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Western Washington University

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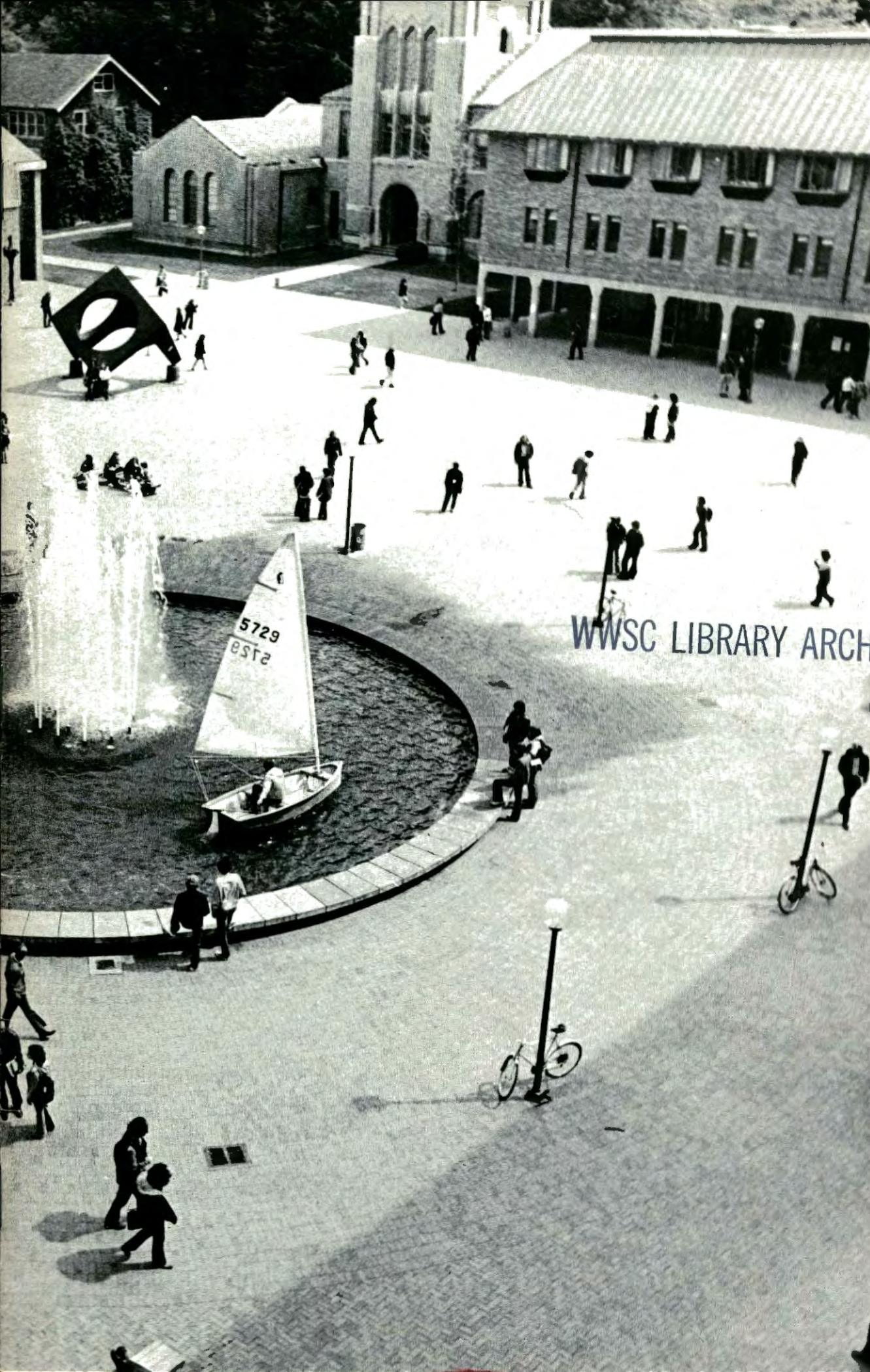
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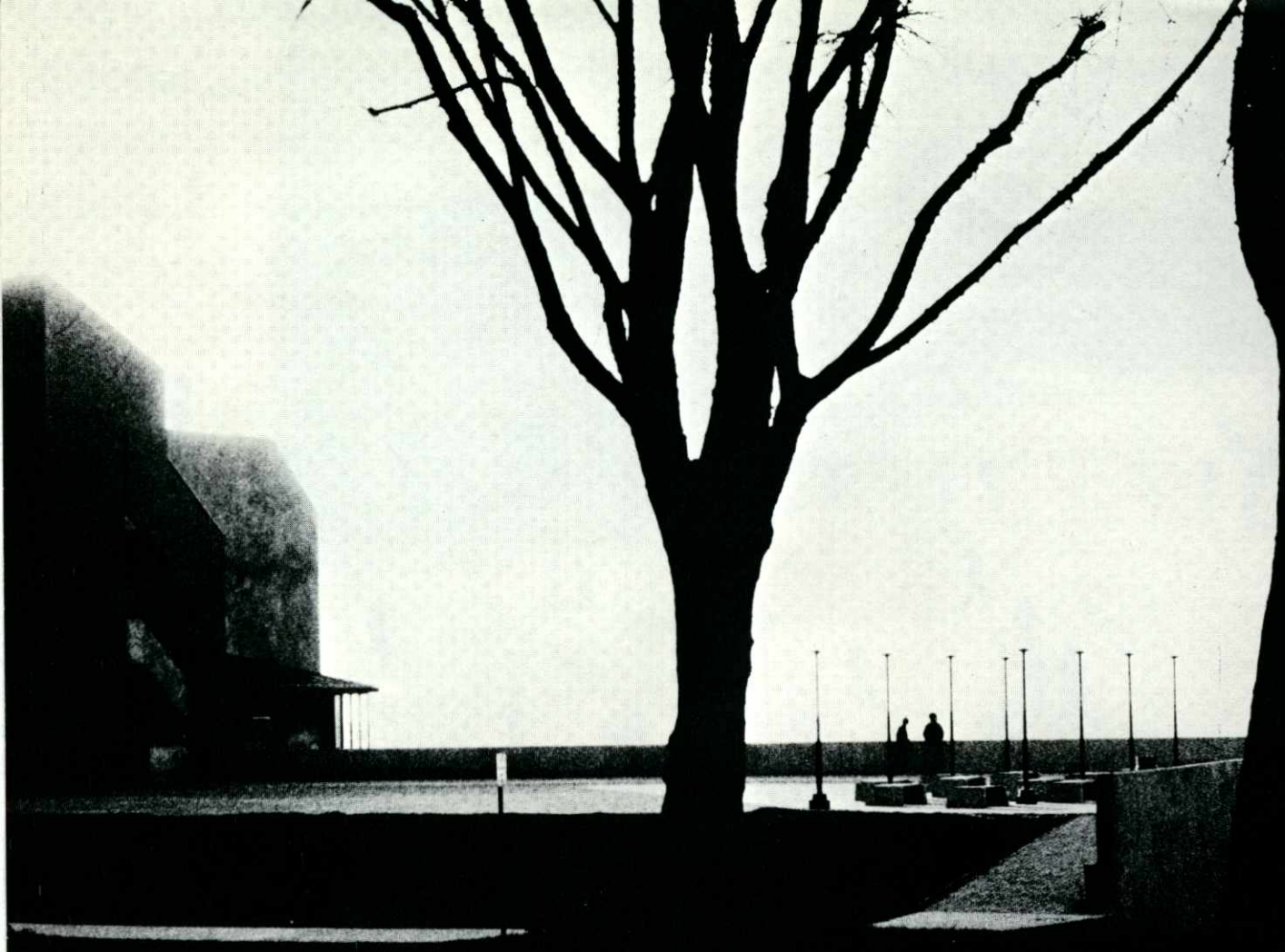
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K L I P S U N

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klipsun contains

The Greening of Bellingham

By Sonja Brown

8



Idle Cranes

By David Peterson

12



Sandra Taylor Cares

By Mary Lu Eastham

14



An Anguished Fan

By Ray Furness

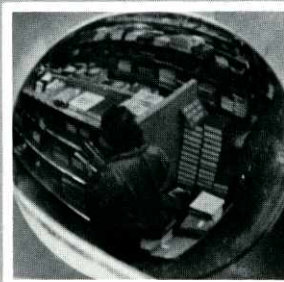
16



Ripoff

By Maggie Godfrey

20



From The Beginning of Time

By Duane Wolfe

4

Dropout

By John Harris

10

Two Bits a Shot

By Jack Broom

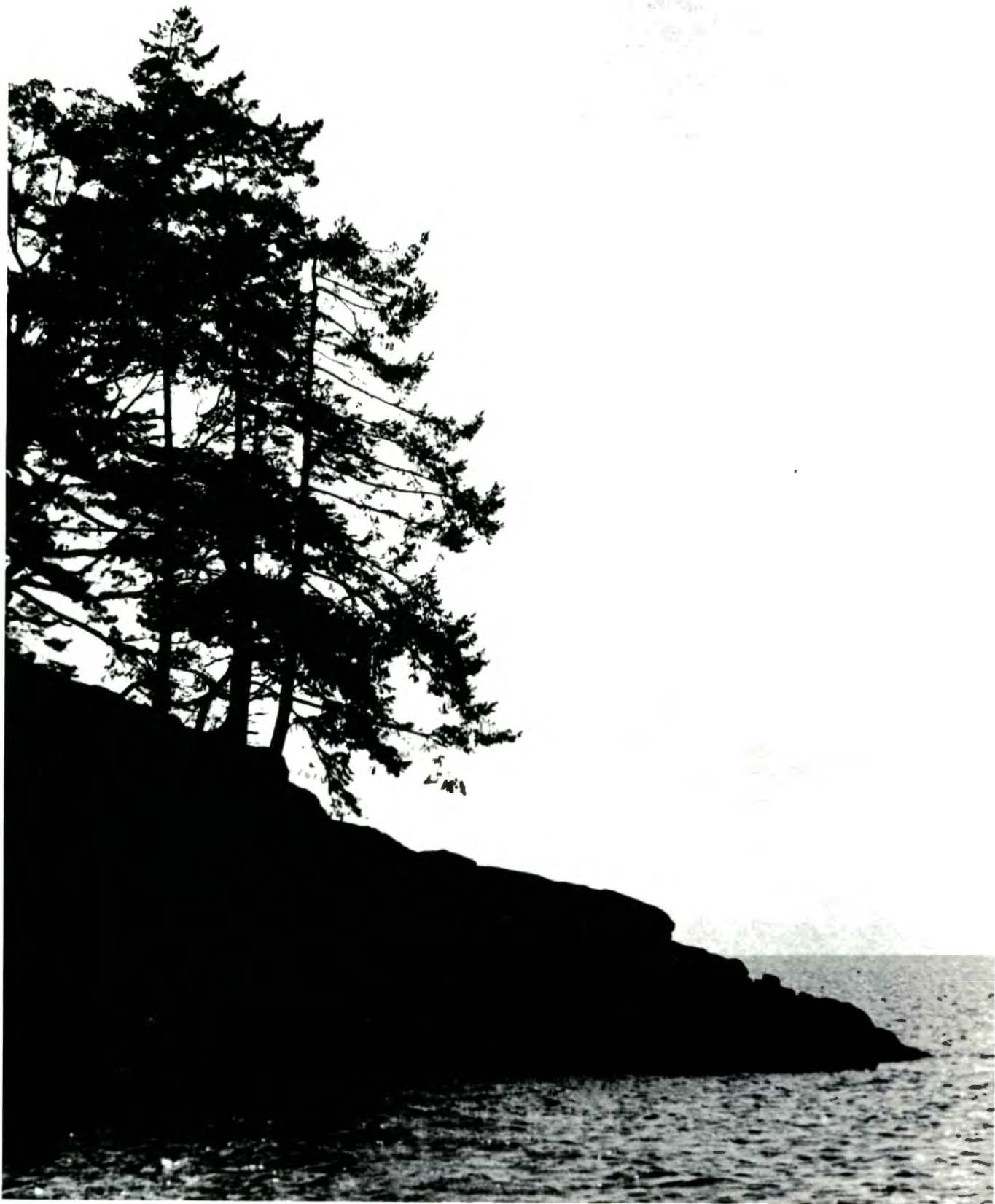
18

Letter From the Editor

22

COVER – William Edward Everett III
Inside Covers – Gary Edward Johnson
R. Duane Wolfe – pp. 4, 5, 6, 7
Gary Johnson – pp. 8, 14, 15, 20
Bill Everett – pp. 12, 21
Bob Smith – pp. 17, 16, 18-19
Dorothy Bird – pg. 9

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Volume 4 Number 5



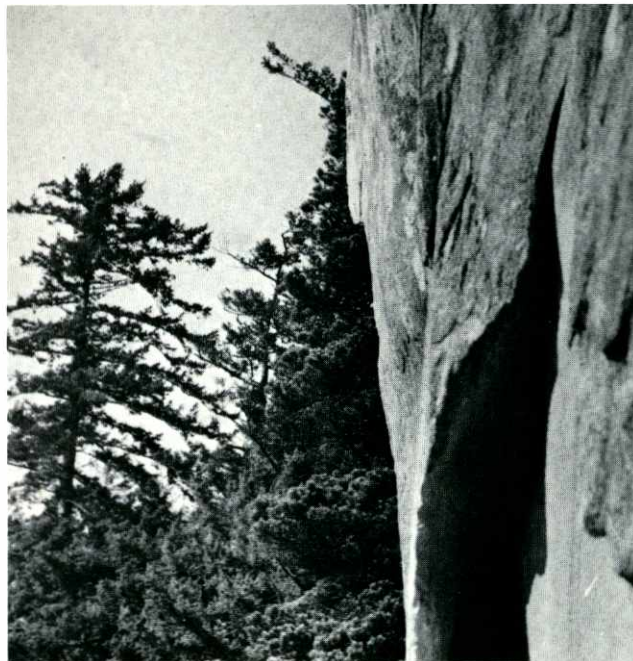
The rocks flow gently into the cool water of the bay, reflecting the world's beginning. Time seems to stand still. The beauty is forever captured in this single creation.

These are but a few of the sensations one feels as he experiences the immutable life of Chuckanut.

Chuckanut Drive extends along the length of the bay, giving people a chance to appreciate the wonders and power of nature.

Located along the drive is Larabee State Park, a place to "get away from it all," just a fifteen minute drive from the Western campus, South of Fairhaven.

The following are examples of what one KLIPSUN photographer saw as he experienced life . . .

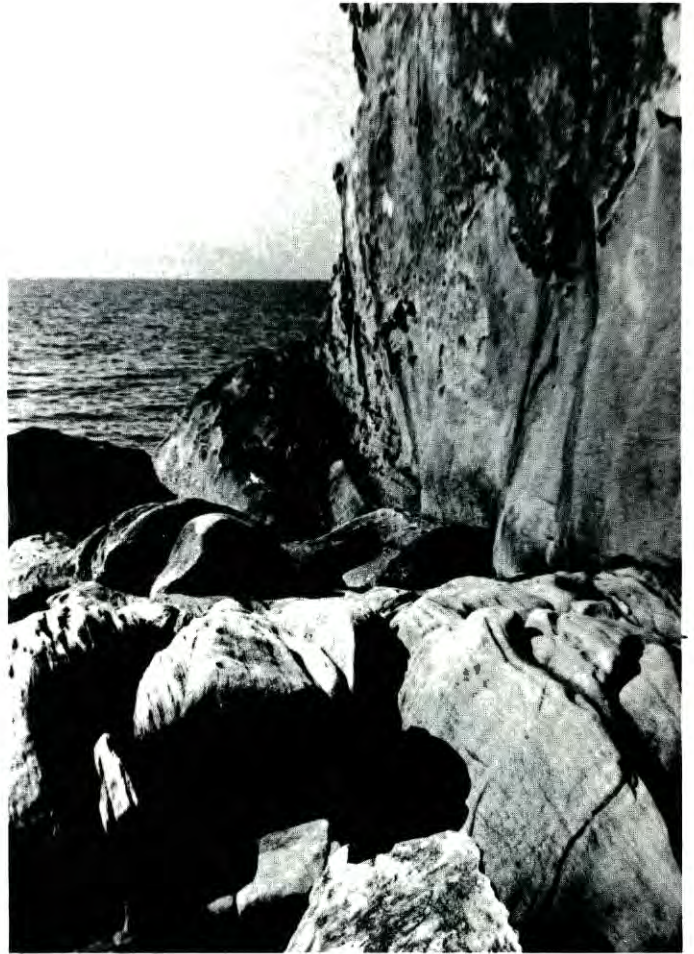


from the beginning of time



Chuckanut Images by Duane Wolfe







PROUD OWNER of giant begonia is Dr. Richard Levin of Western's Math Department.

The Greening

By Sonja Brown

— Houseplant enthusiasts tell why they want to have a piece of the outdoors inside and how they keep their plants healthy and happy.

She ran her fingers along the scale-like needles of the Norfolk Island pine, a 10-inch forest miniature, potted and placed in the center of the formica table.

"I don't like big plants. I guess they always remind me of doctors' offices. I like to get little ones you can watch grow up."

Patt Johnson, a student at Fairhaven College, looked at the little pine. It was sparsely branched but symmetrical, a frail cousin of the robust firs blowing wildly outside her window on the cool April morning.

Framing her from behind was a row of small potted houseplants lined up on the counter. She has named most of them — Herbie, Matt — sometimes after people she knows.

"I always say good morning to them," she said.

The houseplant boom has hit Bellingham. Three plant shops have opened in the last two years in addition to the one which has been in business about five years, and the sills of dormitories, apartments and houses are alive with ferns, begonias, caladium, coleus . . .

How did it happen? People in the business have their opinions. Charles "Fos" Rose, co-owner of the Greenhouse on the corner of Railroad Avenue and Chestnut Street, attributes it partly to "hard times." He said that with a couple of dollars a person can buy a plant and have something to take home. The split-leaf philodendron came into prominence during the Great Depression, he added.

More often the cause is attributed to the ecology movement. Joyce Ward, owner of Marvin Gardens on Holly Street, said that because of the interest in the environment, people, especially young people, are interested in watching things grow.

"I think it's an environmental deal," John McCabe of Garden St. Gardens said. "It's plant life that keeps you alive." McCabe, who is especially sensitive to air pollution, stepped outside to show a visitor plants in the backyard. He began to cough, returned to the shop for a breath of fresh air and said it was the sulfur from the Georgia Pacific plant.

True, people — especially grandmothers — have always had houseplants, but what is new is the number of young people caring for plants, sharing them by giving away "starter slips" and relating to them as if, in some plant-like way, they could hear.

When customers leave one of the Bellingham plant

of Bellingham

shops, with plant in hand and visions of greenery enlivening a drab room, they also carry instructions on plant care — how often to water, amount of sunlight, soil type, etc. But once the plant is taken home the care of it becomes a personal affair, each person finding his own way of sensing what the plant needs to grow.

Dorothy Bird, a Fairhaven College student and plant illustrator, makes use of the many environments existing in one small house. Cactus plants bask in the direct sunlight of a south window, begonias take in light filtered through a lace curtain and ferns appreciate the coolness of a living room without central heating. The lush green of the leaves attests to the success of her choice of placement and the “manure tea” she feeds them.

Richard Levin, a faculty member in the math department and owner of a giant four-foot Rex Begonia, said, “If you don’t pay attention to your plants you won’t know what to do.” He feels the leaves of his houseplants to tell whether they have had too much sun or too little water.

Martha Bishop, a senior member of Fairhaven’s Bridge Project, said, “I go at it hit or miss. They either grow or they don’t.” Judging from her apartment, they grow. “You don’t have to talk to them. You just have to love them and they know what you mean,” she said.

In spite of the affection she shows her houseplants, Patt Johnson tries to get ones that don’t take much care. “I can’t see babysitting a plant all the time.” But, she said, “A couple of my plants are visiting Aunty Bunny who has a gro-lux.” (A gro-lux is a lamp specially designed for providing the right kind of light for plants.)

Houseplant zealots like to share their enthusiasm—and their plants. Exchanging starting slips with a friend can grow into a plant party where a group of people make the rounds of each others’ houses gathering armloads of starters. Or a group of friends may take a walk together down to Garden St. Gardens just to browse amid the green.

Green soothes.

“The first quarter I didn’t have any plants and I couldn’t stand it,” Martha Bishop said. “It’s great therapy playing in the dirt . . . something to do with your hands until you think of something else to do.”

“Plants are wonderful. They never talk back,” Dorothy Bird said. “The little routines are very calming. You can poke and prod and pass an hour easily without thinking

about your problems.”

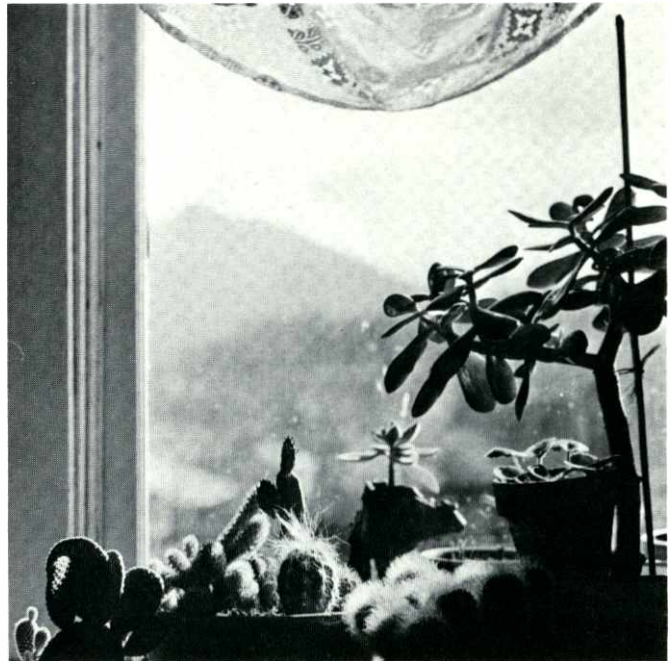
What appeals to Richard Levin is watching plants grow and having a “thing of beauty” to add color to a room, like a painting.

People, at least some of them, respond to plants, but what about plants’ responses to people? Yes, you water and feed them and place them in the sun and they grow. But some people think they do more.

Many houseplant enthusiasts point to the experiments of Cleve Backster, a New York Interrogation specialist in the CIA, who hooked up plants to lie detectors and recorded their response to people. For one experiment Backster chose one of six students to destroy a plant in the presence of another plant. After the foul deed had been committed the six were brought back into the room. When the “criminal” was brought in the surviving plant registered wild fluctuations on the polygraph, just as a disturbed person would.

What is picked up on the polygraph is the electrical discharge of the plant, which Backster claims is a consciousness in plants. The question he poses is whether there is a communications link between the cells of plants and animals through which signals are transmitted that tell of threats against a member of the living community.

Backster claims communication is more difficult be-



tween people because they are so complicated. Plants are simpler and more direct, he says.

John McCabe talked to his philodendron like an old friend, addressing certain leaves and branches of the plant which trails along the ceiling of his plant shop. They began to move . . .

A student says, “I stepped out on my boyfriend, and when I came home my grape ivy was hanging over the side of the pot. It was weird. That’s why it’s hard to become a vegetarian.”



DROP

By John Harris

he wondered if the dog had dropped out too.

I hadn't seen Jim for a month and I wondered if he'd quit school. He must have. I couldn't picture him still sticking with it. Maybe he'd gone back to Everett and I'd never see him again. I drove past his favorite tavern and looked inside. There he was, sitting at the bar. I parked my car and hurried in, wondering what he had been doing.

Jim was a big guy, with wavy brown hair and skinny legs. He loved to sit drinking in the taverns, making tough, insulting remarks to the barmaids and whoever sat next to him. His comments usually had an odd element of truth in them. Jim had gotten to be a junior by alternating one quarter of school with months of work in Everett lumber mills. Each time he left school for the mills, he wasn't coming back. He did, though, at least a dozen times.

I walked into the tavern and slapped him on the back. He was reading a Vonnegut novel which the barmaid had loaned him. I ordered a beer and waited.

Going to college means you have to repress the old ego. It doesn't matter if neither you, the teacher or your future employer cares whether you learn anything. You may think you know a lot, but getting through those classes demands effort. It's a constant process of learning by trying again and again. Some people find it easy; others eventually submit to the process. Jim never did.

Dropping out isn't a happy decision for most people, and Jim had no idea what to do now. He could always go back to the mills, of course, but what kind of life was that? What kind of future? So he didn't come right out and tell me, for even though he was doing what he had to do, it made no sense.

He finally said he'd quit school on the last possible day to get a full refund. I knew what he was thinking; we had talked all this over before, almost as if it were inevitable. He was waiting for a call about a job in a mill. He got the job. Good, I said. I left and I didn't see him again for a long time.

Jim had come back to Western only because he was tired of mill work. That spring he spent ten days in jail and he had his driver's license revoked for a year after he ran a stop sign while driving home from a tavern. He didn't want any more mill work, so he sold his car and came to Western Summer quarter, not with the best of attitudes. He managed to complete 13 hours.

Fall quarter was different. There were more students, for one thing. Hordes of them, all in a hurry. And now, Jim had to get started in his major, which was journalism. He signed up to work on *The Western Front*, went to the first

meeting and didn't come back. He backed out of a mandatory tour of the paper's composing room after he had one look at the busy people inside.

He felt apart from all the hurry and bother going on around him. No one wanted to do things they way they should be done: flat-out, with a sense of style. They were satisfied with the way things were. After five issues he still had not written anything. Then, there was a story at one of his beats that had to be covered. The editors didn't know where he was. Would he cover it, or would they have to get someone else?

Luckily, Jim had picked that day to check his beats. He got the story, and a byline too, but he had put in all sorts of jokes and comments which the editors exorcised. He had written a lot of such stuff in junior college, but here they wanted straight news. The paper's staff disgusted him. He didn't write anything else.

Then there were his other classes. If he didn't feel like going, he didn't. Then he would stop going altogether. His room looked out on High Street, and he would lie on the bed, reading fiction and watching the students pass by. He chided himself, saying that he was really getting to be useless. But he couldn't get into it, not even a little. Later he would say he went to college bent on finding the truth, but no one there knew it.

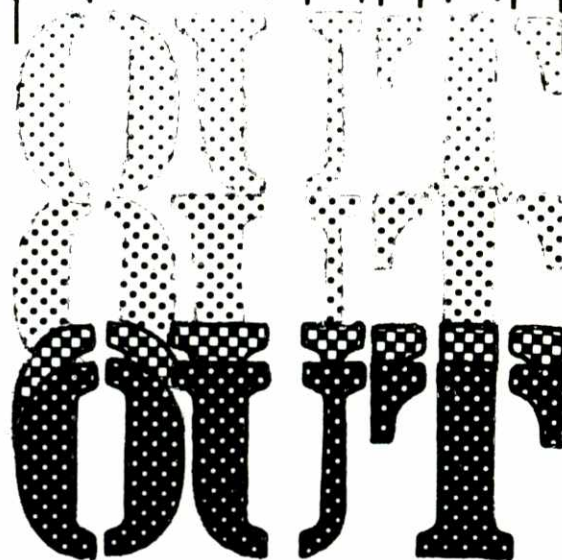
He dropped everything and got a job in Everett. But then he quit the job and came back Winter quarter. It was no good.

That was a bad winter for Jim. The only people he knew in Bellingham he met at work or in the taverns. He considered himself above them and not being an outgoing person, he kept to himself. He didn't know what was going to happen to him; there was nothing he wanted to do. I'd see him in the Viking Union, reading the papers or watching TV, wearing a woebegone expression.

The weeks passed by, consisting of a narrow cycle of work-drink-sleep. Occasionally he read some fiction. The loneliness and isolation began to affect him and he grew more depressed and desperate-looking. He knew that he would never be what he called a "success," and now he was turning into a bum. His pride wouldn't let him go home. He felt he had burned his bridges.

Walking to Fairhaven over the railroad tracks, something he saw made a great impression on him. He told me, very carefully, how he had come upon a severed dog's head between the rails. It was not mutilated and the body was outside of the tracks. The dog had been neatly decapitated. Jim was struck by the animal's expressionless face. He thought the dog may have cut off its own head.

And then he knew.



IDLE CRANES

By David Peterson



A brisk westerly wind whistles through the cables hanging from the two large cranes overlooking the waters of Bellingham Bay. The churning sea laps and leaps against the vacant dock, showing its spray to the cool sun like a breath of winter lingering in the early spring.

The first ship to come to the cranes since mid-March slipped out during the wet and windy night with a forest of cut and trimmed logs brimming over its sides. Now the vigil begins until the next ship docks at the port of Bellingham's now silent terminal.

And the wait may be long since a new word has come into the vocabulary of the dockworkers, one that Webster could never have envisioned: containerization.

Because of this new trend in cargo handling the small port is shrinking rapidly in importance, says port manager Tom Glenn. The facts seem to bear this out: in 1970 the port of Bellingham handled 500,000 tons of cargo. Last year only 300,000 tons came through.

In the past, general cargo—appliances, food, poultry, paper and pulp, etc.—would have to pass through the Panama Canal between Europe, the east and west coasts of the United States and the orient. Cargo was loaded and unloaded in one ton crates, which meant that dockworkers would be constantly repeating the process whenever a ship docked, Glenn said.

To meet the problems of ever-increasing inflation, containerization came into being to speed up

the shipping process and lessen the cost. Cargo is now being shipped in 20-ton containers from Europe to Elizabeth, New Jersey, where it is sent across country by trains to either Seattle, Oakland, or Los Angeles. From these ports the cargo, along with what each city's region has sent out, is shipped to its destination.

Forklifts are used to load the containers from ship to train and vice versa. This lessens even further the demands on the dockworkers while speeding up the process at the same time, Glenn said.

Ships use this port now for only two reasons, he said. Vessels coming from the Mediterranean area to the Pacific Northwest have not yet entered the containerization process and so anytime they need products they must come to the port closest to their intended cargo, which, at Bellingham is mainly powdered milk, steerhides, pulp, lumber, aluminum, frozen fruits, vegetables and fish. But in three to five years this last route will also be containerized.

The other reason is that, as yet, only the types of general cargo already mentioned have been found able for containerization. Products such as logs from Georgia-Pacific and aluminum from Intalco must be sent on ship instead of by trains or truck when needed in large quantities, he continued.

Six Japanese and three American shipping lines operate "almost a monopoly" in this region already, he said. These lines pay the highway cost of all trucking from places such as Georgia-Pacific to the Seattle docks, which further stresses its attractiveness.

So what happens when the cranes are idle?

Roger Sahlin of the Bellingham Stevedores, a dockworker organization in operation at the port since 1920, claims that containerization and the increased mechanization it has brought to the industry has reduced the longshoreman's payroll in Bellingham "40 per cent in the last three years."

Most of the 65 regular workers remaining at the port must "travel at their employer's expense to keep their livings," Sahlin said.

"Before this God damned containerized thing we used to work five and six days a week," a longshoreman exclaimed at the ILWU Local Seven Longshoreman Hall in Bellingham. "Now we only work one or two days a week."

"If you want to know anything about containerization you have to go to Seattle. No containers come here," said John Modenese, business director at the Bellingham local.

"Sure, the trucking business is up fantastically and the railroad is booming because of it," Sahlin said, "But the Pacific Maritime Association must give wage guarantees each week to keep the dockworkers from starving to death."

"We can't really add any more than what Sahlin would say," Modenese reflected, reclining uneasily in his chair. "It's just killing this port, along with all the rest down the line, now that even bulk cargo is being containerized. This thing's been going on pretty near full tilt ever since 1966 on this coast."

Because of these new conditions a high rate of attrition and early retirement has hit the port and regular hiring has been closed. The blank hiring board hanging in the hall and a blackboard next to it that reads, "Next pension meeting, 1st Sunday in month—May 5 at 10 a.m." attests to the real impact on the port.

"Back when times were good we used to hire practically all of Bellingham, it seemed," said a short, plump old longshoreman with balding white hair, in his raspy voice. "And kids from the college used to just walk into the hall and get hired. I think we hired more college kids than regular longshoremen," he chuckled.

Then the conversation in Modenese's office turned back to Social Security and retirement, their salty voices climbing higher and higher over each other's arguments.

One with his silver hair cut in a flat-top broke the arguments into laughter by saying he heard a rumor that "about seven" Bellingham dockworkers were going to pack up and leave. The laughter and stares seemed to say, "Just where do they think they're going to go?" The guy that started the rumor shrugged his shoulders. "Well, that's what I heard." Then Modenese and the plump fellow left to get some water.

"Ports from Maine to South Carolina and the Gulf Coast have the same problems" as Bellingham, Glenn said. The once great port of San Francisco is fighting for its very existence because the transcontinental railroads all terminate across the bay, he said.

"The port (of Bellingham) consists of boat harbors, industrial property and development and the ocean terminal. It will just bring a change of emphasis, necessarily bringing shipping down on a level with the other things," he continued.

But, while this new mode of shipping has reduced costs as well as shipping time—the record from Seattle to Tokyo is five days, 19 hours, almost cutting the pre-containerization record in half—it may make such ports as Bellingham, as ocean terminals, a thing of the past, Glenn admitted.

And the wind-blown green cranes look out over the deep blue expanse of sea toward the horizon, idly awaiting the coming of the ships, sometime.

Western — but for other people
Western is fraught with problems. Budgets are being cut; people are being let go. The Counseling Center is no exception, but it has one thing going for it — a director who is fighting.

Until November, 1973, many people had not heard of her, many more had never seen her. It was at the monthly Board of Trustees meeting where she got up, stood there with her hands folded quietly, and said, "I want to be heard."

SHE is Dr. Sandra Taylor, 32, and she is fighting for the students. Between 24 and 30 come to the Counseling Center each day for help; some because they are depressed, anxious, or with feelings of inadequacy; others because they are not getting along with a roommate, a girl or boyfriend, or a spouse. Some are even suicidal. Many of them come to get help in planning their careers.

"What Western is all about is the students," Sandra says.

The center is already hard to get into. Taylor, as well as the other counselors, are booked solid — appointments and meetings — from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day.

Taylor's office is tastefully but simply decorated in bright orange and blue colors. Modern stripes run along her desk, colorful posters grace the wall matching the two comfortable burnt orange chairs. This could be her living room except for the cluttered busy-looking desk.

At a recent interview, she hurriedly dashed into the office with a cheerful greeting, even though she had just come from a meeting concerning budget cuts. She set out a carton of milk and a pre-wrapped sandwich from the coffee shop as she sat in one of the orange chairs.

She explained that there are now eight full-time positions at the Counseling Center but they have been notified that they must cut back to six by next fall.

Originally they were to be cut in half as a result of the Mitchell Committee report, (a report drawn up by a committee headed by Howard E. Mitchell, chairman of the economics department, last September. The committee was to show how money could be reduced in the administrative and services area.)



Sandra Taylor Cares

By Mary Lu
Eastham

"When that Mitchell Committee report came out I was so angry and so upset," Taylor said, "Because I thought it was extremely discriminatory against us."

She felt that C. W. "Bill" McDonald, Dean of Students, had not presented a strong case for the Counseling Center. He gave the committee the impression that it was strictly a clinical treatment center and the students who use it could just as well be referred to Bellingham's Whatcom Family Mental Health Clinic.

Sandra, however, noted that its director, Don Berg, has said that the mental health clinic could not take the college students. He has stressed that with the closing of one of Washington's largest mental hospitals last summer, Northern State, the clinic is already swamped, and, furthermore that it has no-one to help with career planning and vocational direction.

Although she is a quiet, pleasant person, who can smile even while telling you how angry she is, her face took on a stern, fighting look as she said:

"I went to McDonald as soon as the Mitchell report came out, and he told me he was sorry and angry too but he couldn't help it.

"I said to myself, 'To Hell with that,'" Taylor continued, sitting up a little straighter. "From that point on I made a decision that I had to bring this to the campus's attention and to the Board of Trustees; otherwise we were going down the tubes."

She persuaded Berg to state his views in a letter supporting the Counseling Center and to point out the limitations of the mental health clinic. In that letter, Berg added a warning of his own: that students might transfer to other state colleges where they could get this service.

At an open hearing on the Mitchell Committee report last October, she stood up and said her piece, although she said this wasn't really "her bag." She prefers working quietly with people on a one-to-one basis.

Later she made her presentation again at that Board of Trustees' Meeting in November.

"My style is more of pleasantness," Sandra said, "and being kind of placating and trying to be diplomatic. At that Board of Trustees meeting I

was really mad and I know it showed in my voice. I wasn't smiling through the whole thing, and I almost had to demand that they recognize me—just marching down the steps to the front of the room and saying, 'I want to be heard!' "

As a result, the Board reviewed the Mitchell Committee report and did not cut back four positions on the staff at the Counseling Center, rather two.

Saundra grew up in a ghetto area of Louisville. The goal was to get out. She remembers being told at a very young age that with time and savings they would one day move out and buy a house.

"There was always the feeling that this kind of poverty we lived with was temporary," Taylor said quietly. "There was a lot of turnover in that community."

When she was 14 they finally did get out, buying a house across town in a white neighborhood. Taylor chose to attend the all-black high school, however, because she felt secure there. It meant taking the bus across town every day.

At 16 she had her first real taste of discrimination.

"There was a big dance and Mom said I could buy a new dress," she said. She went into an exclusive shop downtown.

"At first I couldn't get anyone to wait on me and then when the saleslady finally came she said I couldn't try the dress on," Taylor said, half smiling. "I looked at that saleslady and said, 'You're kidding. How am I going to buy it if I can't try it on?' and the lady said, 'That's your problem!' I was so crushed."

Saundra took the big step a couple of years later when she went away to attend an all-white college, DePaul University, in Indiana.

"I just had to break out of the protection of the black high school," she said. "I must have been a masochist or something to put myself through the torture of those four years."

She didn't go into detail. All she said was that it was a real challenge. This must have been where she learned to fight.

It was while she was in the doctoral program at Ohio University that she met and married her white husband,



DR. TAYLOR at work in counseling center.

Christopher (who is in Western's psychology department) and they now have a two-and-a-half-year-old son, Derek.

Saundra still worries about the center's future. She spoke about next year when she will be joining her husband who is going on sabbatical to Indiana.

"I keep thinking, 'What's going to happen if we're down to two counselors?' " she said wistfully. "Part of the frustration I have is there aren't any assurances that things won't change; so that leaves me with a really uneasy feeling like I don't even know what I'm leaving, let alone what I'll be coming back to."

Those students who come for help in career planning will probably be the first to be turned away, or be given far less time, according to Taylor.

The extremely depressed student will still be seen, although even his visits may be cut considerably. Where he might have come in every week for the whole quarter he may be told that he can have only six visits.

Throughout the year, Dr. Taylor's outlook has been fairly optimistic and she is still searching for solutions. She sat up straighter and adjusted her skirt

as she continued.

"A partial solution would be to make more use of our counselors-in-training (interns from the psychology department)" she said. "Right now we have eight students who are in the training program. What I'm hoping is that we can use them more and have our staff act in a supervisory role."

Usually the interns take three cases per quarter but she feels this could be increased. For every two contacts the intern makes, there's an hour of supervision given by a member of the counseling staff. Taylor doesn't think the supervision time would have to be increased if the intern took on more assignments.

She sat back and reminisced.

"You know this is probably the most important thing that I have ever fought for in my life," she said. "I can remember things in competition, like wanting to make a basketball team or get into the chorus that got to travel when I was in high school and those things mean a lot."

"The difference between then and now is that this is the first time I feel like I'm in a position of authority to really bring about a change, not just for myself, but for other people."

AN ANGUISHED FAN

By Ray Furness

"—the tragedy is that the fans have to suffer—"

Dave "The Hammer" Shultz, Bob "Mad Dog" Kelly and Don "Big Bird" Saleski are all crucial members of the National Hockey League (NHL) Philadelphia Flyers. The talents of this trio do not lie in their ability to shoot, skate or pass but rather to intimidate the opposition. Their prowess as fighters has earned them the reputation of the "Broad Street Bullies." They slash, spear and brawl their way to victory. They do it in a fashion the NHL has never previously experienced.

The NHL has long been regarded as possibly the most physical of the body contact sports, and rightly so. With the speed at which the participants skate, the manner in which they use their sticks and the velocity at which they shoot the puck, the game has all the ingredients needed to produce controlled violence on ice.

Saleski, Shultz and Kelly seem to go a step beyond the violent world of the NHL into a form of hockey which incorporates the barbaric tendencies of Neanderthal Man with those of the 21st century. Their philosophy toward the game is quite simple; they beat their opposition into submission.

Tactics of winning hockey games such as those utilized by the Flyers have resulted in turning one of North America's greatest spectator sports into unorganized mayhem.

Only the continued support of the hard-working, sports-loving middle American who forks over his \$7.50 twice-a-week to support this present inferior brand of hockey has preserved the image of the league.

Fans are the individuals who pay the salaries and yet they are the ones being neglected. The wide open, end-to-end hockey they once witnessed is no longer evident.

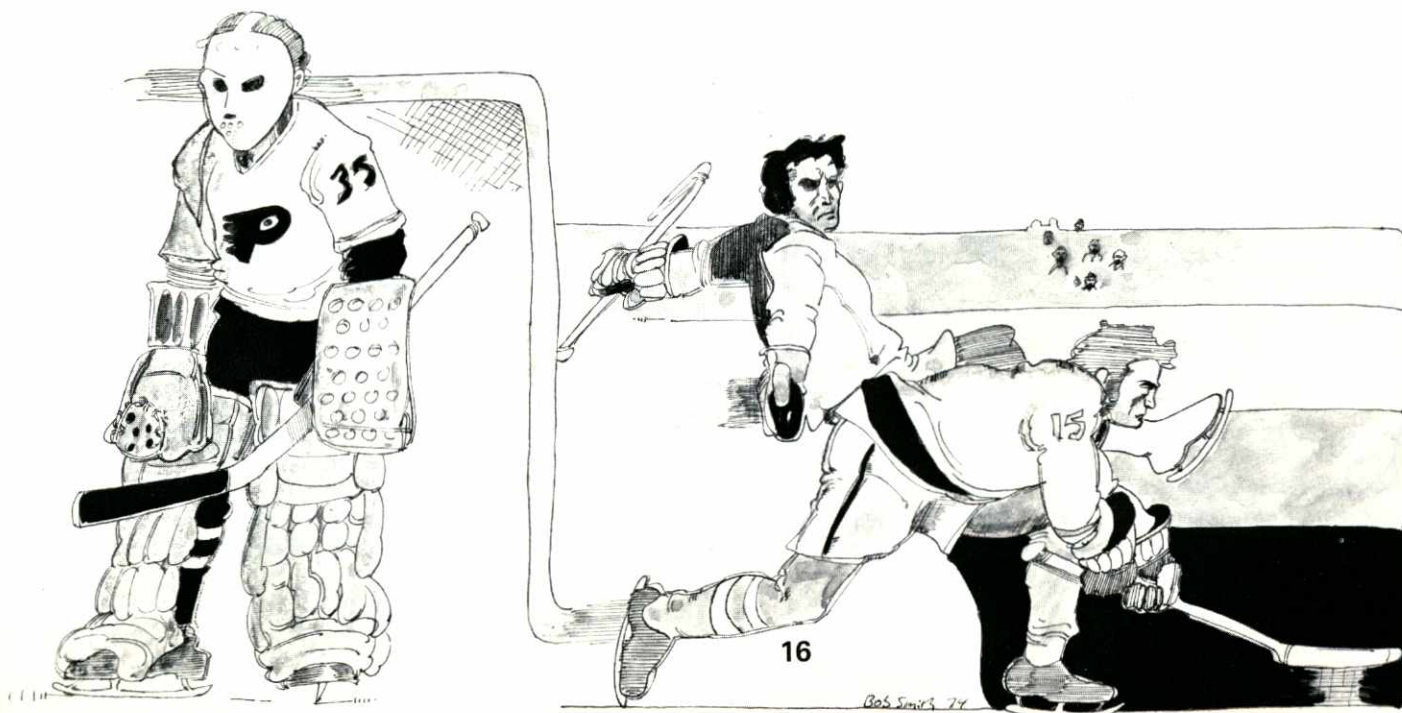
The league's board of governors, coaches, general managers and individual players have all contributed to producing this product.

The NHL's board of governors have to be charged with the most flagrant error of all. In 1967 they decided to expand from the original six team league which included Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Montreal, New York and Toronto.

New teams included Los Angeles, Minnesota, Oakland, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and St. Louis. The decision resulted in the start of the deterioration of the league.

It seemed evident at the time that expansion was the logical procedure. With the increasing popularity of the sport the league's board of governors could justify their desire for expansion. But they never looked toward the future. Where were they going to get the personnel to supply these new teams?

Unlike baseball, football and basketball where there are some 25,000 institutions in the United States to draft prospects, the NHL relies heavily on about 50 junior "A"



and "B" amateur teams in Canada as well as a sprinkling of universities in both countries.

The NHL simply did not have enough proven talent to supply the needs of the expansion teams and continue to provide entertaining hockey. This lack of foresight by the board of governors has cast a shadow of doubt on the credibility of the hockey they are promoting.

One would have thought when the owners got together to decide the possibility of expansion, they would have considered this grave problem. Instead they moved to expand only considering the great financial return to be gained while totally ignoring the needs of the fans.

Some coaches and general managers, realizing the difficulty of obtaining talent now that there is so much competition, resorted to adding to the diluted league by introducing intimidation to compensate for the lack of proven hockey players.

A perfect example of this is the Philadelphia Flyers. A perennially mediocre team since expansion, they solved the problem of inadequate talent by flaunting their muscles and intimidating the opposition.

Since coach Fred Shero and general manager Keith Allen introduced their physical tactics to the league two years ago, the Flyers have proceeded to finish second in 1973 and first in 1974.

Philadelphia is not the only team to intimidate their opponents. Others include St. Louis, Pittsburgh and the New York Islanders but to a lesser degree.

Expansion has forced general managers and coaches to adopt this philosophy toward the game.

The poor fan! It is his show and he is the one being cheated. Also adding to the dilemma that faces the NHL is the poor attitude of the fat cat, prima donna athlete. For the first time in the league's 50 odd years, it is a player's market.

The rival World Hockey league has liberated the modern hockey player. For years he has had to accept the policy-making decisions of management with regard to contract commitments.

Before, there was only one league—NHL—and therefore absolutely no bargaining power. With the arrival of the WHL, player-management relations have drastically changed.

Now the players are in the position to dictate their worth to the individual teams. The player does this by playing the NHL against the WHL. In other words, "If you don't give me what I want, I'll go to the WHL."

In most instances of high contract demands, the NHL has given in for fear of losing their established stars.

These actions have driven the average NHL salary well over \$50,000 a year and in some cases players are earning in excess of \$300,000.

These outrageous salaries have had a detrimental effect on the calibre of hockey the individual is capable of producing. Many players take advantage of the situation and do not play up to their potential.

Today's complacent hockey player has provided as much to the deterioration of the NHL as have the board of governors, coaches and general managers.

At this stage the only people who are suffering are the fans. If the board of governors had expanded at a slower



rate, the coaches and general managers of certain teams wouldn't have instituted controlled violence to the game, and the players would not be in the position to flaunt their power.

It's still just a hockey game, but the tragedy is that the fans have had to suffer the consequences . . . not the board of governors, general managers, coaches or players.

The result is that the "Goon Squad"—Shultz, Kelly, Saleski and company—run rough shod over their opponents and the image of the NHL.

A Grotto Addict Tells All . . .
by JACK BROOM

THOK: Inside the pinball machine, wood slaps against wood; I win a replay. THOK! It is the dullest sound the machine ever makes . . . and the most beautiful.

Down the hall, a double thickness of paper sits inside my typewriter, waiting for more words. It is the story of pinball addiction as told by an addict, me.

But now the story waits while I gather more information at a quarter a shot. Twenty-five more cents to interview the greedy machine, to hear, see and feel the story myself.

With no hand free to take notes, I memorize the ringing of the bells, the constant clicking of the digit counter and the embarrassing silence after the last ball drops.

Automatically, I plop my next coin into the monster's mouth. It click-clicks appreciatively. Then a push on the game button and the carnival starts over again.

Pull back the arm, just so. Now let the ball fly up the side and across the top; where will it land? Go for the ace. BUMP. Stay away from that jack. BUMP! That's right, over toward the ace. BUMP! BUMP! That's it! It's in! Ding ding ding ding ding. Lights flash, bells ring and digits fly by in a blur.

And the score goes up. Ten points at a time, one hundred points at a time, 500 for hitting this and 1,000 for rolling over that, the score goes up, but just slowly enough to keep THOK, the replay, the electronic orgasm, almost always slightly out of reach.

The two games my quarter has purchased are gone in what seems an instant. I yield the machine to the next player, who has been hovering just behind my elbow. He glances at



A

my low score, and I can hear his silent snicker as he drops his coin into the slot.

I return to my typewriter and peck away at the keys slowly. At the end of each line, the bell rings and I glance up to see how many points I've scored. But there is no score and I try clumsily to organize facts into a readable format.

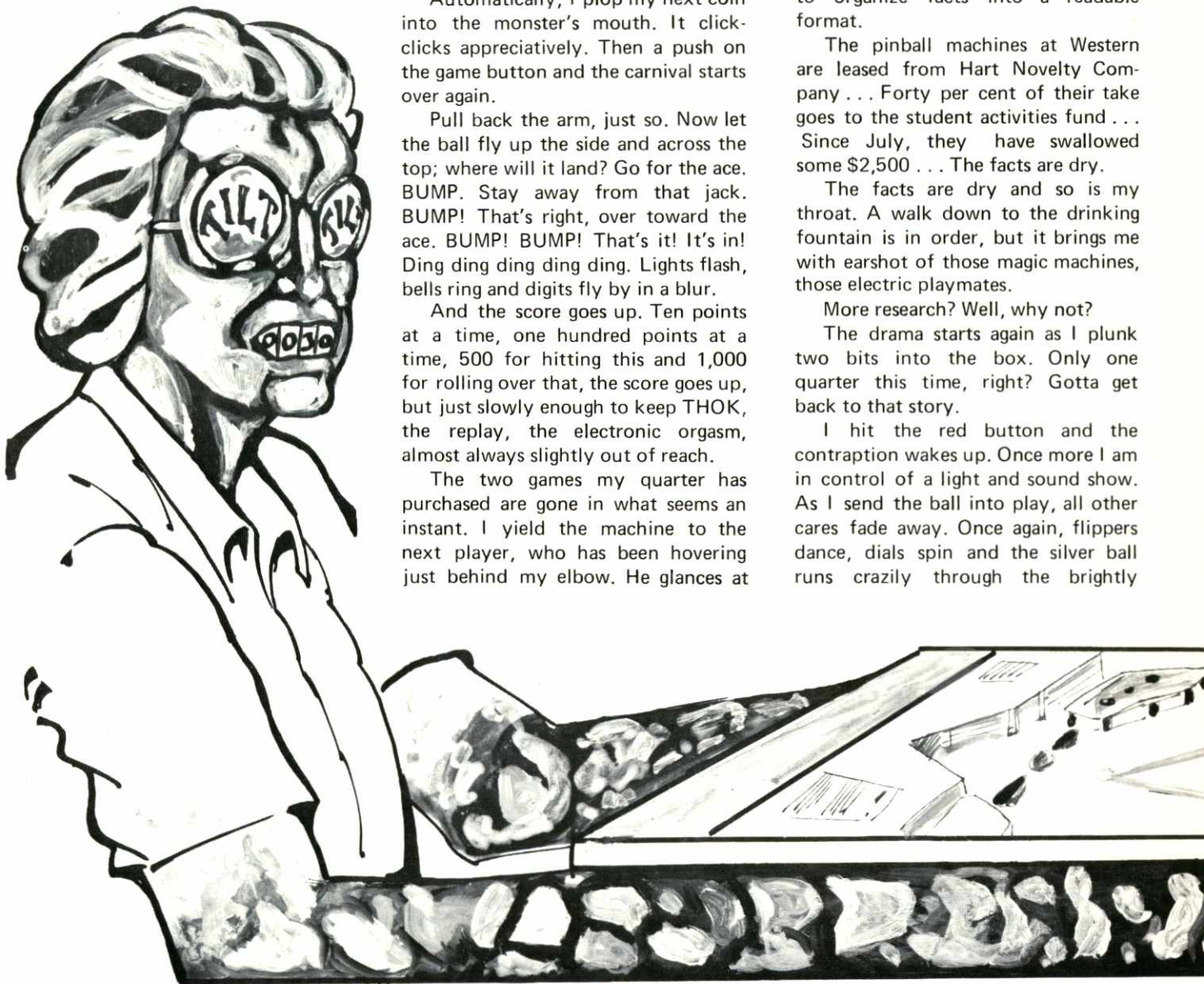
The pinball machines at Western are leased from Hart Novelty Company . . . Forty per cent of their take goes to the student activities fund . . . Since July, they have swallowed some \$2,500 . . . The facts are dry.

The facts are dry and so is my throat. A walk down to the drinking fountain is in order, but it brings me with earshot of those magic machines, those electric playmates.

More research? Well, why not?

The drama starts again as I plunk two bits into the box. Only one quarter this time, right? Gotta get back to that story.

I hit the red button and the contraption wakes up. Once more I am in control of a light and sound show. As I send the ball into play, all other cares fade away. Once again, flippers dance, dials spin and the silver ball runs crazily through the brightly



SHOT

painted maze, all for my pleasure.

The first game goes by in a flash but in the second I am doing well. I have lined up the frying pans, hit two specials on the right side rollover and scored an extra ball by killing all three clowns. The post is up, the bumpers are lit and the east and west gates are wide open.

This is the magic. A well-timed right flipper brings the ball back from the dead. It shoots up the side, skirts the exit and bounces up into fat city, riding the green bumpers for a thousand points a bounce.

The digit counter goes mad but I can't spare it a glance. I'm riding the ball, my head is in there knocking around between the green bumpers. I slam the machine to keep the ball moving; it heads for the exit but a quick right-left brings it back again. More points and more points and suddenly THOK! as the count goes over the top.

At the sound of THOK a warm, soothing rush hits. Starting at my fingertips, where man meets machine, the glow shoots like a drug through my tense body. The metal ball drops away, but it doesn't matter. I've won the right to an extra game; I've beaten the machine.

I hit the button to claim my prize. My winning score disappears from the board and zeros return. The replay starts.

The first ball falls out while my head is still in the clouds; it wakes me up. The second seems to go just as fast. For some reason I can't hit. I can't get those bumpers lit, can't land in the rollovers and it seems like the flippers are sleeping. When I nudge the machine it flashes "tilt" and claims ball number three.

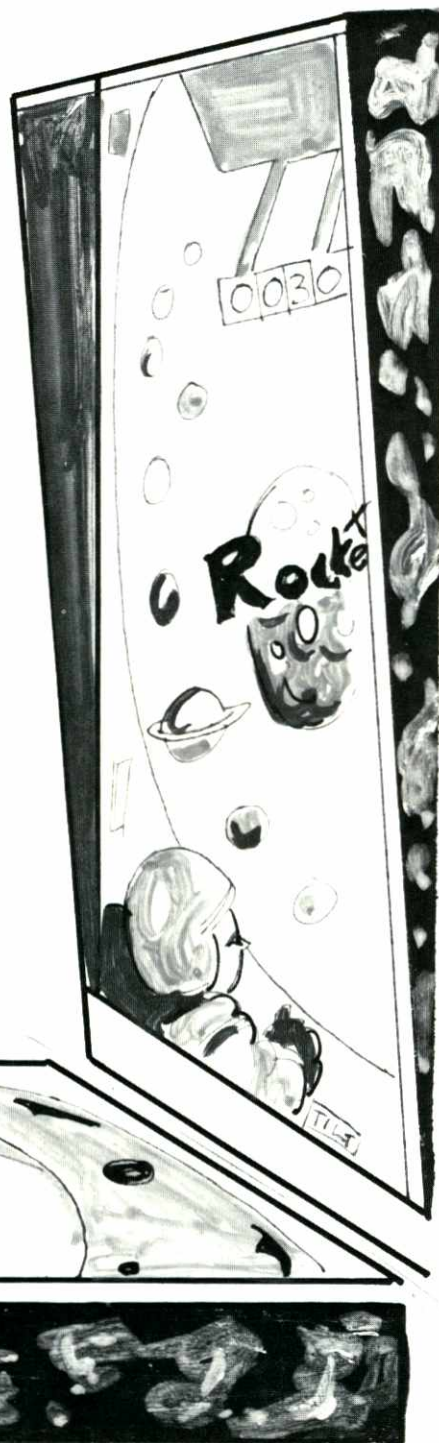
"Tilt?" I scream back, "I didn't even touch you!"

My score is embarrassingly low. Another guy has just walked in and is standing behind me, waiting for his turn. I can't see him, but I almost feel him on my back, rooting for the machine. I'm sure he's chuckling at my score; where was he when I hit the big one? Why does he always show up when I'm losing?

Is it the same guy as last time? I try to see him out of the corner of my eye and ball number four rolls to its death off my right flipper. Aauugh! How did I miss that? I hope he didn't see it . . . but I'm sure he did.

I don't care anymore as I spring the final ball into play. It would take a miracle to win this game now and I don't want it anyway. The sweat on my back from the THOK rush has turned cold and is a chilling reminder that an overdue assignment is sitting in my typewriter. My stomach is unwinding and I feel queasy.

When the ball drops, I don't bother to look at the score or my successor. Nothing but the floor. Damn, why do I play that stupid machine?



RIP OFF

By Maggie Godfrey

who's stealing from you?

Halfway hidden behind a counter of birthday cards, the girl surveyed the scene carefully. Certain that the coast was clear and that none of the clerks were watching, she unobtrusively slipped the small paperback book from her hand to her purse. After glancing around to see if anyone had seen her, she quickly walked past the desk clerk to the front door and out to the street, where she soon disappeared.

This incident of shoplifting is one of many which occur each day at Western and across the country. Shoplifting has become a nation-wide social problem and efforts to combat the crime have been accelerated.

At the Student Co-Op, the majority of the items pilfered each year are textbooks, said bookstore manager George Elliot during an interview last

month. The period around the beginning of each quarter is the worst, as students are packed into the store and it is impossible to keep an eye on each one.

Hidden pockets inside coats, large open purses, small pocket-sized books all make the job of *selling* the books more and more difficult every day.

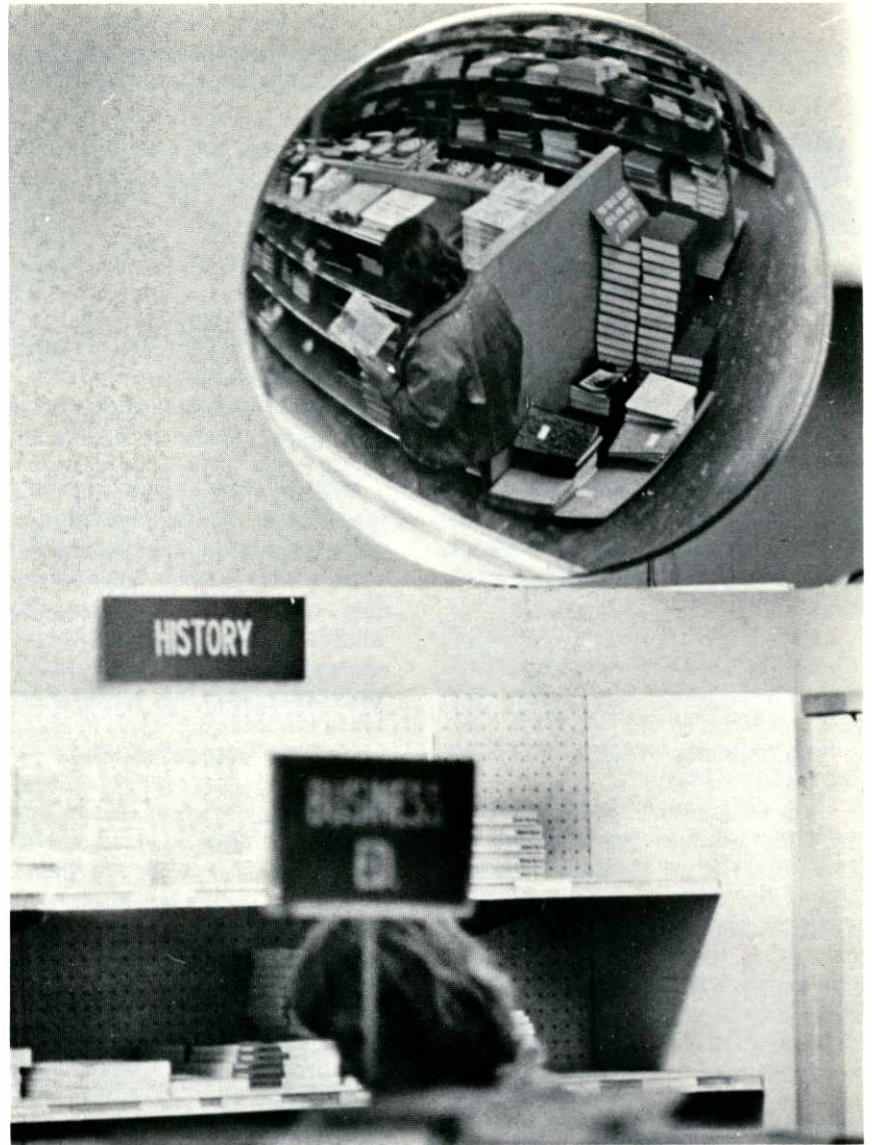
Of all the college bookstores nationwide, most are run by the college affiliated with it. In Western's case, however, the bookstore is owned by the student; the tab for any losses is picked up by the students, not the college.

Through the use of preventative shoplifting devices, the bookstore has been able to decrease the number of thefts during the past two years. The

rate of pilferage for last year was \$9,000, compared with \$24,000 for the year before, Elliot said. Although that's a big drop, it's still a lot of money.

Students who pilfer books usually don't steal out of need; they sell them to other students at total profit for themselves. Two upperclassmen were caught recently who disclosed they had put themselves through Western solely through profits made from the books they'd stolen.

About the same time, a number of employees were caught doing the same thing; when the books first arrived, they would place several near the door in the back on a pre-arranged schedule, where their friends would pick them up and sell them at the front door.



The losses from this type of mass theft were staggering.

But books aren't the only articles stolen. Second highest on the list (until two years ago) was records. When the inventory was taken at the end of 1972, the bookstore was over \$6,000 short in the record department. A close watch was maintained from then on; a one-way mirror was installed in the record department and inventory was taken every week.

Finally, the watch paid off; a young man came in and, leafing through the records, ended up with about 25 in his hand. He casually strolled over to a counter that was partially hidden from the cashier's view and laid the records down. He then left the store. Within the next 15 minutes, three girls came in at different intervals and slipped a handful of the records into large purses they carried. Apprehended outside the store, it was learned they had been actively doing this for months and were causing the bookstore the large losses.

After that incident, the record section was moved to allow the cashiers a full view of that department and the displays were set farther apart. As a result, the record pilferage rates dropped significantly and the bookstore experiences few thefts from the record department now.

Often the articles taken aren't missed until close inspection is given the shelves. In the book department, a

clerk was moving several hard-backed books over to make room for another shipment and found several of the "books" were only the covers; the inside pages had been torn out and the cover placed back on the high shelf. They had probably gone unnoticed for days.

After hanging a dozen thermometers on a rack one morning, a clerk returned to see how many had been taken. All 12 packages were there—but not a single thermometer!

When hiking books and tennis shoes were still being sold unassisted until a year ago, the problems involved with them were great. A shipment of \$20 hiking boots was set out early one morning. When the boxes were counted later that evening, they all tallied up correctly—but nine were empty and several had old tennis shoes in them—which their owners had simply traded the old for the new.

Sporting equipment was a major target for shoplifters, who could easily slip a handball into their pockets, or put on a pair of gloves and simply walk out of the store with them. Now only one glove of one size is left out and students must ask for them at the counter if they wish to purchase them.

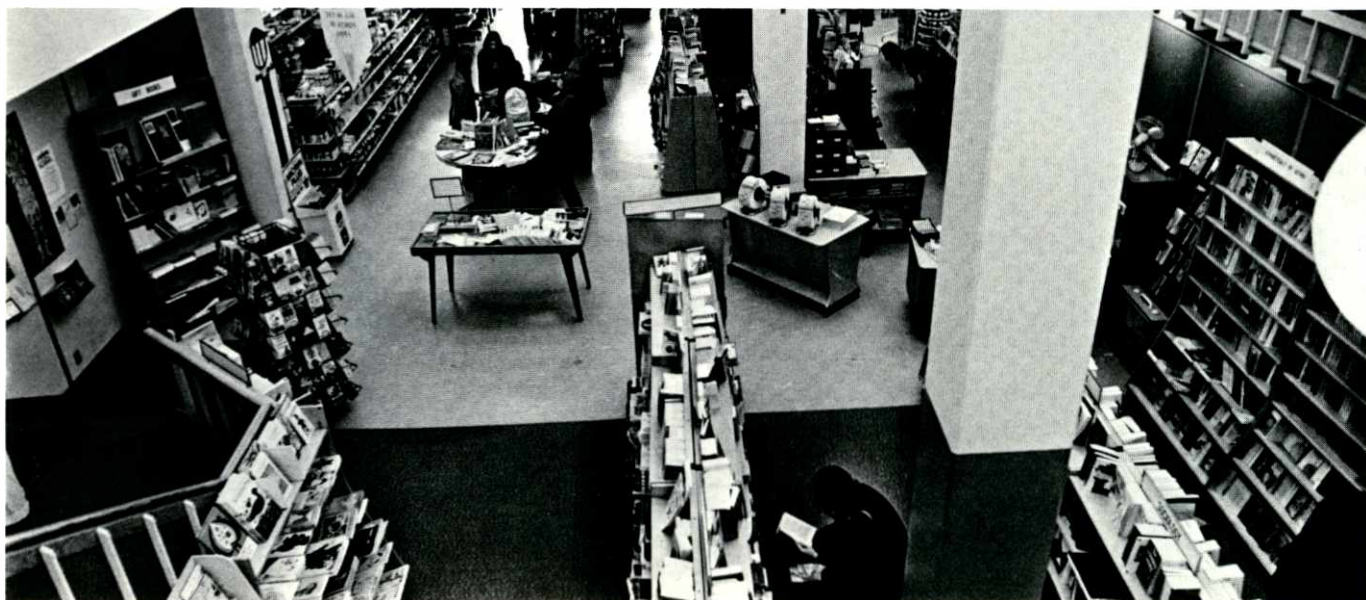
Art equipment posed a serious problem to the store, as many supplies, such as nibs for pens, are extremely expensive and small enough for someone to simply walk out of the store with them in his hand. To remedy this, a register was installed

upstairs and is constantly manned, with students paying for anything they buy on the upper level there, making it harder for shoplifters to walk downstairs and past the cashier near the door. Turnstiles were installed and the aisles were shifted so the clerks could see anything and anyone behind the shelves.

Last year, a class did a survey on shoplifting and staged several shoplifting attempts in the bookstore to find out what other students' reactions would be and how they'd feel about it. The entire survey backfired: even the most blatant rip-offs provoked few responses. When asked what they thought about seeing students walking out without paying for items, most students interviewed felt that it was none of their business or "if they can pull it off, good for them."

One student did get a reaction though. He walked over to the record rack, and selecting a record he liked, walked out of the store. Once outside, he was accosted by a student who raced up to him and said, "Wait!! That's not the way to do it! You'll get caught for sure. *This* is the way . . ." and then proceeded to show the astonished student the *right* way to rip-off the record.

Thefts like these force textbook prices still higher, since the losses must be made up for somehow. This is the unfortunate economic reality of shoplifting. If it continues, the cost of necessary items will continue to rise—and it won't be because of inflation.



Letter From the Editor

As reported by our sister publication, the WESTERN FRONT, KLIPSUN recently made an exceedingly favorable showing at the Delta Sigma Chi Society of Professional Journalists Award Ceremonies.

Region 10, the Chapter presenting the awards, geographically covers Alaska, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, and western Montana. In different ceremonies, the WESTERN FRONT also came in for plaudits.

This editor joins the faculty and student body of Western in our sincerest congratulations to the individuals and groups that put Western's publications out front once again.

The work responsible for these awards won by the student activity that tells the Western story, was carried out under other than favorable conditions.

During this period, a self-seeking pressure group tried to bring publications under their control. True, they didn't succeed; however, sitting at a typewriter with a knife at your back somewhat addles creative production.

The inadequacy of space in which publications must prepare their work defies description. This editor has seen no other activity on campus that's forced to work under such antiquated, inadequate, squeezed conditions.

It's indeed ironical that our student government could, as they recently did while this editor was present, sit in a formal body with members munching ice cream cones, walking in and out of the meeting during the session, holding private conversations (apparently funny), and casually vote to spend \$30,000 on a sewer line for Lakewood (anybody know where it is?) and refuse to give your publications, the voice of Western, adequate work space. Under such conditions, congratulations are doubly due to the award winners.



D. Starbuck Goodwyn
Editor, KLIPSUN



