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Associated Students Faced with Good Intentions

BY FRED OBEE

One thing is certain.

Western Washington University is not a democracy.

It is an autocratic regime ruled by the president and the board of trustees. It is liberal arts and a narrow perspective combined, creating a mush of subjective balances which, in turn, are influenced by concerns over job security and career ambitions.

It starts as the black and white of laws and objectives and ends colored with egos and personalities.

So when a new rule is established it is meaningless until becoming shaded by those who enforce it. Only then does the impact become apparent and the parameters clear.

In 1975, the Washington Supreme Court handed down a decision that is just beginning to become colored by the administration at Western. It is an opinion with dangerous implications.

Students, angry with the Associated Students of the University of Washington (ASUW), filed suit claiming their constitutional rights were being violated.

The ASUW, the students contended, was supporting a one-sided political view, a view Bonnie Good and other students felt they didn't want to support. The university, however, required students to support the student government by making financial contributions as part of tuition. The students claimed this was a violation of the First Amendment which guarantees the right to associate, or not associate, with any group.

The state's highest court rendered an opinion it believed would guarantee the constitutional rights of students, while not cutting the jugular of student government. The trustees, and court said, will be responsible to see that student government provides a balanced spending program and that student money is not spent irresponsibly.

Bonnie Good, as the case has become known,

states it will be constitutional to require mandatory support of a student government if that organization is "in essence an agency of the university and is subject to the ultimate control of the board (of Trustees)."

It is not surprising that the trustees are in full control of the university. That is a right given by the legislature. But never, until Bonnie Good, have the trustees been given the right to interpret what is irresponsible or one-sided, with the constitution of the United States to back them up.

What this case means to Western students, is that the trustees could walk in to student government and demand its checkbook. The trustees could require the AS board to submit a budget directly to the trustees for approval. It would be, in essence, a political coup.

Administrators at Western scoff at such an idea. They unanimously proclaim the right of student government to operate in an autonomous fashion. Yet one anonymous source, concerned with student government, fears the university has already dropped a gentle hint that the takeover is not only possible, but likely.

When Western decided to drop six sports from its intercollegiate list, student government protested the decision, claiming that certain rights, guaranteed by the legislature, had been ignored. A memo from Stuart Allen, assistant state attorney general, to university president Paul Olscamp, cited Bonnie Good as the justification for the university's plan. That citation was the warning, the source said.

Most people don't believe the citing of Bonnie Good was anything but the university establishing its legal right to determine programs. It was just a mundane, procedural thing with no importance outside of a lawyer's job to defend a client, adminis-



trators contend.

But if we suppose that it was a warning, then the Associated Students board must examine its actions to determine if anything has transpired to warrant the trustees taking over student government's budgeting responsibilities.

In the fall of 1980, the AS board found its reserve fund at an all time low. Bills originally scheduled for payment had to be carried over to the next year's budget. Funds for all AS organizations were frozen and consequently cut by 29 percent. Where once the reserve fund had held \$60,000 to \$80,000, now there was less than \$10,000.

AS president Greg Sobel said the AS board did not realize what it was doing when it spent the reserve fund. He said no one really realized that that money should be held in reserve to cover unanticipated expenses. The forecast for the end of spring

quarter, 1981 looks dismal also. Sobel said the board is shooting for a zero dollar balance in the reserve fund but may have to activate a loan from the bookstore to cover some expenses.

Could this action be deemed irresponsible? Maybe not this year, but what if the AS is broke four years in a row. Would that justify the trustees to step in and "correct" the situation?

Many members in the current student government believe that staff advisers to the AS board should play a stronger role than they do now. Advice given should be taken or good reason should be documented for not abiding by an adviser's suggestions.

This kind of procedure should be implemented within the Associated Students just in the off chance that they hear the trustees' footsteps and the clink of financial manacles in the hall.





Traveling Fourth Class

BY BOB PATTON

"Christ, John, there it is."

Three big, black and green puffing locomotives slowly crawled out of Bellingham's station, dragging almost sixty stubborn southbound freight cars. The deep noise and power from their 7,500-horsepower and forty-eight steering-wheel sized cylinders shook the ground and resounded in our heads like a great railroad mantra. The engines slowly thundered by where we stood, the smell of hot steel and diesel engines making our necks tingle. Trying to be nonchalant, we scoped the monster's long tail for the open door of an empty boxcar.

"Here it comes, get ready...Runnnnnn!"

We sprinted beside the train as the big open boxcar door drew up alongside. I grabbed the passing door frame, leaned back and swung my legs up and in. John lept in as far as he could, then pulled and wriggled until he was safe. He then joined me in the darkest corner of the car to huddle as Bellingham slowly slipped by.

Hot damn! We shook hands, grinning like fools in our fourth class tourist rail car.

With our backs propped against its rusty and dented walls, we took stock of our box, from the brown corrugated tin roof to the badly gouged and littered plank floor. The box lurched and shook on the rails as we went, and the constant click, click of the steel wheels was sometimes drowned by an unidentified mechanical shriek from somewhere underneath.

The large side doors had been removed, allowing light crosswinds to scatter the dust and woodchips on the car's floor. Through the gaping doorway, Uniflite rolled by, then Marine Park. We broke our huddle and walked to where the sunlight beamed in.

Through one door was blue water stretching out clear to the San Juans. Above, dark squall lines paraded across a bright sky, momentarily dousing the sun and wetting the air. Through the opposite door we could see a green blur as trackside brush on the seaward slopes of the Chuckanut Foothills flashed and reared from the train's wind.

John dug in his pack and uncorked a bottle of "hobo lube..."

We stood there between the doors, keeping balance on our pitching deck, awestruck by the beauty of the moment.

John dug in his pack and uncorked a bottle of "hobo lube," brought to warm anyone we should meet in a boxcar. In vagrant clothes we knocked back and laughed at how we had hoped to blend in with other travellers. But that day we were the only lubed hobos on the train.

As the boxcar flew past the sea we paced it end to end, careful not to be jolted out the doors. Suddenly, everything went pitch black, we froze, arms stopped midswing, expressions painted. The shaking floor threatened our balance, but we dared not move. The train roar spilled through the open blackness that should have been the doors. It filled the car, drowning us in sound. Then suddenly it was light again, the tunnel was behind and our pacing resumed.

The train broke away from the water and headed into the fertile green sea of the Skagit flats. From the boxcar door, farms and animal smells come and go at 50 miles per hour. Field grass nearest the track appears to smear into a green ribbon. Farther away, a field hurries by, and farther still, a farmhouse slowly sails across our field of vision. In the distance, and not appearing to move at all, are the hazy blue San Juans.

The train slows as we enter Blanchard. John and I huddle in the corner again and watch the town go by.

Unlike an auto, a train travels through everyone's backyard. A town's character is better told from this angle, as people live on their backyards, leaving the front yard for the cars and neighbors. From what we could see, Blanchard is a nice town.



Farther south, the green sea is interrupted by the bright reds and yellows of sprawling rectangular tulip fields.

Hanging out the door in a blast of rushing air, the cars ahead could be seen gently swaying from the uneven track. Some were bright blue or yellow or green, with Burlington Northern, Santa Fe, or Southern Pacific boldly painted on their sides. Ours was brown and battered, with a chipped unreadable logo—a veteran.

Way ahead, the three locomotives pulled. Hot, black, greasy smoke puffed from the engines and made the lead cars appear to bob and weave on the tracks. John and I dangled our legs out the door and



Bob Patton

watched the ground fly beneath our feet. If you spit straight down from here, probably 200 feet of cinders and weeds will go by before it hits.

More small towns cropped up on the green sea. The train slowed as it went through Edison, Allen, and Bayview.

John and I, afraid of being caught, still hung in the shadows, but crept close to the doors for a view.

A farmhouse flashes by, followed closely by another, then another. Fences become wooden instead of barbed wire, and cows give way to horses, then to a lonely goat. The houses come faster now, a bona fide neighborhood. The train will slow and blow its whistle, and kids playing beside the tracks

will wave at the entire train, us included. A store is next, followed by a road crossing with flashing lights, a crossarm and waiting cars. The rest of the town is a mirror, a reverse of what has already gone by.

It has been said that once one urinates from a moving boxcar, a lifetime of train hopping is born.

By the time the train reached Mt. Vernon, enough hobo lube had been displaced so that John and I became positively cavalier about being seen in the box. Cars lined up at a downtown crossing had a glimpse of a pair of grinning bozos sitting cross-legged, framed by a boxcar door, and silhouetted by the open door behind.

When people watch a train go by, they usually look down the train to see when the caboose is coming. From this angle, they also can see into the rear of passing, open boxcars. John and I moved to the front of the box, and when we looked out, saw only the backs of people's heads as they watched down the train.

Again in the green sea and heading south. A cold crosswind from the flats flew through the car, swirling woodchips out the doors. It has been said that once one urinates from a moving boxcar, a lifetime of train hopping is born. Watch this space.

The tracks swing close to a highway north of Everett, the train going the same speed as the cars. A tiny blonde child riding in the back of a Datsun looked up at us through a palmed and drooled smudged window. Excited, she knelt on the seat, bounced and pointed, her small mouth saying, "Mommy, look! Hobos!"

We could smell Everett's industry long before we arrived. In a switchyard there, the train slowed and stopped. Fearing we would be discovered, John and I jumped off and hid beneath idle cars on a sidetrack.

Our train backed out of sight. In the distance we heard the booming of boxcars being added and deleted, and prepared to jump back on when the train resumed its journey south.

The low railroad mantra began again as the locomotives struggled with their new load. As the train came into sight, we realized it was moving too fast to be hopped. It roared by us and quickly disappeared, the caboose diminishing with the noise. We stood in the quiet, undecided.

Across the yard, some men were moving boxcars



John Klicker

from one track to another. Everyone worked stringing the train together. A tall, thin man stood in their midst clutching papers in his fist. He looked friendly enough, his hawk nose jutting from under a baseball cap.

We stepped across the rows of track, trying to appear casual. The man watched us approach. Coming close, I asked, "When's the next freight headin' south?"

We expected a gruff reply and a stern command to go away.

Instead his all-weather face crinkled into a squint, "At ten tonight," came his reply, "You guys off that last one?"

"Yep."

The man said he doesn't see many train hoppers this time of year. No pickin' or prunin' goin' on, he said. He eyed us. He knew we were rookies, despite our clothing.

Without much prompting, he gave us some advice.

"Next time ya hop," he said, "hop a car nearest the caboose, they're goin' the farthest. When ya hop a box, bring a piece of wood to wedge the door, so they won't slam shut on ya if the train stops in a hurry. If you can't find a box, ride a piggyback. Bring a big piece of cardboard to put behind your back to break the wind."

Shifting the wad of papers to his other hand, he continued. "If ya want to know where a train is goin', don't ask other riders, ask the yardmen. They're folks like you and me. Treat 'em decent, they'll tell you. Yardmen would rather put you on the right train safely than see you runnin' around gettin' hurt.

"All in all, if it was my choice, I'd rather hitchhike. Much faster."

We asked about hobos. He looked at us hard for

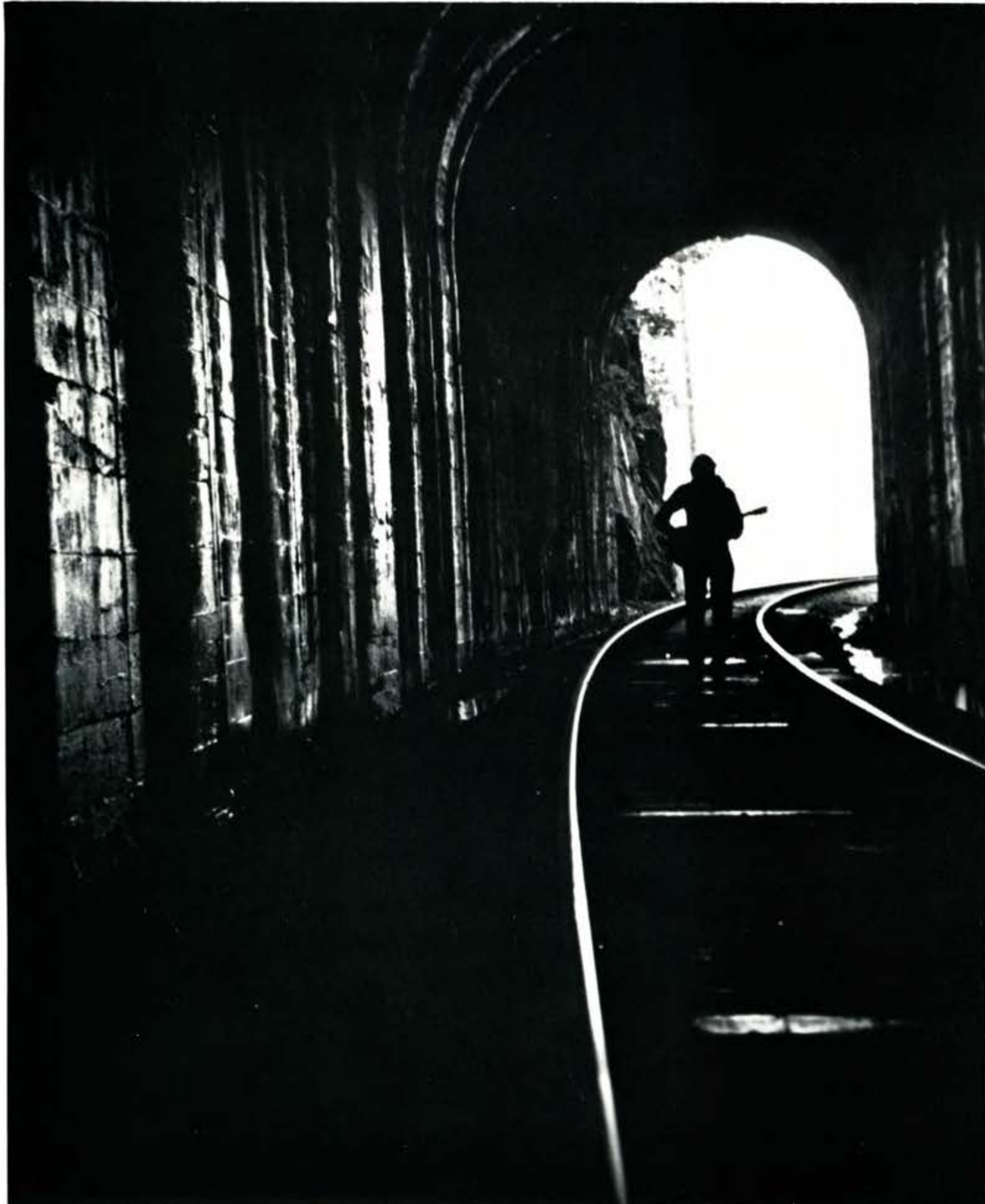
a moment. Then said, "They're a whole 'nother breed." He paused, took stock of his thoughts, then slowly added, "These guys haven't got much...and if you aren't careful, they'll get yours."

The yardman hollered to his workers for a minute, then turned back to us. We asked if train hopping is illegal.

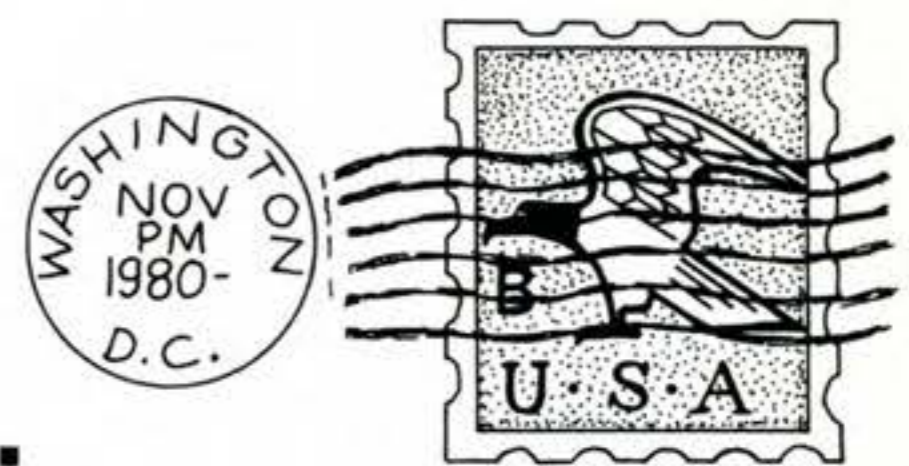
"Sure," was his reply.

All right, we reasoned, what's company policy on the matter?

"Well, we don't encourage it..." then he broke into a grin, "but that one over there's goin' to Chicago. Be there in three days."



Richard Botz



Mail Order Mandate: Politics in the Eighties

BY GARY SHARP

Perhaps a lesson Americans learned from the conservative landslide of 1980 is how potent our postal service can be.

While Democrats apparently haggled over tired solutions and an unpopular candidate, Republicans licked countless stamps and wrote themselves into power.

Direct-mail solicitations have become the modern form of political organization. Its function is clear: the formation of a central organization to merge single-interest groups of similar political ideology into a broad-based coalition. Direct-mail is the method used to coordinate their efforts.

Standing alone, groups like the Moral Majority and Gun Owners of America have limited influence on policy decisions made by our government. But when they are joined together by a central organization, their combined influence can reach much further.

Last fall's conservative sweep was merely a maiden venture for direct-mail campaigning. Its success will now be used in all facets of government to push support for President Reagan's economic and social programs.

Richard Viguerie is the kingpin of direct-mail political organization. As president of his own company that specializes in coordinating the efforts of numerous conservative groups, he and his business are one reason for the massive GOP victories last year.

With a vast network of conservative groups at his fingertips, Viguerie

can instantly organize opposition or support for any legislation before congress. Senators or representatives who vote the conservative line are praised in annual newsletters, and those who refuse to go along are barraged with an avalanche of damning letters.

Viguerie says his organization "markets ideas to the masses," which means using millions of "personalized" letters to raise campaign contributions, putting pressure on congress and publicizing his own political views.

It is his way, he says, of "bypassing the liberal monopoly of the national news media."

Viguerie claims to have about 20 million names on computer tape that can be reached by simple mailings, which are also done by computer.

Perhaps his biggest "mailer" is the National Federation of Decency, which is sponsoring a nationwide screening of television programs to determine complicated levels of sex and violence on specific shows. The largest scores are determined by those words and ideas which the NFD finds offensive. The advertisers of those programs found most offensive are then boycotted until they stop sponsoring the programs.

That type of pressure has been mostly unsuccessful in the past, but the efforts of the NFD is the first time direct-mail has been used for organization. The protests of producers like Norman Lear are a testament to the effectiveness of the NFD's threat.

The massive number of new voters politicized by direct-mail is baffling to most political observers, because the GOP traditionally has been viewed as a party that relies on hefty corporate contributions for political campaigns. Direct-mail changed that, and in the process stripped the Democratic Party's claim to represent the common man against the corporate giant.

According to Viguerie, more than 75 percent of Reagan's 1976 and 1980 campaign funds came from direct-mail solicitations, and over 90 percent of all money raised by conservative political action committees is generated by direct-mail appeals.

The money raised from direct-mail in 1980 was used to influence both presidential and congressional races. The National Conservative Political Action Committee, merely a cog in Viguerie's vast network of organizations, targeted five liberal senators for defeat in November. Senators McGovern, Bayh, Church and Culver lost, while Senator Gary Hart of Colorado won a victory and narrowly missed joining his colleagues in early retirement.

Those defeats represent the power single-issue groups have when combined with each other under a central organization. Church, while opposing abortion, was specifically targeted by NCPAC because he disagreed with anti-abortion groups who would prohibit abortions even in cases of incest, rape, or endangerment of a

mother's life.
The number of Americans equally zealous in opposition to abortion is small, but when combined with other conservatives under the helmsmanship of Viguerie they constitute a grave threat to liberal legislators.

NCPAC was so successful in the last election that shortly afterwards they announced their new targets: Sen. Edward Kennedy and Sen. Henry Jackson, who both come up for election next year. Only recently that news would have been considered a

political impossibility, but nothing is impossible for glassy-eyed conservatives these days.

"The trick is to bring large numbers of new people in who've never given a political contribution before," Viguerie said in a recent interview. "In that



SPECIAL REPORT

area, the Democrats don't have the issues. The conservatives have 80 to 100 percent of the issues."

"Right now," he added, "almost every popular issue out there that you can go to the public on is a conservative issue."

Perhaps what Viguerie meant in such a sweeping statement was that high-visibility issues like abortion and capital punishment were more vigorously debated by conservatives.

While constituting only a mere subset of the national conservative

coalition, fundamentalist religions have drawn the biggest headlines, possibly because they are not modest in claiming responsibility for the recent conservative landslide.

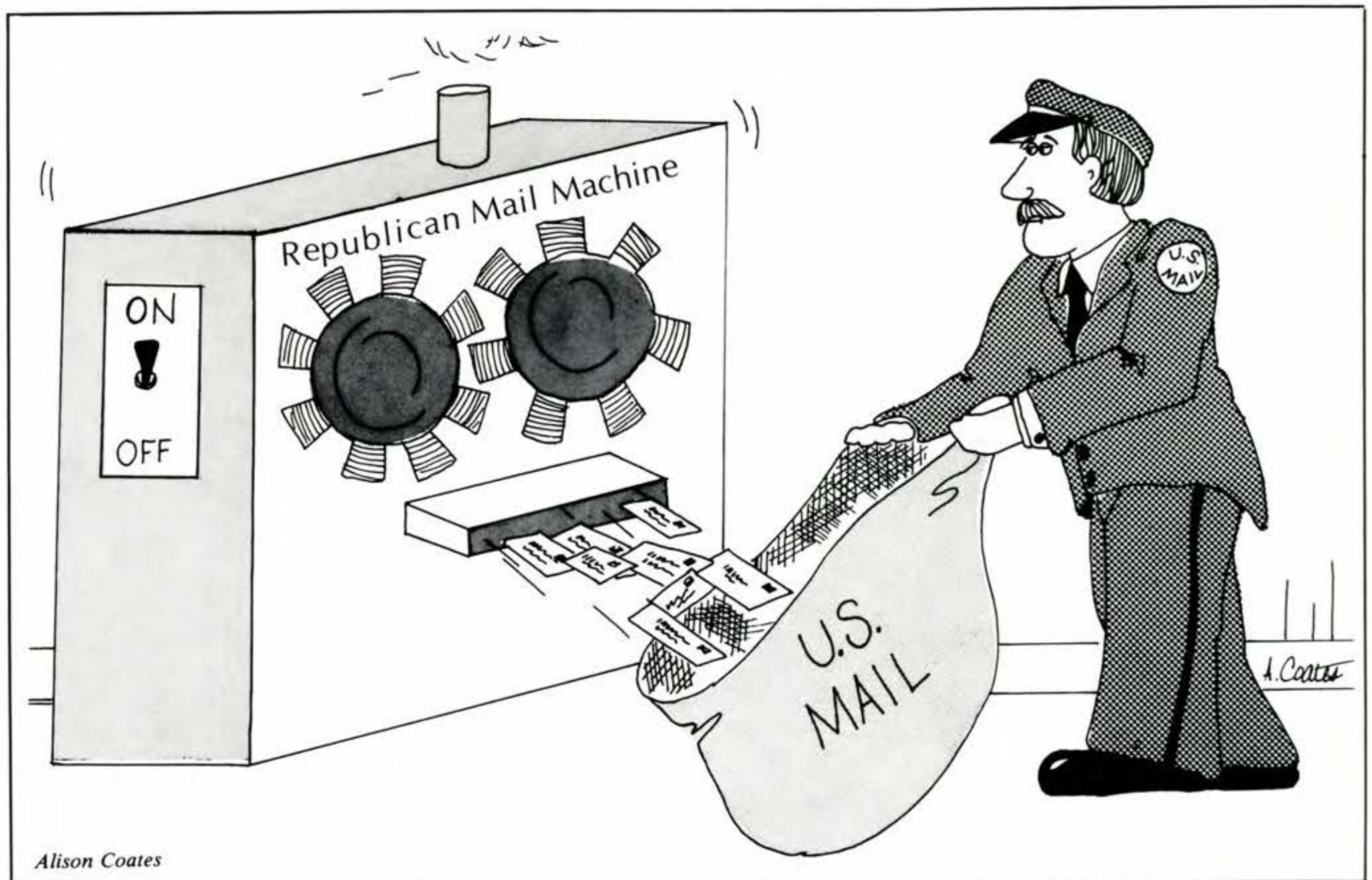
Moral Majority is the most famous of religious groups who lobby for a variety of "christian" causes. National Director Jerry Falwell has spent the past few months since the fall elections defending Moral Majority's attempts to bring "christian moral principles" to the formulation of governmental policy.

In this state, the Moral Majority

has drawn enough headlines to draw people who disagree with them together in a group called the Immoral Minority, with its own Olympia lobbyist and a legion at least as large as the Moral Majority.

But the religious groups are but a mere cog in the vast network of conservatives organized under direct-mail coalitions like Viguerie's. They may draw the most attention, but only because they are the most vocal.

Viguerie has proved that you don't necessarily have to be loud to achieve political gains—only organized.



Alison Coates

Immoral Minority

BY MARK C. MURPHY

Groups like the Moral Majority played an important role in the conservative sweep of last year's election. Their continued attempt to gain political influence is a cause for concern to many who tend to be more liberal.

Bob Shirley, an Olympia lobbyist said his first reaction to the new conservatism and to the Moral Majority campaign in particular, was one of fear.

Two days after America had elected its new set of leaders, however, a weekly dinner gathering with four friends and "too much wine," changed this reaction action.

As the intensity of a conversation about "fear, and concern over the loss of personal privacy" grew, so did the level of alcohol consumption, and the "Immoral Minority" was born.

The group was incorporated as a non-profit organization on November 13 and within two months they were able to boast a membership of over 2,000 people.

"I'd say fear is the prime motivation for joining us," Shirley explained from his Olympia office. "But," he said, "a good sense of humor is important too."

"I think most of our members have a pretty clear understanding of what could happen, and we want to run our own lives," he said.

One of Shirley's main reasons for forming the group was to "spook and bedevil the other side." The other side, in this case, is the Moral Majority, an ultra-conservative group promoting a new constitution featuring heavy censorship.

Shirley said he doesn't know what the Moral Majority thinks of his group, but is confident that the two can co-exist, as they each have a very different type of membership.

"People who believe that a balance budget is a moral issue probably will not embrace the Immoral Minority," he joked. "We certainly don't expect any converts."

Shirley said he believes that many liberals are going through a typical reactionary step he called the "hide your head in the sand stage."

"There are four basic reactions to fear, and one of those is a desire to not want to know what's going on," he explained. "A certain amount of apathy is created by any real change; it's a typical reaction that's actually quite common in a crisis."

Shirley emphasized that he felt many Americans realize inside that the Moral Majority's political influence poses a threat to their freedom because the "undemocratic" organization actually shares an opinion held by many people, and, even more threatening, by many politicians.

Admitting that many liberals just don't know how to react yet, he added that he had no idea what the people in this "ostrich-type" phase would do when they raised their heads from the sand.

Editor's note: If you would like to join the ranks of the Immoral Minority you don't have to admit to anything, just send them five dollars. The address is: Immoral Minority, P.O. Box 7382, Olympia, WA 98507.

Outside Looking In

The Liberal reaction to the New Right Wing

BY MARK C. MURPHY

The 1980-81 national elections have jolted Democrats as well as other liberal groups into realizing that ultra-conservatives are taking over the government. The Democrats aren't sure how they will combat the Republicans yet, but, in the spirit of the '60s, others are doing more than just learning how to live with it.

David McReynolds views the situation from a far left angle. McReynolds ran against Reagan on the Socialist Party ticket and is currently working in New York City with the War Resisters League (WRL) as a "domestic political analyst."

"We're going to do whatever is necessary to fight non-violently for our cause," he said from the same office where the historic Vietnam Coalition was formed in 1963. McReynolds predicted the WRL "will be very busy for the next few years trying to find non-violent ways to solve national conflicts."

"We're not feeling depressed and defeated," he announced, "we're motivated and concerned."

Washington State N.O.W. (National Organization of Women) president, Dixie Lee Johnson, agrees with McReynolds. She sees the situation as a challenge, rather than a dead end.

"This is only four years in a lifetime," she explained from her Cheney, Washington home. "Most of us are committed to this work for our entire lives. We may have to work harder now, but we won't stop. We

won't give up."

"Many people have become aware of a real threat of the right wing," she said. "I think there's a definite dichotomy between what the public is feeling, and what the administration is doing."

McReynolds is quick to quash the belief that the nation is jumping to the far right. "Reagan, for instance, wasn't elected by a clear majority. Barely 27 percent of the registered voters gave him their support, and almost half of the voters didn't even bother to go to the polls out of disaffection," he commented.

Dr. Eugene Hogan, political science professor at Western Washington University, refers to the "new Republican party" as a "national political machine," formed and supported by a strong infra-structure of organized religious and conservative middle class groups such as the Moral Majority. The existing force of these groups, combined with the incredible amount of money raised for the campaign at all levels, created a machine of tremendous power.

But Hogan cringes at the thought of Democrats or other liberals trying to beat the Republicans at their own game. "We'd have two, giant political machines, both of them interested only in manipulating the voters to win elections," he said.

Understanding that many people will have to make compromises in order to have a strong, unified voice, McReynolds said citizens have no

choice but to get together.

"As minorities and people that aren't part of the upper-middle class realize the true impact of the new administration, we're going to see more demonstrations, and will need a new coalition of concerned organizations," McReynolds predicted.

Johnson said she's not sure what type of action N.O.W. members will take, but whatever they do they'll do it in numbers. "We won't sit passively by and watch our rights be taken away," she emphasized. "We have done a lot of public demonstrating and educating in the last decade."

If people do unite in opposition to the actions of the new administration, the demonstrations might be of terrific magnitude.

"The Supreme Court," Hogan explained, "made it possible to demonstrate in very large numbers because they defined the streets as a public forum, making them accessible to everybody."

"The knowledge and integrity of the demonstrators, and the experience they've gained, will enable them to protest effectively and legally. If they want to, they'll get their permits, and they can organize it completely—portable toilets and all."

But McReynolds feels a delicate approach would be more effective. "In order to unite for a common cause," he said, "someone needs to lay out some careful ground rules that say we won't raid each other or

be unreasonable. The WRL is one of the few organizations that is central to all happenings and can be trusted to give straight answers and stick to agreements.

"Once we're united we can reach out to the non-left and look at the

long range problems rationally," he explained. "There is a lot of hostility and misunderstanding among leftist groups that will have to be dealt with before anything else can be done."

"There's still a lot of skepticism

among young people toward the government," Hogan observed, "and that's healthy for a democracy and its people. To find the emperor doesn't have any clothes is certainly enlightening."



WATER & LIGHT

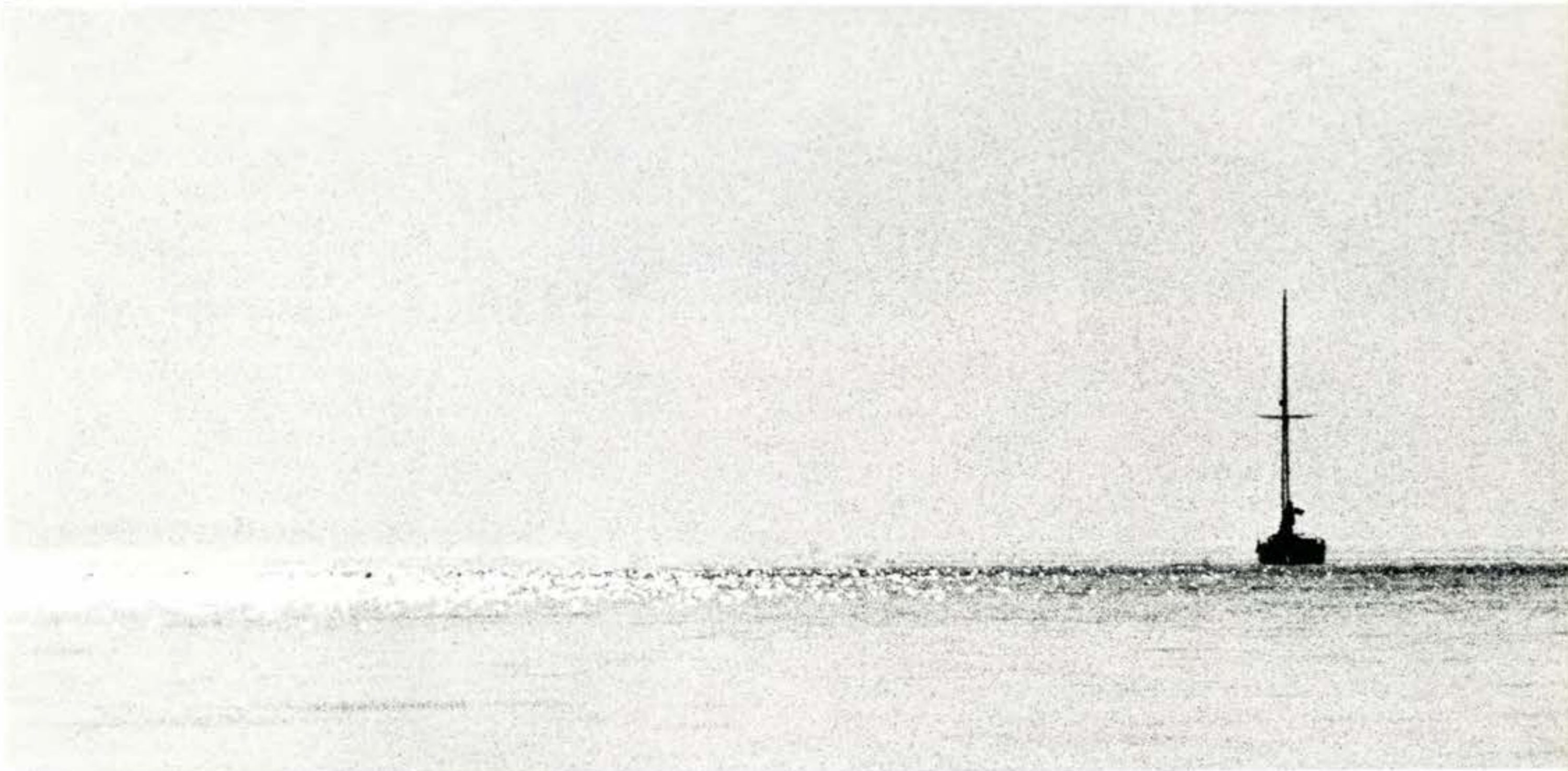
Richard Botz





Alison Coates

Richard Botz



Preparedness or Paranoia

BY BONNIE HUCKINS



John Klicker

It's not the religious fanatics. It's not just the doomsday prophets. Nor is it a bunch of hippies living in the hills. It's just "plain old people...who are smart" that have been buying literally tons of bulk grains, sweeteners, cheeses and spices from Joyce Pugh's "Magic Pantry" in Lynden each month.

Survivalism—from a nuclear holocaust to an economic collapse or a trucker's strike—that's the bottom line. One cannot live without the basic essentials, particularly food.

Surviving has become a way of life for Pugh and her family. As a Mormon, she was raised in the tradition of stocking up food for bad times, but quickly informs you that she is not just another person buying in a nuclear panic.

"I do not believe in scare tactics," she said. "I think there is a need for it every day. If something happens and you have no money to buy food, then you have some," she said matter-of-factly.

Survivalism and its less drastic

counterpart, basic preparedness, are lifestyles that seem difficult, full of sacrifice and almost impossible to sustain in a suburban environment. Ed Brown, a thirty-two year-old Western senior, has successfully incorporated this mode of thinking and acting into his life, and like Pugh, is preparing his family to survive the hardest of times.

"I don't believe in the doctrine of impending doom," he said, "but I don't think it's wise to trust any society, and I believe it's only common sense to strive for self-sufficiency. Who knows who really owns the armies and Safeways anyway?" he pointed out.

Brown feels strongly that although "we live in a society that's pretty weird, we don't have to swallow it hook, line and sinker," and that although "99.99 percent of all people are basically okay," Vietnam taught him an important lesson.

"There's a handful of minds that are so powerful bent on controlling the masses that they dictate the policies and ideologies that allow innocent individuals to perform atrocities in the name of nationalism or religious zeal," he said.

No matter how bleak that sounds, Brown may not be stretching reality too far. He noted that "our generation grew up at a point in history where governments or groups like NATO have the power to destroy every living thing on earth," and added emphatically, "now *that's* paranoia."

Although Pugh and her partner Marla Jones of Deming/Van Zandt are storing food away for "personal calamities," Pugh said a lot of people call her to order hundreds of pounds and dollars worth of food because

they believe the country is on the brink of a national disaster. After recent articles in the *Seattle Post Intelligencer* and the *Bellingham Herald*, the Magic Pantry was deluged with inquiries.

"We get people coming in here who are really shook up!" Pugh said. "They're paranoid for three or four days and will take out six loans to buy everything they need," Pugh said she usually advises these callers to think it over before buying, to "never buy anything on impulse," and to call her again when it is time for the monthly order. Though most will plead that they cannot wait that long, Pugh estimated that "99.99 percent of them never call back. A few days later they say 'Hey, that wasn't so important, why did I worry about that?' and go back to their average way of life."

Most of Pugh's customers "are not alarmists," and come from all over Washington to the Magic Pantry for the items they continually use in their daily lives.

"Our customers are people who cannot find what they want in a supermarket, or who want to beat the cost of the health food stores, which is not hard to do, or who like to have things on hand," she explained.

Most of her clientele do not use the goods for storing in case of an economic collapse. "The majority of them don't put it away," Pugh said. "They can't afford to. They live from one payday to the next just like the rest of us."

Pugh follows a doctrine of self-sufficiency. And although she believes the prophecies of the end of the world may come true, she prefers to remain optimistic.

"I don't think I could be happy if I

dwelled on it all the time. There's a Scripture that says 'If you are ready, you need not fear.' I believe that," she said.

Accordingly, Pugh feels that there are many ways to be self-sufficient, and that physical preparation is not nearly as necessary as spiritual preparation and emotional independence.

Brown, too, believes that something better is coming. Brown said that most religions and mystical traditions point to the coming great destruction, but that they also outline the beginning of a new world, a New Age.

"It ain't some lofty ideal up in the hills somewhere," he said. "The New World is the recognition of how great life can be, and that one of these days a whole helluva lot of us are going to open our neurotic eyes and lay aside our fears—which we so carefully created through selfishness."

"Food, clothing, shelter and friends are the necessities...Anything else is extra."

It sounds like a Utopia. Unfortunately, there may be a lot of death and danger between here and there, and this is where people who practice survivalism see the difference.

Stressing that "survival is just common sense," Brown said that even people living the transient, school-to-school or following-the-jobs lifestyle can become prepared for disasters of any type.

"If you're worried about being in a university instead of being out in the hills, you're not getting the big picture," he said. "There's a gold mine of

information here. There's a slew of topographical maps, first aid classes, a recreational department—rent some gear from the VU and go camping. Get out in the woods and find out what you forgot and what you need to be comfortable. Utilize the resources around you."

Pugh and her Magic Pantry are definitely a resource that many Washingtonians find invaluable. By helping people save money on food and advising them on what to stock and how to store it, Pugh has helped hundreds get physically prepared for everything from inflation to holocaust.

To spread the information, Pugh recently revised and reprinted her 1979 book called *Gettin' By... Family Home Production and Storage*. *Gettin' By* is filled with recipes, food storage and nutritional information, and other important "survival" facts. The popular paperback has been printed five times at a thousand copies per printing.

Obviously, books, university facilities and the free advice of experienced "survivalists"—they prefer to call themselves "prepared persons"—can all be steps toward surviving the '80s.

"Food, clothing, shelter and friends," are the necessities, Brown said. "Anything else is extra." And although he made it plain that each individual must do this for himself or his group, one can find opportunities anywhere. "Take a first aid class, read something the Mormons have written on survival, talk to your friends, think about your own resources," he said.

"Once you start thinking about this stuff, reading about this stuff, it becomes crystal clear," he added. "But you've got to think about it—that's the whole thing."

President Olscamp: At Leisure

BY MIKE BROTHERTON

It's late afternoon and the president's chamber is cool and shadowed. A sedentary conference hall, it yawningly accommodates an eight-man directors' board, a president-size desk, a sofa, a bureau and a corner table. Relegated to another corner, three potted plants, including an eight-foot false fig, lend life to the mausoleum atmosphere. Panels of light maple and gray-bordered, royal-red carpeting give an ostentatiousness to an otherwise functional workplace.

"Yeah, it's a nice room . . . not very heat efficient," comes a voice from the hall's far side. The ceiling is 25 feet high and three windows cover the room's west wall. According to the gold name plate on the desk before him, this round-faced, hot-complected man is Paul J. Olscamp.

His is the most stately office on campus, he agrees, but adds he'd trade its pomp for another room, the solarium on Old Main's top floor. The carpet's Washington state color combination he regards as "tacky, very tacky."

As the secretary leaves, closing behind her the only exit, the hollow-sounding room echoes a gallows reminder of former principals' offices.

The desk top's entire eight-foot length is immersed but squarely ordered. Draped across one side is a light-gray suit coat which matches his slacks' quiet plaid. A set of car keys lay atop the coat.

"No, that's okay. It's 4 . . . I've got an hour."

"I'm a voracious reader. I read between...um, oh...15 and 20 books at a time."

The voice escapes almost-smiling lips.

He wears a wine-red shirt of heavy material and his rolled up sleeves reveal thick forearms. His tie, wide and also of a heavy cloth fabric, is dark blue with diagonal red and light-blue pinstripes.

Although seemingly relaxed, tilted back in the dark-gray brushed corduroy of a button-tuck upholstered chair, swiveled sideways from the desk, legs outstretched, he cranes his neck and intently searches for the stranger's motives. Knitting his fingers, he clicks his thumbnails against each other as he stares.

"Well, let's see," he says, grating his nails. "I'm a voracious reader. I read between . . . um, oh . . . 15 and 20 books at a time."

The absence of bookshelves from the room's elaborate furnishings seems outstanding. A microfiche scanner stands on the bureau behind him. Beside that, a barely audible portable radio plays elevator music. On the bureau's edge is a framed photograph of Olscamp with his arm around his second wife. Several books are stacked behind the photograph.

"I've jumped out of planes—with a parachute, of course."

"I like good spy novels . . . um . . . and, ah . . . biographies, history . . . er, ah . . . dynastic novels, poetry . . . um. I write poetry . . . have a book full that I've been trying for years to finish.

"I enjoy active . . . uh . . . very physical hobbies. I run 30 to, oh, 50 miles a week."



Geoffry Talkington

At arm's length, a coffee mug decal with brightly colored jogging shoes sits beside an open manuscript marked in yellow felt-tipped pen.

"I'm a very active skier. I was an international ski racer when I was a child.

"I have a black belt in karate. But I've given it up. I found it hard on the joints. I'm 43, you know."

Saying he once was interested in flying, he adds without the slightest grin, "I've jumped out of planes—with a parachute, of course."

Although the small brown eyes maintain an intense stare, speaking seems to lessen his apprehensions. Sinking deeper into the brushed corduroy, he props his feet up on the desk. He wears blue, almost black, patent leather shoes.

As the scraping sound stops, he settles his hands against his chest, elbows on the armrests, and says, "I'm a sailor . . . used to race."

Above the bureau hang two oil paintings of masted sailing ships on troubled seas.

"Yeah, I own a sailboat, an Erickson 29, with accommodations for eating and sleeping. As often as possible, I'm living on the boat . . . or on the mountain." With a nod of the head, he gestures toward Mount Baker.

"Inevitably, I'm either on a mountain or on the water. That's one of the lovely things about this area. You can be sailing today, or on the slopes, and in your own bed tonight.

"Uh, in past years, I've done, oh, a reasonable amount of traveling . . . in the course of this job." He adds that consequently his urge for seeing different places has diminished. When he does travel, however, he says he enjoys taking in art galleries and old architecture.

Among his favorite cities are Toronto and Washington, D.C.

"My parents are from Toronto," he says. "I'm very fond of Toronto.

"I love to run in D.C. It's one of the best ways to see the fine federal buildings . . . I like to run in the morning.

"I've been to Europe a couple times and lived in England and Spain while working on my books." He says this with a wave in the direction of five hard-bound editions garishly standing on the corner table. They are abstractions from various philosophers, most notably Descartes and George Berkeley. Beside them is another photograph, this one of his daughter and son.

"When I finish with this job, I'd like to go back to Europe." As an afterthought he says, "Maybe I'd like to see more of the United States."

The job also has dissipated his curiosity for the subtle regional differences in human nature.

"No, I wouldn't call myself a saint. I'm not sure I know what you want me to say.

"Well, I don't drink hard liquor. I drink wine," he offered. "I don't have a very good temper.

"I guess my biggest vice is eating. I go out for dinner quite a lot and I tend to overeat. It's amazing," he says, referring to his intense physical regime, "for all that work I can't seem to keep it off." He says this as with two hands he measures the girth of one thigh.

He says he is 5' 9" and about 190 pounds, "though I don't look it."

"I deal with people all the time. I have very little free time or privacy," he explains.

"I have a 20-year-old daughter . . . she's a student here . . . and a son who's 16. He's a first-class ski racer. I ski with him a lot. I spend a lot of time with my daughter, too.

Accidentally, the conversation shifts to his work and the problems of overseeing a university. He drops his feet to the floor and grasps the arms of the chair as his voice approaches a growl.

"I'm not angry. People always get that impression of me. Everyone seems to think I'm some kind of a tyrant. You know, if they're going to think it, I wish I were.

"I'm not hard to get a hold of," he states, raising one hand and dropping it for emphasis. "There's a thing called the telephone? You dial it?"

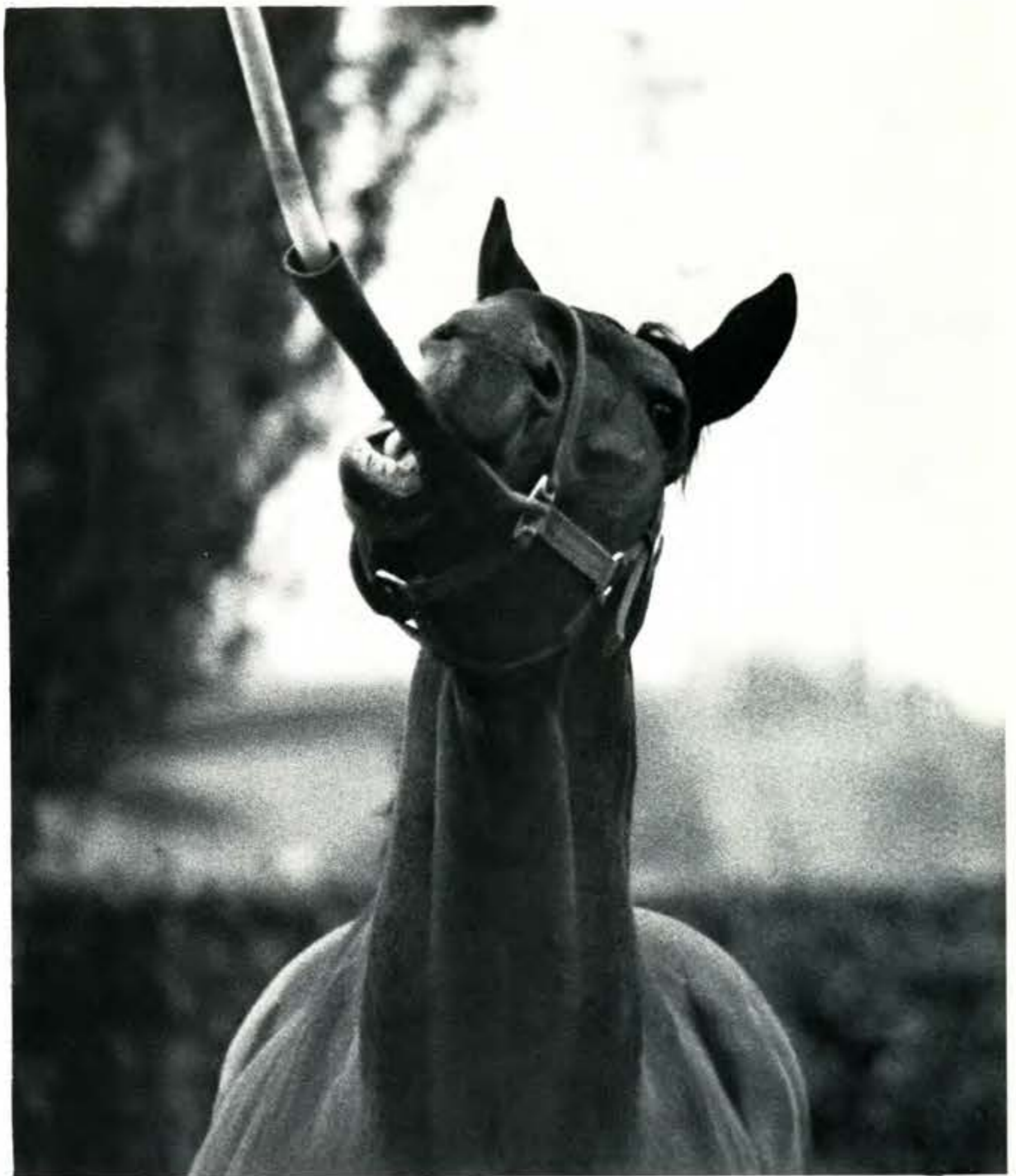
The sun has slipped farther behind the trees on Old Main's green as the conversation comes to an end. Strolling across the state colors, past the long board of directors' table, one's sense of dread now seems unfounded. The smells of industrial cleansers, floor wax, disinfectant and Principal Lund's aftershave are forgotten.



Geoffry Talkington

Betting On a Sure Thing

BY LAURA RITTER



Richard Botz

A two dollar bet on the favorite. The smell of cigars, the grounds trashed with losing tickets. The crowds and the thrills, it's all part of horseracing.

But the real gambling takes place long before the actual race ever begins, and it's these behind-the-scene risks that are the foundation of the sport of thoroughbred horse-racing.

"What makes a racehorse is what's in here." Alan Hoksbergen's open hand slapped the left side of his chest. "You can't tell if a horse has heart simply by looking at him," the 35-year-old trainer said. "You have to work with him."

This is Hoksbergen's eleventh racing season as a licensed trainer. He works out of Rainier Stables in Enumclaw during the Longacres

off-season.

The risks and chances that prevail are always foremost in the minds of people involved in the sport of Thoroughbred horseracing.

The first risk takes place before the racehorse is even born, because breeding, matching the "right" sire and dam, is a gamble in itself, and stud fees range anywhere from \$1,000 on up.

For ease of categorizing racehorses by age, all have "birthdays" on January 1 of the year they were born, regardless of the actual date of birth. Consequently, breeders try to plan foalings for as early in the year as possible.

Once at the track young horses, being in unfamiliar surroundings with hundreds of other horses from various locales, go through a period

during which they are especially susceptible to illness. Hoksbergen said the "cough and snots" is a common setback for two-year-olds, and because of it, one out of every three never begins on-track training.

Those that do make it face another risk, Hoksbergen said, because many horses at two years of age do not have the full growth or extreme dexterity and balance required to race successfully. Even some three-year-olds are not fully enough developed, he added.

Hoksbergen mentioned several times that the majority of accidents occur because the young horse was pushed through training too quickly and too far beyond the capabilities of such a young animal.

"Consequently," Hoksbergen said, "85 percent of all two- and three-

year-olds shinbuck." This occurs when a running horse hits the ground with such force that its legs bow due to premature bone formation. Depending on the severity, it can be a temporary setback or prevent the horse from racing at all that season.

Racing a horse as a two-year-old is an example of the determining role of economics which Hoksbergen repeatedly stressed. Most owners want to race their two-year-olds to avoid investing more money for the horse to sit unprofitably in a barn or pasture for an additional year.

Not only is the decision to race a

horse as a two-year-old economic, Hoksbergen said, but also a competitive strategy. If an owner waits until the horse is three years old, it will have to run against others the same age which have already had a year of track experience.

Hoksbergen sees no point in rushing through training stages. By taking the process slowly, he and the horse are able to become well acquainted so they can work together as a team. By starting the two-year-old gradually, Hoksbergen is able to win its trust. This later makes more intense work easier on both horse

and trainer.

Hoksbergen spends a considerable amount of time with his horses, not only as a trainer, but as a groom. Rather than employ grooms, Hoksbergen prefers to do his own barn work which basically includes keeping fresh water and straw in the stalls at all times and making sure the horses and barn are kept clean.

The worst part of the job, he admitted, is the pressure of having a bad runner. The best part is being able to learn something new every day by doing work that is challenging and varied.

Richard Botz



Not only must he deal with horses, but also people. In reference to owners and trainers, Hoksbergen slyly asked, 'Where else but the racetrack will you find millionaires asking advice of someone without three cents to rub together?'

People own racehorses for different reasons, Hoksbergen said. Some buy them as a business investment, others for a tax break, and those "tired of hitting golf balls and going fishing" find it a novel hobby.

For whatever reason the horse is owned, when an owner pays \$1,000 a month to have it trained, boarded and cared for, Hoksbergen said that the person should feel confident in placing absolute trust in the trainer. He considers himself lucky to have a

close repertoire with his present clients, but he recalled past owners who were less easy to get along with.

"Anyone can train a horse," he said. "The hard part is having to try to train the owner."

Some owners don't know the first thing about racing horses, he added, except that they expect theirs to win. Unfortunately, such a promise is not for anyone to make.

While Hoksbergen takes gambles on his horses, he doesn't place monetary bets on them. He mentioned that some trainers do, and "that's what keeps them poor."

"This business is 90 percent luck and 10 percent know-how," Hoksbergen said.

A two-year-old filly Hoksbergen recalled having had in his barn was a

prime example of the unpredictability of horseracing. A horse fell while in the starting-gate stall next to hers, causing the partition to give way, injuring one of the filly's legs. When the nine-horse field was unloaded from the gate, it was discovered that the filly was unable to walk. Within a few minutes, when she could walk soundly, the field was reloaded, the race was run, and the filly emerged the winner.

While unexpected success is often the name of the racing game, so are the inevitable setbacks and failures.

"Sure, you'll have disappointments and lost races," Hoksbergen said, "but it's the wins that make it all worthwhile."

Editor's Corner

I think deep down inside a true journalist is a little bit crazy. At least most I've known are.

Take for instance, Bob Patton (Traveling Fourth Class, page 6). Wanting to do a story on hopping trains, he called the Bellingham Burlington Northern Office to find out when a freight was heading south. Suspicious, they wouldn't tell him. So, being the dedicated investigative reporter that he is, he called the Vancouver office.

"When's the next freight heading south from Vancouver on Sunday?" he asked.

The reply came, around 1:30 p.m. But once again Burlington Northern was suspicious. Why did he want to know?

"Well," Bob said in his easy style, "every time a train goes by my house the cupboards rattle and I want to have my landlord there the next time a train goes by."

That Sunday, he and Photographer John Klicker hopped the freight. In fact, they hopped a few times, sometimes successful, sometimes not but Klicker had to have the shot.

Klicker fell off once and got scratches and bruises. What I got was a good feature story.

Mike Brotherton (President Olscamp: At Leisure, page 23) set out on a task to find out what exactly Western's college president did on his leisure

time. He had called Olscamp's secretary to make an appointment for an interview and was surprised when she called back telling him to be up there in 10 minutes. He hadn't formulated his questions, but went up anyway. The resulting story is a delightful candid portrait of an exceptional, to say the least, college president.

Unfortunately, space in Klipsun is limited and every story submitted did not get published.

For the next issue I've got staff writers interviewing male strippers, checking out what's so horrendous about dancing in Lynden, investigating chemical sprays, their usage and danger, and other surprises.

One more thing, I overheard my photo editor, Richard Botz, trying to hop a ride with a crop duster . . . As Bob Patton so aptly put it, watch this space.

Glenda Carino

