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## Klipsun Magazine, 1974, Volume 04, Issue 03 - February

D. Starbuck Goodwyn  
*Western Washington University*

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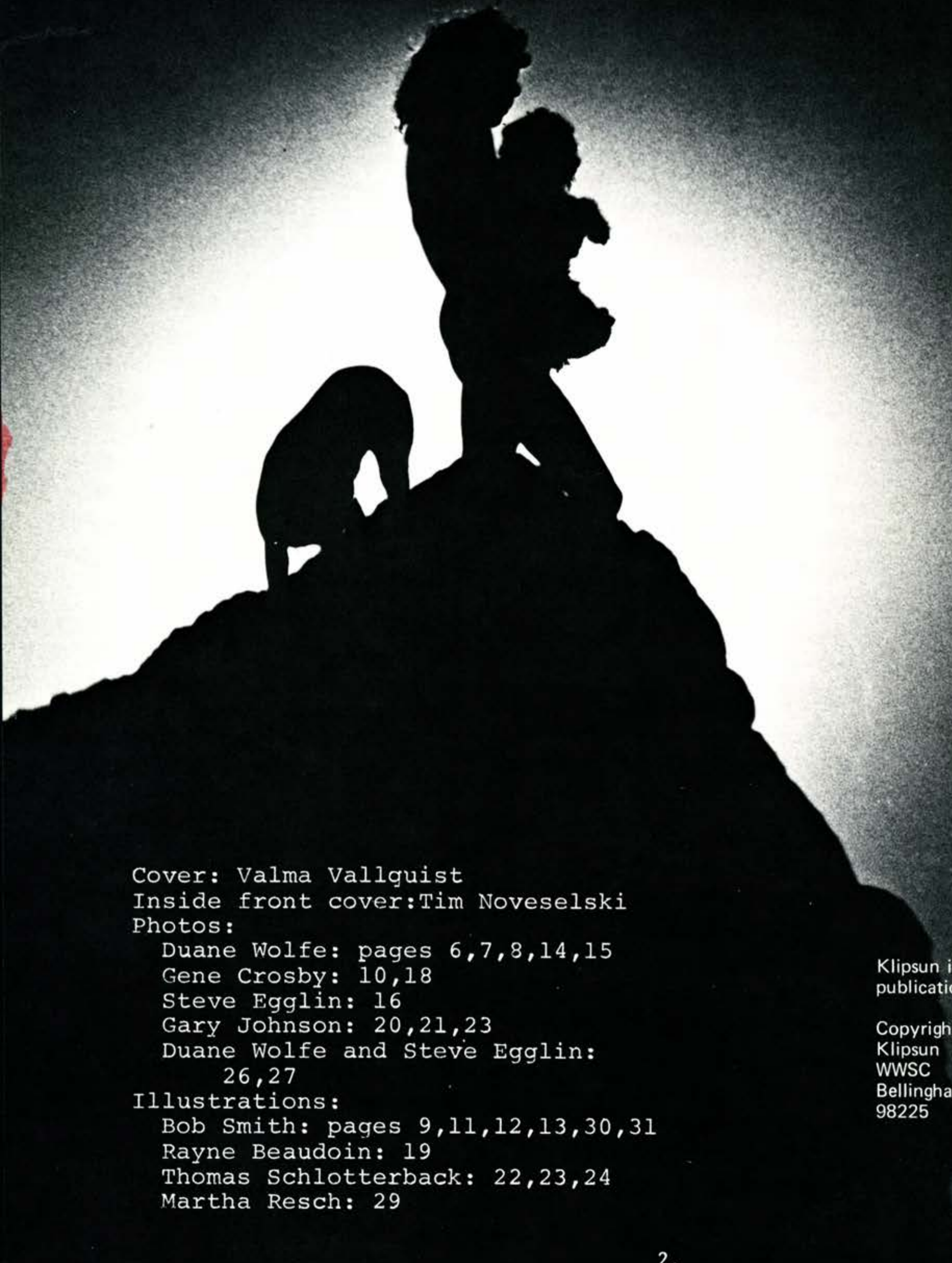
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# KLIPSUN

February 1974





Cover: Valma Vallquist  
Inside front cover: Tim Noveselski  
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Duane Wolfe: pages 6,7,8,14,15  
Gene Crosby: 10,18  
Steve Eggin: 16  
Gary Johnson: 20,21,23  
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"Who pasted the illustration upside down?"... "Second time you drank my coffee!"... "Where the hell is page two?"... "One more day of this and I'm going back to the Western Front!"... "Some damned idiot put his bubble gum on the light table again!"

And heartbeats away from deadline comes a silence. She's stuck together. Glances steal around the room... eyes meet and smile. Tremulous smiles turn to yelps and somebody says, "We made it again!"

Here's the crew that 'got it together' this time, disguised as workers:

*Writers:* Jan Perry, Bruce Blizzard, Elizabeth Teatsworth, Jim Brooks, Sonja Brown, Charlie Child, Ray Furness, Sharon Nunn, John

Harris, David Peterson, Ken Rosenthal, Benno Steckler, Bob Sims, Bernie Thomas;

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Resch; *Editor:*

D. Starbuck

Goodwyn.

GETTING IT

TOGETHER

Anybody can put a magazine together. The formula is amazingly simple. Just lay all the stuff out on a table, preferably near a busy corridor, and every damned fool that walks down the hall will tell you how to do it.

Then there's the real way. Lock the staff in the production room, provide them with gallons of coffee, keep a big club handy to stop the fights, a big bottle of aspirin to stop the headaches, and pray a lot.

A magazine staff is like a good tight ship's crew. There's no place for dead weight, prima donnas, or axe grinders, and there's no ranking of importance. Each person learns to master his own skill and learns to respect the skills of others.

There's always lots of time to get it together - or so it seems - the first few days of each production period, and then suddenly time evaporates. Rewrites... changes in story and layout ideas... pictures won't fit... text too long... and it gets worse as the deadline gets nearer. Nerves fray and temper darts around the room like a snake tongue.



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# Does anybody out there know our name?

We'd like to find out -- and towards that end we're establishing a forum to air your ideas. Letters to the Editor Department will be a standard inclusion in future issues of Klipsun.

It is meant as a vehicle for our readers to express their views on magazine content, appearance and mission.

A magazine editor and his staff must be likened to a dramatist delivering his lines to a darkened and mute audience. With no sighs, no laughter, no current of emotion flowing between the watchers and the watched -- the lines fall empty and flat.

Klipsun is a WWSC publication. It is one fragment of the many creative arts that comprise the complete circle of our liberal education. Through the voices of our readers we may come to better interact in that role.

Letters do not have to bear signatures, but PLEASE don't sign fictitious names, as the practice could quite easily lead us into a costly law suit. (Some fictitious names belong to some very real people.) In consideration of space and interest, we must of course claim the editorial privilege of cutting or excerpting letters.

  
D. Starbuck Goodwyn



# THE PHONE KEEPS RINGING

*. . . and ringing, at the Program Commission  
as Nils Von Veh creates a musical renaissance.*

The Program Commission at Western is really blowing people's minds this year.

— KPUG disc jockey

VETERAN WESTERN STUDENT: It sure is good this year!

WESTERN ROOKIE: You mean it wasn't always like this?

by Ken Rosenthal

"Aha!"

The shout erupts as the phone hits its cradle. Tall, angular Nils Von Veh, Western's Program Commissioner, jumps from his desk like a dancing umpire hollering "safe" as he faces three sets of startled and bemused eyes. He is beaming.

"I think I've got another biggy," each word emerges smiling from his mouth. You'd like to take his joy home for dinner.

"Who?"

"Maria Muldaur."

"When?"

"May."

His eyes take in his excited audience, then turn inward. Perhaps he is visualizing dark, sensual Maria captivating a sell-out audience; perhaps it is midnight in Bellingham, an oasis he has brought to flower; or perhaps he is filing his excitement in its proper slot — May is a long way off, the Bloomfield concert is three days away, Newman is fast approaching, I've got a lot to do.

Before long the office is back to normal. The phone rings again. And again. People drift in and out. Alan



Ginsberg's agent sits on the sofa compiling a list of potential bookings. Heidi Hencken, in charge of Program Commission publicity, works at her desk. An army of musicians, actors and artists gaze approvingly at the scene from their places on the office walls (a kaleidoscope of posters, charts and pictures that would do justice to any promoter's office.) The radio filters through the bustle. The phone rings . . . again.

From this bustling office/ringing phone has emerged a series of musical offerings of incredible excellence. At a time when many discouraging and portentous events are taking place at Western, an exciting thing is occurring. A small group of dedicated and energetic students have provided the college community with a wide variety of fine concerts, first-rate films, intriguing and challenging speakers. People used to complain that Western was a dead place. This year's Program Commission has erased that notion completely.

Von Veh is well aware of the Program Commission's importance to Western: "I really see what I'm doing as a motivation. Of course, If the school has no academic validity for people, there's no motivation for them to stay. But, I think the greatest dissatisfaction with people before the academic dissatisfaction came out was that there was nothing to do on this campus. I think we've filled that void . . . You know, I'm sure there are people in Seattle





going "What is all this shit that's happening in Bellingham? Maybe we'll go there."

The "shit" so far, has been outstanding. John Prine, Bonnie Raitt, Ry Cooder, Winter Consort, Weather Report, Mike Bloomfield, Randy Newman, The Whole Earth Celebration — all were tremendous successes aesthetically, all were attended by an obviously appreciative audience and all were the result of well-directed sweat on the part of Von Veh and his competent staff.

The Commission does not intend to stop sweating. Plans are constantly evolving — a "Gathering of the Spirits" is tentatively planned for April. Ginsberg may be there. Michael White, prominent among a select group of outstanding jazz violinists, will appear in mid-February. Muldaur is tentatively set for May. A rock 'n roll surprise is still in the works.

And the phone keeps ringing.

Certainly a good deal of the credit must go to the Western audience, which has been nothing less than incredible. John Prine was visibly turned on by the overwhelming response he received, exchanging quips with his audience and clowning around on stage. The result was one of the most satisfying concert experiences imaginable. Bonnie Raitt, who was very much in doubt about how she would be received in Bellingham (Where are we? . . . Does anybody know me here?) was put at ease the minute she walked on stage and was greeted by a hall

full of rabid, shouting fans. During and after her performance she was bubbling with praise of her audience ("I'd like to take them with me").

When Mike Bloomfield and his group arrived they were haughty and aloof, and insisted before their performance that there would be no encore. They gave a twenty minute encore to a wildly enthusiastic audience.

Von Veh is grateful: "The people for these concerts are . . . very receptive, they support what's going on, they're really into it, and if it happens, they come. Right now I'm really into satisfying that audience."

But the tremendous audience was responding to tremendous talent. And the person whose musical vision, whose energy and intelligence, brought that talent to our emerging performing mecca is Nils Von Veh. He is the "father" of our musical rebirth, and his job is perhaps the hardest and most time-consuming on campus.

He became Program Commissioner through an awareness, as he puts it, of "a morass of incompetence" in most college program setups. "When I first started," he relates, "I don't think I realized the scope of what I was doing . . . I didn't realize how much was involved in trying to attempt what this is."

Nils has been quick to develop the very difficult, and highly subjective, knack of blending his personal musical tastes with the general and varied taste of the Bellingham audience. His criteria for choosing an act has nothing to do







with popular appeal. "What I'm doing," he says, "is giving people a chance to play who are really into playing . . . My emphasis is on getting people who perform well live. I don't necessarily care if they've had a hit record. Randy Newman isn't coming up here to promote his records; Randy is coming here to *play*, and he's not coming up here for the money because he doesn't need the money — he's into it and wants to do it, he wants to stay in touch with what people are getting off on."

It took a long time, Nils admits, to get his footing with agents and managers, with whom he must deal, primarily, over the phone on a purely intuitional level. To hear him converse with one of these cagey "pros" is to realize that his footing is now very sure.

It took me a long time to develop the knack for it," he says. "People try and hustle your ass . . . so you kind of have to see through the trips that people lay on you. Those people are so good at it, they're so smooth in a way that a traveling salesman is, in a way that a lot of people who try and sell you things are. Twenty-five per cent of the people are real shucksters, trying to sell acts at overpriced, totally inflated levels. Most of those people — I've just developed a knack when they start quoting that stuff to me I say 'fuck you' and hang up. That's really all you can do, and after you do that a couple of times they start realizing that you're not going to take that shit from them . . . Most agents think that college programmers are a real easy mark."

Although it has taken a few months for Nils to develop a working relationship with some of these people, he now has good contacts in the industry and is in the comfortable position of having agents approach him with offers, a sign of hard-earned respect. He is now firmly plugged into the booking agencies that represent most of the talent in the

country.

People have asked him why he doesn't bring in people like the Allman Brothers, Pink Floyd, McCartney and Wings. One reason is the inflated prices such groups command. Another is taste: "I'm into people with genuine talent. the good performers that aren't AM stars . . . (those who) still like working, who still aren't that well known and that can be put in a good facility. I've demanded that the performers have a certain uniqueness that is not always commercial . . . All the people with no taste I've let down."

He feels that it is very important for the "new music" of people like Weather Report, Winter Consort and Michael White to be heard. It is one of Nils' most gratifying accomplishments that he has been able to give this music a forum.

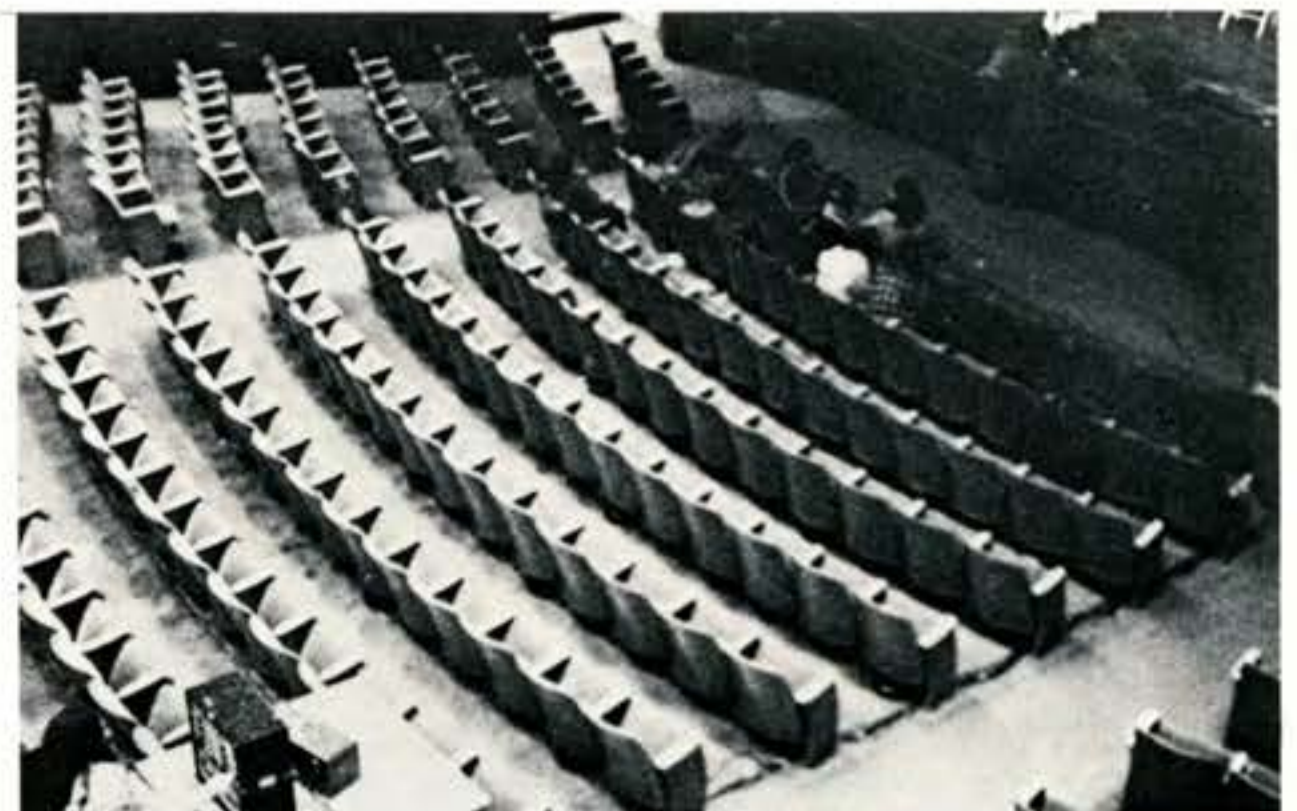
The Randy Newman concert perhaps best sums up what the Program Commission under Nils' direction is — what it has become. When a friend of Nils asked him about getting Newman, Nils told him he was crazy. But the prospect of having such an intense musical genius intrigued him and he called Newman's personal manager, who doubted the possibility but said he would call back in a couple of weeks. Newman doesn't tour. He has only very recently begun to do any concerts after a two-year layoff, and he is very selective about where those performances take place. The manager called back, asked Nils to tell him about Bellingham, then made an offer — Randy Newman is doing Western.

**AFTER MIDNIGHT, JANUARY 27.** The crowd is gone. The thunderous applause of a few minutes ago had lingered long after the final magic note, but is also gone. The security crew wanders through the aisles in search of debris. A janitor methodically wields a push-broom up and down the rows of seats. The sound crew packs up.

Nils Von Veh, an exhausted smile on his face, lingers at the scene of an intimate evening with a gifted artist. He realizes the part he has played in creating this evening — and he is satisfied. Somewhere out in the night over 1,500 people share his feeling.

And next year? Will the Program Commission drift into lethargy? Will everything Nils and his staff have accomplished be squandered?

Next year's Program Commissioner answered these questions with an emphatic "NO!" — and reached for the phone: "Nils Von Veh here . . ." **k**





# VIKING II

## The Crunch Crusher!!



**Can Western's mighty mite win the Canada to Mexico race? An under the hood look at Tech's entry in the coming international race.**

by D. Starbuck Goodwyn

Good evening, sir. Another rainy day in Bellingham, eh? How much gas today?"

"Better give me three gallons. I've got to go to Seattle, and back."

"Fine. That will be 75 cents. Have a good trip."

The car that pulls away from the gas pump is no toy, nor is it a Jules Verne dream. It's a slick-looking model with dynamic lines that easily rivals the most expensive car on the road today. Full leg room for driver and passenger, safety harness that must be in place before the engine starts and a fuel consumption rate of 50 miles to the gallon at 70 miles per hour, are just a few of the innovations of Western's Viking II. The car is an "in-progress" project with a proven ancestor (Viking I) that will occupy the energies and talents of 75 to 100 Western Technology students before it rolls out of the shop and is performance-tested in competition on a Canada-to-Mexico run in the summer of 1975.

Dr. "Mike" Seal, Associate Professor of Technology and faculty advisor for the project, explained the department's approach to the energy problem.

"It's really a two-pronged attack. We're working at it from the angles of make the 'push-power' more efficient and at the same time present a lighter load for that power to deal with. Here, I'll show you what I mean." As he and some of the students working on the project showed me dozens of innovations they've worked out toward accomplishing these goals, I began to see the dream materialize — and I learned some startling facts about auto engineering.

Dr. Seal pointed out that when industry first marketed the internal-combustion car, the machine was 25% efficient in utilizing its fuel. More than a half-century later, in the mid-sixties, they had upped the efficiency all the way to 28%. Now with the antipollution laws, we are approaching the 25% level again. The remaining three-quarters of the energy goes for things such as heat and friction reduction and operation of subsidiary or 'comfort' items, such as heating, cooling, power brakes, steering and window control.







Author Emma Rothschild says in a recent book, "The trouble with the auto industry today is its obsession with its earlier patterns of production and sales."

Western's Tech Department is in the happy position of being able to ignore this factor and consequently they are creating a machine that could answer many of America's personal and national energy problems.

Mike talked about the problems of "drag" and "laminar flow." "Drag, as used here, is any resistance to the moving vehicle. Laminar flow refers to the air flowing around the contours of the car's body. Any curvature of more than 10% will disrupt the laminar flow and cause turbulence that holds the car back."

John Eaton, a design student, working on one of the models, said that some Detroit cars use a full 70% of their energy at high speeds just pushing the wind.

Viking II will hold to the 10% angle as nearly as possible, with all outside surfaces molded and sealed to keep air resistance to a minimum. Three scale models of Viking II, each with different lines and contours, were designed by students and tested in the wind tunnel at the University of Washington, to test their aerodynamic variables.

In order to further reduce drag, Viking II will be shod with radial tires (30% less friction, and truck companies reporting up to 15% fuel savings through their use), ball bearings throughout, which create less friction than roller bearings, and a net weight of 800 pounds for motor, transmission and differential. In many Detroit models, the engine alone is heavier than Viking's total weight.

The second prong of Tech's attack begins with a

62-horse-power motor made by Sabaru in Japan. An intake manifold, which will place the dual carbs a full 12 inches above the engine, designed and built by Tech majors Corry Hildenbrand and Don Wark, is only one of the innovations that will boost power to around 80 h.p. Some of the features designed to get the mighty mite more miles per dollar have patent possibilities — foremost among these is a system where two of the four engine cylinders and their supporting systems cut out at lower power requirements, allowing the car to cruise effectively on two cylinders.

When I asked about safety of the diminutive dodger, the Tech people came on like acid rock. Eaton explained the body and chassis construction. Made of honey-combed aluminum faced with fiber glass, the unit is structured to withstand a 28 m.p.h. side collision with no injury to the car. The mid-mounted motor with trans-axle running gear will give the car maximum stability, and occupant restraining devices will hold the driver and passenger firmly in place in a tumbling car.

On the antipollution front, Tech is shooting to meet or exceed 1977 Federal requirements. Special carburation on the 1,100 c.c. Sabaru permits it to burn propane gas, which presently can be bought for around 23 cents a gallon and gives off less wastes than gasoline. An exhaust system that features forced air and constant creation of a catalytic agent, will convert the deadly carbon monoxide gas to a dioxide which is harmless to animals and beneficial to plants. The entire energy release system is built with control of harmful emissions as a prime consideration.

The bitty bomb's ancestor, Viking I, is stabled in the Tech shop, but she's not resting on her laurels. "She's still a working gal," Dr. Seal said, as he gave her sleek orange body an affectionate pat. "We're taking everything we learned from this one and applying it to the new one."

Viking I was placed in international competition in 1971 where she competed against approximately 50 other machines. The Western entry copped the 1st and 2nd prizes among all the internal-combustion entries, a 3rd and 4th in the overall division and individual honors in innovative engineering and parkability.

One of the innovative engineering ideas that won points for the car was a rear bumper that used horizontally placed cans (pop or beer) in a holding tube to absorb shock. In order to take the top points for parkability, the students built the car so the front wheels turned a full 90 degrees to the left or right, allowing the car to turn in a radius equal to its own length.



(Please turn to page 18)



# Clarence Cleenwell

by Bruce Blizard

*Bellingham, 1994*

Clarence Cleenwell came to Western over 20 years ago. He came to make a success of his life. He knew that was what education was all about — the whole man, the successful man is the educated man.

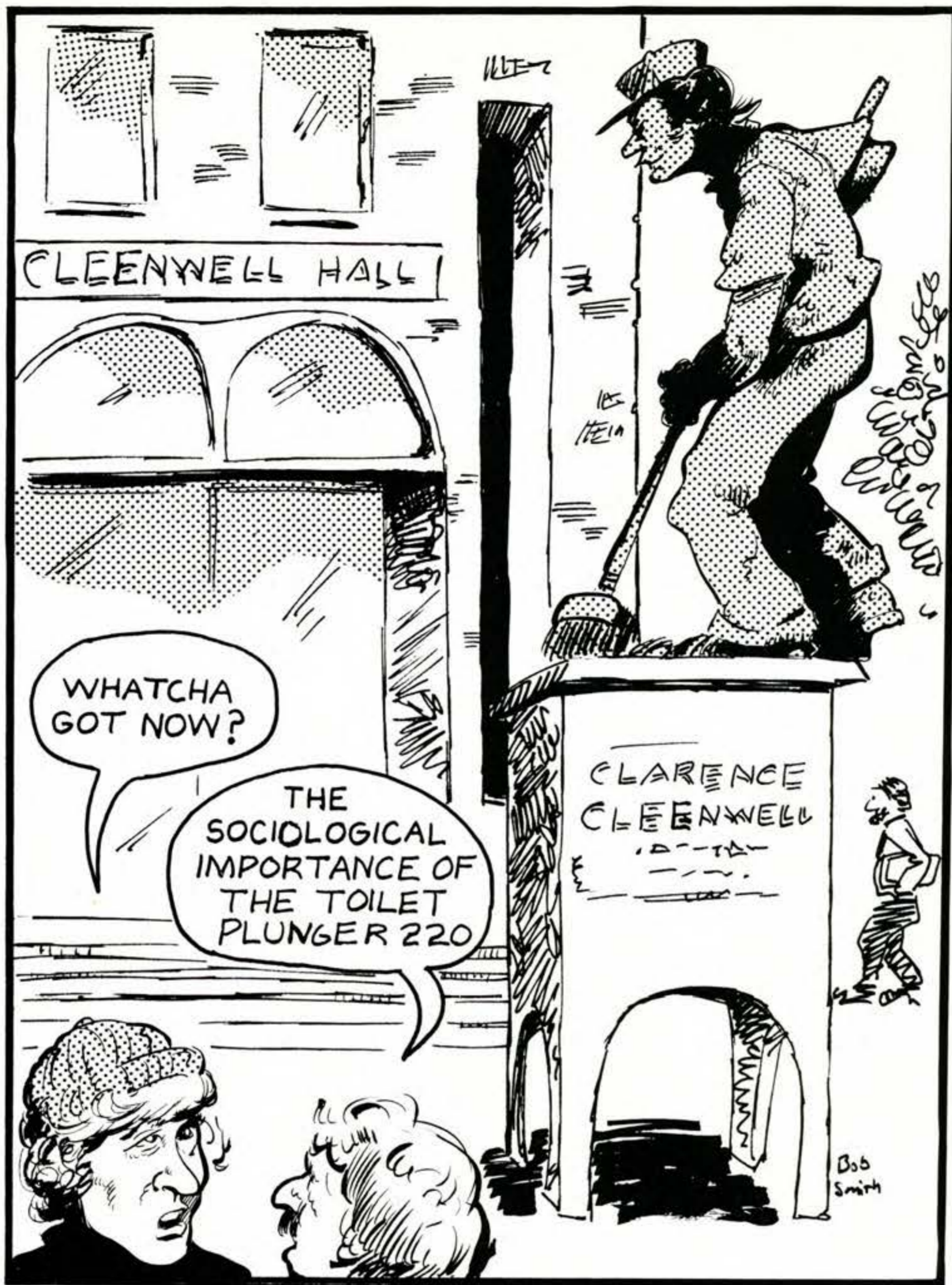
And so it was that Clarence became educated. He came to Western as an eager freshman in the fall of 1966. He immediately became a model student. From the very first eight-o'clock class it was apparent that Clarence was something special. He never missed a class and kept his blue book religiously up to date. Clarence knew that the best way to get educated was to do what you were told. Then you didn't have to worry about cumbersome things like thinking.

So Clarence dedicated the next four years of his life to becoming educated.

He decided at the very first the ideal career was in the classroom. Clarence wanted to teach. He saw himself as a budding artist, a classroom Michelangelo in the rough. The







teacher, he liked to think, was an artist that worked not in oil or stone but in young minds — shaping, molding, chiseling away the rough spots until the desired image is formed. His experience at Western did much to reinforce his "chiseling theory" of the educational process.

It wasn't long before Clarence was ready to go into the world and test his theories on the unsuspecting masses of young students throughout the state.

*Clarence was put through the education factory, released, guaranteed to be free from defects in workmanship and parts for a period of five years, at which time product must be returned to factory for services.*

Clarence left Western and set out to find a job. He searched everywhere, from Humptulips to Oso, but found nothing. He was one of 500 teachers to graduate from Western that year, all with the same goal. Clarence was lost

in the shuffle.

Clarence spent the entire summer looking for a position. Finally he reached the point where he would work anywhere. He had to have a job, the payments on his student loan were due.

Clarence finally found a job with a construction company. He was appalled by the lack of knowledge on the part of his fellow workers. Clarence took it upon himself to rectify this situation. He began to lecture on a variety of subjects during his lunch hour. This was not the most popular thing he could have done. After being beat up for the third time, Clarence was fired from his job. Clarence tried but he couldn't help himself. He was a teacher — he had to teach.

Clarence was fired from one job after another. His lectures were beginning to give him a bad name. He was





black-listed from many jobs and he was having trouble getting accident insurance. The bank was after him because he couldn't make his student loan payment.

Then Clarence got a job that was to change his life. He joined the Consolidated Building Maintenance Company as a janitor. This was an ideal job for Clarence. He found there was a strange challenge in janitorial work and his lunch-hour lectures didn't bother his co-workers. The janitors ate lunch at 3:30 in the morning and were usually too sleepy to pay any attention to Clarence.

Clarence was undaunted by the lack of attention on the part of his would-be custodial scholars. He began to lecture on the materials and implements of the janitor profession. This, he knew, would make his charges more receptive. What janitor in his right mind would be able to turn down the opportunity to become better at his chosen profession?

Clarence soon became an acknowledged expert at getting things clean. He rose rapidly through the hierarchy of the company and before long he was put in charge of his own building. This was the opportunity that Clarence had waited for all his life.

Clarence immediately began a comprehensive training program for all the men in his building. He held lectures and seminars on everything from trash burning to window washing.

Clarence had been on the job for just over ten years when J. C. Fauna, the new president of Western, overheard Clarence lecturing to a sleepy group of janitors. Fauna was in Clarence's building scouting for just the right man to head the latest of Western's cluster colleges, the Flora College of Internal Environment.

The purpose of the new college, as laid down by the board of trustees, was to provide the world with well-trained professional people to clean up the indoor environment, the quality of which had been steadily deteriorating for the last several years.

Fauna was very much impressed by the flawless lecture style of the young janitor. He approached Clarence on the spot and offered him the job. Clarence was overjoyed. He could hardly control his reaction to the offer. He accepted immediately and was very soon approved as the first dean of Flora College.

Clarence jumped into the job with every ounce of knowledge and experience that he could muster. He was given a free hand in establishing the curriculum of the new college.

Some things he believed were basic to the janitor profession. These things would be covered in classes that would be required of every would-be internal environmentalist before graduation from Flora College.

Such classes as: The Chemistry of Cleaning Solvents, The Biology of Rodent Extermination, The History of the Custodial Arts in Washington, Non-western Custodians, The Social-Economic Effects of the Janitor in Society, and the completion of at least one advanced specialty sequence were required.

The Student janitor had quite a list of specialized areas to choose from: Windows, Floors, Restrooms, Ceilings, Boiler Mechanics, Light Bulb Changing (both Fluorescent and Incandescent), Vacuum Cleaner Techniques, Crew Supervision, and of course, Education, for those who

wished to teach the custodial arts.

Clarence established the janitor outreach program whereby young janitors went into the world to spread the message of indoor cleanliness to the masses of filthy people everywhere.

In a few years Clarence was recognized as the world's leading authority on cleanliness. He had a syndicated newspaper column and an early-morning television show on the custodial arts in the home. Clarence put Western back on the educational map. It didn't take him long to establish Western as the leading school of cleanliness in the nation.

Clarence was forced into premature retirement in the summer of 1992. A lack of funds forced the closure of Flora College. Clarence was once again forced onto the open job market.



Clarence searched everywhere but there was no longer a shortage of trained custodial personnel. The last year Clarence was the head of Flora College, 500 janitors were sent into the world.

Clarence finally found a job with a construction company. He was appalled by how dirty everything was and set out at once to rectify the situation . . . **K**



# Sing Softly, Neil

"... Not what I am."

by David Peterson

The young man balanced his basketball indecisively at the ends of his fingertips. A sense of determination came to his face and he heaved the ball toward the basket ten feet away.

It missed the basket, the rim, the backboard — everything — and bounced down the concrete steps next to the Nash Hall court.

I ran after the ball and carried it back to him. He turned toward the sound, stooped over a bit to catch the ball and said, "My name's Neil Vosburgh; do you know how to play basketball? I want someone to help me shoot."

"Sure, what do you want me to do?" I asked, noticing he was blind.

"I need someone to tell me where to shoot; how far from the basket my aim is."

After ten minutes he began making his shots. Before the practice session was over he had made up to ten baskets in a row — and we had become fast friends.

He has tried other sports before, such as volleyball and wrestling, and he knows he'll never be able to play like his friends — but in music he shines.

It has been three years since that day below Nash, and in that time his voice has begun to bring him publicity. In the past two months the *Western Front* has written two stories on him and the *Bellingham Herald* and *Tacoma News Tribune* have each written one.

"But they all sound the same," Neil said. "All they want to know about me is what sort of things I'm doing. Not what I am."

He sings well. His voice has a pleasant ring, made for songs of love and simplicity. It ranges from baritone to







tenor (he is better in tenor).

He has the rare benefit of perfect pitch. Once, after I spoke he smiled broadly and said "D minor!" — proud that he could tell my voice pitch so quickly.

Neil is quite plump, his hair is dark and very curly, adding an inch or two to his 5'-7" height. All of his features are rounded.

Off and on through the years he has tried to diet, but the temptation of a slice of white bread, gushing obscenely with peanutbutter, has always been too much for a stomach long used to such pleasures.

His room is always strewn with records, music sheets and the like. "I don't ever see my room and as long as I can find everything, it's all right; I like a place to seem lived in," he said, listening to Claude Debussy's "Golliwog's Cakewalk."

Most people tell you whether or not they like the music they're listening to but Neil feels it.

If he doesn't like what he hears he is still, but when he's pleased he violently rocks his body to the rhythm, smiling broadly and, at times, clapping his hands.

He likes just about every kind of music there is, be it baroque or classical, jazz or rock, folk or religious. "I pride myself on having an open mind for music," he smiled.

Neil has written many songs. Most of them are of the style that best suits his voice: soft and soothing.

He decided two summers ago to try to get a recording contract in California. Lyricists writing the theme for "The Bengal Tiger" (a movie about the dying Bengal tiger) came to Neil and he wrote the music.

It was put on a single with "Someone to Love," his favorite composition, on the other side. When the movie was released it played without his song. In near tears he found that the song was written too late for inclusion on the soundtrack.

Then last winter he was the featured artist at Mama Sundays. The performance didn't impress him too much. At times he lost his place or rhythm by concentrating too much on his guitar playing, but the audience was still quite appreciative.

That spring he found a new group of friends and they were able to bring out his inner feelings for Christianity —

and he quickly filled the gap with song.

Last summer he went to Nashville, Tennessee to record a gospel album (four songs were written entirely by Neil, two with the help of a lyricist). The name of it is "He is My Light."

In late December he had a contract bid from Superior Sound Studios in Nashville to become their featured singer/songwriter but he turned it down. He explained:

"One of the reasons is that I still had two quarters before graduation and it would be stupid to quit so close. The other reason is that the contract didn't fulfill my personal desires or those of my new Christian life."

So for the next quarter he'll be sitting in Lower Saga, ordering his third glass of milk ("make that non-fat"), another gushing peanutbutter sandwich and playing his "harmouthica."

And what exactly is a harmouthica?

It is a discovery Neil made while in the second grade. So far he has only used it to delight friends. With a popping sound that comes in quick claps, it works on a percussion principle that enables him to pop out entire songs.

He uses his mouth and claps his hands in front of it while blowing tones to make it work, he explained. Then he laughed and popped out "Pomp and Circumstance." Its writer would have been proud. **k**





# KEGGERS

By Bob Sims



People love to turn him on. They shove and scream for his body. And when he finally lets them have it, they just keep on coming back for more — until he's totally spent and exhausted. He feels empty and cheap when it's all over. That's because those people wanted to see how much they could get off him, and when he couldn't give anymore, they just went after another one.

Chug-a-lug was born in Tacoma last year to Heidelberg and Carling Brewery. He was number 5,087 of 25,000 children. And his parents had great plans for him, or so he thought — maybe Munich or Berlin. He had a perfect body, and his face had a sort of untapped, polished beauty that was classical in the keg sense.

But as it turned out, his big dreams fizzled away when he discovered that the truck he was riding in was taking him someplace other than the Beer Garden at the foot of the stars. One of his pals on the rack, Keg-a-leg, who had a dent on his bottom and was graying on top, told him that they were all going to Bellingham. And the rest of kegs moaned and groaned, like they were going to their deaths. He told Chug-a-lug that they were bound for a college town with a bad reputation for throwing "keggers" — which was the worst form of torture for any self-respecting keg.

Keg-a-leg was one of the few kegs to ever make it back from a Western Washington State College kegger in one piece. In fact, he got his dent there, when an angry crowd picked him up and threw him out the door — after his beer was gone. And this is his story, as told to Chug-a-lug:

"I'm not bitter about that, really. People are a lot like us kegs. I mean





we're happy when we're full, and they're happy when they're full of us. But when we run out, watch out.

yeah, made the rounds in the old days, hot spots on Mason, Indian, Garden, High and Iron streets, you name it. And of course, those tough dives in Birnam Wood, Beta-Gamma and worst of all, Highland were where I got all my "real" experience.

I tell ya, the kids at those benders are really out to have themselves a good time and when they spot you in the kitchen, all rearing to go, they actually start a stampede in your direction. The problem is that I can only fill one cup at a time.

Most of them are really tense about schoolwork and they pray for Friday night to come quicker. That's where us guys come in. We have a responsibility to get 'em out of their heads, week in and week out — and the only recognition we get, is when we produce for them. You see, Chug-a-lug, we're the unsung heroes of the college campus. We should be honorary professors or something, because what these kids find out, or don't, about themselves — with our help — is what their school-learnin' is really all about.

I mean, because of us, or in spite of us, people talk and play out their dreams, aloud. We let people play games, like when they were children. Boys can be cowboys, or scientists, or football players, while girls can pretend that they're ladies-in-waiting at the court of King Arthur, or maybe a Hollywood starlet. Us kegs are important, because people can play and not feel dumb. It's socially acceptable, because of the new world we've created, to laugh a lot and talk to anyone they choose. But the greatest thing about it all is that most of them get up and dance — no matter how stupid they look. The catch is that they all feel good and we were the ones that did it for them.

Like I said, they play games when we're around because it's fun for 'em. It's like they're all in their own television shows. They drink my beer, so they can get on stage, and not stumble through their lines. And I guess, from what I've seen, that most of the guys think that they're real big hustlers when they get too drunk — only, ironically, it's the chicks who have all the aces. But the funny thing about it

is that the girls don't say nothin' about it and let the confident dudes go through all the motions — and if they like their lines, they smile, like they're saying, "very, very good. You've done well, my son. And then they hint, "why don't we boogie?" and the guys think they're the ones that made the conquest.

The ones you watch out for are the kind who think that they're too proud, when actually, they're really too scared to play the game. They're the ones who get you for everything you've got and then end up giving you a bad beating. That's how I got my dent, mainly because I was the last keg, and there weren't any chicks left — so they took it out on me. The sure sign of trouble is when they start talking about knocking so and so's head in. And when the beer's gone, they yell and scream and start tearing up the house. Too bad that everyone doesn't like to dance. It makes my job a helluva lot easier — and I last longer too."

Chug-a-lug, with beer dripping down his cheek from the bumpy ride, told Keg-a-leg that he really didn't mind making people happy, even in Bellingham. But he especially wanted to know whether keg induced loves ever lasted.

Keg-a-leg shook his foam and answered, "when I got booted out of that party on Garden St. — wincing with pain in the back yard — one of those drunk kids stumbled my way. He patted me on my back, sat down and just started talking away, as if I was his best friend.

"I'll never forget that party on Ellis St., when I first met Brandy," the kid said to me softly. "There'll never be a kegger like that one. Brandy was my super dream girl and still is, for that matter. She was a barmaid at the Body Shop then and I'd seen her there before. She was a brown-eyed pixie with a Jane Fonda shag. And she always had this starry-eyed, "wish you could take me away from here look" in her eyes, when she carried pitchers to the howling drunks at the tavern. I never had enough guts to talk to her there — and when she came around to ask me for another, I'd just nod and she'd sail away.

Anyhow, I was at this party, sitting next to the keg and looking sad, I

spotted her coming through the door. My stomach tightened, while I tried to tell myself to *do* something about it, *this time*. She filled her cup and walked over to the refrigerator, leaning up against it — as if she too, was waiting for someone to make it happen. And of course, the dudes started flocking around her, holding their Artic Circle cups like cocktail glasses. She smiled at and through them all and then came over to me.

She talked for about ten minutes — asking me why I was so sad, what my name was, where I came from and what I was into. And then she left me there alone, just as quickly as she came. I chased after her all night. She'd tell me, "I don't want to be with anyone," when I'd finally catch up with her and then she'd take off to other side of the room like I had the plague.

After this happened about six times, she finally agreed to let me walk her home. And naturally, I had high hopes (the kind you have when it's never happened before) of staying with her all night.

When we got to the Chateau Apartments, after hugging all the way up the hill, she let me know that I couldn't come in — house rules. So, I kissed her on the porch, while she stood tip-toed on *my* toes, in her elfin way to reach me. And she told me she wanted to see me again. I thought to myself, "tomorrow, for sure," and said, "you bet you will."

I walked home, thinking about how perfect everything was — meeting Brandy at the kegger — as if it was God's divine plan and then ending up at her door. It made for a fantastic, storybook beginning in my head.

The next day I learned about what happens when the party's over. You can't mess with real life, the every day kind, with a kegger heart. You see, I went over to Brandy's the next day and she told me about her fiancée and showed me the ring. I blurted out, "oh . . . a . . . well . . . maybe I'll see you around sometime, huh?" and left her in a blush.

Chug-a-lug, who had an upset stomach by now, choked out, "It's too bad that we have to run out on them when they need us most."

"Oh yeah, maybe so," said Keg-a-leg, "but you know they'll always find another one." **K**



Since the competition, mother Viking has spent her time in a whirlwind tour of personal appearances that has taken her to the nation's capitol, the Smithsonian Institute, dozens of car shows, numerous displays and, maybe her crowning glory, an appearance inside the Capital Building at Olympia where she influenced the granting of additional funds for Western that year. Telling me about it, one of the students grinned and said, "Looks like we better send her back again."

Baby Viking will face even tougher competition than her mom. The Tech Department at UCLA has challenged Western to a national north-south border performance run. Word of the challenge spread, primarily through the efforts of the Western Tech team, and other schools around the country are expressing interest in the competition. While it is not known at this time how many cars will compete, Dr. Richard Rogel and Corry Hildenbrand, committee chairmen for the trial run, say they expect 50 or more cars will enter.

Exciting as the mom and daughter Vikings are, the real effervescence comes through the *people* in the program.

Walk into the Tech shop and you find a half dozen students clustered around one of the models. They are oblivious to everything else in the room as they argue the merits of the car. One of them makes long gliding motions with his hands, that describes the arc of the air coming off the car. Walk into Dr. Vogel's drawing room and a student, eyes fire-bright, is excitedly pointing to a drawing that works out a better system of stability.

In another room, voices rise and fall as a group argues over the many details that must be worked out for the competition trials. There's an excitement, almost a fever, as they gather in pairs or groups to talk about the car. Walking down the hall, two students are in a heated exchange. ". . . sure, I know that design won last time but we've got some tough competition coming up this time, and I think . . ."

A giant step is being made to crunch the crunch, but it's not the Viking that will have the final say — it'll be the people building her. The people at Western Tech. **k**







# *Silver threads among the old*

By Jim Brooks

**A** sudden show of emotion caused every line of his deeply-etched face to respond with a warm, genuine grin as he spoke of his new lifestyle that the passing years had all but denied him. "One of the reasons I came to Fairhaven was to find out just what a hippie is," he chuckled. "And its been a complete revelation to me."

Prodded by a desire "to broaden my horizons and become useful," eighty-year-old Dick Wagner is one of 30 senior citizens who has traded the idleness of old age for the rigorous demands of college life. The elderly newcomers have moved into two Fairhaven College dorms under a federal grant designed to offer a multi-generational, living-learning experience in college environment.

Wagner was quickly introduced to his new way of life when he met the dean of the college on his arrival. "I expected a rather dignified-looking gentleman," he confided, "not one who looked like an Indian chief." But he soon concluded that "long hair and attire doesn't signify a hippie" and says he's still stumped as to his original question.

"I've considered myself a liberal all my life and some have even called me radical," Wagner mused, as if to emphasize his open-mindedness. "I tried marijuana once and I think it's probably less harmful than alcohol."

Ranging in age from 60 to 80, the elders bring with them a variety of educational backgrounds and lifestyles. Fairhaven administrators hope that the senior citizens will be utilized as resource persons who can contribute their experiences and skills to younger students.







"I don't like the separation of generations you find nowadays," said 80-year-old Mary Yotter of Seattle. "I like the idea of all ages together."

The frail yet feisty great-grandmother of three attended here in 1913 when it was called Bellingham State Normal and required only one quarter to gain a teaching certificate. She can't begin to tell of the many changes that have occurred, but she seems delighted to be back.

"Talking with the student here today is an education in itself," she said matter-of-factly through her thick spectacles. "Their garb is atrocious, but to talk with them is both delightful and entertaining. They even let dogs in the classroom and one young woman brings her baby."

The elders aren't required to take classes, but nearly all are auditing some. "I've always wondered if I could do the

new math," she grinned. "And I've never been kicked out of school and I don't want to be now, but I can do my old math a lot quicker."

Mrs. Yotter has already spent time helping a student on a paper about the elderly and she hopes to work with some of the 50 pre-schoolers in the Fairhaven day-care center. A middle-aged component is expected to be added shortly to round out the generational experience.

Each of the senior citizens has been assigned a "student buddy" volunteer to help establish better communication between young and old. Mrs. Yotter described her friend as a "handsome young man with long, curly hair — but he doesn't look dirty."

Phillip and Helen Laing, both in their mid-sixties, are one of seven married couples in "The Bridge" program. She



went into the apparel business. When she recently sold her chain of apparel shops, she found she couldn't cope with the inactivity of retirement.

"You don't know what the aging process does to you," she said in a restless tone. "I entered a severe slump and needed more mental stimulation — to get out and get involved. Everything here has been better than our expectations. We've never been in a friendlier place."

Mrs. Laing hopes to get involved in the performing arts at Fairhaven and assist with her knowledge of fashion and props. The Laings recently attended a folk dancing class "but got off in the corner and jitter-bugged."

A tall, robust man with moderately short, graying hair, Laing twiddled his thumbs as he spoke. "I'm tickled to death that I'm finally getting into college life. Five or six years ago, I probably would have been bitter about the long hair and the dress. But now that I'm associated with it, it doesn't bother me one little bit. And the students here are much brighter than we expected."

Harry Clifford, 71, entered the dorm lounge struggling with a full bag of groceries and accepted an offer of help from a student. Clifford is one of three men in the program who has come to campus without his wife who is employed in Seattle. A sincere eagerness to meet a new acquaintance punctuated his voice. "I've learned to look for substance rather than appearance in my approach to the younger generation. We learn to respect when we begin to know the real person."

Such contacts between young and old are beneficial to all, according to Fairhaven student John Attwood, 22. "I was a bit concerned at first just how it was going to work out. I thought, 'Wow, they're older than my grandpa.' But these people are definitely not senile," he emphasized. "And they have 60 more years of experience."

Ron Pompeo, a 21-year-old student, described a recent



bingo game with the senior citizens. "It was like being home, in a way, like at a family get-together. I couldn't see how they would take to Fairhaven, but my impression is that they really like it. And most of them don't seem to be ancient."

Dorothy Knight, 76, who lives alone in her comfortable, art-filled room, spent one rainy Saturday afternoon thumbing through old pictures taken as her three children were growing up. "I've had all these pictures for years and now I want to make a family album," she said with a hint of loneliness. "I just never seemed to have the time before." Then her vivid, blue eyes perked up as if transfixed by a new ray of hope. "You know, they say the eyes of the nation are on The Bridge experiment. If it works out, others will pick it up. And I really think it's going to work out." **K**





# an artist views an insane world

By Sonja Brown

"I've never been punched in the nose," artist Thomas Schlotterback said, but the closer he comes to hitting his target the better his chance of an angry response.

Claiming he is more an observer than a critic of human beings, Schlotterback nevertheless places his punches unmercifully.

"I never put anyone I respect in my drawings," he said.

Mild-mannered and soft-spoken, Schlotterback has a nearly compulsive urge to expose what he sees as stupid and ugly in people. He balances between an urge to tell it the way he sees it and a reluctance to injure anyone personally.

He recollected times when people got angry when they saw themselves pictured in his work. Yet he considers making personal jabs at people mistakes. "I don't think there's any necessity to hurt people," he said. "My target is the absurdity they're going through rather than the person . . . Those absurd rituals that people have to go through . . . but you can't say to someone's face, why are you playing that absurd game."

Schlotterback said he is not more critical than many other artists, just more caustic. Then he smiled and said, "They're chicken."

One particular absurdity he is focusing on now is the handling of the enrollment-budget crisis at Western. The drawing "Administrative Decision" is a sharp jab at administrators from Western to Washington D.C.

"Have you ever noticed how they all look alike?" he said. And so he has drawn them — twin fleshy self-satisfied men. Trouserless, they play yo-yo and do their job by dancing a jig, all under the glow of interlocking halos.



"They even have a process for getting rid of people," he said, referring to Western's faculty layoff procedure, and rather than shouting out against it "everybody acquiesced to the ritual."

Is Thomas Schlotterback any more free of "rituals" than the people he draws? "We're conditioned to play

games," he said, "but perhaps I'm more aware of the rituals I'm playing."

His own attempt to expose ritual, besides through his art, was made at a fall Board of Trustees meeting. Introducing himself as a "professional cynic," he said he had a plan to eliminate the need for faculty layoffs through a system of mandatory sab-



*"St. George*



*and the Dragon"*



batical leaves. "But they never really understood it," he said.

Beginning with small pencil sketches, Schlotterback develops his ideas into larger pen, pencil or charcoal drawings, sometimes transferring them again into painting. With anatomical exactness, the human figure bursts its seams of propriety. Muscles bulge and stomachs hang out. Figures are half dressed, perhaps with only a hat, or a cowboy boot and spur, or a star-studded bottom half of a bikini. Bodies are grouped one on top of the other, all part of the same pile of flesh, or involved in the same senseless activity.

A master at drawing the human figure, he portrays people realistically but magnified, paring away any redeeming value that might soften his image. The sensuality, the flesh, the trance-like absorption of the people in their actions crowd out their intelligence and awareness. Their minds are buried far beneath their bountiful flesh or hopelessly entangled in their ridiculous activities.

What is the irritant under Schlotterbach's skin that goads him to put on canvas what is ugly rather than beautiful?

He cannot explain the source. He can only relate incidents in his life that show a progression toward what he calls "solider and solider" art.

As a child growing up in Kansas he was "heavily interested" in science, and he began his studies in college in atomic physics. He had no thoughts of art as a career. He said at the age of 17 he could not have told you who Rembrandt was.



He then dropped out of college and began working as a printer for a newspaper. The editor liked his wit and gave him a try at reporting.

In three months he was back at college to enroll in journalism. While waiting in line in the registration hall he began talking to an art teacher. In 30 minutes he changed his mind from

being a journalism major to an art major.

Painstakingly he began the task of catching up to the other art students. His early work was very "objective, disciplined and traditional," he said.

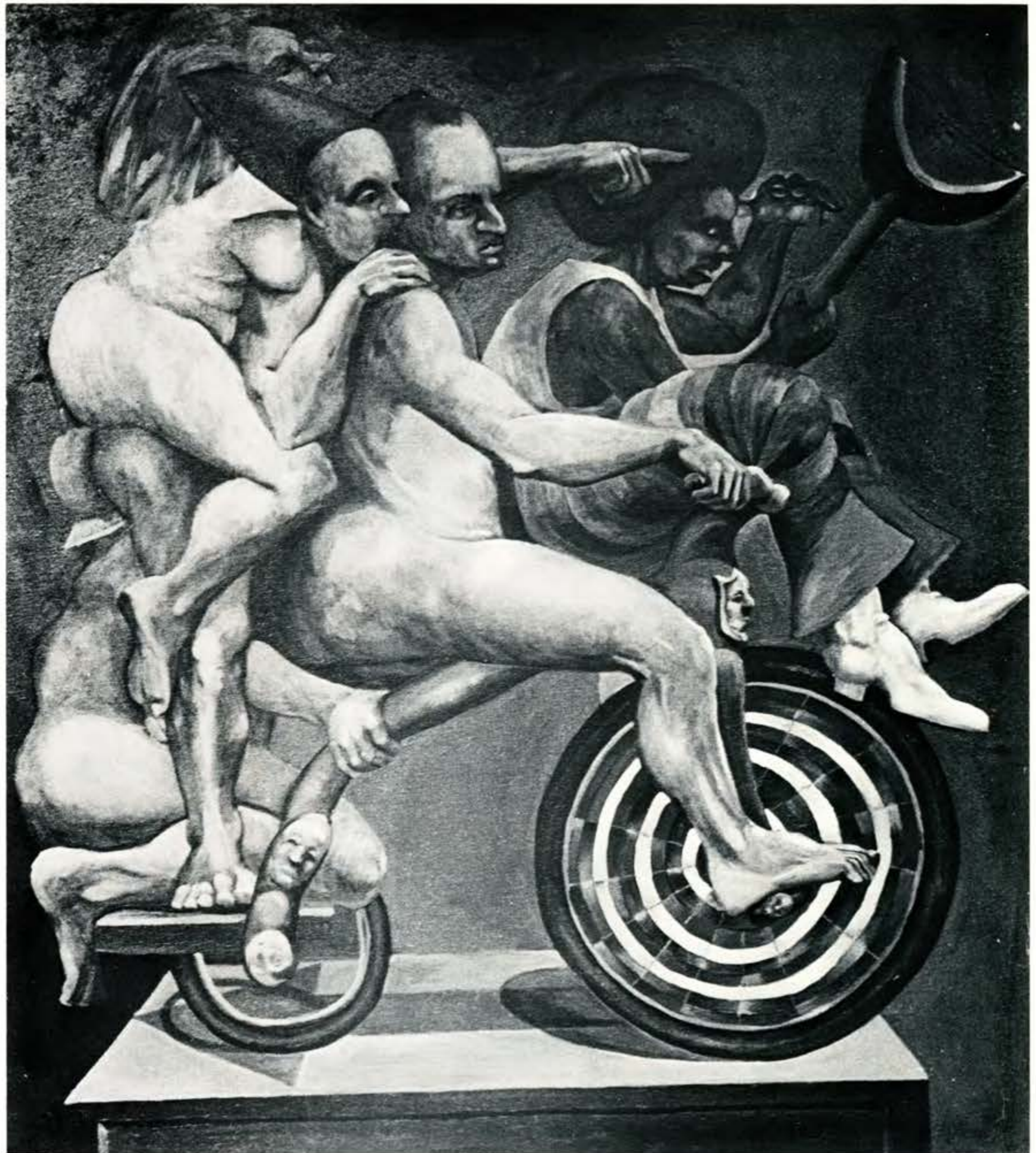
His first break away from the traditional style came while he was on a train passing through a little Kansas town called Wolf. A slaughtered pig was strung up from a tree. Men were standing on blood-spattered snow beneath it preparing the carcass.

Looking out the train window, he thought, "Wouldn't it be absurd if the pigs ran things." For his next class assignment he made two drawings: men slaughtering a pig strung up from a tree and pigs slaughtering a man strung up from a tree.

But this was not "serious" art — the kind you sent off to art exhibits, he said. He continued to work mainly in the traditional style until he came to Western in 1964 to teach art history. At this point, freed from having to make a living teaching painting, he began doing all his work in his present style.

In a roomy, comfortable house overlooking Bellingham Bay on the city's southside, Schlotterbach lives with his wife and two of their five children. He confines his painting to the basement, but draws most anywhere, and almost every evening, finding it difficult to sit idle for very long.





*"The Big Bigot Bike"*

He even draws while watching television.

Among the many targets of the Schlotterback satire is the man/woman relationship. In 1972 he finished "Confrontation," a three-part series of St. George and the dragon. Well, it is St. George and the dragon, but it is also the confrontation of man and woman. St. George kills the evil dragon, which is sex, and rescues the woman.

Our culture has taught us that "essential interlocking reliance man and woman have on one another," he said.

Last year he finished painting the "Bigot Series." In the "Big Bigot Bike" subjects are identified by a watermelon, an ecclesiastic's hat, a military hat and flowing blond hair.

"Bigots come in all shapes and colors, you know," he said.

When viewers look at his work, first they are shocked at the grotesqueness and sensuality. Then some get angry. Others giggle self-consciously. A few — but only a few, according to Schlotterback — appreciate it.

Even more often, he said, people look at his work and say, "Wow, you must have a problem with yourself." Like a sane man looking at an insane world, his reply is "I only see what is around me." **k**



# SPACE VOYAGE

by Jan Perry

Darkness took me back into time until I was a kid again. The planetarium magic had engulfed me. The stars were sprinkled on a dome above my head, just as on a clear night. My stomach fluttered excitedly like it used to before an airplane ride, because I was going on a trip to the stars. The voice of our guide was rich and resonant; by his jokes and side stories, I knew that he honestly enjoyed taking us on our celestial voyage.

He told us that this darkness was mere Bellingham darkness. When he darkened the room further, more shiny dots poked through like so many fire-flies. He explained that this was a country view, free of interference from the overflow of city lighting.

Watching that view now brought back the deepest questions that the universe demands when you lay out on your back and face the vast firmament, forgetting mundane activities. How did that macrocosm begin, I wondered. Then it would quietly bellow at me the question, where does man, small as he is, fit in?

The guide's mellifluous voice drew me back to 310 Haggard, as he explained the projector. It was so simple, he said, that anyone could make one. It is pentagons put together in the form of a sphere, the earth. Then star maps are placed over the sphere representing the earth's view of the sky. Stars are made by punching holes into the sphere, small holes for dim stars and larger holes for bright ones, and putting a light inside the projector.

The projector made stars on the large fiberglass dome above our heads. "I can do many amazing things with this projector," our guide, Dr. Richard Vawter of Physics, told

us. By rotating the projector, he took us to the North Pole, so the North Star appeared directly overhead. That strange sensation of being on an earth tipping over wasn't as bad as the next one: we were spinning on top of the North Pole, so we could see what rotation of the stars was like for North Pole dwellers. Then we made a 90 degree fall down to the Equator where the stars appear as if they rise up from one horizon, fly overhead, and set in the other.

The main reason of our visit there that night was the comet Kahoutec. Dr. Vawter told us

why it was the "flop of the century."

"I'm sorry it didn't come out the spectacle we expected," he said. Scientists

got egg on their faces because newspapers exaggerated their

estimates of Kahoutec's brightness. Scientists knew two things: its size,

and its nearness to the sun. Kahoutec promised to be bigger than Halley's comet, and to zoom closer to the

sun. Scientists took these two known brightness factors, and from

the third factor, the comet's make-up, estimated highest and lowest

possible brightness. The media picked up the highest brightness estimate, and

assured the world that Kahoutec would be a super comet.

After that show, we got a chance to see Kahoutec from the telescope on the roof.

It was only a fuzzy blur, but something to tell your friends about. That's what most people want with astronomy. "They aren't interested on a deep level," said Dr. William Brown of Physics, "but only on the conversational level. Up until now we have only given shows for the





general public during open house, but the comet has sparked more interest." No open house is planned this quarter. Dr. Vawter will show slides from Mariner 9's orbit of Mars at the next public showing in March. The show will happen at the same time that the Russians send four unmanned spacecraft to Mars.

We were then taken on a tour of our own Bellingham night sky. The Big Dipper is on the lower western horizon; the two stars at the dipper's end point to the North Star which is in the Little Dipper constellation. In mythology, the Little Dipper is the bastard child of the Big Dipper and Zeus. Draco the Dragon winds himself between the two dippers. Taurus the bull is in the southern sky, fleeing from Orion, who is clad in his famous three-star belt.

The sky draws us to its marvels, not just as an item for idle conversation, but because of the ultimate secrets it holds. Perhaps students realize this. There has been a tremendous increase in astronomy students, with 150 enrolled last year compared to only nine enrollments eight years ago. What is the appeal?

Man wants to know the unknown. There is something for him beyond the immediate earth, said Dr. Fred Knapman of Chemistry, who helped include the planetarium as part of Haggard Hall when it was built in 1961. Through the study of astronomy, he feels, we have a chance to find the origin of life.

Beneath the dome we tried to imagine the origin of life, as Dr. Vawter told us that there have been many incidents where scientists have discovered, through radio waves, elements essential to the creation of life in outer space. In stellar molecules substances such as formaldehyde, formic acid, and methyl alcohol have discovered. Amino acids were first discovered on the moon and in meteorites in 1963.







Their presence excites scientists because they were here at the beginning of the solar system, which helps tell us how life began.

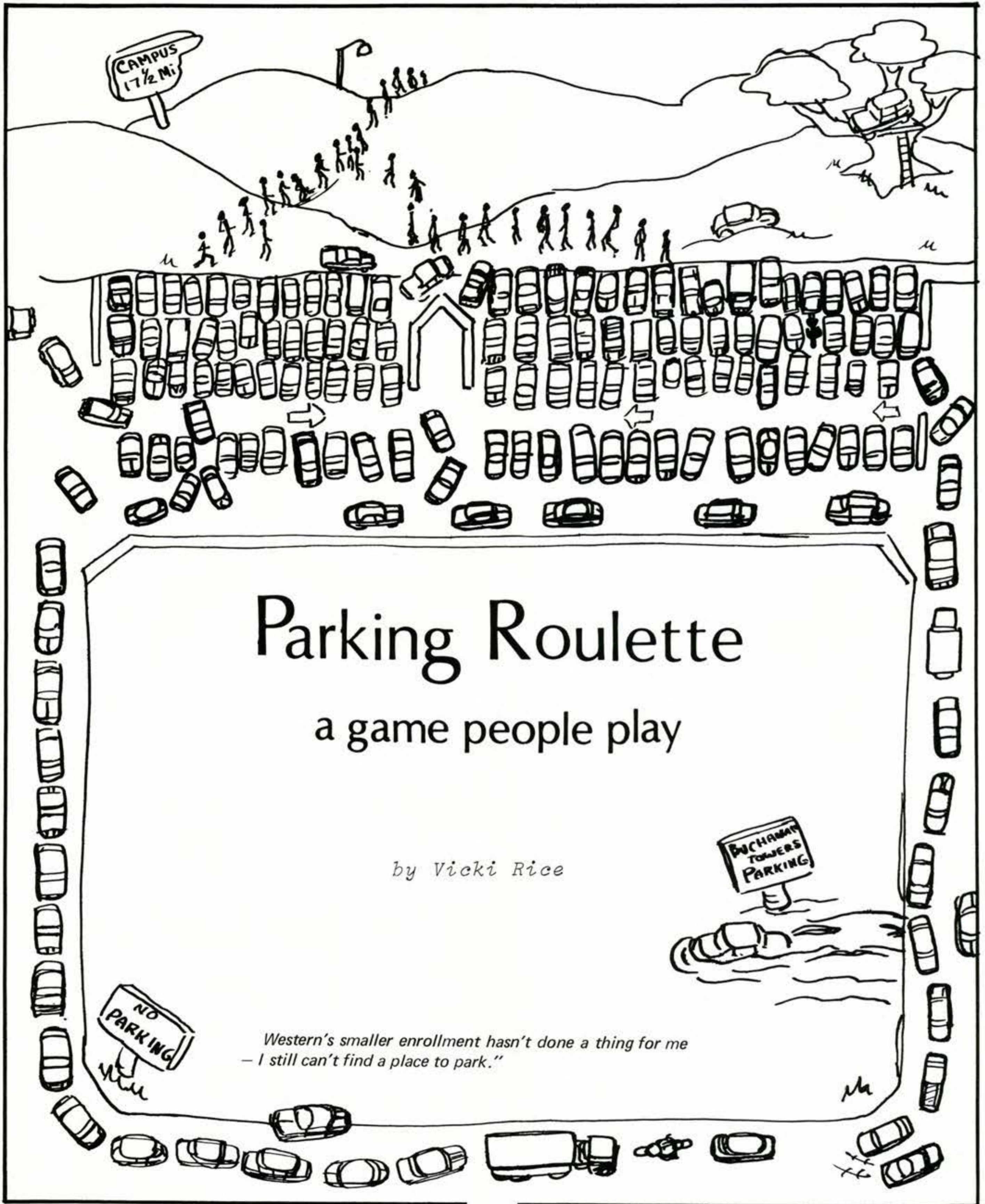
Now that we know that these items are present in our solar system, they could be present in other solar systems in our galaxy, and outside it as well. With this viewpoint of the universe the possibility of outer space neighbors looks quite good.

How life originated is one problem; how the universe began is another. The best that science can do is tell us that in the beginning, there probably was a hydrogen-helium cloud. There follows a long story of how particles contracted, heated up, and then reacted to make the first stars.

Outer space demands that we ask how creation began, and our purpose in the universe. However, does star study have an immediate effect on our lives? Dr. Vawter said that there is no firm scientific basis for astrology, although correlations have been found between a full moon and car accidents, and the effect that the date of his birth has on a person.

Whether or not astrology is valid, my ride in the man-made planetarium familiarized me with Orion, Kahoutec and Polaris. Because of my limited scientific bent, I wouldn't want to go much deeper; but Dr. Vawter, if you discover how the universe originated, call me, I'd like to know. **k**





# Parking Roulette

a game people play

by Vicki Rice

*Western's smaller enrollment hasn't done a thing for me  
- I still can't find a place to park.*





Parking Roulette is one of the games most played and least enjoyed by students at Western.

The game consists of three or more cars, preferably big ones, all fighting for the same parking space, usually the size for a mini bike. While lacking cheerleaders and crowds, the game is played with the dogged determination and ferocity associated with a happy and as yet uninjured football player.

Among the most proficient players are the Highland Drive Mashers. Anyone armed with determination and driving in the vicinity is an automatic participant. (Parking Roulette isn't confined to Highland Drive: it's just more intense on Highland, due to the "open" playing field of parallel parking.)

A typical contestant cruises nonchalantly, watching for an empty space. He spots one. Whipping to the end of the block, the driver flips a fast u-turn and scores ten points. (five for speed and five for spotting a place.) Another five points are his for each car he hits, and he receives five more points if he succeeds in enlarging the parking space. The biggest score is twenty-five points if he hits the cop writing a ticket for the car parked in front of him.

More points are earned by angle parking in a "parallel only" zone without getting a ticket, or for getting out of being boxed-in and denting more than one car.

Visitors to Western face an even deadlier game since they aren't acquainted with the rules of Parking Roulette. After circling the campus for hours, the visitor can either park and take the chance of having his car towed away or he can park downtown and hitch up to campus like the students do. Of course, he's heard of that phantom parking lot for

visitors, but who's ever seen it? One student has been searching for the lot and his parents since '71.

The parking problem is usually one of the first hassles a new student is up against when he comes to college. I'm sure many fellow drivers started school with an experience similar to mine. Never having seen the campus before, I parked in the first lot I came to on registration day. Hours later I found Eden Hall, finished registering and took another hour-and-a-half to find my car . . . and a yellow ticket on the windshield. It said something about parking without the appropriate sticker on my window. (I was lucky and wiggled out of paying for that one by pleading ignorance. I wasn't so lucky with the next seven.)

Parking in the campus lot can be exciting, too. Being a transfer student and registering a few days late as I did, I was allotted a parking sticker for Fairhaven, lot 26 D. Now that sounds fine except that I don't live at Fairhaven and it's almost a mile walk from where I live. If I'm in a hurry to get somewhere I usually hitch since it's faster than using my car.

Students who park off campus have their own special set of problems. A friend who lives on Garden Street is typical — he has a car but no parking place. Signs along the street say "Two Hour Parking Only" so my friend must constantly search for new places to park. It's a Parking Roulette variation of who gets to the car first, the owner or the cop.

Another friend of mine gave up and has dropped out of the "game." He sold his car and bought a pinto — the four-legged, long-tailed, grass-eating variety. And it's a whole new game . . .

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Before 1945 the parking issue at Western wasn't. People rode horses, came by train or boat to school and generally got along without cars. Only after WW II did automobiles move in.

Western's original planners didn't even allot areas for parking. Little did those planners know of the frustrating problems they'd create for Chief of Security Robert Peterson, parking manager since 1970.

Today there are approximately 2,000 parking spaces on campus. Most are sold each quarter, with a few open spaces left in the lots furthest from campus. Many students with cars don't buy lot spaces when they find out the lots closest to campus are already filled.

Off campus parking is no more encouraging. Most streets near the campus have a two-hour parking limit. There's a short stretch along Highland Drive for parallel parking, but

finding a space is . . .

One solution to the parking problem would be a multi-level parking area near or on campus. Peterson said it would cost around one-and-one-half million dollars. But until Security has set up a substantial fund to start with, the high-rise parking remains a dream.

Money is being set aside for such a parking area. Revenue from parking tickets, lot sales and meters goes four ways: into capital and major improvements; enforcement; maintenance; and to a reserve fund for the long-range goal of close, convenient parking.

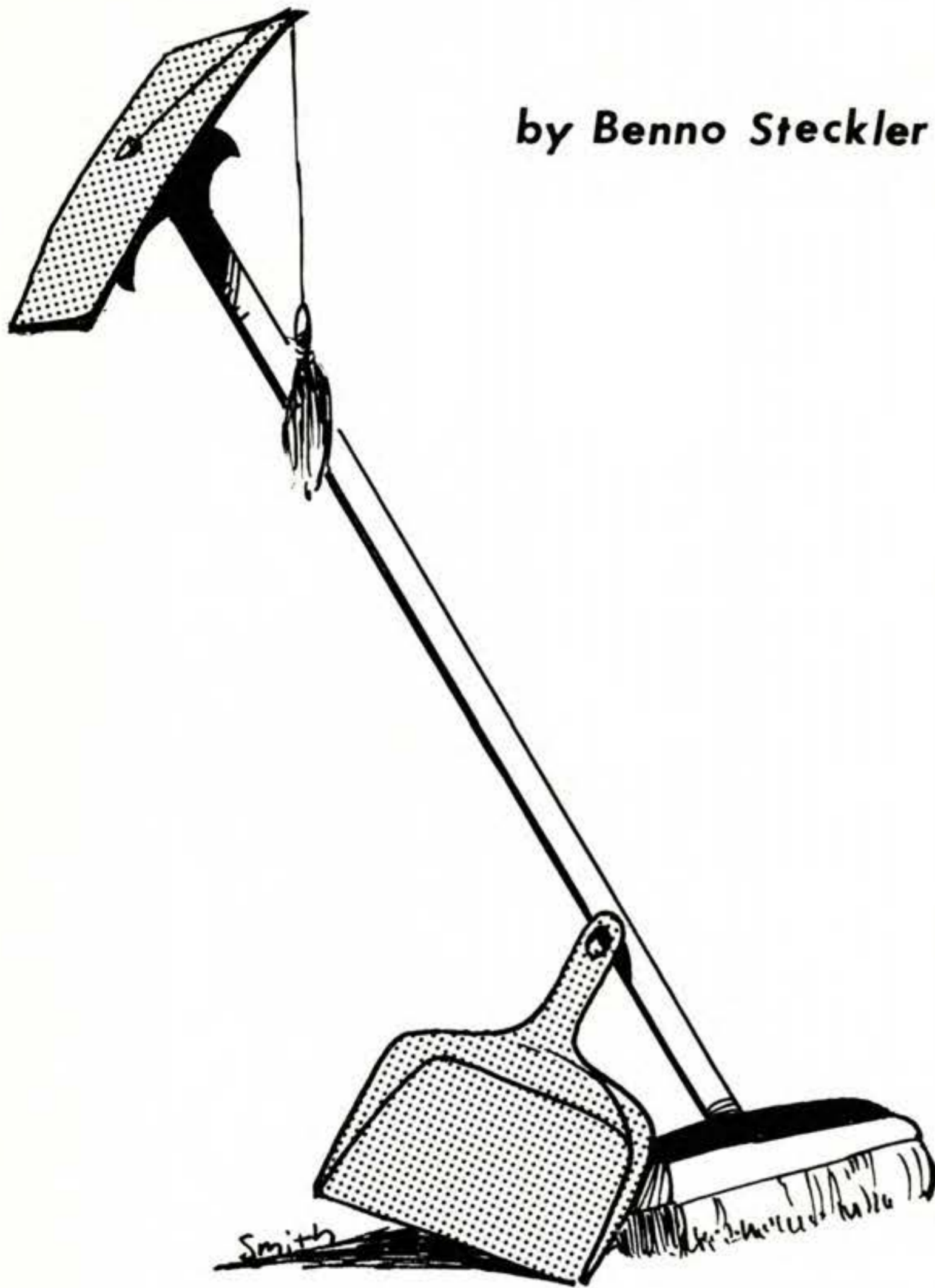
Peterson pointed out that as building costs continue to rise, so must the amount of the yearly payments it would take to pay for it. Peterson is hopeful, though, that this dream will eventually come true. **k**





# From Rags to Retirement: 14 Years at Western

by Benno Steckler



Students come and go more often than revolutions, but the custodian remains to clean up after both. With this in mind I entered the new music building in search of Roy Newell, Western custodian for the past 14 years.

I found custodian Newell in the basement assessing damage caused by a bad leak in the roof of the new addition. The water, reacting precisely to Newtonian physics, had made its way to the bottom of the building and there it lay in a two-inch puddle that stretched down a cement corridor. Granted, Western is a ship without a rudder, but I never dreamed she was taking in water, too.

"We've got a leak and it's coming in fast," Newell said as

he began placing chairs around the pool. Hopefully, this would prevent unsuspecting students from falling in, he explained. "This isn't half of it," he continued, "look at the wall in the room over there. The plasterboard is saturated with water and it's getting worse."

My God, we are sinking, I thought to myself. This whole damn school is literally sinking into the mud! The mud? The mud! Didn't someone once say "man sprang up from the mud . . . and to the mud he shall return?"

"They have been telling me to expect a little condensation in this new addition, but them contractors can't tell me this isn't a roof leaking." Newell was so engrossed in the problem at hand, he had yet to ask me what I was doing in that empty building watching him do his thing.

The short, stocky, energetic man rambled on about how repairing the leak was the contractor's job. All he could do was report it the following morning — he sounded almost as if he regretted it wasn't his job.

Finally he asked if he could help me with something. I could sense an alertness in him that was ready for anything.

I explained myself. He smiled and agreed to an interview. It was approaching 8 p.m., Newell's lunch time. I followed him as he led the way to his office. Through a labyrinth of halls and stairs we walked — at a very quick pace.

As I lagged slightly behind, it struck me that this body of energy dressed in green pants, green sweatshirt and black tennis shoes was not going to be the melancholy, never-in-a-hurry, stereotype of a janitor that I had anticipated.

I was soon to learn that even his age was deceiving. His slightly thinning and even less graying hair were no clues to the fact that he was only six months away from retiring.

Eventually we reached our destination and entered a small L-shaped room. The decor was done in cement on cement. The room was filled with everything from half gallons of paint thinner to a "No Smoking" sign.

Newell leaned back in his cushioned office chair that was fit for an assistant manager of an insurance company. As he began pulling hard boiled eggs, BLT's, olives and stewed tomatoes from his lunchbox, I asked why he'd decided to become a custodian.

The speed of his conversation rivaled the quickness of his walk. He began by stating that custodial work is no place for youth. Low pay was the factor influencing his opinion. Newell said he's the highest paid custodian at



Western and willingly disclosed his salary of \$700 a month — before taxes.

"The superintendent wants to hire some younger fellas, but I told him no younger ones will work for that pay. These bosses, they want the cream of the crop, but until there's higher wages no young kid will be interested."

"When I was younger there was no way I would have chosen to be a custodian. The reason I ended up here is a combination of age and safety."

Newell had been a construction worker most of his life; he had experienced some "harder times during the depression." He recalled working in a ditch with Bellingham's own city treasurer around 1930.

"People were a lot closer then. It didn't matter what walk of life you were from; the conditions made everyone closer then. Today's problems may lead to the same thing," he said.

Newell often digressed in order to explain a point in detail.

After the depression, he went to work as a "high rigger" in the shipyards of Bellingham. Construction consisted mainly of tugs until the war came along and "we needed a hell of a lot of mine sweepers." The war finally ended and the shipyards closed down. Newell was out of a job.

"I was going to go on the rocking chair for awhile just to catch my breath, but a friend told me about this job at the college. I had planned on going back to construction work but decided to slow down and take it easy. So I took the job here. It was safer than hanging from them ships."

Newell's job may be a safe one, but it isn't getting any easier. A custodian is expected to handle 20,000 square feet

of floor space in one eight-hour shift. At Western each custodian cleans 40,000 to 80,000 square feet per shift, according to the custodial manager. They also take their own cleaning rags home and wash them because of, yes, budget cutbacks.

Newell seems to grin and bear the situation without any over zealous protesting. "As far as help goes, they don't have the money to pay for it. In the meantime I do what I can. But they're not getting the job they used to get." Coming from a man that has taken only three days sick leave in 14 years, it had to be on the level.

After retiring in June, Newell plans on being as active as ever. "Then I will be able to do whatever I want." He has a hobby shop in his garage and plans on doing some fishing in Nova Scotia. Mainly he wants to spend a lot of time with his family, especially his grandchildren.

"One of the biggest problems today is that the young and old people do not spend enough time together," he said. "There's a lot that they can learn from each other. When I was young I got most of my education from older people. They've had more experience."

"A person can't know everything by the time he is 24 or 25 years old. I'm still learning something new every day. People have to appreciate each other."

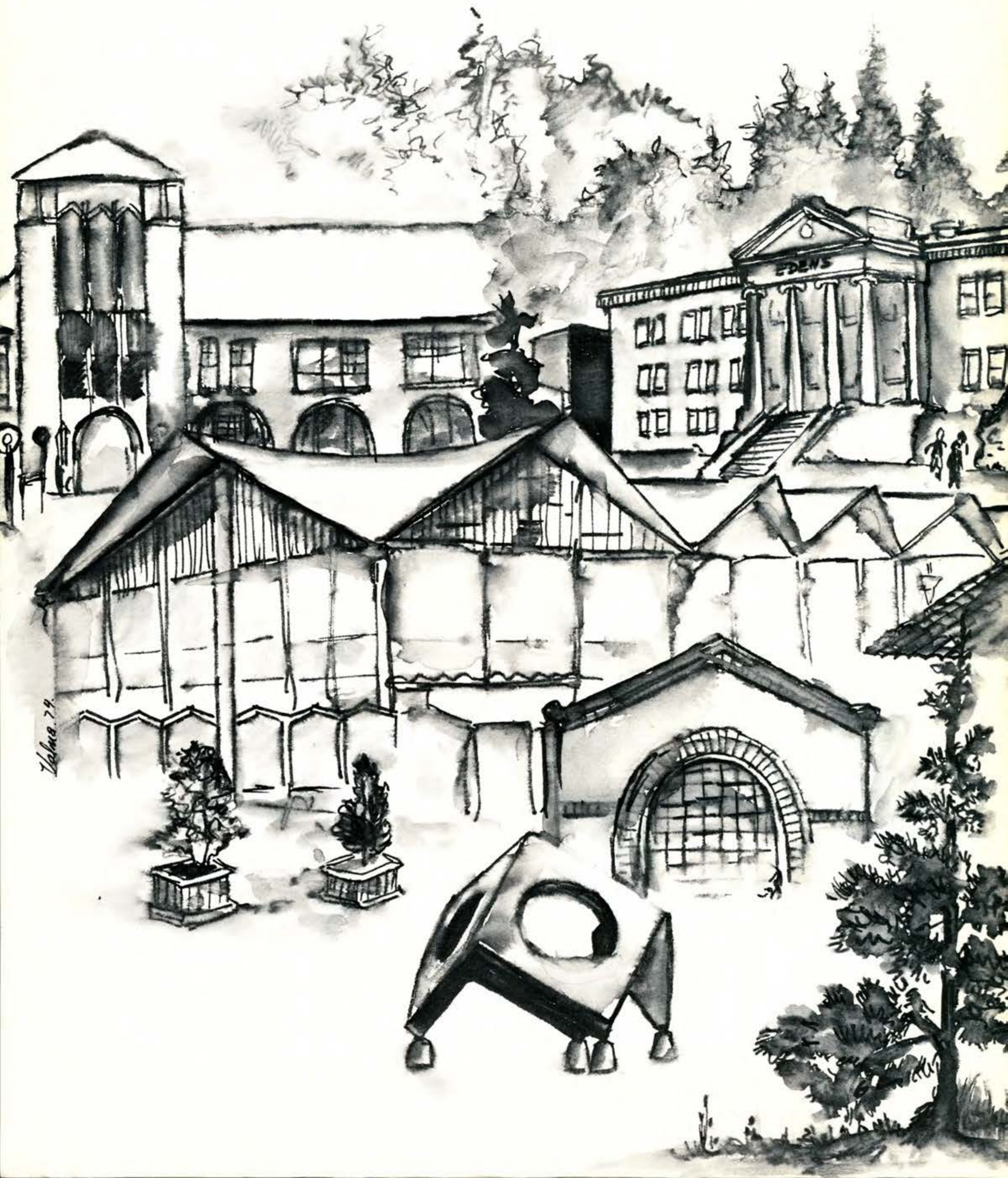
"For instance, not too long ago, I built a hat and coat rack for one of the music professors. He wanted one with three pegs in it at different levels so each of his three boys could have his own."

"The professor couldn't build it himself — he even admitted it saying, 'I can't even drive a nail.'"

"That may be true I said, but I can't play a note." **k**







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