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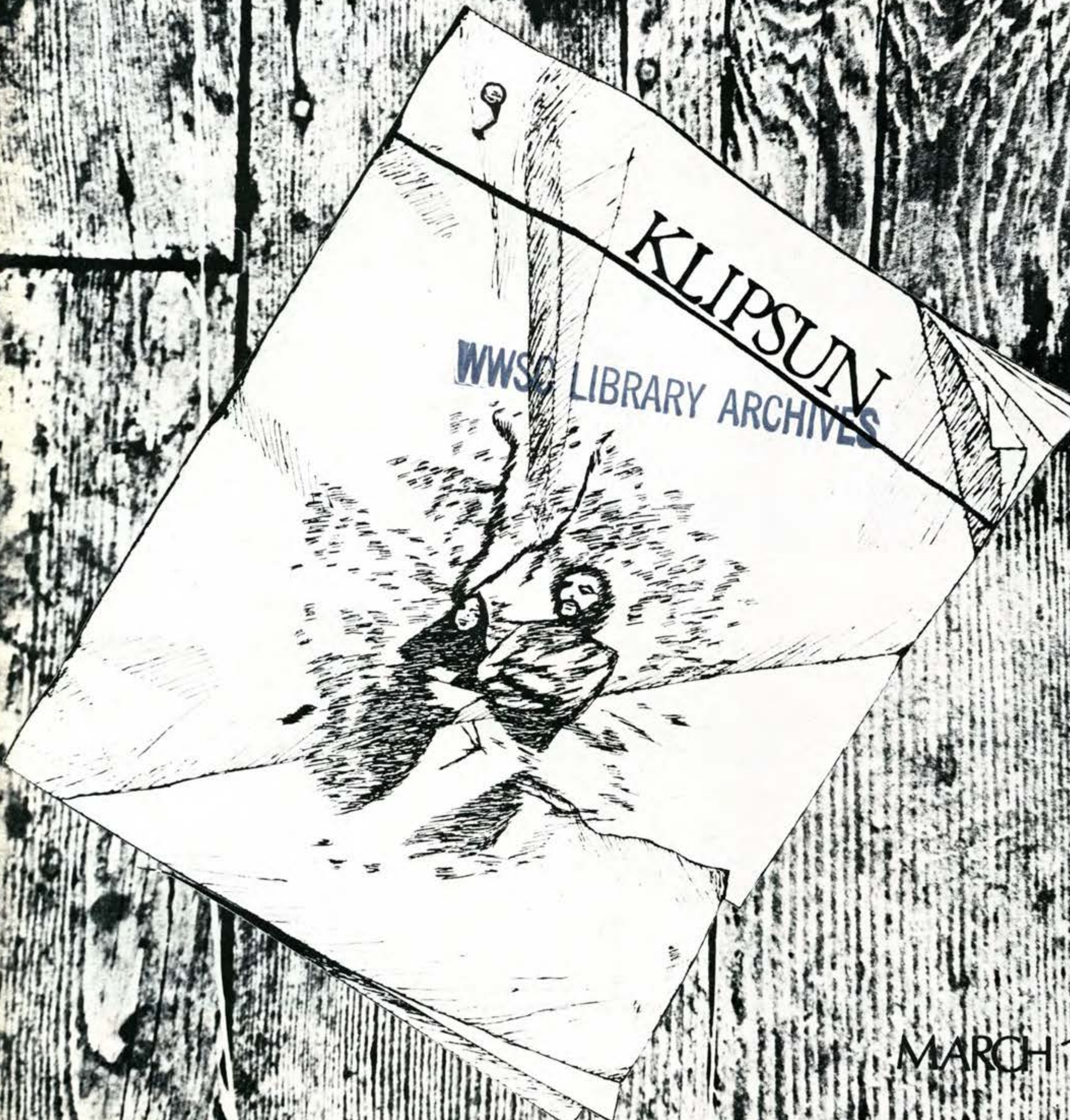
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KLIPSUN

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Education May Begin At 40

By Sonja Brown

Faces of people like me — an “older” student — have flashed past me as I walked Western’s campus between classes for the last year and a half.

“What brought you here?” I have wanted to ask. I had been to college 14 years before and have been struck by the differences between the two experiences. Is it age that has made the difference? I wondered.

Recently I spoke to nearly a score of the 773

students over 30 years old attending Western. Yes, age does make a difference. But it also strengthened a hunch I had had, built from my acquaintance with “average” age students, that undergraduate education has changed even faster than I.

Students coming to college after the experiences of jobs, Vietnam or family responsibilities are looking for new tools of survival. Whether they come with dollar

signs in their eyes, boredom on their faces or frantically chewing the end of their rope, they have discovered something lacking in the way they are living.

But in spite of their demanding and impatient ways — or more likely because of them — most are enjoying themselves too.

A 56-year-old Fairhaven student, James "Mick" McGregor, is now working in the veterans affairs office at Skagit Valley College. One might expect this means sitting through classes of literature, art and philosophy. He is, in fact, permitted to fulfill his social science requirements by working in the veterans office. McGregor said he tells veterans that going to college is not sitting five hours a day in class burning up time doing something you do not want to do.

* * * * *

Miki Smith Gilliland, in her 40's, is at Western for the sixth time, having dropped out repeatedly for ill-health.

"If I have any message for people it is, if you get knocked down, you get up again." Besides wanting a degree for a new career in commercial photography, she sees her degree as a symbol of unwillingness to quit when the going gets tough. Also urging her on is the fact that most of her friends have degrees, and she is determined to have one too.

A professional journalist, she has always been job-oriented... "always addicted," she said. Now with a new career in sight, she continues to chart her direction according to a future goal, supported both by her "liberated" husband and 16-year-old twin sons.

At first she assumed the young people at college would not accept her, but once she accepted being outside the student culture it ceased being difficult for her, she said.

"I think you have to accept things about yourself," she added.

What being with younger people does, she said, is help a person break out of a "restricted outline."

* * * * *

Pat Jackson laughs easily and calls being a student a great adventure. The first Fairhaven student past the age of 40, she decided to come to college three years ago after reading literature on Fairhaven sent to one of her two teenage sons.

A recent divorce had interrupted the flow of her life. Here was a chance to go to college, something she had always wanted to do. The change meant shifting from being financially secure to inadequately shored up by student loans.

"Of course, my kids thought I was nuts," she said.

"They rolled out the red carpet for me at Fairhaven," she said, "but the students did not know what to think. They thought I was a narc, I think."

Pat Jackson thinks that her age may make it easier for her to get close to the faculty than for younger students, but she said that the students have also been "accepting and warm."

"I think Fairhaven has been the most beautiful experience I've had," she said.

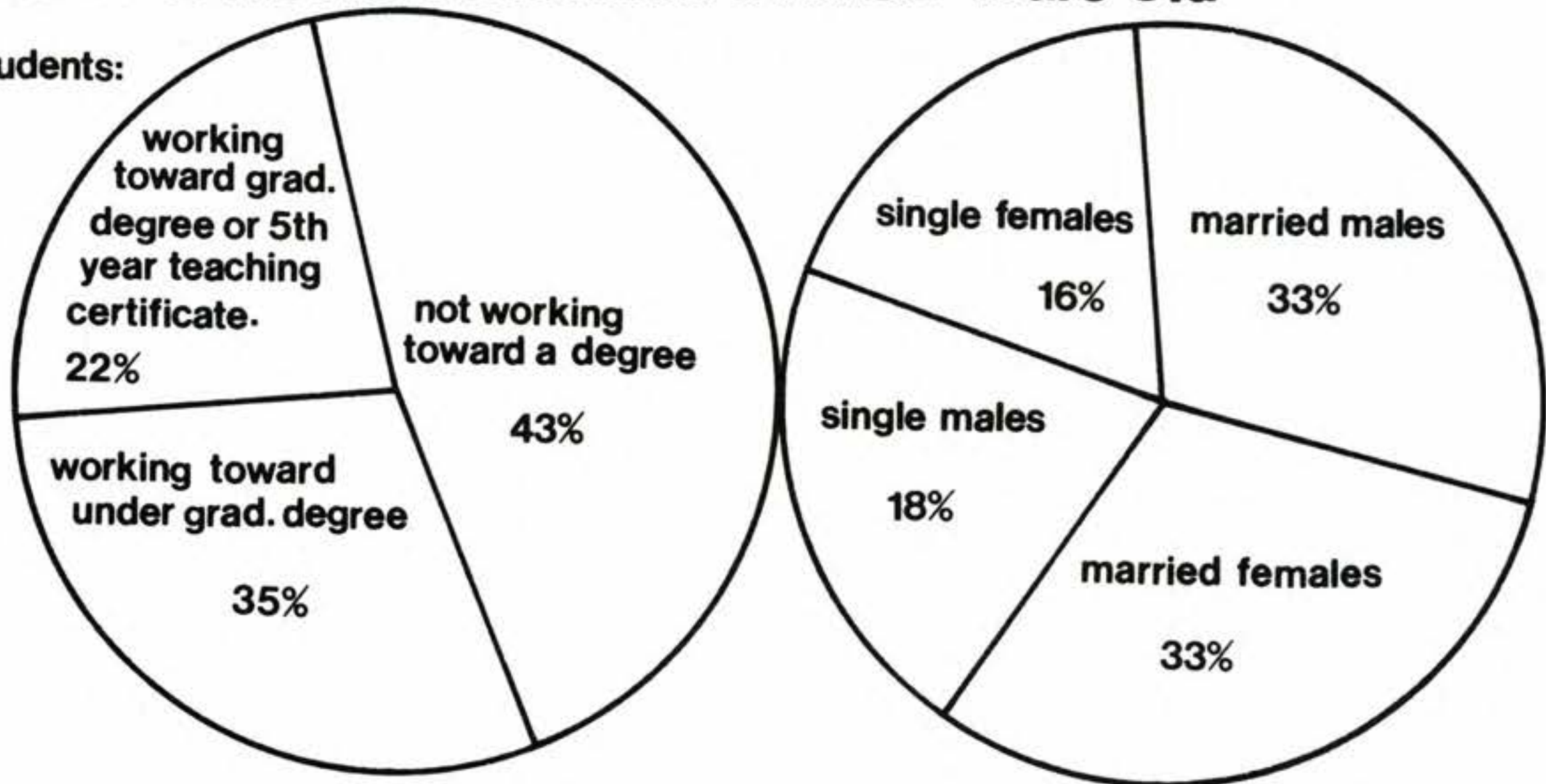
She believes many older people would benefit from coming to college, but, she said, "I think they're afraid... they're just not adventuresome."

Her adaptation to college life is in part due to her acceptance of life's unpredictability. "Well, you know how things are," she said. "We can't know if the sun is coming up tomorrow."

She herself remodeled her little house on Bellingham's southside and filled it with plants, books and a big wood stove for the kitchen. It struck me as a

Profile of Western Students Over 30 Years Old

Students:



spot of stability in an unpredictable life.

Pat Jackson is training to be a teacher of gifted children, but her main satisfaction comes from "filling in a lot of pieces" in her general education she got by simply reading a great deal on her own at home for many years.

"Oh boy, I sure am getting a lot more than I bargained for," she laughed.

Though thriving on the intellectual atmosphere at Fairhaven, she found too inflexible the mandatory attendance and exam and class schedules of her classes at Western and has dropped them. She survives best in an open and flexible environment — this she has learned.

* * * * *

On the other hand, Jim Hannah, a 1968 graduate of Washington State and now at Western in business administration, is trying to put up with "inflexibilities" at Western. "I mainly wanted to get in and get out and start something," he said.

Hannah is trained to be a teacher, but after he graduated he played professional baseball and was drafted and sent to Vietnam before he got around to looking for a teaching job. When he did, there were none. Now he is back at Western to train for a job in business.

Disgruntled that he had to return to school when he was already trained for work, Hannah was particularly irritated with general education requirements in English and chemistry, required because he received a bachelor of science degree rather than a bachelor of arts degree from Washington State.

"When I was 18 I felt, well, they knew what was best for me," he said. Now he feels differently. "They say I don't have a well-rounded education... who are they to say I don't have a well-rounded education?" Hannah is tolerating the educational system in spite of its irritations, and even finds it easier to go to school now. "I don't mind applying myself now," he said.

* * * * *

Judy Donohue, mother of two young children and soon to be divorced, returned to Western to get credits she needs for a teaching credential and a job.

But her children come first. "If I end up with C's, that's fine with me... all I want to do is get my credits."

At first she felt out of place and imagined the students were thinking, "What's this old lady doing up on campus." The men looked "scroungy" to her with their beards and mustaches, while she wore trim polyester pant suits.

"But I don't feel out of place there now," she said. (One day she wore jeans and the class cheered.) "The students are not nearly as materialistic as when I was in school," she said.

In spite of her priority that her children come first, she said she enjoys school tremendously. "I can really feel the dust being shaken off my brain. It's kind of fun to learn about new ways," she said.

* * * * *

Robert Brown, 34, worked as a salesman for Penney's. One day he decided, "Well, there's more to life than that." He came back to school for pre-law or business training to start him in a new career direction.

Brown said he finds it easier this time. "I'm not as curious about what's on the outside. I know what's out there."

* * * * *

Robert Chase, 40, and trained in electronics, looks forward to the security of being able to do more than just one thing and is training himself for industrial management.

He, like several others, resented being labeled as belonging to a particular age group. Chase, who is half Indian, dislikes any preoccupation with the differences between people. He said, "I get along great with the students, but I don't think I'm typical." He said that long ago while living with Indians in Nebraska he became used to long hair and back packs.

* * * * *

And so the list grows — a woman coming back to learn accounting; another woman, a housewife, who before she came back to college was reminded of the emptiness of her life and wanted to cry every time she went to the supermarket and looked at shelf after shelf of food; and others.

They came determined and with specific demands. Their satisfaction seems to come from two sources: either from learning skills for a career, or from the freedom of being able to study what they think they need to learn.

Sometimes I think about the time I spent in college before, in the late fifties. Wednesday mornings at eight o'clock all 2,000 students gathered from all directions, most wearing the same kind of drab trenchcoat, all funnelling sheep-like into the auditorium. Most of us had come to college for no particular reason, and we sat and listened to men and women give us reasons for being there. We were there for a liberal arts education, they said, and they defined it with such phrases as "honesty," "objectivity," "right of dissent," "individual rights," and "social responsibility."

No one is telling Western students why they should be here. They figure it out for themselves while they are here or they go "out there" and find a reason.

Dean of Fairhaven College, Kenneth Freeman, said today "liberal arts" is a name for a "space where one becomes aware of what he wants to know... a process of being free and claiming to be free to follow certain directions."

This definition closes the academic gates on the imposed study of literature, philosophy and so on. Whether administration and faculty realize it or not, most older students — and many younger ones too, I believe — have already closed the door on the required study of certain subjects as a way to "liberation."

Education at Western comes by chance and by hazard, when students realize they want to know something and they begin the process of digging it out. It is individualistic and makes for a fragmented college, but it may be the only way. **k**

IN DAYS OF OLD

By Elizabeth Teatsworth

"Lords and Ladies, Kingdom of the West, we of the Barony of Madrona welcome you to the Crown Tournament.

"The contest will now take place between Sir Henry of Thornhill and the King's Champion, Sir Byron of Masotte. The Knights have reached their positions. At the sound of the trumpet proclamation, the contest will begin . . ."

No, this is not a scene of Medieval times, it is totally 20th century, a tournament held by the Society for Creative Anachronism.

The first time I attended a Society for Creative Anachronism tournament, I was immediately transferred into the past. A pavilion directly in the center of the grounds was a striking grass green, trimmed in a sunny yellow surrounded by flags and tents, a mass of blue, purple, gold, reds and oranges. People shouted, music played and dogs barked; all created a whirl of confusion and excitement. To the left, a wine stall permeated the air with the scent of aging grapes, apples and fruit. From the table to the right of the wine, drifted the tantalizing smell of fresh baked bread and pies enough to water the mouths of all. A roasting pig gave a finishing touch to the air with its acrid stench of charred fat mingled with whiffs of well-done pork.

Renaissance colors — browns, deep yellows, beige, blacks and tans — paraded by in the forms of muslin shirts, chemise bodices, leather britches and velvet skirts, each adorned with embroidered emblems of trumpets, scrolls, lions and other animals. On one cape, embroidered in a calm grey, was a Unicorn.

Mail flashed in the sunlight. Metal clanged on metal as the jousts prepared their armor for the challenge. Distant rings and shouts arose from the stables. Men rode by on chestnut steeds dressed in shimmering reds, fantasy greens and white trimmings. The grimy, sweaty scent announced my arrival to the horses' tents. Men hustled around splashing water over grime-covered mounts. Somewhere, a dog barked, ensued by a long-winded howl of the camp dog pack.

A minstrel strolling down the center path strummed his lute to the cry of "Flowers, flowers!" while the Herald announced an event not intelligible to my inexperienced ears. A cry of "Squire, my Sword!" echoed through the camp. Mail reverberated against metal, adding to the atmosphere of the upcoming battle.

Suddenly the din grew strangely quiet as a man and woman, each embellished with a crown, approached the center of activity. The ladies curtsied, men bowed.

Someone whispered that I must follow suit of the people around me. Turning, I encountered a man dressed in black. His costume was adorned with two golden crossed swords.

"I am Sir Gregory Penanon, Earl Marshall. Milady, you are new to our surroundings, permit me to escort you to the Tournament of Champions."

"My Lord Marshall, the games interest me, what of the fighting, I mean"

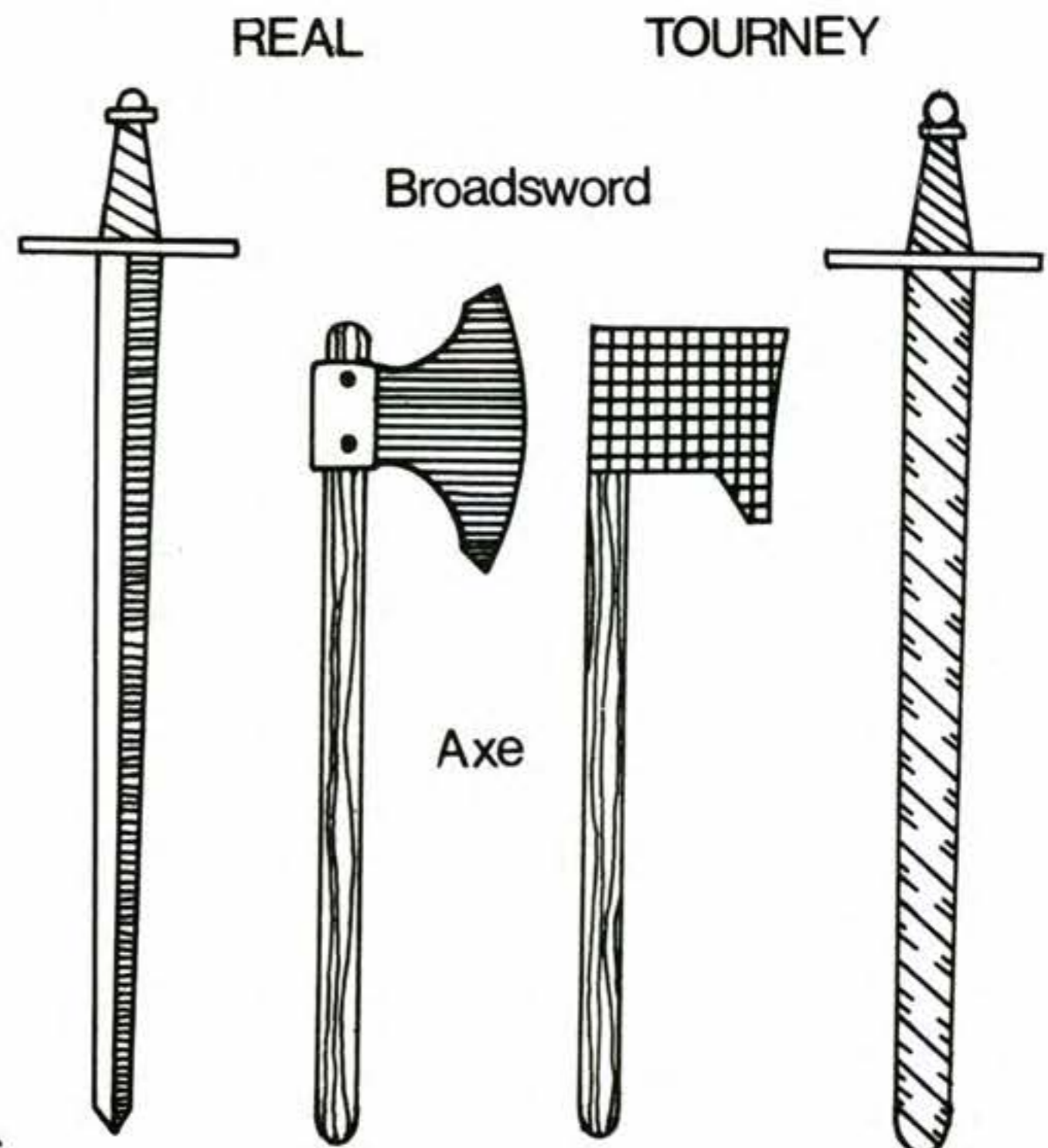
"Ah, Milady, I am gratified by your question on fighting in the Society, though I must confess that explaining so great a topic may prove to be difficult."

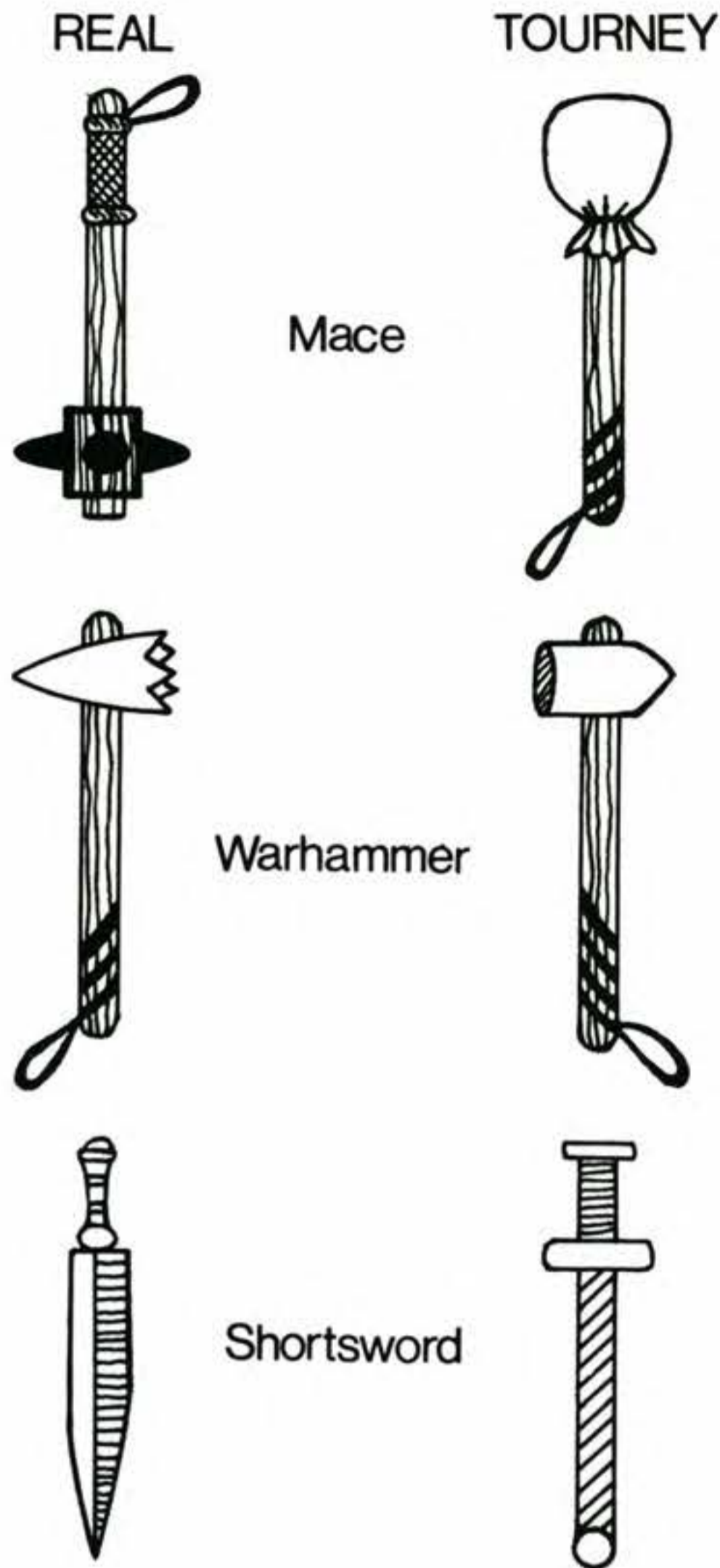
"Go on, My Lord Marshall."

"Societe combate is a stille evolveing forme witche attempts to recreate withe limits to armede combate of te midle ages. Fer foure resens"

The Lord Marshall went on to explain the four reasons, which are, the lack of trained horses; safety, the weapons used in combat are a less lethal imitation; realism, counting the blows instead of fighting to the death; and last is chivalry.

Weapons are in two groups, those used one-handed with a shield and those used two-handed without the aid of a shield. The first group includes broadsword, axe, mace, war hammer, and shortsword. The second group, longsword, poleaxe, maul and spear.





last blow is stopped by the Thornhill shield and with a muffled old English curse, he totters and falls to the ground.

"The new Champion of the Crown Tournament, Sir Henry of Thornhill!"

"Yes Milady, I forgot to mention the reason for this entire tournament; A Lord only fights to enhance the glory and honor of his lady. The crown he fights for is the crown of love and beauty. The fact that he becomes King should be incidental."

I then took leave of the Earl Marshall, Sir Gregory Penanon. Visions of Knights in shining armor enveloped my thoughts as I headed home. It had been a day straight out of the 16th century, just as exciting then, as it had been today.

Unlike most historical societies or research groups, the Society for Creative Anachronism is not content with studying the Middle Ages in a library, but considers "the best test of theory" on how things were done, is by doing them. There is also book research done to supplement what they do.

In the Society (within the United States), there are four Kingdoms, East, West, Mid-West and South. Each Kingdom is ruled by a King and his Lady, the queen. The King is chosen three times a year and this is done by armed combat in one of the Crown Tournaments.

The Kingdoms are divided into Baronies, and in each Barony, there are households. Each household helps with the making of clothes, armor and training of Knights.

Society events may feature music, dancing, plays, poetry, magicians, mummers, puppet shows, Medieval arts and crafts, games and combat, Falconry . . . almost any field of interest may be expressed and enjoyed. The only requirement is to put on an old Medieval style outfit and join any revel or tournament. **k**

The tourney weapons are made of rattan, wood, or metal, but the heads are fashioned of leather, plastic, rubber or cloth attached so they resemble their steel counterparts. Most fighters own real weapons as well as tourney weapons. These real weapons are worn at tourneys, but are forbidden on the field of battle.

"Ah, Milady, the fight!"

Advancing, the Knights circle, eyeing each other. Slowly, surely, a sword arcs high, CRASH! Down slams Sir Byron's sword only to glance off the edge of Sir Henry's shield. A muffled groan is followed by an agonized yell as Sir Henry delivers a slash to Byron's left leg. A howl grows, then dies as the disgruntled Byron recovers and the swords meet mid-air with a resounding ring. The air is filled with a reverberating thud as Henry rams his shield dead center, removing the triple locked crown from in front of Byron. A cry ascends as the overheated, grimy Sir Henry lunges forward, raises his sword up and over to terminate with a clang on the top of Byron's shining helmet. Byron's



"Come on babe, get in there you . . . , got it! The State Street Tavern is bleak and empty of customers but bartender Fred Sehliap has begun his day at the pinball machine.

"Every morning at 9:00 I open up and go straight to the pinball machine. It's like a ritual with me. If I win it sets the mood of the day — and I usually win," he said.

Fred kept talking as he went about his morning routine of dusting table-tops and chairs, sweeping the floor and restocking the beer cooler. "You know, I've been in this business all my life and I wouldn't trade it for anything."

"In 1937 at my old man's place, The Shanty Town Tavern on the Meridian Guide here in Bellingham, is where the 'booze business' got into my blood. I spent three years there and moved downtown to the Pastime Club," he told me.

The twenty-eight years that Fred spent at the Pastime Club dealing cards — until the state passed a law prohibiting gambling — were the most enjoyable ones of his life.

"When they passed that damn law in 1968 I was out of a job. So I accepted a bartender's job at the State Street Tavern. At the time I was a little worried because business was so poor there, but two months later it was great, and it's been great ever since," he smiled. "I'm still here, aren't I?"

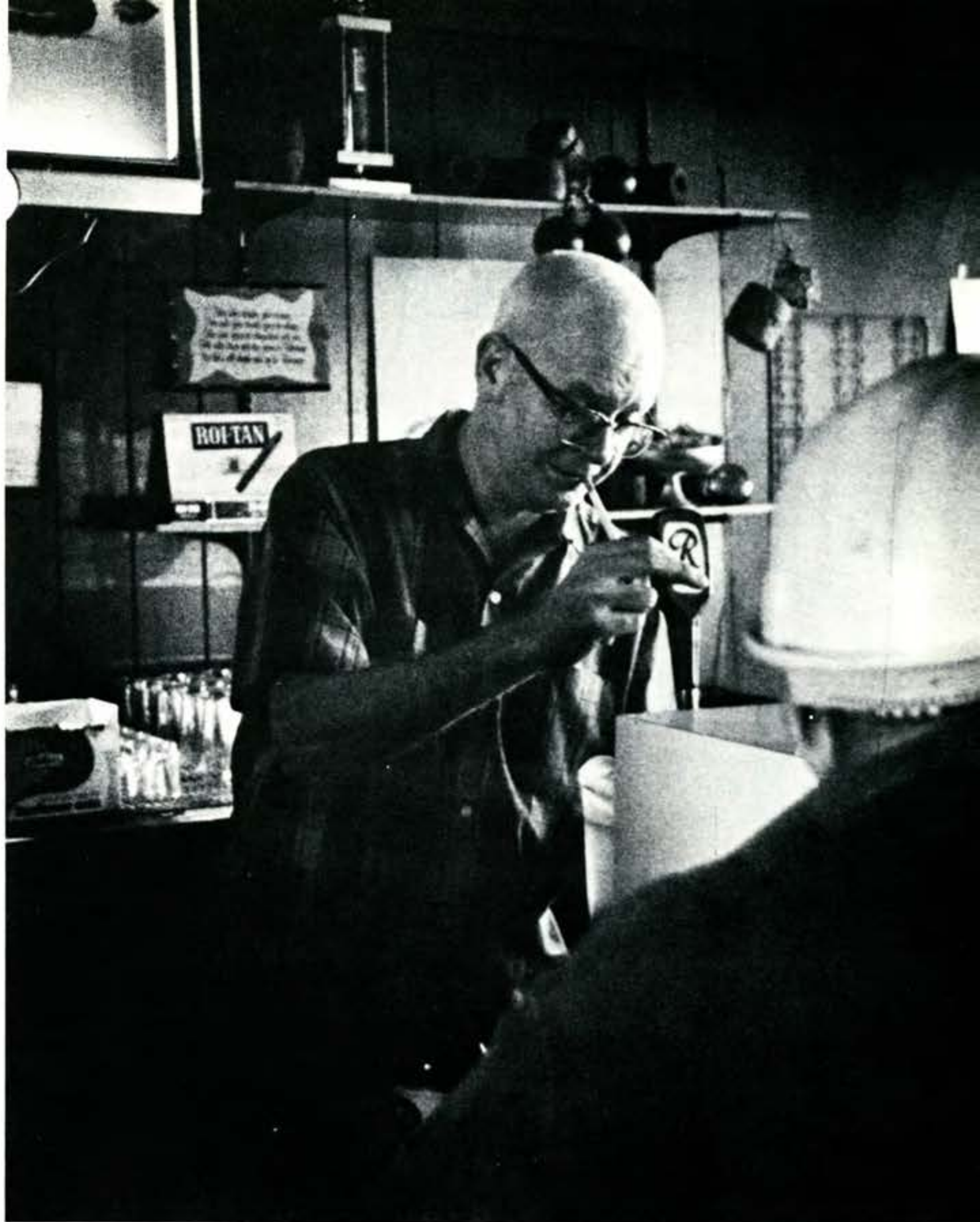
At that moment two fellows walked in and shouted, "How's poor old Fred this morning?"

Business started to pick up as a steady stream of people poured into the tavern. It became increasingly more difficult to keep up the conversation with Fred, so I asked some of his customers how they felt about him.

Everyone had different reasons for patronizing the tavern, but whatever the comments, they were all favorable to Fred.

"He doesn't 'nickle and dime' you to death. You don't have to spend every nickle you've got," said one fellow.

An old school chum of Fred's, stated: "He has a love for people, he cares. He's a good listener. If he's got the time, he'll listen. He's



A Popular Bartender

By Ray Furness

always been like that and I've known him for thirty years."

"Yeah, I feel comfortable here because Fred makes me feel that way," said a short stocky man.

"He's the last of the 'old sod', they don't make them like him anymore."

Fred came over and filled up our glasses.

"Don't let these guys make me out to be a saint," he stated.

We all laughed.

"Hey, Fred, let's have five schooners over here."

"Hey, hey, Freddy, how about two hot dogs and a ham and cheese on rye."

"You know son," said another fellow that has known Fred for eleven years, "he has a way with people. I've only seen one touchy incident in here. This character was really swearing and there were some women sitting close to him. 'Old Fred' noticed and asked the guy in a nice way to 'clean up his language'. That's all it took. It's just the nice manner he has with people."

"This is a family bar. Everyone knows Fred in this town and everyone likes him. He can talk about everything. I like to listen to the 'bull sessions' he gets into," said a grey haired elderly fellow.

It was mid afternoon when I again arrived at the tavern the next day.

As Fred cleaned off the top of the bar, someone asked him whose record O.J. Simpson beat last year for most total yards rushing in one National Football League season.

"Oh that's easy enough," said

Fred, "Jim Brown, of course. He rushed for 1863 yards in 1965, two years before he ended his fantastic career with the Cleveland Browns."

"How the hell did you know that," asked a balding fellow.

"Hey, Fred, I'm buying, set 'em up for the boys," shouted a big longshoreman.

"You know, working conditions here at the tavern are even better than they were at the Pastime Club. I really enjoyed dealing cards but it was just too serious a business now when I look back. It didn't take me long to realize that 'slinging beer' had 'dealing cards' beat all to hell."

Fred asked where else a person could get paid for eight hours of socializing?

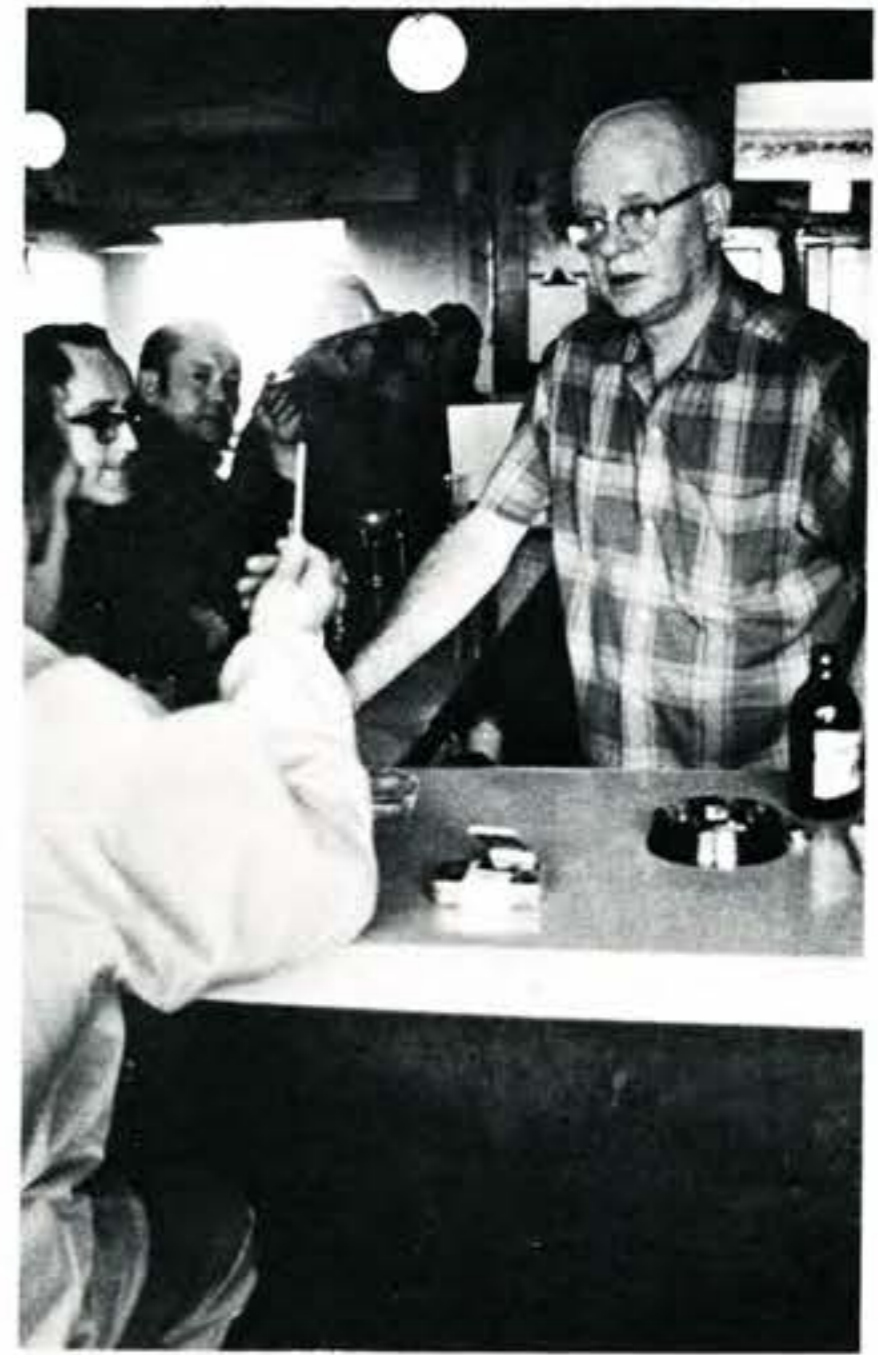
People are his life he said, and he considers himself an amateur psychiatrist.

"I really enjoy listening to people's problems. I've become sort of a crying towel over the years. But I don't mind at all," he added.

Sometimes he'll be sitting behind the bar, listening to some fellow at one end of the bar complain about his wife, and with another fellow at the other end knocking his boss.

"I just nod and agree most of the time to keep the peace, but occasionally I get involved," he said.

Fred thinks it's the atmosphere



of the tavern that 'opens' people up.

"People get away from their problems when they come here. They either lose them when they come in the door or tell them to me. It's the liquor. It relaxes people," he said.

"Hey, Freddy boy, another round of beer and a couple of bags of sunflower seeds," the big longshoreman said.

"Okay, okay," answered Fred.

It is about 5:30 now and even through the smoke filled room I notice Fred looks a little tired. But he's still friendly and eager to serve his customers.

Things are quieter now.

"You know, son, I have no regrets about my past and I can't say as I worry about the future. I'm really happy. I've got my work, I've got my wife, and I've got my two dogs. That's all I need."

The fellow on the afternoon shift came in.

"Well it's about time for me to wash up."

Fred chatted with his replacement for a few minutes, then disappeared into the back room returning with an overcoat.

On his way out he stopped to say a few words to his friends, checked over the latest score on the pinball machine, and left. **K**



getting in rhythm with the universe

By Benno Steckler

The "temple" is a large house over-looking a park in the north end of Bellingham. The followers leave their shoes on the front porch before entering. Inside, the floors are fully carpeted and the large living room contains no furniture. At the far end of the dimly lit room is an altar.

The rectangular altar is finished in a gleaming metallic silver and placed upon two shelves is a bowl of fruit, an incense burner, a candle and two small golden cups of water. They symbolize earth, air, fire and water. Hanging above is a framed manuscript with Oriental markings. It is called the "Gohonzon."

The Gohonzon is the object of worship to some 70 Bellingham members of a Buddhist sect called the Nichiren Shoshu Academy (NSA), or as some skeptics and non-believers refer to the movement — "the magic chanters."

"Nam-Myoho-Renge-Kyo" is their chant and the "magic" is what repeating it over and over again will do for the believer. And approximately five nights a week three NSA chapters in the Bellingham area gather and in unison the members faithfully chant to "direct their life force and make things happen."

An Oriental gong sounds and the believers gather around the altar and begin a rhythmic prayer in which the only change is the pitch and intonations of Nam-Myoho-Renge-Kyo. Many of them have beads in their hands and rub them constantly as they chant. It is easy to begin swaying or rocking as the hypnotic humming continues.

There are no Orientals amongst the group, which contains more women than men. It is a young

group. Most are between 15 and 25 years old.

"The purpose and the meaning of the chant is both simple and complex," said Him Hettinga, a blonde haired, 27 year-old chapter leader. "The individuals are chanting so as to cause a change in their environment that will either benefit them materially or spiritually."

"Chanting puts one in rhythm with the universe. We believe there is a basic life force in the universe and if one can unite with it, then he can cause changes. But it is not the chant alone that causes the changes — a person has to go out and initiate the effect. We do not accept the environment passively — there is an effort to change it."

He went on to define the concepts contained within the chant in order to explain more thoroughly the religion's philosophy. "Nam" means devotion. "Myoho" stands for the mystical laws or forces of the universe. "Renge" represents the scientific laws of cause and effect. "Kyo" is the voice vibrations projected when a member chants.

The Nichiren Buddhist philosophy extends beyond spiritual and material gains and the cause and effect of things. Ultimately, the goal is world peace, according to Hettinga. "One has to change himself and actually achieve personal and inner happiness before he can attempt to change the world or expect the world to be a peaceful one for him. And happiness comes from material satisfaction as well as spiritual."

"There are no rules or commandments — no right and wrong way of doing things," explained Judy Stone. She has been a member for nine months; her husband, Tom, has been with NSA for three years. "But a person that

attempts to cause a bad effect will be the recipient of "Botzu." Botzu means that things will not go right for the person. It can cause much unhappiness," she added.

The religion has no charities or similar social roles. "We do not have sympathy for people — we have compassion for them. We do not offer people charity so they can go elsewhere when it runs out, We invite them to our meetings. It is through the religion that we hope people can develop and take pride in themselves," she said.

After about ten minutes of chanting the gong is sounded several times and the followers take out a small black book. The book contains a litany written in Japanese. The group leader establishes the tempo and rhythm as he leads the reciting of the prayer. Some of the newer members are unfamiliar with the foreign syllables and their efforts in the rapid reciting create a steady hum in the background.

The litany is called "Gongyo." It is recited every morning by the NSA members in order to establish "the rhythm of the day." This is similar to establishing one's Karma.

The gong rings again and the group concentration suddenly ends. It is time for the testimonies of faith which are not unlike Christian advocates voicing their belief in God and heaven. The testimonies demonstrate to the guests — through examples — how the religion "really works." "The person doing it also begins to grow inside. The experience of getting up and relating to the other people helps develop one's inner peace," said Judy Stone.

First, a young girl with long brown hair, wearing a pair of faded levis, stands up and tells of an incident that happened to her earlier in the day. She had needed money

to pay some bills. When she arrived at her job, where she works on a day to day basis, the boss sent her home.

"On my way home I was really upset," she said, "but then I started chanting to myself and continued even when I got home. A few minutes after I arrived the phone rang and guess who it was?"

It was her boss asking her to come back to work because someone else had not shown up. She finished her story with arms out-stretched, stating enthusiastically, "You just can't tell if it (chanting) works until you try it."

Others tell similar stories of needing places to live and finding them on short notice, cars that break down and past owners contacting the individual to offer spare parts that happen to be the ones needed.

"After you've been chanting for a while you seem to lose concern for the material things," said Tom Stone, who looked about thirty, was neatly dressed in a blue blazer, tie, dark slacks and had a conservative hair-cut. "Eventually it becomes

more natural to chant for inner happiness and spiritual satisfaction," he added.

The appeal of this sect of Buddhism has not only spread rapidly throughout Japan, where there are some 20 million members, but is gaining momentum in the United States, which contains over 300,000 practicing members, Stone said. There are also members in over 90 countries.

In Bellingham the movement is growing too. Recently one district was divided into three. The reason for this growth is persistent recruiting by members — which is also similar to Christian zealots asking for "a moment of your time." The Buddhist recruiter generally begins by asking, "Do you want to go to a Buddhist meeting?" This spreading of the faith or attempts to get people to attend NSA meetings is called "Shakubuku."

One member related her method of Shakubuku during the testimonies. She was young and very nervous.

"Well, you see, I've always had a

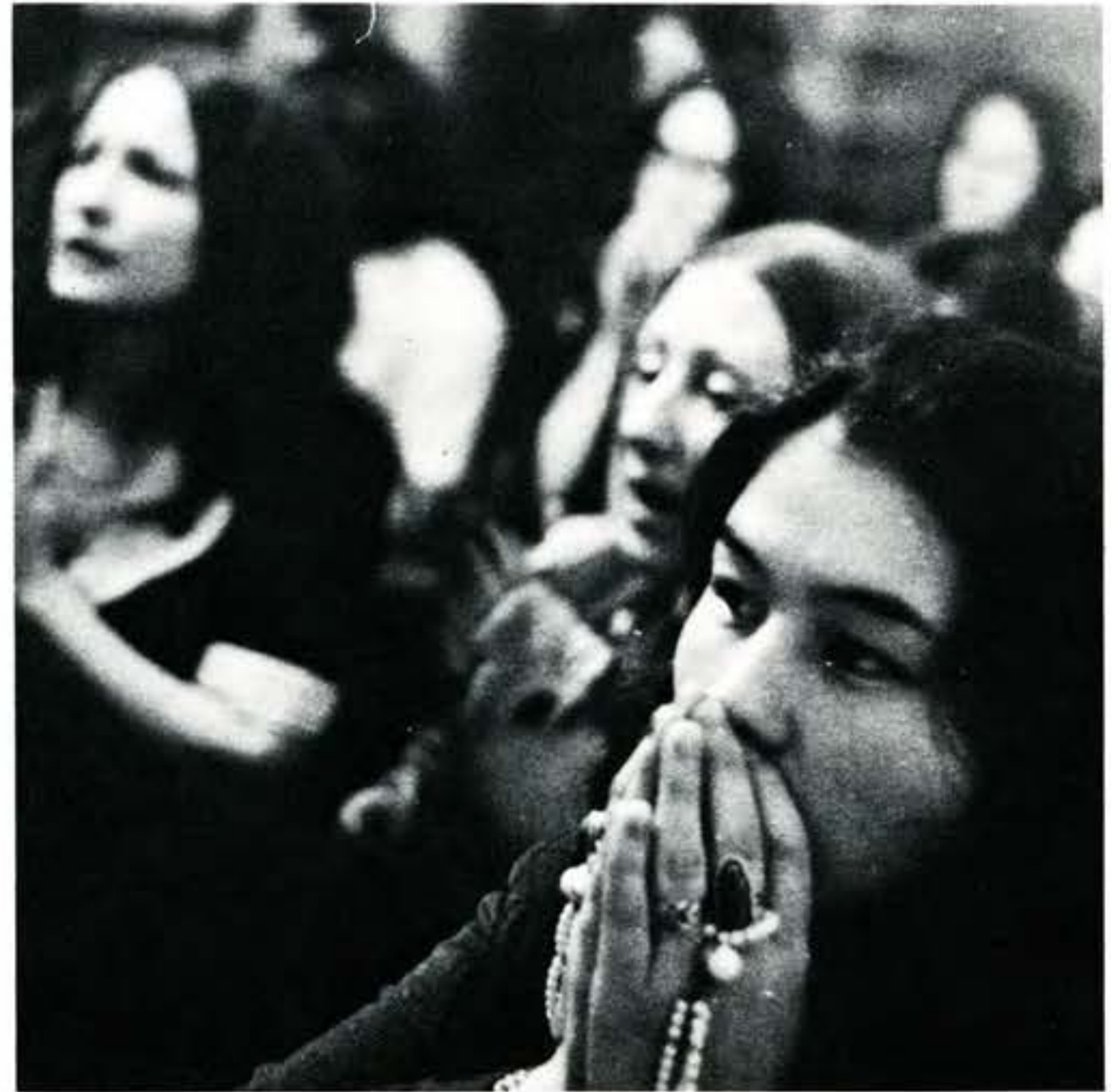
lot of trouble doing Shakubuku until recently," she stammered. "Then I found this really great way of doing it. Instead of walking up to people in public places and freezing when I should say something, I hitch-hike. Then, when I get a ride it's a lot easier for me to talk to a person."

After the testimonies, Jim Hettinga, the chapter leader, asks visitors if they have any questions. The inquirers do not ask for explanations of how the chanting "really" works. They are more concerned with how to apply this new religion. There is little, if any, skepticism voiced by the guests.

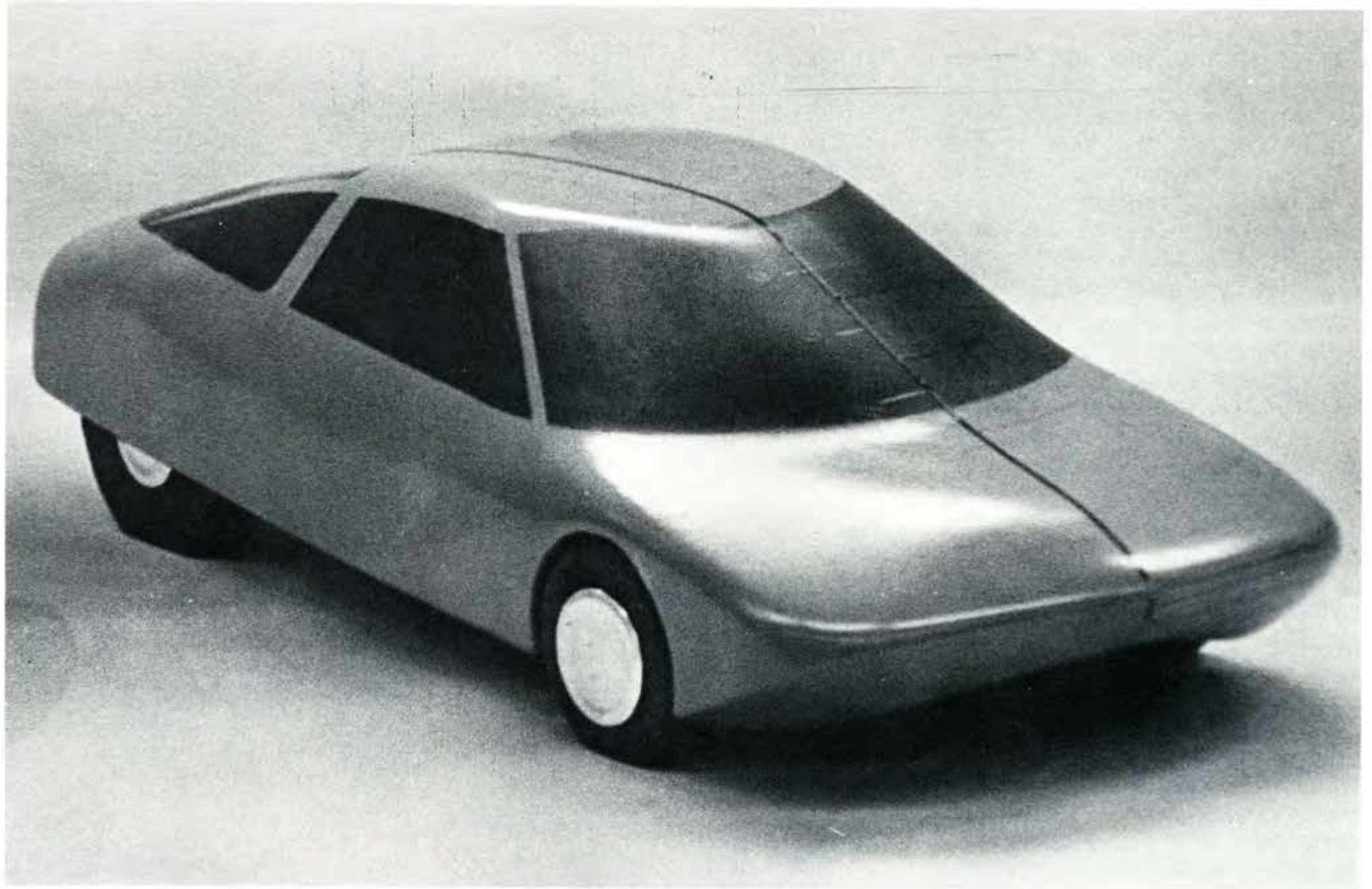
"Is it possible to chant for other people?" asks a 25 year-old woman.

"Not really," answers Hettinga, "although there have been cases reported where it has worked, we believe the forces put into motion apply to the individual doing the chanting. This is founded on the belief that the individual is the recipient of the influences he projects.

"It is your life force that is changing when you chant." **K**



NAM MYOHO
RENGE KYO



Blowing in the Wind

By Gene Crosby

A final design has been chosen for Western's new Viking II economy car but it was only after stiff competition among four student designers, Russ Moye, John Eaton, Marc Brown, and Craig Selvidge.

The deciding factor was aerodynamic design, since aerodynamics can improve economy by as much as fifty per cent. The model with the best aerodynamic design would be the new car, along with such lesser considerations as buildability, appearance, room for people and length of time it would take to build it.

The competition among students for the best aerodynamic designing began during the second week of Fall quarter, shortly after Russ Moye gave a presentation on his design proposal. Both John Eaton and Marc Brown voiced objections to the proposed design to Dr. Seal, Technology Department advisor. Dr. Seal encouraged everyone with a design suggestion to express their ideas by designing a car of their own. If a better design were not proposed, Russ Moye's design would be accepted as the new Viking II.

Each of the car designers first drew their proposal designs. Then they built 1/8-scale models. Finally, they, along with other team members and Dr. Seal, took the scale models to the University of Washington for wind tunnel testing. Usually two or three models were tested each trip. This entire process from the first design proposal to the winning design all took place in a single quarter, Fall 1973.

Wind tunnel testing began in October, and became a regular event about every other week. Six trips were made to the University of Washington.

Seven models were built and tested. Some of the models were modified and retested in an effort to get lower drag. In addition, two preliminary models were built last summer as preparatory mock-ups in an effort to get the program started.

In the testing laboratory, the models are mounted on a simulated ground plane (a level surface simulating wheel to road wind conditions) inside the wind tunnel. The entry hatch doors on the sides and at the top are

sealed off, and the tunnel is fired up. A large electric fan at the far end of the tunnel creates a vacuum that pulls air through the tunnel. The model is facing the oncoming air rather than the fan so that the drag and lift readings can be accurately measured.

"Drag" is the resistance of forward motion. Trying to drive your car through stormy headwinds is an example of drag; you can feel your car lunging ahead when you get a break in the wind. An example of lift is a wind or gust that raises the rear of the car, resulting in a loss of traction – and in extreme cases blows the car off the road.

Three of the models were also tufted. (Tufting is the process of attaching one end of a light string material to the body of the model.) The designers used yarn for tufting and scotch tape to fasten the yarn. As the wind passes over the body, the yarn is allowed to flap free. The wind can be seen passing over the shape of the body. If the wind pushes down on the car body the yarn is pressed against it. If the wind passes to the left or right of the body, the yarn is pulled in that direction. The air should follow the body, but if it does not, separation forms and turbulence results. Turbulence and lift result in a higher drag. Body design is then of primary importance, since the winning car will be the one with the least drag.

The University of Washington's two wind tunnel directors, Mr. Luke Shindok and Mr. Rae, were impressed with Western's ability to build 1/8-scale models, and with the speed at which they were built. Four technology students have built the seven models in



a single quarter, whereas it takes the University of Washington one to two months to build a single model. Their approach to model building is to build a model to the minutest detail for the most exacting wind tunnel test results. The ability of Western's four students to complete so many models in such a short time is probably a direct result of the enthusiastic competitive spirit created by the close wind tunnel test results and to less detailed modeling.

Russ Moyer began the model building with two preliminary models last summer. He built three additional competitive models. His second model he modified and tested for a smaller frontal area as drag is directly proportional to the frontal area.

He was challenged by John Eaton, who first came up with what Dr. Seal called a radical design, but which proved to have lower drag. When he was surpassed by Russ with a new model and lower drag, he modified his model. John also built two other models when modifications on the old model had reached a maximum or when a new idea was to be tried. Marc Brown soon became involved contributing a new approach, styling. He felt a car could be shapely as well as aerodynamic. He sacrificed some aerodynamics for esthetics and styling. Dr. Seal also contributed, for testing and comparison, a model he had built in the early fifties. During the fifties his car had excellent design, but the newer models showed better. A couple of weeks later, he designed and built a new aerodynamic model of his own. This model proved quite competitive, but with improvement of the others his lost out to better designs for lower drag.

As the testing was coming to a close, a dark horse entered the race, Craig Selvidge. He and his father had worked on hydroplanes for some time, and Craig felt he could build a competitive aerodynamic car based on his experience with hydroplanes. When the final wind tunnel tests were computed on January 10, his car had the lowest drag.

The following day a board of non-partisan judges was set up to make the final decision, since the testing results were so close and there were other factors to consider.

Craig Selvidge's hydroplane design was chosen as the new Viking II.



k



Left: Night blooming desert flowers in a hand-screened panel print. Enough to make any woman whisper words you want to hear.
 Right: Chester Fester thinks slink in a body suit of Quiana with coiling belt of goldsilver.

There's a new softness and a new way to wear it. Satin fashions to romance your body — the softest and sexiest caress of the season. Through a sheer sepia coat you can see one simplistic slip tossing off starlight sparks from rhinestone straps . . .

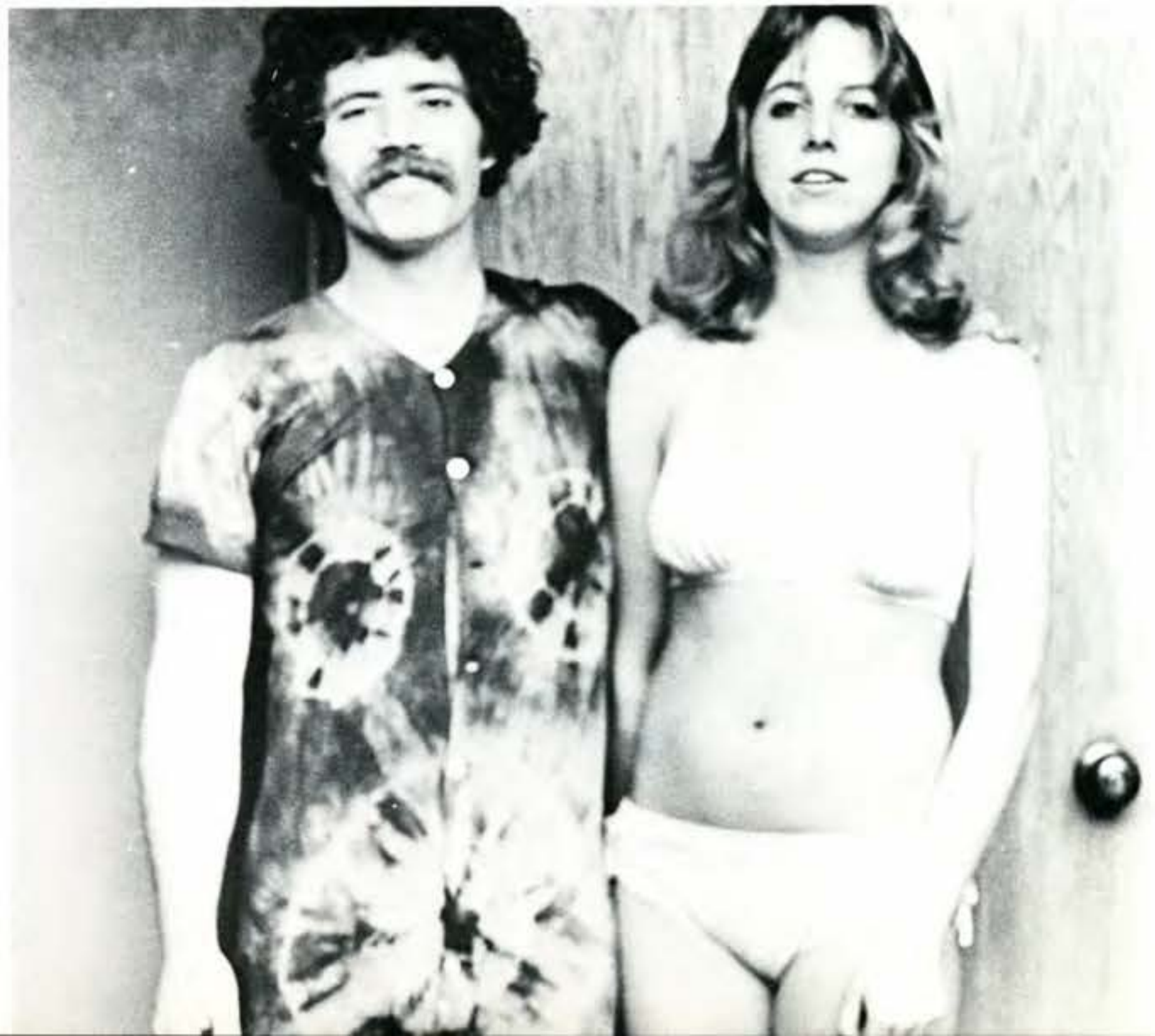
All the Paris and New York designers are showing their collections. Has Fashion by-passed our own campus? Not so. Klipsun staff has found outstanding examples of haute couture and here they are — with descriptions a la the fashion magazines.



Unmistakably French...

What to wear on Sunday when you won't be home 'till Monday. "This afternoon I'm invited to hear *her* address the General Assembly and after the press conference we're off to meet the Ambassador for tea . . ."

Left: Flowering enchantment in navy silk crepe de chine.
 Right: More a mood than a way of dressing. Unmistakably French . . . captured in kinetic clothing for women with a delicious sense of themselves.





Filmy festival — the pleated nylon sleeves of our slim shining gown are so sheer they float around you in slow motion— make you seem the most graceful woman on earth..



Naughty-naughty, just right on a nubile bod like yours. Nifty headgear is satin nylon and dacron with witchy lace . . .

Symphony in motion. Misty zigaline float with pretty bow. It's the soft wind of fashion, catching the drift of it all . . .



Toasty twosome so *together* — you just have to pose a little before your coat goes on. See-through lace makes matching bikini. Uninhibited together-knits eager to wing off to sun and fun country . . .

Our own special brand of glamour puts silvery bugle beads on a jet black blouse. Gray matte jersey pants complete the whole fabulous scene. **K**





THE JOGGENS (rush into Hotdog Square. They are little people with stocking caps and too-large raincoats dragging on the ground. They mob the hotdog stand.)

JOGGENS:

*We want your hotdogs,
We'll buy 'em all the time!
Because they look so yummy
Up there on your sign.*

SPACE GIRL:

*VICOED! VICOED!
You'll get ahead
Using VICOED!*

VENDER: *But tell us dear lady, what does it mean?*

SPACE GIRL:

*VISUAL COMMUNICATIONS EDUCATION!
It's revolutionary!
It's interdisciplinary!
It's sweeping the nation!*

VENDOR:

*You haven't told us dear lady
What's the source of this knowledge?*

SPACE GIRL:

*The source of this knowledge?
WESTERN WASHINGTON STATE
COLLEGE!*

George dashes blindly down the hall, arriving out of breath at the desk of the principal, Ms. Prim. Flailing his arms wildly in the air, George can only mumble incoherently.

But Ms. Prim seems more concerned with her lunch — a large dill pickle, a hard-boiled egg, half a sandwich, some raisins and a bottle of Lea & Perrins Worcestershire sauce.

"No money, George . . . The teachers won't change, George. Nobody likes change."

George, intensifying his convulsive behavior, mumbles

a good point.

"Well, when you put it that way," says the principal, "I suppose we do have the elementary essential beginnings of a rudimentary program here."

Mumble-gesture-mumble. Wild-eyed excitement.

She agrees to take his suggestion to the school board.

George, gushing with pleasure, grabs her hand, kisses it clumsily and does a leaping ballerina exit out the door.

"Cut!"

Anxious eyes and nervous smiles turn to the director for the verdict.

"Excellent!"

Hollywood? New York? On location in the far-flung Isles of Langerhans?

Hardly. The scene just described is part of an ambitious 45-minute feature film about Western's VICOED program. "The Answer's In Your Eye!" — tentatively scheduled for release in June — will represent nine months of hard work by over 50 VICOED students under the guidance of Dr. Ray Schwalm and a veteran Hollywood producer, writer and director.

The purpose of the film is twofold:

—A learning experience designed to acquaint students with the entire film-making process and;

—To promote the VICOED concept.

The prints will be purchased, hopefully, by visual communications businesses and then distributed by International Graphic Arts for loan out to teachers and educational institutions.

SCENE 51 — VICOED CLASSROOM (A class is in session.

Dr. Ray Schwalm is addressing them. . .)

DR. SCHWALM:

Essentially, VICOED is an expansion of graphic arts education, but it includes many other disciplines that are related, one way or another, with visual communication.

The VICOED program was founded at Western in 1965 as a pilot project funded by the Ford Foundation. Additional help came from Eastman Kodak, 3M Corporation and A&M Corporation. Under the guidance of Dr. Schwalm of the technology department, the project was approved in the spring of 1968 and commenced in the fall of the same year with 24 registered students. Now, less than six years later, there are 228 students registered in VICOED.

Schwalm envisioned a program that would encompass the entire communications field. He saw the interrelationship of graphics, design, layout, print, photography, video tape, film and the relation of these areas to such fields as technology, math, physics and psychology.

The result is an intensive, 210-credit program leading to a bachelor of science degree. And, unlike many college programs which train students for the unemployment lines, VICOED graduates are being eagerly gobbled up by the communications media and industry.

SCENE 51A — DR. SCHWALM'S VOICE (over graphics process montage):

... Industry needs visual communicators urgently... and not specialists, not anymore. They're calling for Generalists... This interdisciplinary approach is designed to give the student the broadest possible understanding of visual communication.

The movie got underway at the start of Fall Quarter after Eastman Kodak donated \$10,000 worth of movie equipment with the suggestion that the students make a film describing the VICOED concept.

The difficulties of coordinating a production of this scope are immense. The VICOED students needed an experienced film-maker who would be willing to teach eager novices how to proceed. Enter Jim Miller.

In his 18 years of involvement in television and motion pictures, Miller's credentials include several nominations for Emmy and Oscar awards. He has edited such films as "Rebel Without a Cause," "The Brave One," "Cleopatra," and "East of Eden." His writing credits include

"Little Fauss and Big Halsey" and numerous television episodes, including "Judd for the Defense," "Kojak," "12 O'clock High" and "Streets of San Francisco."

When Dr. Schwalm heard Miller speak at a conference, he knew he had his man. A nine-month production schedule was decided — three months each for writing, shooting and editing — with Miller commuting to Los Angeles 10 days per month.

A VICOED class of 30 put the script together Winter quarter, combining their diverse ideas into an imaginative, and slightly surrealistic, screenplay. The class shunned the documentary approach, which would have been less complex and costly, and committed themselves to a full theatrical production.

The message of the VICOED film is straightforward: Look at us — VICOED is providing students with skills industry desperately needs. The plot centers upon George, a slight, beaten-looking graphic arts teacher, who is unable to communicate with, and meet the vocational needs of his students.

SCENE 14 — (The students are lined up in a shivering queue outside a Soup Kitchen, their white uniforms tattered and soiled. A TV REPORTER wearing trenchcoat and fedora, carrying a handmike, comments on the scene in the deep, rumbling Voice of Doom)

TV REPORTER: There's bad news tonight, my friends. These poor wretches, and others like them around the globe, have come out of high schools and colleges believing they were trained to take their place in the Communications Industries. They were not. My friends, even as they toiled in their classrooms, industry grew, expanded, became more demanding. And now... innocent, fresh-faced youth... has found itself tossed on the junk-heap of life. Unprepared. Obsolete.

Through the intervention of such imaginative characters as Space Girl, Hotdog man, and the insistent television reporter, George is enlightened to the need for

Vicoed's "The Answer's
In Your Eye"
All Star Cast
5 Academy Awards







VICOED. At the end of the film he is bouncing ecstatically down the school corridor enlisting his colleagues to pool their resources for the program.

SCENE 68 – THIRD DOOR

GEORGE:

Come on Victoria. We need your drama and those speeches. You'll be in the movies Victoria, and everything!

VICTORIA:

The Movies! I'm ready! I've been ready for years! (She whips off the bun hair-do, revealing long red hair; the glasses go too and her dumpy coat! Underneath she is wearing a rhinestone Follies outfit.)

The question being answered this quarter is whether or not the production people can successfully translate on film what is called for in the script. At times, production appears to be an exercise in frustration. The first 553 feet of film that was shot was underexposed. Someone failed to read the light meter correctly. For a scene shot at the Intalco Aluminum Company an indoor film was used for an outdoor scene. Because the student film-makers must shoot scenes without the aid of a sound stage, air conditioners and barking dogs become major problems for the super-sensitive recording equipment.

Add to these difficulties the financial limitations imposed by a shrinking budget (dictating a film ratio of 5-1 – five feet of film shot for every one foot utilized – compared to a professional ratio of 20-1), the inexperience of the actors and the trial-and-error approach to the equipment and you wonder, first, why they are doing it, and, second, how on earth they are doing it.

The structure set up to facilitate production involves five basic groups, each in complete charge of separate segments of the movie. There are two stage groups, two interview groups and an animation group. Within this framework, there are five (or 17, depending on who you ask) directors, five producers, numerous sound technicians, lighting "experts," cameramen, grips, etc. Each person is one of these during any particular scene and most of these at some point in the production schedule. While this system is conducive to acquainting everyone with each aspect of the film process, it would hardly seem conducive to a coordinated effort.

During the shooting of a scene in the VICOED classroom the crew spent over an hour merely setting up. Stubbors shadows frustrated the lighting people; fuses acted up, circuits broke; the sound of the building's air conditioners was clearly audible; a dog barking outside threatened to totally disrupt things. The exasperation of the situation was expressed when someone sighed, "What a circus."

At such times one gets the impression that VICOED has taken upon themselves an impossible project. Many of the participants are sacrificing their other schoolwork to meet the time demands of the film.

The animation group may spend more time than the others. Thousands of drawings must be made for the simplest animated scene. Before the final drawings are completed countless layout sheets, character idea sketches and intermediate drawings must be done. Every movement,

from a simple smile to the intricacies of a running body, must be pantomimed and timed, translated to the peculiarities of the animated character, precisely drawn on transparencies and carefully filmed. About 12 drawings per second are needed, which means that a 52-second segment concerning a prehistoric visual communicator named Horace will require over 600 painstakingly produced drawings.

SCENE 19 – A HUMAN EYE (ANIMATION)

It blinks, the retina contracts, then expands. Now in the black pupil, see the reflection of a grazing Bison. Camera pulls back revealing that the eye belongs to a caveman: Horace.

HORACE – FULL SHOT

Turns and runs toward a cave.

INTERIOR – CAVE

THE CAVEPEOPLE look at Horace blankly.

HORACE – frustrated, anxious, jumps up and down.

THE CAVEPEOPLE – don't get it.

HORACE – in desperation, dashes to the fire, grabs a piece of charcoal, runs to the cave wall, and begins sketching a bison on the stone.

THE CAVEPEOPLE – understand at once, snatch up weapons, rush out of the cave . . .

And yet, despite the inexperience, despite the dwindling funds and the enormous time burden, there most definitely IS a complex and exciting film being produced on the Western campus. Some scenes may take longer to shoot than they would if a professional crew were in charge, but they are being shot, and with as much attention to detail as scenes from a high-budget spectacular. Enthusiastic VICOED students are transcending their limitations with, as one student simply put it, "a lot of hope and faith and sweat."

AND, in addition to the obvious educational benefits the students are gaining from the experience, they are, from every indication, having an incredibly fine time in the process.

HOTDOG SQUARE – CLOSE ON THE HOTDOG SIGN.

But now it flashes: VICOED in big letters, camera pulls back to see the entire cast and crew of the movie, on the hotdog set, dancing a vicoed number:

VICOED! VICOED!

YOU'LL GET AHEAD

USING VICOED! (etc.)

CAMERA AT LAST TILTS UP TO: THE TOP OF THE VICOED SIGN: where Space Girl stands with her arms spread.

SPACE GIRL:

(shouting over the music below) We have been visually communicating with you for the last forty-five minutes!

VERY CLOSE – SPACE GIRL:

Remember . . . the Answer's in your Eye. (She giggles, winks broadly.) MOVE IN, CLOSE TO HER EYE, THEN: MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A STYLIZED EYE (ANIMATION) – It blinks open. Inside are the credits for the film. When credits end, the eye closes and we: . . . FADE OUT.

k

Where Mama Sunday's should have been, you stumbled on a roomful of praying people. Hands were lifted up, faces rapt, eyes shut, and voices sang, "Thy loving kindness is better than life." Or, instead of seeing worship, a brother may have been telling about how God brought his parents to Jesus. Or you may have heard the leader exhort them not to "play games with God."

What follows is the story of that group, a group facing hard lessons. It is told by the leader, Brady Bobbink, 22-year-old Western graduate with degrees in English, speech and education, who leads the Campus Christian Fellowship.

Last year, the Christians had it good, with interest high and a lot of publicity. Since their peak attendance of about 160 people at the beginning of February, Brady faces a drop in the number of Friday fellowshippers. He blames the drop on a longer meeting time (four hours now), and a heavier message, and he's quite happy to have only the committed stay.

The group started small almost two years ago when five men, Brady among them, felt the need for Christians to gather together for strength. At about this time, early risers on their way to nine o'clock class had to steer clear of an annoying religious quartet. Though none of the original carolers sing now, Red Square sees 60 to 70 people raising cheerful morning voices to God. Many of these Christians are those who attend CCF on Friday nights.

Almost immediately the group began having its share of such brother-sister quarrels such as who their leader should be (if they needed a leader), or how they could sit saying "alleluia" instead of helping in the canned food drive. Members will tell you that conflicts were resolved by the love of the Holy Spirit. So in the spring of 1973, the group grew in number and Christian activists grew bolder.

It was last year that young Bible-wavers preached Jesus from the fountain at noon, and talked of the Savior in lecture halls until the administration stopped them. Church-going students denounced campus preachers over dinner and wrote fiery letters in the Western Front. Except for two

Where Have All The Christians Gone?

By Janice Perry



Jesus concerts, Christians this year have not been in the news.

So I asked Brady, full-time Christian worker in Bellingham, the reason for this year's evangelism shortage. He gave me two, and the first is that Christians are lukewarm.

"lukewarm?"

"Christians who can't separate themselves from the world," he answered. "To them, Christ is still a mystical trip, a stained glass window. They've never allowed Christ's Spirit to change them. For me, it was very hard to accept Christ. When I came

out of high school, I bagged my parents' standards." Brady was involved in the anti-war movement in 1969, and "active in marches, dope, and hated the system."

Brady made a point of telling me that he was not in any way desperate when he accepted Christ, except in his soul. Just out of high school, Brady felt that education was the answer to all society's problems, and his purpose in life was to become a teacher. "My biggest goal my freshman year was to make 1015 High Street the kegger center instead of 1000 Indian."

Brady's last march to the Bellingham courthouse brought him to a change of thinking. "The word went around that if it came to confrontation with the police, we were to throw rocks. It was then I realized that I was a hypocrite. Our philosophy was to bring the war in Vietnam home to end it in Vietnam. Pretty stupid philosophy. The war wasn't in Vietnam, the war was in me. The hatred wasn't in men's hearts in Vietnam, but it was in me. The real problem was me."

Then his roommate Glenn, who continually cleaned up Brady's Friday night messes, brought Brady to a change of attitude. Glenn said that he was born again, something new to Brady.

When Brady went to a prayer meeting with Glenn, a Man named Jesus changed his heart. "I thought that becoming a Christian was weak. It is. It is a sign that you can't make it on your own. I prayed a real faith prayer: Jesus, if You really are who You say You are and if You really come into my life and change me, and if You show me that You are God, I'll never turn my back on You." Brady hasn't. The trouble comes, he said, when some churches make Jesus something weird. Then we don't have the responsibility of meeting Him."

But where have the strong Christians gone? "We have gone guerilla, underground, baby, and we're getting em one at a time," Brady said, divulging strategy. "Ambush!" This is the second reason for the lack of outright evangelism, but it doesn't mean that Brady is against the open preaching approach. He mourns its absence. "We are not as forceful, we have lost some of the sharpness of our punch."

"Why?"

"Because we're afraid people will get turned off."

I asked this outside agitator (a role he has yearned for since his protest days) why Western needs to be evangelized.

"People on campus are well-educated Americans, which means they've got new terms for old sins. We don't call it 'fornication' any more, we call it 'free love.' It's not 'drunkenness, but 'social club drinker.' It's not 'adultery,' but an 'affair.' Nice new names for all the old sins. The world is based



on an attitude, 'do your own thing.' "

"So," I asked, "What can a strong Christian do?"

"A professor continually challenges God's Word. It is the Christians responsibility not to preach, but to stand up and say the truth; not his truth, but God's. No person on this campus can take credit for it, but can be thankful that God opened their eyes to it.

The fellowship is armed at meetings. "We do what the Bible says," Brady said. "We gather to seek God. First we worship, we teach one another to lead godly lives; hating sin, but loving those caught up in sin. We must love sinners. That's what Jesus was like, wasn't He?"

"Jesus may have loved sinners," I said, "but so did a lot of other men. Isn't it kind of narrow saying that Jesus is the only way?" Brady answered emphatically, "Amen! It is narrow.

"Christians believe that there is goodness and there is Satan, and it is the choice of every human being to pick the road. No man can be perfect, and God demands perfection. God is like totally pure water, and the stain of sin cannot be added. Jesus is the perfect Lamb of God who received a capital punishment for man's imperfection.

"Every person that believes in Jesus is then made perfect in God's sight. Jesus said, 'I am *The Way, The Truth, and The Life*. No man can come to the Father *except he come through Me*.

Every person who reads this article is to determine whether Jesus is a liar, or a lunatic, or God, and the determination decides your eternity."

"Let's get off my salvation and back to the Christians. Why is CCF

breaking down?"

"Some people just want to go to church on Sundays and they don't want to go to fellowships that are calling them to a deeper walk. They're on a going to heaven — waiting for the rapture — bless me trip."

I asked Brady what CCF does about going to help the sick and hungry world, other than praying and singing. "Not enough," he answered.

"What we are doing — or hopefully, what the Lord is doing through us — is working with juveniles and old folks. There are 14 old folks homes in this city, and two hospitals. There are hundreds of juveniles. The old people are dying from loneliness, a very excruciating disease. The young are dying from a lack of love. Brian Rennie leads an old folks ministry of 20 kids. We read, sing, and become friends. By showing love to those who are much wiser than we are, we will earn the right to share the hope of Christ.

"Scott Sessions, senior at Western, leads the outreach to the juveniles. Most of those kids from the juvenile court have never found love in the families, so they are embittered, they strike out at life. They are fighting a war for survival. In any war you want a buddy. CCF gets free help from downtown establishments and Western College to become their "buddy."

The fellowship has canvassed town and campus with petitions barring homosexuals from becoming foster parents, their most recent activity. From asking for signatures Brady learned that the college age generation has that damning pervading attitude of "do your own thing," which will bring total decadence and the judgment of God.

But Brady is sure of his future. "God doesn't lose. I know what's going to happen. I've read the end of the Book. God wins. What about you?"





loneliest 4 seconds

by D. STARBUCK GOODWYN

The jump master's staccato commands cut through the whisper of the feathered prop.

"Sit in the door!"
"Get out there!"
"Go!"

The commands are purposefully short and crisp. "Sit in the door" means exactly that. Sit in front of the open door with feet and legs outside the plane. "Get out there" and the jumper leans out the door, grasps the wing strut with both

hands, and waits for the signal "Go."

The command "Go" is accompanied by a smart slap on the jumper's thigh and suddenly the door is empty and another student sky diver is taking the loneliest trip of his life.

For four seconds he will plunge earthward, his speed doubling every second. Then if all goes well, the static line connecting his pilot chute to a stationary point inside the plane will pull the pilot, a tiny chute that hits the wind first, and

activate the main chute, and he'll be floating serenely towards the target.

An action-packed six hours ago, none of the seven Western students had ever worn a parachute or had instructions on jumping. The morning had promised beauty, with clear skies and no winds as we sat in the class and listened to Rocky Kenoyer explain the intricacies of the hobby.

"You will be using a modified military chute, and will not attain terminal velocity of 125 mph, so there will be no hard openings. The only time you may get a jolt is if

you have to go to your chest or emergency chute."

The words "emergency chute" cracked through the room like a pistol shot. *This was real!*

Rocky talked about emergency procedures and the group doubled their attentiveness. Note paper came out and pencils raced to record each word.

As he detailed each step the men would need to know, Kenoyer glided about the room with the silken movements of a judo artist. With almost a thousand successful jumps behind him, his coordinated grace has served him well.

He talked about accidents. "The Army studied 80,000 jumps and there were 22 malfunctions, 2 of which were of lethal potential. All 22 men followed correct emergency procedures and survived." Referring to the emergency chute, his slogan is, "When in doubt, get it out!"

Rocky's well-organized lesson plan, his articulate delivery and controlled nervous energy coupled with the excitement of the coming afternoon's jump carried the morning rapidly away. We broke from the campus for a quick lunch and a rendezvous at the jump site. Some of the men showed up amazingly fast and confessed they seemed to have lost their appetites.

Rocky and his business partner, Ken Eskebock, a former Western student, put the group through a two-hour drill in chuting up, falling from a stationary platform, ejecting from the plane and emergency procedures. Referring to use of the chest pack, Kenoyer noted drily that, "If the main chute fails, you're going for your last chute, so you better know how to use it."

Now it was jump time. They would jump from a Cessna 170, two or three students and a jump master each trip. We stood around and waited for the first two men to load up and they kidded around with me about not jumping. There was a lot of surreptitious wiping of sweaty palms on chutes, some pretty weak attempts at humor, and then they were loading.

From the ground the Cessna appeared as a vaguely outlined fragile cross. The engine dropped to a purr

and we saw a dot separate itself from the ship.

"No chute. It's way past time." I forced my gaze to my watch. Only three seconds. Unbelievable. I would have sworn at least three minutes had passed. A thin red streamer



showed as the pilot chute ripped out. We breathed.

The noise came like a sonic boom. A sighing, rippling crack and a round disk of the blue sky was replaced by the bright sun-orange and cobalt blue of a parachute.

The first jumper, Larry Hendricks, was steering his chute to the ground. Hand toggles allow the chutist amazingly accurate control of his descent, and Larry had learned his lesson well. He lined up on the target, a 20-foot diameter pea-gravel circle in the middle of a 15-acre field, and started his down-wind glide.

At a hundred feet we could see him clearly. He seemed to be coming down damnably fast, but Ken was unperturbed as he swung a big orange arrow that showed the sky diver which way to guide the chute.

Less than 5 minutes had passed since we saw his streamer when he hit ground with a solid thump a few short yards from the target. By the time I reached him he was already gathering up his chute.

The blue eyes were focal points of an excited laughing face. "Fantastic! Really great!" The words somersaulted from his mouth. "Can't believe it. Just the most exciting thing I've ever done. Man, I'm going again as soon as possible."

Duane Rice followed him down and the two talked excitedly about the jump. Duane said, "The beauty, the incredible beauty when you're just hanging up there looking at the countryside."

The next flight took students Evans Nicholson, Bernie Theroux, and Seth Ornstein. Due to increasing winds, Mike Carter and Craig Thompson would jump the following day. Then the reality of the sport caught up with Seth. A steadily rising wind carried him a hundred yards over the target and he landed near the end of the field. Running towards him, I saw him get up to spill the wind from his chute and suddenly go down again as his right leg gave way. The grotesque twist of his foot left no doubt of a broken ankle. As we carried him across the field on an improvised stretcher he gritted out, "Next time I'll wear boots." Then he grinned through his pain. "Looks like I'm hooked on a static line." **K**

..from time immemorial,"

By David Peterson



During the week of January 28 of last quarter the Viking Union Art Gallery was transformed from its modern American concrete and synthetic-fibered orange walls to the timelessness of Mexican popular folk art, ages old.

That week Thomas Ybarra of the University of Washington faculty brought his collection of Chicano arts and crafts to Western, sponsored by MECCA.

The pieces in the show were representations of folk art, a part of the culture of a land grown to the heights of the Aztec Empire and the invading Conquistadores and, as such, remains without the names of its creators remembered. "It is the art of a people, and not intended to be commercial art," said Evelyn Lopez-Valdez of the College of Ethnic Studies.

The artwork dated from the 18th Century to modern, but many of the forms and patterns took their origins

from Aztec times, Lopez-Valdez said. The purpose of the show was to display the Chicano experience from "kitchen to religion, the tradition and diversity of expression from times immemorial," she added.

"In the artwork are best seen and expressed the Chicano ideas of death and life, foods and the links to the past," she said. But dealing simply with the ideas and expressions of people it also brings out the flavour of the people that see it, she said. "I believe the great interest that people showed for the exhibit was due to the fact that people could relate to it."

Starting April 4, the well-known Chicano Theatre Group will be presenting live-form art in Louis Valdez' play, "La Carpa de los Rasquaches" (The Tent of the Underdog), showing the Chicano views of church, society, military and life and death. "Though our forms are old, they hold in them answers for the future," Valdez said.

k





GAMES

"Take your marks!"

What am I doing here? There is no way that I want to run a half mile today. Look at that guy in the third lane. He looks like he could fly.

Maybe if I start to lose ground that old hamstring injury will come back. But what if I'm gaining ground and it comes back?

Wow!!!! I've got to get out of here.

What's going on in my stomach? I think I'm going to throw up.

"Set!!!!!"

Well this is it. There's no turning back now.

Why do my legs always start to shake about this time?

Why doesn't the creep shoot the gun? I can't stand here all d'.....

"Bang!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

What is this? These guys must think they're running a 220. Oh, well, they have to slow down eventually. Don't they??

Just a hundred yards to the end of the first lap. Things are starting to get a little tight. I wish I had warmed up a little better.

One lap to go – now it gets tough. 300 yards left. My lungs feel like they're on fire.

I'm in third place. Maybe I can hold on to it. Hell, third isn't bad.

Only 220 yards left. I don't think I can make it. I can't breathe. Oh, God, what am I doing here!!!! I can hear the guys behind me. They're catching up!

160 yards to go. I feel like I'm running backwards. Someone is moving up next to me. I've got to hold him off!! The man in front of me looks like he is in worse shape than I am. Maybe I can catch him.

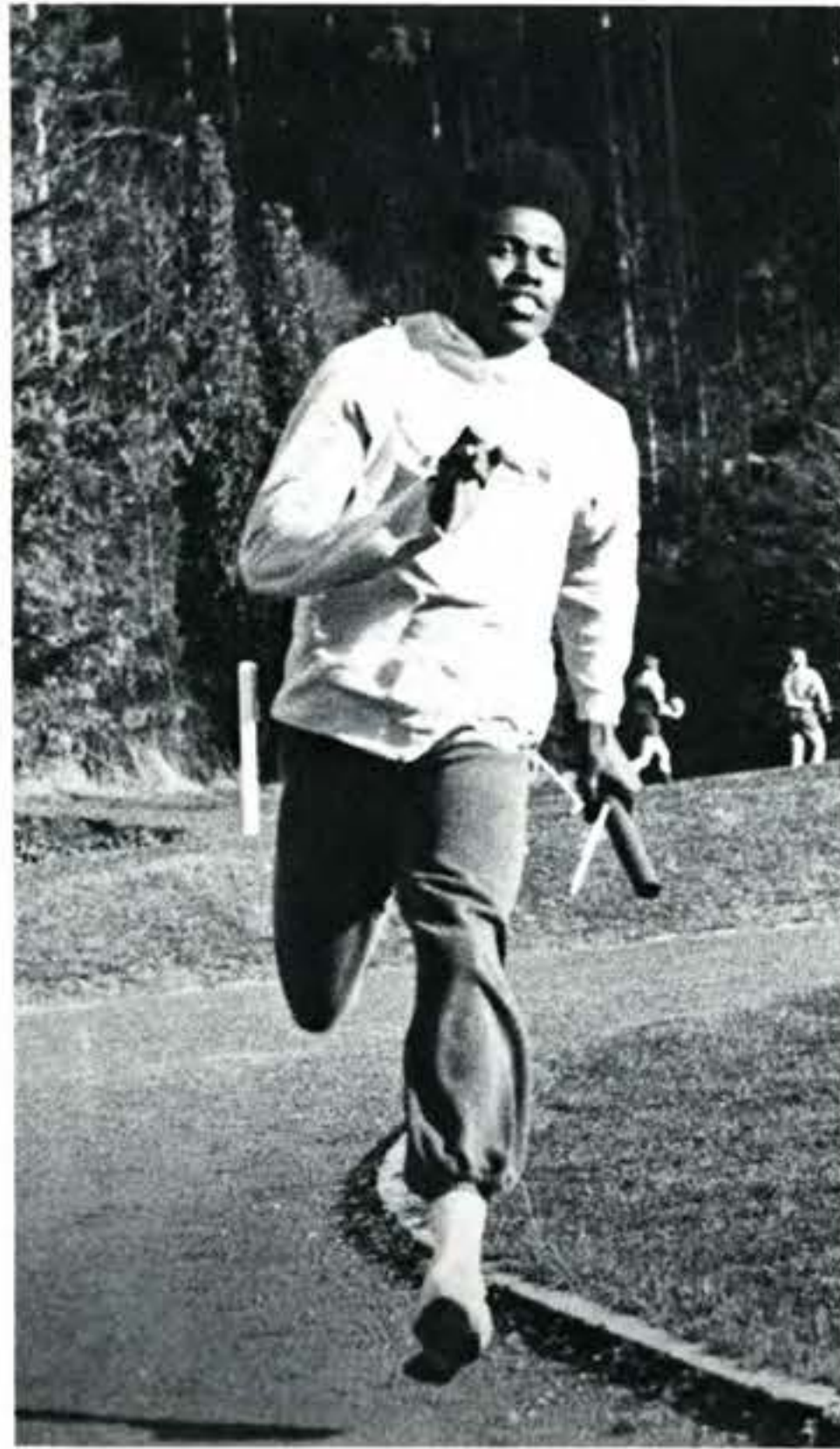
50 yards left. They say that when you get to this point, it gets a lot easier. It's a lie. I don't think I'm going to make it!

Someone passed me about five yards from the finish line, but I caught the man in front of me at the line and finished third anyway.

The man that finished behind me stumbled on his last step, went down and took me with him. I lay there for what seemed like a very long time.

I can't get up, or is it that I don't *want* to *get* up?

Some one is trying to help me up. He wants me to walk around. I have just run myself into a state of self destruction and this clown wants me to go for a walk! Anyone that would try to get a person that has just run a half mile to stand up and



walk around couldn't have any brains.

Uh oh! here comes my breakfast. Oh, Jesus, look at it! I guess eggs are not the best thing to eat the morning before a race.

At least I can stand up now. What?! Sure I can run the mile relay. How long have I got? We'll kill 'em, I can't wait.

This little bit of insanity is something that is familiar to anyone that has run a quarter mile or longer in competition. This particular race was run during my freshman year at Everett Community College. I was thrust into the race because of an injury to the only half miler on the team and because the coach was having a hard time finding a place for me on a talent laden veteran team.

I had never run a half mile before and I was scared to death. I was a quarter miler in high school, but for a chance to run in this particular meet, I would have thrown the shot.

Looking back, it's strange to me why I even bothered to show up at all. The coach told me that I could run if I wanted to, but that he didn't really expect too much considering my inexperience and preparation. To not run though, never entered my mind. It is not until recently that I began to give some serious thought as to why I ran that race, or the dozens that have post-dated it.

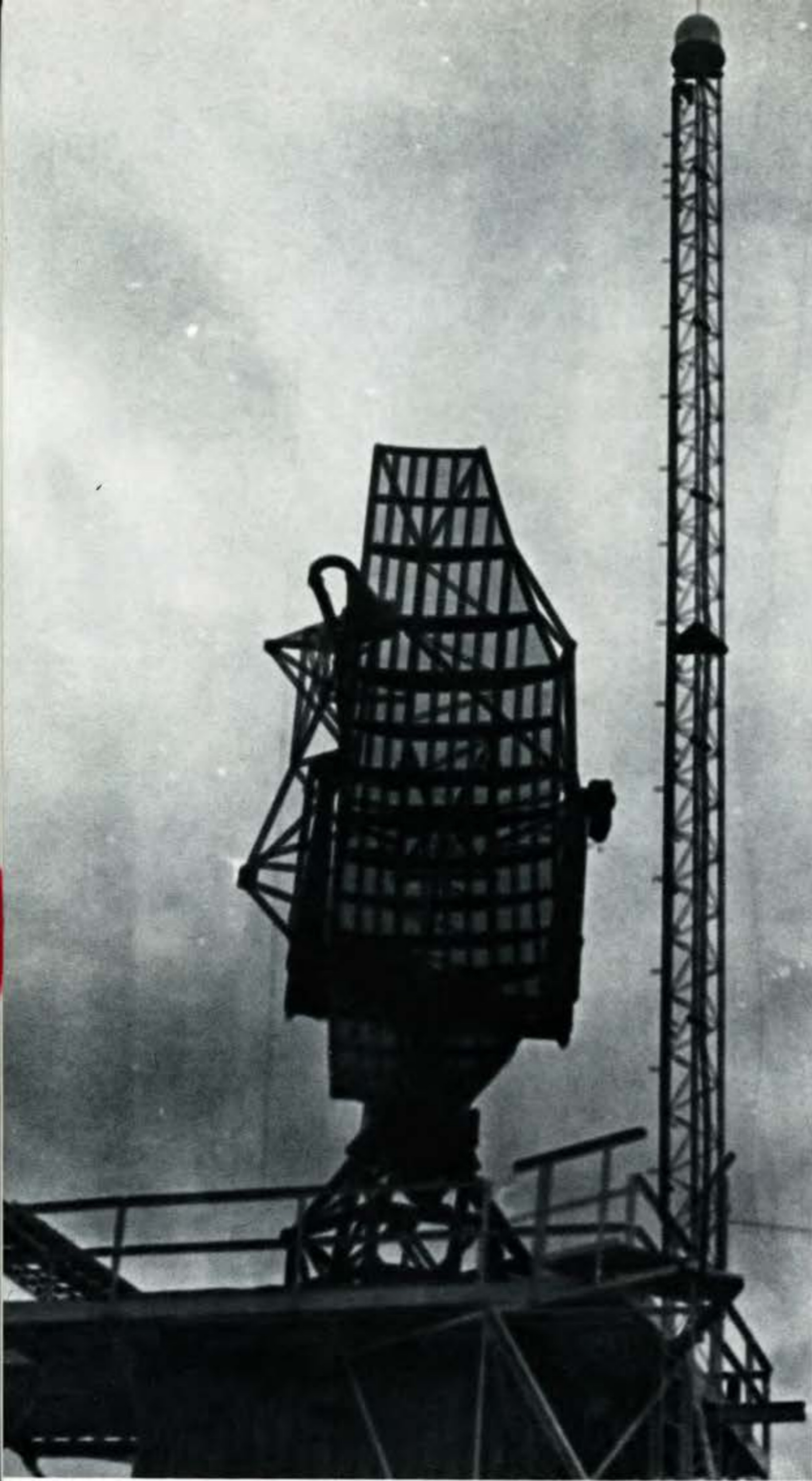
Why do runners run? Why do basketball players spend endless hours trying to become proficient at putting a large round ball through a small metal hoop in the sky? Why do football players subject themselves to all manners of self destructive activities on the gridiron.

This strange fixation with the competitive act is not limited to age or sex. There are great numbers of women that subject themselves to the same rigors as their male counterparts.

The answer has become very clear to me since that day in Everett. There is nothing in all the world of sports that can equal the thrill of doing something that you have never done before.

For someone this could be just making the team. For another person, it could be a world record or an Olympic medal. The difference is one of degree. Regardless of the accomplishment, great or small, the thrill is still the same.





EYES NORTH

By Duane Wolfe



As we pursue our daily lives, and undisturbed night's sleep, a small band of dedicated Americans scan the sky for incoming death. Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, an inner-locking complex of super-sophisticated electronic equipment searches for signs of approaching peril.

Typical of American Defense Commands line of radar stations is Blaine Air Force Station. Located near the town of Blaine, Washington, the station operates with less than two hundred military and civilian personnel. "In order to keep things running, we employ seven major electronic skills," explained Michael McAloon, public information sergeant. "... then of course we have to have the ordinary skills it takes to keep any base going. Cooks, supply people, personnel, etc. . . ."

The Personnel Officer is Lt. Eileen Quinn, the first military woman to be stationed at Blaine. One look at the petite officer convinces one that the military is indeed undergoing rapid change. Lt. Quinn, a graduate of Oneonta State College in New York taught school for a year before taking a commission in the Air Force. She plans to take graduate work at Western, "... after I get the feel of the job."



Inside a cement 'blockhouse' crammed with complicated electronic gear, Leroy Eggers, a civilian that conducts equipment training spoke about his job. "In a lot of respects it's like any other job. The pay is OK and the security is good, but I think we all feel a little more responsibility because we know the importance of what we're doing.

John Orvos, a 22 year old NCO from Seattle says he isn't sure if he'll stay in the service when his hitch is up, but feels the 36 weeks of Electronics school will be a help, whatever he decides to do. "I know we're doing something that's needed up here and I'm proud to be a part of it."

Outside, we watched the 'heightfinder' antenna relentlessly sweep the sky. The gyrating grid worked like a bird dog. Sniffing, pausing, evaluating a piece of puzzling information and searching again.

Functioning to prevent any unpleasant surprises from the now pleasant sky, the great eye that scans our northern skies and the men and women responsible for our safety make a smooth cohesive team at Blaine Air Force Station. **K**



