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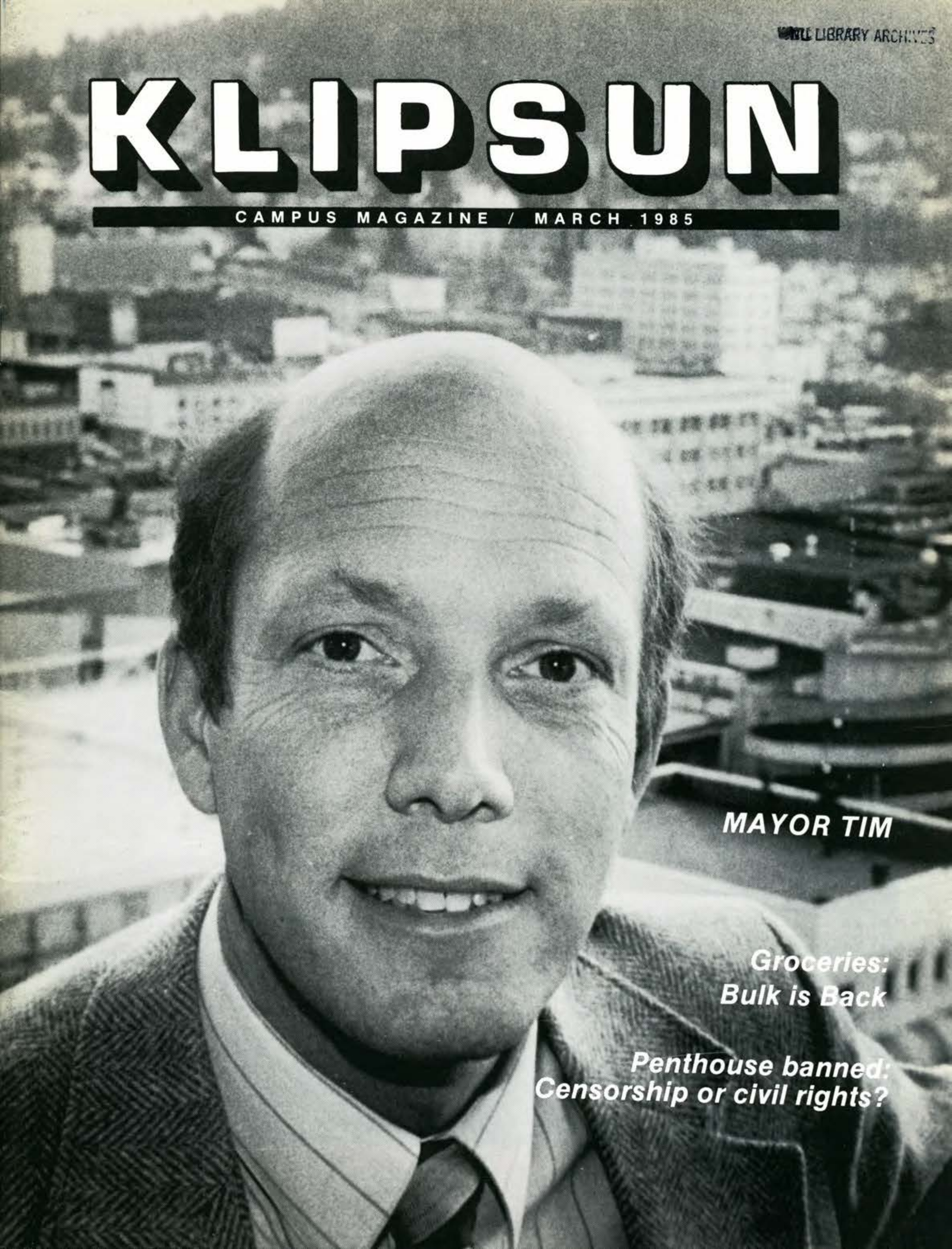
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KLIPSUN

CAMPUS MAGAZINE / MARCH 1985



MAYOR TIM

*Groceries:
Bulk is Back*

*Penthouse banned:
Censorship or civil rights?*

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

KLIPSUN

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Cover: This is the city. That is the mayor. What is the point? See story page 14.

Back cover: Bob Whittaker stands ready to serve under his Shrimp Shark. See story page 26.

Klipsun Photos by John Klicker.

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eight-month-old
mystery — did it
harbor an extra-
terrestrial secret?
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KEEPING the aged in touch. Page 8.

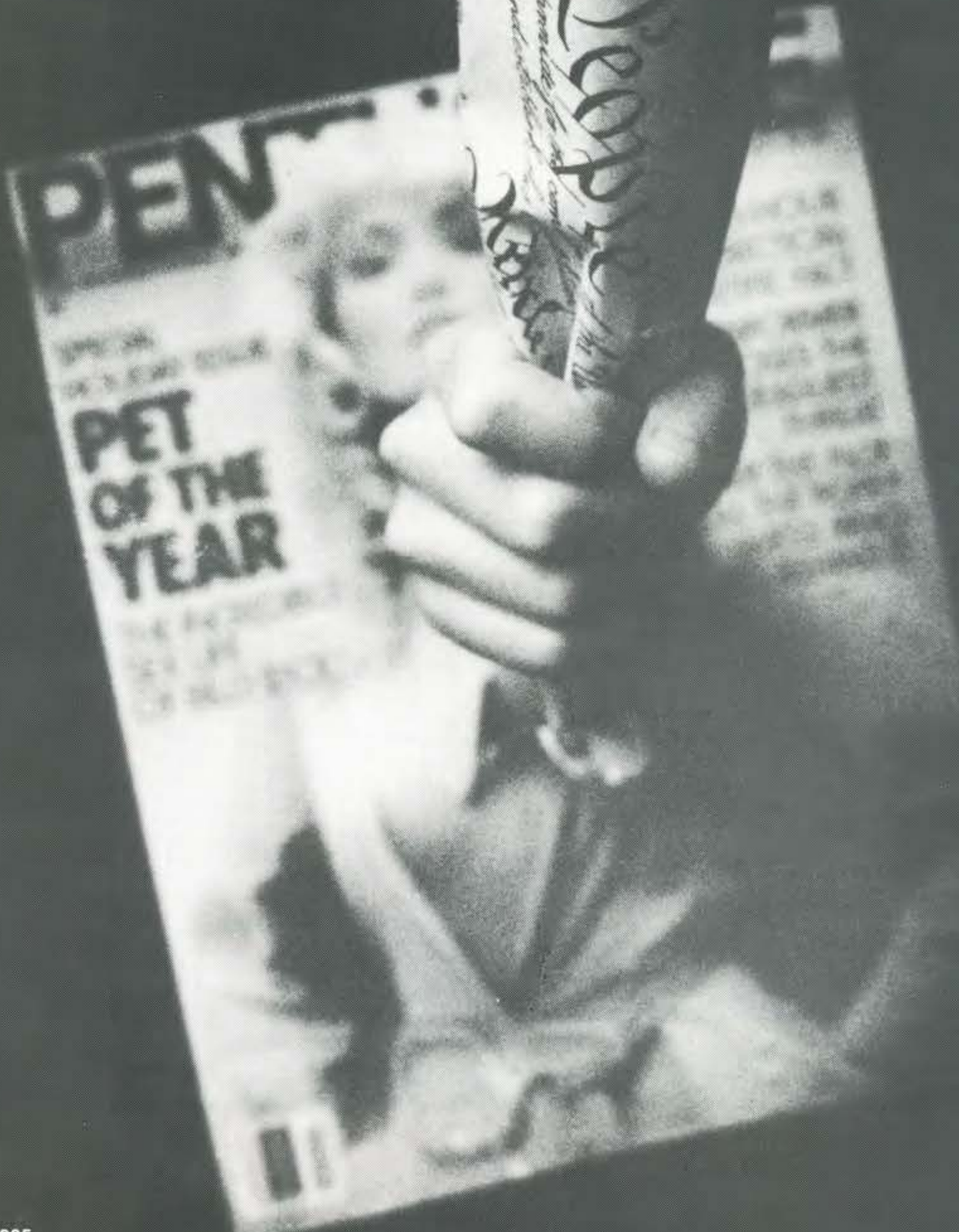
March 1985
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KLIPSUN



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The Best People
include domestic Trainers, breeders, and exhibitors, and our Best of Shows, All Breeds and All Breeds.

PENT

PET OF THE YEAR

RIGHTS

Pornography, Violence and the First Amendment

By DIANE DIETZ

IN AN EFFORT TO "EDUCATE" students, the Associated Students Board of Directors suspended sales of *Penthouse* magazine at the student bookstore last quarter.

"A magazine like *Penthouse* promotes violence and degradation as normal sexual behavior," A.S. Secretary/Treasurer Yvonne Ward said.

The ban isn't an isolated event. Nationally, groups are looking at attitudes and challenging publications they see as promoting objectionable attitudes.

Lyle Harris, a member of the Washington Coalition Against Censorship, said, "It's a more conservative climate than it has been in 10 years, and there is a heightened awareness of attitudes in society."

In a similar vein, Eldon Mahoney, sociology professor and author of the textbook *Human Sexuality*, said, "We're in a generally conservative era where prohibition, censorship and dictation of conservative values

is considered appropriate activity."

Harris said he isn't surprised by the board's action. "The more conservative eras always produce more attempts at censorship."

In a recent Associated Press report, Robert Doyle, assistant to the director of the Office of Intellectual Freedom, said the number of challenges to publications (not all resulting in bannings) had held steady at about 300 a year for several years, but last year more than 900 challenges were reported to the American Library Association. "And it looks like that trend will continue," Doyle said.

Claudia McCain, Bellingham library director, said she has seen no increases in book challenges in the last year, but the library does not subscribe to *Penthouse*, *Playboy* or *Playgirl*. They don't, she said, because the issues are quickly taken from the library and not returned. In fact, she said, when she worked at the Longview library, the issues were so popular they seldom made

it out of the back shop.

In Washington, groups have concentrated their efforts on sexually explicit magazines. Last spring, the Kirkland-based Together Against Pornography succeeded in convincing Albertson's to cease sales of *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler*.

In August, the University of Washington's bookstore removed *Gallery*, *Playgirl*, *Penthouse* and *Playboy* from its racks.

The action at Western began when Tim Baker, coordinator of the Peace Resource Center, asked the A.S. Board to remove *Penthouse* from the bookstore because of the December 1984 issue.

The issue had an exquisitely photographed, four-page spread featuring women bound by rough ropes; women naked, and crumpled corpse-like across seascape rocks; and clothed women hanging by rope from trees.

BILL OF RIGHTS

Grant said the board's action was "emotional, reactionary." He said he didn't realize it at the time, but "some board members were riding on the emotional appeal that night. They thought they might be able to get all issues containing pornography banned."

Grant said he thinks it's the board's duty to "take on issues greater than our campus," and Ward and Ryherd "feel it's alright to use their positions to make a statement," but, he said, "most of the board members would be offended if they were told they were acting like the Moral Majority."

Ward affirmed she believes it is the board's job to consider pornography. She said: "We're taking care of our own little corner right here—let's clean up our own area."

Ryherd said even if Baker hadn't presented the *Penthouse* issue, the board would have eventually discussed removing the magazines.

"I knew the issue would come up because we were going to bring it up," Ryherd said. Ryherd and Ward had attended a U.S. Student's Association conference this summer, at which pornography on college campuses was considered, and they came back determined to do something about the pornography here, Ryherd said.

The two women say they object to *Penthouse* and *Playboy* for two reasons: Because the magazines promote violence toward women and degrade women. They say it's a civil rights issue.

"*Penthouse* presents a clear and present danger to the women of this campus. It's saying dead women are sexy," Ward maintained.

Ryherd said, "Any time one person hurts another person you're taking away somebody's right to live without pain."

"If the violence against women can be reduced or stopped by restricting pornography, then that's more important than some man going and getting off on pornographic movies."

Mahoney confirmed violence against women is a serious problem, backing up his assertion with a series of startling statistics: "There are three and one-half million rapes per year in the U.S., and that's only of women. Eighty percent of all women

will be a victim of attempted or completed rape. Twenty-five percent of all college-age men have attempted or completed a rape, and those are probably conservative estimates."

Whether pornography encourages violence against women is not clear. "It depends on which expert you hire," Sgt. David MacDonald of the Bellingham Police Department said.

He said the types of pornography found in the possession of people who have committed sex crimes is "not the *Penthouse* and the *Playboy*, not the run-of-the-mill stuff."

Carlotta Jarratt, a detective who investigates sex crimes for the Bellingham Police Department, said, however, "I can't show you research but I can't help but think if you show violence like that (in *Penthouse*) it encourages it, though perhaps not in healthy people. A healthy mind will just be thoroughly disgusted."

Mahoney said, "There's no evidence at all that viewing sexually explicit material predisposes one to sexual violence."

In an unusual move, board members brought the issue up that night. "It wasn't even on the agenda," Dana Grant, A.S. Director of Communications said. "It happened so quickly." The board suspended *Penthouse* sales immediately, and scheduled public hearings. But two members of the board, Ward and A.S. President Majken Ryherd, say they are in favor of permanently banning *Penthouse* from the bookstore, and perhaps *Playboy* and *Playgirl* also.

Exposure has two outcomes. Both are anticipated by general behavioral principles; either can be a response to a variety of stimuli.

First, exposure tends to "disinhibit" people. It lowers inhibitions toward the depicted activity. "People are more likely after viewing taboo activities to engage in a taboo activity," Mahoney explained. Other things that lower inhibitions, such as alcohol or being in a strange place (Vietnam studies show), can result in violence, he said.

Second, sexually explicit material "increases the propensity to violence if it disgusts you and it decreases your propensity to violence if it turns you on," Mahoney said. What this means, he said, is people who are most offended by sexually

explicit material are the ones most in danger of being inclined to aggressive behavior as a result of viewing it.

Even though Mahoney is concerned about the extent of sexual violence, and he acknowledges a link between sexually explicit material and aggression, he isn't in favor of restricting the material.

"The blaming of sexually explicit material for the problem, and it is a serious problem, is a cheap shot. Pornography is easy to attack, and because it's sleazy, it's easy to get other people to agree with you. But, if we are really serious, we'd deal with the roots of the issue of how males are socialized in American society. They are socialized to be rapists by instilling the male role—that emphasis on control, power, success, goals; and the idea that males have rights of sexual access to women."

Restriction would further have a negative side effect, he predicted, explaining that unlike ever before in America's paternal society, "erotica has made female sexuality okay."

Restricting it now "clearly tells women your sexuality as defined in traditional American society is dirty, bad, nasty, but what it doesn't do is clearly communicate to men that the objectification and abuse of women is inappropriate."

And he does not trust the judgment of censors. "It amazes me that we can't distinguish erotica from sexually explicit material that abuses women . . . It's a strange society where if you show a woman's breast, it's x-rated, but if you cut it off, it's PG."

But, he said, he doesn't expect *Penthouse* to continue themes of violence against women. "It simply doesn't sell."

"It was run in December's issue because *Penthouse* understands that you can sell people something that's a little weird, a little different—the layout had titillation value—it's the same reason we slow down to see an auto accident. But it's easy to satiate people quickly with that stuff," Mahoney said.

At Western, Doug Frazier, A.S. bookstore general book department manager, said he ordered *Penthouse*, *Playboy* and *Playgirl* because they are among the five top-sellers on university campuses nationwide. Before the ban he sold about 15 copies

CENSORSHIP

per month. "About the same number of people are buying *Newsweek* as are buying *Penthouse*," he said.

Frazier said that when he was first approached to remove the magazine he refused. "I didn't want to remove them because there is a demand for them on campus."

He said it is his observation that the magazines feature only a small proportion of photographs compared to total content, and "if people want to see those pictures, they can spend the same money and see more of it," in more hard-core magazines.

"Soft" sex material, however, sells. In his *Human Sexuality* text, Mahoney wrote: "The softcore magazine market in the United States is substantial. In 1981, the 10 best-selling magazines had a total monthly

circulation of over 16 million, and in 1979 they had brought in over \$500 million in profit."

Mahoney said people buy sexually explicit magazines because "it makes most people feel good, it turns them on and it's pleasing, and we tend to repeat those activities that make us feel good."

People who crusade against it aren't crusading against the material. They are crusading against what it symbolizes: "The destruction of a way of life they value," he said.

Crusades in American society have raged cyclically since the 1800s. "Liberal trends bring about conservative trends. The 1960s and '70s pushed the liberal views, until someone said, 'Look folks, we're on the brink of Rome!' And the movement starts back.

"Social movements against most everything come about when a segment of society sees that a lifestyle they value is being threatened. (Now), we see this in Reagan's reelection," he said.

Mahoney predicts the conservative movement will disintegrate by the end of the decade. Conservative leaders such as Jerry Falwell "want the general public to swallow the entire package, and they don't know when to shut up, so they alienate people, and eventually they throw the rascals out."

But until then, he does not favor restriction of sexually explicit material, "one of the prices you pay for living in a free society is having things in your presence that disgust you.

■ KLIPSUN

IMBERT MATTHEE

Who's to Say What's Obscene?

Whenever a publication is removed from the shelf on the basis of content, a host of legal questions arise. Publication is protected by the First Amendment: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or the press . . ."

The Supreme Court, however, has ruled that obscenity is not protected by the Constitution. The question, then, is what can be legally restricted, or what is legally obscene?

In 1948, the Ohio Court of Common Pleas wrote, "Obscenity is not a legal term. It cannot be defined so that it will mean the same to all people, all the time everywhere. Obscenity is very much a figment of the imagination—an indefinable something in the minds of some and not in the minds of others, and it is not the same in the minds of the people of every clime and country, nor the same today as it was yesterday and will be tomorrow."

Eldon Mahoney, sociology professor and author of *Human Sexuality*, said pornography, or as the court calls it, obscenity, is hard to define. "Pornography is what turns you on, erotica is what turns me on." It's a legal morass: "It's taking subjective evaluations and codifying them into law."

The Supreme Court has had great frustration in defining obscenity. Between 1957 and 1968 the court decided 13 obscenity cases, and issued 54 separate opinions in those cases.

In 1973, in *Miller vs. California*, the court established a three-part test for determining whether something is obscene. According to the Miller test, a jury must decide:

■ First, would the average person, applying contemporary community standards, find that the material, taken as a whole, appeals to the prurient interest?

■ Second, does the work depict or describe, in a patently offensive way, sexual conduct specifically defined by applicable state laws?

■ Third, does the work, taken as a whole, lack serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value?

Lyle Harris said he doesn't think *Penthouse* would meet the court's definition of obscenity. "For a long time *Penthouse* carried stories that were of social and intellectual value and under the laws of this state, a publication can't be identified as obscene without evaluation of the entire magazine," he said.

Mahoney, who informally samples student's attitudes in his human sexuality class, said the students here would not consider

Penthouse, taken as a whole, obscene.

Howard Harris, vice-president of the Whatcom County American Civil Liberties Union, isn't excited about the ban. The A.S. is a "private institution doing it on their own. They have a perfect right not to sell it," he said.

The statewide American Civil Liberties Union of Washington, however, protested University of Washington's book store, issuing statements including:

"The implications of the growing eagerness in society to limit the availability of what others can read and see is troubling, even though it is by individuals, even though it is constitutionally protected, and even though it is for the laudable goal of elimination of sexism. But one must consider what the next step will be—will another group ask stores to remove *Ms.* magazine for its support of abortion rights, or to remove books with unpopular political views?

"If only publications that offend no one were on sale, the bookstores would be empty. The values of free speech must apply not only to what we like to read, hear and see, but also to those we abhor." ■



'It's Important to Encourage
the Positive Here.'

Each morning at 10, Janet Kupka leads the residents through limbering

Story by Lori Mayfield

Photos by John Klicker

IF YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO collect Social Security, the chances are one in five you'll be spending at least some of it in one of the nation's 17,000 nursing homes.

One-and-a-half million Americans did in 1980. Their average length of stay was 2.4 years.

"Few, if any, will leave: Only 20 percent will return home. Some will be transferred to hospitals, but the vast majority will die in the nursing home," Moss Halamandaris wrote in his book *Too Old, Too Sick, Too Bad*.

Only half of nursing home residents can walk; a little more than half are mentally impaired; more than a third can't control their bladders, he wrote.

Not only are they sick and immobile, most are alone. "More than 60 percent have no visitors at all," Halamandaris found in his 14-year study, beginning when he was a member of the Senate Committee on Aging.

Sick, immobile and alone, the question is: What are these people doing besides eating, sleeping and waiting to die? ■

JANET KUPKA AND HER THREE-person activities staff are charged with keeping alive the minds in the bodies of the 137 residents of Seahome Park Care Center.

Sehome residents depend on Kupka to keep their minds and bodies active. It isn't always easy. The patients are here because they can no longer function in the outside world. Some may be alert but unable to care for themselves; others aren't able to hold a conversation, she said.

Kupka must plan activities to stimulate all the varied awareness levels. Many of the tasks seem child-like, but are designed to keep the residents in touch with reality.

Although some of her methods seem at an elementary level, "they need to be treated as adults. It's hard sometimes because many of them act like children. But these people have given up everything—their homes and their control over their lives. My staff and I try to give them a choice or ask their opinion whenever we can," Kupka said, her big, brown eyes intense.

Exercises are done each morning to keep old muscles stretched and supple. All the

residents sitting, most in wheelchairs, reach and bend.

Kupka begins the exercise session by telling them the day's date. Echoes of the date bounce across the room. Her voice is raised so everyone can hear. She keeps a cheerful note in her voice as she leads the exercises, often encouraging observers to join in. But many still just watch.

After exercise session, it's time for a break. Most residents sit quietly, watching Kupka and her staff serve coffee.

The next activities are an awareness group for the less aware residents and a women's social group called "R and R" for the more aware.

The residents in the awareness group have little memory, so they are asked such simple questions as: "What is your name?" "What day is it?" "What season is it?" As Kupka enters, her assistant activities director is asking a woman what her favorite poem is. She doesn't understand, so he repeats himself. She can't remember one. He asks another woman. She asks him to read one her father used to read to her. The woman next to her is grunting loudly as she changes the clothes on



Janet keeps residents involved in the community with such projects as volunteering time to fold *The Safety Book*.

her doll. The first woman now is singing and bouncing her fingers across the table as the aide begins to read. Kupka leans to go on about her duties.

Her next stop is in the "Sehome Room" and "R and R." This is a session where patients get together to talk about a subject to see what they can remember. Today's subject is games they played as children.

One woman remembers "Run Sheep Run," but forgets how it was played. They all remember tag and hide-and-go-seek.

Another woman said, "I remember there used to be hopscotch squares drawn on the sidewalks everywhere. You don't see that anymore."

But "R and R" comes to an end and it's time for lunch. As the group gets ready to leave, another activities person reminds them next week it will be "Name That Tune Day." They all express approval.

One woman said, "That will be fun, but don't play any rock and roll."

Another said, "Rock and roll isn't music. It's a beat with a bunch of loud noises with it."

Throughout the "R and R" session, a resident keeps saying, "I don't know where to go. I don't know how to get home." She is told she'll be going to lunch soon and she is home. She tries to get out of her wheelchair, but she is belted in. She looks around with a



For less active members, coffee socials are a chance to be in the company of others.

sense of helplessness in her eyes.

"I get real satisfaction when I see someone who is confused and I can help them," Kupka said.

"Some of them forget where their room is or that they just had lunch. When I take them to their room or remind them they just had lunch, it's wonderful to see the look of appreciation in their faces. That's what gives me satisfaction in my job.

"It's important to encourage the positive here. There are definitely times when you're pulling your hair out, but you just have to take a step back and look at the situation.

"The burnout rate in this kind of job is very high. You're giving all day long. You're constantly reassuring and directing. I always manage to get my reserve back. I try to make an effort to do things that give me satisfaction, such as going to conferences and workshops. I love getting new ideas — you know, something fresh so that it doesn't become a routine.

"Sometimes, it's hard to keep a few of them busy. As soon as we finish one thing, they're ready to start something else," she chuckles, revealing a row of straight white teeth.

Kupka said she has had no special training for her job. She has a bachelor's degree in home economics and has taken several

"To work in a place like this you have to be flexible. It's kinda like being a juggler."

**— Janet Kupka,
activities director**



Maude Burchette displays some of the baked goods with which the Sehome Park activities group raised more than \$100 benefiting the Statue of Liberty.

courses in recreation.

"They're trying to make things more professional by creating a program for a degree," she said. "But nursing homes don't pay very much, so it is hard to get trained people."

Kupka tries to keep herself posted on new developments by attending conferences and workshops. She also reads as much literature on the subject as she can.

Volunteers play a big role in her success. They help give the residents individual attention. Nearly 80 Western students donate

their time, as do 15 senior citizens, she said.

"To work in a place like this you have to be flexible. It's kinda like being a juggler. You need to be patient and understanding.

"You have to learn to accept what goes on here as part of life. There's a lot of disability, pain, confusion and death.

"There's highs and lows. I imagine it happens in every job. You will experience periods when you get tired, but something will just spark you again.

"Some days this place doesn't seem like a nursing home. There's so much going on. I swear we walk miles in one day running up and down these halls. When I go home, I fix dinner and then usually I'm so tired I fall asleep," she explained, rolling her eyes.

"But," she said, "you get a lot back from the residents. It's worth it when they say 'thank you.' There's a lot of love in a place like this."

■ KLIPSUN

BULK FOOD

Old-time Drystores Revisited



Courtesy GALEN BIERY

The early-century approach.

By LYNN HERSMAN

FEET TAP OUT A STACCATO beat along the boardwalk, dust curling from the hooves of passing horses. A large wooden sign announces "The Corner Grocery."

Sunlight spatters across the glass windows as you step through the door into the long, narrow room. In the dusky interior, the men, smelling faintly of whiskey and sending up blue wisps of cigar smoke, gather around the pot-bellied woodstove.

The aroma of spices mix with the fragrant cheeses with a dash of kerosene from the flickering lanterns that push the shadows into dimmer corners.

On the oiled plank floor, worn velvety by the feet of shoppers, sits a glass counter aglow with spiral all-day suckers; jars of stick candy; the reds, yellows and greens of the jaw breakers; and chocolate with walnuts atop.

In front of a long counter covered with produce sits a row of sawed hickory barrels; slats held together by steel bands.

A drop of vinegar splatters from a spigot on the front of one barrel. Beside it sit barrels of sugar, flour and lard; between these stand five-pound bags of salt. Dried beans, macaroni, rice, and cereal flank the dried fruits wrinkling together in yet another barrel. Above the kegs of peanut butter and sauerkraut are smaller barrels concealing coffee and crackers. Arrayed on the counter itself are five-gallon glass jugs of pickles bobbing up and down.

Canned goods and packaged items reach across the wall behind the counter, spread from floor to ceiling. The clerk, clad in a white shirt and heavy tan apron, moves a ladder back and forth across the wall as he fills an order for the woman at the counter.

"I used to buy crackers for my mother, they were bigger, you know. We didn't buy them by the pound. She used to send me for 25 cents worth, that was a lot back then, a whole big bag," recalled Mary German, 72, her round face smiling from behind silver glasses that reflect the strands of gray in her curly white hair.

Grocery stores have changed considerably since Mary shopped in them as a little girl.

They gleam, like the smiles of toothpaste commercials, under their fluorescent lighting. The permanence of wood has disappeared, replaced by shelves where row upon row of packaged goods compete for attention. While you roll your metal shopping basket up and down the aisles, you begin humming advertising jingles passing

product after product that television has shown you that you desperately need.

"All we had were small stores," Mary said, snuggling her feet deeper into shaggy blue slippers. "Packaged goods were a luxury item."

The corner grocery may have disappeared and the modern supermarket risen to take its place, but an element of the corner grocery has found its way back into the industry. At least seven local grocery stores have installed bulk food sections.

Ernie Ens, in charge of the bulk food program at Associated Grocers, points out, "Bulk foods has been around forever, usually as a section of health food items. It's just been upgraded into a department. Canada went away from health foods into a full-blown department, pushing it as savings."

Ens said Associated Grocers always is looking for new ways to top its competition. "Basically we just went and copied Canada's department," Ens said.

The average cost to a store installing bulk food is \$10,000, Ens said. Ennen's Mark & Pak decided to install bulk food because it was the growing trend and it increases sales, Brian Thompson, department manager, said. Steve Pake of Ferndale Mark & Pak said the store put in the department "to match competition and to give people the choice."

The choice seems to be what people have been waiting for.

"The minute we filled the barrels people wanted in to buy. It was instant success," Thompson said.

Many people believe bulk buying offers them quality at a cheaper price.

"A lot of people feel it's an economy move," mused Mary German's husband, Mike, 83 years furrowed across his brow as he sat rocking, thick hands clasped across the front of his striped bib overalls. "I've checked and some of their prices are higher," he said.

Each store said its bins were filled with name brand products: Mission pasta, Nalley chips, Brachs candies, and C&H sugars to name a few. Laurie Ryan of Fred Meyer's avoids the loss of label identification by comparing packaged prices to bulk prices on display chalkboards to show the savings.

If shoppers buy less expensive brands, such as Wetern Family or My-Te Fine, bulk food may be more expensive. When comparing bulk foods to their packaged counterparts, bulk prices tend to be lower or the same. For instance, Carnation Instant Cocoa



Mix averaged about 60 cents cheaper in bulk, but C&H sugar varied from no savings in bulk to a savings of seven cents.

As before, it pays to shop around before you buy. The buys, however, will never be as good as the ones Mike German got back in 1920. A pound of coffee was 15 cents, a five-pound bag of salt went for 25 cents, and sugar was six cents a pound. A 50-pound bag of flour was only 69 cents.

Savings is not the only thing that makes someone a bulk shopper. The ability to buy just the amount needed makes cooking easier for single people or couples. Most of the bulk shoppers do fall into the single or couple category.

"Most of them, I would say, are college age and elderly; (senior citizens) can buy just the amount they need and the college kids want munchies," Thompson said as he dumped birdseed into a barrel marked "No Sampling."

Ryan also said a lot of her business comes from college students' snack foods. "I have to fill the Doritos every day," she said.

From the wide variety of spices, baking items, coffee, candy, cereals, cookies, and snacks, most shoppers agree the snack items catch their eye most often.



IMBERT MATTHEE

Brian Thompson, center, Ennens Mark & Pak department manager, sits with Ken Donovan in the store's shimmering new bulk food department.

"I end up buying junk food," Chuck Reynolds, an Ennen's shopper said. "I buy too much and it never gets eaten."

One major concern is the freshness of the unpackaged products. All the stores have false-bottom barrels to make them appear to hold more than they actually do. Department managers also order new product between two and four times each week.

"I order three times each week. Every other item is filled every time I order," Thompson said. "We go through 200 pounds of coffee per week."

Mary German doesn't shop the modern bulk foods, though she admits she enjoys the smells.

"Oh, the spices, that's what I love, to go through and smell the cinnamon and the cloves," Mary said. But she worries about people dipping their hands into the bins. When she bought her crackers, in the early 1900s, only the clerk was allowed to scoop into the barrels and fill the paper sacks.

"Some people are skeptical that way with anything. It has been only a minimal problem," Thompson said. The state Board of

Health issues rules and regulations for operation of bulk food departments.

"We can come up with all kinds of possible problems," said Paul Chudek, from Bellingham/Whatcom County District Department of Public Health, an agency that is responsible for enforcing the regulations. "Tampering with the food, other people's hands in your food—but it's the same in the produce department or a salad bar. There are actually very few hazards involved. It's the perception of the people in the community."

The regulations are created by the state with consultation from the grocery industry. Most of the regulations deal with how the departments are to be set up and run, such as requiring an attendant at all times to clean, answer questions, enforce no smoking policies and discourage tampering.

Ens claimed, however, the health department has been unfair to grocers. In a recent series of regulations, the health department has required all stores to place items not cooked prior to eating in gravity-feed bins. These bins allow the product to flow down a

spout, eliminating customer contact with the merchandise.

Because of a shortage of these types of bins, the health department allowed the stores until Jan. 1, 1985, to comply.

Ens claims the bins are not in short supply and health officials stopped the action because they don't know what they're doing. Chudek said after allowing a 30-day grace period the health department began enforcement. Items not likely to flow through a gravity-feed system, such as cookies and sticky candies, have been excluded.

Concern about health was one of the reasons bulk food became packaged the first time around. The 1938 Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act requires foods to be pure, wholesome, safe to eat, honestly and informatively labeled and produced under sanitary conditions. All this required standardized processing procedures.

Businesses also realized they could expand their shares of the market through advertising: By influencing the consumer to buy certain brands, they could sell their goods directly instead of to a wholesale company that distributed everything as generic goods. Instead of selling flour to the consumer, they could sell Gold Medal Flour as the best brand.

These old pitfalls may have been avoided for the new bulk food industry. Products are still processed under standardized conditions, but simply packaged in larger quantities. It has also expanded markets for the businesses, allowing them to sell goods either by brand name or to the shopper looking for bulk economy. But the question of whether bulk is permanent or just a passing fad still remains open.

Local store owners agree bulk food has been here long enough to prove this time it will be permanent.

"If all the stores keep new items coming in, the departments clean, and good standards, it will stay," Karen Winney of Cost Cutter Market predicted. Ens thinks bulk food is permanent but says it will definitely evolve.

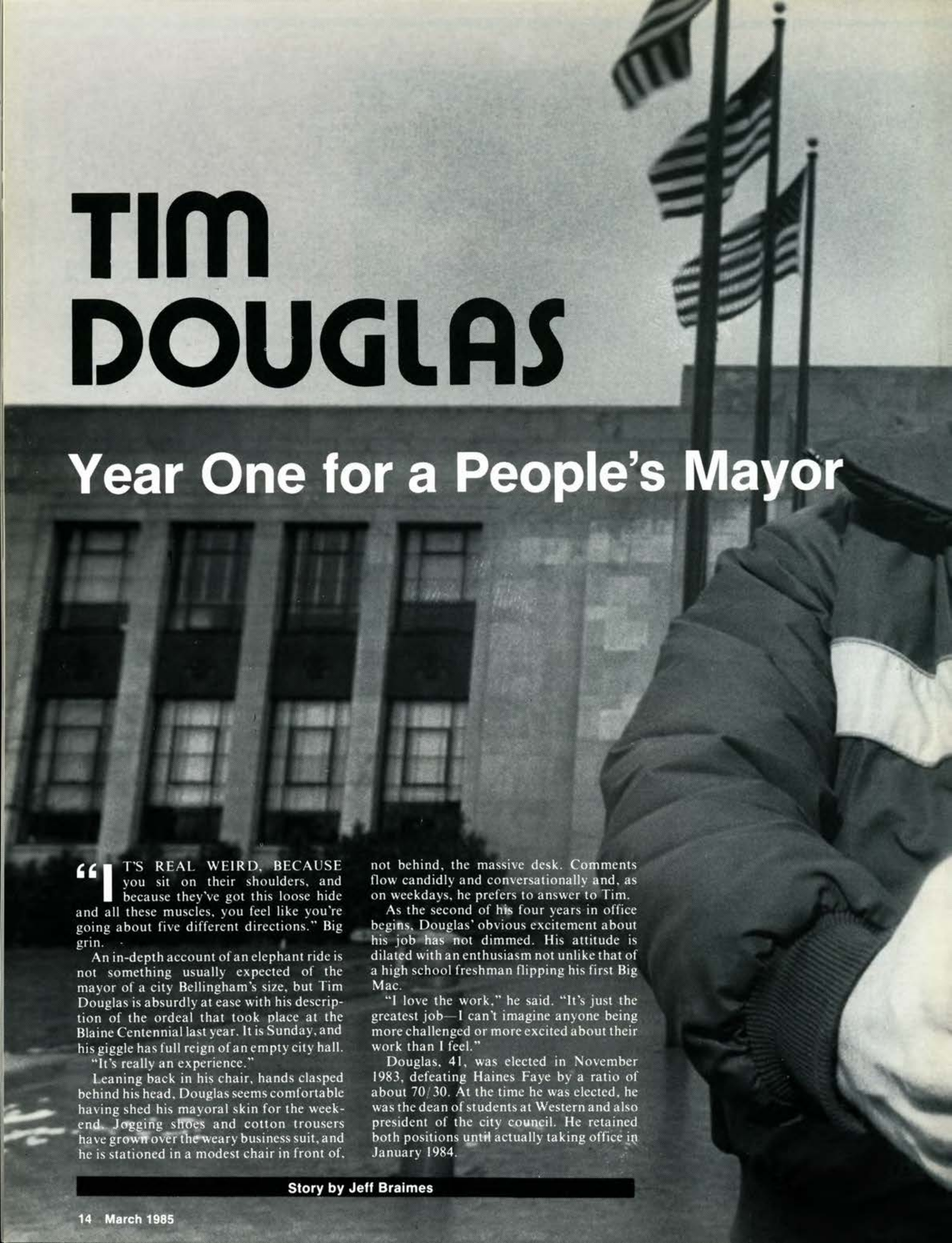
"Health food will take over from the staples; and bulk food will end up snack items and health food. Staples will go along the wayside," Ens said.

Mary German declares stores will have to find a better way to handle it if they expect it to stay.

"I get frustrated messing around with all those bags and scoops," she said.

Indeed, shoppers and their dollars will have the final say.

■ KLIPSUN



TIM DOUGLAS

Year One for a People's Mayor

“IT'S REAL WEIRD, BECAUSE you sit on their shoulders, and because they've got this loose hide and all these muscles, you feel like you're going about five different directions.” Big grin.

An in-depth account of an elephant ride is not something usually expected of the mayor of a city Bellingham's size, but Tim Douglas is absurdly at ease with his description of the ordeal that took place at the Blaine Centennial last year. It is Sunday, and his giggle has full reign of an empty city hall.

“It's really an experience.”

Leaning back in his chair, hands clasped behind his head, Douglas seems comfortable having shed his mayoral skin for the weekend. Jogging shoes and cotton trousers have grown over the weary business suit, and he is stationed in a modest chair in front of,

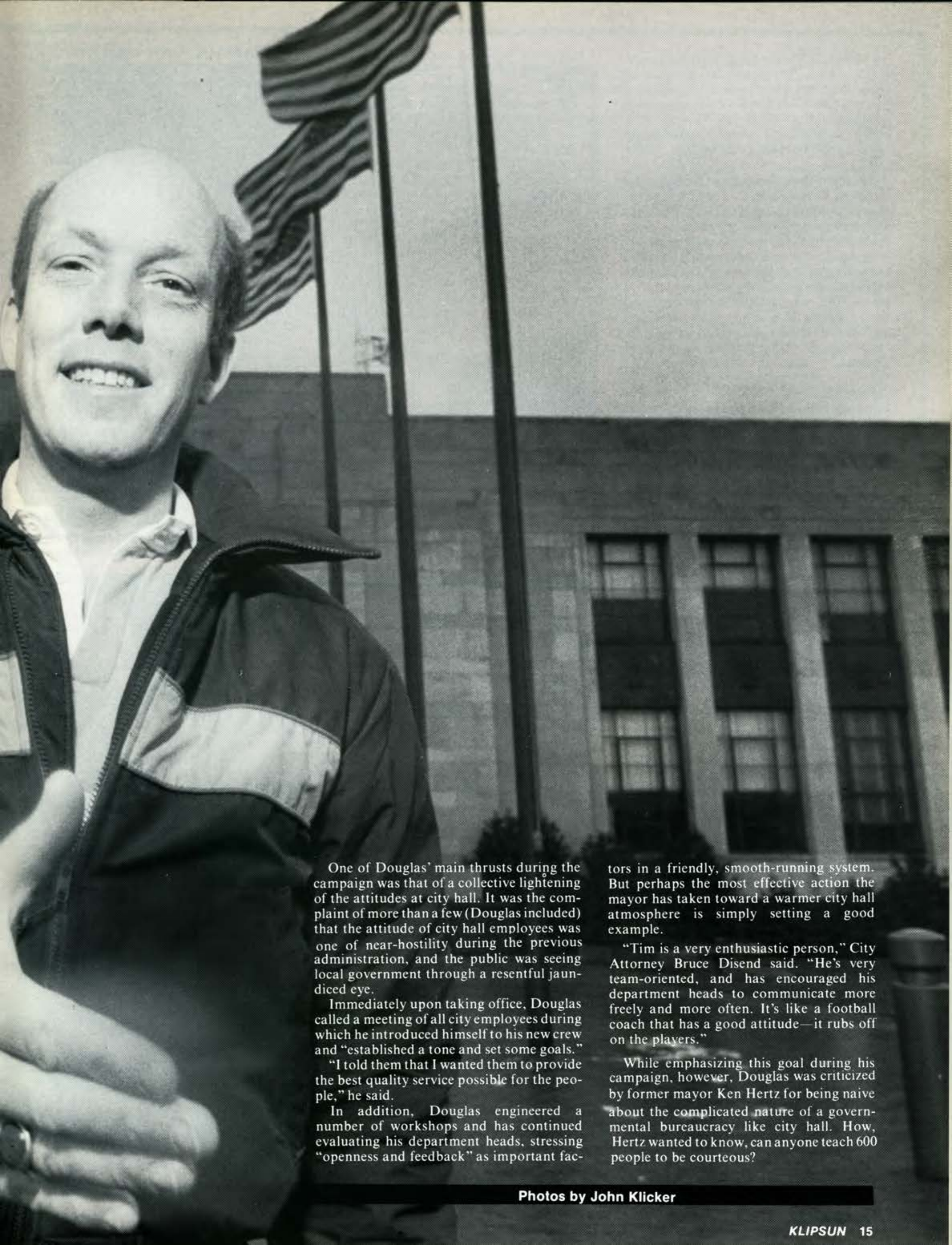
not behind, the massive desk. Comments flow candidly and conversationally and, as on weekdays, he prefers to answer to Tim.

As the second of his four years in office begins, Douglas' obvious excitement about his job has not dimmed. His attitude is dilated with an enthusiasm not unlike that of a high school freshman flipping his first Big Mac.

“I love the work,” he said. “It's just the greatest job—I can't imagine anyone being more challenged or more excited about their work than I feel.”

Douglas, 41, was elected in November 1983, defeating Haines Faye by a ratio of about 70/30. At the time he was elected, he was the dean of students at Western and also president of the city council. He retained both positions until actually taking office in January 1984.

Story by Jeff Braimes



One of Douglas' main thrusts during the campaign was that of a collective lightening of the attitudes at city hall. It was the complaint of more than a few (Douglas included) that the attitude of city hall employees was one of near-hostility during the previous administration, and the public was seeing local government through a resentful jaundiced eye.

Immediately upon taking office, Douglas called a meeting of all city employees during which he introduced himself to his new crew and "established a tone and set some goals."

"I told them that I wanted them to provide the best quality service possible for the people," he said.

In addition, Douglas engineered a number of workshops and has continued evaluating his department heads, stressing "openness and feedback" as important fac-

tors in a friendly, smooth-running system. But perhaps the most effective action the mayor has taken toward a warmer city hall atmosphere is simply setting a good example.

"Tim is a very enthusiastic person," City Attorney Bruce Disend said. "He's very team-oriented, and has encouraged his department heads to communicate more freely and more often. It's like a football coach that has a good attitude—it rubs off on the players."

While emphasizing this goal during his campaign, however, Douglas was criticized by former mayor Ken Hertz for being naive about the complicated nature of a governmental bureaucracy like city hall. How, Hertz wanted to know, can anyone teach 600 people to be courteous?

"I think Tim tends not to be as forthright as necessary," Hertz said. "As mayor, you must speak out and let people know where you stand and Tim is just a bit over-anxious to please everyone involved. You just can't please everyone, and you'll end up losing in the end and accomplishing nothing if you try."

The validity of the critique, coming from the man who ran Bellingham for eight years, is something Douglas has come slowly to grips with during his first year in office—but he declares that he's not through trying.

Douglas reflected: "I think in my first year the reality of the fact that you can't make everybody happy has become more clear to me. I think you do the best you can, and I think that it's still a worthy goal to seek—to try to find a solution to a problem that satisfies as many of the parties as much as possible."

Popular public support is something Douglas values highly and strives for actively. Much of the mayor's emphasis lies in getting out and actually participating in Bellingham, and he enjoys operating in a public eye small enough for constant personal interaction.

"There's very little anonymity in local government," he said, "and that's nice in that you hear a lot from people, and you feel a part of the community. And I really feel that the fact that I'm bald makes a difference," he added with a smile, "because it limits the number of people that look just like you."

Even Douglas' wife Joanne is relatively reachable member of the community. She owns and operates the Sugar Plum Tree Gift Shop in Bellingham Mall.

"Once in a while someone will wander in and make a comment about roads or something, but not very often," she said.

One thing Joanne misses from "before" is spending time with her husband.

"I don't see him very often," she admitted. "Tim puts a lot of himself into his job, and that can mean 14 or 15 hours a day."

Near the edge of the mayor's desk a tiny Mickey Mouse is in danger of having his miniature dune buggy rolled by a menacing pile of opened letters from miscellaneous concerned citizens.

"Here's one," Douglas said, selecting a letter, "from a middle-school kid who'd like to see some entertainment rides and miniature golf course. Here's another from a group of Canadian senior citizens."

When no letters are left to open, the Danish Brother Banquet or the Fleet Reserve Association would always be thrilled to have the mayor in attendance. Even the Seattle Mariners beckoned last August, and Douglas was honored with the traditional first pitch on Bellingham Night at the Kingdome.

"It was terrible," Douglas reminisced. "I'm gonna practice next year. The only first pitch I've ever seen was what the President does, and he stands in the seats and just kinda lobs a pitch down. But here you get out on the pitcher's mound and the catcher sits there, and my God, it looks like it's forever to the catcher!"

But for all his hand shaking and public relating Douglas is still quick to get down to the nature of the mayor's job—hard work.

"It's hard to find enough time to make it all work," he said. "You have to have a good balance, but you also have to know when to get down to business."

Last year packed a powerful business punch for Douglas—one that was accompanied by a barrage of elusive rabbit punches that slowed progress.

The most devastating surprise blow dealt the mayor during the year was an insanely high rate of department head turnover. Six major elements in the Douglas machine ceased to exist in their positions for various reasons, leaving Bellingham's chief executive scrambling for new help during a time when he, himself, was not on the firmest of ground.

The most shattering of the disappearances was that of City Attorney Pat Brock, who was replaced by Disend in 1984.

"The city attorney is very important," Douglas said, "because all of the ordinances need to be reviewed by him. It's also a very important advisory type of position, both to me and the council. I had worked with Bruce before, in the prosecutor's office, and I think he had the most mature, kind of calm approach, which is very important."

Another major change took place in the fire department, where Jay Gunsauls took over for resigning Gary Hedberg.

In addition, the heads of the planning, personnel, informational services and finance departments left city hall for four different reasons, leaving Douglas treading air and thinking fast.

But with all this happening at the beginning of his term, Douglas saw the vacancies as the ideal time for reorganization.

"This was obviously the opportunity (for reorganization), because I was new, but I still had a chance to see what was going on before. I've also got some sense of things that ought to get done, and I've been able to use opportunities and make some of my own to do some reorganizing."

He created one new agency, the planning and economic development department, which is essentially a combination of the old planning and community development departments.

A large new agency, to be called administrative services, will cover all the ground vacated by the disintegrated communications, personnel, purchasing and motor pool departments. A head for this new department was to be named this month.

Another strictly business phenomenon demanding much of Douglas' time in various guises is the issue of retail growth in Bellingham.

Most participants in the controversy are in favor of it, but that's about as far as the love affair goes. The main question is where the growth will occur—downtown or in regional malls further from the heart of the city.

"I think one of the things that makes Bellingham really unique," Douglas said, "is the fact that we do have an existing downtown."

Usually you have to go to someplace the size of Spokane, for example, to find somebody that's taken an existing downtown and made it even better by preserving it. Usually in smaller communities that doesn't happen, so it's a real pioneering challenge here."

However, with Bellingham growing in all areas, the problem of stalled retail development is one that must be dealt with.

"I think what we're faced with," Douglas said, "is the reality that you can't just preserve downtown as it is. The market is large; it needs more retail. Obviously if the problem can't be solved downtown, then the city's going to have to do something else."

"Something else" has already begun to happen in the form of the proposed Belles Fair shopping center near Interstate 5 and Meridian Street.

The driving force behind development of the mall is the Trillium Corporation, of which Ken Hertz is, ironically, vice president. Hertz said the mall will occupy a 70-acre site and will consist of five new major retail stores accompanied by 100 small shops.

"It will be similar to Southcenter (Mall in Tukwilla)," he said.

However, Trillium is facing zoning restriction problems with the land for the proposed site. The land, according to Hertz, is presently unzoned federal land that must be rezoned for commercial use before construction can begin.





Nephew Todd races against time, stuffing grapes into Douglas' mouth for Mount Baker Chili Eruption contest.



After presenting an official proclamation, Douglas accepts a balloon bouquet from Bellingham vocational-technical students.

Another issue being heavily promoted by the mayor's office is that of tourism. Douglas would not only like to see Bellingham grow commercially, but would also like to see it become the major tourist-attracting spot between Seattle and Vancouver, B.C.

In September, Douglas submitted a comprehensive proposal for tourism and visitor development to the city council. The plan included improvements to waterfront attractions, general beautifications, better freeway markers and luring of conventions.

The implementation of these improvements has been influenced by the approach of Expo '86, which will get underway in Vancouver, B.C. next year. The event is expected to flood Bellingham and Whatcom County with thousands of extra tourists passing through on their way to the World's Fair.

In addition to the positive preparations for Expo '86, the Bellingham Police Department will be beefed up. A supplemental unit of police reserves will be added to the force during a time when Bellingham will be saturated with visitors. The reserves will handle matters such as traffic control in order to free regular officers to complete more pressing law enforcement tasks.

One of the major problems that haunted Douglas throughout 1984, and that promises to continue its reign of terror in '85, is that of solid waste. Bellingham has run out of acceptable systems for disposing of its garbage, and the high costs of instituting a new system are seriously hampering his attempts at a solution.

Bellingham currently employs two methods by which garbage is disposed of—both demanding immediate redesign.

The land fills, says Douglas, "are an environmental mess," and the incinerators are at the end of their effective use periods.

"Solid waste is the biggest public works problem today everywhere," Douglas said. The extreme costs, the environmental implications and the extreme-long-term nature of new systems make solid waste disposal a very difficult issue, to which solutions come slowly.

The city is at a point now, Douglas explained, where it is ready to open bidding to private companies. Whoever can provide the most environmentally and economically sound offer will get the call, but no answer is expected for quite some time.

The phone rings. Douglas moves to the rear of the desk and lifts the receiver off one of the two phones.

"Mayor's office...Oh, hello Dennis...yes...yes..."

The call is regarding the closure of Lake Padden due to a dangerously thin layer of ice. It is beginning to thaw. Douglas mostly listens, reflecting both mentally and physically into the glossy panelling of the high-ceilinged office.

"Uh-huh...yes...OK...Well, I'll check and see and get back to you...Are you at home?...Alright...Thanks for calling."

Even on Sunday in jogging shoes, a mayor's work is never done.

■ KLIPSUN

LAURA KALPAKIAN

Fiction Finds a Friend at Western

By LAURA BOYNTON

“WRITING A BOOK IS LIKE giving birth to a child,” Western’s writer-in-residence Laura Kalpakian mused. “It is born, it is yours, you raise it. You must send it away eventually and it is no longer yours.

“The period of time between finishing a novel and publication (three years for *These Latter Days*) is so long that the initial excitement is lost.”

Kalpakian bounced in her chair slightly, giving the impression of a child who has just been offered a present, then relaxed, as though she had been told it will be a long time in coming — days, months, maybe even years.

Kalpakian is an eloquent, animated, young-looking woman. Her brown eyes, warm and attentive, crease pleasantly at the corners when she smiles. She reels off words at a lively pace and smoke curls from her ever-present cigarette as she recalls the beginning of her writing career.

“I only did the necessary writing in school. High school journalism was the only writing class I ever took. I started off writing short stories. I was depressed at not seeing any of my stories published and was drinking wine with a friend one afternoon. She said ‘Why not write a piece of trash, Laura?’ So I started a Gothic . . . I discovered I could write long narrative. I put that manuscript in a shopping bag under the desk and began my first novel *Beggars and Choosers*.

Kalpakian was attending the University of California in San Diego at this time and she took a quarter off to write *Beggars and Choosers*: “I told every one I was studying for exams. The literary department was a very competitive one; writing literary criticism was acceptable, writing novels was not — they were very much elitist. When I finished the novel I knew it was good, so good that I told people what I had been doing. They snickered into their beer. Three months later I had the enviable position of telling them it was published.

“The first time I sat down to write I was

Mother always said it was my sister-in-law Kitty would be condemned by Heaven for her vanity. Mother always said if Kitty got to heaven first, she’d be on the lookout for you just to see what you was wearing and how she could criticize it. Kitty wasn’t the only vain one. You can’t have people telling you your whole life that you’re beautiful and not have little seeds of vanity planted in you, though I fought it and I haven’t been beautiful for fifty years so that makes it easier. (Age never made no difference to Kitty. She always thought she was a nineteen-year-old belle when two nineteen-year-old belles would have fit inside her clothes.) I was beautiful once. There wasn’t no one more beautiful than me in my wedding dress on my wedding day. That wonderful day. That was the happiest day of my life.

—“*These Latter Days*”
by Laura Kalpakian

serious about it and intended to be published.”

“One decides *not* to become a writer; one decides to *sit down and write*,” Kalpakian firmly maintains.

Kalpakian eventually did drag the shopping bag out from under the desk to publish two Gothic novels under the pseudonym Carena Jane Grey. But in order to do it, the nurturing of those around her was essential.

Kalpakian is the divorced mother of two small children and says that the support and help of her family has been invaluable.

“They are part of my career. My mother discusses my career as ‘we.’ My father looked after my children to give me the freedom necessary to write.”

Kalpakian dedicated her book *Beggars and Choosers* to her mother and sister and *These Latter Days* to her father.

Perhaps her strong sense of family is the reason Kalpakian describes herself as loving people and being endlessly fascinated by them. Her specialty, she believes, is creating characters whom she meets as “they come billowing out of the typewriter.” She likes to put ordinary people into extraordinary situations.

Kalpakian describes a vivid dream she once had wherein a bus pulled up in front of her house and many people spilled out into her yard.

“I wasn’t in the least dismayed to see all these people. I went up to them and asked ‘Have you come here to be characters?’ And they said, ‘Yes, we have.’ So, I met about a third of them. It’s like a sign that my talent lies in creating characters. It’s best to heed dreams like that, don’t you think?”

While many writers and teachers maintain that creative writing, or the art of fiction writing, cannot be taught—that is, you can’t teach imagination, or insight into human behavior—instructors can give suggestions on sharpening and controlling attributes a writer may already possess. A course in creative writing, as well as the chance to interact with other writers, other imaginative minds,



KRIS FRANICH

Novelist and Western writer-in-residence Laura Kalpakian sits ready to aid students in developing their inborn creative writing talents.

can only serve to further the creative process. This is the impetus behind Western's writer-in-residence program.

Robert Huff, of the English department, links the beginnings of the writer-in-residence program to the Vietnam war.

"In the Sixties and Seventies there was a great demand for creative writing classes and an interest in getting masters degrees in creative writing, poetry and fiction. Vietnam instilled a political awareness and a concern with conflict and violent events. People felt a need for imaginative expression of these feelings.

"Also, the nation was, at this point, more politically affluent than it had been. There were more jobs and people were not constantly preoccupied with providing a living. There was a demand on the part of the students for a visiting writer—to instruct creative writing. I believe Annie Dillard was among the first visiting writers. She came to Bellingham and liked it here, so she stayed for a while as Western's writer-in-residence."

Dr. Douglas Park, department chairman, remembers Lynda Schor as being the first visiting writer-in-residence. She came in the fall of 1980, a little late perhaps, in response to demands made in the '60s and '70s, but Western isn't usually in the avant-garde.

Now, a five member committee, selected

from the English department, has been appointed to seek a permanent writer-in-residence. The English department plans to continue the visiting writers program, though on a reduced scale.

Huff speculates on the decline in interest, tying it to the recession: "People are apprehensive about their financial well-being. They're interested in practical training for a highly competitive world—business, economics, computer science. They can't take a chance on an artistic career that's always been and may always be chancy."

But Huff goes on to stress that as people become used to their technologized world, the interest in imaginative writing will pick up again.

Twenty-five writers are under consideration for the permanent position and their applications are to be reviewed in February by members of the English department. Among the possibles are the Canadian writer Clarke Blaise; former writer-in-residence Kelly Cherry; Douglas Unger; and the present writer-in-residence, Laura Kalpakian.

Kalpakian saw the position—for the permanent writer in residence—advertised in an Associated Writing Programs publication that aids writers in landing teaching-related jobs. She applied for the position at the same time she applied for the job she now

holds. One reason Kalpakian states for desiring the permanent job is the financial security it would offer to a single mother of two children.

"People *ought to be* apprehensive about going into an artistic career. It's very risky. I would shudder . . . draw my last breath if my sons announced they wanted to pursue an artistic career."

Another push to land a permanent job Kalpakian cites is that of loneliness.

"The writer leads a miserably lonely life," she says seriously, drawing her brows together, "and I am a social creature, not a solitary creature."

Kalpakian is caught in a common dilemma. Writers need solitude to produce, but if they isolate themselves, they are cut off from those very experiences and people that spark and feed the imagination.

But even in her haven at Western she's hard on herself. She quotes from F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender is the Night*: "All the best people in the world are hard on themselves."

"That's true of me. I am critical and some of my students think I'm too hard on them. But no harder than I am on myself. I am not interested in students that are not serious about writing."

■ KLIPSUN

DOG CATCHER

An Unpopular Animal Lover

By KEN GIBSON

OFFICER ELEANOR DOTY IS EN route to an address near Pinewood, just east of Sudden Valley. She is responding to a routine 10-12. Two suspects had been apprehended trespassing in the yard of a local resident, and are being held in protective custody by the property owner.

About a mile from her destination the familiar voice of the dispatcher becomes audible through the crackling squelch of the CB radio. "We have a dog problem on Cottonwood. Victim bitten. Owner of dog harassing victim. BPD is sending an officer, and would like us to have an officer there as soon as possible."

Doty U-turns her white 1984 Chevy pickup, which carries a custom animal transport unit in its small bed, and begins the 10-mile trek back to town.

"These are the times I feel a little frustrated about this job. I'm just a little ways from completing this assignment and then I have to turn around and go take care of something else. Then, later I have to come all the way back out here."

The roads are still icy from the previous week's snow, and as she carefully traverses the country highway, Doty is met with an occasional blanket of afternoon fog. She glances out at the snow-covered landscape.

"You know what the best thing about the snow is?" she asks with a smile. "It leaves dog tracks."

Eleanor Doty, a tall, dark-haired, 33-year-old woman, with clear blue eyes and a contagious smile, is one of three animal control officers employed by the Whatcom Humane Society.

Doty began working for the humane society in 1973. She worked two years part-time while attending Western, and became a full-time animal control officer in 1975. It was her love for animals that originally attracted her to the humane society.

"I've always claimed that my mother was bitten by a horsefly when she was carrying me," Doty says.

When she's not out on patrol for the humane society, Doty is home tending her 12 Arabian horses, three cats, two dogs and a goat. She's a part-time horse trainer and also trains dogs for search and rescue duty.

Doty feels that many people have a negative image of animal control officers. "People see us going into someone's yard and picking up a dog and most people automatically think we're some kind of villains. What they don't see is the other side. They don't see the little girl whose face gets marred up, because some dog running loose in the park

is trying to get her ball away from her.

"They don't see us getting up at 3 a.m. to go out and pick up the dog that has been hit on the freeway—after we've repeatedly warned the owner not to let his dog run loose at night."

The traffic is heavier as Doty enters the city limits. "When I'm driving I usually try not to look into the windows of on-coming cars, because I get too many one-fingered waves," Doty says.

As Doty turns up Cottonwood she sees the Bellingham police car, its red light flickering in the fog. The officer is out of his car, talking to a young man. A woman and a child are standing nearby.

When she arrives on the scene, Doty can see that the young man still is suffering the after-effects of an acute adrenalin rush. He talks fast. He tells her that he was walking down the street, minding his own business, when two large dogs attacked him. He identifies the two assailants as a Saint Bernard and a German shepherd. He says they bit at his leg, ripped one of his gloves off, and ripped the arm of his coat. He shows her a small puncture wound in his right forearm.

The owner of the dogs stands by looking troubled and confused, describing to Doty



Animal Control Officer Eleanor Doty transports an injured canine between the veterinarian's office and the city pound.

how she just let the dogs out to go to the bathroom. She admits the dogs have bitten people before, tearfully explaining they are her husband's dogs, and she never wanted them in the first place.

Doty writes the woman a citation and instructs her to have her husband contact the humane society when he gets home. Doty warns the woman that dog bites can end up in lawsuits. Doty doesn't pick up the dogs, but advises her not to let them out of the house again.

Back in the truck, Doty begins the long trip back to Sudden Valley.

"You know that Saint Bernards are the number one dog biters in the United States?" Doty says as she maneuvers the Chevy pickup into the light southbound traffic on Interstate 5. "Everyone seems to think German shepherds and Dobermans are tops in dog biting. They're not."

Doty says most dogs are "fear biters;" they bite because they are injured or scared. The solution is to make the animal comfortable so it doesn't become a "fear biter."

"Very few dogs are directly aggressive. Often times you can tell a nasty dog to sit and he will. Then you put a leash on him and walk him away."

Doty said she occasionally has been bitten by dogs in the line of duty, but adds that in some instances pet owners can be more

KRIS FRANICH



KEN GIBSON

Doty and a Bellingham Police officer interview a man attacked by a Saint Bernard and a German Shepard. Soon after, Doty cited the dogs' owner.

vicious than the animals. On rare occasions She has been physically attacked by pet owners. She said one time a man grabbed her wrists and squeezed them until she was forced to release his dog.

"Verbiage is important in dealing with a pet owner. If I come on like gang busters, people can get defensive real quick because it's usually an emotional situation. But I'd say 99 percent of the time I don't have trouble with people when I go out on a complaint."

Arriving at the crime scene near Sudden Valley, Doty finds a man standing near a blue pickup, with the two suspects chained up inside the truck bed. They turn out to be a pair of pit bulls.

The man informs Doty that the animals have been trespassing on his property, that it has happened before, and that he is tired of it.

Doty loads the animals into one of the larger of the four cages in the back of her truck. She then radios the dispatcher and asks her to call the owner of the two dogs and tell him they have been impounded.

After arriving back in town, Doty's next stop is on the southside. Someone has complained that a neighbor has been letting his golden retriever puppy run loose in the neighborhood. As Doty pulls into the dead-end street, the puppy, which has been playing in someone else's yard, spots the truck. He merrily bounces across five of his neighbor's front lawns and enthusiastically greets Doty in his owner's driveway.

The owner isn't home, so Doty leaves her card. She then loads the unsuspecting pup into one of the smaller cages on the side of the truck.

The rest of the afternoon is spent stopping at a number of residences to inform pet owners of various complaints against their animals. She also stops at Columbia grade school to pick up a dead cat.

Returning to the humane society, Doty transfers her three "prisoners" from the truck into individual, cement-floored cages. She puts the pit bulls in a cage together. They look relatively calm, as if they'd been here before.

The puppy, an obvious first offender, is scared. He whimpers and cries.

After filling out her reports, Doty walks back to the isolation cage area. Animals kept in this area are either vicious or in poor health. Only two of the cages are occupied: One by an aging, black cocker spaniel with distemper; the other by a middle-aged mutt.

The mutt looks as if he is a conglomeration of every breed of dog that ever existed. He is brown, black, red, grey, and has white spots randomly tattooed over his body. From one angle he looks like a boxer, from another more like a beagle.

"Tomorrow is his last day," Doty says. "His owner brought him in here. He said he's vicious. Nobody wants him anymore."

The mutt doesn't look vicious.

Tomorrow, he will be taken from his cage, laid on a small, rectangular, stainless steel

operating table and injected with a lethal dose of sodium pentobarbital.

Once he's dead, his carcass will be dumped into one of the blue oil drums kept in the refrigeration unit located in the back of the animal shelter. It will lie there with other rotting carcasses until the truck from the rendering plant comes by to pick it up. The carcasses will be processed and the by-products will eventually become ingredients in fertilizer or animal feed.

Last year the Whatcom Humane Society received 4,150 animals, about half picked up as strays and half brought in by their owners. Of the total, 556 were adopted, 2,987 were euthanized, and 607 were retrieved by their owners.

"Unfortunately, the public, at this point, has not tried to eliminate my job thoroughly," Doty says. "I have a lot of job security. I know that's an awful thing to say, but everybody, whether intentionally or not, lets their dogs run at large at one time or another.

"As long as people live this close together there will always be a conflict with the neighbor's dog. I'll always have a job and there will always be animal control problems.

"At least it might be nice if people quit thinking of animal control officers as something evil." She hesitates. "We're not very well loved I guess. I've always wanted to wear a little button that says, 'Dog catchers need love too.'"

■ KLIPSUN

UFO



What Splashed Down Off Lummi Island?

By LEANNA BRADSHAW

AN ORANGE AND WHITE FIRE-ball, trailing sparks, surprised two fishermen aboard the *Steeva Ten* at 3:35 a.m. July 27, 1984. The UFO plunged into the ocean between Lummi and Eliza islands.

The impact sent water splashing 100 feet into the air, and the object continued to spew sparks. The fishermen steered the boat to the site, where they saw air bubbles rising to the water's surface but found no debris.

Steeva Ten's Captain Richard Hartman immediately reported the incident, including the above details, to the U.S. Coast Guard.

"Something happened," Rich Rogala, officer in charge of the U.S. Coast Guard station in Bellingham, said. "The people we talked to were very convincing." Hartman and his crew member spoke with intensity and conviction, he explained.

The Coast Guard sent a boat out to investigate at 3:55 a.m. "We were concerned that it may have been an aircraft. That's basically why we responded," Rogala said.

Coast Guard crew members also saw a light flash over Carter Point on Lummi Island at 4:15 a.m. The crew attempted to measure the altitude, but the light was not visible long enough to catch a reading. The Coast Guard swept the scene for two hours but found no object or debris.

Geiger counter readings taken at 11 a.m. showed no evidence of radiation in the air or along the shore around Carter Point. The equipment was not sensitive enough to detect radiation on the ocean floor, 140 feet below the surface, Rogala admitted.

Bellingham's Coast Guard station has not been informed of any further government investigations of the Lummi Island UFO, Rogala said. "If the government had any real interest in it, they would have done something by now."

The Coast Guard received no reports of missing planes or of space junk crashing in the area. Meteor activity in the western skies, however, was reported at the time.

"It probably was a meteorite. It seems to me, right now, to be the logical explanation," Rogala said. "But it would be fantastic if they did find something out of the ordinary."

Five months after the UFO splashed down, a group of divers from Emerald Marine Service in Seattle decided to launch an expedition to locate and raise the object Dec. 29.

Freezing temperatures and strong winds forced the divers to reschedule the expedition for Dec. 30. The group waited almost half a year to dive because of organizational problems and because the Coast Guard refused to permit a search until its own investigation was complete, diver and group organizer John Walker told *The Bellingham Herald*.

Rogala said the Coast Guard never discouraged anyone from searching for the object but did warn people about strong currents.

The divers made plans to charter local fisherman Dominic Papetti's 58-foot limited seiner *Diane* for \$500 a day. Papetti said he

refused to leave the dock until the group told him what they were diving for.

"I thought they were crazy. I didn't believe it either," Papetti said. Behind a pair of bifocal glasses, his brown eyes were wide and unblinking. "After that first trip, I didn't think it was crazy any more."

The expedition swept the splashdown area. And on the second pass, the *Diane's* depth finder indicated an object 10 feet high and 30 feet wide sitting on the ocean floor. Papetti anchored the boat within 20 feet of the object.

Walker made the first dive. He took a spotlight but left an underwater video camera on deck. He reported seeing a metal, gold-colored, satellite-shaped dish with a clasp on one end.

Richard Burke, Walker's partner in Emerald Marine Service, dove next. His visibility was limited when the spotlight bulb burned out. Burke reported having just enough light to see the teacup-shaped object he stood on but could not make out a color.

"He was hollering (into his helmet intercom) it was a UFO and had an oval-shaped hatch," Papetti said, gesturing with his hands. "He tried to take some pictures, but they just turned out black."

When Burke returned to the *Diane*, his dry-suit boots had red film on them. "To me it looked like some kind of rust, sort of the reddish color stainless steel turns when it's burned," Papetti said.

Burke took a sample of the film to the University of Washington for tests, but lab results did not reveal what the substance was. The sample had been placed in a plastic bag and left in Burke's coat pocket all night. Papetti said he suggested the diver take the film to Western for immediate analysis.

He also said the object had no sea growth on it, an unusual occurrence for something which has been in the ocean for five months.

"It's not a crock of bullshit," Papetti said. His thick, calloused fingers slapped the top of the galley table to emphasize his point. "I saw (the object) on my meters. The diver stood on it. I saw the red on his boots."

The *Diane* has \$75,000 of monitoring equipment in its wheel house. The depth finder includes a view screen showing colored graphics of the ocean floor's shape and depth as well as indicating where fish and other masses are located.

"Whatever (the object) was, it was something that didn't belong there," Papetti said. His salt-and-pepper hair barely stuck out from under a billed cap. "According to that object, there could be a damn good possibility that they're (UFOs) flying around."

Papetti suggested the divers leave a buoy to mark the location of the object. But the divers were afraid someone would take the object and asked Papetti if he could find the location again without one.

Another of *Diane's* monitors charts every foot of the ocean with specific numerals. These Loren C numbers would allow Papetti



to return within a foot of the object.

On the way back to Squalicum Marina, a power struggle broke out and group members asked Walker to leave the expedition. Papetti discovered the divers were unable to pay him the charter fee.

The divers were promised funds for the expedition but have never received any money, Papetti explained. He agreed to take the group out again for a share of any profits received for the recovery of the object.

Everybody wants a story, but nobody volunteers to help pay for the search, the *Diane's* 5-foot-5-inch skipper said. Reporters and photographers from all across the nation have contacted expedition members for interviews.

A lawyer advised the group only to grant photo rights to the highest bidder because the photographer probably would make a lot of money. "Everybody wants the first picture," Papetti added. "And the guy who takes the picture would get the money—him and us."

A representative from The Fund for UFO Research in Mount Rainier, Md., telephoned to warn the group about the possibility of the object being explosive, radioactive, or having unknown harmful properties. He suggested that if the expedition members tried to raise the object, they use plenty of towline.

"Whatever the hell it is, we're lucky it hit the water and not the town. It may have



BRIDGET YEARIAN

Dominic Papetti, captain of the *Diane*, was skeptical when first approached by a party of Seattle divers on a UFO hunt. Now he is sure he is involved in something unusual — and he wants very much to find out what.

killed a couple dozen people," Papetti said. "The divers risk their lives every time they go down.

"If there was nothing there, I wouldn't be going back any more." Papetti pays his minimum operational crew, one man besides himself, \$100 a day and spends about \$160 a day for fuel.

When Burke took the sample of red film to Seattle, he got a compressor to provide an unlimited supply of air for the next dive. "If we had compressors the first day, we would have had the thing," Papetti said. "We wouldn't have been limited of air."

Papetti took the remaining expedition members back to the site Dec. 31. This time the *Diane's* depth finder did not detect the object. Burke and another diver from Emerald Marine Service, J.R. Hoirup, searched an area 150 feet around the boat with no luck.

Still optimistic, the group made another trek to the scene Jan. 4. Again the depth finder could not pick up the 10-foot by 30-foot mass.

Papetti radioed a fellow fisherman with a sonar on his boat. The sonar, which provided a color video image, also did not spot the object.

"With sonar, you can see everything for 400 feet around," Papetti said. "I'm positive

that object isn't there any more.

"Somebody had to have come and got it that Sunday night (Dec. 30). It's a possibility that the diver's jumping on the object jarred it loose, and the tide carried it away. But I think somebody got it.

"It makes me mad. If it was a UFO, how come it all of a sudden disappeared after so many months of being at the same location?"

Rogala said, "I've talked to a couple of them (divers) personally. I got the impression that they weren't as sure of what they saw as the paper seems to let on they were."

Papetti's wife Bonnie said, "It could have been picked up already by NOAA (National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration), the Coast Guard or the Navy. Or it's still there and something is keeping us from finding it—a large school of fish or it's moved or something has moved it.

"The only thing that bothers us is if the government found it, we wish they would let us know so we wouldn't continue spending money and time. My husband is not going to give up."

Papetti said, "Before I get it out of my system, I'm going to go out with my (fishing) nets. Even if it's a piece of tin, I'll be satisfied. At least I'll have found something."

People living and working in the area

have mixed views about the Lummi Island UFO.

Leah Revey, a Lummi Point resident, sat in a small fishing boat and held half of a plastic detergent bottle in her hand. Her black, shoulder-length hair fell across her dark cheeks as she bent to scoop pebbles, shells and seaweed out of the boat's bottom.

"I stayed up for two nights after I heard about it because I was afraid to go to sleep—afraid to wake up and have an alien looking at me," Revey said.

Fifteen-year-old Mark Stidham stepped off a school bus and waited to board the ferry that would take him to his home on Lummi Island.

"I think it's a figment of their imagination," Stidham said. He brushed his fingers through his woolly, dishwater-blond hair. "It's convenient that the divers' spotlight didn't work when they went down to take pictures. If there really was something, I think the Navy brought in a submarine and pulled it out of there."

Western junior Cameron McRorie said, "I figure there's got to be some other forms of life out there. I don't know if it's intelligent, but it's a big universe out there."

McRorie adjusted the windshield wiper on his van, the stereo volume turned up. He watched for the Lummi Island Ferry, his link to a job at the Islander grocery store.

With a little more skepticism, McRorie mentioned, "It's kind of strange that they (the divers) didn't leave a marker or buoy or anything." He glanced out toward Lummi Island, its silhouette made fuzzy by a dense fog. "It makes me wonder if they really saw anything or if it was just for publicity."

Doug Likely, manager of Fisherman's Cove Marina on Lummi Point, ran a sponge down the length of a yellow-orange MG and then rinsed off the suds with a garden hose.

"I don't doubt that something hit the water. But I think there's probably an explanation for it other than UFO," Likely said as he carefully wiped road grime off a wheel. "It's such a widely traveled section of water that someone is likely to find just about anything on the bottom."

Lummi Point resident Nadine Wilbur says she believes space travelers exist. "I think they are more intelligent—that they think just like a computer." She dug the toe of her tan, leather boot into the pebbled beach as she talked with her friend Revey.

Donald Jones, part owner of Fisherman's Cove Marina, said, "I think it's fake." An expression of disgust altered the lines in his time-and-weather-worn face. "If something were really out there, the U.S. government would be out there investigating."

"You have to keep an open mind," marina service manager Kirk Casey said. "I imagine if there was something down there, there would be some sort of cover-up." His hand disappeared into the outboard engine he was working on.

"I just think it was some kind of warning to say, 'We'll be coming soon.' It must mean something," Revey said. "What do you think?"

■KLIPSUN

SINKING BUSINESSES



When trolling for fresh fish in Bellingham, Bob Whittaker's Shrimp Shack is a good place to cast a line.

WHILE LOCAL SUPER-markets take a bite out of Bob Whittaker's fish market business, the shop itself is slowly being swallowed by the garbage fill it was built on.

The Shrimp Shack, a combination fish market and restaurant, located at 514 W. Holly, sits on 30 feet of old sanitary fill.

"The pilings were not driven deep enough to support the building. As time goes on, we're sinking into the fill," Whittaker said.

The aquamarine walls give the Shrimp Shack a true ocean atmosphere, as does the 350-pound battleship grey shark hanging over the market counter.

The sinking building creates a concave lense visual effect: It bows in the middle, causing the floor to slope toward the center as small brown tables and seaweed green plastic chairs lean accordingly. The coffee counter slants toward five stools like a community drafting table.

When the building was first built 30 years ago, the front door was level with the street, but as the Shrimp Shack began to fold and sink, the door was raised and first a porch was added, then steps, Whittaker said. A window that broke due to the shifting also had to be replaced.

But Whittaker is through spending money trying to save the sinking Shack.

"A hundred thousand dollars wouldn't

change a thing...I can't fix anything. I just keep up the basic utilities and keep it clean. Even to repaint is a waste of money."

And it is money, or rather its lack, that is Whittaker's problem. While the restaurant half of the business is thriving, the fish market is losing its customers to supermarkets.

Market sales have decreased by more than 60 percent since he has had to contend with the seafood sold at Haggen's and Hayden's supermarkets, Whittaker reported.

"You have two large markets on either side of the business district that feature seafood very well... are people going to get in their cars and waste the gas to come here?"

Even an increase in advertising and charging prices lower than the supermarkets has not lured Whittaker's customers back.

"Supermarkets and malls are the way today... It's almost a crime to come down here and open up, sales have decreased so much. I'm a victim of changing times."

While he tries to predict how much and how quickly an item might sell, Whittaker might throw out 20 pounds of spoiled fish a week.

Whittaker knows what he must do to offset these losses.

"If I want to make a living at this, I've got to close the market and run a restaurant.

"I should've closed a year ago but I don't know how to wind down. I'll take one last stab at ads and see if people will come in."

Besides being unprofitable, the market is physically demanding for Whittaker, who

Words by
Carol
Mac Pherson

Pictures by
John
Klicker



The wait is worth it.



No, it's not an optical illusion:

Owner Bob Whittaker Won't Give Up the Shack



...with the fish-n-grin...



...as the lunchtime crowd will soon discover.



The Shrimp Shack is sinking.

said the work is "laboriously monotonous."

"I pack 800 pounds of ice into that fish case; it's a helluva way to start Monday morning."

So what Whittaker would like to do is close the market, demolish the existing building and build a new restaurant.

For two years Whittaker has worked with an architect on the possibility of rebuilding, but still doesn't know if it can happen.

"I might not stand a chance in hell to rebuild. Restaurants don't have a reputation for success. I have to think about finances, appraisals, debts and projections."

If he can't afford to rebuild, Whittaker will sell his valuable downtown property. But for now, he'd rather think about keeping his Shrimp Shack in business.

"A nice fish 'n' chip house is all I'm asking for."

In a new restaurant, Whittaker would like to increase seating to 85 or 90 from the present 50. He wouldn't change the menu.

The Shrimp Shack is known for its house speciality, "halibut 'n' chips," regular fish-n-chips, and salmon smoked on the premises with dry alder. In a new restaurant, Whittaker would like his customers to be able to watch this process.

Whittaker said the restaurant has a loyal following of regulars who "know exactly what they want. Over 50 percent buy the same item every time. An older couple comes in five days a week for halibut and coleslaw."

The Shrimp Shack is most frequented by

retired people, families, tradesmen, and businessmen, but not college or high school students, Whittaker said. He added he has to throw out an occasional drunk, but this was not a problem.

Whittaker, 56, and his wife Verga put in about 80 hours a week at the Shrimp Shack. Verga works behind the counter of the market, keeps the books and fills in when a cook is sick.

Whittaker also works behind the counter and "drinks coffee all day long. I spot things going on in the kitchen; wander around. I try to refrain from sitting with friends when they come in . . . unless they call me over."

But the Shrimp Shack is host to more than just loyal patrons; it has been broken into eight times, with five different doors for intruders to choose from.

In January, Whittaker had \$2,700 worth of Australian lobsters stolen from his freezer, the lock broken by bolt cutters. The thieves will probably sell the lobsters to restaurants, he speculated.

But Bob Whittaker isn't complaining; he seems to take everything in stride. With his sea blue eyes laughing in the face of changing times, thieves, supermarkets, and a hungry garbage fill, Whittaker doesn't appear ready to desert his sinking Shrimp.

■ KLIPSUN



**Something fishy is
going on here.
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