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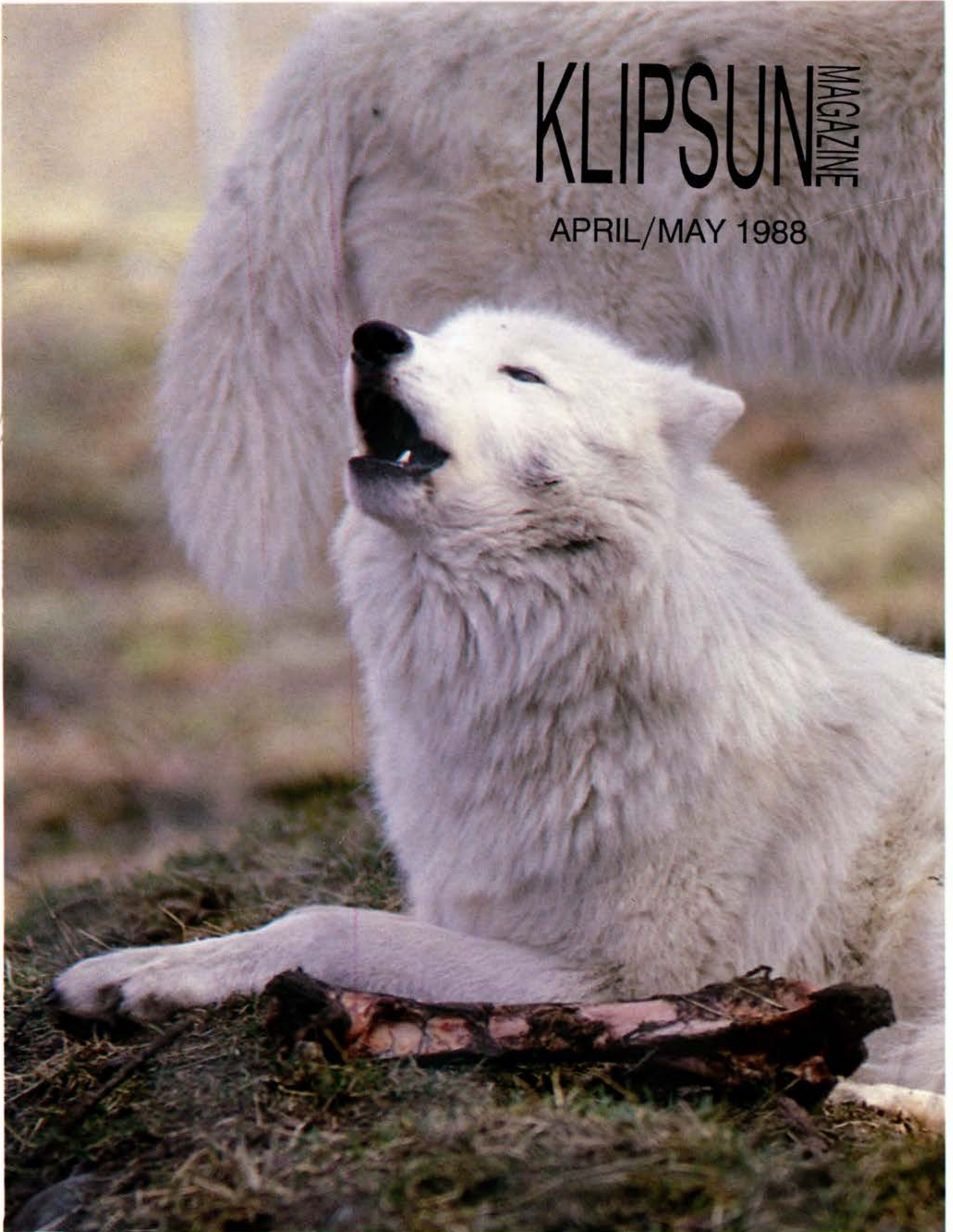
Recommended Citation

Einmo, David, "Klipsun Magazine, 1988 - April/May" (1988). *Klipsun Magazine*. 96.
https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine/96

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KLIPSUN MAGAZINE

APRIL/MAY 1988





Jesse Tinsley

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

Cover photo by Jesse Tinsley

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

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Special thanks to Wolf Haven, The Western Front/Klipsun Business Office staff, the WWU Print Plant staff.

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Liberal Art

By Wendy Staley

When Richard Beyer cuts wood with a chainsaw, the result isn't a stack of logs. A salmon or a bear or a man appears instead.

Beyer, a Seattle-based sculptor, works out of his green and light blue garage-like studio, which resembles a child's clubhouse. Grayish-blue painted wooden cutouts of a horse and a donkey are nailed to the outside walls. The gate on the right side of the building, which can be pulled open with a rope handle, leads to a yard filled with Styrofoam pieces, lumber scraps, pipes, tubes and chicken wire. Wood chips litter the ground.

In one corner of the yard, Beyer stood in front of a wooden man and critically eyed his work. Clenching his blue pipe between his teeth in intense concentration, he revved up the chainsaw he held and made a few more dents in the honey-colored wood.

Silver-gray hair stuck out of the edges of Beyer's gray woolen cap, and his coverall jeans were tucked into the tops of a pair of tan, rubber fishing boots.

He turned to explain that the wooden man was a replica of an 1870s surveyor, drawing his first map along the Columbia River. The surveyor, along with five wooden salmon and a coyote, will be part of a Wenatchee museum display on the Columbia River.



Most of Beyer's sculptures are carved out of Styrofoam and then delivered to Idaho, where his son Charlie casts them into aluminum. His furnace isn't large enough to cast an entire sculpture at once, so Charlie casts the sculpture in pieces, which are returned to Seattle and welded together.

On the surface, Beyer's wood, stone and aluminum sculptures often tell humorous stories. But more

meaningful messages lie within the blocky images.

"There are a number of different kinds of knowledge. There is abstract, formalistic knowledge, and there are stories about how things are and were. Some of my sculptures are humorous, but underneath them there's a pragmatic statement. I like to think of them as three-dimensional political cartoons."



Bill Gregersen-Morash

"Waiting for the Interurban," in Fremont, is one of Beyer's more famous sculptures. It shows a group of people with a human-faced dog waiting for a bus, and "speaks to the common endurance of humanity in the face of exploitation by the pigs, swine, bastards, whatever you want to call them, who exploit and use us," Beyer said. "The human being somehow endures through families, chil-



Bill Gregersen-Morash

"The Man Who Used to Hunt Cougars for Bounty"

dren, laughter and affection, if you please."

Back in his studio, Beyer strolled over to a table in the middle of the room.

Just outside the doorway, a buzzing chainsaw operated by Beyer's assistant provided sporadic background noise.

"The people (in the 'Interurban' sculpture) are standing there waiting for the scum to blow away." Beyer looked up. The low rumble of his laughter filled the room for an instant. Then he focused his clear blue eyes on the pipe he held in one hand and began to relate his past.

"I like to think of them as three-dimensional cartoons."

--Richard Beyer

In school, Beyer said he was interested in history and writing, but after World War II, he said there was nothing to do but make triggers for atom bombs. At the University of Washington's graduate school, he said he studied economics to try to understand the cause of all the tension in the world. After graduate school, "it was off, if you will, to make the missiles at Boeing Company so they could shoot the goddamn bombs off."

After working at Boeing for a short time, Beyer was ready to perform what he called his de-evolution out of the commercial world. Beyer smiled and said, jokingly, that he got into sculpting when he found he was otherwise unemployable.

"The Fremont people supported the 'Interurban' statue, and the community in Seattle and elsewhere started supporting my work, so I escaped from the flux of bomb builders."

The public's recognition of his work is important to Beyer, who said he doesn't create a sculpture simply for the sake of art.

"It's a silly, romantic myth perpetuated in art schools that artists are alienated and estranged from the world. It has no relevance, if you will," Beyer said. "Art is not political. It's an expression of the community's values. It makes the 'Interurban' relatively important socially, if not by artistic criteria."

Many of Beyer's sculptures are commissioned. Most of his ideas for sculptures come from talking with clients, reading poetry and learning about local stories and myths.

"The Man Who Used to Hunt Cougar for Bounty" on Western's campus is based on a local, factual story Beyer said he read. He described the sculpture like a true storyteller.

"In the 1920s there was a cabin near campus. The man who lived in there could run for miles hunting cougars on the hills up and around the campus. He ran with his dogs. People say they could hear his dogs. He made a good living until his lungs broke, his knees gave out, he started drinking whisky. The sculpture is the reconciliation of cougar and man. They're singing 'America.'"

Beyer turned and gestured toward another wooden sculpture he was working on in his studio. The unfinished piece featured a family sitting and watching television with a dog. He is creating the sculpture for KING-TV. He said the sculpture will be placed in front of KING's lobby to prevent cars from driving through the glass windows there.

"They wanted a family watching TV, but I put a can of beer in the man's hand. I wanted it to look like a real American family watching a sitcom, drinking beer. They told me 'no beer' and that the dog's ears couldn't be up because it would make him look frightened or something. I gave the family sweet expressions so I can get away with the beer can."

He grinned and explained that some of his clients haven't always been easy to get along with.



“It’s a silly, romantic myth perpetuated in art schools that artists are alienated and estranged from the world. It has no relevance, if you will.”

--Richard Beyer

“Some people think they can use your hands for their imagination. They have no moral integrity to learn to use their own hands. I realize that I provide a service, so I try to find out what sort of value they’re up to. Some clients there’s just no working with, if they want (a sculpture of) some self-promoting message.”

An artist’s personal expression is something Beyer finds worth defending. He currently is helping to organize an artists’ equity group for that purpose.

“Supply exceeds demand (in the art world). Artists let others dictate to them what is to be done. Museum people, art committee people are often the idle, rich, well-to-do who have nothing better to do but dabble in art, or work with artists,” Beyer said. “Well, they tend to leave the art community disorganized. Artists must organize to defend their interests: quality and the expression of their values. The others are parasitic.”

“What is it? Did you cut something off wrong?” Beyer asked calmly when his assistant wandered into the studio and stood silently. Beyer walked outside to provide direction, then came back in, sat down, and relit his pipe.

He said his artwork isn’t always received well by everyone. Awhile ago, he designed a sculpture of a bull to be displayed in Ellensburg. Some of the townspeople weren’t thrilled with it.

“One fella ran for city council on some moralistic campaign against the bull. He was saying the bull represented the devil, with its horns and all. I started out calling it ‘Cowboy’ but changed the name to ‘The Ellensburg Bull.’”

The occasional controversy surrounding some of Beyer’s work is difficult for him to understand.

Richard Beyer sculpted the figures “Waiting for the Interurban” in Seattle’s Fremont area.

“I guess I wind up as sort of the most popular artist making a living (in this area). Some people envy me. Some of the academics and critics defend the enviers and put my stuff down. I don’t know. I know what I’m doing and why I’m doing it. It’s sort of confusing what it’s about.” Beyer paused and looked solemnly down at his feet.

“I’ve made a choice to deal with the concrete and immediate in a world that’s becoming more abstract and confusing. Sometimes the controversy gets kind of amusing.”

Beyer seems to care a lot about his community and the everyday people who live in it. He said he doesn’t like to see politics and increased technology change the community for the worse.

“I gave the family sweet expressions so I can get away with the beer can.”

--Richard Beyer

“This technological pollution becomes a corrupt pollution. Cleaning up this mess is what it’s all about. This filth is not necessary.”

He looks forward to a time when people will take better care of each other and the place in which they live.

“I hope our time is moving toward a change of heart, when philosophers will be kings. The best we can hope for is people taking more responsibility for each other and this place we live in. These principles are really the platform of the Aquarian Age.”

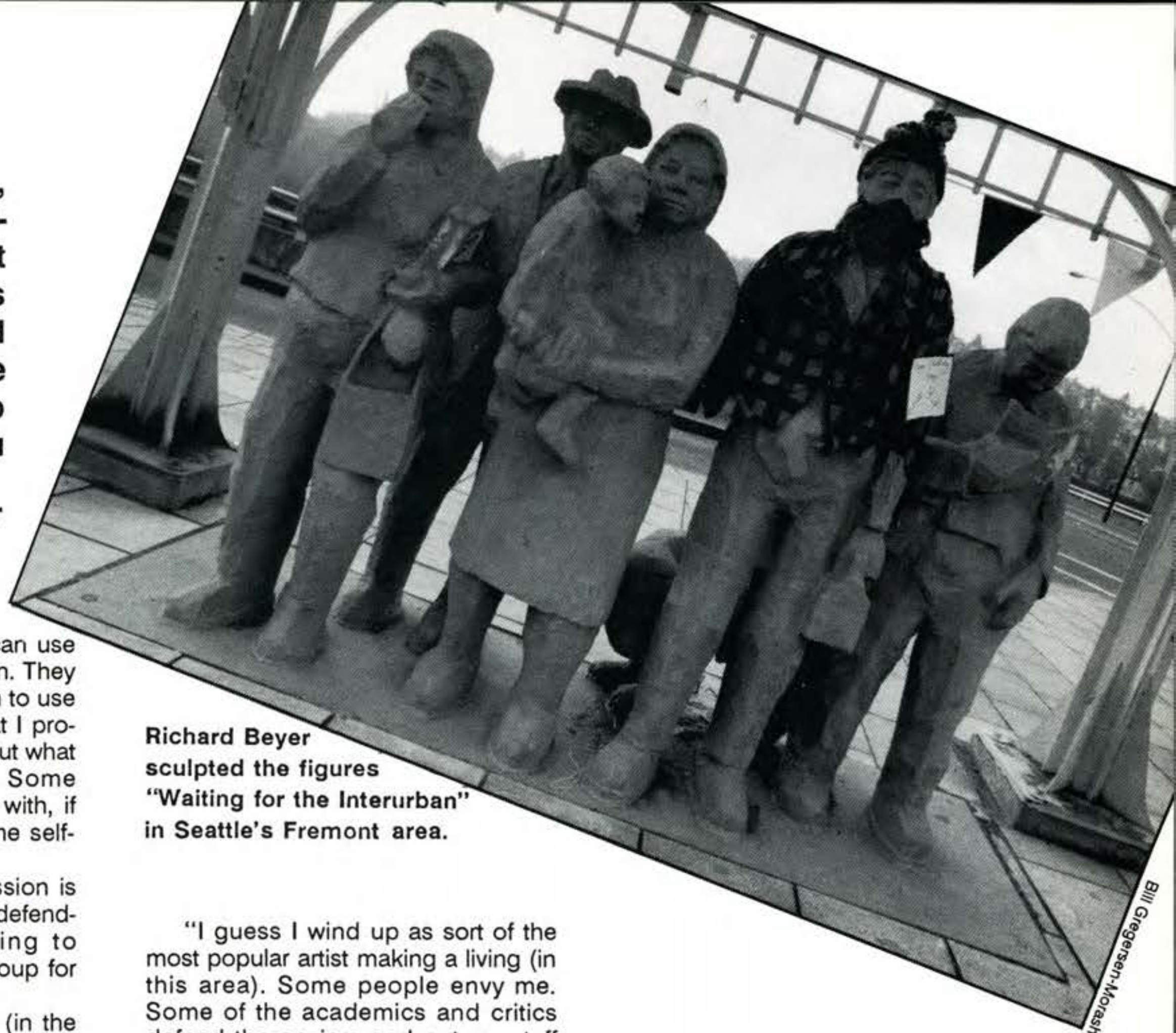
Beyer said the adoption of these principles can save our community from increased corruption.

“All this talk about a change of heart is really the recognition that the world doesn’t need the damn bomb. The Aquarian Age is a real alternative to the bomb. It’s the only alternative.”

Beyer is a man who doesn’t have much respect for political systems, which he said are based on hate.

“There is nothing absolute in political doctrines. There is something absolute about being human beings with flesh on our bones, with our basic fears, our desires.”

His artwork seems to reflect his love for humans, nature and the community, as well as his dislike for corrupt systems, which could explain both the growing popularity and the controversy that surround his work.



Bill Gregersen-Moresh





Bill Gregersen-Morash

From Pews To Pulpits

by Kathy Tucker

Several gold and white candles flicker slightly next to an altar. Choir members sit quietly while the pastor gives the sermon. Although the congregation scarcely fills the wooden pews, the people are attentive. The church is fairly typical, with one exception -- its pastor is a woman.

Margaret Hammer shares pastoral duties with her husband at Our Savior's Lutheran Church in Bellingham. They have been ordained since 1983, but the couple has only been at Our Savior's since last spring.

In her native Wisconsin accent, Hammer said that she occasionally receives negative reactions from people who aren't familiar with women

pastors. When members of more conservative Lutheran Churches visit Our Savior's, they are occasionally shocked to see a woman presiding. She said some have stayed for the sermon, but left before the service was over.

Patty Kirkpatrick, an associate pastor at Glad Tidings non-denominational church in Bellingham for the last 15 years, has been a pastor since 1960.

Kirkpatrick is small and demure, but she speaks with conviction and confidence.

She said she sometimes comes across people who don't agree that women should be ordained. People who don't know her sometimes call the church and ask to talk to the pastor. If her husband, who is the senior pastor, happens to be away, she'll receive the call. She said the reaction isn't always a positive one.

"I can always tell (if) they resent the fact that they are talking to me," Kirkpatrick said.

Her cue is the surprised tone of the person's voice. But Kirkpatrick doesn't believe in taking an offensive stand in these situations.

"I would never just get into a verbal argument with somebody (as to) why I should be a pastor versus why they think I shouldn't, just for the argument's sake."

Shortly after she and her husband moved to Bellingham, she attended a luncheon for ministers. She went alone because her husband was busy and said she received what she called a "unique" reception. Fifteen years ago a female pastor in a small town was pretty unusual.

"When I looked around, I was the only woman there, which made me a little uncomfortable."

Kirkpatrick said she doesn't try to

assert her ministry on churches that aren't receptive to women pastors.

When she and her husband attend or visit churches that don't believe in ordaining women, she respects their opinions and doesn't preach in their churches.

Cindy Bauleke, associate pastor at the First Congregational Church in Bellingham, said sexism in the church and in society is still a problem.

"For so many of us in the '70s, we thought 'Well, all we have to do is let people see the problem and it will be solved.' Well here we are in '88 and the problem is not solved yet!" Bauleke said, punctuating her statement with the comfortable, booming laugh that frequently accompanies her speech.

"I would never just get into a verbal argument with somebody (as to) why I should be a pastor versus why they think I shouldn't just for argument's sake."

--Patty Kirkpatrick

She said sexism comes in little doses all of the time. Once, when she was visiting a parishioner at the hospital, a nurse asked her, "Now you're the pastor's wife?" after she already had told the nurse she was the pastor.

She also has received some sexist treatment from within her congregation. When her church recently experienced budget problems, someone turned to her and suggested her hours be cut to save money. The person reasoned that since Bauleke's husband makes a good income, she could afford to take the cut in pay.

But she doesn't want to be seen as a "helper" to the senior pastor, Don McClellan. She wants to be treated and respected as a pastor in her own right.

She said all women get subtle sexist remarks, but there are different ways of dealing with them.

Kirkpatrick said her church is very accepting of her as a pastor.

When her husband travels, Kirkpatrick will often lead the worship service. She joked that her congregation doesn't stay home from church on those days.

She said people are more recep-

tive to a husband-wife team than they are to a single woman pastor. Before she was married, she met a lot more opposition.

She said a husband-wife team serves as a good example for the congregation. It shows them a family who can work together serving and loving God.

"I think for children to see a family that loves God and serves God together is a very, very important thing. I think it shows them that (when) God has called you into ministry, whether you are a boy or a girl isn't the factor that counts."

Most of the time the benefits of husband-wife team leadership come

into play when people want counseling for personal problems. Some women would rather talk to a female pastor, while some men would rather talk to a male pastor -- or vice versa.

Women bring different insight, compassion and understanding into the ministry, Kirkpatrick said.

She and her husband have no problems working together, Kirkpatrick said. She attributes it to the fact that they enjoy each other's company so much.

Hammer said she agreed that male-female team leadership is beneficial to the church because it presents role models for both sexes. She said it also shows children that both men



Margaret Hammer says she believes her parishioners accept her in her role as associate pastor.

Bill Gregersen-Morash



Bill Gregersen-Morash

Cindy Bauleke is the associate pastor at the First Congregational Church in Bellingham.



Bill Gregersen-Morash

Margaret Hammer is the associate pastor at Bellingham's Our Savior's Lutheran Church.

and women can be leaders.

Hammer added that she and her husband have different perspectives and talents that are reflected in their different sermons.

Bauleke said she and the male senior pastor also have a good working relationship.

"We really complement each other well. And the church really appreciates the gifts that I bring that are very different from Don's (McClellan) gifts to ministry in this congregation."

Women have been ordained in many churches for more than 20 years. The basis for women not being ordained before this time and their continuing opposition may lie within the Bible.

The Bible uses mostly male language when describing images of God and people, said Steve Salis, minister of the Catholic Shalom Center. He said sexist language exists in the Bible, but the time frame in which it was written has to be taken into account.

"I wouldn't want to read 20th century values into it," he said.

Kirkpatrick has a more conservative view.

"I don't really believe the Bible is sexist," she said. "When the roles became hurtful in any sense, (it was) a result of sin."

She doesn't think the Bible needs to be changed to read more inclusively.

"I believe God created languages, and whether it's written in Hebrew, Greek or whatever other (language), God understands it. So I think where they go through the Bible and try to put a she on every he, they are being ridiculous.

"On the other hand, I do think that in numerous places where it's talking about man, it is really saying mankind."

Bauleke said because the people who transcribed the Bible lived in such a patriarchal society, it's a miracle feminine views of God and stories about women survived at all.

"They all lived in a society where men had power and women did not have power," she said. "They were very sexist people who translated the Bible. I don't think I need to honor their world view of that time for us now."

Bauleke said she and McClellan try to use inclusive language in worship.

"When we really stress how damaging it is to only use masculine language in worship they (the congregation) have a hard time understanding it because that is what they have grown up with, and that is what they are comfortable with," Bauleke said. "When we try and point out how that (is) negating little girl's experiences, it's hard for them to understand that because they grew up with it and it didn't negate them as far as they can see.

"So one of our real underlying issues that we struggle with here a lot is trying to help people see that God isn't a man, God isn't a woman either,

but God is above sex."

The Catholic church currently ordains only men, which Hammer said is unfortunate. She said she thinks part of the reason is that they rely on tradition.

"Jesus was a male, and in that sense a priest is in Jesus' shoes. That, in my mind, is a little bit weak because Jesus was also a Jew and they don't make that a requirement."

Salis agreed that the strongest reason is tradition.

He pointed out that there is nothing based in scripture that says a woman can't be ordained, but nor does it say women can be.

"That simply isn't an issue in the scriptures. But they (Catholic Church) go back to tradition saying, 'Jesus didn't ordain women.' I don't think Jesus ordained men either."

Salis said he believes the Catholic Church is realizing that the roles of men and women have changed in our society. That realization has already affected the structure of the church.

Women are given high positions of leadership, although they are not actually ordained yet, he said.

Bauleke said there still is a double standard at work in society and in the church.

"(The Catholic Church) goes back to tradition saying Jesus didn't ordain women. I don't think Jesus ordained men either."

-- Steve Salis

For example, when her husband moved down to San Francisco with her while she went through seminary, he received a lot of admiration for being so understanding.

"He was real supportive and I never could have done it without him, but at the same time it's real annoying that he has gotten so much credit for his move to go with me, when I've moved several times for him. That's just expected. It's life," she said, laughing.

Churches are slowly responding to society's changing sex roles. Bauleke said that at the national level churches are more liberal than at the local level.

"The rhetoric that comes out of the national United Church of Christ and the national Presbyterian gatherings is much more inclusive. They really do have a vision for how God uses each one of us, no matter what our sex happens to be."

But, Bauleke said, the church still has a long way to go.

"I firmly believe, because it's so entrenched in us culturally, that it will be generations (before it is solved)."



Brennan Linsley

Margaret Hammer and other women pastors in Bellingham said they believe their roles serve as positive examples for their congregations.

There's No Place Like Home?

by K.L. Hansen

To most, living in a boat, bus, or home-made structure seems eccentric. But to the people who call them 'home,' and others who enjoy such self-expression, it is a form of individualism.

For sculptor Bob Koons, what began as a piece of art soon became his home.

Starting in October, Koons invested three months and \$75 for plastic, nails and wood to build his domed dwelling in Bellingham's Happy Valley. Almost all the construction materials he used are recycled, or secondhand items he salvaged.

"I bet you thought it was a cabin? Well, it's really a boat," he said coyly, as if it were a closely guarded secret.

He plans on floating his home, which resembles a child's overgrown tree house gone berserk, this summer. His goal is to sail it while growing mussels on columns suspended in the water.

A biologist by training, Koons worked for the State Department of Fisheries for three years as a researcher, then attended Western to receive his science and art teaching certificates.

The basic elements of Koons' creation are large, wooden, half-ovals about six feet tall. Western's Art Department made the forms to build a cement sculpture and gave the unused ones to Koons.



Bob Koons built and lives in this unusual home, which is located in Bellingham's Happy Valley.

The roof is made of gill netting secured over clear plastic, which is laid onto curved wooden beams. It's supported by rounded and flat walls, causing an odd tangling of angles and curves. The sturdy floor and rear deck are made of long parallelboards, which rest on a bed of old tires Koons converted into a foundation.

Standing about 14-feet tall, the living space is the size of a small studio apartment. Koons relaxed on his bed in the upper loft, while downstairs, a large wood stove pumped out enough heat to make being indoors on a cold winter afternoon almost unbearable. Koons wore only gray sweatpants and a pair of clogs.

His aquiline features and waist-length, sun-streaked hair give Koons a native appearance.

**"I bet you thought
it was a cabin?
Well it's really a
boat."**

--Bob Koons

In late-spring he plans to complete a concentric circular house out of wooden forms recycled from the campus sculpture project. Koons said, it too will be cone-shaped and quite livable.

Across town, in Squalicum Harbor, Western senior David Hastenstab squeezed his tall, slim, frame onto the bench of the kitchen table in his small home. He began intently pouring over molecular and cellular biology textbooks.

It's a typical scene for most college students, except Hastenstab makes his home on a 30-foot power boat moored in the harbor. He has lived there since September.

"I like the privacy, the freedom that it gives you," Hastenstab said, his hazel eyes looking toward the bay. "It's sort of a frame of mind. You can leave anytime. It is something I've always wanted to do."

"I got tired of paying rent," Hastenstab explained. "I take the rent, and put it into the boat."

When he bought the boat 15 months ago, it was only a hull with a basic cabin. It took nine months of intensive labor and sweat to make the craft liveable.

Hastenstab recently finished installing a shower on board. Before, he had to share the marina's facilities with transients from nearby shelters.

Hastenstab enjoys the independence boat-life offers. He sometimes hoists anchor and cruises to the San Juan Islands and other areas to scuba dive.

"I'm pretty self-sufficient with the boat," he said.

Hastenstab's boat is outfitted with shore power and water, a phone and diesel heat, which warms the main cabin and triangular bedroom where he sleeps.

Hastenstab said he didn't get much sleep during storms when he first moved into the boat, but the constant rocking and ocean winds don't bother him now.



Jesse Tinsley

David Hastenstab calls his boat moored in Squalicum Harbor home.



Jesse Tinsley

Bob Koons inside the home he crafted from recyclables and remnants from one of Western's outdoor sculptures.

A good way to see America is by bus, but one Bellingham couple believes a way to change America and the world is to live on one.

"It is mainly to live simply, so that others may simply live," said Steve, 27, who lives in a converted school bus.

This philosophy pervades the couple's entire existence, Steve said, pushing the sleeves of his blueberry-colored sweatshirt up to his sturdy forearms.

Steve and Patricia, who are left-wing activists, asked that their surnames be excluded because of

their strong stance against the federal government. They try to keep a low-profile to remain unnoticed by federal, state and local authorities.

The couple is involved in Committee In Solidarity for the People of El Salvador (CISPES), (which was under FBI investigation for its efforts to stop

"I got tired of paying rent. I take the rent, and put it into the boat."

-- David Hastenstab



Jesse Tinsley

U.S. aid to the Contras), The Christic Institute and other activist groups. Steve organizes fund raisers and educational events at Western and in the community on a regular basis.

Patricia, 28, says their reasons for living on the bus are philosophical, emotional, political, ethical and economical in nature.

"It is mainly to live simply, so that others may simply live."

-- Steve

"It's shedding attachment to be more exposed to the realities of life." She tugged a strand of her light-brown hair, then brushed it away from her piercing gray eyes. A warm smile lit up her face as she talked openly about her philosophies.

"People get close-minded when they are too comfortable," she said assertively. The couple's lifestyle allows them to realize the simplicity of just being alive, she said.

"It's shedding attachment to be more exposed to the realities of life."

--Patricia

Other, less-philosophical reasons Steve and Patricia opt for bus life are the mobility and low rent.

"It is a lifetime journey," Steve said. "It's a small step toward self-sufficiency. It's just a way to live cheaply."

Looking out the bus window, Patricia reminisced.



Steve and Patricia, CISPES members, have chosen to live in a bus to avoid complacency.

Jesse Tinsley

"As a child, I had a fascination for living in a bus, but it was suppressed until adulthood." She and Steve soon discovered they shared the same dream of living on a bus and being self-sufficient.

"We went to see the bus on a whim," Patricia said. Neither had the money to meet the \$2,000 price tag. Steve, however, sold some property which enabled the couple to buy the used, rolling home.

"It was the miraculous realization of our dreams," Patricia said, a smile lighting up her eyes.

After buying the 1957 GMC school bus in Olympia, the couple, their black cat, Raven, and Bo, Patricia's 7-year-old son, drove the '60s-style, house-on-wheels to Bellingham. Passers-by stared, or gave the two-fingered "peace" sign. Steve said it made him feel like a hippie of 20 years ago, when the bus first was converted.

"People generally think it's great or it's crazy," he said.

From the renters' front yard in Happy Valley, the bus looks as if it was driven through the old house it sits next to, then brought to a violent stop. Both structures share the same basic body colors and the bus sports a brown, wooden, pitched roof perched atop its rusty hull.

The converted people-carrier is equipped with an iron-bodied wood stove, a bed in the rear, a convertible couch-bed, one leftover, green vinyl bus bench and a kitchen. It has 250-square-feet of living space.

They plan to transform the bus' exterior from its current hippie-generation appearance to a more subtle, contemporary look. In addition, skylights, shelves, new flooring and another window will be installed soon, using society's waste products and recycled materials.

"People get close-minded when they are too comfortable."

--Patricia

The couple enjoys living in the Bellingham community because of the beautiful, lush scenery and open-minded people they have found here. Except for a lack of abundant solar energy available in cloudy Bellingham, Patricia said the area is ideal for living in a bus.



The converted school bus owned by Steve and Patricia.

Jesse Tinsley

Another local bus dweller is Turtle Robb, a Fairhaven student who inhabits "CUSS," a 1963 GMC Bluebird school bus aptly named because of what her mechanic did while repairing it.

Her lifestyle is a bit like a turtle's -- she carries her house on her back.

"It's the Cadillac of buses," she laughed, "Some bus-people are really into it. I'm not as gung-ho about my bus. I let it get rusty."

Robb, 33, has lived in CUSS for a year and a half. She "sort of inherited" the bus in Fall of 1981, and has resided in it on-and-off ever since.

"It's the Cadillac of buses. Some bus-people are really into it. I'm not as gung-ho about my bus. I let it get rusty."

--Turtle Robb

"The story of how I got my bus is rather complicated," Robb said. "It all started when a friend of mine tried to commit suicide."

Robb's boss and a friend tried to help her sort out the problem. Then, her boss' friend said she had a bus Robb could have if she could tow or drive it away.

"If my friend hadn't tried to kill herself, I wouldn't have the bus," she said. "That's the really bizarre part."

"I grew up with a dream of living in a bus. When I was young, about seven, I wasn't too socially adept, so I used to sit on the bus, dreaming about how you could live in a schoolbus," Robb explained, "That was in the '60s. People used to think like that then."

"Buses are a big theme in my life," she added.

"I want to be a school bus driver," she said. "That's my ambition."

The nose of her old bus is a blood red color, while much of the body's dirty white exterior has peeled off to reveal a bright turquoise underneath, which complements the black trim down the sides.

Along one side, a neatly painted sign reads, "The bindlestiff (hobo) occupant of this bus is willing and able to work, and is in search of life sustaining labors." This is followed by "lists of acceptable jobs & pay."



Jesse Tinsley

Although Turtle Robb, a Fairhaven student, lives in a bus, she has all the comforts of an ordinary home.

"That was my advertising to find work while traveling in 1982, all over Washington. I did the whole Steinbeck-fruit-migrant-thing with my dog, Sheridan," she said.

She stopped her life on the road because "I got burnt out on breaking down. I won't travel *alone* in it again. It wastes gas, for only one person, plus it's a little bit scary. I met good people. I had good luck.

"There's a real sense of survival," she said, "I can go anywhere (in the bus)."

"When I was young...I used to sit on the bus, dreaming about how you could live in a school bus. That was in the '60s. People used to think like that then."

--Turtle Robb

The bus' interior is cluttered with books, art and possessions that give it a homey feeling. Dividing the bedroom from the office-living room-entryway area is a Navajo-style rug hung across the bus from a smooth, wooden pole.

Robb, an adamant feminist, is studying "The Art of Communication: Writing, Talking, and Laughing" at Fairhaven College.

She legally changed her name to Turtle from Linda; then began collecting the more than 50 drawn, sculpted, ceramic, crystal and toy turtles which cohabit with her.

"I feel so much stronger and healthier now that I have my own name," Robb said.

"People think that I'm a hippie -- I'm really not," Robb admitted, "I wasn't old enough to be a flower child." Robb said her parents wouldn't allow her to burn incense and go to rallies until she was out on her own.



Jesse Tinsley

Turtle Robb's alternative dwelling.

The sign on Robb's home sums up her philosophy this way, "Respect for the dignity and privacy of an individual seeking happiness."



WOLF KILLING: Economics or Biology?

by David Einmo

A helicopter carrying hunters firing semiautomatic weapons flies over a pack of gray wolves in a remote forest in northeast British Columbia. The hunter's piercing shots echo through the snow-covered woodland. For most of the wolves, it is the last sound they will hear.

Since 1982, more than 1,000 wolves have been killed by aerial hunters in an attempt to control the wolf population, which the province's government says has grown to numbers that threaten moose, elk and deer. Government officials contend that if game animals are killed by wolves, they will be unavailable for hunters. The wolves, they say, damage a hunting industry that earns the province more than \$25 million annually.

As many as 600 more wolves are expected to be either shot or trapped in the province this year.

But the aerial hunting, which involves luring wolf packs with moose carcasses to clearings where they are shot from aircraft, has elicited intense opposition. Many biologists and environmental activists attack the government's objective to reduce the wolf population in Muskwa Valley by 80 percent, calling the program biologically unjustifiable and damaging to the wolf's viability.

A 13-page report prepared by the Biology Section of the Wildlife Society of Canadian Biologists concluded, "There is no biological basis or biological justification for the wolf control program currently being conducted in northeastern British Columbia."

David Lavigne, a University of Guelph (Ontario) zoology professor, helped write the group's report. In a telephone interview, he said the wolf control program's evidence is not biologically convincing.

"The data supplied by the B.C. government does not provide any evidence to suggest that a kill is either necessary or that it would achieve certain objectives," he said. "And I haven't seen any data from them that would suggest that anything has changed in the last three to four years (since writing the report)."



Charles Krebs, a University of British Columbia zoology professor, also criticized the program's biological rationale.

"I don't think the program is biologically sound. I think it's a response by a government which has to be seen as doing something," he said. "From a purely scientific point of view, given the objectives they claim they want to achieve, this is not a program that is going to achieve them. It is all badly designed."

Krebs disputes the original studies written by John Elliot, a government biologist who designed the program.

"If our students came in with a project designed in this way, we would turn them away. We would not accept it."



Jesse Tinsley

They're using a ruler made of elastic instead of wood."

Jack Laufer, a Wolf Haven biologist, said the B.C. Ministry of Environment is ignoring the opinions of professional scientists like Krebs and Lavigne. Instead, he said, provincial officials are relying only on their own data, which is skewed.

"They are ignoring data when it conflicts with what they have," Laufer said. "What we have up there is wildlife biologists being judge, jury and executioner. There are very few comments from the outside world."

Laufer said wolf control is unnecessary, except in rare, specific cases where an individual wolf is killing livestock.

Many environmental groups agree. Referring to news reports and scientific documents, they explain that moose populations are plentiful, making wolf control unnecessary. In December 1986, the *Fort Nelson News*, a newspaper near the Muskwa Valley, reported, "A word of warning to those traveling the Alaska Highway: An unusual number of moose seem to be appearing, generally just after dark...Motorists would be advised to watch their speed and keep their eyes open. It's no fun hitting a moose."

The Canadian government, however, insists wolf control is essential and that it is reviving game animal populations.



Jesse Tinsley

Ralph Archibald, a wildlife biologist and carnivore specialist in the Wildlife Branch of the province's Ministry of Environment, defends the program, saying that critics are poorly informed. He said wolves threaten large game animals sought by hunters. By killing wolves, he said, game animal populations can be increased and made available for hunters. Archibald said the government has an obligation to protect the industry's interests. Many hunters travel from around the world, paying as much as \$25,000, to bag a Canadian moose or elk.

"Hunting generates a tremendous amount of revenue in remote or rural areas where there aren't other options for employment opportunities," he said. "It's true, for example, that in the Northeast, our primary objective there is to control wolves to increase the number of ungulates (hooved

animals) so that they will be available for the hunting public."

"The data supplied by the B.C. government does not provide any evidence to suggest that a kill is either necessary or that it would achieve certain objectives."

--David Lavigne

Many critics question if it's worth the cost.

Archibald refused to say how much British Columbia's government is paying to reduce wolf populations,

According to a memo written in December 1986 by Stephen Rogers, Former Minister of Environment and Parks, the cost of killing one wolf from a helicopter is \$140.

Archibald said wolves are only hunted in areas where they have been proven to have an impact on prey, and that by killing them, the number of game animals can be increased. These areas include the Muskwa Valley and Vancouver Island, where British Columbia officials plan to reduce the wolves by 80 percent, and the Caribou Region, where 12 of the area's 15 wolves will be killed.

Jim Peek, a University of Idaho wildlife management professor, agrees with Archibald. He said the program is necessary because the competition between hunters and wolves threatens game animals.

"What it boils down to is that if they want to harvest black-tail deer up there, and have a population that is harvestable, they have to have some kind of wolf management.

"Those people have a good strong rationale for what they are doing and they're under pressure to maintain deer. They cannot do that without managing wolves," Peek said, referring to Vancouver Island, where the government relies on year-round trapping rather than aerial hunting to control the wolves. Last year more than 200 wolves were trapped in British Columbia.

But Peek said the excessive predation of wolves has been aggravated by the island's heavy timber harvest.

"They've cut so many trees on northern Vancouver Island, that the black-tail deer have been reduced to small amounts, which are more vulnerable to the wolves."

Many critics agree the problem has been escalated by the clearing of forests. Some even believe the wolf is not responsible for the decreased game animal populations. Instead they blame habitat destruction, harsh winters, poachers and over-hunting.

When asked about the impact of these events, Archibald refused to comment, but he admitted, "On Vancouver Island, the poachers unquestionably have had an impact."

Laufer also said hunters are causing the decrease in game animals.

"What's really amazing is if you start looking at the number of trophies that are taken. In the northeast region, they've been hunting several thousand game animals per year, and yet they scream that the animals are



Jesse Tinsley

declining," he said. "It just doesn't jive at all."

Still, proponents insist the program is necessary. Mike Jakubal and Val Wade, the Northwest coordinators of Friends of the Wolf, strongly disagree. They are so opposed to the government-sponsored wolf kill, that in mid-February they traveled to Muskwa Valley to intervene with the late-winter aerial hunting.

As part of "Wolf Rendezvous," Jakubal and Wade joined 20 protesters to camp in the snowy, remote Muskwa Valley forest for two to three weeks where they planned to confront the wolf hunters. Three leaders parachuted from aircraft, while the rest trekked into the wilderness on cross-country skis.

The protesters never faced the hunters, however. Province officials delayed the Muskwa wolf hunt, and later called it off due to lack of snow in the valley. Deep snow slows the wolves when they are trying to escape, enabling the hunters to easily shoot them. Without the snow, the wolves are too difficult to kill.

Although provincial officials are uncertain if they will resume the Muskwa hunt next winter, they are continuing the other regional hunts.

Before leaving to Canada, Jakubal and Wade said the Muskwa trip was

"Most of us will never see wolves in the wild. We want that to be because they are shy of humans, not because there aren't any wolves left."

-- Val Wade

designed to attract attention to wolf killing and to put pressure on the government to stop the program in all regions. It appears they may attain their goal. Journalists joined them on their trip, and articles prompted companies and individuals to donate money and supplies.

Jakubal said media coverage can help their cause.

"A 20-second news clip flashed around the world of them in helicopters blowing away wolves will probably be the most effective tool we could have to stop the kill because it is such a gory sort of thing," Jakubal said. "It's so brutal."

Wade said she wanted to go to Canada because she fears the gray wolf may be hunted into extinction.

"Most of us will never see wolves in the wild," she said. "We want that to be because they are shy of humans, not because there aren't any wolves left."

Forty-eight percent of British Columbia's wolf population lives in the Muskwa region, she said. If 80 percent are killed, almost half of the wolves in the entire province would be exterminated.

Although the gray wolf is an endangered species in the United States and has been placed on the "threatened" list in Canada by the International Union for Conservation of



Jesse Trinsley

Jack Laufer, Wolf Haven biologist, demonstrates a wolf trap like the ones used by hunters on Vancouver Island.

Nature and Natural Resources, proponents of the program insist the gray wolf is not endangered. Archibald estimates there are more than 6,000 wolves living in British Columbia, and said populations are expanding both in numbers and in distribution.

But Laufer said the number of wolves living in the province has decreased from 23,000 in 1975 to its present number. He said Canadian officials ignore what happened to the United States. Americans used to think U.S. wolves were not endangered. Now, very few states have the animals, he said.

"As a biologist, I see a definite possibility that in 10 or 15 years down the road, British Columbia isn't going to have any more wolves than Washington state, which is zero. People say, 'Oh no, that's not possible,'" Laufer said. "But who would have thought 15 years ago that we would ever get down to the point of having only 6,000 wolves in B.C."

Archibald, however, said wolves

are capable of rebounding rapidly. As their population decreases, wolves reproduce more frequently and bear more pups. Furthermore, wolf killing disrupts individual packs and often leads to the formation of two or three additional smaller packs.

As a result, many wolf control critics say that if the Canadian government wants to increase game animal populations, they will have to kill all the wolves because wolves reproduce so rapidly.

The problem is different south of the border. Instead of being hunted, wolves are being reintroduced into areas like Montana's Glacier National Park by U.S. Wildlife officials. David Mech, a wildlife research biologist for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service has researched wolves for almost 20 years. He said the Canadian wolf control program has hurt the United States' efforts because wolves that would have migrated into Montana were killed by Canadian hunters.

"The British Columbia wolf hunting season has probably set back the

recovery of the wolf in Glacier Park by about two years," he said, referring to the hunts in the bordering Flathead region.

In October, British Columbia agreed to end the Flathead wolf hunt because of concerns such as Mech's.

The wolf hunts in Muskwa and Vancouver Island continue, however. But they will not have an impact on the United States, Archibald said, because they are too far away from the border.

"Neither of our control programs is near the Canada-U.S. border," he said. "How could it affect the U.S.? Are you going to have wolves from Vancouver Island swimming across the Strait of Georgia and jumping into the states?" he asked, laughing.

John Almac, a project biologist for the Washington state Department of Wildlife, said it is unlikely Canada's program will have much of an impact on wolves entering Washington state.

"I would think that it would have very little impact on our specific area because of the distance," he said. "Certainly it could have an effect on some wolves actually ending up down here. But I would think that because of the distance involved, the impact would be rather minor."

Almac, however, does not support the wolf control program. He accused the program's biologists of acting without first performing studies.

"It's difficult to base any evidence on it because there haven't been any studies performed. The whole thing is based on theory," he said.

Archibald admitted wolf management is poorly understood. He said one reason they are conducting the program is to learn more about such projects, and collect information with which they can use to base future decisions.

"The only way you can learn how to do things is to go out there and do things and see what the results are of what you've done," he said.

But Almac said Canadian officials should spend more time studying the effects before they perform the wolf kills.

"Right now they are looking at it politically, which is wrong. The hunters are mad, so they're succumbing to the pressure," he said. "They should be dealing with it on a biological basis. Obviously the politics come to bear. But if they're going to look at it properly, they should be looking at it from biology first and then figure out how they can deal with the politics -- after they've understood biology."





Bill Gregersen-Morash

Tracking Tiny Trains

by Wendy Bacon-Alex

Five different miniature train depots, complete with cars, engines, buildings and backdrops, are laid out in a cramped basement.

After train rails the width of pencil lead were cleaned, the tiny engines and cars began to move. A plant mister, filled with brown paint and aimed at an artificial mountain, looked oddly oversized as the little locomotives rolled by.

This fantasy world of lilliputian railroads was created beneath a law-

yers' office on Eldridge Avenue by the Whatcom Railroad Association.

The 24-member club has met once a week for the past five years.

Members work at areas in which they are most interested or skilled. They may paint train cars or scenery, adjust the thousands of wires that protrude from the main control panel, assemble buildings, or lay down track.

Backdrops made of hydro-cal, a hard-shell plaster, line the walls. They've been painted to resemble scenery typical of each depot.

Tiny warehouses, cafes and other buildings all have been carefully placed on corkboard-covered plywood. Even tiny trees, grass and railroad hoboes are present in the realistic layouts.

The members seemed proud of their creations. Wenatchee's saw mill, Mt. Index, Skykomish, Snohomish and Everett's train depots have all been re-created in the low-ceilinged 30-by-30-foot room. Intricately painted cars are stretched along the hand-laid track, complete with match stick-sized railroad ties.

"There's a lot of work and thought in these clubs," said Eugene Warwick, a model railroader who runs a specialty shop for advanced hobbyists.

Warwick, a large man with a friendly, broad face, began railroading as a hobby five years ago. He repairs small appliances at M & M appliance repair, in the same building that houses his four-year-old hobby business on the Guide Meridian.

In the shop, beaters for electric mixers share wall space with railroading magazines. Antique engines and cars are displayed on counters and new brass engines gleam from their boxes.

Warwick, dressed in dark green work pants and a hat advertising 'M & M Depot,' has found model railroading to be a "fascinating hobby."

"It's a good hobby, it takes up time," Warwick said, leaning against a glass counter. "You can spend a lot of money on it if you want. You can spend as much as your pocketbook will allow. But you don't have to do that, you can build your own."



Bill Gregersen-Morash

"You're not sitting in a beer parlor, or spending money foolishly like that. It's kind of satisfying to see something you put together yourself," he said.

"If you're real busy, you can go into a train room and get relaxation."

In Warwick's case, a "train room" is his living room. Although the 10-by-15-foot layout takes up most of his front room, he said his wife doesn't mind. She even paints some of the cars, he added.

Cars can be purchased painted or plain. Most hobbyists buy unpainted cars and decorate them themselves. They often choose a railroad they can relate to, such as one that ran where they grew up.

"They try to follow the same car colors," Warwick said. His cars are mostly replicas of Great Northern trains. "It covers a lot of territory," he said about his chosen railroad.

Warwick had always liked trains, but his job as a truck driver left little time for hobbies.

Now he has more than \$5,000 invested in his train set, which includes a 12-inch brass engine valued at \$500.

Warwick recommended beginners decide how much they'd like to spend before they delve into model-railroad building. He estimated the cost of a modest layout to be close to \$100.

Bob Lovelace, another railroad shop owner, agreed. He said a beginner could spend between \$75 and \$100 to get started, although he sells cheaper starter sets for as low as \$52.

Lovelace, a gray-haired, bespectacled man sporting a train belt buckle on his jeans, began model railroading a few years ago, after a back injury forced him to choose a relaxing hobby.

"It's a hobby for those who enjoy sitting down and getting involved in something for awhile."



Bill Gregersen-Morash

Bob Lovelace, a railroad hobbyist, details one of his model trains.



Bill Gregersen-Morash

Lovelace said model railroading is a good hobby for retired people because it requires little physical effort.

"Everyone needs something to relax with, and model railroading fits the bill," he said.

"Everyone needs something to relax with, and model railroading fits the bill."

--Bob Lovelace

In his small store on Holly Street, coffee mugs decorated with various railroad insignias crowd a shelf above the counter. Calendars and date books bearing train motifs are stacked next to railroading books and magazines.

A spectrum of paints, brushes, cars, engines, tiny plastic churches and miniature train crews adorn the walls. A train layout containing a snow-covered farm and a town, complete with a 7-Eleven store, stands in one corner.

"It's actually a lot of little hobbies within a hobby," Lovelace said of model railroading. "There's decorating, spray-painting cars, making the buildings or the electrical aspect. You can hook trains up to computers. You can buy locomotives and put different motors in them to try to make them run better. It's a hobby you can work on any time of year."

Some model railroaders feel there's a stigma attached to the hobby, Lovelace said, because they consider modeling to be a kids' pastime and are a little ashamed.

"Men buying trains consider them toys. They get a funny look on their face," Lovelace said.

Parker Graham, owner of the Hobby Hive, said fathers buying kits for their kids are often closet modelers and "actually buy for themselves. It's fun getting fathers in here."

Books reveal every step required to successfully build a "colorful Western layout" or take readers on a "New England coastline layout tour."

Graham orders model train products from a thick catalog that carries such items as hand-painted circus personnel, women hurdlers and wedding guests, as well as decals, every miniature building imaginable, painted scenery and tools.

For those who find modeling a pleasurable diversion, a plethora of magazines and books on the subject exist.

Intricate drawings of layouts, color photographs of a two-tone foliage tree being made, and detailed instructions for wiring control panels were included in one issue of "Model Railroading."

But the books are no substitute for the actual layouts, which can be seen twice a year at the Whatcom Railroad Association's open houses.

"You're not sitting in a beer parlor, or spending money foolishly like that."

-- Eugene Warwick

At one association meeting, more than 20 people crowded the small basement room. Parents admonished children not to touch anything, and kids begged to be lifted high enough to see the tiny trains inching along the tracks.

Club members wearing headsets called out the progress of different engines, but without need. The spectators filling the room hailed each train as it came into view.



Working Graveyard in the

by Jeremy Meyer



The bogeyman attacks at night, Count Dracula sinks his famous fangs into necks during the night, and the impassioned -- sometimes annoying -- moans of neighbors can be heard at night.

But night for some people is just another day at the office.

Claudia Duffey is the graveyard worker at the AM-PM mini-market on Samish Way. She knows what it's like to be awake during the night, but she has never seen a bogeyman.

"Once in awhile the college kids get hairy," she said, referring to problems with customers. "But I think because of the sharpness of my voice, and that I'm older, they say, 'Oh no, it's someone older talking.' They're neat kids. They call

me mom. They'll come in sick, and say, 'Where's the medicine, mom?' And I'll point and say, 'right behind you.'"

A small radio sat on the counter next to the cash register playing pop music at a low volume. Duffey picked up the radio and turned the channel.

"I like this Canadian country station," she said as the radio began playing the sounds of southern harmonies and slide-guitars.

In most graveyard shifts, the radio is the worker's only companion throughout the night. People who work at night tune in to hear another person's voice, or just to listen to music. Many of the late-night workers listen to Al Sande, the 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. disc-jockey at KISM FM and KGMI AM, which share the same building.

Inside the Bellingham station, Sande sat at a small desk next to a wall filled with computers and reel-to-reel tape machines. The tapes switched on automatically to play pop songs, commercials and even Sande's voice.

The nationally syndicated talk show "Talk Net" played out of one speaker.

"That's the AM station," Sande said, pointing at the speaker mounted in the wall. The talk-show host, Bruce Williams, could be heard informing a listener about

how to apply for a loan. Out of another speaker, playing at a softer volume, Sting pleaded for the stillness of his beating heart. Sande turned a knob and Sting's voice became louder. "This is the FM station," he said.

Sande's blond hair, which covered his ears, was neatly combed. He spoke with a classic radio voice -- deep and smooth.

He monitored the two stations, making sure the tapes didn't end or shut off. He spends his nights making commercials, local news tapes and occasionally speaking on the air from a small production booth next to the tape machines.

"The hardest part isn't staying awake, it's going to sleep," Sande said. "I can get to sleep in two-to-three minutes, but the noise during the day can be very irritating. Dogs can be a real pain in the butt."

Going to sleep in the winter isn't difficult, he said as he looked at the clock next to him, which read midnight. But sleeping during the summer can be tough.

"You can eliminate the light. I've got blackout curtains. But sometimes when I come home it's so beautiful out. It's too bad I have to go to sleep in this artificial night."

Summertime also is noisier, he said. School's not in session, and people are outside enjoying the

Not-So-Dead of Night



warm weather. One summer, he called the police on the neighbor kids for being too loud.

"The kids across the street would be playing the radio on our station, and I'd be woken up by my own voice blasting commercials."

Suddenly, a high pitched bell rang. The FM station was silent, leaving only the talk show host's voice on the AM station explaining to a bewildered listener how to mortgage a house. Sande rushed to the wall of electronics and punched a few buttons. He explained the computer had run out of information because he had not reprogrammed it at midnight. After five seconds of dead air, the tape began rolling, and the opening strains of John Lennon's "Woman" came out of the speaker. Punching a few buttons, Sande programmed the computer's song list.

Another bell rang. This time it was the telephone. Sande picked up the receiver.

"Hi. Kiss'em FM. No, I'm sorry we're not taking requests. No. I'm sorry." He hung up the phone. "If I take requests, I'll never get anything done."

Sande said each night people call and ask for requests or ask him about the news. Sometimes, he said, he gets extremely unusual phone calls.

"Gals want to tell me how much they love their dildos, and a lot of people call about UFOs, saying they saw something strange in the sky. Once, a gal camped out in front and wanted to marry anyone who was from the station. But generally it's pretty quiet."

The quietness of Mark Green's late-night job is broken up by a radio too. It squawks and talks to him about what is happening in Bellingham. Green is a Bellingham police officer. The department switches each officer's schedule every few months, so he has patrolled during the graveyard shift many times.

"After three it dies out a bit, but not always. Sometimes it goes right through. We can get up to 50 or 60 calls a night. Friday and Saturday night are usually busier," he said.

Inside Bellingham City Hall, Green, dressed in his dark-blue police uniform, sat in a room crowded with wooden tables. A large window looked over a traffic violators nightmare: a parking lot full of police cars.

Green will be going back on the graveyard shift soon, and he said he is looking forward to it.

"The shift is enjoyable. I like it," Green said. "It's more exciting. The calls are more interesting. It's a different group of people at night. You have the people who frequent the bars. You run across people who sleep on the street. It's not a bad group. It's just different. The people you do run across are more frightened, because people are afraid of the dark or the unknown."

Like Sande, the radio announcer, Green also receives unusual phone calls at night.



Jesse Tinsley

Al Sande, late night DJ at KISM FM and KGMI AM, programs the computers that program the music.

One call, he remembered, was from a frightened woman who called the police when she heard a noise in her basement. When the officers arrived, they found the woman's pet rabbit had escaped and had plunged into the toilet. The toilet lid had closed, trapping the animal. The thumping noise was the rabbit hitting its head on the lid, trying to jump to safety.

The biggest difference in working nights is the amount of alcohol-related incidents the police encounter, whether it be a party, a bar-fight, or a drunk driver.

Bernice Bosscher, the night waitress at Cattlemen's restaurant, agreed that nights, especially Fridays and Saturdays, can be different because of the inebriated customers. But she said most of the time working graveyard is enjoyable.

"You can have a lot of fun, because (the customer's are) not in a hurry, and they like to joke. There's an attitude of 'anything goes' on graveyard.

"Most people wouldn't like graveyard. I like it. It's a lot more relaxed. It's not as mad a rush as a day job would be. If you forget to get someone their milk, they don't get as upset, because they don't have to be somewhere in 15 minutes."

She picked up a catsup bottle and noticed it was nearly empty.

"There's always something to do. I'll have to fill all these up before the night's through. When you work graveyard, you really don't want to sit around. You do all the clean up that the other shifts didn't get around to."

Bosscher considers herself lucky because she doesn't need eight hours of sleep every night.

"I go to bed about seven, and I'm up before noon. Graveyard is for people with high energy levels, and the reason they have high energy levels is because they're slightly crazy," she said, laughing.

An older man got up out of his corner booth, and weaved his way toward the table. When he passed Bosscher, he smiled and slurred, "Just give me some fries," and continued toward the bathroom. Bosscher walked around the table into a small passageway leading to the kitchen, and placed the order with the cook.

The customer returned, swaying as he walked back to his seat. A few minutes later, Bosscher carried a basket of fries from the kitchen. The cook, Bill Burgess, followed her out.

Burgess wore a sailor's cap and a stained, white T-shirt. He sat at Bosscher's table, pulled a package of cigarettes out of his shirt pocket, and lit a cigarette.

"You never get used to graveyard. You really never get as much sleep," Burgess said. "People don't realize you work that shift, so you get phone calls in the morning and people knocking on your door.

"I've worked graveyard for at least 12 years. I can't sleep past one o'clock. I can't go back to sleep. I feel like I'm losing time.

"It's been in magazines, your life span," he said, taking a long drag on his cigarette. "If you work graveyard, you don't live as long. It doesn't bother me. You get paid more."

After finishing off his fries, the customer paid his bill. His body rocked from side-to-side as he waddled out the restaurant's doors.

Across the street from Cattlemen's is another 24-hour business -- Kinko's Copies.

Inside Kinko's, Shawn Kidwell, wearing a blue apron, stood before a machine running off copies. A radio played pop music over the loud whirring-noises of the machine. A clock on the wall announced 3 a.m. In the brightly lit store, Kidwell explained why this was his last night of working graveyard.

"I hate it. This is the worst. It messes up my whole metabolism -- eating, sleeping. It messes up my whole schedule. I basically don't have a social life, because most people don't have this schedule.

"The worst thing about it is you lose a day. It seems like no matter how long you sleep, you're still tired. The days just blend into each other. I've been working this shift since June. You'd think I'd adjust, but I'm really a zombie when I get out at seven o'clock. Sometimes it really gets to me. It's a real drag being by yourself, listening to yourself think. Thinking about stuff over and over. I try to keep doing something, you can't just sit here spacing. You'd get too bummed."

Kidwell said Kinko's serves customers throughout the night, but business slows down after two.

"You tend to think everyone's wacko who's up at this hour, but the clientele are people that put this off and are glad we're here. You don't get people coming in here wasted. Once a guy came in and asked me for a chicken sandwich. I sent him over to Cattlemen's. And I've had a few transients I had to ask to leave, but the people who usually come in here are pretty mellow."

A woman came in through the glass doors with several small papers in her hand and headed for the copy machines.

"You'll need a counter," Kidwell said, referring to the device that counts the number of copies a person makes. The woman came to the desk and grabbed one.

Outside, a light rain fell. The wet parking lot reflected the blue and red neon lights of the sign hanging in the window that read, "COPIES 5 CENTS."

A police car drove down Holly Street, past Kinko's and Cattlemen's, into the dead of night -- otherwise known as graveyard.





Dan Tyler

Without a Cane and Surely Able

by Tom Davis

David Means and his companion, Dee, are inseparable. Side-by-side they travel the mile to and from Western's campus daily. They take the same classes, they study together and they even share the same apartment. But the most important thing these two share is Dee's eyesight.



Dan Tyler

Dee, David Means' dog, helps him avoid obstacles, such as streets, stairs and other people.

Means, a 27-year-old business major, has been blind for five years. While Means is open to discussing his life since his blindness, he doesn't wish to talk about the actual cause of his sight loss.

Not all blind people choose to use a seeing eye dog, Means said. Some prefer to rely on their cane and sense of hearing. Until last September, Means walked with the use of a cane. But now Dee makes foot travel for him quicker, safer and easier.

"When I used a cane I couldn't travel out in the wind," he said. "The wind would blow the cane and lift the cane up and I couldn't hear the traffic."

The heavy foot traffic and wide open space of Red Square posed quite a challenge before. Cane walkers usually rely on objects around them as a guide. Means said he often would find himself off-course after crossing the square. Because of Dee's ability to walk a straight line, he now can find the doorway of a building with no problem.

Dee, a year-and-a-half old, purebred German shepherd, accompanies Means to all his classes and is trained to sit or lie still under his chair. Most of the time, she lies curled up with her head resting on her front paws. Occasionally she'll lift up her head to yawn or to examine her sur-

roundings. Her tail wags jubilantly when she spies a familiar face.

Means' easygoing mannerisms and soothing voice mask the strong drive and determination that has motivated him to achieve the goals he has set for himself.

"I've got this thing in my mind that a disabled person has to be that much better than the average sighted person to make it in the working world," he said.

"I've had to dig down way deep inside and find some inner strength sometimes just to carry on."

--David Means

In 1982, after coming to grips with his blindness, Means enrolled in an intensive rehabilitation program for the blind in Seattle. In nine months he completed the program, which normally requires a year to finish. Through the program he gained mobility by walking with a cane and learning to use the city's transit system. He also learned braille and re-learned skills, such as cooking and shopping, that allowed him to maintain an independent lifestyle.

Another important element of the rehabilitation program was a confidence-building course in wood shop. Before he lost his eyesight, Means had worked in construction, so he already knew how to use a variety of power tools.

"I made a coffee table and I had sanded that thing and used my sense of touch so that I think I did a better job than I would have if I could see," he said. "And talk about smooth, it's smoother than a baby's bottom. And that's pretty smooth."

After completing the first half of his education at a community college in Yakima, Means moved to Bellingham to attend Western. Here he became involved with the Volunteer Readers Program, which assists blind and learning-disabled students. Since he and other blind students cannot visually read their textbooks, mandatory class readings must be transferred by a sighted person onto cassette tape by the Volunteer Readers Program.

"The teachers don't think you have enough to do," Means said, shrugging his shoulders. "There's so much reading and it's impossible for me to keep up with everything."

The volunteer readers' tapes are an essential element of Mean's studying process. This requires him to plan ahead so the readers have ample time to record each week's assignments in advance. The volunteers come from Western and the surrounding community. Senior citizens make up a large part of this group.

"They put their whole heart and soul into it," said Cynthia Richardson, coordinator of the reading service, in reference to the volunteers. "It wouldn't work without them. It just wouldn't."

By recruiting a few volunteer readers of his own, Means has added speed and flexibility to his tape availability. Also at his disposal are a limited number of textbooks on tape offered by Recordings For The Blind in New Jersey and at the Washington Regional Library For the Blind in Seattle.

A tape recorder, provided by the Resource Center for the Blind, is the center of Mean's study program. One extremely useful function of his tape recorder is a device that speeds up his tapes without distorting the sound, enabling Means to listen to more tape in less time. He equates it to speed reading. The machine also has a pause button that enables him to

save tape by stopping the recording when an instructor wanders off the subject.

Since he is unable to take notes in class, he simply records each day's lectures and then sifts through them later, transferring the important information onto another tape. But this is only as effective as the instructor's ability to communicate. When an instructor points to something on a chalk board and refers to it as "this" or "that," Means can only guess what the instructor is talking about. In these cases, he usually asks for clarification, which he believes helps everyone in the class.

"They're glad that I have that need," he said of the other students. "They wouldn't be speaking up themselves, I don't think, because they might look like idiots."

Tests also require a different approach and the volunteer readers again play a vital role. One of Means' volunteer readers, George Steer, assists him by reading the test questions out loud. The multiple choice tests take the most time since Steer must often read each possibility several times before Means decides on an answer.

The instructors have been understanding about the additional time he sometimes needs to complete the exams, but he added he doesn't like to use it unless it's absolutely necessary.

Often, as Means sits in class or in the lounge in Parks Hall, he'll reach down and lovingly rub the top of Dee's head.

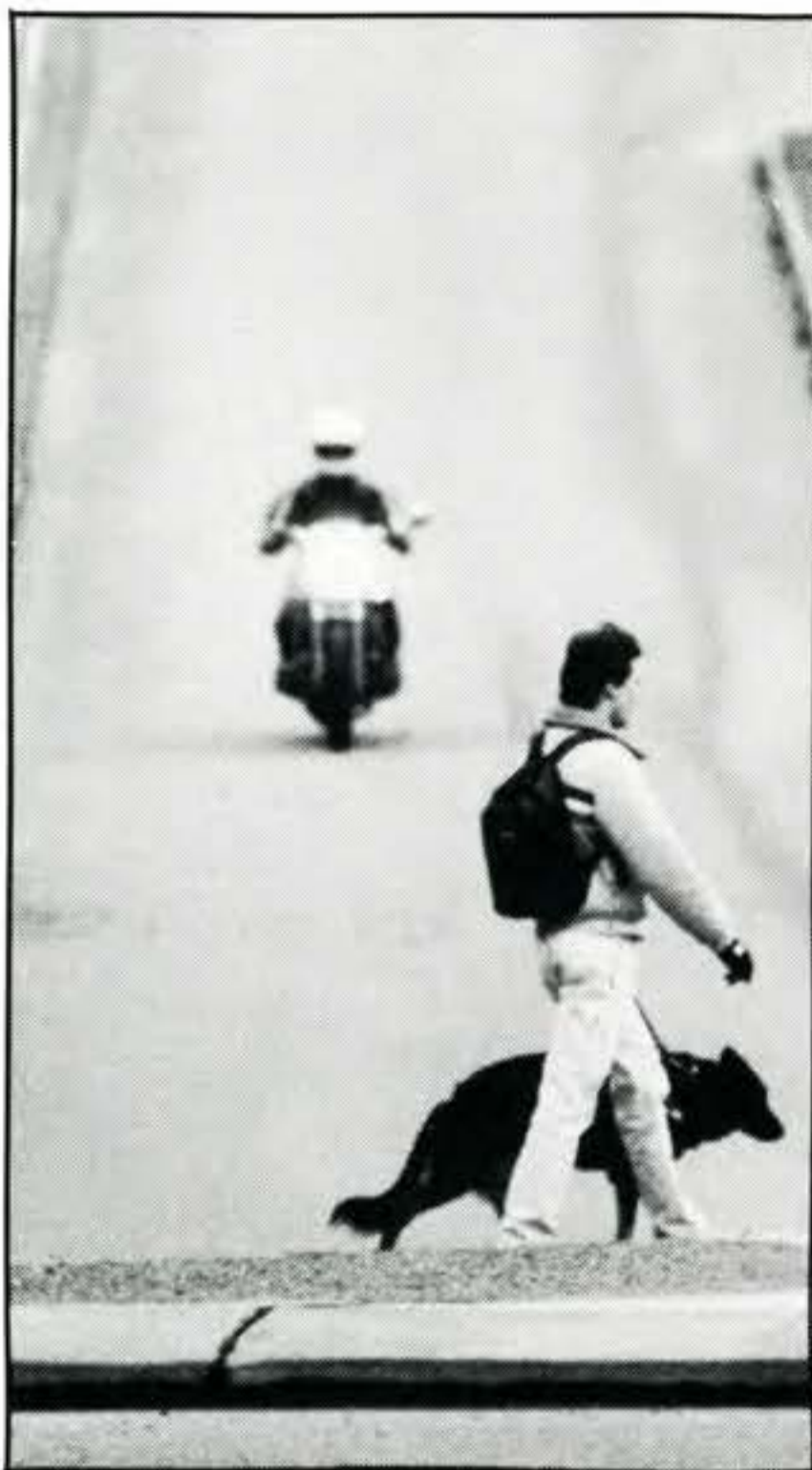
"People ask me when she's going to grow into her ears," he said, chuckling.

Dee's training is impressive and costly, Means said, estimating the value of the dog's education to be approximately \$20,000. She was bred in New Jersey at Seeing Eye, Inc., which raises the animals exclusively for the purpose of assisting the blind. When the dogs are six weeks old, they are taken from their mothers and are placed in a 4-H Club family's home for a year. The 4-H Club, a "learning by doing" youth organization, is an integral part of the dogs early development. The families are responsible for socializing the dogs to people, stores and traffic.

The dogs return to the kennels at Seeing Eye when they are one year old for an intensive three-month training program. Obedience to voice commands is a large part of the program, but so is disobedience in

specific situations. For instance, the dogs are trained to disobey a master's command to move forward if the dog detects oncoming traffic or an obstruction in their path.

There are other operations similar to Seeing Eye across the country, such as one in San Rafael, Calif., but Means said he chose to get his dog through Seeing Eye because it was the program he knew the most about.



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--David Means

Last September he, along with 18 other blind individuals, traveled to New Jersey to begin a 27-day training program with their new dogs. Dee was paired with Means after being carefully matched with his personality, walking speed, job needs and life style.

"I'm sure some people can appreciate what I must have to deal with, but it's been hard and extremely frustrating," he said. "But it's shown me something about myself. I've had to dig down way deep inside and find some inner strength sometimes to just continue on...It would be so easy for me to quit and find something easy."

This fight for success has not come without costs, however. In striving to find good ways to handle the work requirements of his classes, he admits he has sacrificed his social life. Means said he thinks his social life will return to normal after he graduates in June and no longer will be struggling to complete a mountain of homework. Before hitting the job market he also plans to use his time off to do some traveling.

After feeling the braille numerals on his wrist watch to check the time, he zipped up his backpack and prepared to head to his next class. Means ritually strapped Dee's short leather harness onto her powerful shoulders. The harness, shaped like the handle on a baby stroller, is what he holds onto when Dee guides him. They walked down the hall and rounded a corner to head up a stairway in Parks Hall. Dee walked slightly ahead and came to an abrupt stop when she came muzzle-to-muzzle with two people sitting on the stairs. Means stopped when he felt Dee's hesitation and waited for her response. For an awkward instant the participants in this surprise encounter remained motionless and silent, not knowing what to do. It was difficult to determine if they were just startled by the sudden appearance of a dog, or were simply embarrassed for being an obstacle to a blind person. Finally the blockaders jumped up and out of the way and Dee guided Means up the stairs.

This chance encounter revealed the wonder and usefulness of a guide dog and the minute-to-minute challenges that Means faces every day. But his determination to succeed also displays that, with or without Dee's eyesight, he will see his way to accomplishing his goals in life.





Jeff Bates



John Delappe

Photographic
Interpretations:

“WATER



Jesse Tinsley

FRONT''



Matt Brown

