. ... It was just splayed open totally. I looked like a stovepipe from here up," Spaulding said, pointing to his ankle.

He built a ledge out of snow to help elevate his leg.

"It is really bizarre without your (quadricep muscle) to help hold stuff together. When you shatter your knee cap you no longer have the quads to support the joint. Your quads probably do as much as any of your ligaments in there. It was really hard because I could lie on my back and be fairly comfortable with my leg asleep, but I would try to roll to the side and it just felt kind of loose. It's not like it fell apart, but I could just feel way more movement than I wanted to feel," Spaulding said.

He set the alarm on his watch to go off every hour to wake him so he could heat more snow for drinking.

"It was an incredible night. It was so beautiful. If I'd had a sleeping bag I could have been totally comfortable. It was just phenomenal — the amount of stars.

"When the moon first came up I almost thought it was morning because it was so bright. It was casting shadows. It was half or three-quarters of a moon. After the moon came up I looked at my watch and it was one (a.m.) ... I told myself I wasn't going to look at the time. Just wait until morning and take off then. It was a really long night. Basically I boiled the water, drank it, and then put the stove inside my pot and the pot underneath my coat and just kind of hugged it. I would fall asleep and probably sleep for 20 minutes and just wake up shivering and scrape (the snow into the pot) and fire up the stove," Spaulding said.

Late Sunday night, at Spaulding's house, the phone rings. The answering machine picks up the call and says, "I'm gonna be back Sunday night. Don't worry. I'm not going to die. If I'm not home, check at the Alger Tavern." The caller hangs up without leaving a message.

Back on the mountain, Spaulding debated about whether or not to use some of the fuel from his stove to start a fire, but elected to continue heating the snow and drinking the hot water.

About 6:30 a.m., 24 hours after he had left his house, he boiled water and added oatmeal for breakfast. He put all of his gear in his backpack, put his hiking boot and only crampon on his good leg and kept his ice axe in his hand to use as a cane. He then gathered some rocks and laid them out in the shape of an arrow, to indicate to rescuers the way he was going.

The phone rang again. ... "Don't worry, I'm not going to die. If I'm not home, check at the Alger Tavern." Beep.

"Willy, dude, where are you? This is Andy. Give me a call when you get home."

Back on the mountain Spaulding prepared to walk out of the wilderness with his severely injured leg.

"My whole thought about how I was going to move, as bizarre as it sounds, was from a Calvin and Hobbes cartoon where Calvin splits his pants and he scoots home from school backwards, like crabwalking. ... As long as I was on the snow that was a pretty easy way to scoot," Spaulding said.

He wore his backpack on his chest during this stretch. On some downhill sections he slid on his butt.

The phone rang again. "... check at the Alger Tavern." Beep.

"Willy, it's Andy again. Where the hell are you? You better call me, you son of a bitch."

At the bottom of the slope was a snowy bowl. He had to make his way up a little ridge before he could continue.

"This one little section gave me such a challenge. It was maybe 100 feet of vertical rise, but it was a short, steep section.

"I don't know how long I sat there just digging in my foot, putting in the ice axe and scooting. My butt would go up a foot and then slide down six inches. ... That was really frustrating. I was like, 'God, how the hell am I going to get out of here?'"

After he made it over the ridge he discarded his stove, pot, and backpack. He kept his food, clothes, map and compass.

Once he got below the timberline he was forced to walk in places. He would put all of his weight on his ice axe, walking backward to lock out his knee.
About 7 p.m. Monday, Spaulding was too exhausted to continue without a rest. He stacked up some dead wood on the side of the road as a windbreak and fell asleep. He awoke at 4 a.m. Tuesday, nearly two days since he left his home. He drank from a ditch on the side of the road. The rest of the night he would alter­nate hiking for an hour, then sleeping for an hour.

"The going was really slow. My ankle started giving me problems toward the end. I didn't really feel it at the beginning. ... Later on that morning I really started to feel it," Spaulding said.

A couple of times he turned off the main logging road onto spurs that seemed to be going in the right direction. Each time the roads ended in a dead end.

"It was just such a waste of time and energy when I was moving that slow," he said.

At 8:30 Tuesday morning he heard sirens and saw cars coming up the logging road. A truck pulled up in front of him and a man got out and asked, "Are you Willy Spaulding?"

"Yeah," came the weary response.

"You're the one we're looking for. How are you doing?" asked the Whatcom County Search and Rescue volunteer.

"Well, I think my right leg is pretty fucked up," Spaulding said.

They cut off his pants, revealing his swollen, black and blue leg for the first time since the fall. He was taken down the logging road in the back of a search-and-rescue vehicle and then transferred into an ambulance waiting on the main road below. He was in surgery at St. Joseph Hospital at 7 p.m. Tuesday.

"There was one point in time (at the hospital) where I called (home), because I have voice mail, and it said, 'You have 36 new messages,'" Spaulding said. "I thought, 'Oh, God.'" He still kicks himself for leaving such a sarcastic message. "Every time people called and heard (the message) it must have rubbed them the wrong way," he said.

Today, Willy Spaulding admits he was lucky.

"Any more severity of the accident or the weather could have cost me my life."

He walks with a slight limp. He has wire and pins holding his knee cap together. All in all he feels he has recovered nearly 100 percent, though his ankle still causes him some discomfort.

Even though he has not fully recovered from the accident, he has started making plans to ski the mountain again.

"It's an awesome ski slope. The whole reason I went there was to ski it and I feel like I got cheated. It's like going on a mountain bike ride and having a mechanical (failure). ... It's something I know I can do and I didn't get a chance to do it. ... I want to go back and ski my slope," Spaulding said.

"... 'Ooh, this will be a nice, ugly wound to show somebody,' because it was all fleshy and there was stuff poking out of it. I didn't think I'd have anything better to show off."
At the Children's Neurodevelopmental Program in Bellingham, two 4-year-old boys sat next to each other on a chair, gazing at a Macintosh computer screen. As the two boys, Adam Carlberg and Jack McCarthy, took turns pushing the "big button" switch in front of them, they watched intently as an animated clown and dog moved in, out, behind and under a doghouse.

"Go in the doghouse, Houdini," the computer said when one of the boys pushed the baseball-card-size button. The boys, whose feet didn't quite reach the floor, practiced saying words such as "up," "under" and "behind" with speech-language pathologist Gail Nobel-Sanderson's assistance. Once a week, she helps the two boys overcome their speech impediments, and the big-button switch makes this process livelier and easier.

"They love the computer switch," Nobel-Sanderson said. "So I save that for last."

Western technology students designed and manufactured the button last year while enrolled in professor Kathy Kitto's 400-level robotics class. They manufactured an award winning Switch Switch for paraplegic persons. Childhood or communication delays us at several Bellingham schools.

"When the (Western) students made, there were guys with their hands up saying 'we do for you?' It's just great using the new technology with
Left: Manufacturing and engineering technology students Greta Brumbach, Jamie Langabeer, Eric Moss and Troy VanLienden show off the voice box prototype.

Right: With a little coaching from Gail Nobel-Sanderson and technologies designed by Western students, Jack McCarthy and Adam Carlberg use computer programs to improve cognition and speech.
two years: "We use them (the switches) all the time."

The switch makes it easier for young children, or children who don't have full control over their arms and hands, to control the computer. A standard computer mouse has a much smaller button that takes more pressure to push. The computer games and big button switch at the clinic help Nobel-Sanderson teach children better speech skills and hand-eye coordination.

The robotics class designs and manufactures ideas Nobel-Sanderson thinks of, many of which include technology she can't order from catalogs or would otherwise pay thousands of dollars for. The clinic, parents and schools save money.

Western students manufactured a "blue box" with the switch so children can turn on and off household lamps, microwaves and electronic toys. It plugs into a 110-volt outlet and lets the big button switch operate any 110-volt appliance. "That makes a child so excited, it's just wonderful," she said.

Having this new technology also lets Nobel-Sanderson transfer the skills she teaches children to the schools. Before the robotics class made the 100 switches, Bellingham schools lacked ample equipment, and the clinic — funded primarily by donations — wouldn't have been able to afford enough switches. Each switch would cost $400 to $500 on the market. But they aren't available because it's not profitable for manufacturers, Nobel-Sanderson said.

"Most of the stuff (in the catalogs) is extremely ugly," Kitto said. And many devices in the catalogs aren't suited for children, when compared to the simple black voice box her class made fall and winter quarters, she said. The class designed the voice box for children in the community who can't talk. It's small, simple and has 10 picture icons on the front that, when pushed, say whatever a parent or guardian has recorded. Each reprogrammable button records for 20 seconds. A clip in the back hooks to a belt or pocket and covers the battery compartment in case a child drops it.

When children eat at a restaurant, they can order their own food by pushing a button preprogrammed by their parents with certain foods or drinks recorded on it. Or if children step on the wrong bus, all they have to do is push a button with the correct bus route, Kitto said.

"It should make it easier for them." And if a child gets lost on the street, people aren't going to know sign language, Kitto said. "That's a very scary thing." One of the buttons could play the child's address or phone number when pushed.

Students in the schools with a larger version only get to use the box for 20 minutes each week because so many students want or need access to this technology, but the schools simply don't have enough money.

Dan Bracey, manufacturing engineering technology student in the class fall and winter quarters, said knowing where the technology will end up motivates him even more. "For some rea-
son, what we all keyed in on last quarter (was) the first time the children can go to McDonald's and order."

Sue Blavard, an industrial design student in the class fall quarter, designed the voice box with other student input. Blavard, also a computer-aided drafting teacher at Skagit Community College, said the robotics class researched and received Kitto's input on how the box could best accommodate children who can't talk. The students designed the icon buttons big enough for children to easily push and the recording button small enough so only parents can record messages.

The new technology was produced by students from several academic areas with varied skills: manufacturing, plastic, electronic and industrial technology. "It's nice to give back to the community," Blavard said.

A National Science Foundation grant provided for material cost, and each technology student in the class paid for a box, lowering the cost even further. "We don't do this to make money," Kitto said. She'll sell the voice box for the cost of the materials only, which is about $70, she said. The voice box would cost $4,000 to $5,000 on the market.

"Gail only comes to us with an idea, and the students do the rest," Kitto said. The class has leaders and teams: "You learn teamwork. It's just like the real world."

First, the students designed the box. Once designed, another company made the pieces — front and back. The students then programmed a robotic machine with the necessary commands to put the box together, which the students controlled with remotes. The robotic equipment includes a big, orange arm-like device, ramps and other machines that move the pieces around. The only part the students manually made was the circuit board, and they attached the clips to the backs. Winter quarter's class picked up where fall's left off, assembling the circuit board and programming the robot. After the technology students designed the big button switch and blue box and then programmed the robot, they put all their hard work together. And this is the amazing part — it took the robotics class 5.07 minutes to assemble each blue-box and switch.

Last year, students in Kitto's robotics class won the National Student Robotics Automation contest for the big button switch, a year after students won first place for the Sip-and-Puff computer mouse. The Sip-and-Puff allows people who cannot move their arms to blow or suck air into a plastic tube, which controls the computer mouse.

Kitto started the class in 1989 with a community-service-based vision. "There's more to teaching than just class work ... There's this huge need (for technology). Why do something, all the work, and not put the product to good use? There's a lot to be learned about giving back to the community."
Eating on Campus

Is Marriott serving students what they're paying for?

Story by Shelley Sharp

Western junior Paulette Bigsby pushed her way through the crowd in the Arntzen Hall eatery, dodging backpacks and students carrying cups of steaming coffee. She made her break for the refrigerated-drink case.

She grabbed an Odwalla Strawberry Banana Smoothie — 12 fluid ounces of fresh-fruit purées and honey. A sign on the cooler door assured her, "This juice is food!" Perhaps it was an attempt to justify the hefty price tag of $2.65 attached to the small, plastic bottle, which sold for $1.99 at both Haggen and the Community Food Co-op.

"A part of me really wants the juice because it's so good," debated Bigsby, a vegetarian. "I feel torn and outraged at the same time. This is the only thing I'm interested in buying, so I guess I have to, because I have to get to class and I can't go anywhere else."

Of course Bigsby had a choice about purchasing juice worth its weight in gold. However, she is like many other Western students, controlled by personal diet choices and the inability to leave campus between classes.

Senior Dina Hovde, a transfer student from Seattle Pacific University, buys lunch at Western between classes. "I spend around $4 or $5 a week on campus food," Hovde said. But after considering her actual food consumption, she changed her mind. "Well, I guess it's more like $8 or $9 if I think about it."
On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Hovde eats a baked potato at the Coffee Shop potato bar in the Viking Union. "The only thing I'll eat are the potatoes because they're the only thing that is economical," Hovde admitted. "For $1.50 you get butter, sour cream, chives and bacon bits, but what really makes me mad is when I have to pay 10 or 11 cents for a cup of water!"

Water is not the only item that Hovde finds overpriced at Western's retail eateries. Marriott/University Dining Services charges 85 cents for Bagel Shop bagels that can be purchased off campus for 45 to 50 cents. At Haggen, two fresh bagels are less than the price of one bagel at Western.

"I refuse to buy the bagels because they're so expensive. It's so bad they charge that much," Hovde ranted. To save money, she eats $2 premade salads in Miller Hall on Tuesdays and Thursdays. "At least they're cheaper than the salad bar in the cafeteria; it's $2.59 for a small bowl! They could at least let you have a bigger bowl for that price."

"I mean, the salads are mostly lettuce anyway, and I can go out and buy a head of lettuce for 89 cents," she continued. "At least the prepackaged salads are cheaper."

Like Hovde, I am often unaware that eating on campus adds up quickly. Take, for instance, the meals I ate Thursday, February 16.

Looking back, I realize I must have gone temporarily insane:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gourmet muffin</th>
<th>$1.09</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Banana</td>
<td>$0.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Small Starbucks coffee</td>
<td>$0.85</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total (with tax) $2.68

| Stir-fry bar (no meat) | $3.99 |
| Odwalla carrot juice   | $2.65 |
| Cookie                 | $0.85 |

Total (with tax) $8.07

Daily Total $10.75

For the same price, I could have eaten half-a-dozen bagels at The Bagelry, stopped for a latte at The Newstand and had the lunch special, complete with tea, soup and fortune cookie at the China Delight Restaurant on East Holly Street That day I made a vow: However difficult, I would find meals at Western that wouldn't clog my arteries and, if possible, wouldn't put a hole through my already thread-bare wallet.

Like most students, I knew that for under a dollar, I could eat a variety of items at Taco Bell Express, located on the 5th floor of the Viking Union. One menu item, however, does not make a meal, and it's far from low-fat or low-calorie. For example, the Taco Supreme not only has "seasoned beef" floating in a sea of saturated fat, but is also topped with cheese and sour cream.

"It would be really nice to eat something nutritious that you could afford, instead of being forced to go to Taco Bell to save money. It's nasty!" said the health-conscious Hovde.

While Taco Bell may satisfy a once-a-week craving, I knew that sitting through my afternoon class would do little to melt away the calories. No amount of intellectual reasoning would make the calories disappear.

Intellectual reasoning had led me, however, to purchase a university dining Munch Money card earlier in the quarter. I had read from fliers in Miller Hall and Arntzen that this was the right path for budget-conscious students like myself.

Western students can increase their retail-buying power by purchasing a campus Munch Money card, according to Larry Stahlberg, general manager for Marriott/University Dining Services. They are available at University Residences and good at any retail dining eatery or board dining hall.

"With a minimum of $45, you get a 10-percent discount on food purchases, and sales tax is also eliminated, which saves the students an additional 8 percent," Stahlberg said from his office in Edens South. Behind him, certificates of dining achievement and photographs of happy Marriott employees covered the wall from top to bottom.

Stahlberg was unaware, however, that I had made an attempt at Munch Money earlier in the year. The first week of winter quarter, I had entered the University residences office in Edens Hall, plunked down $100 to open a food account, smiled for the camera and waited for my ticket to greater campus food savings. My methodology was this (and much the same as Stahlberg's): By purchasing $100 worth of Munch Money, which added up to $110 after my 10-percent bonus, I would be able to spend approximately $11 per week on coffee and bagels for the quarter — not a bad plan, considering I was obviously capable of spending more than $10 a day when left to rely on cash and will-power.

There were two holes in my and Stahlberg's theory. First of all, I did not realize that having what amounted to a credit card for food would put a hole in my pocket faster than using hard-earned cash.

I remember a Saturday evening in the winter when I was helping set up an art show in the Viking Union Gallery. Four of my co-workers were starved and we wandered down the hall to Plaza Pizza to grab a snack.

"It's on me!" I yelled, whipping out my handy blue-and-yellow plastic money. "It's not like I really have to pay for it!" It was fun to be able to treat a few friends. But after a few more splurges, my Munch Money disappeared in six weeks. What little will-power I had started with had been buried under $1.50 Snapples and $2 pieces of pizza.

The second hole in my theory became apparent when I realized that the 10-percent discount didn't make up for Marriott's high prices. If I purchased a $1.50 Snapple with Munch Money, the $1.35 savings price was still higher than a grocery store's $1 price.

This proved to be the case with other products as well. A 12-
ounce Odwalla Strawberry Smoothie offered at a Western eatery for $2.65 can be purchased locally for $1.99, and that's for a 16-ounce size. If the Western Odwalla were broken down into price per fluid ounce at 22 cents, it would cost a Western student $3.52 for the same 16-ounce juice purchased at Haggen or the co-op. My piddly 10-percent discount wouldn't make that much difference.

Odwalla is a test product at Western, according to Teri Youngers, manager of University Dining Services Viking Satellite. If students respond favorably, dining services will continue to buy it from a California distributor. "Odwalla is a specialty item that is being test marketed," explained Youngers, who realizes the price may seem high to many students. "... but do you want to drink plain apple juice or the Chevis Regal of juices! It's not like drinking a cup of coffee, but a meal in a bottle," she passionately explained.

I didn't care if the strawberries and bananas were squeezed by Dom Perignon himself. To me, Odwalla juice was juice, and it didn't find its way into my budget.

In an office just around the corner from Stahlberg's, Kurt Willis, business manager for housing and dining, helps administer Marriott's contract with Western. Willis said that he feels, for the most part, Western retail prices are fair, but he could not understand the pricing of Odwalla. "I'd have to question Marriott on that one," Willis said with a shrug.

Willis said that retail pricing is an issue of product movement and demand, and according to Stahlberg, the actual product price is only 40 percent of the retail price charged to the student. "If an item cost us 40 cents, we would probably charge $1," Stahlberg disclosed. "Most of the additional is going for people, napkins, cleaning and miscellaneous."

Stahlberg stated in a February 28, 1995 Western Front article, "You are paying for the person who uses the tables, who uses the microwave, who uses the hot water for their Nile Spice Soup and takes up a whole table to themselves ... You can't go and loiter in a grocery store."

Students may argue that eating lunch while doing homework is hardly loitering. Those who are offended by such an accusation can make their way to the Sehome Village Haggen store. There they can buy Snapple for $1, a slice of pepperoni pizza for $1.49, and relax in the dining atrium, complete with napkins and a microwave. The same meal would cost $3.50 at Bigfoot's Bistro on campus.

Currendly, the name-brand Taco Bell Express items at Western and the Bellingham Taco Bell on Sunset Drive charge the same price for the same menu items. But this will soon change. "Prices will go up in the spring," Stahlberg said. This supports an assumption that by selling name-brand or specialty products, food contractors can charge more and students will still buy it, even if they receive less.

Well, I knew that I didn't want to pay more and get less. So, in a last-ditch attempt to find affordable campus dining, I headed to the Viking Commons dining hall on a Sunday night.

I was a dining hall virgin. I lived off campus and hadn't even got to first base in dorm dining. I had never been told that I, or anyone for that matter, could purchase all-you-can-eat meals at any of the dining halls located in the Viking Commons, Ridgeway and Fairhaven. At $3.75 for either breakfast or lunch, and $5 for dinner, the dorm meals seemed like a fair deal if I could find something other than pot roast or tuna casserole on the menu.

As I milled around in the Viking Commons stairwell waiting for the dining hall to open, students joked and punched at each other. At 5:15 p.m., the grinding crank of the turnstile indicated the line would be moving forward.

A friendly cashier took my money and directed me toward the entree/salad bar arena. I picked up an institutional-orange tray and glanced at the evening's menu: meatloaf with gravy, oven-baked chicken, oriental stir-fry and a choice of grilled burgers. A wax-covered meatloaf and chicken look-alikes shined in a restaurant display. Liver-colored meatloaf peaked out beneath glossy brown gravy. Lumps of white wax, playing the role of mashed potatoes, sat alongside a rigid bed of cooked carrots.

Despite my initial revulsion, I was pleased to find the nutrition information posted next to each menu item. I opted for the chicken, which had 286 calories and 10 grams of fat.

From across a high counter, another Marriott employee served me a well-portioned meal. I proceeded to load up at the salad bar, grab two chocolate cookies, a tall lemonade and dart to one of the window seats.

I sighed as I cut my chicken and read the information on the food pyramid centerpiece — I was content at last. As I bit into my food, I wondered why more commuter students didn't take advantage of this bargain. Like me, I suspected they didn't know or hadn't asked.

But there are, in fact, students receiving nutrition information and good deals on food at Western. They are the students who live in the dorms and purchase a variety of meal plans.

"Students who live in a double dorm room and receive 21 board meals a week pay what amounts to $7.76 per day," Willis quoted from one of the binders that lined his office shelves. Students can also choose from plans where fewer meals are offered or bonus money is credited to their Flex Money account, so they can buy food anywhere on campus. In addition, they receive a university dining newsletter with health tips.

Willis and Stahlberg are proud of Marriott/University Dining Services quality and selection. "For the most part, students are satisfied with board dining ... satisfied with the selection," Willis said with a nod.

"We see ourselves as an integral part of the culture at Western," Stahlberg professed.

Students may see it differently. Like bookstore lines and midterm rankings, Western food service is a part of college culture over which we have little control. "I only eat on campus because I have a hard time getting out of my house on time in the morning," Hovde acknowledged. "I eat at Western out of necessity, not because I crave it."

However, the occasional meal at dining halls can be a money-saver for commuter students. Along with packing grocery-purchased items to bring to campus, students can cut their spending and maybe even have enough change left over to buy an Odwalla.
So you're not feeling so hot. Some bug is playing with your insides, and the game isn't exactly enjoyable. You need to take something, but the thought of seeing a doctor makes you feel even worse.

How about a visit to your local homeopath? My what? you ask. Calm down. Homeopaths aren't faith-healers and won't stick any pins or needles into you. They prescribe medication as a conventional physician does, but the similarity ends there.

Bellingham has a few naturopathic doctors of its own that prescribe homeopathic medicine, which employs the use of naturally-occurring substances taken in very small doses.

One of these doctors, Laura Shelton, N.D., practices out of an old house typical of Bellingham's city-scape.

The First Meeting

Upon entering the house, one is greeted by the secretary and then asked to take a seat in the waiting room. Children's toys litter one corner of the room, and a large, worn, yellow bunny dressed in plaid and denim sits in a chair, almost inviting one to squeeze its stuffed self. A cough can be heard in the next room, followed by the sounds of rock coming from a passing car. The motor of a garbage truck shakes the outside walls of the house, but none of this seems threatening as the sunlight filtering through the window settles on boxes of complimentary tea beneath water coolers. Sitting in the waiting room's love seat while waiting for Shelton to finish with her current patient, one feels welcome.

This feeling is only reinforced by Shelton's appearance. With Birkenstocked feet and long brown hair seasoned by silver strands, Shelton is a comforting sight for anxious eyes. If not completely at ease after meeting her clear blue gaze, a patient would feel at least a smidgen better after the interview during the initial consultation.

The Process

Of course, getting oneself to the initial consultation can be a problem because most
Americans have never even heard of homeopathic medicine, and if they have, they don't believe it works. In fact, people hear the words "natural" or "alternative" and they assume that some mystical, creepy ritual is involved.

Actually, nothing of the sort takes place. The homeopath will first figure out the symptoms of the patient's ailment by asking a series of questions pertaining to his or her mental, physical and emotional states. These symptoms are matched to those caused by various natural substances when taken in overdose. Once a match is made, small and specially prepared doses of this substance are given.

"First thing I try to do is diagnose the disease with a typical Western name," explains Shelton, "and what I do as a naturopath is think of obstacles in the way of the body's own human process.

"When I would use homeopathy and when I think many other people would revert to homeopathy is when the person does exercise and they aren't overweight, and they used some distressing techniques and it still isn't helping them; they still have high blood pressure.

"So then I think, 'Well, we've ruled out all the obvious big obstacles, so now let's stimulate the body's own ability to heal itself.' And that's what homeopathy does," concludes Shelton in her soft, even voice.

CAUSE FOR EXEMPTION

Skepticism regarding homeopathy runs rampant in the American medical community, while, according to Shelton, most medical doctors know nothing about this practice, which is why so many American patients are also in the dark about homeopathy and feel it's a risk.

Perhaps one reason for this precarious feeling and lack of knowledge is the testing of homeopathic remedies for safety and efficacy by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration is nonexistent. It just so happens that one of the founders of the FDA was a homeopathic physician, according to Consumer Reports' March 1994 article "Homeopathy: Much Ado About Nothing?," and made homeopathy exempt from the testing other drugs undergo.

This status, given in the late 1930s, allows homeopathy to maintain an image of safety and enables homeopathic medicines to be sold without a doctor's prescription and over the counter at such places as Fred Meyer Nutrition Centers and downtown Bellingham's Community Food Co-op.

Today, the FDA hasn't challenged this status because, as spokesman Mike Shaffer said in Consumer Reports, "homeopathic drugs are not high priority for the FDA. It's too bad if they don't work, but people aren't likely to be harmed by them."

However casual Shaffer sounds, he's right. Homeopathic drugs, derived from natural substances and then extremely diluted, do not pose a great risk to those who take them.

Dilution, in the case of homeopathy, is beneficial to the user when the active ingredients are, say, deadly nightshade or arsenic, but solutions are diluted past the point of less than one molecule of an active ingredient remaining in one dose.

RISKY BUSINESS?

If the medicine itself doesn't pose a major risk, then what are the other dangers? "Essentially none, because the doses are so small that people don't think they do anything, let alone be toxic," Shelton answers.

Risks that Shelton did list are those not directly related to the use of homeopathic remedies, such as using steroids or cortisone while taking homeopathic medicine. Not only will homeopathy not work when paired with one of these drugs, but an aggravation of the existing symptoms could occur. Before homeopathy will work in a case such as this, the patient must first discontinue use of the steroids or cortisone.

Another risk is the occasional difficulty a homeopathic practitioner encounters in matching the correct symptoms to the correct remedy. "If somebody comes in and they've got a problem that is pretty imminent, and they're really fighting a disease, it may take a while to get the right remedy," Shelton says.

Sometimes it may take a homeopath a week to get the correct diagnosis if the symptoms are especially ambiguous, but homeopaths with 20 years of experience under their belts usually get the right match on the first try.

Shelton adds assurance by saying, "People will get the right remedy very, very, very often and are cured of all kinds of horrible things."

THE FRUSTRATED

The possibility of having to wait may discourage some, but there are those who believe that homeopathy does work. In fact, these people shun conventional medicine because of the negative experiences they've had with medical doctors.

While fingers are pointed at homeopathy and people doubt its effectiveness, Shelton feels that it's just as likely, if not more so, that a person will go to an M.D. and not get anything done to improve his or her condition.

One such case, that of Heather Powers, 20, seems to run along those lines.

"I don't trust conventional medication or doctors at all," says Powers, an English major at Western. Sitting on her bed, feet up, the copper-tressed Powers has good reason for her lack of trust.

During fall quarter of 1994, Powers was experiencing fainting spells. Continuously. She had consulted three doctors— the first believed she was pregnant, the second thought her problem was asthma and the third had no clue.

On the drive home from a visit with doctor number three, Powers fainted. Fortunately, she was able to predict this would happen and had already pulled into a rest area before she fainted, and she wasn't traveling alone.

Her traveling companion and close friend had connections to a naturopath in Mount Vernon. After an hour-long interview with this N.D., Powers had been asked questions about her likes, dislikes, what relaxed her or caused stress, and life in general.

"The other doctors wouldn't even consider stress as my problem," says Powers incredulously.

Powers had a problem with her adrenal gland, which was preventing her blood from circulating properly. This was all caused by stress and cured in one week with the ingestion of capsules, tea and extract syrup with a main ingredient of licorice.

"I was really, really impressed because I was so scared and I was tired of being told that I was pregnant and stuff," Powers says.

THE CURIOUS

It wasn't until the 1970s that homeopathy saw a resurgence in use because of that era's obsession with anything natural. Shelton admitted taking homeopathic remedies while she was in college in 1974 and not knowing that they were homeopathic until years later. She says, to the best of her memory, they worked great.

Sandy Schmeil, no doubt as curious as Shelton was in her college days, was recently a first-time user of homeopathic drugs. Experiencing some menstrual discomfort, Schmeil moseyed on down to the Community Food Co-op, which carries a variety of homeopathic drugs.

Schmeil, an intended Human Services major, gained an interest in homeopathy about two or three years ago when she went on a health kick and became a vegan (didn't eat meat or dairy products). Still curious, healthy, but no longer a vegan, the 19-year-old Western junior decided to cure her menstrual woes homeopathically.

"I think it works just as well (as conventional medicine) and I feel better about taking it because it's all natural. I mean, I know what's in it; it's not like putting harsh chemicals into my body," Schmeil says.

THE FLIP SIDE

On the flip side, Consumer Reports cites cases of patients requiring conventional care by a doctor while homeopaths will instead prescribe a natural remedy for an ailment such
Shelton treats patients in a cozy office that feels like home to many.

Shelton responds to these findings honestly by saying, "There are for sure doctors who get so hung up on thinking about homeopathy that they stop thinking that, you know, maybe this person needs surgery."

Shelton is a licensed naturopath who treats about four to six homeopathic cases a week. Framed certificates hanging on her office walls boast her achievements at John Bastyr College (now a university), and the International Foundation of Homeopathy, both in Seattle. Shelton spent years at these schools learning about naturopathy and homeopathy.

Shelton's expression sombers when she adds, "It would be scary if you had something really bad and had a homeopath that didn't have a license and couldn't prescribe the proper care because they hadn't had the proper training."

In fact, informs Shelton, "a homeopathic license is meaningless because it's not regulated."

Add to this the fact that anyone can play doctor just by purchasing homeopathic remedies wherever they are sold. Homeopathic drug manufacturers and distributors try to avoid problems by advising on labels, such as one for a menstrual pain remedy, "Follow your doctor's advice."

Whatever precautions have been taken to avoid risks, homeopathy is still dubbed "the Rodney Dangerfield of medicine." It gets no respect from the mainstream medical community.

KA-CHING!

While Schmeil found that buying over-the-counter homeopathic drugs was just as expensive as buying a conventional remedy, a visit to your local naturopath or homeopath will be a bit gentler on your bank account than a visit with an M.D. or physician. A session with a naturopath such as Shelton could cost around $75 an hour.

Unfortunately, while cheaper than most physicians, a consultation with a homeopath or naturopath, as in Powers' case, will not be covered by most insurance companies, which seem to feel that it does not qualify as medical care.

**A History of Skeptics**

This feeling hasn't always been the case with the practice of homeopathy. In fact, at the time of homeopathy's origin, it was an attractive alternative to the bloodletting, purging and other methods used in the late 18th century.

Which would you prefer: blood drainage or a tasty dosage of tree bark?

During its development and growth in popularity, tree bark would have been the correct answer.

With the work of German physician Samuel Hahnemann (1755-1843), homeopathy became a common practice in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. Hahnemann is responsible for the dilution technique used in today's practice of homeopathy.

Starting with large doses, Hahnemann discovered that the smaller the dose, the more effective the treatment seemed to be — not to mention less liable to make one sick. This "medicine of an unknown science" was successful in treating such 19th century diseases as cholera, yellow fever and typhoid, according to Richard Grossinger's book Homeopathy: An Introduction for Skeptics and Beginners.

These remedies do not focus solely on strengthening the immune system but rather on something Hahnemann ambiguously called the "vital force." This "force," sounding more like something out of Star Wars rather than a cure for pain, is defined by Dr. Edward H. Chapman, a medical doctor and president of the American Institute of Homeopathy, as a "subtle, integrating principle in the body that coordinates all its functions; whatever it is that distinguishes a living person from a dead one."

"The image I have is like a mobile, and the center pole of the mobile or the center string is the vital force and underneath that is the immune system, the temperature-balancing mechanisms, the emotion-balancing mechanisms, the mental-balancing so that you're not always spacing but you're not always focused either," Shelton explains.

After homeopathy's rise in popularity and its advent in the late 19th century, it suffered a sharp decline in popularity due to the formation of the American Medical Association. The AMA was formed in part because of the popularity of homeopathy, according to Grossinger.

The emergence of scientific medical procedures replaced homeopathy and homeopaths were excluded from the AMA because of their involvement in a "nonscientific" practice.

Conventional doctors and physicians were blacklisted by the AMA for any interest in or practice of homeopathy.

"At this point, if you are someone who reads the medical literature, it's not really a debatable subject. There have been reams and reams and reams of studies that have showed that yeah, indeed, homeopathy is a real thing and it really does work," Shelton states.

In response to skeptics of homeopathy, Shelton retorts, "Homeopathy has been around for 200 years. Look it up."

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Nonprescription remedies are available to both skeptics and believers.
The morning starts with a stiff stretch and a struggle to get out of bed. As the aspirin and the morning coffee hit your stomach, you know that today is "another one of those days." As you fumble to get ready, you wonder why there have been so many mornings like this recently. You need something, anything just to get you going.

Sometimes, with a chronic health or fatigue problem, it takes exasperation before people relinquish the time and money to go visit a doctor, then another doctor, followed by another doctor. After being passed through the ranks, patients may be given antibiotics or other drugs that make them sicker. Along with all of this, the patient may only have the consolation of knowing they are fighting a nameless, curious, untreatable ailment.

Dan Nieuwsma of Lynden went through this whole process when he started losing his eyesight nearly 11 years ago.

Nieuwsma, at 30 years old, was in good shape and considered himself healthy. Within the span of a few months, Nieuwsma noticed a drastic decline in his field of vision along with his general well-being and emotional health.

"I spent years with Western medicine and I was going blind," Nieuwsma, now 40, said.

The eye doctors Nieuwsma was seeing started him on massive doses of Prednisone, an anti-inflammatory steroid. This drastic measure was used to keep the inflammation out of Nieuwsma's eyes. Each flare-up would cause hemorrhaging and scarring on the retina.

"(Prednisone) never did stop the inflammation; my eyes were always inflamed," Nieuwsma said exasperatedly.

Nieuwsma's lightly bearded face comes inches from touching the person with whom he is talking in order to get a shadowy glimpse of what his audience might look like. His striking blue eyes seem to twinkle with liveliness, curiosity and mischief, despite the fact that he is nearly blind.

Today, no one would guess the health problems Nieuwsma has had. His
small-framed body looks fit, healthy and very energetic.

A few years ago, Nieuwsma was facing a very different picture. He was at the end of his rope and did not see any way for recovery and began to get very depressed.

"Six-and-a-half years ago my eye doctors gave me three more years of any kind of vision and basically said I would be totally blind within that period of time," Nieuwsma explained in a thick German accent.

"It's unsure where the cancer came from. But treating the cancer consequently eliminated the side effect, which was the degeneration of the weakest part of my body, my eyes," Nieuwsma said.

At first, the eye doctor Nieuwsmma had been seeing for eight years was skeptical of the progress Tonskamper was making.

"I kept checking back and he was amazed at what my eyes were doing. After about a year he said, 'I'll have to take pictures of this. I've never seen a reversal like this in my life.' He told me he didn't understand it but not to stop because it was working," Nieuwsma said with a chuckle.

A very tall and thin woman with an angular face topped by short, graying-blond hair, Tonskamper talks to patients for a few minutes, doing a typical history of how they are feeling in general and what health problems might be appearing.

Unlike other doctors, it is unnecessary for Tonskamper to get a thorough history. Every germ that is even thinking about attacking the body will show up in her exam.

As Tonskamper gets everything in order, the patient is holding a copper tube attached to the dermitron that acts as a conductor from the patient to the dermitron.

"The machine I am hooking up, called a dermitron, will measure the electromagnetic field projections of the inner organs," she explained.

The machine works much the same way as an EKG does to measure electric messages from a patient's heart. Instead of only being able to measure the heart, however, she can measure every imaginable organ in the body.

"It's so exciting to see the sparkle back in people's eyes that have been sick for so long. Dan Nieuwsma is a perfect example. He is so strong and healthy now — a virus hits Dan's system and instead of dragging him further down, it just bounces right off," she said with a pleased smile.

Although it appears that she specializes in "miraculous" healing, Tonskamper insists that the dermitron does not take the place of all medical testing.

"We cannot assume that one test is all-encompassing. The dermitron simply takes some of the guesswork out of medicine," she said.

"For emergency medicine or acute cases such as meningitis or a broken leg, there is nothing like Western medicine. In those instances you have to go with Western medicine — you cannot take chances with your immediate health."

The doctor is well-trained in both Western medicine and homeopathy. Four years of college, four years of medical school and seven additional years of training in naturopathic and homeopathic medicine allows her to make a strong argument for homeopathy.

"Gudrun is our doctor now for the whole family," Nieuwsma said. "My kids won't take any medicine unless it's medicine from Dr. Gudrun. All they have to do is just take pills or medicine from vials and let them dissolve under their tongue. They don't taste bad, you cannot overdose on homeopathic medicine, and there are no side effects and no harm," he said.

The outlook for Dan Nieuwsma is looking better and better as the months go by.

"Six-and-a-half years ago, on a good day, I could see 20/400. On a bad day I couldn't see my hand in front of my face. I still have my cane. I was considered legally blind and then some.

"Now if I squint real hard with my glasses on I can see about 20/200. That's a big improvement," Nieuwsma said with a laugh.

"I'll probably never drive, but you know something? I'm not dead, I'm not walking around with my cane, and I can see my kids. I will always be thankful for that," Nieuwsma said.

So on those days when you just can't bear to get out of bed, you've been sick forever and nothing is working, remember there are other alternatives to consider.

It may change your life. It may, as in Nieuwsma's case, save your life.

Today, Dan Nieuwsma's vision is dramatically improved and continues to get better.
BellIngHAm Music Scene

Jam Session
American poet Carl Sandburg captured the spirit of the truly American art form of jazz in *Jazz Fantasia*. From the steamy Latin night clubs of Harlem, to the cool Mississippi, to West Coast Cool, jazz in all its forms is a lifeline to American culture.

Jazz has not only been a lifeline, but a parent to another American form of music — rock 'n' roll. The two are closely tied together in Bellingham, where jazz and rock reverberate in the same clubs different nights of the week.

**STORY BY HILARY PARKER**
**PHOTOS BY RYAN BURDEN**
"I've always been a big Jimi Hendrix buff, and all the stuff I've read about Jimi Hendrix says he was influenced not just by the blues, but by jazz musicians," explains senior Patrick Johnson, bespectacled in black-and-wire-rimmed glasses. In turn, Johnson has been influenced by both Hendrix and jazz. On one arm is a tattoo of Hendrix; on the other, a tattoo of trumpeter Miles Davis.

"The biggest connection I make with jazz is I found it on my own. No one ever told me to go out and buy jazz. I just went out and bought some by myself, and it really hit home with me.

"For example, the intro to Miles Davis' 'My Funny Valentine' — the live version — it gives me shivers. It hits something in my brain; it's a total emotional outlet. It just seems to have a lot more heart than other music going down these days."

Historically, the roots of jazz lie in the African-American heritage of this country.

Chuck Israels, a professor in the music department at Western and a jazz bassist who has played with the likes of tenor saxophonist John Coltrane and vocalist Billie Holiday, finds jazz to be indebted to the contributions of African-American culture.

Sitting on a stool in his airy kitchen that looks out over Bellingham Bay, he explains the language and heritage of jazz.

"Jazz is just a method of making music, and what makes music sound like jazz is a rhythmic inflection and rhythmic characteristic that has to do with the rhythms of the English language as it is spoken by regular folks. All of that has a big component that comes from Africa.

"We are horribly ignorant and dismissive of that part of African feeling and culture that makes up a big part of every American's life. Even those prejudiced, bigoted people who don't want to acknowledge any relationship to Africa at all are, as Americans, deeply affected by the fact that our ancestors dragged those folks over here and they brought their culture with them. They brought their lives with them.

"We, as a society, I think, suffer from ignorance of that. Lack of recognition that the thing that makes jazz American — any music that sounds distinctly American — sounds that way because it's got a mixture of African stuff in it. Otherwise, it sounds European."

That American sound isn't only music, but an emotion deep within the music. To listen to the wail, the husha-husha, the bang! is to listen to the energy and emotion in life.

"I think it's wonderful that jazz is a national treasure. We originated jazz in this country; no one else can lay claim to it."

Now in her mid-50s, Youngers started her music career at 18 when she wrote a "du-wop" song and recorded it with Johnny Otis. Over the years, she has traded career hats many times, but making music is still an underlying thread in her life. Sitting in her black, white and gray living room with the sounds of KPLU jazz radio enveloping the room, Youngers considers the music that is so much a part of her life.

"Joe Satriani would be a guitarist in the rock field who uses his music to let out his emotions. That's one thing jazz musicians tend to do — bring their emotions out through the music.

"Back in the early days, jazz and especially blues was considered strictly black music, and it was like a 'no-no.' It was way too passionate for the white population back in the '20s and '30s."

Today, the music is just as passionately alive and swinging in Bellingham. From Speedy O’Tubbs on Monday evening to the Blue Water Bistro for Sunday brunch, those searching for jazz in Bellingham have something to choose from nearly every day of the week.

Israels, a product of the New York jazz scene, comfortable in a gray turtleneck and corduroy Nehru jacket, looks his roots. Even his short, Caesar-like haircut is reminiscent of the '60s and jazz.

He cautions listeners in Bellingham to be discriminating in what they hear. Critics, he said, often cast a rosy glow on everything offered.

"Don't tell me the music here compares with the music in New York or L.A., or that it compares with the music in Seattle, which ain't so hot, either. And everyone has records to compare this with, so why don't they? And if they did, they would say, 'Huh, pretty good, but it ought to get better.' They can, but they just don't. The atmosphere is not around to bring that up, and that's a problem of a place like this," Israels said.

"We need to expect our local things to be good because, in my experience, there isn't all that much difference in the innate ability of musicians here and musicians in New York, except that the musicians in New York are obsessed with being good."

Youngers sees the differing quality of music not to be one of talent and drive, but one born of practicality. Between stories of her cat Sadie, who flits to the back of her chair and over to the guests for attention, she explained her views.

"What you have here in this town are people who play jazz on the off-hours because they love it. They would love to be doing it as a living, but they do other things. They can't make a living at it here. Down in Seattle and down in L.A., you have people making a living at it because they're in the metropolitan areas."

For Youngers and many of her friends, this way of life is a reality. "(Jazz) is a big part of our lives, but we do something else to earn a living."

Not everyone is trying to earn a living from jazz — yet. Students who are part of Israels' jazz program at Western are some of those people playing around town.

"Every opportunity they have to play in front of an audience is way better education than they get in school," Israels said adamantly.
Spencer Hoveskeland is making the transition from student to professional musician. He graduated from Western in December, but for two years has been paying his rent with the money he makes playing jazz in Bellingham. Thursday nights find Hoveskeland at the Beech House Pub playing bass, sleeves pushed up and eyes closed in concentration, as part of a trio.

"I'm there every Thursday — give or take a Thursday," he said as he put away his bass.

It is here at the Beech House that Hoveskeland really learned how to play the bass. Originally a cellist, he was new to the bass when he started the Beech House gig four years ago. "I got the job, but I really didn't know how to play," he admitted.

For Hoveskeland, Sunday mornings are set aside to perform at the Blue Water Bistro. As with many jazz acts in Bellingham, the players change weekly except for a few regulars. Hoveskeland, as "leader" of the trio, has the opportunity to book musicians to play with him each Thursday, allowing him to work with anyone he chooses, which often calls for him to look outside of Bellingham.

"When I book a job, I want to learn from playing with them," he explained. "You can get so disgusted with who's playing that you just about don't want to play."

Hoveskeland wants the musicians he plays with to be on the same wavelength as he is. To play with another musician not as interested in the music "is like playing Tonka trucks in the dirt and your best friend brings Barbie dolls," he said.

Similarly, Israels finds it hard to recommend a good jazz venue because of the changing musicians and differing quality of music.

"Here is an interesting thing," noted Israels, as he strolled around the kitchen preparing lunch. "It used to be that a club, a venue, for jazz would hire a particular group and that group would stay at that place and play there a lot, and another place would hire a different group. And so the places had an identity that had to do with who was playing there. If everybody plays in every different place, then that identity of place is gone."

This isn't always the case. Speedy O'Tubbs and bel Porto are venues that have a regular band each week. The difference may be that other nights of the week, the band changes and so does the venue's identity.

Bellingham may not have an all-jazz club, but the musicians of the Roadkill Jazz Orchestra who play at Speedy O'Tubbs every Monday night are devoted to the music and the venue. The crowd on Monday night isn't large. Only five people sit in the purple grotto that houses Speedy's stage, listening to Roadkill's first set. More listeners would trickle in: elderly men with caps and canes, middle-aged women, college students.

"I think there's support, but the jazz community needs a lot of coaxing," said Paul Baron, a trumpet player and a founding member of the band, while sipping dark beer between sets.

Roadkill, an 18-piece big band, got its name because some of the musicians travel down from Vancouver, B.C. or up from Seattle to play. The devotion of the band members, long drive and all, has kept the band going. The end of February marked Roadkill's 90th week at Speedy's.

"For us, it's the perfect size," Baron said of the venue. "There's sort of a history of Monday night big bands, starting in New York back in the '60s. Monday night is the off-night for musicians."

Baron, his frizzy hair pulled back in a pony tail, continued. "We want to get together. It's like a club for us. Every week I've got this going. I really like playing jazz; it seems like a real natural musical venue."

Johnson would love to see more venues devoted to jazz. "Look back at the be-bop era — Charlie Parker and Birdland. They were playing in front of a crowd in a pub scene." His face lights up and his hands stir excitedly as he imagines the scene. "If you're at a pub or a tavern, I think it's more relaxing, and you get a better feel for the music. It would be kind of nice to have a little jazz club in Bellingham."

Johnson's enthusiasm as a listener is part of what feeds Israels in his playing. He defines it as "a combination of a real knowledge of the language and an audience that responds to the best efforts of the creators."

"Making music of any kind is a big part of my spiritual life and a big part of my social life. It's what connects me intimately with a large number of people in the world. It's my intimacy on a big scale; it's what allows me to be intimate with more people at a time than anything else."

Youngers agrees. "Music can replace valium and drugs if you just let it... As a vocalist, it's really, really like you've died and gone to heaven to work with a really good, solid trio because you can create, and you don't have all that other stuff blasting your wig-hat off your head," she said with a motion of her hand.

Jazz has many different sounds: swing, be-bop, cool, fusion and a whole spectrum of other genres within the sounds of jazz. These parts together create a sum greater than the whole. As jazz continues to grow, and as long as the standards are still playing, the American language of jazz will live on.

To love jazz — the rhythms, Juan Tizol on valve trombone, "Willow Weep for Me" — doesn't require some sort of music degree or lifetime of exposure. Perhaps it's already inherent in the American soul. Sonny Rollins, Sarah Vaughan: jazz. Bill Evans, Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman: jazz. Ellington, Basie, Ella, Dizzy: jazz. All voices of our heritage, our music.

JAZZ

As Sandburg requested:
"Can the rough stuff... now a Mississippi steamboat pushed up the night river with a hoo-hoo-hoo-oo... and the green lanterns calling to the high soft stairs... a red moon rides on the humps of the low river hills... go to it, O jazzmen."

twenty-nine
April 1995