



Western Washington University
Western CEDAR

Klipsun Magazine

Western Student Publications

3-1981

Klipsun Magazine, 1981, Volume 11, Issue 03 - March

Leita McIntosh
Western Washington University

Follow this and additional works at: https://cedar.wvu.edu/klipsun_magazine



Part of the [Higher Education Commons](#), and the [Journalism Studies Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

McIntosh, Leita, "Klipsun Magazine, 1981, Volume 11, Issue 03 - March" (1981). *Klipsun Magazine*. 55.
https://cedar.wvu.edu/klipsun_magazine/55

This Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Western Student Publications at Western CEDAR. It has been accepted for inclusion in Klipsun Magazine by an authorized administrator of Western CEDAR. For more information, please contact westerncedar@wwu.edu.



Klipsun

magazine

march 1981





RICHARD BOTZ
Salty images of Squalicum Harbor.

4 DOWN AT THE DOCKS

JENNY BLECHA
Artist Jan Witcraft talks about life in Warsaw.

6 POLISH PERSPECTIVES

DAVE DAHLBERG
Aqueous-based, pH buffered, de-ionized water? Separating jargon from junk, a consumer's guide to record care.

10 CURES FOR THE COMMON CRACKLE

JUNE MYERS
Seattle Post-Intelligencer columnist Emmett Watson sends his notorious gang of KBO agents out to look for invaders.

13 "KEEP THE BASTARDS OUT"

ROY SHAPLEY
From Antonio Stradivari to Adolph Sax — a collection of original instruments by the masters of music.

16 "THE LOOK OF MUSIC"

BOB PATTON
The albino visitors of Sudden Valley.

20 WHITE SHADOWS

JEFF PRITCHARD
Here's a travel story about a man who sails from Texas to Prince Edward Island . . . in a coffin.

22 KLIPSUN'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT

SARA SCHOTT
One alternative to the bright lights and muzak of the supermarket.

25 BULK IS BETTER

MIKE JUDD
Three entrepreneurs find the motherlode at Glacier.

28 COAL MINER'S DREAM

Klipsun magazine

V. 11 # 3

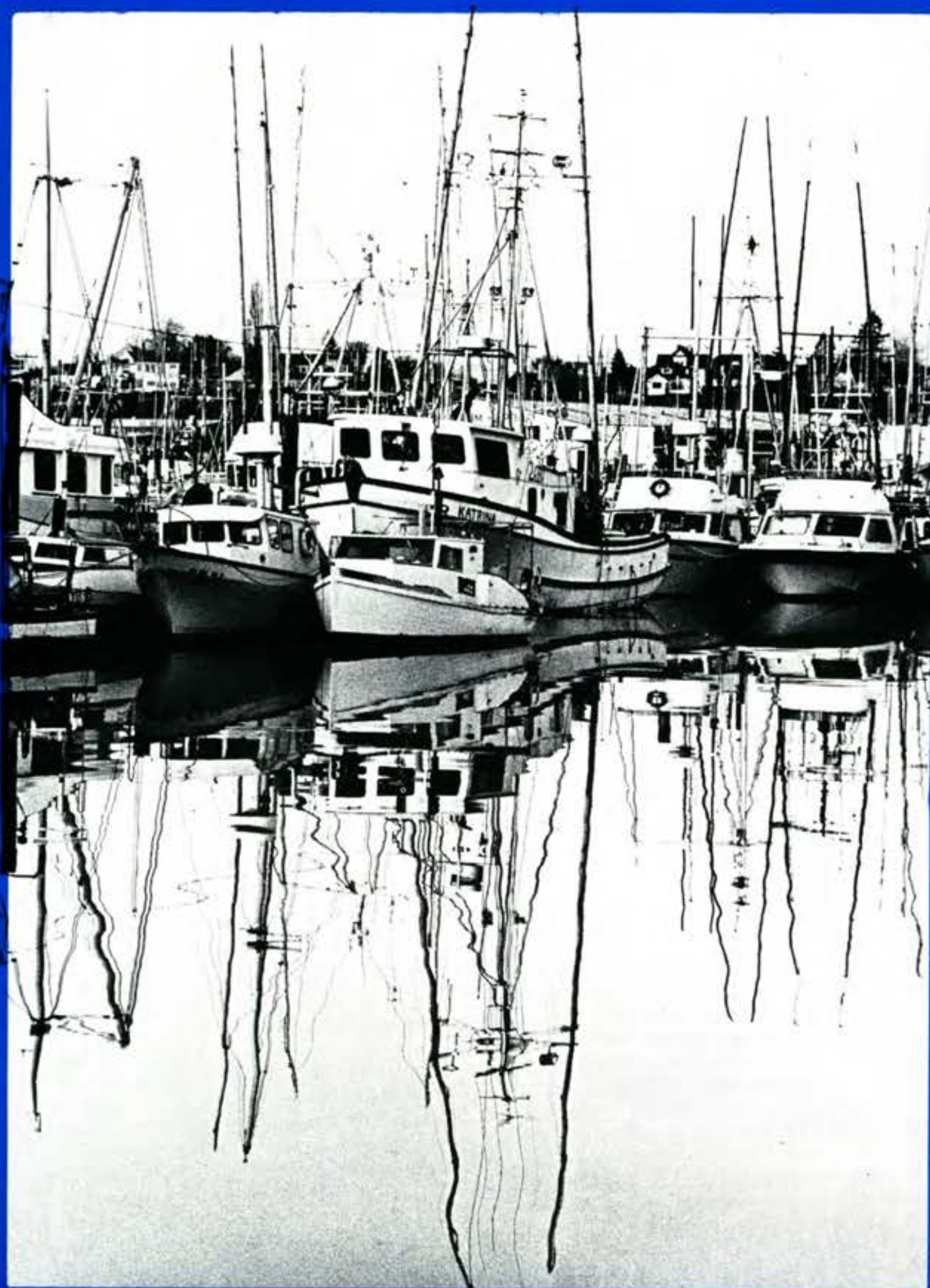
Editor: Leita McIntosh; Managing Editor: Mark Higgins; Photo Editor: Roy Shapley; Art Director: Steve Kearsley; Production Manager: Sheri Lien; Business Manager: John Bliss; Advisor: Pete Steffens. Staff: Jenny Blecha, Richard Botz, Dave Dahlberg, Debbie Doll, Michele Canfield, Dan Boyle, Vernon Drayton, Liz French, Susan Fried, Sarah Gregory, John Greely, June Myers, John Klicker, Mary Norvell, Kim Klein, Susan Parrish, Bob Patton, Jeff Pritchard, Rick Ross, Moritz Scheibler, Sara Schott, John L. Smith, Tom Stark, Kathy Zalewski, Kevin Stauffer, Mike Judd. Photo and illustration credits: Roy Shapley - cover, contents, 16, 17, 18, 19, 25, 26, 27; Richard Botz - 4, 5; John Klicker - 6, 7, 8, 9; Steve Kearsley - 10, 11; Jeanette Bennett - 13; Jon Hellyer - 14, 15; Denton Howell - 20, 21; Geoffrey Talkington - 22, 23. Copyright Klipsun 1981. Klipsun is a twice-quarterly publication funded with student fees and distributed without charge. Klipsun welcomes letters, manuscripts and art submissions. All should include the author's name, address and telephone number. Klipsun, Western Washington University, Bellingham, Washington 98225, 676-3737. Printed at WWU print plant.



The sounds of Squalicum Marina are subdued, yet the activity within depicts brewing anticipation.

During this off season, the fishermen of Squalicum spend time repairing and preparing their vessels for the summer commercial harvest. Idle talk repeats the frustration of their limitations, yet every morning, the faces return to the dock. Nets need mending, rigging fixed or replaced, and living quarters get the necessary overhaul. Time is abundant and valuable for these modern day mariners, but for many of them, the wait is growing old.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BOTZ



552

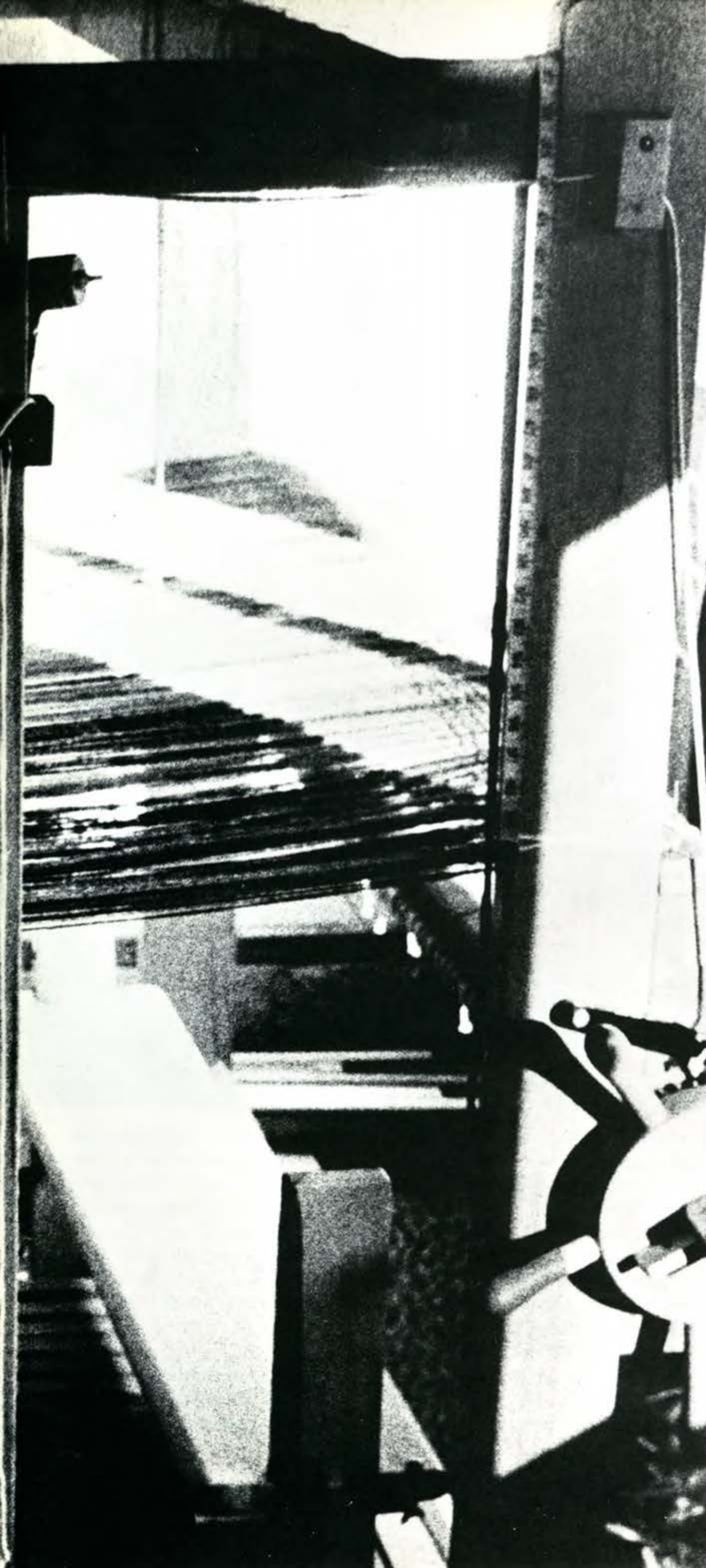
551



Polish



Perspectives



BY JENNY L. BLECHA

If there was a phrase to best describe Poland, it would be "it is not." Commodities are *not* in the stores; the water does *not* work half the day in some cities; and often people wait months to acquire a car, or spend years getting an apartment, Jan Witcraft explained.

Witcraft, textile artist, professional weaver and former Western graduate student, returned to Bellingham in December, after three months of living with these conditions in Warsaw.

The idea for the trip was inspired by Jolanta Owidzka, a 55-year-old Polish weaver. Witcraft met Owidzka in 1978 while attending a weavers' conference at Colorado State College. Fascinated by Polish weavings at the conference and Owidzka's slides, Witcraft established a dream—to study Polish textiles and culture.

After two years of correspondence, Owidzka agreed to become Witcraft's teacher and consort in Poland. They finally coordinated a time in their lives that was good for both.

In September, 1980, Witcraft left Bellingham and arrived in Warsaw two days later. Coming from a small Pacific Northwest town, her first impression of this industrial city was its vast network of dingy streets and buildings.

"The streets were infrequently cleaned, the cars and streetcars were dirty, even my hands and clothes became dirty right away," she said.

Contributing to this somber impression was the architecture known as "Socialist Grey." The city, heavily damaged during World War II, was rebuilt in this style during the Stalin era.

"The buildings are grey with

big columns," she recalled, "and many times sculptures of workers mark the front." An abundance of marble used in the buildings created a cold impersonal atmosphere.

Owidzka had secured a small apartment for Witcraft. Prior to her moving in, the plain four-wall structure on the rooftop had been used for hanging and drying clothes.

Witcraft's apartment was stark and devoid of furniture, except for a bed, desk, and telephone. It was much like the apartments she saw later — motel-size rooms found in the many high-rise buildings on the outskirts of Warsaw.

Markets or grocery stores are established among most apartment buildings. A limited number of products in grocery stores make it a necessity to shop daily.

"They have a saying in Warsaw," Witcraft explained. "One can plan what to do culturally weeks in advance, but one cannot plan what to eat tomorrow. You eat what is in the stores."

Although shopping took about two hours of every family's day, Witcraft found her routine trips to the market a minor inconvenience. She did, however, enjoy the local shopkeepers.

"The farm women were very picturesque, sitting in covered booths with big baskets of eggs, pails of thick cream, fresh cottage cheese and sweet potatoes," she recalled.

Bought in quantity, such perishables require refrigeration, but refrigerators are uncommon in most Polish households.

"Even if a family could afford to purchase large appliances, such as refrigerators, stoves, washers, or dryers, they simply are not available in the stores," she said.

Polish people's desires are

basic; they know how to live with very little, she said.

"When you have rebuilt your household five times because of wars and insurrections, as Owidzka's father did in his lifetime, material goods lose their importance," she said.

It is the Polish sense of humor that eases past memories. It is this same sense of humor that helps them cope with problems of today, Witcraft said.

"There were so many jokes about the Soviet situation," Witcraft said. "It wasn't that they didn't take it seriously, it just allowed them to live. The people were pragmatic, they were realistic and we listened to the news and knew of the possibility."

Witcraft also was stricken that there was so little physical beauty in Polish homes. But in time she came to understand a different set of Polish values. It exists in the family and homelife.

As the days passed, Witcraft explored downtown Warsaw on evening walks. The lighted sidewalks and sparsely landscaped streets were usually empty, with the exception of a few drunken men.

"Most people were home in bed," she said. "It is not uncommon for the husband to work two jobs."

These long working hours keep men busy meeting their families' needs, Witcraft said. It is perhaps one reason why there is no measurable crime in Warsaw. What crime there is receives little publicity in the papers, she added.

As an incentive for hard work the Polish industries send their workers on vacations and workshop retreats. During part of her three month stay, Witcraft attended two retreats for weavers. The first was sponsored by the nylon industry, the second by the cotton industry.



"It was real special for the artists to be invited because they get free materials," Witcraft said.

Because it's hard to get materials, Polish artists are extremely clever and resourceful with their use of materials. For example, Witcraft's kitchen counter was a mosaic made of broken dishes.

Witcraft remembered another instance when Polish ingenuity overcame their lack of re-



sources. Witcraft and Owidzka had gone to a dye store to buy some supplies. After choosing several colors they went to the counter to make their purchase. However, there were no sacks in the store. Without a second thought the shopkeeper disappeared into the backroom and emerged with a big piece of paper. In a flash he placed the small packages on the paper, folded it into a neat bundle and

tied it with string.

Witcraft found out later that even scotch tape was uncommon.

Such day-to-day inconveniences and lifestyle adjustments were part of Witcraft's education in Polish culture and art. Her experience in Poland was enhanced by the "extreme warmth and hospitality" of the people.

It was "partly, because I was different to them, and American,

but mainly it is the preciousness of human life and friendship there that so many of us take for granted," she said.

Returning to Poland is a new dream for Witcraft. She made some personal friends and has been invited to return and attend an annual workshop-retreat in the fall.

Witcraft will be teaching fabric design and weaving at Western this summer. □



Cures For The Common Crackle

BY DAVE DAHLBERG

Snap, crackle, pop. Crunch
crunch crunch crunch . . .
Another day started with rice
krispies? No, not this time. Instead,
the audiophile sits in his chair, his
knuckles showing a distinct white
as he grips the armrests. His new
expensive stereo picks up all the
music on his records, from abyss
to Alpha Centauri. It also
reproduces every piece of dust,
dirt, and static electricity with
equal and unbiased clarity. He
reaches for his gun . . .





KEARSLEY

Good money usually buys a good stereo. Keeping records in top shape and able to transfer their musical information to that same stereo with a minimum of interference is a confusing situation.

This problem has spawned a still rapidly growing industry — the record-care business — and its customers are paying for products simple in concept yet mind-boggling in price.

Are they worth it? First consider a record is just a piece of vinyl, plastic pure and simple. There aren't too many things that can be done to it, besides keeping it clean.

These few things are of questionable value, and consist of coatings which are supposed to prevent static and/or wear. The leading product in this category, Sound Guard record preservative, is an anti-static dry lubricant that is sprayed on in liquid form. The liquid evaporates, leaving the preservative. It has its problems, according to Bruce Sweat, manager of Sound Center in Bellingham.

The Sound Guard eventually peels or wears off after a few months, often leaving the disc sounding worse than it would have without the stuff in the first place, he said.

Improperly applying Sound Guard, which is easy to do, can result in more static than the product could ever prevent.

"I put Sound Guard on my records, and I'm really regretting it," Sweat said. Although some customers share his opinion, others have been quite pleased with the treatment. Sweat is reluctant to push Sound Guard preservative, or similar products such as Perma-stat, noting long-range problems with these relatively new "coating" products are just now showing up. These products need more time on the marketplace to prove themselves, he added.

A new product called "Last" is out, which does not coat the vinyl, but actually hardens the record surface. Sweat is hopeful about "Last," but he wants to wait on that too.

So it comes down to which product cleans records the best. There is certainly a lot of hype in this department,

If money is no object, no better record cleaner exists than the Keith Monks record cleaning machine.

with the two main products — Discwasher and Sound Guard record cleaners — selling and advertising like crazy. And most of these products do a very respectable job of cleaning records.

However, a couple of problems exist with Discwasher and Sound Guard, which are representative of most record cleaning products. The first problem is static. Static is caused by the needle rubbing between the grooves of the record, producing excited little electrons that build up on a new record after a few plays.

Most good cartridges do an excellent job of picking up these electrons, which when combined with any respectable stereo, produce nasty static sound. Record cleaners can reduce static, but as the stereo gets better it

becomes apparent not all static can be eliminated by mere cleaning. More on this later.

The second problem is price. What is the stuff? It must be pretty special to be worth \$5 for a two-ounce bottle. Which is just the point. Perhaps the only thing special is how the manufacturers have convinced the public to pay these ridiculous figures.

Charlie Williamson, who represents Discwasher, said their D-4 cleaner is a "high technology aqueous-based solution with 11 different surfactants." It is also pH buffered, he added. He would not reveal the exact composition of the cleaner, nor would he say what the concentrations are.

He didn't have to. According to "Absolute sound," a leading American audio journal, Discwasher fluid is composed by weight of: distilled, de-ionized water, 99.916 percent, propylene glycol, .005 percent, sodium azide, .004 percent, .075 surfactant.

Joe Kotowski of Sound Guard (Florida) had essentially the same response as Williamson. He did reveal that "most cleaners are basically the same," and this includes Discwasher, he said.

"Basically the same" means that you can go into any automotive store, buy an eight fluid ounce bottle of Optik or 20/10 windshield cleaner, dilute it 20:1 with distilled water, and end up with a very good record cleaning solution for about 1/250 the price of Discwasher or Sound Guard; or two cents vs. \$5 for two ounces.

Plus you can use it to clean your dust-cover. High technology? You bet. Optik, for instance (according to what the bottle says), was "developed after years of research and flight testing. Approved for aircraft use, including Boeing's 747." Just make sure you purchase the non-winterized cleaner, as the alcohol in the winter solution may soften record vinyl.

Combined with a good cleaning pad, of which many different kinds can be found in any hi-fi store, a home-mixed solution allows stereo money to be spent on vinyl and electronics, and not what is essentially soap and water.

If money is no object, no better record cleaner exists than the Keith Monks record cleaning machine. Sound Center owns one, and for \$1.25 will clean both sides of one record. Sweat swears by it. So does Max Knittel, who runs Western's Physics Laboratory Shop. Knittel has gone so far as to build his own "Keith Monks" machine using a modified turntable and a suction pump. It really does the job.

It really does the job on the old pocketbook, too. If \$1.25 is too much for one record (and remember it won't stay clean forever) Keith Monks will sell you one for \$700 to \$2,700 and up, depending on the model. Even a homemade version such as Knittel's will run \$300 to \$400 by the time you get a turntable and a high-pressure suction pump. And even after one play, static builds up on even the cleanest of records.

So far, today's products seem to offer no really good solution to the problem of dirt *and* static. Really good solution. Get it? Anyway, it's no laughing matter with sensitive speakers and a quality stereo. That final bit of static just doesn't want to leave. □



“Keep The Bastards Out”

BY JUNE MYERS

Emmett Watson sees tourists and would-be residents to the Seattle area as outsiders. Outsiders add to the city's air pollution, they hog parking spaces and “tend to be hotdog skiers with tennis court-monopolistic tendencies.” Watson calls them “land rapists, super-tanker tycoons and malignant developers.”

Watson, noted columnist for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, is the tongue-in-cheek president of the Lesser Seattle Club. The club's aim is to keep “outsiders” from overpopulating cosmopolitan Seattle.

The Lesser Seattle Club was formed to counter the efforts of Greater Seattle Incorporated, a public relations group that recruits people to the fair city.

Carol Barnard is Watson's secretary and column curator. She is proud to be the treasurer of the Lesser Seattle Club. “I keep track of odd facts and I'm in charge of dusty jokes and recycled cliches,” she said.

Barnard said she believes everyone not officially active in the Lesser Seattle Club surely is a member in their heart. “Anyone with the good sense to live in Bellingham is, in their heart, a Lesser Seattleite,” she

said.

Watson interjected with, “If the people in Bellingham aren't nice to us and support our cause and spread the word that we are being invaded, we will build a one-way freeway north and send all of our undesirables to Bellingham.”

The man writes his column surrounded by a vast array of newspapers, books and souvenirs from past stories. Everything from his journalism career seems to be thrown randomly into his small office in the Post-Intelligencer building.

“It's all a spoof,” Watson chortled. “Lesser Seattle is a mythical organization which anyone can become president of.”

Watson boasts of a Lesser Seattle Intelligency Agency called the KBO, which means “Keep the Bastards Out.” One fictitious KBO agent from a Watson column named Mervin Smith, sent 5,683 postcards warning potential immigrants that Seattle people suffer severe myopia, brought on by wet feet and runny noses from the constant rain.

Although few tourists venture into Seattle in the winter, Watson warns city residents to be wary of outsiders. They desper-

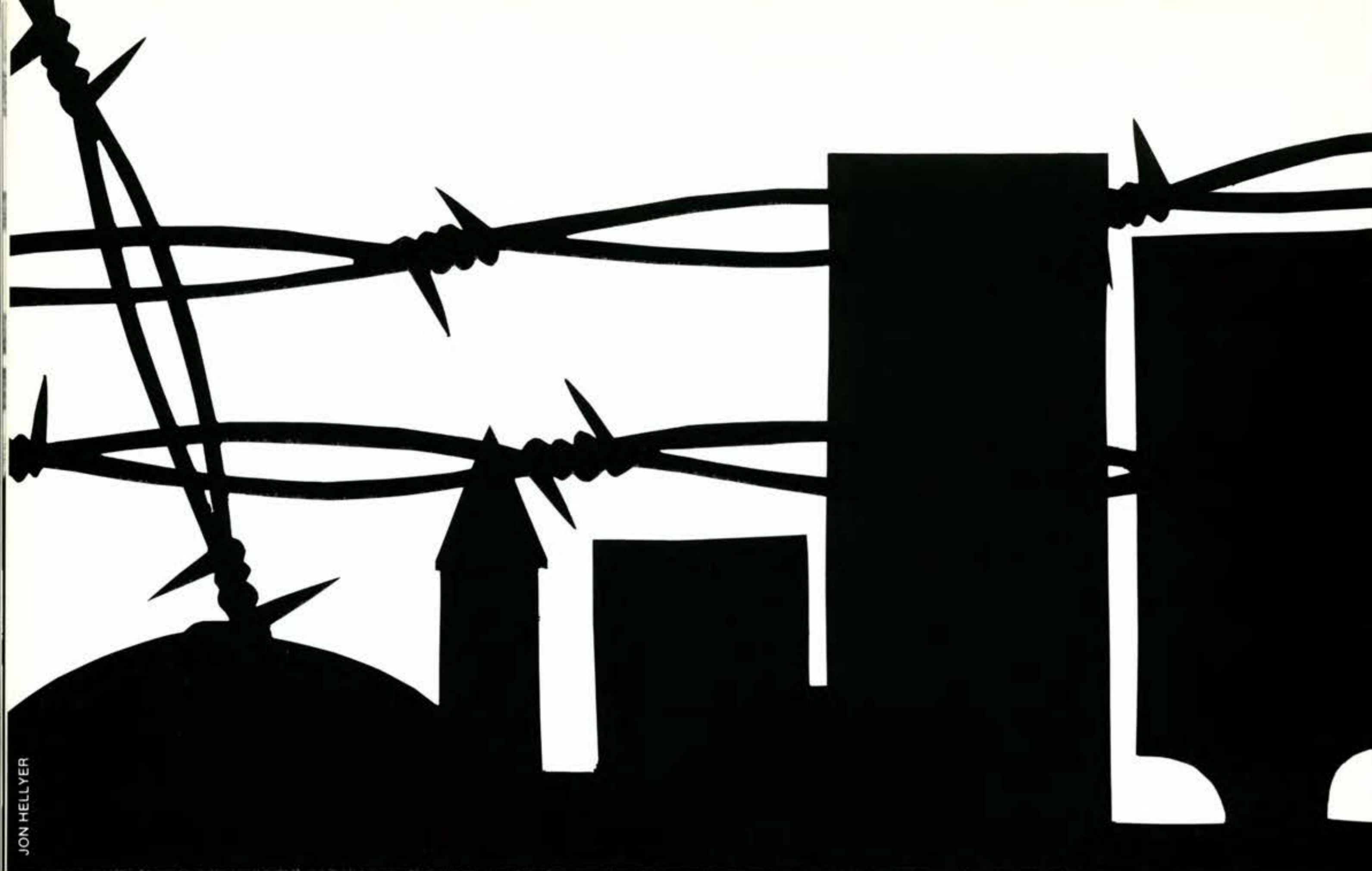
ately try to blend in with native Seattleites by adapting to their customs, habits and eccentricities to ingratiate themselves with Seattleites, Watson said.

Spotting “outsiders” is simple for the trained eye, Watson said. Some verbal giveaways are that natives say pop, not soda, and regular coffee means black, not creamy. A question that seems to concern Easterners is where one went to school. On the west coast, they generally do not care.

Watson also pointed out the possibility of someone saying they will play golf this weekend, or something along those lines, if it doesn't rain. “Then we know for sure they aren't from the Pacific Northwest. If we depended on the non-rain, we would never do anything.”

A final verbal cue, Watson noted, are outsiders who say Boeing without the “s.” Washingtonians never slip up. He added, if someone looks confused when referring to the “Counterbalance,” keep your guard up. The slang term for the long street running from the bottom to the top of Queen Anne Hill is an inside expression known by true Seattleites.

Clothing is another important aspect of a Seattleite's identity.



In Seattle, folks wear clothing from Eddie Bauer, REI and Nordstrom. But Nordstrom clothing has a catch. Watson refers to this as "zero regionalism apparel." Nordstroms are located throughout the Northwest, not just Seattle. Watson says to be alert and if a sneaky outsider is spotted, flatten him with his umbrella, since natives rarely carry one.

"Sometimes people get really upset when they read my columns on the Lesser Seattle Club. They don't take it as a joke. They see it as me telling them who can and can't move here," Watson said.

When Mount St. Helens erupted last year, Watson did not capitalize on it. Rather than use it as another reason not to move to the northwest, he lamented the tragedy.

"I realize what a terrible time it was for so many people, just

like the Boeing recession. I didn't write any columns on the club during that period either," he said.

Recently, Watson received a funny letter from a serviceman in Omaha. The gentleman wanted approval for he and his wife to return to Seattle because he knew of two friends moving out of the city. That way, the couple could take the place of the pair departing from Seattle.

Some write-ins take it so seriously that they inquire about legal ways to keep people out of the city. Watson just laughs this off, explaining it by saying that everyone is polite to tourists when meeting face to face, but inside they know their territory is being invaded.

"I'll keep writing about the club as long as people want to read about it. I devote about seven columns a year to it. It's all fun, I can't cash in on it," Watson

said.

Watson claims that Seattle's tourist organizations are skeptical of his columns. "The Visitor's Bureau is never quite sure what to make of this club. It's a joke, but they still don't trust me."

Watson says Seattle is a good place to live. Unfortunately, keeping it that way will take a concerted effort.

"Growth is good, but not rampant growth without planning. Seattle can't turn into another Bellevue. Bellevue is ugly. All it is is a strip of gas stations and fast food joints — totally commercial," he said.

He said thoughtful zoning is the key to saving Seattle. But until that is reached, Seattle is in a dangerous situation.

"Once you let the bars down, anything goes in the city, development-wise," he said.

"Bellingham is absolutely charming," Watson added. "It's



probably a wonderful place to live, they've done some great things with the downtown area. But seriously, Bellingham is in the same position as Seattle, just on a smaller scale."

As much humor as is involved with the Lesser Seattle Club, Emmett Watson can't stress enough the serious problem really involved. He wants to have a good time with the club and does. His column entertains native northwesterners and informs them of a growing danger at the same time.

Besides the Visitors Bureau becoming irate over the column, Barnard said the Convention Bureau also has mixed feelings about the club. "They get so tight-lipped. They seem so thin-skinned even though they know it's a gag."

Barnard receives a lot of phone calls and mail concerning the Lesser Seattle Club and

she returns every call and answers each letter. One lady called and told Barnard that she worked for an employment agency and informed customers not to move to Seattle because the job market was terrible.

One caller reported that he had printed Lesser Seattle calling cards and was placing them on car windshields with out-of-state license plates.

But true-blue club members are more often heard chanting or humming along to the Lesser Seattle fight song. Rah! Rah! Rah!

The following is the Lesser Seattle fight song previously printed in an Emmett Watson column. It is intended to steer away those who scan the "most liveable city" and promise to move to "God's Country." It is sung to the tune of "Happy Days are Here Again."

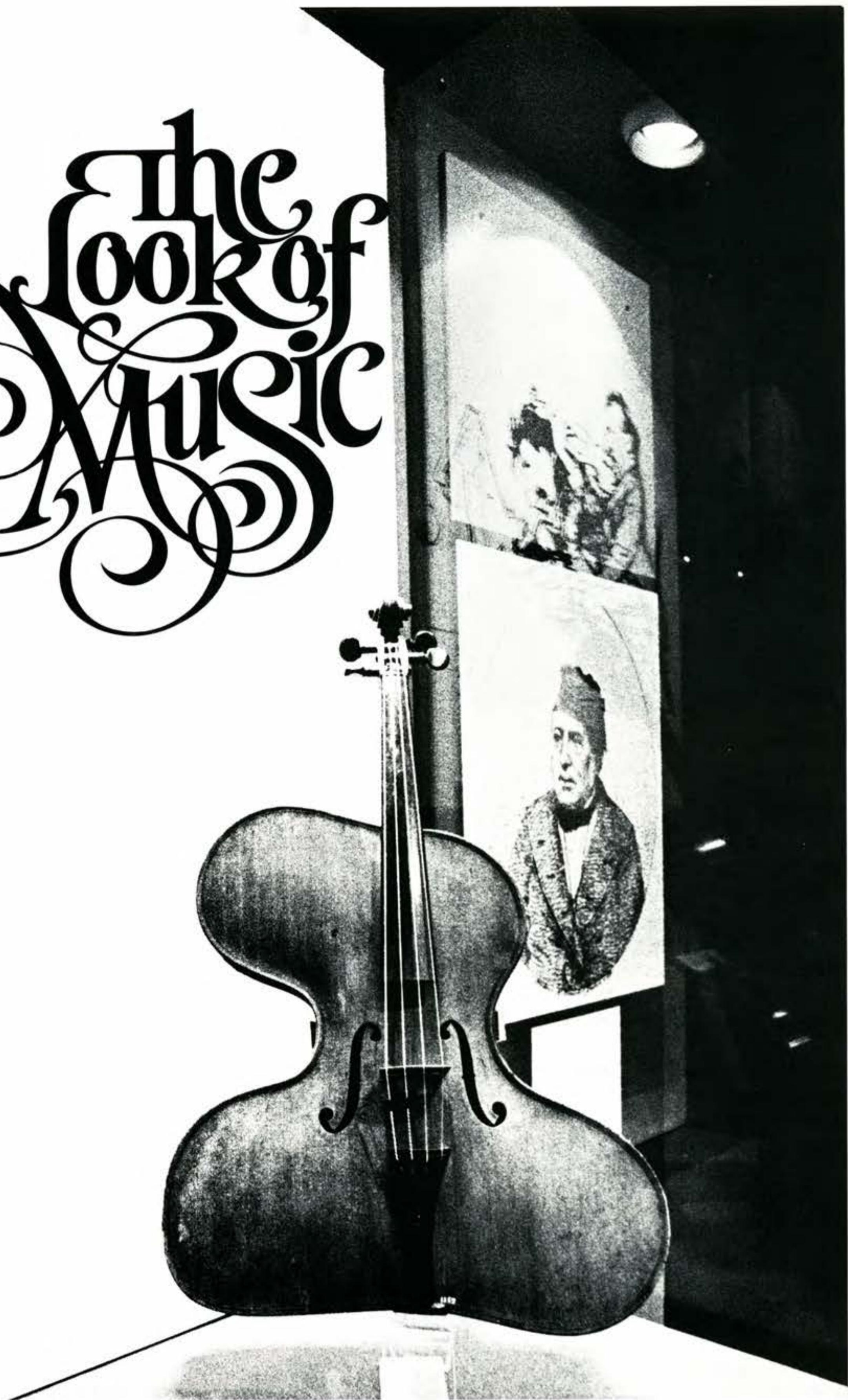
Rainy days are here again
Skies will never clear again
Soggy ground is always near us when
Rainy days are here again.

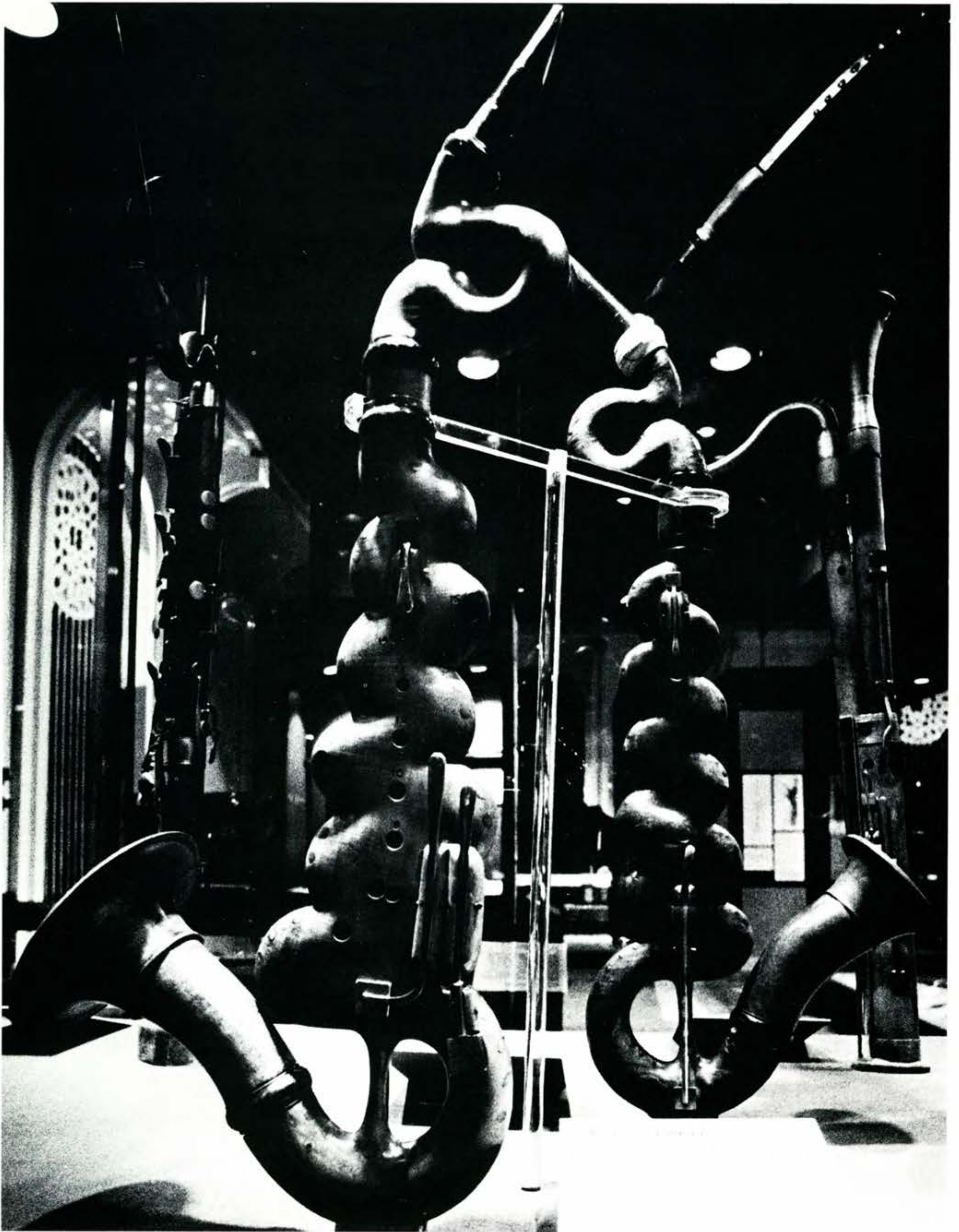
You can thank those heavens grey
That go on day after day
Yes, oh Lord, you can hear us pray,
"Keep those tourists far away"

Let the skies condense in rain
Let the winds bring on chilled pain
Even bring us the hurricane
To drive them back home again

The sky has turned so drear again
Migrants don't appear here then
Time to stand and cheer again
Rainy days are here again

The Look of Music









PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROY SHAPLEY

Across the border in the heart of Vancouver, B.C. lies a rare musical treasure of priceless beauty and historical value. It is the "Look of Music" exhibition at the Vancouver Centennial Museum.

There, displayed in humidified cases, are violins by Stradivari, the ebony flute belonging to Frederick the Great of Prussia, horns of every size and description, the first pianos carved, gilded and painted with pastoral scenes, hurdy-gurdies and much more.

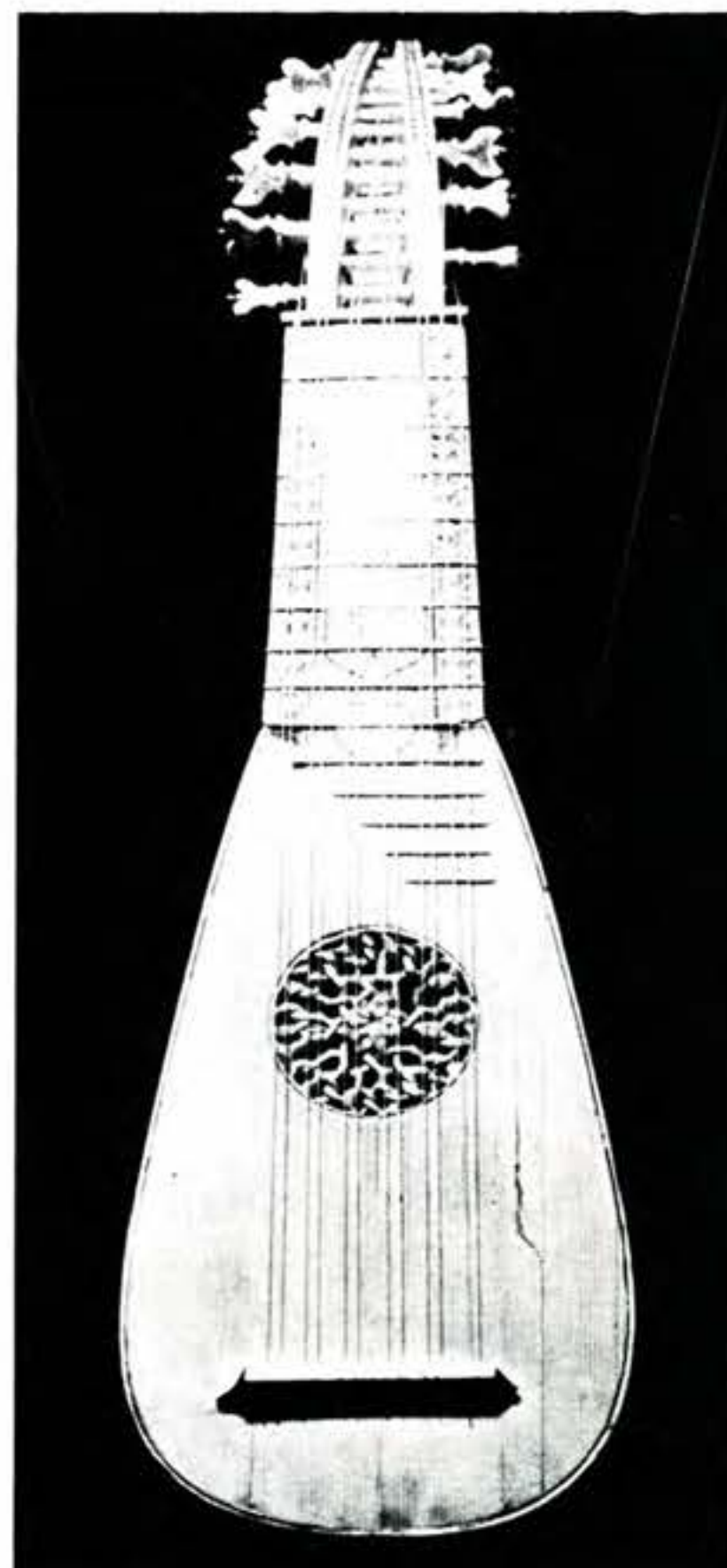
It is an exhibit of one-of-a-kinds collected from 30 museums and private collections in 12 different countries across the globe. It is considered by museum officials to be the most extensive collection of its kind, ever. It is unlikely that this magnificent assembly will be together in one place again.

Some of the 300 instruments, dated from 1500 to 1900, are placed in authentic re-creations of historical rooms and settings. The shadowy atmosphere, enhanced by subtle lighting and aesthetic arrangement, turns each display into a discovery of time and history.

To enrich the experience special cassette tape recorders or Audioguides are available for a nominal fee. The Audioguides — in eight languages — are a must. Equipped with private earphones the Audioguides lead the listener through an enchanting concert from some 35 displays. Coupled with informative narration about composers and instrument groups, the Audioguides satisfy your curiosity about the sound of the sometimes bizarre appearing instruments.

Included in the exhibition are Canadian craftsmen at work on such instruments as lutes and guitars. Also, noon-hour concerts are scheduled Monday through Friday, with a special series of evening concerts on Friday.

The museum is at 1100 Chestnut St. Directions can be obtained by stopping at the Tourist Information station at the Blaine border crossing. Admission is \$4, \$2.75 for students and seniors. For more information about the exhibit call the museum at 604-736-4431.



White Shadows





T BY BOB PATTON

hey come, at dawn and twilight, quietly tugging at the short-cropped grass and succulent buds. Though by instinct always alert, they know they are almost protected here. Their hooves, black with dew, do not scramble for cover as dawn becomes day, but linger to kick high, frolic, or click across the occasional asphalt, before retiring to the cool green woods.

Though strangers may gawk, shutters click and golf balls thump close by, the albino deer of Sudden Valley lead a seemingly serene life.

Bright white patches of different sizes on their flanks give them a pinto look, and set them apart from their kin, who also inhabit the valley.

The deer frequent the greens and fairways of the valley's 136-acre golf course, and surprised is the newcomer who, not having heard, gets a nudge, a point, and a "There they are," from his golfing companion. If he is lucky, an albino will be standing, or perhaps slowly gliding, across the next fairway, not frightened, but attentive.

"The deer like the course," said Wallace Dillon, a resident of the valley, "because they don't have to look through the weeds and underbrush to find the grass."

The coloration on the deer that Dillon has seen range from 90 percent white to very little white.

"I saw a four point buck with white markings recently," Dillon said.

Ralph Woods, a state wildlife agent, identified the albinos as Black Tailed deer, which he said are considerably smaller in stature than the more common Mule or White Tailed deer.

"Sudden Valley is a good habitat for these deer," said Woods. "There's plenty of food around, and it's also a good wintering ground."

Woods said the deer frequent not only Sudden Valley, but the hills to the west and Lake Samish as well.

Mike Sofie, a long-time resident of the valley, said he's seen white deer in the area for the last 30 years.

"We only saw one or two back then," Sofie said. "Course there's not many more than that now."

Sofie said the deer stayed in the valley in spite of all the development.

Ray Schmidt, manager of the golf course for 10 years, said he frequently sees the deer on the fairways, butting heads and playing.

"I think it's because the green is so soft under their feet, they like to prance around," Schmidt said.

He said he would endure the damage to the greens just to watch them play.

"I've only seen two or three deer with the white markings lately," Schmidt said. "One is a yearling buck who's half white."

But Schmidt thinks the deer are not cautious enough. He said Sudden Valley is a game preserve, which is why they stay, but its protection tends to embolden the deer.

"I've been within 10 feet of one, and probably could have gotten closer. That's not good," said Schmidt.

"They're too friendly. They get hit by cars," Schmidt said. "And of course there's the dogs."

The dogs.

Recently, Schmidt reported seeing an exhausted deer running down a fairway, its tongue hanging out "almost far enough to trip on," with a Lassie look-alike chasing along close behind.

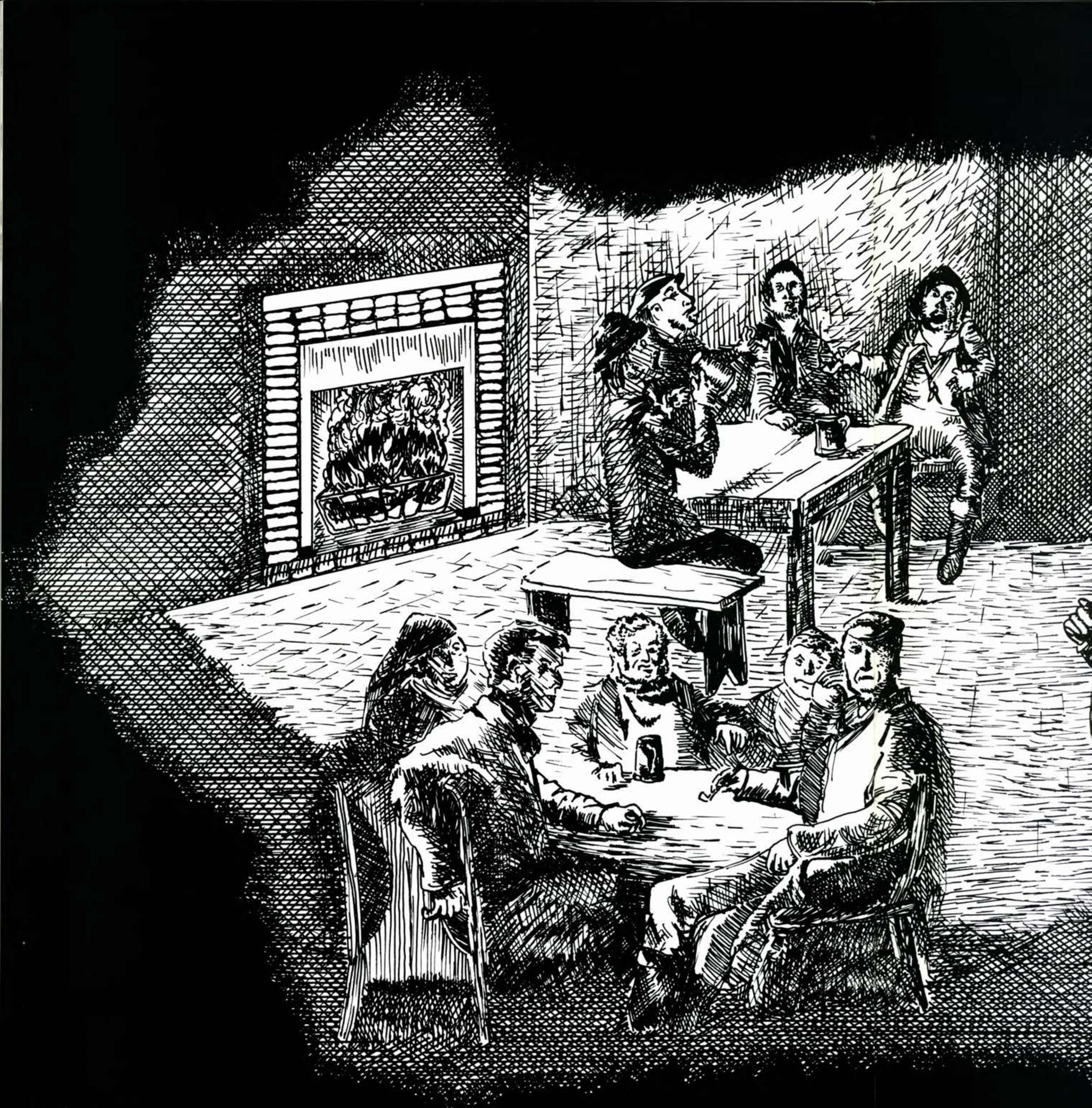
"Why just last week, I saw another dog chasing a deer, but what can you do?" said Schmidt. "The dogs won't come when called, I sure can't catch them, and the owners won't admit that their dog chases deer," he added.

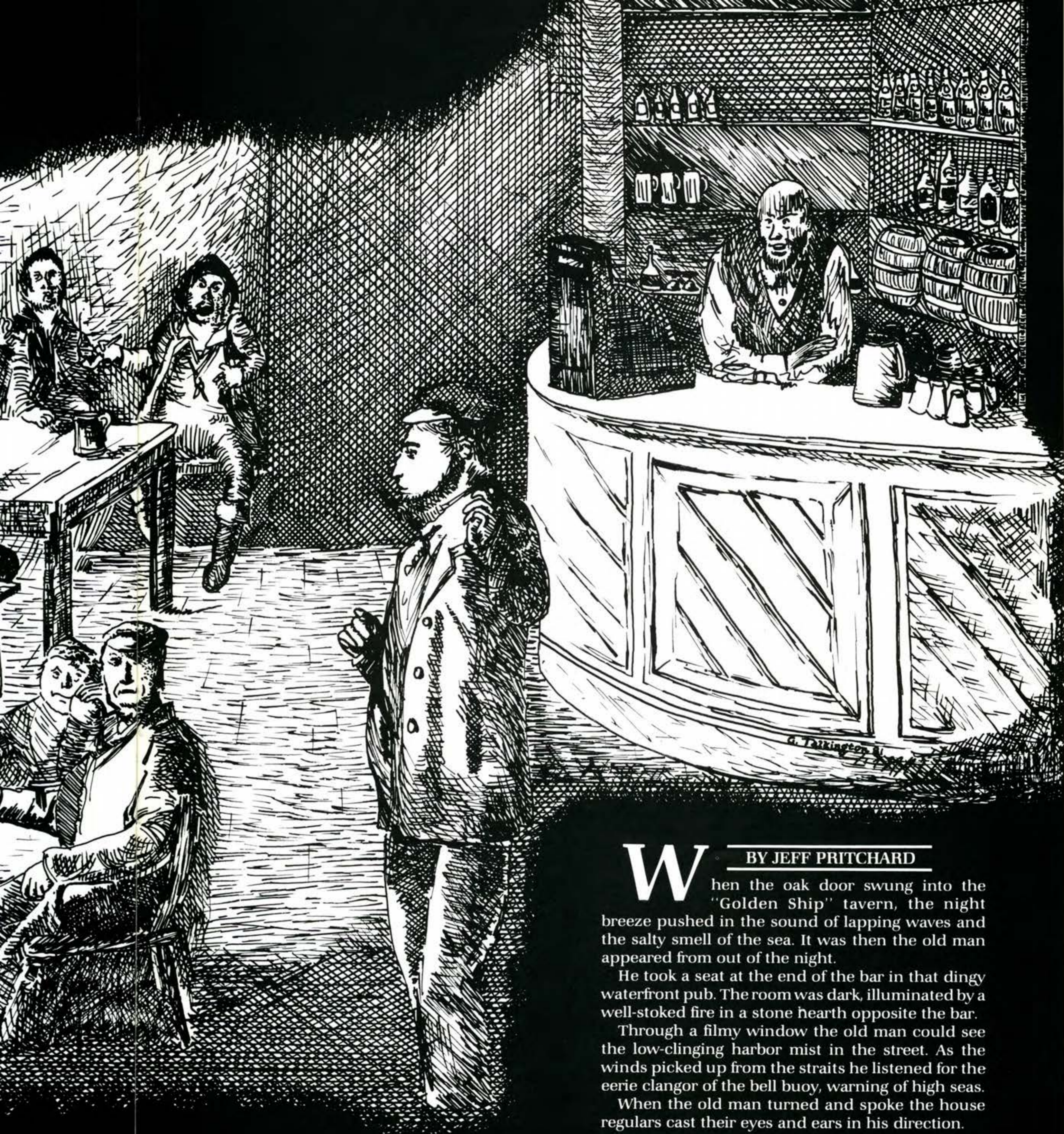
Because of the rural setting of the valley, some dog owners allow their pets to run free, Schmidt said. And some of these dogs chase deer.

Last August, an almost all white buck, well known in the valley, was found dead along the golf course, its flank torn, but not eaten.

"We're pretty sure dogs did it, though no one really saw what happened," said Schmidt. "It sure was a sad day for the valley."

In spite of the dogs, the deer still come, drifting silently across the greens, an anomalous image of wild framed by the preciseness of a bordered and manicured habitat. Oddly choosing to be among men for protection, they are besieged by man's jealous and faithful friend, who once, too, in history, came. □





W BY JEFF PRITCHARD

hen the oak door swung into the "Golden Ship" tavern, the night breeze pushed in the sound of lapping waves and the salty smell of the sea. It was then the old man appeared from out of the night.

He took a seat at the end of the bar in that dingy waterfront pub. The room was dark, illuminated by a well-stoked fire in a stone hearth opposite the bar.

Through a filmy window the old man could see the low-clinging harbor mist in the street. As the winds picked up from the straits he listened for the eerie clangor of the bell buoy, warning of high seas.

When the old man turned and spoke the house regulars cast their eyes and ears in his direction.

"You realize, of course, that Coghlan was dead . . .
and the coffin could not travel to Prince Edward Island
by itself."

"Or could it?"

"The sea has given us many strange tales, some true, some legend. One of the most mysterious is that of the death of actor Charles Coghlan.

"Although you mates may never have heard of him, he was one of the brightest stars at the end of the century. A strange tale, it was, that only after his demise came his greatest role.

"Coghlan was born on Prince Edward Island in 1841. The son of a poor Irish family, he never would have finished schooling if it hadn't been for his good neighbors. Ya see, he was a bright boy, a boy with a dream.

"To his family's dismay, young Charles wanted nothing more than to be a great actor. But the Coghlan's laid down the law. They were an old-fashioned family, and no son of theirs would be allowed to go on stage.

"Stop him, you say?" the old man peered. "No! The young lad's mind was made up. With valise in hand he left home. He was cut off. Disowned.

"Over the years, he fulfilled his ambitions. He played the finest theatres in the world. But throughout his life, he never forgot his family and the home he left behind. He wondered, often, if his great success made up for this loss," the old man said, softening his voice.

By this time, the sailors had drawn near. The storyteller paused to pull a favorite pipe from his pocket. He lit the bowl and a wreath of smoke traveled through the air.

He continued . . .

"Coghlan's fate twisted the day a travelling gypsy told his fortune. The crystal prophecy told that Coghlan would soon perish, and at the very height of his career!

"Even more eerily, the gypsy foretold that he would never rest until he returned to the place of his birth."

The sailors murmured. They remembered other tales of restless spirits bound to the earth.

"The prophecy plagued Coghlan for years. He looked to his friends for advice, but they scoffed at his belief in fate. How could a charlatan pretend to know the future?

"But the gypsy knew. In 1898, while playing Shakespeare's Hamlet, in a seaside town in Texas, Coghlan succumbed to an unknown illness and died . . . thus

fulfilling the first two of the gypsy's predictions."

"But what of the rest of the prediction . . . that Coghlan would not rest until his spirit returned to his birthplace?"

The old man's taunting question caused even the bartender to pause and listen. The sailors stirred, sipping expectantly at their brew.

The narrator was in no hurry to finish his story. He re-packed his pipe and continued at a more leisurely pace.

"You realize, of course, that Coghlan was dead—dead and disowned. His family had made no claim for the body . . . and the coffin could not travel to Prince Edward Island by itself.

"Or could it?"

"Two years after Coghlan's death, a great hurricane swept out of the Gulf of Mexico and across the coast of Texas. The tides which once lapped against the shore now swept into the cities, washing away the cemetery where Coghlan was buried. His coffin was swept out to sea and was lost in a watery grave," his voice trailed off.

"Many years passed. The seas rose and fell, carrying away the memory of Charles Coghlan. It seemed that second prophecy would be forgotten also . . . until one day in October, 1908.

"A party of fishermen, much like you lads, were pulling their dories ashore after a day of fishing off Prince Edward Island.

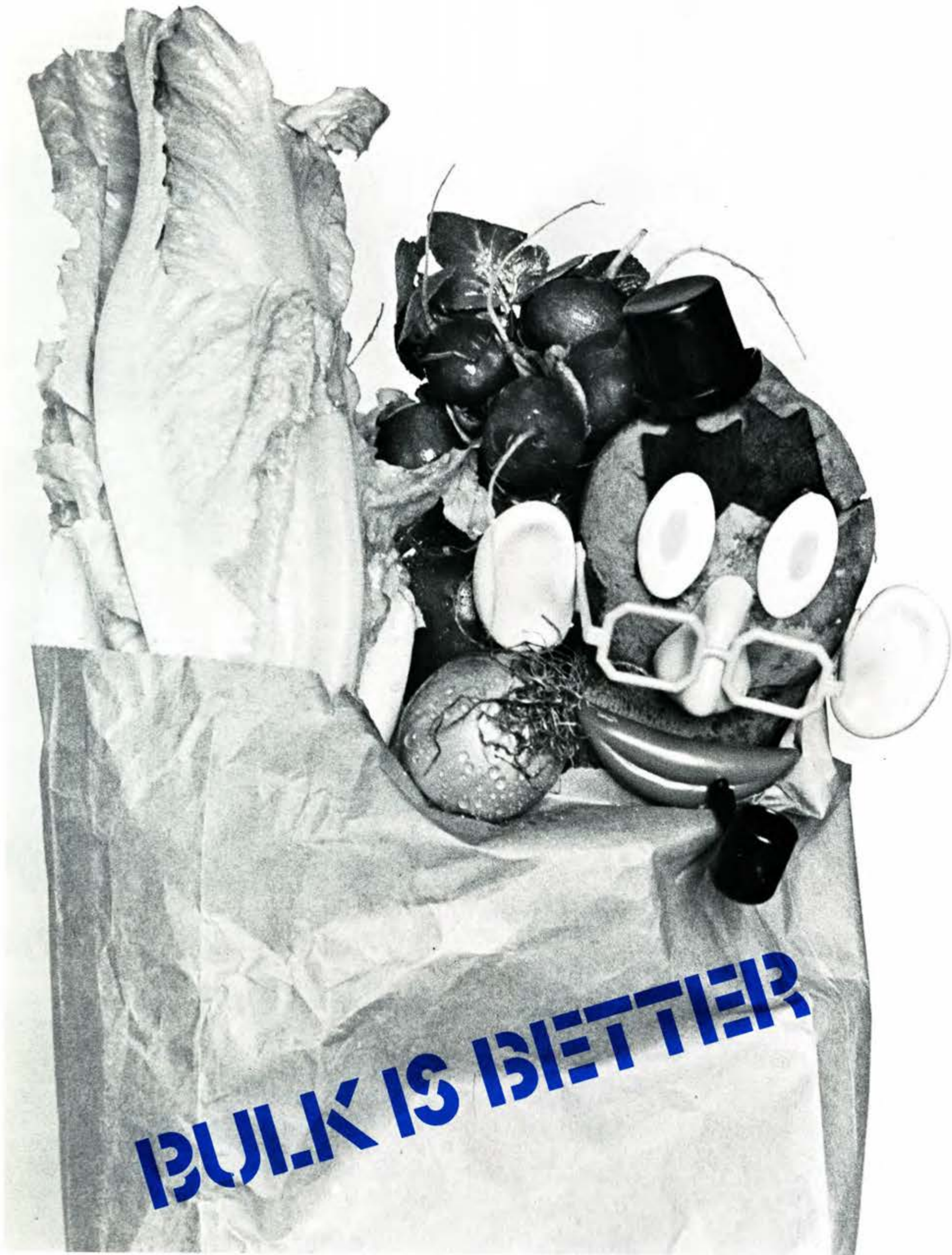
"There before them was a box covered with kelp and barnacles half buried in the shallow waters. The fishermen dragged the box to shore. For many moments they stood there, hesitant, wondering. Finally curiosity overcame them. Prying the lid open they stared at the contents of the box.

"And now my lads imagine their alarm when there before them was a coffin inscribed: Charles Coghlan."

A quiet chill crept into the tavern. The stilled men sat and pondered the bizarre voyage and the strange fulfillment of a gypsy's prophecy.

The bartender moved across the room to stoke the dying embers. The sailors watched as a flourish of sparks rose and lost their fire in the damp air.

A sudden breeze stirred the men from their separate thoughts. Turning their attention back to the old man they found his chair empty and the door ajar.





BY SARA SCHOTT

At the Community Food Co-op, shoppers don't listen to blase muzak interrupted by loudspeakers announcing gooey bake shop specials. Instead of two prices on the shelf and a check-out code, shoppers jot down prices per pound as they serve themselves. There are no fluorescent lights or slick advertisements. The shelves are natural wood, hand-made by cooperative members. Even the produce scale hangs from a wooden beam.

The co-op specializes in organic fruits and vegetables, whole wheat grains, fresh baked bread and raw milk cheeses. Members of the collective qualify for discounts in a variety of ways. Non-members are encouraged to shop and participate by bringing their own containers for oil, molasses, honey or dry bulk items.

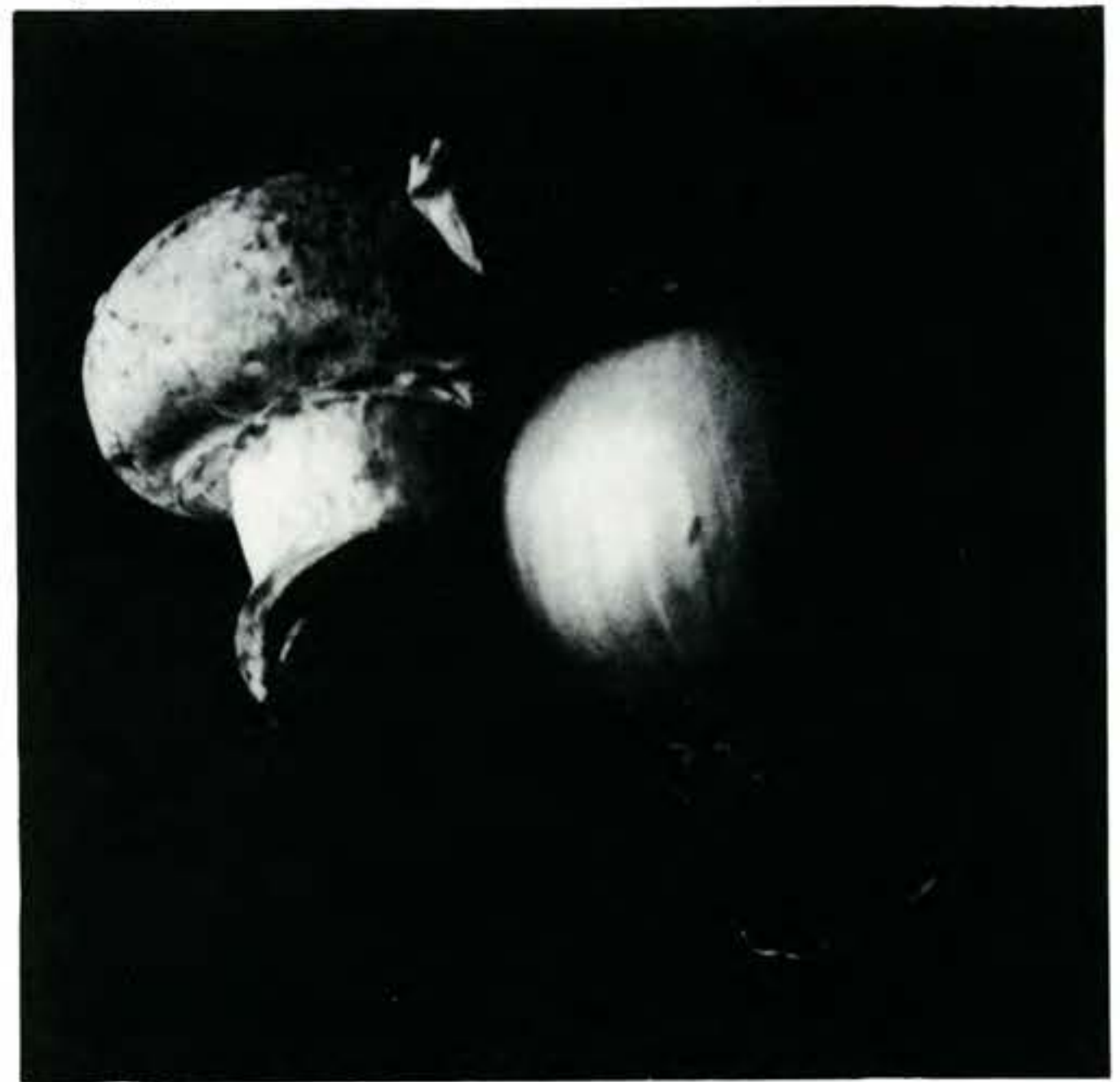
Prices are lower in comparison to the local supermarkets on a selection of products, but higher for organic produce grown without chemicals. Carrots at a nearby supermarket are 33

cents a pound. At the co-op, carrots are 25 cents, but organic are 35 cents a pound.

Natural sweets take the place of candy and other nutritionally empty foods carried at the larger stores. At the co-op, roasting chestnuts from Italy are \$3.35 a pound. Jerusalem artichokes at 65 cents each add a sweet flavor; coconuts, kiwi fruit and fresh ginger root suggest exotic dishes. Bananas and apples, priced from 29 to 55 cents a pound, also are favorites.

Members can channel their tastes along with the natural growing cycles of fruits and vegetables. Cabbage, kale, leeks and locally grown mushrooms are in season now. By eating foods in season, shoppers increase quality and buying power, while the co-op saves transportation costs. Out of season fruits have additives and carry a higher mark-up.

The history of the co-op dates back to 1969, when a group of six families established a bulk buying club. Called the Food Conspiracy, the club



moved into a storefront at the Good Earth Building, 1000 Harris St., and in 1970 incorporated the business.

The business struggled along with an all-volunteer staff. Will Davis, who manages the early store, remembers a philosophical dispute over a cash box versus a modern cash register.

"No one gets turned on waiting in line for 45 minutes before dinner," Davis said. "Anything that speeds the check-out process is helpful."

Now the cash registers are electric, automatically weighing bulk items and computing the cost. The tape read-out gives management an idea of what brings shoppers to this alternative store and in turn assists them in ordering and inventory.

Brad Smith, one of four co-directors, is interested in making the larger business more efficient.

"We're serious about what we're doing — carrying the largest line of pasta, whole grains and beans in town while offering quality food for a consistently lower price," Smith said.

The dry bulk products which line one wall, feature bulgar, barley and falafel, a garbanzo bean



mixtures added to water and fried in a patty. Besides three varieties of granola, there are organic rye grain, millet and whole corn, alongside barrels of dry milk, tapioca and yeast.

Along the left wall, dates, raisins, dried fruits and carob chips — an alternative to chocolate — sit beside seaweed, prunes, miso — made from fermented soybeans — and Westbrae tahini spreads, similar to peanut butter. Many of the items are stored in colored barrels and wood bins.

Whole grain breads come from the Great Harvest Company, a local bakery, which in turn buys freshly milled flour from Fairhaven Cooperative, another local collective.

The variety of cold pressed oils, available from spigots under the stairs, include safflower, sesame, corn, sunflower and olive oil.

The co-op also stocks dairy products from Lynden, including three types of yogurt and flavored milk.

Questions are welcome and conversations friendly in this updated version of the general

store.

A child with a page-boy haircut pokes his head into the combination office-loft overlooking the sales floor.

"Got a spoon, Brad?" he asks, clutching a yogurt container. Smith produces a fork and the boy goes back downstairs to indulge in a healthy snack while his mother shops.

After 10 years growth, the co-op now has the capital to stock kitchen implements, household goods and healthcare products. Special order work clothes, pet care products and books on cooking and alternative resources fill the store, making this a one-stop for many regulars.

This self-service style is "kinda fun" according to one shopper with a pen in her hand, marking the price of dill weed.

The co-op decided, because of health considerations and a general lack of floor space, not to carry meat, vitamins or products containing sugars or salt.

"We direct people to other places for those items. There's a lot more room for whole foods reaching the community," Smith explains.

Membership includes active contribution to the collective group, either by working in the store or loaning the co-op \$3 a month, which enables the member to buy at a discount. Senior citizens get free membership and an automatic 10 percent discount. Members of other local co-ops also get a discount of six percent.

Future co-op plans include an information desk for nutrition, boycott, and consumer news.

The co-op is currently open Monday through Saturday, from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Midday is the least crowded time to shop. □



BY MIKE JUDD

To most skiers and Sunday drivers who pass through, Glacier, Wash., is just the last gas stop on the way to Mt. Baker, an ex-boom town now almost dead.

Most passers-by might think the 'prospectors of old' mined all the wealth from the surrounding hills. But two local entrepreneurs and a millionaire businessman suspect differently.

Those who stop at the only store and restaurant in town might find proprietor Gary Graham and his cohort Bruce Henry hosting foreign businessmen in an effort to find buyers for coal from their mine.

Their coal strike is located four miles "as the crow flies" south of Glacier and is, Henry claims, the largest appreciable deposit of anthracite coal in the western United States. With it, they hope to "scare the hell" out of the Pennsylvania coal producers who collectively produce about five million tons per year. Henry boasts the Glacier mine "could put out as much," although he expects the average annual yield will be closer to two or three million tons.

Graham, 45, is a former Bellingham resident who provides local supervision for the project and is "on call to go anywhere in the world" to get the operation started. He took over the store and

restaurant in 1971. He heard of the mining operation in 1977 and wanted to use his engineering background in an energy-related field.

Henry, from Seattle, is a former employee of millionaire investor Albert J. Firchau, and helps Graham with the store as well as the mine.

Firchau, from Mercer Island, was one of the most successful independent loggers in the western U.S., Henry said. He invested in the coal mine in 1977 and formed Firchau Mining, Inc., a division of Seattle Transcontinental. Parties interested in buying shares in the venture need not inquire, as Firchau is providing all the necessary capital, including the estimated \$2 million needed to tool the mine.

Presently, none of those involved care to speculate on when the mine might open. The Glacier coal has never been seriously mined, Graham said, although 6,000 tons were taken just three years ago as a sampler. He said the most important step now is to find a viable market.

Anthracite is a low volatile coal that is almost solid carbon. It produces almost no pollution because it has almost no sulphur, but sometimes has a heavy ash content, making it necessary to add fuel-oil as a catalyst.

"Anthracite is a rare earth today," Henry said,



explaining the value of such a find. "In Pennsylvania, they're going into seams only 18 inches thick."

At Glacier, two veins are being explored now, one about 15 feet thick and the other 90 to 125 feet thick. These are just two of 11 potential seams discovered so far, although Graham said that they cannot be sure just how much coal is up there.

Besides being rare, use for anthracite is somewhat limited, Graham said, calling it a "specialty coal." Local industries are not geared for coal, and conversion will take time.

But a large local demand may arise in the near future if recent state government proposals are adopted. The proposals call for a change in the filtration of city water systems. The plan would make cities switch to carbon-activated filters, which use anthracite as a filter medium.

Graham warns, however, that no single part of the market can support the mine operation. Buyers for all grades of the coal (lumps, fine coal, coal with high ash content) must be found before the operation can be financially feasible.

To find a full complement of solid customers, Graham has been traveling to Korea, Taiwan and other Asian countries the past couple of years.

When asked how extensive his search has been,

Graham answered that he has "been all over the Orient, and they've been here." He said a number of potential buyers have expressed interest, but no firm deals have been closed.

Graham provides a heliport for the foreign visitors, a touch of class befitting a town where international business deals are made. This luxury consists of a small patch of grass behind the store, with a barrel of jet fuel near the edge.

Graham is reluctant to discuss the fine points of the operation. He said that it might in some way jeopardize the mine's chance for success.

Perhaps the largest of their unsolved problems is finding a cost-effective method for transporting the coal from the mine. The nearest railroad terminal is in Deming, 13 miles down the road. Graham is worried about the potential railroad freight costs.

And therein lies yet another problem — Firchau Mining presently has no port set-up. Graham said that Bellingham doesn't have the facilities for a large coal-shipping operation. So Firchau is negotiating with the next closest port, Vancouver, B.C. And the estimated cost to Firchau Mining? Graham estimated \$30 million will be needed to set up the proper port facilities, making a solid market for the coal essential.

"We need to be in business long enough to pay



the investment costs off," Graham said, adding that just one customer unable to pay the bills could potentially force the mine out of business.

So despite the many obstacles Graham and Henry are excited about the possibility of the mine. Both men would like to see it in operation soon. Graham again said, the company has no time limit for when that might be, but added Firchau is quite serious in his intent.

Visitors hoping to see the mine, or environmentalists expecting an open-pit operation are going to be disappointed. Presently, the mine is nothing more than a small pit, from which the samples were taken, and Graham said 99 percent of future mining operations will be done underground.

Graham used the analogy of a worm burrowing through a rock as an example of how much damage the tunnels would do to the surrounding environment. His partner, Henry, agreed, saying coal mining technology has advanced significantly since the turn of the century.

"When people think of coal mining, they think of the 1930s in Pennsylvania," he said. "There, they raped the land and it will never be worth a tinker's damn."

"Now they watch the miner closer than anyone," Henry continued. "Today's miner is one of your best ecologists."

He suggested skeptics should read the Environmental Protection Agency's rules and regulations for coal mining before they make any harsh judgments.

The land around a coal mine must be reclaimed, Henry said. As an example, he said that at some coal mines in Utah, surface buildings are the only trace of a mine.

Henry estimates a crew of about 100 men, working in three shifts, could operate the mine. He said Firchau Mining hopes to gather most of those employees locally. If the number of jobs in the timber industry continues to dwindle, he said, perhaps some of those workers will want a job at the mine.

But no job applications exist at this time. The roads to the mine are washed out by winter rains. And those 100 foot veins of black coal are still buried.

Graham and Henry are excited, though. They seem to have captured that pioneering spirit that is a characteristic of people with a dream.

Glacier still resembles a little town, but inside Graham's store, there's the rumbling of something much bigger. □





