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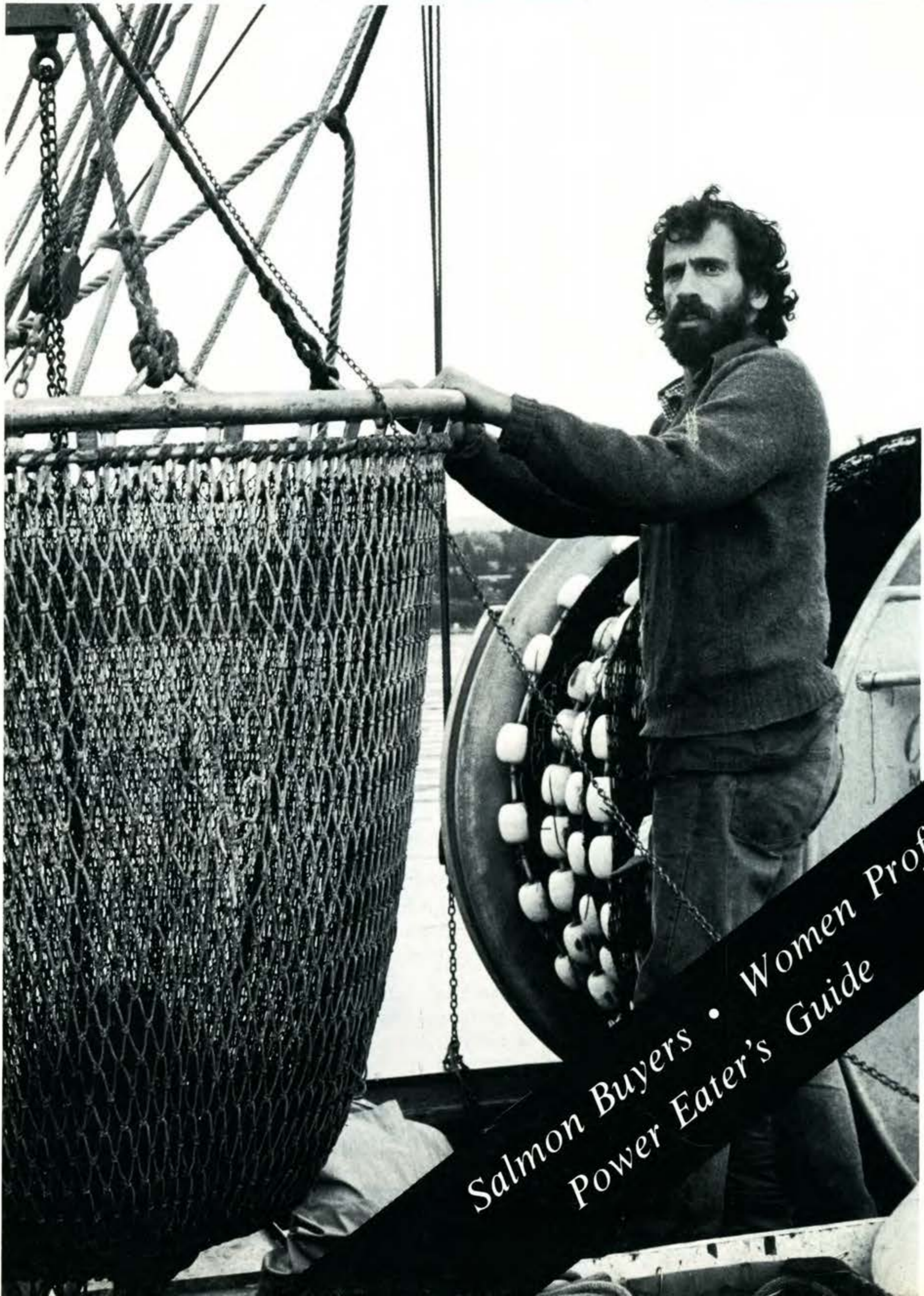
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KLIPSUN

November 1982



Salmon Buyers • Women Professors
Power Eater's Guide



KLIPSUN MAGAZINE

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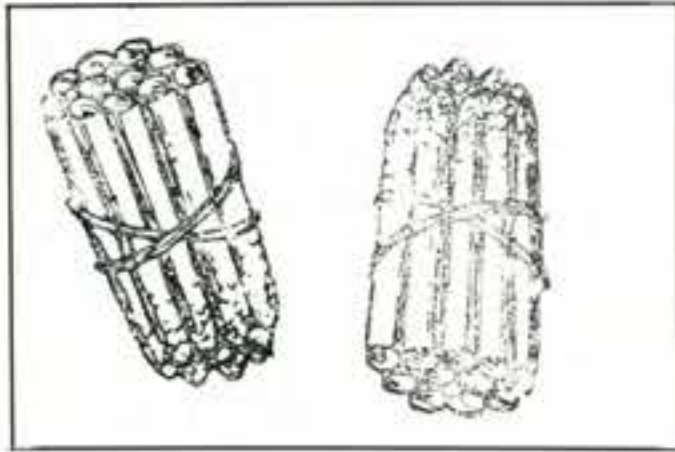
Barbara Scabarozi



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



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Women Professors

Reflections on women at Western

by Donna Rieper

Ten years ago, Western witnessed a quiet revolution heralded by the arrival of affirmative action and the establishment of a women's studies program.

How was it different for women at Western before 1972? What is it like today, 10 years later? Four professors, a staff member, an administrator and a counselor shared their perspectives on Western, how it has changed and how it has not.

When Dorothy Ramsland came to the College of Education in 1949 to teach home economics, only about 1,000 students attended. Now in her sky-lit office at the topmost gable of Old Main, she reflects:

"I'm glad I came when I did. I met some of the faculty who really made this institution. They were committed to students, scholarship and the institution.

"I've seen presidents come and go. I've seen deans come and go. In the '50s, there were some real characters in all the departments. Some of those characters were women. Faculty meetings were exciting. In those days, women were on an equal par with the men.

"I have been concerned that in the last five to seven years it has been more difficult for women to be represented on committees.

"There have been few woman department chairs, except in home economics and physical education. Some departments I can't remember ever having a woman chair.

"I know some departments have said, 'We will not have a woman in our department.' Then affirmative action pricked them. It's a form of snobbery and it's to the detriment of everyone."

For the past 30 years, through the draft era, the end of the draft, through



Dorothy Ramsland

social protests, drop-outs, apathy, slack times and boom times, Western's student body has been approximately half women and half men, with men being slightly in the majority. Recently, the ratios have flip-flopped and women outnumber the men in a 51-to-49 ratio, according to figures from Assistant Registrar Joe St. Hilaire. Western reflects a national trend.

In those 30 years, students have changed, and the relationship of college to the student has changed.

Nita Clothier came to Western as a student in 1947. She now teaches in the liberal studies department and directs Western's Study-in-Greece program. She discussed this changing relationship:

"College played parent to students more then. Women couldn't wear jeans on campus until after 4 p.m. The dorm mother did bed checks with a flashlight at 11 each night.

"A woman student I knew was called before the Dean of Women and accused of being promiscuous. The only thing she could think that she had done was



Nita Clothier

kiss her boyfriend on the front steps of the dorm.

"Certainly, now, we have a greater variety of dress, style and behavior. Back then, women didn't think about organizing together for something like a women's center."

Ramsland pointed out that men students are changing, too. She said for the first time, they have two seniors in the home economics department who are men.

"I've enjoyed the change of attitudes in the students. It is wonderful seeing men involved with children," Ramsland said.

Have the changes in the institution kept pace with the students?

Clothier stretched her arms before her, fingers clasped and reflected:

"I think there is a heightened consciousness now, a hesitancy in denying women roles on committees. Otherwise, I can't say conditions for women are really much better.

"I do feel isolated. I'm the only woman in my department."

This fall, Western has 395 men on the faculty, 89 women. Of those totals, approximately 34 men and 25 women are part-time, Leslie Nix, affirmative action coordinator, said.

For official purposes, faculty composition is computed by Full Time Equivalency (FTE) hours. Last year, women faculty taught 17.6 percent of the FTE hours taught at Western. This represents an increase of 3 percent since national availability figures of qualified applicants first were computed in 1974. Western has approximately 70 percent of women faculty it should have according to the national availability figures, Nix said.

Mary Robinson, vice provost for academic administration, affirmative action officer and former associate dean of students, discussed the progress of affirmative action:

"Percentage-wise, discouragingly enough, it hasn't changed much. Even though we have been hiring women, they have been on a non-tenured track and the last hired are first fired. We had a Reduction in Force two years after we

started the affirmative-action program. "When we first started, we didn't have any procedures for hiring. Now it's almost automatic that they know the procedure. There is a much more positive attitude.

"Affirmative action is trying to help the hiring process become uniform. It increases sources where departments can get qualified candidates. If a tenured position opens, a national search is conducted.

***'I know some departments have said, 'We will not have a woman in our department.' Then affirmative action pricked them.'* —Ramsland**

"I think it's obvious (President) Reagan has certainly not emphasized affirmative action ... Interpretation by the courts has affected affirmative action ... We don't have the force of law we used to have."

On the positive side, Robinson said, "People realize now we're wasting a human resource by not considering women."

In 1964, Meredith Cary came from Michigan State University to teach English at Western. She was on the committee that worked to establish Western's women's studies program.

"Then, men faculty were very frank about their opinion that women weren't as aspiring of their careers as men. Now, they're not so frank, but maybe they still think the same." She shrugged.

"A positive thing is, men are more able to speak out in support of women than they were in the past. The man who hired me was outspoken in favor of hiring women. He was a brave man.

"One big change I notice, women are asking to study women authors now. Ten years ago, they weren't. Men also are interested ... I was not taught the work of any woman writer in my college English classes.

"I didn't feel isolated as a woman. I was too involved with my teaching to notice. After we set up the women's studies program, I had many students come up to me and say I was the only woman professor they had at Western. Then I became more aware of how conspicuous I might be."

Cary talked about university politics: "Any committee I wanted to be on, I was. I've never felt anything was denied

***'Getting women on committees is not enough. Some women won't speak out for other women ... some men are big supporters of women. It is not really the women against the men.'* — Cary**

to me because I was a woman.

"Getting women on committees is not enough. Some women won't speak out for other women. Some men are big supporters of women. It is not really the women against the men."

Concerning graduate school, Cary said a difference for women going into graduate school now is they have a larger peer group.

"I was the only woman graduate student in my department. When I finished



Constance Faulkner

***'Unfortunately, we're experiencing some backlash now. I'm hearing sexist jokes on campus again for the first time in ten years.'* — Faulkner**

my master's thesis and gave my doctoral dissertation, I was the only woman in the room. In those days, you felt like it wasn't your world."

A concern of women students is the lack of role models in the academic scene. Candy Wiggum of the counseling center said, "Role models are impor-

tant, but it is an unconscious process. For the great majority who don't have a consciousness about the lack of role models, it has an effect on how people project what they're going to do with their life. When they sit down to think about what they want to become, it is hard for them to visualize themselves in a role if they haven't seen someone of their sex in that role.

"For those with greater consciousness, it is less important. They can search out role models for themselves."

Constance Faulkner, Fairhaven economics professor, is in a field few women choose. She discussed changes she has seen since beginning her career here in 1968:

"The women faculty have gained self-confidence. Now we're heard in a way we used not to be — not just as women, but as scholars and teachers. It has nothing to do with being a woman.

"One thing you still run into, unfortunately, is if you're involved in something political, it's assumed the only thing you're interested in is sexism.

"Awareness has improved enormously in 10 years. I was on the senate that approved the affirmative-action proposal. When I think of the things we were running up against then ... Most people wouldn't dare make those arguments now.

"It's not only they wouldn't dare say those things, they don't think that way anymore.

"Unfortunately, we're experiencing some backlash now. I'm hearing sexist jokes on campus again for the first time in years.

"Has it been only been 10 years since women's studies started? That seems like another era ... Students have changed, they are *much* more conservative than in '71, '72, '73, '74 ... Maybe

just as many are still concerned, but they don't do anything about it."

Speaking about affirmative action, Faulkner said, "I don't think we've been aggressive enough. There are still departments that don't have women as a permanent part of the faculty.

"Attitude is important. But when it is not backed up by substantive change for women, the attitudes can change back again. That's why this backlash scares me."

The next 10 years may show whether Western affirms or negates the position of women on campus. **K**

Comic Strip Cooks with Sound

by Jackleen Asmussen



Michael Strip

Albert Fields

PETIT PAIN AU CHOCOLAT

Starter:

1 cup flour
3/4 cup warm water
1/4 cup non-fat dried milk
1 package yeast (1/2 tablespoon)

Dough:

1 1/4 cup flour
1 tablespoon salt
1/2 stick butter (1/8 of a pound)
at room temperature
1/2 teaspoon sugar or honey
1 egg

Mix starter ingredients, let sit for six hours or overnight. Stir the starter, add 1/2 dough flour and all the ingredients. Add the rest of the flour and mix with hands until it is a "shaggy mess." Knead for eight minutes, let rise for 1 1/2 hours (minimum), punch down, let rise again.

Roll out 1/4-inch thick and divide into pieces, put semi-sweet chocolate pieces on dough and wrap twice.

Bake at 375° for 25 minutes.

This recipe is from Strip's collection. These are delicious when warm, he said.



Nutrition-conscious Michael Strip clings to his one addiction.

As a rendition of "Junk Food Junkie" fades in the sound booth, Michael Strip rolls the chair close to the mike, fiddles with a fuzzy braid and begins his weekly aural adventure. Food is the theme of the show, a subject close to his heart.

"If I had only \$4 in my pocket and had to decide between new soles for my shoes and gourmet cheese, I'd choose the cheese. If I want something to eat, I'll buy it," Strip said.

Strip is the host of "The Unbunched Asparagus," an hour-long radio show broadcast on KUGS—FM, Western's student-run radio station. Each Tuesday at 2 p.m. he ad-libs a particular food topic, giving his audience a range of tastes from nutrition to fantasy.

His program is not recipe recitation nor a reminder of the basic four food groups. One week, the show was pre-recorded in his kitchen complete with typical cooking sounds — a jar being opened and spoon-against-bowl tapings — while giving a demonstration of bagel technique without divulging the "secret" measurements.

The next week was a reading about a future world where meat-eating was illegal and permits were given for hunting trees and wild fruits. With air time to spare, he launched into pepper recipes, giving the history of the peppercorn and relaying recipes for pepper chicken that served 24 — "Invite a lot of people over," he said — and pepper pound cake — "Hmmm, that sounds kind of peppery. I wouldn't eat this," he added, after running through the ingredients.

If it is a choice between outer coverings and "innard" satisfaction, Strip said that food always is a priority. "I hate buying new clothes," he said, a fact that need not be stated. His attire is a quick study in clashes starting with a purple sweater-turned-vest by chopping out the sleeves followed by red pants hanging together by strained white stitches and ending in grayish sneakers.

Although his voice has the proper broadcasters' rise and fall to prevent air-wave monotony, his approach is spontaneous and original. In describing how long to beat a pound cake, he gives mechanical mixing instructions and the alternative, "High speed of strong arm." Citing various peppercorns, he slipped on air time, calling them "peckers," but recovered quickly by launching into "Peter picked a pack of ..." The result of his impromptu broadcasting is something like vaudeville without visibility.

Originally from New Jersey, Strip said even his first move west had to do with food, catching a ride on a truck

that delivered frozen pizza crusts across the country.

With a degree in city planning from Rutgers University in New Jersey, Strip has come quite a way from president of his fraternity (he is a lifetime member and carries a fraternity card in his wallet) to living in Lumpy Dumps near Fairhaven Park and growing spaghetti squash in the parking lot in front of his house. Working toward a future success isn't important to him right now, he said.

"I applied to the Restaurant School in Philadelphia and was accepted," he said, but after visiting the Culinary

Institute in New York, "I just blew it off. The people in the program took themselves so seriously — a lot of stuffed shirts. They smoked a lot."

Strip started a local bagel venture using an old recipe his mother sent to him. After testing the product and finding it comparable to a New York bagel, he said, he sold bagels at a few places in Bellingham. His sole outlet currently is Tony's Coffee and Tea Shop.

To support himself, he works as a prep chef at the Cliff House. "I don't eat out much anymore because the quality of food is never as good as I can make at home," he said. "I used to like going to Pauline's because of the atmosphere — a slice of life." Another Strip favorite was Chinese food until monosodium glutamate (MSG) was found to be linked with cancer. Although Strip is nutrition and health oriented, he makes regular exceptions for chocolate.

Strip said he doesn't have any definite plans for the future except possibly going on the road with his Appalachian clogging class. "None of us has clogs. We'd have to wear Adidas," he said laughing.

"In terms of fantasy, I would like to open a cooperative natural-food restaurant where you could get quality food. I could really get into that."

For now, listen in on "The Unbunched Asparagus" and learn how food can be a good joke but no laughing matter. **K**

It was sunset. Darkness was descending as I walked through the halls of Higginson looking for Marty's room. The sounds of young dormies, chirping like sparrows, bounced around the cement. The rooms were well-lit except one — Marty's room.

Marty Storey is totally blind.

She has been blind for 12 years. A brain tumor at age 15 left her sightless. The tumor succumbed to the surgeon's knife and so did her sight.

The first time I met Marty, I was surprised how honest and open she was. We talked about her independence.

"I have been living on my own for seven years now, not alone, but on my own," she said. Her autonomy gives her strength but also presents problems. Coming to Western for her first time, she had to pursue new acquaintances, make friends.

"People think blindness is contagious. They talk to my dog, not to me," she said as her hands stroked the well-groomed coat of Ty, her seeing-eye dog.

"That's why I'm assertive. I have to make people feel comfortable with me before I can be comfortable with them."

That statement rang true for me because my first words to Marty tritely dealt with her golden retriever.

Marty's sensitivity conceals her independence. She said people want to do things for her, help her, but that it only makes things more difficult.

"The only way to learn is to do it, but you can't say, 'No, I don't want your help.' If I do, I hurt people's feelings. I'm sensitive."

As Marty responded to the onslaught of my questions, I

was struck by how her eyes, without seeing, kept looking into me.

I asked Marty how she forms mental images — how she sees. A silence fell.

"You use all of your senses to see when they are all you've got," she said as the words stumbled from her slightly tinted red lips. "I see with my ears as you would with your eyes. When you lose one sense, your other senses take up for that. My senses have gotten more sensitive, not better."

By this time in our first meeting I was tired and could not concentrate, so I asked Marty if we could meet for another interview. She politely agreed. I extended my hand to make a token gesture of appreciation. I realized what I had done, she could not see. I put my hand in my pocket and said good night.

The second meeting was relaxed. We touched on many subjects and Marty revealed more of herself to me.

I started with questions about school.

This is her first quarter at Western, after graduating from Everett Community College with an Associate of Arts degree. She is taking psychology courses because she plans to become a rehabilitation counselor. Exams are given orally and her papers are transcribed. All of her text books are recorded on cassette tapes.

After 10 minutes of questions and answers about school, we moved into a more personal subject — her "gift."

Marty spoke about the subject as if it were rehearsed. "I

Inner Light

A blind person's way of seeing

Story and photos by Casey Madison



Marty Storey, a junior psychology major, in her room in Higginson Hall.

realized what a gift I had, when in high school I heard a girl say, 'Are you sure you want to date a black guy?' I realized how much I could see and how little that person could see.

"The inside is what I look at and see, that's where my interests begin. The outside just doesn't matter. I make an image from a tone of voice. I don't say, 'That guy has beautiful eyes,' I say, 'That guy has a beautiful voice.' They (sighted people) pick up on things that are irrelevant. I want to tell everyone it's a gift. I want to tell everyone about my blindness."

As she was talking about "seeing" I could not help but feel sorry for myself because of how little I see.

Marty finished describing how she sees by relating an incident with her younger sister, who had started scuba lessons.

As I turned to leave, I reached out and grasped her hand. She felt my calloused palm and moved her hand to my forearm, then blurted, 'You are a hairy one, aren't you?'

"My sister came to me crying and said, 'You'll never be able to see the beauty that is under the sea.' I just thought to myself, 'You'll never be able to appreciate what's above.'"

The inner light is something, Marty said, that all blind people have.

"Your light is on the outside, mine is on the inside," she said as the artificial light from the overhead lamp made patterns on the wall. The inner light is something self-generated that can come and go, she explained.

Marty spoke with a self-assured tone, "My light is my senses. When I get frustrated, I stop listening, stop paying attention. When that happens, the light goes out. When I get angry or frustrated, I really know that I am blind." •

Before leaving we talked about going to the beach on the weekend. A time and a date were arranged for our final meeting. As I turned to leave, I reached out and grasped her hand. She felt my calloused palm and moved her hand to my forearm, then blurted, "You are a hairy one, aren't you?"

Sunday, the day we went to the beach, was a gray day. The clouds rested on the tops of buildings, waiting to unload their heavy burden. I hoped it wouldn't rain.

We drove to the beach at Sandy Point, west of Bellingham. We laughed and talked the entire way there as Ty sat sandwiched between the glove box and the seat.

We roamed the beach as Ty, picking up dead fish and crab, made the walk eventful. Marty commented on the variety of sand, picked up clam shells and felt textures of hulls and railings of Lummi Indian fishing boats. It was a circus day for Marty and Ty. Marty had an appointment with her reader, Doug, at two o'clock so we left after a few hours of beach combing.

As we drove back to Bellingham, I mentioned how beautiful the colors of autumn were. Marty said something I couldn't understand and then was silent. The combination of her silence and realizing what I had said made me think of something she said the first time we met:

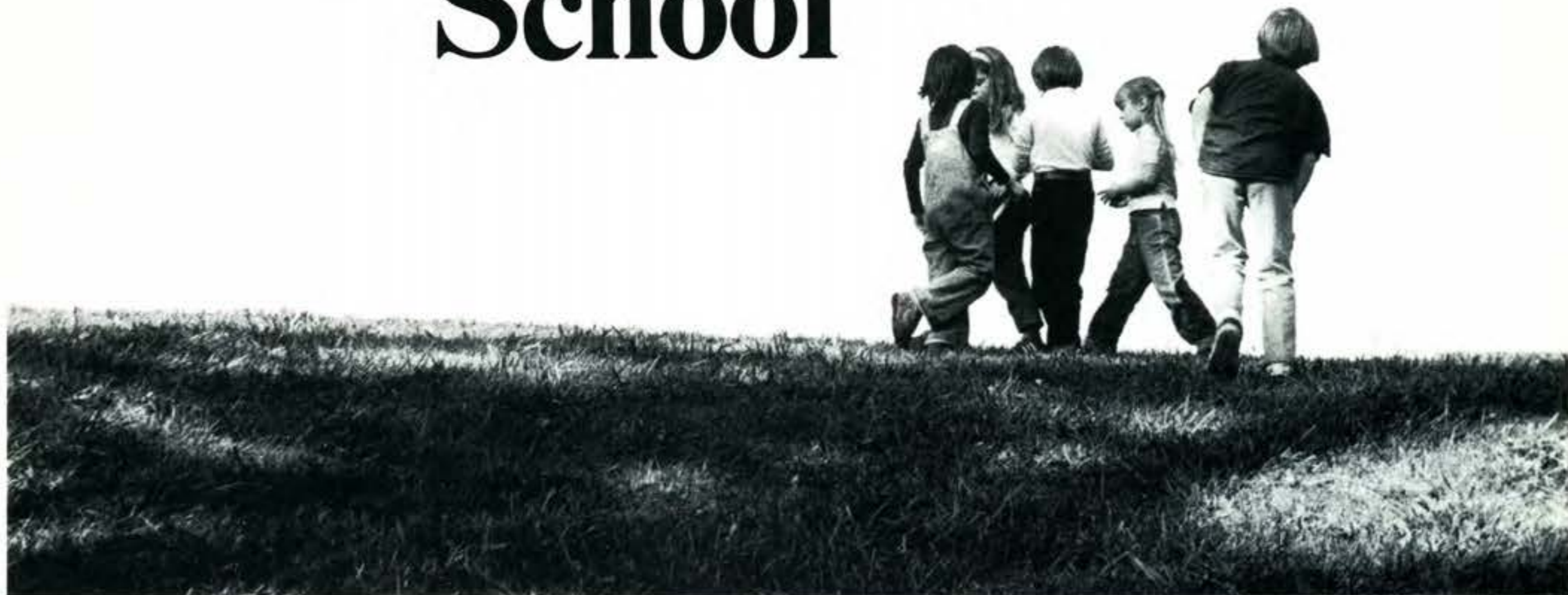
"It's a real challenge, living day by day." **K**



Sunday at the beach: Marty Storey at Sandy Point.



Bellingham Cooperative School



Dave Jack

by Kathie Hebbeln

Tucked away in a corner of Fairhaven College, beneath ivy-fingered stacks of concrete dormitory apartments, is an elementary school. Its students play soccer and tetherball at recess on Fairhaven's brick courtyard and chase insects on nearby hills for nature projects.

To its four staff members, the tiny school is more than an experiment in education, it is a way of life.

"Intergenerational learning," says Kendall Frazier, one of the school's founders.

Home to the university day care center and Western's Bridge Project as well as to dormitory residents and the Cooperative School, Fairhaven's courtyard community is a microcosm of society. Cooperative School students read and play with day-care children; "bridgers," senior citizens who live on campus while enrolled at the university, demonstrate long-tuned skills; day-care children stage holiday parties for everyone. Among it all, Western's students dodge swings and flying balls on the way to class.

"Often college students living in the dorms request to live here," Frazier says. "Some don't want to be in an 18-year-old monoculture. A lot haven't been around kids since they were kids themselves — and some are homesick for brothers and sisters at home."

Frazier bought her school to West-

ern in 1974, six years after she and a group of parents began a search for an alternative to public education. They found it in a philosophy that celebrates individualism and values the concept of smallness.

"It's good for children not to be in a building with hundreds of other children all day," Frazier, a tiny, steely-strong woman, says with quiet intensity. "It's exhausting. Some survive without any apparent damage, of course, but just going to school with large numbers every day raises a student's stress level. We've found we're able to accomplish the same amount in academic levels in less time because the children are relaxed."

Bellingham Cooperative School, kindergarten through fifth grade, has 38 students. It's one of a half-dozen private schools in the county.

"We're down a little bit, because of the economy," Frazier says. "For years and years and years we ran about 45. I would never go above 60, ever. We don't want to have lots of lots of people. Thirty-five to 40, that seems to work out about right. That's about the number of people in Bellingham willing to pay for education."

Bess Copeland, a Fairhaven day care graduate, is attending kindergarten at the school.

"I'm not sure we chose the school for all the right reasons," laughs her mother, Connie Copeland, who is an administrator in the Office of Student Life. "It's convenient to my work and

her father can pick her up after his classes. I'll ask her what she does at school and all she says is, 'Play' and, 'Have fun,' but then she'll be going along and will read a word and I'll ask her where she learned that. Then she says, 'I learned it at school.' Kendall makes the learning fun."

Proudly independent and unaffiliated, the school rents its space from Western. So far, as long as it pays the rent, it has escaped major consequences of Western's budget-axing. But the Fairhaven community spirit is sagging.

"The Bridge Project is crippled," Frazier says, her voice trailing off. "The day care center is hurting ... We're right in one setting. It was so wonderful while we were realizing it."

"We're a real relaxed group of people and that's the difference," Ariel Dole, one of the school's four teachers says quietly. "The emphasis here is to take one's own approach as much as possible."

The school's curriculum is ungraded. Progress is measured individually in parent-school conferences. Students are encouraged to work at their own pace and to go as far as their interest takes them.

"We don't have to make it so structured and because it's less stressful, children learn quicker," Frazier says.

Students are divided into loose groups. Frazier takes primary academic responsibility for the younger group, roughly kindergarten through second grade. Scott Stodola, who

plays a mean game of recess kickball, heads up third, fourth and fifth graders.

Students have free access to the project room, supervised by Steve Giordano, who serves as a resource person for students working on individually chosen projects that, this year, range from land management to "contact with nature."

"Someone will be good in one thing, someone in another," Stodola says. "They don't stand out, that's just what they do and that's OK, because there's a whole range. We're all people, we're all unique and that's what's great. We're a celebration of differences."

Such an approach reduces competitiveness and interpersonal problems, Stodola says.

"I don't think we've ever had a discipline problem in this school, in the ordinary sense of the word. In public school, my first responsibility, really, was to contain children, keep them in their seats and quiet. Here we can look at education as what's happening with the individual. There isn't a real strong line between child and adult, you

know, when 'What I say goes.' So there's less need to challenge or misbehave. It's really kind of rare when an adult has to step in."

Teaching elementary school in the middle of a college campus has a few disadvantages. "Noise," everyone laughs. "And parking."

With high-tech stereos and electric guitars vibrating through dormitory conversations, Fairhaven rarely is quiet.

"The activity level is fast paced," Stodola says. "These facilities really are not designed for a school. We don't have any place for people to go to be alone. Here, if you go outside, it's more public than inside. There are

times you need to be with fewer people."

The activity level is fast-paced," Stodola says. "These facilities really are not designed for a school. We don't have any place for people to go to be alone. Here, if you go outside, it's more private than inside. There are times you need to be with fewer people."

Word of the school spreads slowly. Frazier doesn't encourage publicity.

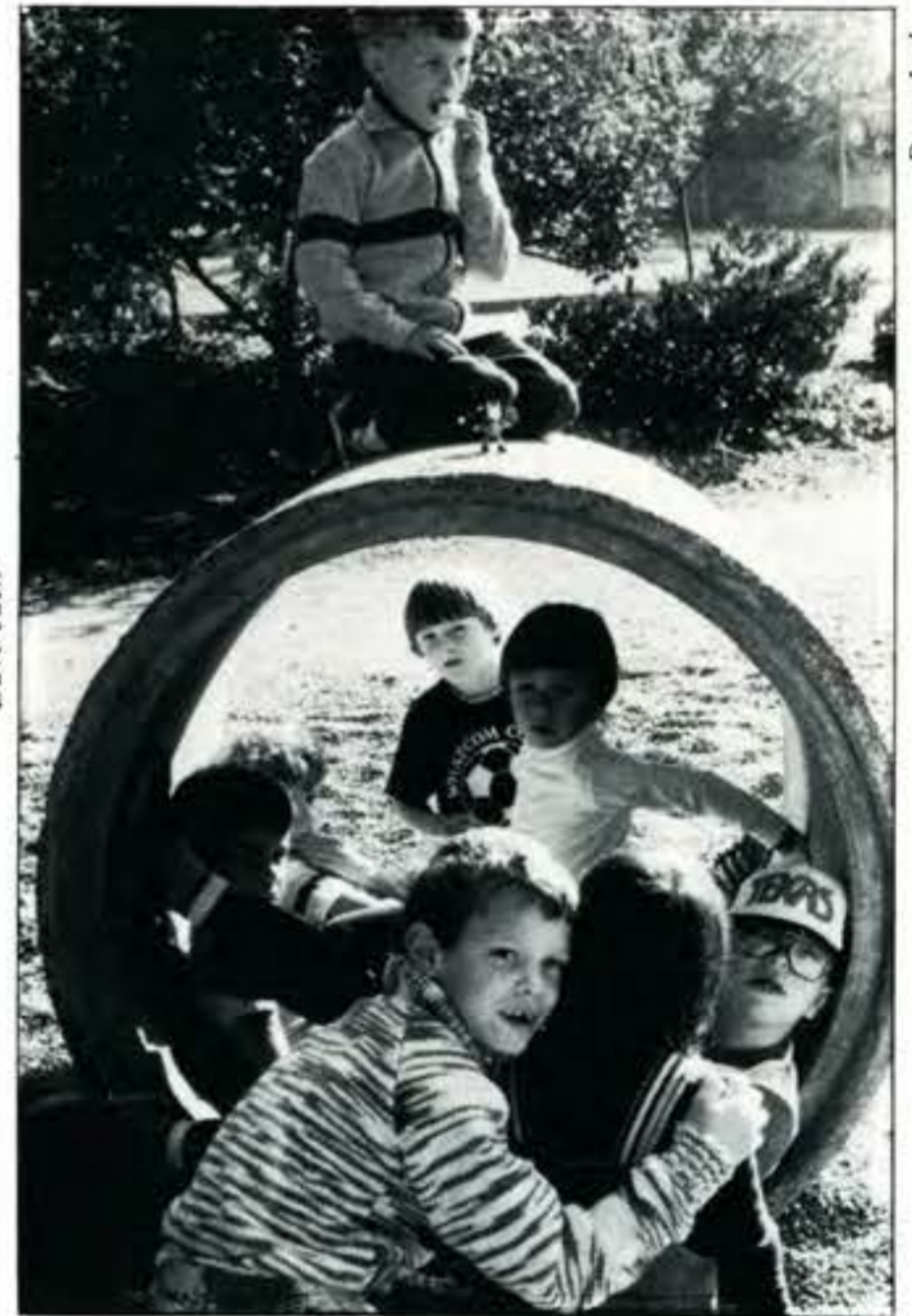
"Well, if people are looking for a private school, they'll see Montessori and notice it because it's well known. They'll figure it has to be good because they've heard of it. With us, they have to come to talk with us. I like it that way." **K**

upper right:

Outside at recess time are Bellingham Cooperative School students Alexander Seeley, Matt Simonsen, Dax Wilder, Nathaniel Franco, Jeremy Mercier and Danielle Mullane.

lower right:

Inside the school with teacher Scott Stodola are Liz Dickerson, Ariella Robison Heid, Tanisha Byrnes, Isa Helfgott and Sara Brown.



Since the beginning, mankind has tried to split itself into separate, easily identifiable camps. An ancestral, "us and them" complex has manifested itself in the tensions between the "barbaric" and the "civil," men and women, and the "saved" and the "damned."

With hopes of retiring these archaic dichotomies once and for all, I wish to assert the emergence of a new, more appropriate dividing line between humans: there are only two types of people to be found in this world — those who seek sheer volume in their culinary quests and those who don't.

Frankly, my interests (and sympathies) always have been with the former group, whose members are more likely to be seen waddling out of a smorgasbord than sipping vichyssoise or nibbling on a salad.

But how well do Bellingham restaurants cater to those of us who enjoy challenging our respective intestinal tracts with an unlimited food orgy?

To answer this question, I embarked on an eight-day voyage to seven local hotspots of overindulgence, visiting only those off-campus establishments offering unchecked entree assaults at least once a week for less than \$6, tax not included. Salad bars and "happy hour" buffets were excluded from the survey. Below are my findings, gathered from Sept. 30 through Oct. 8, 1982. If nothing else, they should show that Bellingham can be a very fulfilling place to live.

Sarducci's — With six different shapes of noodles to choose from and eight individual sauces, 48 combinations await ambitious power eaters who tackle Sarducci's famed pasta bar. Guaranteed to leave you reeling in your rigatoni, the experience is well worth the \$5.95. To achieve maximum pasta intake, however, one must take care to avoid indulging in excessive french bread or salad while the noodles are being prepared. Sarducci's is located at 710 Samish Way. The pasta bar is open weekdays 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. and 5 to 10 p.m., Saturday 5 to 11 p.m. and Sunday 5 to 10 p.m.

Royal Fork Buffet Restaurant

— Though not endowed with the best of reputations, one would be hard pressed to find a soul who has not had his or her innards pricked by the Royal Fork. Almost all of us, it seems, can recall grasping a plastic tray, wiping the water off with a paper napkin and proceeding tentatively down the buffet line.

"The Line" starts innocently enough with tossed salad and ends with a variety of desserts. What happens in between, however, is, at the risk of

sounding melodramatic . . . ghastly. Somewhere after the peach-marshmallow fruit salad and a few bins before the deep-fried zucchini discs, diners are ambushed by unwieldy clumps of bread stuffing, some appearing to weigh as much as 400 pounds. Watching frustrated people stubbornly try to break the stuffing blobs into bite-sized components provides yet another sidelight to this entertaining dining experience. The fun can be yours nightly for \$4.25 (\$3.25 at lunch time). The Royal Fork reigns at 1530 Ellis St.

Dickinson's Family Buffet

— In direct competition with the Royal Fork for a share of the Bellingham buffet crowd is Dickinson's, which, at the very least, grants an alternative to eating under a giant yellow eating utensil. Both restaurants have similar dishes sitting beneath their heat lamps, but a substantial edge in overall quality goes to Dickinson's. The roast beef is more tender and the spareribs actually are quite good. The clincher, however, is a soft-ice-cream machine at the end of the buffet line. Six or seven self-constructed cones add a nice touch to a better-than-average meal. Lunch is served from 11 a.m. to 4



Casey Madison



Casey Madison

Reeling in Your Rigatoni



Eating all you can in Bellingham by Jeff Kramer

p.m. for \$3.40; dinner is served from 4:30 to 8:30 p.m. Dickinson's is located at 1315 Commercial St.

Skipper's Seafood 'N' Chowder House — Those who feel compelled to distend their gullets in a nautical setting will find bliss seven days a week at Skipper's. For a nominal \$3.59, seafood scavengers can consume infinite portions of batter-fried fish, chips, coleslaw and New England-style clam chowder. Casual fish scarfers who fear they may have difficulty motivating themselves to eat cod fillets in the double figures might consider bringing along a friend for moral support. Bellingham's two Skipper's are located in the Bellingham Mall and at 3040 Northwest Ave.

Shakey's Pizza Parlor — Like a friendly giant standing paternally over a herd of awe-stricken trolls, Shakey's lunchtime buffet reigns supreme in the land of limitless consumption. For two glorious hours every weekday, salivating patrons fork out \$3.27 so they may gorge themselves on thin and thick crust pizza, salad, pasta, regular and barbecued chicken and Mojos — thick wheels of

deep-fried potatoes. Colossal cinnamon rolls, oozing with brown sugar and melted butter, complete the feast handsomely.

Keep in mind that a lunch of this intensity has drawbacks. Complex tasks such as moving and thinking should be avoided until your food has been fully digested, usually some seven hours later. Shakey's is located at 110 N. Samish Way.

Pizza Haven — For the many who have made the Pizza Haven smorgasbord a Wednesday night ritual, Reagonomics appears to be working. Always a traditional favorite with local power-eaters, the price of hump-day heaven has plummeted in recent months from more than \$4 to a paltry \$2.95. A dollar extra will buy access to the salad bar, but hard-core pizza people tend to find this an unnecessary expenditure. Employees bring the pizzas to individual tables, where it is then up to the customer to accept or reject a particular piece based on topping preference or stomach conditions. Pacing oneself is important. For the most part, a steady stream of standard toppings is kept up during the five-hour extravaganza (4 to 9 p.m.) but occasionally an exotic pie such as shrimp or sauerkraut will

make the rounds. Incidentally, it is important to note that some Pizza Haven employees are very adept at spotting a hyper-bloated power eater and goading him or her into consuming more. Lines like, "You're not finished, are you?" and "You can't stop yet," are frequently issued to persons who have consumed 20 to 25 pieces. Pizza Haven is located at 411 E. Magnolia St.

The Cathay House — The Chinese smorgasbord at Cathay House may lack the impact of a Shakey's blitzkrieg or a Dickinson's deluge, but it does have some redeeming attributes. Quietly situated to the north of the Samish Drive-In, the Cathay House can be likened to the light beer of the smorg scene — it's everything you ever wanted in a buffet, and less. Everything served has a wispy quality to it: miniscule chicken wings, airy patties of egg foo yung, triangular pillows of deep-fried won ton (a sort of Chinese nacho) and lots of rice. If you enjoy sipping pot-fulls of tea next to large orange Plexiglas dividers and not knowing exactly what you are eating, the Cathay House is for you. The buffet is open from 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. daily and costs \$2.85. The Cathay House is located at 950 Lincoln. **K**

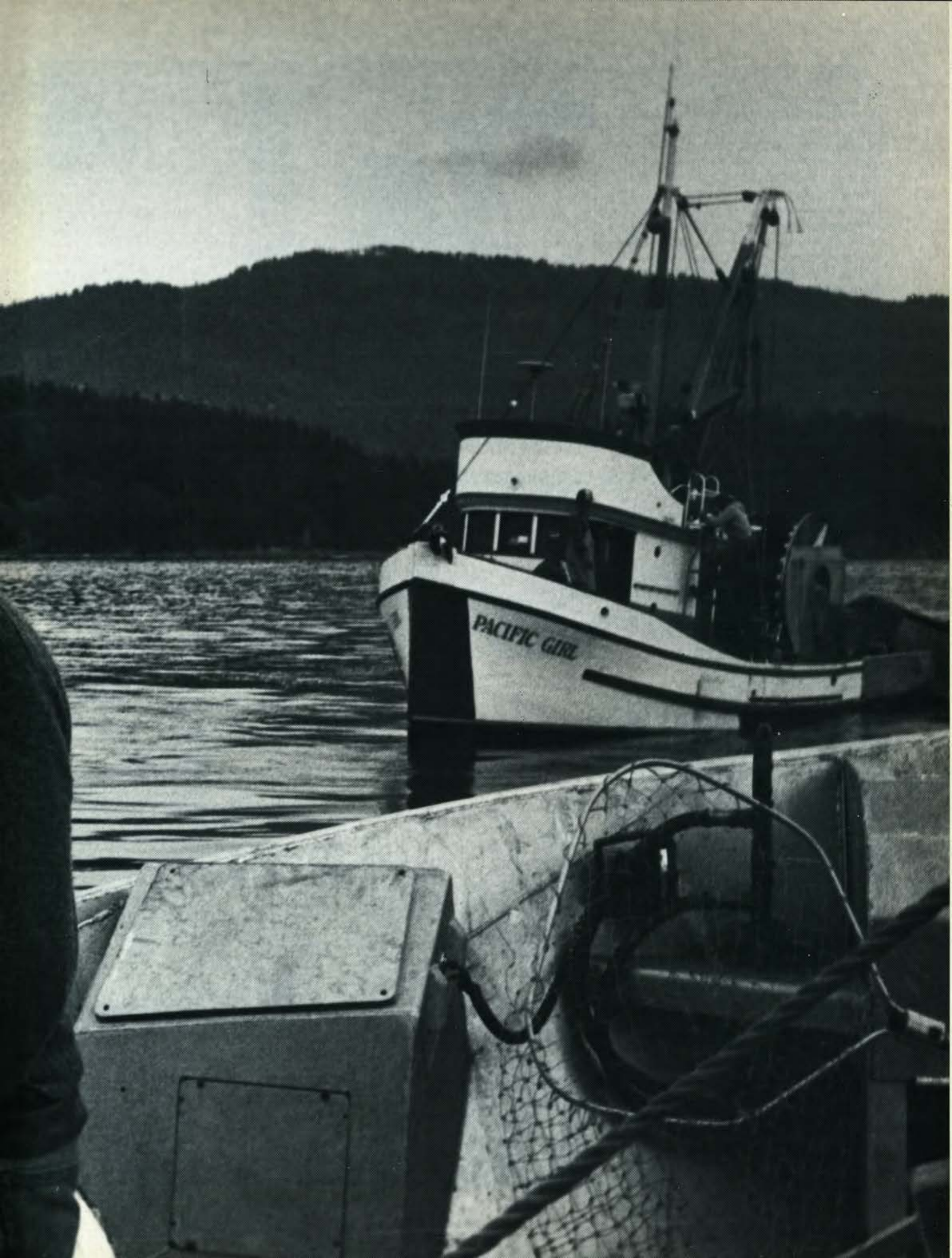


Out on the Bay

Fish tenders
pursue the
salmon catch

— *Story and photos by Albert Fields*

It's fall. The shorter days are tinged with cold and rain. Summer's harvest almost is gone. Western Washington's fishing season is reaching its last ebb tide.



On Lummi Island, tied up at the abandoned ferry dock, the Miss Kristina, the San Juan Seafoods' fish-buying boat, awaits its evening run. The county wanted to tear down the decaying old dock, but it didn't have enough money. Tying up at the dock is a convenience for 30-year-old Michael Geller, Miss Kristina's deck hand, because his Lummi Island cabin is just minutes away.

In early October the fishing fleet in Bellingham Bay is hunkering down after the hectic summer pace. Things are quiet. The boats are still out there, but the fish are scarce. The record summer sockeye salmon run, long since past, has been replaced by the less prolific fall run of silver, king and dog salmon. The fish are still out there to be caught and the Miss Kristina is out there to buy them.

Geller, a Western graduate, has



fished for more than six years. Summers, while attending classes, he worked reef nets, gill-netters and purse seiners. This year has been different. His friend, David Lapof, got a head start on the fishing season.

Going to the San Juan Seafoods cannery, Lapof got himself a job skippering their tendering boat, the Miss Kristina. Lapof sought out Geller for a deck hand; Geller accepted, realizing he'd probably make more money and the work would be steady.

Under a bright but overcast sky, the sandy-haired Lapof finishes hosing off the deck. In the cabin, a voice cracks on the CB radio.

"Pick me up, Dave, pick me up ... Dave, are you there, Dave?"

Lapof, whose clean-cut face seems incongruous with his long pony-tail, grabs the mike as he climbs behind the wheel.

"Pick me up, I'm here ... is that you, Doug?"

A gill-netter is ready to unload his day's catch. Within minutes, the boat is underway.

The radio is the tender's link with the fishermen. This boat has a pair of them. One is a VHF scanner, constantly searching the air waves for

another boat ready to sell out. Today is different because a man's voice is clogging the air waves. He calls himself "The Chatterbox," and his broadcast seems to be from Louisiana. The scanner keeps resting on his cluttered, non-stop monologue. It's nerve racking, but the scanner stays on, waiting for the stronger signal of a local fisherman to break through.

The 40-foot aluminum Miss Kristina glides through the water. It is not a pretty boat, but it does the job. With its cabin jammed back against the stern, the boat essentially is a large deck with four spacious hatches leading up to the bow. Just beyond the middle of the deck a weight scale with a basket-like net hangs off a crane-like mast. It's a good-sized tender boat, capable of holding more than 60,000 pounds of salmon on any trip.

The cabin has been Lapof's and Geller's home this summer. Next to the steering wheel the radios sit on a counter that leads to a propane stove and on down to the kitchen sink. Above the radios a radarscope gives the boat a modernistic sense. Large windows overlook the deck.

Sitting at a table behind the driver's seat, Geller watches Lapof drive



above:
David Lapof pilots the fish-buying boat.

center:
Radios: The tender's link to the fishermen.

below:
Michael Geller guides a net full of salmon back on board to be weighed.

through the water, dodging the clutter of crab pots dotting the bay.

"Right now the job is pretty easy," Geller comments, as he strokes his curly black beard. "I never have to do any hard labor. I used to do hard labor. I used to have to pitch 300 fish off each gill-netter every day.

"Some of the skippers are older," he continues, getting up to make tea. "You want to buy from them tomorrow, so you pitch off their fish for them. Now, I don't work so hard. Today we unloaded a couple of guys' fish ... 30 or 40 or so and hosed off their boats and sat around bullshitting with them. The only thing wrong with my day is that it started a little too early for me. It was a beautiful sunrise though, real clear, a nice morning.

Lapof turns the boat into the bay and heads toward the mainland, toward Post Point.

"For us, this job has been how to buy the most fish. That's what we've been trying to figure out. David and I are both new at it. He's bought before and he knows how to run a boat, but exactly where to be is hard to say." Geller is paid \$50 a day by the cannery when the Miss Kristina is buying fish. It might be easier now, but in the height of the season, during late July and into August, things were different.

Today's poundage might total 2,000

pounds, but it was 10,000 pounds or more then. That's when a tender boat gets busy. You have to think about where to catch boats ready to unload. You have to be on the CB constantly and be ready to unload a boat fast so you can get to the next one.

Since Lapof's pay is strictly commission, 7 cents a pound, and a half-cent of that goes to Geller, every pound they buy is profit. Geller estimates the boat bought 200,000 pounds between June and October. A two-day run in early August got them 40,000 pounds of salmon. That was \$2,600 for Lapof and an extra \$200 for Geller. That run was good for a fifth of their season total, but those big days pay for the rest of the season.

Lapof is on the CB again as he approaches a gill-netter off in the distance. As he got ready to greet the boat he could hear another conversation over the CB. Another buyer was offering the gill-netter a 5-cent-per-pound better price. Their skipper gracefully declined the higher bid.

There is a lot of competition on the bay between buyers now because Bellingham Bay is one of the few places still open for fishing. Geller explains they get a lot of their business through service-oriented stuff.

"I offer to pitch their fish for them, hose down their boats, give them a

beer and pop, or whiskey in their coffee. It's a business."

Generally, Geller and Lapof get the gill-netters on their morning run and the seiners in the evening. In between they tie up at the dock, taking a break.

As the boat coasts alongside the Miss Kristina, Geller and Lapof move quickly. First the boats are tied together, then the scale moves over the hatch of the fishing boat like a crane. Down the hatch slips the net along with Geller and some of boat's crew. The net soon is filled with the shimmering silver salmon. Lapof swings the net up and back to the Miss Kristina and records the weight.

"Anyone want a beer?" Geller shouts as the skipper and Lapof finish the paperwork. Grinning, he shouts back, "Well, get them yourselves!"

No one seems to be catching many fish right now. When the Miss Kristina ties up beside a fishing boat weighing out the day's catch, one can't help but hear a lot of joking going on about the money being made.

"We're just making minimum wages," is said time and time again. But on the whole the fishermen seem happy. One of the big attractions of fishing is the chance that one day you'll score. Hit a big catch. It happens.

That kind of chance buys a lot of minimum wage days. **K**

'We're just making minimum wages,' is said time and time again. But on the whole the fishermen seem happy. One of the big attractions of fishing is that chance one day you'll score. Hit a big catch.



Michael Geller

Research Report

In echoing basement rooms, on the flanks of Mount Shuksan and in offices and labs across campus, Western professors and students are conducting research.

Western received \$1.8 million in grants for the 1982 fiscal year. Currently, 59 faculty members are engaged in research funded by approximately 100 grants, according to Geri Walker, program manager for the Bureau of Faculty Research.

A small sample of Western faculty research projects is presented here.

Geology

Climbing remote areas in the North Cascades to find metamorphic rocks can be tricky. During hunting season, it also can be hazardous.

"I heard shots ring out the last time I was up by Twin Lakes (about six miles from the Mount Baker ski lodge)," Ned Brown of Western's geology department said.

His research, sponsored by a grant from the National Science Foundation (NSF), periodically takes him and five graduate students to the upper elevations of the mountain range.

They're mapping the Shuksan Metamorphic Suite — a rock belt that is a major part of the North Cascades, and is similar to rock found in other Pacific Rim countries such as Japan and New Zealand.

Researchers are trying to explain the origin of rock in terms of the plate tectonics theory. Formulated in the 1960s, the theory suggests the surface of the Earth is covered by six large and several small, solid, drifting plates.

As the plates move, everything on the plate, including the continents, moves. At the converging edges, the zone of solid earth and upper mantle is forced down. Intense deformation occurs at these edges where the plates collide, forming mountains such as the Alps.

The crust stretches at the divergent edges and forms new lithosphere. The San Andreas Fault exemplifies a fault boundary, where plates move past one another.

Brown said the sedimentary and igneous rocks that formed the sea floor during the Jurassic period about 145 to 210 million years ago were pushed down to a depth of about 25 kilometers when the plates converged. Intense pressure or heat 130 million years ago metamorphosed the rock.

At some point the area elevated and has eroded to its present state. By mapping the relationships of the rocks, Brown and the graduate students expect to obtain a better understanding of their origin.

Much of the research involves canvassing for rock samples at 6,000-foot levels or higher on the range. Paper-thin slices of rock are examined under a microscope in the campus lab.

"The field work isn't bad when there are trails but there's some rough, remote terrain," Brown said.

The NSF funded several helicopter trips this summer to the more isolated sections.

The distances to be covered can't be done by one person, so Brown values student help.

"The success of our research depends a lot on their achievement," he says.

Progress has enabled Brown to renew his grant and his findings have been published in several science journals.

— *Barbara Scabarozi*

Anthropology

In the summer of 1981, in a remote, lowland river valley in Papua New Guinea, a young American anthropologist strode rapidly along a jungle path.

Leslie Conton, a Western faculty member, was one of four U.S. anthropologists hired by the Papuan government to do a cross-cultural survey of child-bearing decision-making in rural families.

She spent her days in the Upper Ramu Valley, walking from hamlet to tiny hamlet talking to the Usino people about children.

The focus of the study the anthropologists did was the value of children. Conton said they asked, in essence, "Do people want children? If they do, what factors are involved in deciding when they have children and how many to have? If they do not want children, how do they prevent them?"

Conton returned to the same river valley where she had lived and studied for one year, seven years ago. She and an associate were the first anthropologists to study the area.

Conton said the unhealthy, mosquito-infested, tropical lowlands where the inhabitants were plagued by, among other diseases, malaria, tuberculosis, leprosy and dysentery



Leslie Conton interviews a Papua New Guinea village woman.

Photo courtesy of Leslie Conton

Research Report

probably explained why other anthropologists had not chosen it as an area to study.

She had expected to find changes in village life from modernization, but found instead, the three villages she had known before had vanished altogether.

All 350 villagers had dispersed into the jungle and were living a subsistence lifestyle in tiny hamlets.

An influenza epidemic and the closing of a nearby government post, where some people had jobs, contributed to the move away from the villages.

Conton said the Usino's attitude toward children seemed to be one of moderation. "Children are good, to a point. We love our children, but we don't want too many."

Most said they considered four children enough and used traditional methods to limit their family to that number. By the old ways, it was taboo for a couple to have sex for a long time after a baby was born.

Spacing of children was important, also. The ideal was to have the first child walking independently and weaned before the next baby was born.

People in the same district, but in a highland region where raising coffee was an important source of money, said they wanted families of 8 to 10 children.

Not only was the climate healthier, but the more children one had, the more coffee the family could produce. Also, because children could be educated to go out when they were older to earn money to send home, they were seen as wholly good, Conton said.

She said rapid population growth was a problem in the cities and some rural areas of New Guinea, but not in the area in which she had been.

If left alone, traditional birth control methods, such as breast feeding on demand and abstention worked fine. The introduction of a Western wage system in the cities and some rural areas changed people's values. Old practices were lost and have not been replaced by Western methods of birth control, Conton said.

The Papuan government will use the results of Conton's and her colleague's work to establish a baseline for gauging rural population growth and to aid in delivering family planning in the future if it becomes necessary.

— Donna Rieper

Viking VII

While many researchers struggle to get funding for their projects, Western's Viking Research Institute (VRI) has offers of money and supplies. And VRI spends nearly a quarter-million dollars each year in its efforts to design lightweight, fuel-efficient vehicles.

Michael Seal, director of VRI and a technology department faculty member, says a consortium of Canadian gas companies and the Ontario government provide nearly 90 percent of that amount.

"They came to us because we're leading in natural gas research," Seal said.

Natural gas and propane seem to be the most effective and economical fuels so far, he said.

During the past decade, six Viking cars have been designed and tested. The recently completed Viking VI is in Japan for the Ninth International Technical Conference on Experimental Safety Vehicles. The car represents the United States in this American-sponsored, Japanese-hosted event.

Subaru Corp. is providing a new engine for the Viking VI and plans to examine the car closely, noting all of the special features for possible production in the future, Seal said.



Vehicle Research Institute Director Michael Seal with Jeff Vicars and Bill Green examine an engine from one of the Viking cars.

Viking VII is in preliminary stages of development. A wooden body plug, for shaping the all-aluminum body, features a monocoque, or egg-like form. The one-unit body and frame is being constructed with a grant from Alcoa.

The newest design is different from earlier, two-seater Viking cars.

"It's fun ... a sports car," Seal said. "The top slides back and the windows open."

Viking VII weighs only 1,000 pounds, several hundred pounds less than other Viking cars. Seal expects the car to run 50 to 60 miles on a gallon of fuel.

Because the car is light, aerodynamic forces tend to lift it off the roadway. The research team has proposed using skirts as a counteracting, downward force. The skirts, positioned along the body sides, move up when cruising and automatically drop when braking. Made of a polycarbonate material that is more resilient than Plexiglas, the skirts actually will rub the road. Seal said the close clearance should improve mileage.

Another aspect of the continual improvement of Viking VII's engineering is a four-cam, four-valve engine that seems a likely choice for the best performance. Many engines have been tested and rejected during the years of VRI's existence, including a rotary engine. The present selection may be turbo-charged before actual use in the car.

Experimentation means the car constantly is changing, and with the Japanese interest in the Institute, it may be a Subaru, Mazda, Honda, Datsun or a hybrid engine installed before Viking VII revs up and rolls out of the garage.

— Barbara Scabarozi

Larry Flood



Jody Bergsma

Artist paints fairy tale into reality

by Caron Monks

A scrawny, bony-kneed young girl grows up isolated from children her own age. Shunned by her older brothers, she retreats to the comfort of her imagination, creating imaginary playmates and drawing and painting. She develops her skills so well that, when she becomes an adult, she is known far and wide for her beautiful artwork and everyone wants to be her friend.

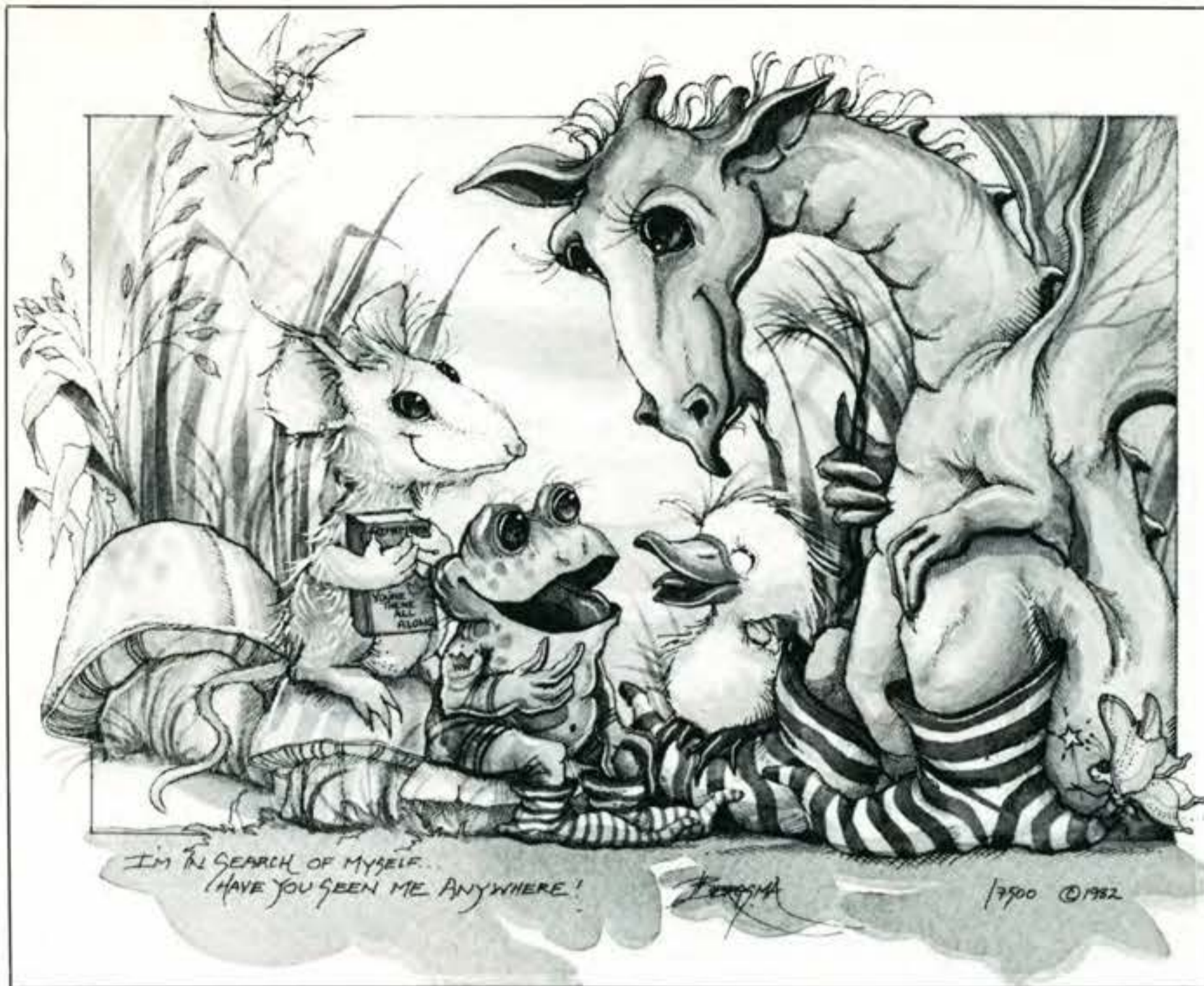
Sound like a fairy tale?

"It has been magic," said Jody Bergsma, with a grin.

Bergsma, at 29, is the artist for, and owner of, Bergsma Illustrations, the company she started in a basement 2½ years ago to sell children's illustrations.

Her company now has three workshops in Whatcom County, and representatives nationwide sell prints and books carrying her illustrations.

Bergsma found success painting and selling colorful illustrations of child-like characters with large, expressive eyes, and imaginative, humanistic creatures accompanying mottos such as, "Everyone travels through life, and a few see the colors."



Bergsma's awareness of beauty and sense of creativity blossomed early. As a child with limited company and amusement until she entered school, she flew the San Juan Islands with her bush-pilot father.

Raised in the airplane hangar, with little room to play, Bergsma spent her earth-bound time seated at a table heaped with art supplies.

"All those things make for a very unique setting for my upbringing. You can imagine the impact of the beauty I witnessed as a small child," she said, with a faraway look of remembrance.

Seated cosily in her "office," a local restaurant, Bergsma ordered coffee and a muffin and settled into a discussion of her endeavors as a student-turned-businesswoman.

Bergsma thought she never could make enough money to support herself as an artist, but she has fallen back on her talent to earn spending money from the time she was 13. She sold her paintings door to door until she finally invested \$2,000 in the first prints of her illustrations during her senior year at Western.

She had made enough money by then, selling at art shows throughout Washington, to finance two trips to Europe and to attend *Les Ecoles des Beaux Arts* in Avignon and Marseilles, France.

There the lean and graceful painter studied color technique and traveled to art galleries. She was inspired by European artists to create abstracts.

Picking at her half-eaten bran muffin, with her legs propped in front of her, Bergsma leaned against the wall.

"So I started painting my abstracts, and at the same time I did my first prints. They were born at the same time.

"Going to Europe and having to draw from 8 a.m. until noon every day

for myself, but the total product is for a buying public.

"I couldn't care less if someone bought (an abstract). But I couldn't live very long that way. I feel it's acceptable and it's possible to be a person who does both kinds of art. Where the embarrassment comes in for fine artists to have one of their peers suggest they're being commercial, I don't know.

"I'm doing what I think I need to do. The one provides for the other. One style is my support system for the other."

The attitude difference about doing commercial art is not the only point where Bergsma's style and ideas differ from that of many artists.

Bergsma said students may not be learning sufficient skills through the education system, that gaps remain to be filled.

Bergsma faced the table and leaned forward to say that to get anywhere in art, she thinks artists need skills learned through drawing and art history.

Leaning over the table, fingers shuffling and neatly arranging papers, Bergsma said intently, "If you're going into art, one of the most important things you could ever do would be to study art history, so that you have an overview.

"There are so many technical points that you should know about if you really want to have a firm grasp on what you're going to try to do with the medium.

'One of the most powerful classes I took at Western taught me how to cast shadows properly. Now if you want to do art, how do you know where the shadow should be? It has to do with mathematics and graphs.'

was just incredibly helpful. I came back and my drawing abilities had jumped — a quantum jump. The ability to put motion into the illustrations and then, with the background on color study that I've done, to paint them."

By relying on the children's illustrations for commercial purposes while continuing her artistic evolution through abstracts, Bergsma found a formula for both business and personal achievement.

"I have one foot in each door. I have my commercial work, which is entirely designed for a buying public, and the end person who purchases the work is my boss. Now I do some of it

"In a European art school, all you did all day was draw. And they would yell at you if your style wasn't right. They would flunk you if you couldn't draw.

"I think you can learn to draw just like you can learn to play the piano. If you were going to learn to play the piano, you would not just sit down at the piano and play a concert right off. I don't know why the variation between the musical arts and the fine arts is so severe. It's the same thing. You've got to practice." Bergsma pounded her fist on the table.

"Practice and practice and practice and practice until you can capture any human pose you need to.

"If a student wants to do artwork, I'd suggest some commercial art courses, heavily structured color courses.

"One of the most powerful classes I took at Western taught me how to cast shadows properly. Now if you want to do good art, how do you know where the shadows should be? It has to do with mathematics and graphs.

"Learning how to put highlights in, put in shadows and make something jump out of the page in 3-D is called design. At Western it's called industrial design.

"Our school system has a lot of professors taught by people who came out of the New York expressionist movement.

"The old art schools were so rigid and long and laborious that then we came into a period when art was the expression of your spirit. Well, that's fine, but it's old. What you really need is someone to give you skills. Then you can combine it with something new and exciting and your own."

Bergsma developed her style through studying and practicing different color techniques. Also, through years of practice, she has improved her ability to express what she sees through her "inner eye," a personal phenomenon.

"A lot of people will wander through life and not really be aware of what they're doing, what their surroundings are.

"I can stand in a place and feel things in a place that other people could not. And it has to do with your ability to observe.

"If you're somewhere and all of a sudden you get a feeling of awe or a wonder because of the beauty, there is a feeling that will come over you.

"My mind will take a 'still' of that sight. It captures it, and it will be inked in my mind.

"I work from those stills. I try to remember what the feeling was as well as the visualization. That's where the abstract comes from.

"Everybody has that ability to have that inner eye which will let them be inspired through life. Without it, life is a drudgery."

Bergsma credits a lot of her own artistic development, and therefore, her success, to her parents and the environment in which she was raised.

"I thank them for the strict upbringing that I had, for the opportunities I had as a child in isolation. All of those things went to make up what is happening to me today."

As to her lack of socialization and friends in her earlier years, Bergsma said:

"I don't think it really matters in the long run." **K**

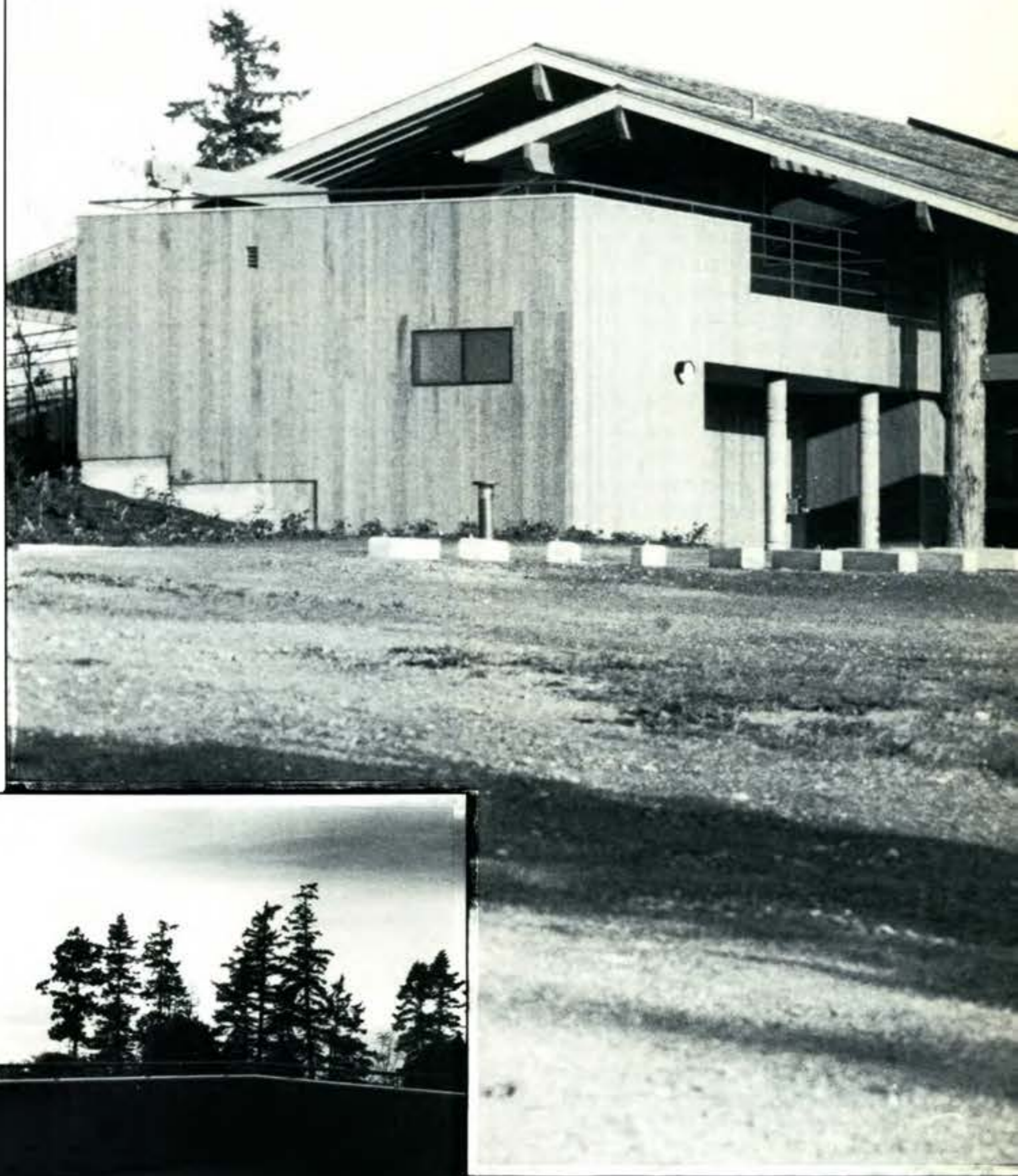


Jody Bergsma in her studio.

Casey Madison

Padilla New re

In the early 1900s, her brothers bought the 64 acres with a sack full of gold coins. This year Edna Breazeale donated the family land, now valued at \$350,000, to the state for use as a wildlife sanctuary.



Casey Madison

Bay: search facility

by Karen A. McCrackin

Miss Breazeale, in her 80s and still living in her home on the Padilla Bay property, wanted her land to help teach people, especially children, about the "wonders and mysteries of nature in a natural setting."

The 4,300-square-foot Breazeale-Padilla Bay Interpretive Center, housed on Miss Breazeale's property, is the information focal point for the 11,612-acre Padilla Bay National Estuarine Sanctuary that surrounds it.

Under its roof are classrooms, a laboratory, a theater, a research library, an exhibit area and a "hands-on" room.

Center manager Ron Kendall, a Huxley faculty member, is excited about the center and its future.

"I feel we have one of the nicer interpretive centers in the NES system. We see it as a model system whereby we can conduct long-term ecological studies in the bay and collect data to be compared to other studies in Puget Sound, particularly data from polluted estuaries in the Seattle-Tacoma area."

Research will be conducted by interns, graduate students, visiting scientists and professors. The Breazeale living quarters one day will accommodate visiting scholars and marine researchers.

The researchers will use the center's boats, research equipment and laboratories and will work with the Western-operated Sunquist Marine Laboratory on Fidalgo Island and the University of Washington's Friday Harbor Marine Laboratory.

Researchers will find themselves in a rich environment; they'll be located on tidelands that serve as an important part of the Pacific flyway for millions of migratory birds. The marine ecosystem provides critical breeding grounds and



Casey Madison

wintering habitat for migratory waterfowl and shorebirds.

Western is well represented by faculty and students alike. John Miles, Dave Schneider, Bert Webber, Carter Broad, Crystal Driver, Tom Lacher and Marty Stapanian, all from Western, play important roles in education and research.

Even industry has become involved. Shell Oil has given Kendall a grant to study toxic heavy metals in Padilla Bay.

Kendall is exploring the possibility of hiring an environmental learning coordinator to start educational programs for grades K to 12 and the general public. Slide shows will explain basic ecology and environmental learning.

The Interpretive Center's exhibit room provides displays of habitats found around Padilla Bay. A bald eagle protects a nest from above; harbor seals resting on rocks invite a pat on the head. Educational demonstrations explain the importance of rare birds such as bald eagles, black brant ducks and great blue herons who thrive on the



Casey Madison



Casey Madison

The marine life sanctuary quietly rests across the bay from oil refineries.

habitat's food and breeding grounds. The red fox, snowy owl and harbor seal also call it home.

The "hands-on" room currently houses a beehive with more than 10,000 bees making honey and wax and includes samples of fur from various North American animals.

Monthly workshops will teach nature-related topics — waterfowl, raptors (hawks, owls and eagles), salmon and the ecology of Padilla Bay.


"This will give a better appreciation for the ecological process. It's an education we hope children and adults will carry with them through life," Kendall said.

Estuary visitors also will find a release from research. Picnicking, hiking, jogging, bicycling, swimming, boating, hunting, fishing, beach walks, nature studies and photography all are available nearby.

Kendall said he hopes to see 2,000 square feet added to the building within two to three years that will include live aquarium displays and research space.

Eight miles of trails in both the uplands and along the estuary are planned. Construction of a one-acre pond behind the center and a boardwalk from the center to the estuary also is planned.

An ambitious goal, but one that, when completed, will fulfill the dreams of bay-area residents and environmentally concerned citizens alike. Padilla Bay Estuary will be preserved in perpetuity for all to use, study and enjoy.

The center is open to the public during the winter from noon to 6 p.m. Thursdays and Fridays and from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays. Trails are open all of the time. Guided tours will begin in the spring. 



Ron Kendall

Padilla Bay Estuarine Sanctuary and its Interpretive Center blend into the surrounding agricultural land — a sharp contrast to the Shell and Texaco refineries across Padilla Bay.

The sanctuary is one of 15 nationwide established through the Coastal Zone Management Act of 1972. It is part of a Federal program that provides 50 percent matching funds to coastal states

for the acquisition, development and operation of estuaries "to serve as natural field laboratories in which to study and gather data on the natural human processes occurring within the estuaries of the coastal zone."

The preservation of these estuaries will enable researchers to study unpolluted and undeveloped marine ecosystems. The

lands, when compared to more polluted areas, will demonstrate damage to marine life.

Twenty national estuaries are planned throughout the nation. Each area was chosen to represent a biological and geographical region of the United States. Four National Estuarine Sanctuaries are located on the West Coast — two in California, one in Oregon and one in Washington.



*An Afternoon in
the Studio*

