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Leita McIntosh
Western Washington University

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Klipsun

magazine



HOUND DAWGS
FILL THE AIR WITH
A SONG FOR COONS 4

PARK PASTIMES:
SIX PAGES OF PARKS,
PHOTOS AND SPRING FUN 14

GAMBLIN' FOOLS:
CARDS, BEER, MONEY
AND NO WOMEN 24





BOB PATTON
*Plotts, Blueticks and Redbones
howl for the coons on a
midnight hunt on Whidbey Island.*

4 HOUND DAWGS

SARA SCHOTT
*Two local artists create a
Paris street scene on the walls
of a Fairhaven bar.*

8 "FLAMBOYANT DECADENCE"

LIZ FRENCH
*Adoptees talk about the
emotional trauma and
the legal obstacles of searching
for their natural parents.*

10 WARM EXPERIENCE

SUSAN PARRISH
*Learning how to climb
a genealogical tree.*

13 SEARCHING FOR CLUES

KEVIN STAUFFER
*The story behind Bellingham's
award winning parks. Plus
a choice selection of places
to picnic and play.*

14 PARK PASTIMES

KATHY ZALEWSKI
*If it was a choice between
ship and shore, this
Western couple would pick
the former.*

21 LIVING ON THE MOON SHADOW

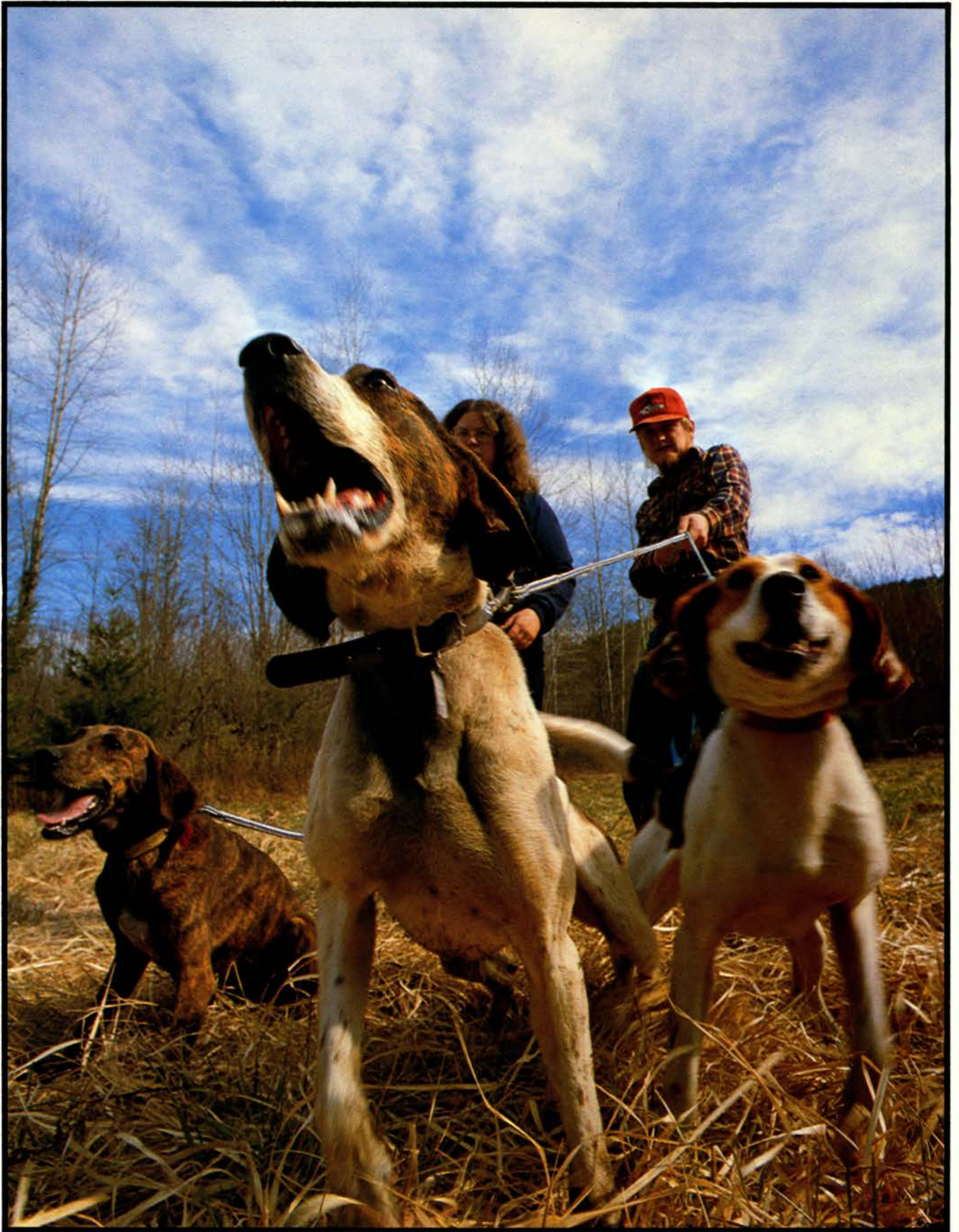
SARAH GREGORY
*Despite the glamour and the
gloom, Bellingham's card
sharks still play on.*

24 GAMBLIN' FOOLS

Klipsun magazine

V. 11 #4

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HOUND DAWGS

BY BOB PATTON

"We're goin' tonight. Can you make it?"

Bruce Silvia is on the phone to round up friends for the night's hunt.

"Drop by around seven. See you then."

He hollered to his wife Michelle, in the kitchen. "Jim and Sharon'll be coming," and resumed preparing for the evening; checking the flashlight, filling three thermos bottles with coffee, finding the dog leads—"Real bearskin. Fella down the road makes 'em."

Michelle was cleaning up after supper when they began to arrive, dressed in heavy wool shirts with long Johns peeking through at the neck, and big insulated boots.

These, each and every one, a houndsman.

Jim, a big man with a ready smile under his moustache and a miner's lamp attached to the brim of his baseball cap, said, "When I drove over through that little hollow, my Angel dog barked from the back of the truck. I think there's coon down there."

Bruce Silvia turned to the others at the table and asked, "Where're you guys gonna hunt tonight?"

"Well, we're goin' to Smuggler's Cove, give that a try," said Bruce's bearded brother Pete.

With that, three men stood, and, joking, laughing and buttoning their coats, went into the night.

Outside, Bruce's four hounds sat chained to their small houses under the stars, and in the back of someone's truck the vaporized breath of still other hounds puffed in anticipation of the night.

Silvia's dogs had not been fed tonight, and they knew what that meant. By the houselights, the dogs could see their master's bulky hunting clothes and his familiar red baseball hat with the illegible, grimy patch had been replaced by a dark wool cap.

"Let's go hunting," he called to the dogs.

Bruce Silvia, 30, has been hunting with hounds since he was 13, mostly for racoons, but also bobcat, cougar and his favorite; bear. He has lived and hunted on Whidbey Island for the past 15 years.

"Hunting with dogs gets in your blood," Silvia said. "To hear the dogs on the trail, working hard and doing what they're trained to do, and finally treeing their game, well,



that's what it's all about."

Silvia unclipped two of his dogs and brought them to his pick-up where he joined the other hunters.

Plotts, Bluetick, Walker, Redbone—almost all the major hound breeds would be running together tonight, each man's pack is selected to run at about the same speed.

"We take these same dogs bear hunting," Silvia said. "A fast dog gets killed before the rest get there, so we make sure they run together. Why, I lost one two years ago this way. Best damn hound."

Silvia drove with one hand and cradled a coffee cup with the other. He said good hound puppies can cost up to \$300, and vet bills, training and food can cost an extra \$1,000 before the dog is considered an able hunter. A good coon pelt will bring \$35, Silvia said, which is "barely enough to pay for dog food."

And sometimes, after all the coaching, training and patience, a hound may refuse to hunt.

"Got a hound at the house named Sam," Silvia said, shaking his head, "He won't tree. He'll run trail all right, but just won't tree. Got to find him a home."

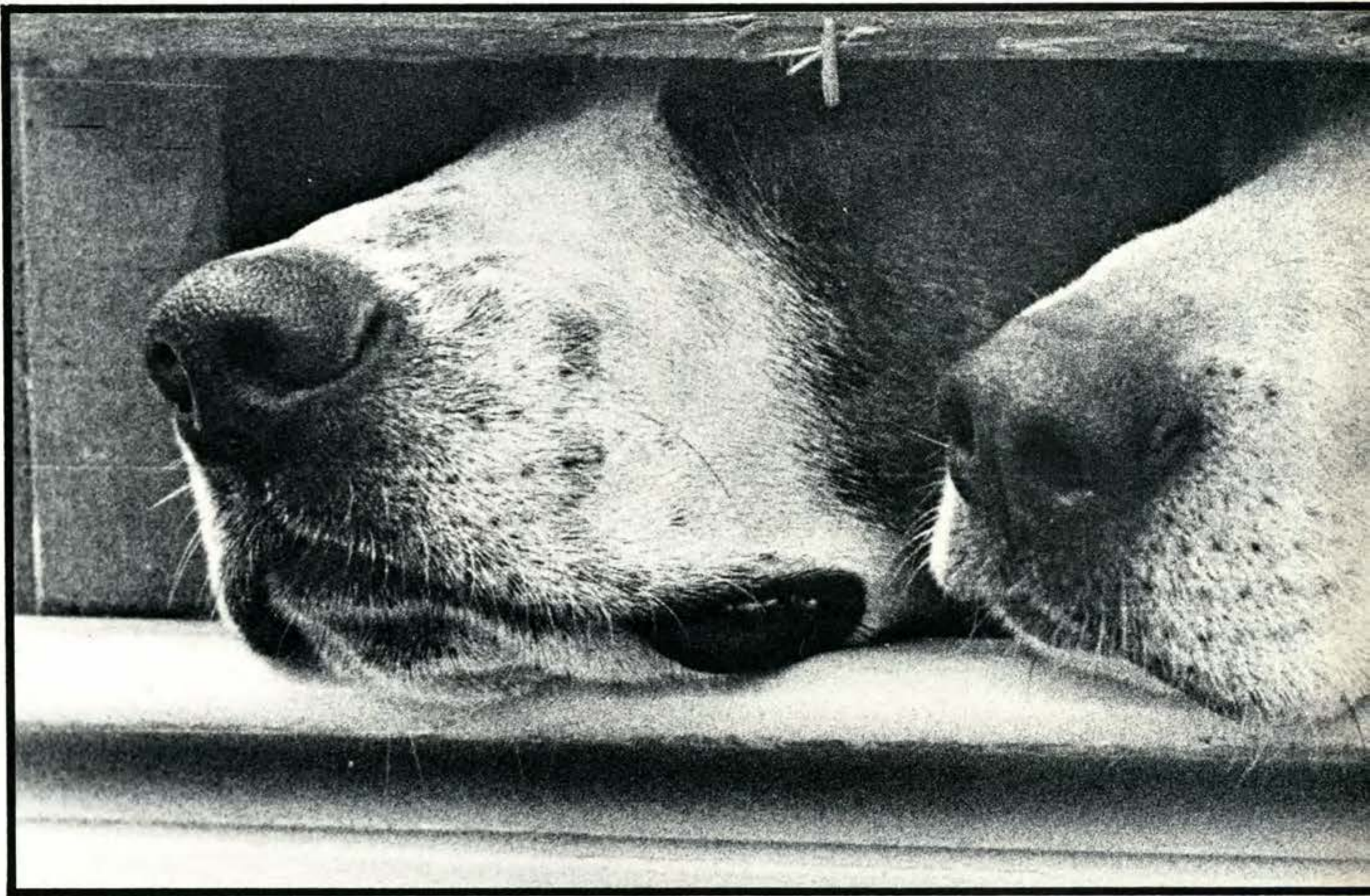
The CB radio crackled. "Hey Little Stinker, what's your 20 (location)? We turned loose on one just a minute ago," Jim's voice said, "and they treed it about 10 feet from a fella's back porch. He come out and says, 'How do you know that's not my house cat in that tree?' So I shined my light up in there and said back, 'Just look at them eyes!'"

The houndsmen laughed. "It happens sometimes," Silvia said. "Your hounds will tree a coon in someone's back yard, so you gotta get in quick, get your hounds and get out. Leave the coon be and hope nobody wakes up. And pray nobody shoots your dogs before you get there," he added.

Down the winding roads of Coupeville they went, and then onto a side road. Ahead, the parking lights of Jim's truck glowed from a turn out.

"I'll set Rowdy out here and road him up to you," Silvia said into the CB.

Silvia stopped the truck and took Rowdy, a Walker, out of the dog box. Rowdy is mostly white, with a black patch that looks like a saddle.



Silvia released the dog and climbed back in the truck. "Now watch how he roads," he said.

In the headlights, Rowdy stretched, then trotted ahead, sniffing the air, then the ground, then the air again, zig-zagging across the road. He is a well-kept dog, well defined, with no fat, and no ribs showing. Fat dogs get heart attacks, Silvia said, and if an underfed dog gets lost in the woods, he might die of starvation.

The dogs remaining in the truck whined and barked, eager to run.

"Rowdy is my most brokest dog," Silvia said. "He won't run deer, 'possum, fox or any other trash. When he barks on a scent and starts to trail, then we'll let the other dogs out."

Rowdy continued to "road" on past Jim's truck, with Silvia idling his truck along behind.

The CB cracked, "Guess my Angel dog musta picked up a stray scent," Jim said. "Doesn't appear to be any coon here."

The trucks head south. Silvia talks about the tricks a raccoon will use to lose a trailing hound. He said he has seen coons climb up one tree, cross on branches to other trees, and come down yards from where it went up, leaving hounds barking up the wrong tree. Coons will also try to lose their scent by swimming up a stream or lake. Another trick is to run through a herd of deer, hoping the dogs will chase the deer instead.

"Why, I've seen coons run down the middle of a

highway trying to shake the dogs," Bruce said. "A good dog will figure it out, though."

A coon "race" can take from a few minutes to several hours, depending on how cold the scent is, and how smart the coon is. A coon will run an average of about two miles before it runs up a tree.

"Now, a bear will sometimes run for two days," he said. "Dogs'll wear the pads off their feet runnin' after 'em."

The hunters reach a logging road across the island and Rowdy is again let out, this time with Angel, Jim's Bluetick hound. The dogs sniff along, testing the air, trotting up the road. Suddenly, Angel's head snaps to the right, and she charges into the woods, baying in a deep, long bawl.

"Got one!" Silvia said, and he and Jim turned the rest of the dogs loose.

Rowdy and Rock, a rust-colored Redbone, hung back, sniffing, looking up into trees, and giving an occasional bark. But Angel's bawling proved irresistible, and they, too, charged into the woods.

The hunters stood, bathed orange in parking lights, and listened to the hounds. The dogs' voices were long and drawn out, others were shorter, more abrupt. And one had a high-pitched, shrill voice.

"Those dogs that go 'ouuuuu, ouuuuu,' when they run are called bawl-mouthed dogs," Silvia said, listening. "Ones that go 'you, you,' are called chop-mouthed. That high sharp one is called a squall-mouth."

The barking, eager at first, slowed, and sometimes



would stop completely. Minutes went by, and the baying became distant and sporadic. The conversation among the hunters stopped as each strained to hear the dogs. Faintly they sounded — then nothing. Silvia decided they had taken the wrong direction on the scent, and as they ran, the trail became colder and harder to find. Dog scent obscured the trail for back tracking, so the dogs continued to run ahead.

"They've gone over the ridge," Jim said. "I'll drive around and try to hear them from the other side."

Silvia was worried. A highway was on the far side of the ridge. A dog on a trail runs with his nose to the ground and doesn't look up. If a raccoon had run across a road hours earlier, the dogs would trail it, and possibly run, head down, in front of a car.

Silvia decided to drive for the highway in search of his dogs.

He heard a faint baying, but couldn't tell if it was an echo. He drove quickly for a better vantage point. Houses lined the roads where not long ago, only prime hunting woods stood.

"I've hunted on this island for 15 years," he said, struggling to keep his coffee from spilling while driving the winding road, "and every year it gets smaller."

Silvia tries to run his dogs as far from houses as he can. One old man who threatened to shoot the dogs had just built his shack in a place that cut off access to almost four square miles of woods. Silvia said he wouldn't bring his

dogs to this area again and risk having them shot. He wasn't bitter. He'd seen it happen too many times.

He stopped the truck and stood in the road, cap off, not moving. He couldn't hear any baying now. A house dog barked far away, but it did not have the music that a trailing hound does. A thin sliver of a moon cut the night sky, and the bright stars looked down on Bruce Silvia standing on the highway lines, straining to hear Rowdy's deep baying.

"Angel's back," cracked the CB. Silvia sighed. One dog in, hopefully the rest were right behind. "Here's Rock, and here's Rowdy."

The dogs had given up the trail and returned to where they were dropped off. Jim was waiting for them.

It wasn't a good night for hunting. No coons, and almost no dogs.

Rolling into his driveway at 4 a.m., Michelle was almost asleep. As Silvia chained the dogs back to their houses, the babysitter came out and asked if Bruce's brother Pete had contacted him on the radio.

"No," Bruce said, "why?"

"Well," the babysitter said, "I guess he was hunting at Smuggler's Cove and lost all his dogs. Wanted to know if you'd help look for them."

Bruce Silvia looked up at the stars, then over in the darkness towards Smuggler's Cove. He sighed. Then he went in the house to call his brother on the radio. □



FLAMBOYANT DECADENCE

BY SARA SCHOTT

Art in progress, usually a private affair, has gone public as two local artists finish a mural that reaches around the walls of Cabaret Toulouse, the bar at Fairhaven's La Creperie Restaurant.

On the third floor of the Marketplace Building, La Creperie serves thin eggy pancakes at indoor and terrace style tables.

About a year ago, Bellingham artists, Laurie Gospodinovich, 21,

and Harold McNeill II, 20, began conversations with the owner, Henning Jensen, when they came to dine. Their talk turned to remodeling the restaurant to include a lounge.

Jensen decided to call his new bar Cabaret Toulouse because of his personal fancy for the work of Henri Toulouse-Lautrec. Lautrec's turn-of-the-century paintings of Paris street scenes inspired the

kind of mood that Jensen wanted to create in his lounge.

After making arrangements with Jensen, Gospodinovich and McNeill designed a mural for the bar that would reflect Lautrec's style.

The artists chose a lively street scene that moves out into the room, using an electric lamp actually wired through the wall and the canopied tables found on

“As an artist, a man has no home in Europe save in Paris.”

—Fredrick Wilhelm Nietzsche

the restaurant's terrace.

Before the painting on the mural began the artists selected the interior decor. McNeill chose a flourishing wallpaper and designed a deep red booth that serves as seating for the bar.

Actual painting on the mural began about six months ago. First, the bright yellow walls were covered with white latex. Next the scene was roughed in and the background was painted.

Using oil-based enamel in egg carton palettes, the artists worked together painting in the evening to take into consideration the light and shadows in the bar.

Some of the figures are fantastical, some almost seem familiar to bar patrons, but all pose in tension to create a mood that McNeill calls “flamboyant decadence.”

“We're more sensitive to that side of reality,” McNeill said. “Not only dark, but in shadow.”

He feels the mural came out less-French than the artists originally intended. Local likenesses started showing up in roughed-in characters. Gospodinovich even painted Jensen into the middle of the mural. The smiling figure greets everyone who enters through the swinging door.

“We like to get a reaction,” Gospodinovich said.

One regular patron swears he's seen an identical scene in a place that he knew in Paris. Another customer found the piercing gazes so frightening that she left the bar without ordering a drink. Yet another customer reacted to the mural by complaining that no minorities were represented.

The artists themselves gain varied reactions from even their own appearance. Because of their aesthetic preference for black clothes, the couple has created a

mystique that they feel is often misunderstood.

Referring to this, McNeill quoted his favorite author, Nietzsche, “Individuality threatens the hoardes' image of themselves.”

Perhaps the success of the

mural, and the artists themselves, stems from an ability to create strong images that in turn demand strong reactions.

The mural should be finished in the next two months. La Creperie is open from 8:30 a.m. to 11 p.m. □





WARM Experience

BY LIZ FRENCH

Who do I look like? Where do I come from? Who am I? Everyone asks these questions, but this "identity crisis" so associated with adolescence is something some adoptees live with all their lives. They have no knowledge of their real parents, brothers or sisters, or their roots. These questions can only be answered by natural parents — the persons who relinquished them as infants, for one reason or another.

To answer the questions, to find the origin they never knew, many adoptees search for their natural parents, particularly their natural mother.

This "need to know" motivates most people to search, said Donna Accimus, executive director of the Washington Adoptees Rights Movement (WARM) in Bellevue.

Amy P., a 25-year-old adoptee from Seattle, launched a search for her medical history in 1979.

"I petitioned the courts through WARM and there was no problem in getting the records opened," she said. "We started the search in October, 1979 and found my natural mother in May, 1980."

When contacted by a WARM volunteer, Amy said her

mother couldn't accept the fact that her relinquished daughter was looking for her. "She didn't understand and refused to cooperate."

After a switch in volunteers working on the case and another contact with the woman to clarify that Amy's search was for medical reasons, the woman contacted WARM in December, 1980.

Amy said she talked with her natural mother on the telephone and drove to Yakima to see her. "The closer to Yakima I got, the more scared I got."

"When I got to the house she ran and hid. She finally let me in 15 minutes later. It was like seeing an old friend. It's like I've known her all my life."

The adoptee said her natural mother was threatened by the whole thing at first. "I can't believe she's handled it this well. She's been living in fear. It (giving Amy up for adoption) was something that had scarred her all her life."

"It's not a sensational story," Amy said. "It's just another step in my life, something that seems really natural and really good."

Every search is different, though the process is the same. Access must be gained to confidential court records, the parent must be located, contacted and sign a release form before his or her identity is disclosed to the adoptee.

"A person who chooses to search for their heritage has to go into it with a very open mind. You're going to hear some negative things and some positive things," said Joanne Ecalbarger, a 44-year-old Bellingham resident who found her natural father, a grandfather and two aunts through the search process.

"All of the sudden I went from no relatives to all kinds of them. I don't think I could have handled it as well as I did if I didn't have such an open mind."

WARM was started in 1976 by Mary Kirk and a group of persons interested in searching and unsatisfied with outdated laws and the lack of available assistance. The members helped each other in the search process, pioneering the intermediary system of using an impartial third party to contact the parent. In this system each individual does his own search, but the intermediary always makes the preliminary contact. An intermediary can also do the entire search, involving the adoptee only when a meeting is arranged.

"The intermediary system was new and controversial, and it still is now, especially on the East coast where they're more radical," Kirk said. She explained that the traditional method of searching for natural parents, which is widely accepted in the East, advocates the adoptee searching and contacting the parent on his own. "They don't think anyone else should be involved."

WARM and the intermediary system has grown in the past four years. The original group of about 10 persons has expanded to an estimated 1,000 members across the United States, Accimus said.

The intermediary system has become WARM's trademark. Since adoption records are closed in Washington and most states, an adoptee must petition the courts and obtain a court order to open the records pertaining to his own adoption, Accimus said. Records may also be opened when a natural parent petitions while

trying to locate an adult adoptee.

The applicant must show "good cause" for the records to be opened, according to Washington state adoption law. Medical concerns often prove good cause, but each petition is reviewed by a committee. Of Washington's 39 counties, 37 of them will open records if good cause is proven by a petitioner, said Accimus' husband Andy, WARM's vice president.

When adoption records are opened they are given to a court-appointed intermediary, who has taken an oath of confidentiality. The intermediary may also be assigned to a specific case by WARM.

An adoptee's search officially begins when the intermediary has the adoption records. Information contained in the records varies, but usually includes at least the name of the natural mother and her last listed

"A typical reaction is an intense desire to see the child and end the burden of guilt . . ."

address. Polk city directories, which offer a complete listing of all city residents, telephone directories and any public records can be used in the search.

People born before the records were closed have access to their adoption file at any time. King County closed its records in 1935 and Spokane closed the records in 1943, Accimus said. Open adoption records are just like any other public record. This assisted Accimus' search since she was born in 1934. She said her search took one day. Within the span of two and one-half hours she discovered her mother's identity and the fact that she has six siblings.

"It's neat and sometimes it's overwhelming," Accimus said. "You just have to back off for a while."

Accimus and her husband located her mother in northern California and contacted her through an intermediary. "We exchanged letters for a year, then she came up to visit me. I have found a lovely friend," she said.

Once the search is completed and the natural parent is located, very few people refuse to reveal their identity to the adoptee. WARM has a two percent refusal rate, while the national figure is about three percent, Andy Accimus said.

The increased number of adoptee searches and WARM's intermediary system have inspired recent and controversial legislative action. The Washington State Legislature's committee on Ethics, Law and Justice is deliberating a bill that would amend adoption law in the state.

"An adult adoptee should have the right to know," Andy Accimus said. "For the most part these people aren't going out to look for their parents, but their biological heritage."

The bill is meeting with strong vocal opposition from a small group of adoptive parents in Pierce County. Accimus said he feels they're afraid of their own responsibility. "They were promised these children to be theirs and that's what they want. They're afraid of losing their children's love and that's not going to happen."

Ecalbarger, in discussing the relationship an adoptee has with the natural and adoptive sets of parents, said, "Your adoptive parents, even if you find your real mom or dad, are always your real parents. They were the ones who raised you."

"You have emotional ties to your adoptive parents that you don't have with your real parents," she explained. But she acknowledged the mysterious tie to the natural parents saying, "Somehow there's a blood tie of some kind. I can't explain it, but it's there."

The opposition is indeed small when compared to the 97 percent national success rate. This does not necessarily imply *immediate* success, however. Dean said some people "really react" when contacted by an intermediary. It comes as quite a surprise to most persons who relinquished children, sometimes 20, 30 or 40 years earlier.

In the initial contact the intermediary explains that the adult adoptee is searching for his biological heritage and would like to contact his natural relatives. The birth mother or father is free to refuse the request, at which time the records will be closed permanently, Dean said.

The initial reaction of the natural parent is often a refusal to be contacted by the adoptee. In this case the intermediary leaves her name and a telephone number where she can be reached if the person changes his mind or wants further information.

Another aspect of the issue is that parents also experience the "need to know" about the children they relinquished, Dean said. "Some birth mothers call to leave their name and address if an adoptee begins a search."

"The traditional belief that the birth mother wants nothing to do with this (being reunited with the relinquished child) and, above all, wants her privacy protected has proven to be a myth. A typical reaction is an intense desire to see the child and end the burden of guilt and fear the mother has borne all these years," said Normal B. Ackley, chairman of the King County family law committee, in a report of the county's procedure regarding petitions for opening sealed adoption records.

"Many birth parents agree to being found, but will not search for the children they gave up. They feel they would be interrupting their children's lives," Kirk said.

Amy P. is an example of this attitude. She is a birth mother, as well as an adoptee. She relinquished a son five years ago and says she feels "confident" about adoptions, knowing from her own experience that they can work out well.

"I hope he someday would try to find me. I wouldn't look for him. I'd hope he'd feel happy and secure in his life so that he wouldn't feel incomplete," she said.

Reunions and subsequent relationships between adoptees and their natural relatives are varied. "They don't all turn out to be a beautiful relationship, but many do," Andy Accimus said.

"Meeting with my mother, seeing a face that looks like mine, had a lot to do with my own growing up," Kirk said. "It doesn't matter what they were, who they were, where they were. It's just knowing that's important, just knowing." □

Agatha Christie's Bellingham counterparts sift through mountains of information, prowl around old attics, listen to long-forgotten tales, chase down rumors and enlist the aid of international accomplices.

BY SUSAN PARRISH

The local "detectives" trod through muddy cemeteries, ancient attics, and dusty volumes searching for clues to piece together the puzzle. After the fieldwork they congregate in a secluded room in the basement of the Bellingham Public Library to discuss their progress on the "case."

The "detectives" are members of the Whatcom County Genealogical Society, and the "case" is genealogical research.

Genealogy is the study of family descent traced through oral histories, official documents like birth certificates, and personal documents like diaries. A genealogist uses the framework of the five-generation pedigree chart, which lists the name and date and place of birth and death for a child, his parents, his grandparents, his great-grandparents, and his great-great grandparents.

Determination, persistence, and drive are all essential to those who are truly interested in genealogical research, according to Daisy Wikberg, who founded the Whatcom County Genealogical Society in 1969.

"You have to keep working on it. You have to be a good detective to sort out clues. Don't let anything douse your spirits," Wikberg advised. "Keep going no matter what."

Wikberg was so successful in tracing her ancestry that she

Searching For

CLUES

wanted other people to know about genealogy. "It was so interesting. Now it's gratifying to see young people (in their forties) come to the meetings, hold offices, and get involved."

Whatcom County Genealogical Society meets monthly to discuss genealogical research problems and solutions. Each meeting features a lecture focusing on a specific research topic such as obtaining military records or making contacts in the genealogically rich New England. The society offers a beginning genealogy course to new members, and helps with research for the \$5 annual membership fee.

The society recently compiled two sets of books, "Cemetery Records of Whatcom County" and "The 1900 U.S. Census of Whatcom County," as research aids. These books are housed in the genealogy section in the mezzanine of Bellingham's public library. The society also publishes a quarterly bulletin of queries and histories which is exchanged with 125 society bulletins in the United States and Canada.

Bellingham Public Library and Western's Wilson Library are good places to begin genealogical research. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints Branch Libraries in Ferndale and Mount Vernon are other local information sources. Among other centers for

genealogical information are the Seattle Federal Archives and Records Center and Washington State Historical Society and Library in Tacoma.

One problem genealogical detectives encounter when researching records is surname changes. Muriel Larson, society member, explained, for example, that Icelandic people formed surnames through patronymics, which is forming a surname by adding either '-son' or '-dotter' to the father's name. Jonas Svenson would have a son named Sven Jonasson, but his daughter would be Inge Jonasdottir, until she married and took the surname of her husband.

The genealogist does not do all of the detective work. Wikberg, for instance, wrote all over the United States to get information about her genealogy.

"Some people were just wonderful. Almost all my success I owe to correspondence," Some people took pictures of her family tombstones and others dug through old records in local libraries.

When Larson needed records from eighteenth-century Iceland, she wrote to an Icelandic college student who did research for her.

Joan Long, another society detective, said the state archives in Seattle maintains a list of professional genealogists who can be hired to solve specific genealogical problems.

The hours of researching eventu-

ally pay off. Long's hunt revealed that her ancestors had come from England on the Mayflower and the location of the church in England where her grandfather was christened. Larson found an ancestor who owned a large plantation and 31 slaves. In his will, he bequeathed a slave to each daughter for "one dollar, love, and affection." Larson's grandmother's family worked their way west by helping to build the railroad to Oregon.

Some society members share their findings with distant family members, while others publish their findings. Wikberg wrote and published a family history entitled "Henry Todd Striker and Amanda Rosetta Striker: Their Ancestors and Descendants." This book is available in the genealogy mezzanine of Bellingham Public Library.

Young people should question their parents and grandparents for genealogical information while they are still able to answer questions that could otherwise take years of research to answer.

Is all the research worth it? Long said for her it was, even though genealogy can be frustrating. Sometimes you don't know where to begin and you don't know exactly what you're looking for, she said.

But when it's done a sense of historical perspective and personal involvement with the past are two guaranteed rewards for those willing to search. □

Park Pastimes

BY KEVIN STAUFFER

Perhaps some of Bellingham's best kept secrets are its wooded trails, saltwater shorelines and lakes and streams. The City of Bellingham and Whatcom County have joined together to create this park-lovers' paradise, and their efforts are starting to gain national recognition.

In 1979 the National Recreation and Parks Association and National Sports Foundation gave Bellingham the National Gold Medal for a parks system in a city under 50,000 in population.

"It's not that we're the best system, but it's what we're doing to be the best system," said Byron Elmendorf, director of the city park and recreation department.

Together, the county and city parks departments are responsible for almost 7,000 acres of land. The two agencies differ in age, growth status and program objectives, yet they accomplish a goal by providing open areas in an expanding community.

"The city is into high-use, athletic areas, while the county is more for historic preservation and outdoor interpretive uses," Elmendorf said. "We complement each other very well and we cooperate: for example, they do senior programs and we do handicap programs."

Elmendorf became director in 1978, taking charge of a program with a history as old as Bellingham itself. Most city park property was donated by Bellingham pioneers in the early 1900s. Elizabeth Park, the area's oldest facility, was contributed by the Roeder family in 1883.

One of the newest acquisitions is Boulevard Park. Opened in June, 1980, it was a first step in the city's attempt to secure public waterfront along the length of Bellingham Bay.

"Bellingham has been a city since 1903, but there has been no public access to the waterfront," according to Rick Fackler, long-range planner for the city. In a three-year study known as "The Bellingham Plan," one goal listed in open-space planning calls for increasing "the availability of publicly accessible saltwater and fresh water shorelines for recreational purposes." Fackler said Boulevard Park is part of this plan.

Whatcom County Parks originally purchased land in the Boulevard Park area in 1967. The park is now jointly owned by the county, city and Port of Bellingham.

Originating in 1965, the fledgling county system currently is responsible for approximately 22 parks and trails.

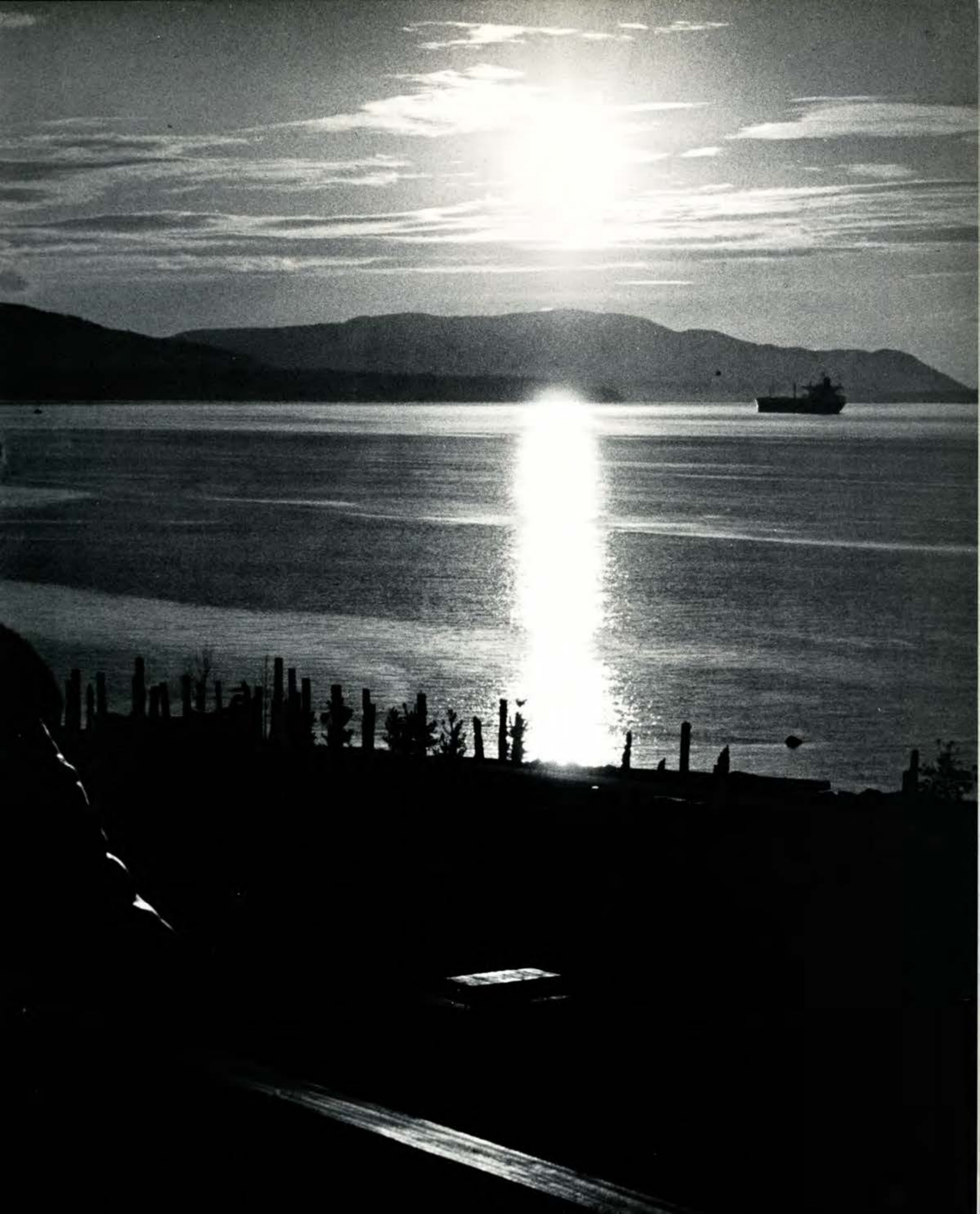
Those who launched the park board in 1965 realized that available land in the county was rapidly rising in price and would soon be unavailable to the public if not purchased immediately.

"They foresaw that Whatcom County would grow in leaps and bounds and they also saw there was no parks system," added Gary Chadwick, county parks operation manager.

The county board left for two bond issues, one in 1968, the other in 1973. Both passed, netting the county a total of \$4,782,622. The Interagency Committee for Outdoor Recreation (IAC) chipped in \$1,663,606 by 1976, adding monetary greenery to the new system.

Under former director Ken Hertz, now Bellingham's





Mayor, Whatcom County Parks used bond money and matching IAC funds as the primary sources for purchasing 4,000 acres of property.

The county was "very aggressive," buying land before private developers controlled prime areas, Hertz said.

"The county parks system started because of a lack of public waterfront property," he said. "Subdivisions were taking hold and the waterfront lands were rapidly disappearing."

Samish Park, dedicated in July, 1968, was the county's first project. The area provides 39 acres of land and 1,500 feet of water frontage on the lake.

"At that time, the parks board (formed from laymen in the community) wanted to know whether the public wanted to have quality or quantity parks," Chadwick said.

Public response favored the quality of Samish Park, Chadwick continued. At the same time an advisory board was formed from special interest group representatives. This board determined access to fresh-water beaches and historical parks were the two top priorities, Chadwick said.

Park building continued with the quality factor in mind. Growth was heading toward rural areas at that time, Chadwick said, but the federal government has now determined that city populations are expanding; therefore, cities are receiving the majority of park funds.

The federal government has "a huge control" over funding sources, including the IAC, Chadwick added. Applications for matching funds are judged by the IAC, who also receive pressure from lobbyists. If federal lobbyists determine that funds are better spent on city parks, money is not available for the county, Chadwick said.

IAC funds can only be applied to new projects, he continued. The county could conceivably afford new land, but would be left with an insufficient maintenance and operation budget to care for the property.

The county program has been cut back by \$163,771 during 1979-80. Wage increases of 10 to 12 percent, coupled with inflation, have led to the release of seven park employees in the last two years, Chadwick said.

"These are tough economic times for parks, or for anyone for that matter," Hertz said. When cutbacks come, park systems become one of the first "scapegoats," he added.

"The county might find itself in a position to apply for redevelopment funds soon," Hertz said. "When you have good projects you get funded; the city has come up with some pretty good projects but I don't think the county has had any projects lately."

Whatcom County Park's biggest project has been maintaining quality, according to Chadwick. Keeping those standards cuts back maintenance costs and possibly forestalls the need of redevelopment funds.

"We have very little vandalism, mainly because of quality," Chadwick said. "The parks look so nice people are scared of carving away on them." Ninety percent of park spending is tied into wages, paying for those who maintain property.

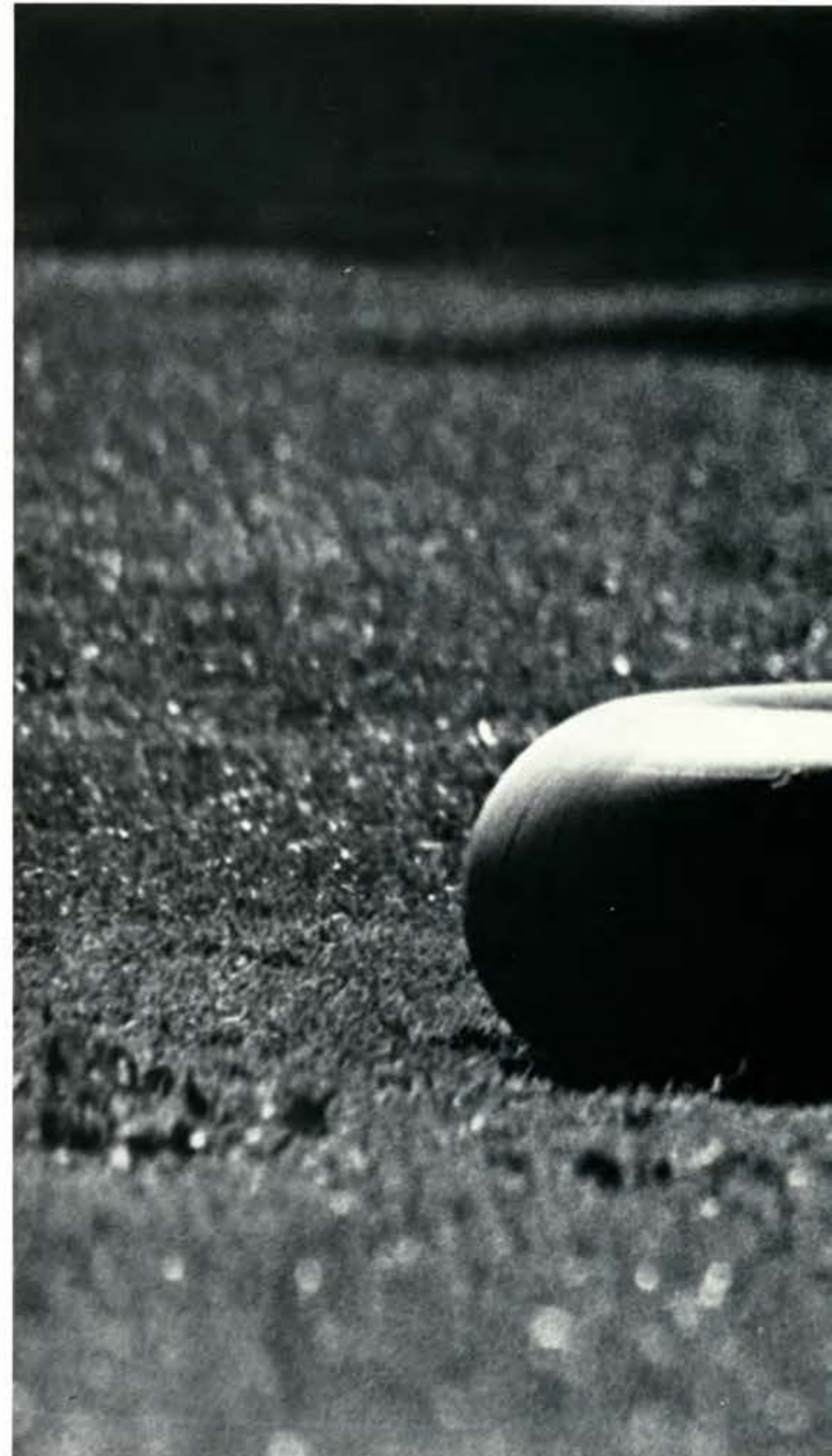
"Remember that the park board policy is to build quality, not quantity," Chadwick restated. "Even if we

have to close parks, like Tennant Lake, that's what we're going to do to keep quality parks."

Tennant Lake, 248 acres of property near Ferndale, had been closed until a \$9,000 donation from Intalco allowed the park to be open on weekends.

While the county squeezes by on donations, the city system has transferred enormous federal grants into facelifts for several parks.

Cornwall Park had its facilities upgraded, including installation of tennis courts, with a \$300,000 grant. Additional funds helped the city with its part of the Boulevard Park purchase; \$625,000 in state and federal grants aided in the purchase of territory at the mouth of Whatcom Creek; and another grant of \$800,000 let the city



hire a combination of skilled labor and Youth Community Conservation Improvement Program workers to develop the Whatcom Creek site.

"We've received over a million dollars from the federal government this year," Elmendorf said. "We've utilized over one-half million of that in labor grants to get union people (who work with YCCIP youth)."

Bellingham's city park operation received the largest federal grants allotted to Washington state in 1978 and 1979, Elmendorf said.

Two elements are essential to successful grant writing, he continued. "You have to have a salable project supported by community need, and you need salesmanship, demonstrating a commitment by having

matching funds," Elmendorf said.

City funding has been phenomenally successful in recent years. It may be a matter of balance, according to Mayor Hertz: "The county grew rapidly; the city was behind but now it's catching up."

Through teamwork, Bellingham and Whatcom County residents probably will not notice or care who leads in funding. As long as open recreation space provides a buffer to industrial and community expansion, walking in the park will remain the quickest escape.

Diversity in settings and facilities were the main criteria. Here are special places to beachcomb and hike, play tennis and ride horses, swim and fish. Enjoy!



Saltwater



Boulevard Park

Located just a short walk from Western, Boulevard Park, below State St., is the newest of Bellingham's city parks, dedicated just last winter.

Perhaps Boulevard's biggest attraction is that it is one of the few bayside parks within the city limits. The park covers six acres of lawn bordered with winding walkways. When the tide is out a small rocky beach is uncovered. Fisherman and crabbers can make use of a recently constructed pier that spans a small inlet.

Under renovation is a pottery studio operated by Whatcom Community College. Also available is a floating dock for sunbathers and boaters to use when the wind dies and the sun comes out.

The park is graced with its own art collection. A granite rock garden and a fantasy ship made for children were commissioned by local artists. A third piece, located near the State St. entrance to the park, is an appealing sculpture of wood and iron, called "The Conference Table."

Another feature of the park that makes it so popular is the spectacular view of the bay, downtown and the mountains to the north. Picnic tables, barbeques and a restroom have been added to complete the park atmosphere.

Larrabee Park

A ten-minute cruise down beautiful Chuckanut Drive leads to the rocky cliffs and secluded beach of Larrabee Park. Although this marine retreat is under state jurisdiction, it deserves mention as one of the area's favorite seaside parks.

Acres of wooded trails lead to various look-outs near the shore and a boat launch allows public access to the bay. Although overnight camping is not permitted, the park has ample picnic facilities, including some sheltered cooking areas.

One of the more unusual features of the park is an amphitheatre that is used for outdoor plays and concerts. When not in use, the grassy seating area is great for playing catch or stretching out in the sun.

Larrabee Park is also noted as a good place to rock climb. On just about any sunny, dry day, climbers can be seen scaling a 100-foot rock wall above the water. The wall can be reached from the boat launch area.

But the reason most people go to Larrabee is for beach walks. Nothing is more relaxing than poking through the tidal pools, picking up bits of driftwood and watching the sun set over the islands in the Sound.

freshwater

Silver Lake Park

Beautifully laid out over 411 acres, Silver Lake Park is the perfect spot for campers, equestrians and historians. Located near Maple Falls, 30 minutes east of Bellingham off the Mount Baker Highway, this tranquil lake is equipped for day or weekend excursions of all kinds.

For those who like to 'rough it,' the park offers 60 individual campsites, some with water and power. A separate camp for horsemen is equipped with stables for 64 horses, and 28 campsites for their riders. The park's expanse of lush forest is interwoven with hiking and horse trails.

Prior to being purchased by Whatcom County in 1967, the park was used as a private resort, a homestead, and was the site of much logging in the early part of the century.

Today, a historical museum displays artifacts from those early days — an added attraction that complements the park's old-time rental cabins on the shores of the lake. Watersports include fishing, swimming and boating. The county built a new boathouse and dock, and rents rowboats and pedalboats for hourly rates. A few luxuries include a cafeteria, a small grocery store and locker rooms with showers.

For the newcomer, Silver Lake abounds with recreational possibilities. For county regulars, the park is a convenient and scenic retreat.

Whatcom Falls Park

The creek that once powered Bellingham's first lumber mill is now a recreational haven for fishing, tennis, swimming and quiet afternoon walks.

Whatcom Falls Park, 241 acres located near the western end of Lake Whatcom at 1401 Electric, is full of contrasts. On the west side of Whatcom Creek is a series of scenic trails, where dogs can roam without a leash and where local equestrians can ride undisturbed.

The highlight of the creek is a multitude of pools and waterfalls, perfect for a secluded summer swim. Fishing is allowed for children 14 years old or younger.

Near the center of the park, the Washington State Game Department operates a trout hatchery. It includes a number of cement ponds containing various sizes of fingerling trout, and is open to visitors every day from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Two recently completed tennis courts mark the entrance to the park. These were built as a result of Bellingham's 1978 Park Bond Issue, which also provided money for improved parking and restroom facilities.

Whatcom Falls Park was established in 1908 by the Young Men's Commercial Club of Bellingham, which purchased the first 41 acres for \$12,000, about half the land's true value. J. H. Bloedel donated equipment, and the Whatcom Falls Park Club erected rustic bridges over the creek, a community building and picnic shelters. The city later purchased the remaining 200 acres. The facilities have since been updated to include basketball hoops, children's play equipment and an open field suitable for recreational soccer, softball or frisbee.



Fairhaven Park

Fairhaven Community Park, with its brick arches, rose gardens and grassy fields, offers a reminder of a time when money was not spared and craftsmanship and beauty were still cherished.

Built by the Olmstead brothers — designers of New York's Central Park — in 1920, the park reflects the grace of past days. On the north end of the park is a National Rose Society test site. These hybrid flowers fill the air with their scent every spring and summer. Several white cupolas complete the area.

The park's two tennis courts were resurfaced and equipped with new nets. Next to the courts are swings and innovative playground equipment for the younger crowd. A cement wading pool is filled each summer for the kids (and adults) to splash in.

The park, 107 Chuckanut Drive, has plenty of room to run the dog, throw a frisbee or play touch football. The softball fields are usually full when the weather permits. The park also is equipped with barbeque grills and picnic tables. A jogging trail is being constructed along the creek that flows through most of the park. The wooded trail, when completed, will link up to Boulevard Park and offer joggers an alternative to running on busy streets.

Perhaps one of the nicest features of the park is its quietness. Traffic sounds and other day-to-day noises are filtered out by more natural sounds of people at play.

Hovander Homestead Park

Hovander Homestead, located on the banks of the Nooksack River near Ferndale, is an ambitious combination of historical sites, a wildlife sanctuary and the customary park facilities.

The homestead, donated to the county in 1971, includes a turn-of-the-century house, furnished with antiques, a massive barn that now houses vintage farming equipment, and various other outbuildings.

The park manager raises pigs, chickens and goats, and tends a variety of donated farm animals.

The acreage includes another classically-built farmhouse that serves as a historic and interpretive center. Inside, visitors can walk through displays and photo-essays on the surrounding farmland, how it was formed, and the nearby Lake Terrill sanctuary.

The lake is confined to a shallow, marshy area of the property. Once impassable, the county is building a path and boardwalk through the marsh. Although the walk is not yet complete, visitors can make the partial trip through the marsh to the lake. The twisting boardwalk meanders through dense tangles of swamp grass, bushes and gassy waters.

The lake also is a haven for migratory fowl. Birds from as far away as South America fly in each spring to nest with the hawks and other local birds that make the lake their year-round home.

The Nooksack River, at the northern end of the homestead, has formed a beautiful sandy beach. This is a favorite spot for swimming or innertubing. Nearby, picnic tables and grass fields provide a place to eat and play.

A climb up the five-story water tower is particularly revealing — it enables the visitor to appreciate this very special and well-preserved part of Whatcom County.

To get to Hovander Homestead, drive north on I-5 to Ferndale. Take Exit 262 and drive 1/4 mile west. Take the second left and follow the signs.





Living On The Moon Shadow

BY KATHY ZALEWSKI

When you live in a house, one problem you *don't* have is sitting down for dinner and watching your plate slide across the table. But if you live and eat in the galley of your boat, you get used to battening down the hatches *and* your dinner plate.

Most people consider a boat a form of recreation. But to one Western couple, their boat is their home.

Tom and Carolyn Beard live on old Coast Guard retiree, is working Squalicum Harbor. Tom, a 47-year-old, is working on a master's degree in history. His

wife Carolyn, 46, is an English major.

The Beards purchased the Moon Shadow in Bellingham and moved here in September to attend school. Formerly they had attended Peninsula College in Port Angeles where they own a home.

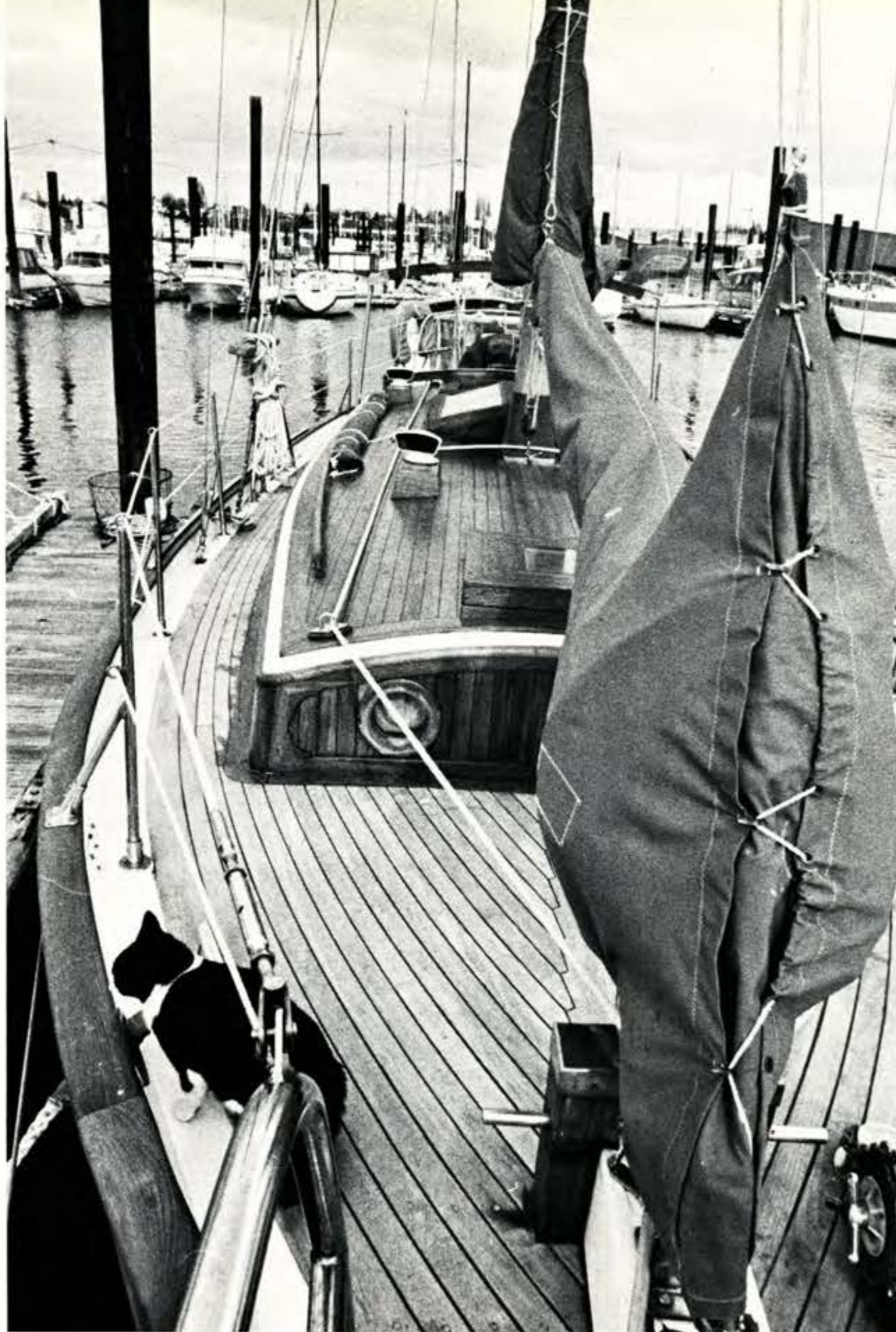
The couple finds living on their boat cheaper than an apartment and maintenance is even easier. "Living on a boat is a convenience," Carolyn said.

Monthly costs for the boat include about \$36 per month for dock space and about \$20 a month for metered electricity. Two small

electric heaters keep the living quarters warm during the winter months. In the summer, portholes are opened for ventilation.

The boat has all the necessities for a simple life, including a galley, bathroom and sleeping and dining areas. A built-in desk and bookshelves provide a "quiet and peaceful study area," because the only forms of entertainment are a radio and tape deck, Tom said.

Sitting at a table in the teak-finished living quarters of their home, Carolyn said living on the boat has its advantages and "eliminates some of the drudgery of



housework.”

“Space needs seem to shrink,” said Carolyn, “you get used to not having a lot of room.”

There are no mandatory daily chores, Tom said, but occasionally the bilge pump is turned on to make sure the boat isn't taking on water. Other chores include routine plumbing and general maintenance, he said.

One of the disadvantages of living on a boat is the problem of cashing checks and using credit cards, Tom said. People are generally suspicious because boats are easy to move, he said.

Some other disadvantages, Tom says, are the lack of a bathtub, and the quarter-mile walk to the car. But the self-contained environment,

mobility and low maintenance make it all worthwhile.

The Beards have always been interested in boats and had a dream to “someday get a boat and sail away,” Carolyn said. And that's what they did.

After Tom retired from the Coast Guard, he, Carolyn and their daughter Pam went to Florida and purchased a boat. They spent one year cruising to the Bahamas, along the Gulf Coast and up to Maryland.

Pam took correspondence courses during this time, but after reaching Maryland, they decided to ship the boat to Port Angeles and send their daughter back to school.

Though traveling in their boat has basically been pleasant for the Beards, Tom recalled one bad

experience on the Shark River in the Everglades.

They were anchored on the river, he said, near a fishing boat with eight to 10 men on board. Later in the afternoon, a skiff with three or four men appeared and began shooting at the fishing boat. The Beards were caught in the cross-fire and got down on the bottom of the boat.

No one was injured but Tom suspected the incident involved drugs, because the area was known to be a drug-drop area.

While in Key West they found the townspeople disliked people living on boats. “They equated anyone living on a boat with the drug culture,” Tom said.

“A boat person is a person without a society,” he said, “kind of like a man without a country.”

“They tend to keep a low profile,” he said. It's a whole different lifestyle and he thinks these people are generally more easygoing.

Tom says the lifestyle doesn't change when they go on vacation. Packing is spared because they usually take their boat.

Two bicycles were used for transportation in port, Tom said, but soon rusted from the salt water. They do have a car in Bellingham, but it is seldom used because they prefer to take the bus.

Getting hit by a tug boat one morning was a memorable experience for Tom and Carolyn, even though no damage occurred to the boats.

A few days after Christmas, they were docked in Port Angeles and sitting down below reading the Sunday funnies when the tug struck. Tom ran outside to see what had happened and didn't have time to change out of a red nightgown he had gotten for Christmas.

“You should always go to bed wearing what you'd be expected to go on deck with,” he said. On a boat, you don't have time to change clothes when something happens, he added.

An architect from Seattle designed the boat and had it built four years ago in Taiwan, where teak and labor are cheaper. Today the boat would cost over \$80,000.

The extra wood on the exterior is part of the custom design, but requires more maintenance, because it has to be oiled, Tom said.

But the interior of the boat is also unique in some ways, he said. "In the evening, it's exciting to flush the toilet, because the photoplankton come in through the pipe and make the bowl sparkle and glow," he laughed.

Sailing to Australia or the Caribbean are future plans for Tom and Carolyn. But right now they would like to finish school.

Tom may eventually teach after finishing his master's degree and they would like to stay on the boat, if possible, he said.

They would also like to sail the San Juan Islands more but find themselves too busy on the weekends, Carolyn said. "But the potential is always there," she added.

To the Beards, the Moon Shadow is a "vehicle of discovery" and the place they call their home. □





Gamblin' Fools

BY SARAH GREGORY

Paul is 30 years old. His hair is dirty and sparse. His soiled jeans and cheap torn shirt look as if they haven't been washed in weeks. The booth he occupies at the bar reeks of cigarettes and urine. Paul considers himself glamorous.

Nightly, he "goes to work," he says, at the establishments where he plies his trade. His is a vocation that revolves around a green-felt covered table. Usually seven or eight other men, very much like Paul, sit with him.

Paul is a card player, poker to be exact. It's a job he has picked up over the years, one that keeps him away from the more conventional ways of earning a living. He claims to be "the best" in Bellingham, praise he bestows upon himself without any trace of pride. He just "knows the cards, knows the plays, knows the players." It's about all he needs to know.

The places where Paul and other poker players test their mettle each night are the three, rather seedy, local beer-drinking holes with legal card rooms: Danny's, Welcome Inn and the Waterfront Tavern. They resemble the well-kept gaming parlors of Reno, Las Vegas or Lake Tahoe as much as a hog resembles a deer. The local betting arenas are distinguished by cigar and cigarette ashes ground into the rug, and are littered with portions of beer labels torn from bottles by the nervous hands of some players.

The Welcome Inn walls are adorned with beer advertisements, mixed in with Christmas trimmings someone forgot to take down. And the bright light of fluorescent lamps is filtered by a thin curtain of white-grey tobacco smoke.

You won't find any Amarillo Slims attired in custom-made Western-style clothing playing here for \$100,000 winner-take-all pots. These card rooms, with two or three tables each, are strictly what even the novice would expect: small potatoes, indeed. The highest bet allowed is \$5 — pots rarely exceed \$50. A "card-man" is always on



hand to make sure no laws are stretched or broken. Broken laws can result in misdemeanor fines and ultimately a revoking of the card license if too many incidents occur.

Although the settings are not big-time, the players who drift in here night after night seem, or better, claim to have the same nuances of the real high-rollers.

Like Paul. "All poker players are glamorous," he says, running his fingers along the rim of an empty schooner glass. "You got to watch the cards, know where everything is goin'. Man, I watch those cards like I watch nothin' else, even women. It takes more than luck to play this game. It takes skill. You got to have wits and intuition. It's a fantasy."

But that fantasy is brought down to bottom-line reality when one considers what the players receive for their nightly efforts of wagering. Paul boasts he has won \$500 on good nights and sets himself a limit of losing \$200 a night. ("All good players set a limit," he explains.) He claims, however, to usually win at least \$100 a night.

Whether the winnings are boasts or reality, 16 to 20 people filter in and out of each tavern nightly to try their luck at the different tables. Every conceivable kind of poker is played from seven-card-stud to highball-lowball. The dealer chooses the game and winners become dealers. The card rooms open early in the day and fill up around 8 p.m. They usually stay full until the 2 a.m. closing time.

Many times the only customers in the taverns are the players, but the bartenders of the three taverns disagree on whether the card trade is really a boon to business.

Dave Parrish, bartender for Danny's tavern, says the card trade "is our business, without it we wouldn't have any." A block away at the Welcome Inn, Howard Franklin, bartender, says he sells a lot of beer and hot dogs to the players, but said they might come in anyway.

But the card tables bring in some extra money for the taverns. Neil Nunamaker, investigator for the Washington State Gambling Commission, said taverns can charge



the players a maximum of \$1 per half-hour. All three local taverns do, but the tavern owners must pay an annual license fee of \$500 for two tables and \$750 for three. No more than eight players are allowed at one table.

Tavern owners also must pay taxes on the \$1 fee charged to players. In 1979 (the most recent figure) Bellingham collected \$11,142 in taxes.

Taxes and licenses are not the only things that are costly. The price a gambler pays is sometimes very high, a spokesman for

Gamblers Anonymous says.

For men. Women have long frequented taverns, but are not part of the local poker players' society. Occasionally, a woman will watch a male friend play, but rarely joins in.

Women are not made to feel welcome, self-proclaimed 32-year-old poker aficionado John says. This is a man's game. The language and the company are rough, he adds, and he doesn't believe the men would play as well with women.

"You just can't read a woman like you can a man," John says. "You always guess them wrong."



Poker players like to know the people they play against. Vern, an ex-card player, said that local players rarely try for the big time in Vegas because "in small towns they are the big fish in the little pond."

To many, like Bill Ross, the company is as important as the game. Bill, 51, a portly man with bushy red hair and beard, is an ex-small-time executive from Los Angeles. He left his steady job and constant pressures behind to come up north and do what he loves best — play poker.

He makes no claims to large winnings, but admits to an annual fig-

ure of "almost" \$8,000. He does odd jobs around town to supplement this sum.

"I got two boys at home, they understand this is the way their pop wants to earn his living," Bill says.

He adds that "card people" understand each others' motives when other people would be hurt or offended, he says. Bill tells of the time his son Jim, who also plays cards, came to visit from Los Angeles and immediately took off for Canada. Jim was gone for two days playing poker. The father

claims he didn't mind a bit.

"I do the same thing when I visit him," he adds.

The camaraderie that Bill talks about is questionable. John, who plays nightly with Bill, says he never heard of him. John's outlook, perhaps like other card players, is less than congenial. He says he's good at all the different games. Better than other players. And considers himself fortunate.

"I'm good," he says. "I learned the hard way. I watched and waited. Now I can beat the game, I can beat 'em all." □

