



Western Washington University
Western CEDAR

Klipsun Magazine

Western Student Publications

1973

Klipsun Magazine, 1973, Volume 03, Issue 02

Dan Tolva
Western Washington University

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



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

Recommended Citation

Tolva, Dan, "Klipsun Magazine, 1973, Volume 03, Issue 02" (1973). *Klipsun Magazine*. 10.
https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine/10

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

WWSC LIBRARY ARCHIVES



KLIPSUN



KLIPSUN

the twice qtrly
publication of
W.W.S.C.

Vol. 3 no. 2

Nine to five politics Doug Cockburn	2
The lady waxes fair Gary Johnson and Dan Tolva	5
Western planning guide Stephanie Smith	8
Photo essay Tore Oftness	10
How I joined the Delta Dogs and lived! Rita Gerde	12
Arthur Hicks: reflections Keith Olson	14
Development through drama Heidi Henken	18
'The moving finger writes . . . staff	20

Editor: Dan Tolva
Story Editor: Jay Eckert
Production Editor: Linda Forstrom
Photo Technician: Tore Oftness
Advisor: Pete Steffens

Staff: Korte Brueckmann, Doug Cockburn, Rita Gerde, Heidi Henken,
Carolyn Hill, Ed Hodder, Gary Johnson, Brad Klaus, Candy
Lancaster, Keith Olson

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The name "Mike Smith" as used in the
previous issue of Klipsun, Vol. 3, No. 1.,
pp. 15-16, was fictitious.

Cover: Tore Oftness

Inside front cover: Dan Benckendorf

Inside back cover: Tore Oftness

copyright 1973 KLIPSUN
Western Washington State College
Bellingham, Wash. 98225

Jim Kennedy perched on the sloped roof of his home—a remodeled chicken coop—and wrestled with a length of rusting stovepipe. He was fashioning a makeshift cover to protect his stove below from the rain. The stove, a converted oil drum, heated the long, low building.

Inside the coop, wires crossed the ceiling, ending occasionally in a dangling lightbulb. The bedroom consisted of a bed surrounded by burlap-covered framework. A large, cathedral-like window at one end of the room looked out over a green, stump-infested pasture.

This is home for Kennedy and his two large dogs, Jason and Nola. The work of keeping it and the other buildings on the farm in repair is a pleasant diversion from his duties as

President of Western's Associated Students Corporation.

"Living here has a calming effect on me. I owe a lot of my strength to this place. College life means nothing out here. For example, every night I pick up milk from a farm two miles from here.

"There are usually two or three farmers there, and we sit and talk about crops and weather, not about the ousting of President Flora," said Kennedy, whose chicken coop home is on a farm south of Bellingham, near the Skagit County line.

A retired army colonel bought the old homestead and is attempting to restore a dilapidated barn and a stark, yellow farmhouse to their original state. Kennedy finds the work a good way to relax.

He is no stranger to rural life, having been raised on a Michigan farm. After graduating from high school in 1966, he traveled around the country, "forming quick but close relationships with people" and ended up in British Columbia, where his parents had settled.

He enrolled at Western, but dropped out after two quarters. He felt he was wasting his time because the classes he was taking "had no direct value for me at that time." Kennedy, in effect, stopped the world and got off.

With his German shepherd, he moved to the backwoods, setting up house during the winter in an unheated cabin. He spent five months there, rarely coming into town.

"If I had owned the cabin, I still

Nine to five politics

Story: Doug Cockburn

Photos: Gary Johnson, Dan Benckendorf and Brad Klaus





might be there. But I couldn't quite relax with the feeling I hadn't worked for it. It was just an out-of-the-way stopping place. I found out even though I had left the world, it didn't miss me."

He moved to his present home, and after a stint as a landscaper, came back to school. He found Western another way of shunning the outside world.

"Academic life is great. You're not in the mainstream of reality at all, you're off on the side examining what reality is. The demands here are not as hard as those placed upon you by the real world."

He became active in campus politics when he was elected to the All-College Senate, in 1971. A campaign, featuring heated debate over revising AS into a more tightly-knit governmental unit under a ten-member board of directors, saw Kennedy win the election comfortably as president of the newly-formed government.

Kennedy, a senior majoring in recreation, speculated on the future of student government at Western, saying the new corporation hasn't reached its full potential yet.

"The corporation is supposed to have complete control over all student affairs and facilities. Right now there are still a lot of independent student organizations that nobody has control over."

Last Spring it was charged the ten-member Board of Directors

wouldn't be as representative of the students as the previous student legislature. Kennedy believes the Board is "as representative of the population as any government can be."

"The Board doesn't have the desire or ability to influence the powers of change here. All we can do is provide student services and alternatives," he said.

While pushing for a FM stereo campus radio station, a "multi-arts" festival next spring, and garden plots around campus, Kennedy is conscious of the physical and emotional demands of the presidency.

"When I decided to run for student president, people told me to watch my reserves because the job could burn a person out. I try to treat the post as a task no more or less difficult than any other. I try to keep it on a nine to five basis.

"I also have to try to remain objective about the job, and keep my emotions out of whether or not any of my programs pass or fail. It's fairly obvious there will be people who disagree with me, and if it becomes clear their information is better than mine, then I won't be obstinate about it. My personality isn't at stake."

Kennedy doesn't feel the position is a "power trip" for him, but he still puzzles over how others react to the title. "What really bothers me about the job is how strange people walk up to me and hang on to me just because of my position," he said.

Kennedy gets in at least two games of soccer a week, and jogs every morning, because he believes he has to keep fit to keep up with the physical and mental demands of his job. However, his outside activities, and even the presidency itself, are secondary to his "main love of life," skiing.

"If it ever came down to a choice between the issues and responsibilities of student government, and my skiing, I don't see how student government can compete.

"Skiing gives me a strange source of power and worth that nothing else does. What I really get off on is speeding down a practically vertical face, so steep that I'm only touching the slope in sort of a controlled free-fall. Quite often the slope is so steep the snow will avalanche around me. It's dangerous, but I haven't been burnt yet.

"And when I look back where I've been and see a whole bunch of squiggly tracks coming down the slope, and I know that no one else on the mountain is good enough or crazy enough to touch it, it really gives me a good feeling."

Kennedy's "good feelings" were tempered recently when his skis disintegrated during a fast downhill run. The accident left him with torn tendons in his right arm.

Kennedy admitted skiing is an escape, but he thinks the experience stands him in good stead for coping with the complex problems of governing an 8,500-member student body with an annual budget of \$150,000.

"When all that snow is coming at you, your mind can't think of anything else. I have to act intuitively to the situation; It's coming too fast to really think!

"Government work is the same way, especially with administration; people and paper coming at me I have to react instinctively, like a good skier would act intuitively. You have to have an inborn sense of what is right or wrong, what will be the best method of pushing an idea through all the red tape to get some action. My job is largely reactionary."

Kennedy tries not to fool himself about how much he can do to change the college. Whether it wants to or not, student government can't change the institution by itself, he said.



He thinks radical politics is good to a point because militancy can point out the problems that exist. Revolution, Kennedy believes, is dead in the United States; any attempt at force will be put down immediately.

He has adopted the farm's code of precepts, and lives by them. Perhaps he can initiate change by example.

"While a precept system may sound childish, it's one method for living together," he said. Kennedy's precepts are limited to fit the small world surrounding his battered chicken coop.

"Communicating, instead of keeping to yourself; lending a helping hand; and recycling as much material as possible are my precepts. Also, on



the farm there's no smoking in the main house," he said.

Again, Kennedy traced his outlook on Western back to his love for the land. The fact he can "relate" to the land makes him more fortunate than many Western students, he said.

"I don't like the idea of going to such a large school and living there and losing my sense of identity. The loss of any intrinsic meaning to what they're doing probably gets to a lot of students."

So Jim Kennedy, who may well go down in history as the AS president who brought condom vending machines on campus, has "found"

himself, he believes.

Sitting on the green, slippery, wet shake roof Kennedy hammered at a flat piece of tin and assessed the value of a college education. It's not for everybody, he said.

"If a person is going to school because it's the thing to do, or he is being supported by his parents, then he shouldn't be here. He is wasting his time until he realizes more specifically what he wants to do, or until he reaches an intellectual peak."

Kennedy finished patching the roof, jumped down from the ladder and brushed his hands clean on a friendly dog passing by. His chicken coop was secure, for the moment.



The lady waxes fair

Story: Gary Johnson and Dan Tolva
Photos: Korte Brueckmann

“Wanna shoeshine, mister?”

The grizzled old man turned away from his glass of beer to acknowledge the offer. A gaudy jukebox at the end of the bar blared “Please release me . . .” to the accompanying collisions of billiard balls and the soft tinkling of glasses. He couldn’t remember how long it had been since he’d had his shoes shined; now the experience brought back memories of better days.

“Sure, young fella. A shine is just what these old dogs need,” he replied thickly, turning to look down at the high-voiced entrepreneur. He blinked slowly to see a young girl facing him. She had a shoe brush in one hand and a small box in the other. Brown shoe polish stained her fingers.

They talked as the brown-haired student applied polish to his well-worn shoes, and briskly buffed them to a sheen. He found out her name was Jane Lindenmuth, that she was from Edmonds, and this was her first quarter at Western.

She also said her interests were drama, dance and Indian culture. The old man paid her 50 cents when she was done and reluctantly watched her



move on to the next customer. Sadly, he turned back to his drink.

"Old men in taverns seem to appreciate what I do because they like a girl coming in and talking to them. They're lonely, and they say I remind them of their daughter. They can tell me things. Then they're really pleased," said Jane, who took up shining shoes as a way to make a little extra money without having to take a regular job.

The plucky young woman finds going from bar to bar plying her trade is a good way of meeting people, a problem for her this year at Western.

"You can talk to people on a one-to-one, friendly basis. It's kind of hard to meet people up here, unless you're really kind of aggressive. Shoe shining is an OK thing to be known by," said Jane, whose father and mother both worked in shoestores in the past.

"We always used to go up to Nordstrom's in Northgate and be fitted by my Dad or his friends. I also worked selling shoes my senior year in high school."

Jane estimated she made \$20 during her first five weeks as a shoeshine girl. She began working the second day of the quarter. After a burst of activity which saw lots of polishing up on shoes, rather than classwork, she reordered her priorities. She now makes her rounds whenever it suits her.

"I haven't been sticking with it every day. One night I worked for three hours and made about \$12. Even then, I wasn't working straight through, because some people were buying me drinks. We just kept drinking and talking and having a very good time," Jane said, estimating she could make up to \$70 a week if she kept regular hours.

Her best customers seem to be older men, which suits Jane fine.

"I like making old men who aren't happy, happy, for a few minutes, at least. A lot of people who have their shoes done are old drunks, who don't have much money as it is. They're willing to give their money away because it just doesn't play any part in their happiness," Jane said.

Students are a different breed of customer.

"They're kind of cool about it, but they also look at me like I'm crazy. They're not receptive to it. Of course, a lot of them wear suede hiking boots. I can waterproof them, but I wouldn't want to charge 50 cents for that. Most students just don't like to spend money."

Her customers often like the companionship she offers and could care less about the quality of the job.

One night an old Black man gave her some pointers on shining, which bothered a few of Jane's customers.

"He was really showing me some good things, and everything, but he kept saying 'you're doing that wrong,' or 'you're doing this wrong,' too many times.

"He was shining shoes much better than I could, Pretty soon I just left," said Jane, whose other hassles have made her job interesting. She hopes to get down to Seattle to "look at the real shoeshiners doing it."

She hasn't been here long enough to get any 'regular' customers yet, but she doesn't expect to because most



men have their shoes shined only once every two months or so. Her clientele seems to be limited to men only; women haven't shown interest in having their shoes shined at all. Jane's lack of regulars has worked out so far because she doesn't want to get too involved with shoe shining.

"You can really get into this. For me, it's just something extra," she said. Her investment—\$7—was low. The kit she carries contains several

cans of polish, some brushes, and a can of waterproofing spray, all packed into a small box with a built-in footrest as a handle.

One tavern refused her entry because the barmaid on duty wasn't sure if the owner would approve of her activities. Her clients haven't bothered her a great deal either, except for one happy soul who seemed to be 'touched' by the fact that she was a shoeshine girl.



"He was really plastered—drunk. He kept saying, 'Wow! You might be in one of my classes!' I saw him the next day and he recognized me. I think he was too embarrassed to say anything."

Another customer told her she was 'lowering' herself as a woman by shining shoes for men. Jane admitted she was literally bending lower to do her job but she said, "I realize I'm equal to any man when I'm stooping before him to do my job."

"The guy said I also shouldn't drink and work at the same time. However, for the most part, people admire what I'm doing because they think it takes guts. It doesn't take much, really."

At one time a militant feminist, Jane has moderated her stand because she came to realize "most men were people, too. However, she still thinks militancy can serve a good purpose in the women's movement.

"It's a good thing because women and men both have been exploited in their roles. Women need the extremists to break them out of their patterns and get the movement rolling.

"They need women who will make people understand that they've been bound to: having children, having a home, and having little chance to get out and find themselves.

"My mother is 37 years old and divorced. She's finally getting a chance to have some freedom," Jane said.

Jane was engaged at one time, but the welfare and happiness of her fiance seemed to rob her of her own identity.

"I was just keeping too much of me inside to satisfy his ego. I was cutting myself off, so I broke away from him."

Jane sipped a glass of white wine as she recalled her engagement in a soft, smooth, laid-back voice. A Beatles song droned on in the background, filling the room with nostalgia.

"I feel good about what I'm doing. I don't feel lower than a man when I'm shining his shoes. I feel equal. I am equal and I don't have to prove that."

Jane said she used to believe she had to be subservient to men in order to play on their egos. "I don't believe that any more. I'm not a subservient person, I'm just myself." ■

Western planning guide



Story: Stephanie Smith
Art: Brad Klaus

This is your Western planning guide. If followed closely, it will guide you into the red tape world of the college student. Its lessons in frustration will prove a valuable preparation for life at Western. Read it carefully. You will probably end up normal (lacking the ability to discern the absurd).

CLASSES

1. Go to class the first day. Listen carefully as the professor announces there will be three tests and seven papers required. You are also expected to read eight books, none of which is less than 1,000 pages long. Do not blink when the professor explains, in her crisp, German accent, that there will be no swearing or smoking in class. You will attend class every day and will NEVER be late. No dogs are allowed. Questions are permitted only if they are "relevant" but if you persist in asking "stupid" questions, you will be ignored. Do not tell anyone you suspect you have been detoured to Stalag Five by mistake.

2. Do not attend class until the tenth day. The professor has only been there once more than you have, so don't be alarmed. Do not appear surprised to learn that no papers or tests are required. You will be judged on "in class evaluation." Pretend not to notice there are 104 students in your class.*

HOUSING

1. Pay Western Housing and Dining \$1204 per month to share a room the size of a pillowcase with a slobby, snobby, pimply senior from East Heiffer, Ohio, who is proud of being from "out of state."**

2. Move into your room in a house with eight other people. Pay \$1175 each month in rent, plus \$29 for lights and heat ("But it's cheaper than campus"). The water pipes are busted, as were the last nine people who lived there.

FOOD

1. (Off campus) Go to a grocery store to buy food. After spending \$4.29 for one head of lettuce and two pounds of hamburger, do not show any hostility when you realize that you don't have enough money left for even a small bottle of catsup. DO NOT succumb to the urge to stick the bottle under your coat. If you do, do not appear amazed or outraged when you land in jail for five days. Be prepared to lose five pounds and your belt. You will be fed "toasted cheese sandwiches" which strongly resemble creamed baby burp on cardboard.

2. (On campus) Buy a meal ticket at Saga. Gain eight pounds for each quarter of school. The food is 100 per cent sterile garbage, with 85 per cent starch. When you find a very sterile chunk of metal as big as your finger in your oatmeal, the manager will look at you incredulously and say, "I wonder how this could happen. Are you sure you didn't drop it in yourself?"

STUDENT POLITICS

1. Being a good, all-American boy who believes everything mommy and the coach say, you naively look to student government to solve some of the problems facing today's college student. Don't be alarmed when AS leaders spend the entire quarter announcing what wonderful things they are GOING to do. Keep waiting and do not lose hope! Do not mention to anyone that you think student politicians are afflicted with the glass navel syndrome.***

2. Firmly convinced that student government never does anything for anyone except its own members, you set out to solve your own problems, hoping only for a small assist from the AS treasury. Keep in mind that no matter how little you ask for, you will not get it all. Count on 40 per cent. Pretend not to notice that projects supported by the higher-ups in student politics always get full funding.

TRANSPORTATION

1. Try to buy a parking sticker. Act amused to learn that the sticker costs more than your 1969 Camero (with tape deck). Nonchalantly mention that you've been putting on a little weight lately, and that you have decided to walk four miles to and from school to get in shape.

2. Be adventurous. Give your fellow student an opportunity to do you a favor when you stick out your thumb. But remain calm when one of Bellingham's Finest pulls up instead, because you know that hitchhiking is legal in Washington. Try to look totally unconcerned when informed that "Although I can't arrest you, I can sure get your name and number for the files. By the Way, who was your first grade teacher? Are you employed? Do you smoke marijuana?†

*Open only to seniors with more than 140 credits but less than 149, and who have completed the mathematics inefficiency exam.

**Ignore this option unless you are a member of the John Birch Society, the Students for a Democratic Society, or are over age 85 (as of June 1, 1972).

***The glass navel syndrome is a condition wherein the subject's vision is limited to what can be seen through a piece of glass installed in his navel (because of the position of his head). It is less serious than the oral-anal complex (a condition in which the cranium is placed so far up the gluteous maximus that visual and auditory skills are totally unusable, which affects college administrators and politicians at all levels of government).

†Option Two, under "TRANSPORTATION" may be completed in addition to, as a supplement to, instead of, or in total ignorance of Option One. ■



Photo Essay:

Old

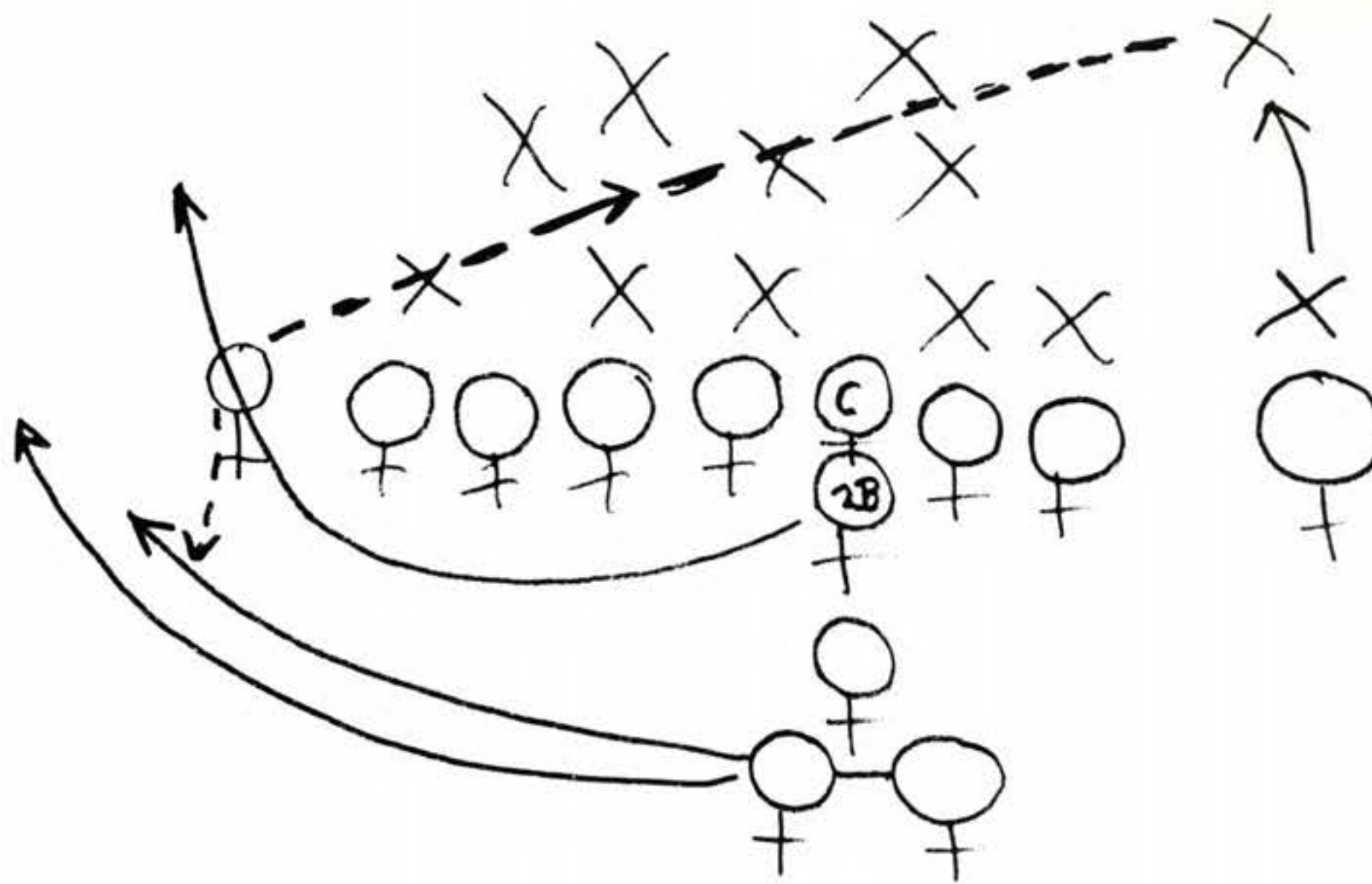




Photos: Tore Oftness

Town





How I joined the Delta Dogs and lived!

As told to Rita Gerde by Keith
McCall
Photos: Korte Brueckmann

I'm a football fanatic attending Western. I work for Campus Security. I have a girlfriend. I'm a senior taking a full load, and I'm asked to coach a women's football team. What do I do?

I accept, of course.

Now I learn that incidentals such as sleeping and studying are luxuries. Being able to sleep anywhere, in any position, ignoring any and all noise, becomes a valuable trait.

Studying now consists of gathering all of my books together in a briefcase, making a study schedule and looking at both of them often, comfortable in the knowledge I am only three weeks behind.

I make my girlfriend the team's secretary. How safe can you get?

Now comes the hard part, facing my team for the first time. The experience was both enjoyable and terrifying. I nervously walked into the Delta lounge, clutching rule sheets, play diagrams and an outline for our

first meeting.

I stared at these young women, all waiting to be transformed into speedy split-ends, bruising fullbacks, invincible linemen, (linepersons?) and they all stared back. My first thought was, "Hell, I hope my zipper isn't open."

Stuttering out a greeting, I began my talk on football. Our team, named the Delta Dogs Flag Football Team, immediately got down to basics. One girl asked, "How do you catch a football?"

I, feeling confident, quipped, "There are two things to remember; first, use your hands, and second, get a chest up!"

"I've been trying," remarked a teammate quickly, as another girl snorted, "Isn't it a little late to be worrying about that?"

The redness crept over my face as I realized my foot had teeth marks all over it. I adjourned the meeting and prepared for our first practice session.

At our next meeting, I explained the first rule of touch football, "condition your body and you'll avoid unnecessary injury." We jogged all the way to the field, and loosened up with some exercises. All went well until it came time to learn how to snatch the flag from the ball carrier.

I ordered a volunteer to try to take the flag from my hip pocket. She missed, tried again, and missed again. I tried to show her an easier way, saying, "hit my hip."

Promptly she walked up and nudged my hip, with hers. Wondering if Vince Lombardi ever had this problem, I smiled and told her to use her hands.

The next practice saw a group of sore but enthusiastic women ready to run the plays. Fellow security officer Frank Kurk coached offense, while I worked on defensive alignments. We ended the day with a mock scrimmage. The coaching staff was very proud of its fledgling team.

The day of our first game started with a key injury to our first-string quarterback. Sue and I were running through a few patterns, and we collided. She played the first half with a sore hand, but I took her out and sent her to the infirmary. Later X-rays revealed a broken bone.

Gamely we struggled through the second half, eventually losing the contest. We looked forward to practice the next day. Fame followed out defeat, however, and two more women asked to join, bringing the squad to 19.

We found a new quarterback. The first time I saw her throw the ball my eyes turned into fried eggs and I got grass stains on my teeth from falling over a lot.

The new quarterback also became our scout, watching our opposition and taking notes for future reference. She also became a good source of information about players and their unique problems.



Frank made up play cards, worked out offensive plans, and eventually had the use of a video-tape unit in analyzing our play. I prepared the defensive unit for our next encounter.

We won!

By forfeit, actually. We did gain two new teammates. For the rest of the morning we watched tapes of the game, a highlight of which was an intercepted pass from our quarterback. In desperation, she booted the defensive safety in the flag pocket, thus retaliating somewhat for the picked-off pass.

Our next game was perfect, although we lost. Mud covered the players from head to toe as they tropped to the showers. Their defeat didn't dampen their spirit any. They smiled from ear to ear, waiting for the next round of games.

The girls competed in a team effort that involved giving all they could for fun and a sense of accomplishment. To me, the experience was more valuable than any classes this quarter.

Bring on the next game. ■



Arthur Hicks: reflections

Story: Keith Olson
Photos: Gary Johnson

Tucked away in a secure niche in High Street Hall, among the political scientists, is office number 36, bearing the name Arthur Hicks. At present he is involved with the Honors program, a role which lengthens a teaching career approaching four decades.

Hicks came to Bellingham in 1933 to teach English at the Whatcom Normal School. Through the years he has been more than a witness to the transition from Normal School to liberal arts college, he has played an active role in the development of Western.

Teacher, musician, author and civic leader, Hicks has filled all these roles. After graduate study in English at the University of Oregon, he studied music at the Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore and toured for a time as a concert pianist. He began teaching after graduation from the conservatory, first at the University of Oregon, then Stanford, San Jose State and finally the Whatcom Normal School.

In 1949 Hicks, in collaboration with several colleagues, wrote *The First Fifty Years*, a summary of Western's evolution from Whatcom Normal School to Western Washington College of Education.

A passionate reader, the silver-haired Mr. Hicks may be seen strolling across campus engrossed in a book, guided around dogs and lampposts by some sixth sense. His great love for reading is one of the foremost reasons he became an English instructor and did not pursue the life of a musician.

Music and reading, his two great loves, have never left him, Hicks professes. He still spends a generous amount of time at the keyboard. Looking back over the years, he has not regretted his choice to go into teaching.

His fascination with literature and the opportunity to teach college students has been its own reward, Hicks reflects. "I love to read and discuss reading, with colleagues, of



course, as well as students in my classes," he said. "Discussion with students gives a greater variety, a greater freshness of response to the reading," he said.

Hicks noted that he has found a "continuity of response" from all the students who have found their way into his classes. "I have not found tremendous change from the 30's into the 70's. I think the change in students has been greatly exaggerated. Students are students."

Change in administration is far more apparent, according to the 71-year-old educator. Expansion of the college and its curriculum brought about these changes to cope with changing needs of students. A by-product of this change was the controversial firing of President Charles H. Fischer in 1939 for allegedly bringing Communist speakers to the college.

The United States was climbing out of the Depression, but the Red Scare was still in existence.

Communism's most ardent opponents believed that its influence posed a serious threat to America. Teaching of socialist ideas in schools was therefore viewed as subversive.

President Fischer took the stand that such teachings and lectures were guaranteed by freedom of speech and were invaluable in expanding the scope of education and ideas presented to the students.

The editor of the Bellingham Herald felt otherwise. In the spring of 1935 he spearheaded a crusade against Fischer for his allowing "communist" speakers to appear at the college and demanded that he be dismissed. A group of citizens, led by the editor, made a list of ten charges against Fischer and presented them to a closed meeting of the Board of Trustees. The board heard the charges, and according to Hicks, "simply found all ten wanting."

In response the irate group formed a Committee of Normal Protest and took their charges to

Governor Martin who, for political reasons, dismissed Fischer.

Remarking on the charges brought against Fischer, Hicks says, "I had very strong convictions about Mr. Fischer's merits as a college president. He was a man of great force and strength of character, a man who was able to project his ideas very forcefully in the public address. A man with utter courage of his convictions. He was a real educational leader."

Final faculty action to the dismissal came in May 1939, when Hicks drafted a resolution following an investigation by the American Association of University Professors, absolving Fischer of anything for which he could have been dismissed. It was passed unanimously. The students passed their own resolution, the alumni passed theirs, as did the Bellingham Teachers' League, all absolving Fischer of any guilt and clamoring for his reinstatement.



The only authority however with which to deal was either the governor or the Board of Trustees, and they remained firm. William Haggard was elevated to the office of president and Charles Fischer was left to be hounded from one administrative post across the country to the next by those who weren't completely knowledgeable about his dismissal, Hicks said.

Since that time there have been no attempts to fire a president. Under the next administrations Hicks led the way in finding more effective ways of solving administrative problems, mainly through the formation, at his urging, of the Faculty Advisory Council. Over the years, the continued

growth of the college has brought about a parallel growth and change in administration, and thus far, all problems have been resolved without need of a rash dismissal.

Hicks is in the process of writing a sequel to his first book which will reflect on the past seventy-five years of Western. In 1949 Hicks summarized the future of Western Washington College of Education:

"The tasks of the present and immediate future are indeed challenging, not to speak of those suggested by a longer perspective. . . . the State of Washington has an accumulation of needs that have yet to be satisfied. The greatest of these undoubtedly is for teachers in the elementary schools. There is surely room for improvement in the quality of the higher education that is made available to the people of the state.

"To attain this purpose and to meet the other pressing demands of the time, the college will need to manifest anew the pioneering, experimental spirit that has characterized the past."

Hicks cited the need for a continual rise in academic standards to provide for the best educational facilities to turn out good teachers. He sees a failure to secure that need today: "Academic standards at this



institution over the last two years have declined. That trend must be reversed."

Hicks no longer sees Western's role as only one of turning out teachers. "This college has become a multi-purpose institution," he said, "and I do not regard teacher education to be relatively as important to this institution as in 1949. The conditions have changed; the demands have changed."

The elements of change have also indicated a revision in the relationship between the college and the community.

"Western is in a better position to render services to the community now than in 1949, when it was much smaller, it has an even greater responsibility now, simply because it was the ability to serve the community in a more varied way."

Hicks feels that with the expansion of the college, more interaction with the community was inevitable and the successes achieved by each are most effectively reached through mutual cooperation. Although the raising and maintenance of academic standards falls chiefly on the shoulders of the administration and

faculty, Hicks maintains that the community is an asset. "The community should be concerned that this result has come about, and that the standards should be raised in the college. The community should take pride in bringing about this result (the raising of academic standards.)" Hicks will even go so far as to say the community has always been friendly to the college and concerned with its welfare, even in the 30's when their overzealous concern led to the dismissal of President Fischer.

Mr. Hicks plans to remain in whatever position the college desires to give him. After 38 years of service, he is ready to finish his fourth decade and go into his fifth.

It will be a great loss to Western when Arthur Hicks finally retires in favor of his piano. Meanwhile, he offers more to Western than simply his responsibility to Honors Colloquia. In a sense, he is Western personified. He is a dedicated educator with firm convictions about the job he is doing. It is educators and administrators like the man behind the desk in number 36 High Street Hall that effect change in this institution, and the level of academic achievement it has attained.



Development through drama

Story: Heidi Henken

Photos: Heidi Henken and Brad Klaus

Three third-grade girls, pretending to be witches, cast their made-up incantations over other students in the room. One boy plays Ernie, a scarecrow. He slips down off his imaginary pole and begins to dance. Others become dancing pumpkins and ghosts. The witches cackle gleefully at their joke until the sun rises in the guise of another classmate. The dancing stops, the witches disperse. The spell is broken.

The youngsters are part of a creative dramatics class at Carl Cozier Elementary School in Bellingham. Chris Coy, a senior speech major at Western is their teacher.

Chris started working with children's dramatics in high school when she traveled with a children's theater group. She continued her interest in acting at Western, when she took a children's creative dramatics class last year from Douglas Vander Yacht of the speech department.

When Vander Yacht began a creative dramatics workshop at Carl Cozier, Chris, who had worked with first-, fifth- and sixth-graders, decided

she would like experience with a different age group. With the help of Vander Yacht and the school principal, James McGlinn, Chris began working with Mrs. Marian Burger's third-grade class this fall.

Chris' main goal is encouraging the children to use their imaginations. "It would be nice to give children a sort of staying power," she said, "children tend to lose their spontaneity."

Chris said that children operate under a reward and punishment system. "They don't know how to accept the kind of thing (acceptance) I offer them yet . . . so it takes longer."

When Chris teaches her class she steers away from using the words "good" or "bad" as a form of approval or disapproval. Each child's creative effort is accepted. Chris also sees creative dramatics as a way shy children can become more involved in activities and more accepted by their peers.

To begin a class period Chris might use music or discussion to stimulate the children's imaginations.

After a while they break up into improvisational groups to put their ideas into action.

During a pre-Halloween class the children listened to creepy, Halloween-type music. Chris then asks them what they saw as they listened. Imaginary pictures of ghosts, goblins, witches and vampires are conjured up. One child suggests a haunted house.

Taking her cue from the children, Chris suggests they break up into groups and decide what each of their haunted houses is like.

Quickly the children form groups of about five students each and begin to improvise and explore their haunted house situations. After a few minutes Chris once again commands their attention with a beat on a small drum and they return to their circle about her.

She then suggests perhaps some of the groups would like to show their haunted houses to the rest of the class. Hands went up quickly all around the circle, almost everyone wanted to be first. If they have any qualms about performing for their peers, it is not evident.

One at a time the groups give simple sketches, such as a tour of a haunted house where they become



scared and run, or a family of ghouls chasing off a trick-or-treater. Every group is given a chance, yet no child is forced to perform.

Chris says the class has come about half way since she began working with them. A major part of her job is getting the children to accept her and what she has to offer. "You've got to have them accept you and know where they are before you can do improvisational drama," she said.

Chris hopes that through creative dramatics the children will become more self-accepting. She also hopes to reach the teachers because when the teachers do come around "they lose their uptightness," and do beautiful things. They become more open.

In another session Chris senses the children are beginning to lose interest in the idea they are working with. Suddenly she has them lie down on the floor and curl up into small balls with their eyes closed. At the beat of a drum, she tells them, they will begin to grow up into very knotty, very gnarled trees.

She beats the drum slowly and the children begin to rise from the floor assuming twisted shapes with their bodies. When they reach full height Chris has them turn from trees into people with the same characteristics. She has them imagine what it would be like to live inside a body that is gnarled and twisted. Besides exercising their bodies the children are also gaining insight into another kind of person. ■



"The moving finger writes . . ."

There's no reality like a good substitute.
E.S. Sontfo

The majority is not silent —
The Government is deaf.

Chastity is its own punishment.

I'd give my right
arm to be ambidextrous

Sex is evil
Evil is sin.
Sin is forgiven
So sex is in

Epoxy can be cured!

Watch out!
on the fairy god
camel will put
a hump under your
pillow

In any field of
endeavor — one must
that can
you feel
down
WRONG!
BUT
WILL!

THEY FEEL MORE LIKE WHEN

90% of
EVERYTHING
IS SHIT

Marshal McLuhan
writes
back!

"Don't say I never wanted
you when your train gets lost."
R. Zimmerman

Free Love destroys
private enterprise

The wind in
Vietnam doesn't
Blow: It sucks!

HAVE YOU ACCEPTED
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST
AS YOUR PERSONAL
SAVIOUR?
fetish?

To see is human.
To really put things up you
need a computer.



