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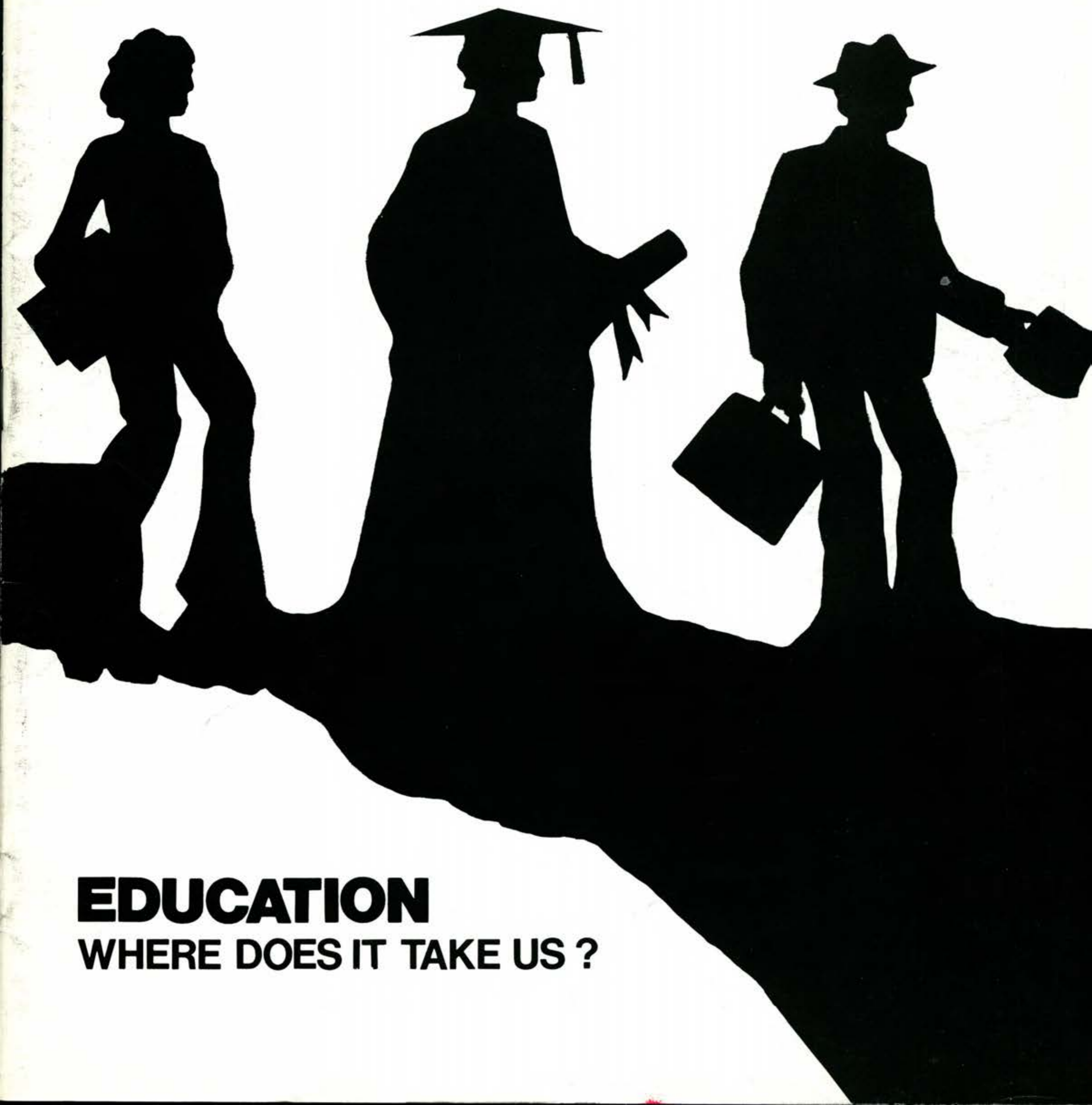
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KLIPSUN

November 1973

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EDUCATION
WHERE DOES IT TAKE US ?

KLIPSUN

Volume 4 Number 1

November 73 50¢

TO BEGIN . . .

A brief pause. Western Washington State College is entering it's 75th year of operation. The Diamond Anniversary could not have come at a more appropriate time. A new mood has entered campus life after colleges became the focus for much of the dissatisfaction and idealism that became the undercurrent for a shattered society.

The 60's saw the birth of Fairhaven, The Evergreen State College and experimental education. It also brought coed dorms, marijuana, LSD, long hair and distrust of authority.

The traditional and different collided and students took a close look at themselves and the role they were to play in society (both at college and after graduation).

There were many questions asked but few ready answers.

Now, 1973, a chance to soak in at last the merits of education's most tumultuous years.

So within this brief pause, (since education should never be static), comes a chance to look at the past, grumble about the present difficulties and contemplate the future and, at times, laugh at ourselves.

This issue is dedicated to Western and hopes to offer a look at the goals of education which students and faculty have defined in everchanging terms.

*This issue includes three personal views of higher education differing in both structure and locality. D. Starbuck Goodwin's **COP** shows the inside of a Colorado police academy and the emphasis placed on higher education for police. Art work was done by Steve Markstrom. Goodwyn, 46, attended the academy he describes and worked a year as a policeman in Colorado.*

Laurel White reflects on death of an experimental college in Oregon she attended during the school's last year of operation. Her story begins this issue.

Eric Nelson has found himself in

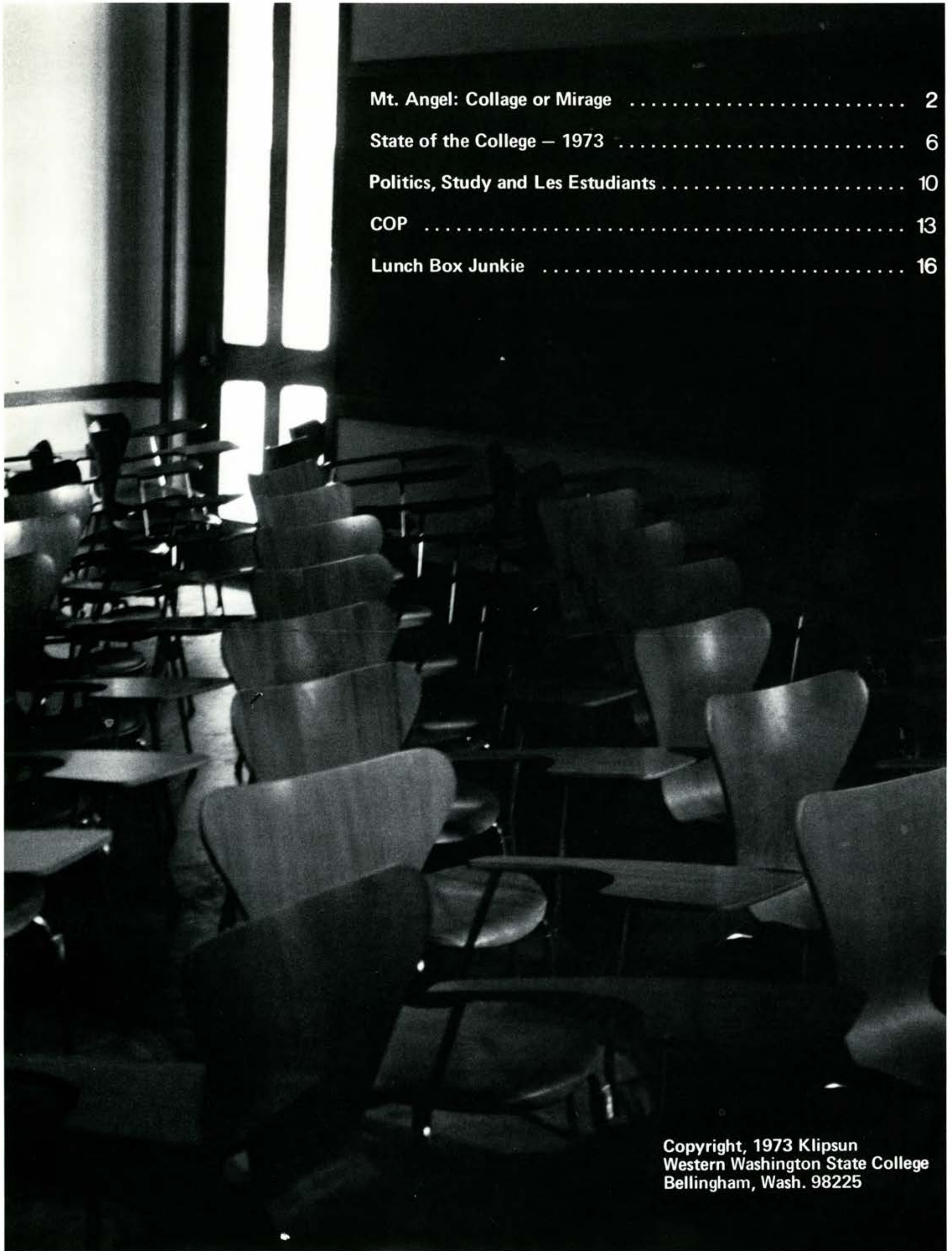
*the unusual position of being foreign student in France. He spent the year 1971-72 at the University of Nice. His story **Politics, Study and Les Etudiants** starts on page 10.*

*Jim Brooks' article **State of the College — 1973** brings together many of the problems that have hit liberal art colleges in the past few years.*

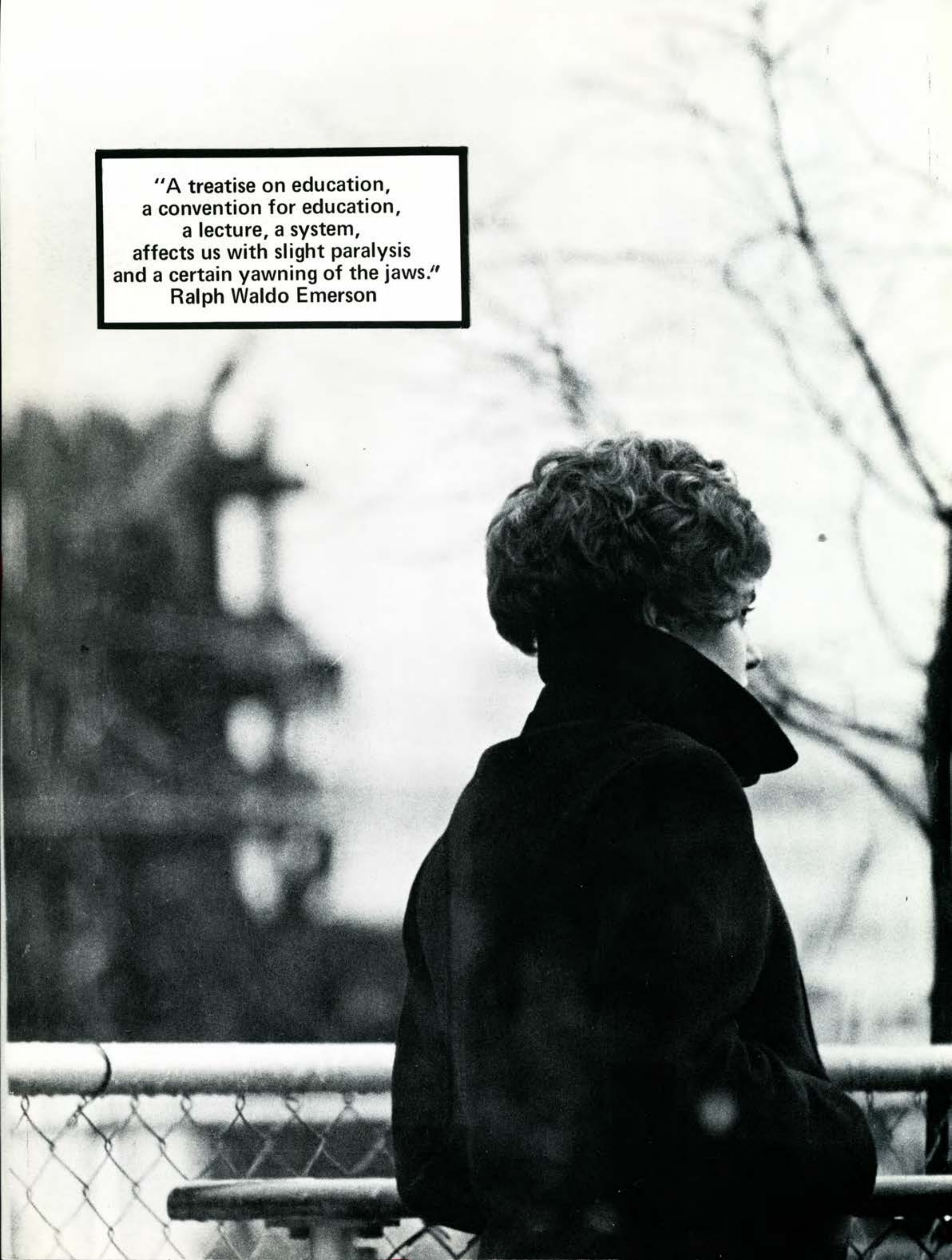
The issue closes with a light-hearted account by Bob Sims of a student's journey from cowboys to girls to college.

Cover was designed by Martha Resch.

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**"A treatise on education,
a convention for education,
a lecture, a system,
affects us with slight paralysis
and a certain yawning of the jaws."
Ralph Waldo Emerson**



MT. ANGEL: COLLAGE OR MIRAGE

This article concerns a small experimental college in Oregon that "passed on" last June. Written by an ex-student, it represents one person's view of Mt. Angel College with reflections on the death of an educational environment boasting energy and potential.

by Laurel White

Mt. Angel College, for so many of us who experienced it, was an oasis in the desert, the stage for a Cocteau fantasy, the perfect collegiate dream — for a time.

Free spirits abounded in the college community. Few doors were ever locked, strangers were welcome, and each person expressed sincere interest in the lives of his neighbors. (Of course, being a school with an enrollment of not quite two-hundred, interest sometimes reached an extreme — thus the birth of the Mt. Angel Rumor Mill.) No one looked with disgust or even much surprise should folk get to dancing and/or screaming on the front lawn. It was more representative to see others joining in with the madness.

Situated halfway between Portland and Salem, Oregon, the town of Mt. Angel (population approximately 2,000) is basically a farming community. The

college was not always on the best of terms with the "townies", although many Mt. Angel residents catered to students, as they provided good business in restaurants and, particularly, bars.

The campus environment was a comfortable one for all concerned — the dancers, the poets, the singers, the "politicos" . . . The campus, in one sense, was a stage for our various plays and performances toward growth. Due to its size, the college provided an exposure to, and an awareness of, a wide range of cultural differentiations. (This may very well have been a factor in choosing the college's nickname, Mt. Angel Collage . . .)

Just living within the community was a growth experience in itself. An ex-Angelite and good friend said "There was a common bond in just ending up in Mt. Angel for many, if not for everyone." She had come to the Angel from

Illinois, and there were many others from across the states, Canada, Germany and the Middle East.

Written up in *The Underground Guide to Colleges*, Mt. Angel attracted a wide representation of youth seeking an open educational environment — or, as it has been aptly dubbed, "experimental education."

The term "experimental," when used in the context of education, is ambiguous enough to mean very little in some "intellectual" circles. Many tend to be bored with talk of "experimental education," constantly questioning its "relevancy." Education is relevant in the context of growth. It is relatively easy to analyze and criticize one's fellows to a certain extent. However, it is not easy to educate them to any extent. This in turn explains why schools are

in constant change, striving to provide students with a real education – to educate them as people rather than populus. And that is precisely what the Mt. Angel Community attempted to do.

Originated as a Catholic women's normal school, Mt. Angel became coed in the 50's, and severed all ties with the Benedictans in the mid-60's. At this point, a new administration came into being and the college identity became that of a small, private, experimental liberal arts college, with a continually changing political structure.

stylized creative energy. Student artists ranged from a geo-kinetic sculptor who is now in New York pursuing laser-sculpture (on a grant) to Space Angel, a dadaist pursuing and developing his own techniques in "anti-art." A background of travel stimulated a number of exceedingly good creative-writers (one of whom was known to present poetry readings in the nude), and the interest in theatre and film-making was high.

Contracted studies provided endless possibilities for those who wished to pursue any one of these areas (and others). A

could pay a portion of the regular tuition, allotting the remainder for travel and living expenses as they set out in car or on foot to study aspects of another lifestyle or environment. Two of my close friends spent their winter term of 1973 in Hawaii studying volcanoes and the formations and fossils resulting from past eruptions. A popular contract through SWW was to spend a term in Mexico and study part-time in Guadalajara. The idea of SWW was that the best way to learn about a place – its people, its environment – was to *live* there.

I arrived at the college with visions of rabid books and satanic professors not-quite-dancing in my head. However, during my stay at the Angel, not one of my classes required texts, and papers (with the exception of creative writing classes and contracts) were assigned only at mid-term and/or as finals in one or two classes.

The faculty ranged from a neurotic biologist to a well-known painter, with an interesting assortment of aging Kesey-types, budding young revolutionaries and Gestalt therapists in between. One infamous Psych professor (most everyone seemed thoroughly convinced that he was strung out on speed) staged an end-of-term party for those enrolled in his various classes. He produced an abundance of homemade wine and, as the evening progressed, began taking notes on the resulting chaos. Generally, faculty learned as much from students as did students from their professors.

The strongest department of the college was Creative Arts, towards which an abundance of the community energy was directed. Mt. Angel could boast a great number of individuals with

student could meet with a faculty member from his chosen area, and work out a "contract" as to what he expected to accomplish during the term. He would meet with his advisor at times during the quarter to discuss his progress and receive advice on problems he had encountered. At the end of the term, the contracted student had the choice, as did all students, of a letter grade, or pass/fail grading. (The academic contract system has received wide recognition and quickly gained popularity in the last decade. The Evergreen State College is well-known for this program, as is Goddard in Vermont. Programs such as these are also available to the Western student in some areas.)

Another popular program at Mt. Angel was the School Without Walls (SWW). Students

Needless to say, there were also classroom courses in the curriculum, most very relaxed and informal in nature, which came as a relief to me. I had entered Mt. Angel as a freshman with a girls' prep background, expecting hours of reading and slaving over piles of thirty-page term papers. Throughout high school, the horrors of college studies had been embedded in my naive little mind. I arrived at the college with visions of rabid books and satanic professors not-quite-dancing in my head. However, during my stay at the Angel, not one of my classes required texts, and papers (with the exception of creative writing classes and contracts) were assigned only at mid-term and/or as finals in one or two classes.

Organized student activities were limited, as the school was not at all "in the money."

However, films such as "Performance" and "Johnny Got His Gun" were presented, as well as private showings of student-made films. Jim Pepper, jazz musician from the Portland area, came to play a few times at college "dances" and conducted music workshops for the benefit of the many student musicians. "Mangel," the college's VW bus, made frequent trips to Portland for films and concerts and the like.

Students gathered on campus wherever there was a room to gather in or a lawn to sit on. There was always music being played by students and various wandering minstrels, always conversations flowing in the cafeteria and dorm lounges. The dorms (all two of them . . .) were co-ed and "ultimately, so were the bathrooms. Living environments were realistic in relation to "that big bad world out there," rather than being unrealistically sexist. Generally, the atmosphere was free, highkeyed and happy. There was always an idea to express, a hand to hold, and a dance to dance.

But there was a flaw in the system. More than one flaw, actually. I don't think it is fair or even possible to attribute the death of such an institution to merely one factor. Mt. Angel's "passing on" may have been due to any number of reasons, but it would be more accurate to say it was an assortment of many factors together that eventually "did Mt. Angel in."

One of these factors may well have been "Community Government," a political system introduced in the Spring of '72, which began functioning the following Fall. Already working fairly successfully at Goddard, it was accepted by a small majority as Mt. Angel's political structure. Before it has been given a chance, its "good karma" had been nearly destroyed. The concept of Community Government consisted of various councils composed of a fairly equal representation of students, faculty and administrators. The



system in itself was extremely democratic, in the true sense of the word, because it gave everyone a chance to participate in campus government and voice their views. It was also supposed to avoid the formulation of any type of bureaucracy.

Community meetings were scheduled weekly to inform members of any decisions made by the various councils. These little get-togethers were always a highlight in the week's activities, basically because when the entire college community assembled at one time the result was rip-roaring, knee-slapping chaos. Everyone looked forward to the community meetings — at first. Little by little, however, people began to realize that Community Government was not functioning as had been planned. In fact, very little of anything having to do with the college was functioning at all.

Outside funding had come to a near halt. The college was in debt right up to its experimental eyebrows. Administrators resigned, feeling little need to expend energy for what they felt to be a "lost cause." A few community members clung to their hopes, striving to keep the college alive. Some lost interest, while others became angry and began pointing fingers at those

who they felt were responsible for the failures. The united group we had been began to crumble. The community crumbled from within as well as from external circumstances. The end was nearing and the college took on a deathly aura of finality as faculty members took days off to search for new jobs.

The pieces had begun to scatter.

So, the death of Mt. Angel may have been due to a governing system that failed. It may have been due to a lack of incoming funds. It may have been due to a board of trustees with raised eyebrows. It could have been the "time of year, the time of Man."

On June 10, 1973, Mt. Angel "Collage" was officially buried as the last graduating class received their diplomas on the Commons lawn amid flowing kegs and costumes. From there, each went his own way, to pursue artistic fulfillment, to further his education, and in many cases, to search for another "oasis."

**Is it all books and words?
Do you really feel it?
Joni Mitchell**

STATE OF THE COLLEGE 1973

by Jim Brooks

**"But what national aspirations
and goals can higher education
be applied to today?**

**Now, in this post-Vietnam and
Watergate era, we need to put higher
education to work solving real social
and economic problems."**

State Representative Barney Goltz





Some came to avoid the draft. Others came because their parents said it was the thing to do. And many came to delay their debut on the job market.

But whatever the reasons for the soaring enrollments of the 60s and early 70s, one thing is clear: colleges are now faced with severe money problems brought on by sagging enrollments.

The post-Vietnam era has witnessed a change in the campus mood from activism and outrage to practicality and calm. Hair is shorter and drug use appears to have diminished. Today's student seems more concerned with grades and job-oriented skills. And liberal arts colleges across the country are averaging enrollment drops of over five per cent.

Western is not alone in its hour of budgetary duress. Faculty cutbacks, dropped courses and reduced services are the order of the day for many schools. As a result, many academic institutions are faced with a painful period of adjustment.

The enrollment picture at Western for the past decade is not unlike those of Central and Eastern. In 1964, for example, Western had just 4,524 students. By 1971, enrollment had soared to 9,864, but slumped to about 8,000 by Fall quarter of this year. Central had 3,754 students in 1964, peaked at 7,514 in 1970, and has dropped to about 6,413. Eastern had 3,177 in 1964, reached a high of 6,801 in 1970, and has dropped to about 6,415.

The figures do indicate, however, that Western's decline has been more severe than the other two schools. It's estimated that four out of every ten students who enter Western eventually drop out.

The most common reasons for dropping out of Western, according to a recent study by the associate dean of student's office, were dissatisfaction with instructors, inadequate academic advisement and the general education requirements.

There are many factors involved in the alarming drop in college populations, according to William O'Neil, assistant to the academic vice president.

These include:

—**The economic problem.** It is becoming more and more expensive for students to attend college. Tuition, fees, books, room and board and other costs have skyrocketed. Parents may be getting more reluctant to make the financial sacrifices.

—**The trend to job-oriented and professional opportunities.** Vocational schools and universities with a variety of professional programs appear to be "holding their own and even increasing their enrollments," O'Neil noted.

—**The change in life styles and values.** Many young people are now more inclined to travel and

experience the other side of life before continuing formal education.

—**Selective Service student deferments are no longer necessary.**

—**There are more institutions to serve the students.** A large network of community colleges and the new Evergreen State College are competing for a diminishing number of students.

"Another important factor," O'Neil said, "is that the actual number of high school graduates is declining in the state for the first time in many years."

Studies show that the number of high school students going on to college declined last year from 51 per cent to 38 per cent.

The state legislature reduced Western's appropriation for 1974-75 by over \$1.6-million because of its enrollment drop. Although Gov. Dan Evans vetoed this reduction for the time being, there is no guarantee that the legislature will not take similar action during the next session.

The Carnegie Commission on High Education recently issued a report which stated that the educational system is now undergoing "its greatest trauma of self-doubt."

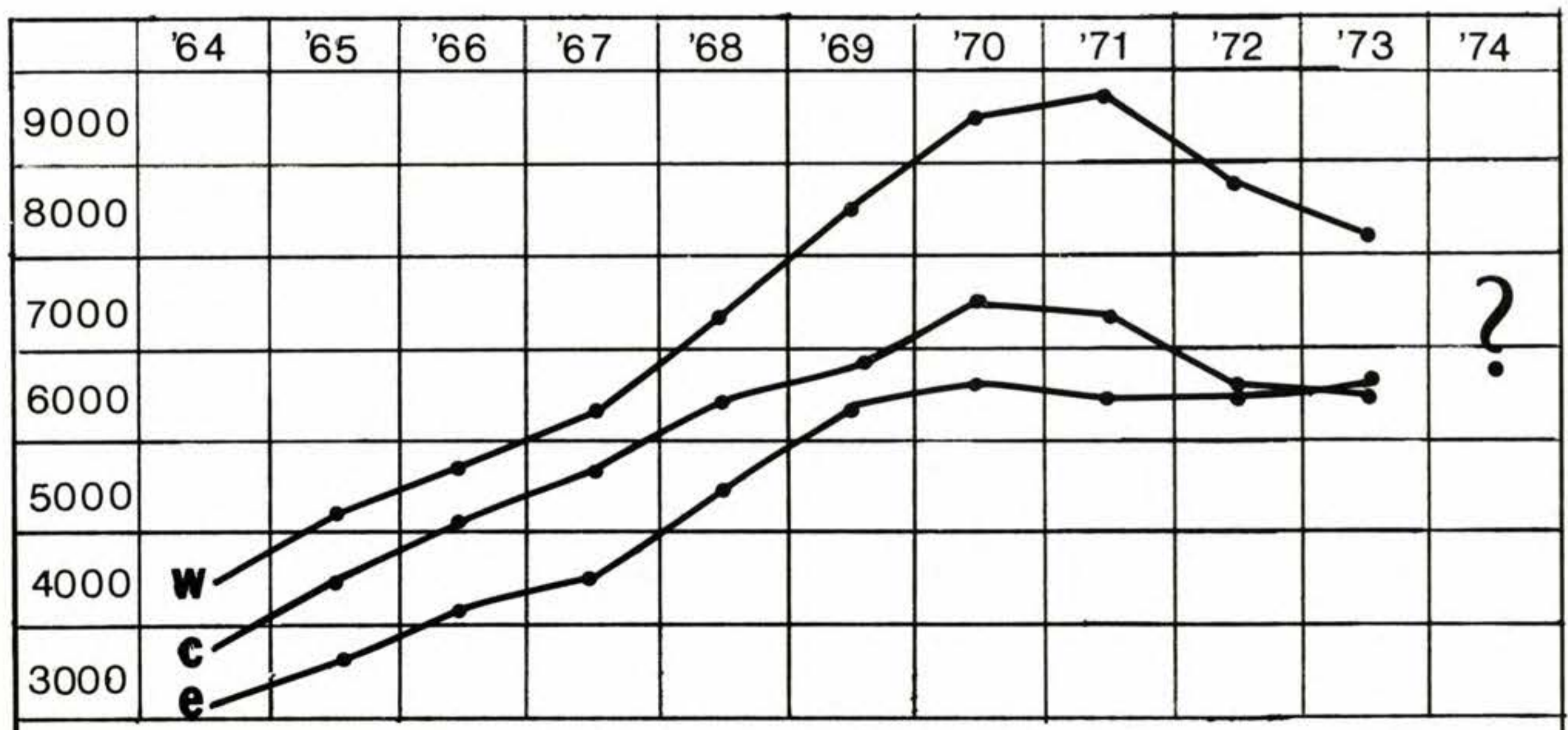
Gene Omev, admissions officer, stressed that the current crisis "is not unique to Western." And he believes that "gloom and doom" predictions are not helping the situation. He said that "too much talk" of the possibility of severe faculty cutbacks and program reduction tends to lower faculty and student morale, thus turning prospective students away.

"This institution may even be strengthened as a result of the enrollment decline. More energy can now be turned toward personal contact between faculty and students and improving upon existing programs."

Omev went on to say that many high school graduates used to come to college "to please their parents and because they didn't know what else to do." He feels there is no question that the public

Decade of Decline?

The University of Washington and Washington State University are currently meeting enrollment expectations because of their wide variety of professional schools. Vocational schools throughout the Northwest, including Oregon Institute of Technology, have witnessed a steady enrollment increase in recent years. The state's liberal arts-oriented colleges, Western (w), Central (c), and Eastern (e), on the other hand, are having difficulty attracting students in 1973 as the graph below illustrates. Enrollment at the new Evergreen State College has been fixed at 2,150 by the state legislature.



was oversold, for a long time, on the need of going to college.

While intermittently pacing the floor and pausing to light his pipe, President Charles Flora said higher education is facing "a decade of declining enrollments."

"As never before," Flora stressed, "the faculty, students and friends of the college need to work together. If we can adjust to the decline with some grace, then it will provide us with the opportunity to think about our role and do better than ever before."

Flora said that during the years of rapid growth there wasn't enough time or energy to sufficiently evaluate the college's role.

He envisions Western as someday becoming a regional university providing service programs to the area and working closely with the community colleges.

"We could develop programs for senior citizens, take advantage of our location for environmental studies, Canadian-American relations, Indian education and much more. Now we have the opportunity to think and do something about these ideas."

There is also talk of improving graduate studies and offering doctoral degrees. As for Western's reputation as a teacher's college, Flora said he "can't see us ever getting out of the teacher-education business."

Flora gave three basic components — the quality of students, faculty and the library — that make Western "a fine institution that the college community should take pride in."

"What we want in a college of excellence are students who are eager learners with some demonstrative capability to work at a demanding intellectual level; faculty who are well-grounded in the disciplines they profess and dedicated to learning and elevating the aspirations of other learners. And we want available to those students and faculty, the heritage from the minds of the past."

Flora believes that Western meets all of these requirements. He said the average entering freshman this fall had a GPA above 3.0; about 80 per cent of ranked faculty members possess a doctorate degree and the library has increased its periodicals from 800 to over 4,000 within the past eight years.

"Find me a state college that can match it!" Flora challenged.

Barney Goltz, State Representative and campus planner for 17 years, said higher education is now "in a holding pattern because the national leadership is not able to articulate national goals and objectives which demand higher education resources."

Goltz said higher education "needs a mission" so it can once again demonstrate its value.

"After World War II, literally millions of



"If we can adjust to the decline with some grace, then it will provide us with the opportunity to think about our role and do better than ever before."

Charles J. Flora

veterans chose the option of higher education and it rose to meet the challenge. Then 10 years later, the Russians launched a satellite and the nation again called on higher education to resolve the problem.

"But what national aspirations and goals can higher education be applied to today? Now, in this post-Vietnam and Watergate era, we need to put higher education to work solving real social and economic problems."

Goltz said there are many young people today who say they don't need college to make a living.

"But many who go will find that the college experience can enrich their lives — it's worthwhile to sacrifice to get it."

The ultimate return of a college education comes not while in school but from what comes out of it. And if liberal arts colleges wish to survive, they must first be concerned with keeping the students they now have and adequately preparing them for jobs and careers.



Two men pushed a woman to the ground. One of them grabbed some pamphlets out of her hand and threw them into the air. Her supporters rushed to her rescue and a fist fight followed.

Politics, Study and Les Etudiants

by Eric Nelson

After a year at the University of Nice, one writer comes back with this interpretation of French student life

He picked up his plate of saurkraut and turned it over onto the table. He smiled, said something in Italian, then added his salad to the pile of saurkraut. The other one followed suit and they both quickly emptied their trays onto the table. The first one nonchalantly tossed his glass over his shoulder and it broke underneath another table. As the first one rose to leave, he looked at me with that impish smile still on his face.

"Ciao," I said.

"Ciao," he smiled back.

Well, I like saurkraut perhaps even less than they did, but I refrained from throwing mine on the table. Instead, I took my tray and joined my French friend Serge at another table. I told him what I had seen and heard.

"Ah bon," he said, "what you saw was an example of politics in action. Those guys were Corsicans causing trouble in order to demonstrate against the system. French students are very political, you know."

Yes I thought, the typical French student is very political. He wants to improve his lot as a student, and therefore he involves himself in politics. He writes slogans on walls with spray paint. Almost daily, representatives of the myriad of French political parties pass out leaflets urging a demonstration against something.

Frenchmen approach politics seriously. Only a few days ago, I witnessed a fight while going to class. I was walking across the square when I heard sharp voices shouting "stinking pig" and "damned fascist." I turned to look for the source and saw two men push a woman to the ground. One of the men grabbed some pamphlets out of her hand and threw them into the air. Her supporters rushed to her rescue and a fist fight followed.

After lunch, I walked to the library to study until classtime. On entering the library, I had to leave my student ID card with the concierge.

I consider the library of the Faculty of Letters of the University of Nice to be a joke. It consists of two sections, each on separate floors of the library. The lower section is for 1st- and 2nd-year students; the upper section for 3rd-year and more advanced students. As a 1st-year student, I never saw the upper section. The lower section contained many subject-matter divisions, but there were many empty shelves. I could check out only one book at a time and had to leave my library card as collateral. The library closed at 6:00 p.m. on weekdays and was open three hours on Saturdays.

I sat down at a table and opened a book. However, I could not study and began to look at the other students. The warm, quiet atmosphere soon led me to daydream.

The traditional French student devotes himself to his clothes. Men usually wear slacks and a sport jacket, or at least a sweater. Women often dress in a skirt or dress. This natty dress seemed to say to me that they thought of themselves as educated ladies and gentlemen and not illiterate bums.

Stopping my reverie for a moment, I looked out the window of the library. I could see out across the canyon. Pine and broad-leaf trees covered its slopes. Palm trees grew along streets and roads. On the slopes which take the direct summer sun, the sparse vegetation consisted of century plants and olive trees. Far up a hill, I could see one of the student residence halls.

What, I asked myself, do all those well-dressed students complain about?

Most of the French students I talked to attend crowded lecture classes. These classes were supposed to prepare the student for the grueling exams which take place at the end of the year. Stretched over two days, the 12-hour exams waste the student both mentally and physically. If you pass, you go to the next step on the educational ladder; if you flunk, you do the whole year again.

The students resented this make-it-or-break-it examination because a bad performance in one subject could cause a student to repeat the entire year. The strain of knowing the whole year's work depends on a two-day performance disgusts many students.

Students also complain about the lack of good, low-cost housing. The convenience and low cost of



Social opinion prohibits two men from sleeping in the same room; consequently all the rooms are singles.

student residence halls creates a great demand for these rooms. With few rooms and many applications, the unfortunate student must rent a room in town. These rooms cost twice as much, or more, than the government-sponsored residence halls.

A French student would find our dormitories quite strange. Social opinion prohibits two men from sleeping in the same room, so consequently all the rooms in the residence halls are singles. Along with the usual bed, desk, closet and chair, the rooms I saw in France had easy chair, an end table, a sink and mirror and the traditional French lavabo. A lavabo looks like a miniature bathtub and is just about as useful.

Almost all students eat their meals in one of the government-sponsored student restaurants. The cafeterias offer edible food for 35 cents per meal. A meal consists of a choice of hors d'oeuvres, a salad, a vegetable, a meat dish, bread, dessert and all the water that you want, and sometimes on potatoes and rice. An extra 15 cents will buy a



Guitar music and sidewalk cafes give a needed diversion from classes.

bottle of Coke or beer, or a small bottle of wine. .

The quality of the meals is usually far below anything the Saga Food Service has ever served. For example, the bread is fresh only once a week, the small portions of meat are tough and stringy and the lettuce and vegetables taste like the left-overs of last Saturday's farmers' market. So much for fancy French cuisine.

The French student has a different relationship with his professors than the American student. American students usually know their professors and vice versa, but this is not true in France because of the size of the large, once-a-week lecture classes. The French student, therefore, loses much of the social contact with his professors that Americans experience.

Furthermore, professors seemed, in my view, to think of students and cows as having equal IQ's. The professors demand more accuracy and depth in any academic exercise than the average American professor does. Any written work has to be perfect in logical organization and style before the professor will even look at it.

Students, on the other hand, seemed to think they were intellectually superior to their professors. Question and answer periods often took on the air of debates, with each side talking louder and louder. If the professor got the best of it, the student would sit back in his chair. Professors would dismiss a clever student by saying, "You don't understand."

After my class I went to the coffee shop for an espresso. There I found Serge drinking coffee and playing his guitar on the terrace.

"Hey, gypsy, how's it going," I called.

"Hey, Ricky, not bad at all. And you?"

"I'm still alive. I just got out of a boring discussion of 'Le Mariage de Figaro.' We learned all about French politics."

"Ah, very good," said Serge. "What did you learn?"

"Nothing. It was too complicated for the professor. He said that we should ask our French friends. What do you think about your stinking politics?"

"Mon Dieu! You don't ask simple questions."

"Well then," I said, "you are a French student, what is your complaint?"

"Well, I can answer that one. It's the whole bloody system. When you get done, you know history, literature and philosophy but it's worth nothing to you. This education does not prepare the student for modern French life."

"Bon, what will you do when you finish school?"

"Well," he said slowly as he sipped on his coffee, "when I shall have graduated, I will join the unemployed."

His smile showed an air of nonchalance, but the tone of his voice seemed that of fatalistic resignation.

COOP

by D. Starbuck Goodwyn



A glimpse at law enforcement training at a Colorado police academy

"Hit 'im, God-dammit. *Hit* the man, Sanders!"
Slud! The sound is like hickory hitting cotton padding and that's what it is because you're in the gymnasium of the police academy.

"Now hit, *hit*, HIT! Hit and shove, that's a hickory baton, dammit, not a marshmallow! Hit. Hit and shove. Move your man!"

He looks like a bullet with little feet and sounds like an over-primed cannon, and he's in charge of the riot-prevention class.

"Thighs . . . nose . . . chest . . . now shove . . ."

And it goes on and on. An hour of it each morning and if you fail to move your cotton-padded counterpart enough times you go in 'after hours' for remedial and if you still don't hang into it you're on the street telling the guys you really didn't want to finish that chicken-shit academy anyway.

"Shower and change. Ten minutes . . . hustle!"

The schedule says "Detained Motorist Approach." The instructor's name is Slade. Everybody has heard of Slade and talked about him and how here he is. Five and a half feet tall, super slick in his trooper's uniform with no button

unshined, eyes that can sink the Titanic and a voice to match. Everybody's heard of Trooper Slade because he's out of the hospital two months now since a routine license check turned into a shoot-out and Slade took five slugs, laid on the pavement, took his gun out and killed his assailant before crawling into his unit to radio for help. The class has heard of Slade.

"Nine cops! Nine cops killed so far this calendar year. Maybe I'm going to stand up here and tell you don't stop suspicious cars. Hell no. I'm going to tell you to be an aggressive cop, close hard and smell death. Think death! Your enemy may be in any car you stop."

The lecture is over and the class is outside on a 'Detain' exercise. A cadet stops a car, walks past the car trunk, and Slade screams.

"You dumb ass, you're dead! Dead! Mr. Escaped Con is in the trunk of that car and you didn't even check the trunk lid when you walked by. You're dead, cop. Next man."

On the pistol range the cadets advance toward silhouette targets. The range officer's bark cuts through the heat and dust.

"Gun Smoke. Off the firing line. Now!"

Most of the class has picked up nicknames. Gun Smoke, City marshal from a small western town, walks slowly off the line. The range officer is a member of the F.B.I. and he's tough and sure, and all regulation.

"Great. Just damned well great. You're walking toward an armed man, fifty feet away, and you've got that .38 so low your muzzle is sticking in your boot. Listen, mister, we're talking about KILLING! Not some ferkin' John Wayne comedy. Now get that damned piece where it belongs, get back to the starting line, advance in the defensive

"You dumb ass, you're dead! DEAD! Mr. Escaped Con is in the trunk of that car and you didn't even check the trunk lid when you walked by. You're dead, cop."

crouch and go in shooting."

The days, hours and weeks run together. The class is honed down to a smoothly working team. Over a third of the starters are gone, dropped out or had their buttons cut. Karate, crowd control, defense against numbers, detained motorist approach, pistol range and all the rest of it are routine now. No more fumbling or wondering. The classes settle into a routine where the students simply sharpen their skills. Twelve to fourteen hours a day, seven days a week with a whole two hours each Sunday to visit your wife or girl friend (cops have them too) in the reception room. The



jokes about the prison trustees that clean the buildings having more freedom than cadet cops are not funny any more. Then another Monday rolls around and the schedule changes dramatically.

The yellow sheet lists the first class as 'Community Relations.' The instructor is relaxed and friendly and begins in a low key by asking why *any* one wants to be a cop. Some nervous twitters. A little squirming around. Finally the skinny guy called Jimpson Weed begins to speak hesitantly.

"Well . . . uh, in my home town some of the cops are pretty bad and some of them are like, really good guys that try to help people, you know." He stopped and looked embarrassed. "I just figured that cops ought to be for helping . . . and that's what I want to do."

The ice is broken and the others begin to open up with hither-to concealed feelings that they began copping in an effort to help people. Most of the ones that came to the academy with visions of being a real sure-nuff Sgt. Friday have long since departed. A few of the ones left say nothing and

are conspicuous in their silence.

The instructor's name is McIntyre. Mac is in Police Community Relations and in a short time he is guiding the class discussion around what people think about cops, and why, and what obligations cops have toward the people and the class is over and the cadets pour out of the room still exchanging ideas.

The next class is a round table led by a civil rights lawyer who makes it very clear how his people feel about cops and why. There are some short exchanges, some ruffled feelings, but a couple of planks are thrown into the gap of misunderstanding and the cadets have a lot more to think about.

The days go swiftly now. A leader of the black community spends half a day with the group. A Mexican-American prison trustee, bitter and eloquent, has three sessions; the city attorney spends several hours explaining the rights of a detained person, why the rights exist and the danger of ignoring them. Integrity. It's a big word and talked about a lot. Several guest speakers take up time with it, films rehash it, but most of all the guys talk it out for themselves.

It's 2300 hours and the lights are out in the four-man room. A last cigarette glows from one of the bunks. From a bedside table a police scanner sweeps slowly over the network picking up dispatcher code calls. It belongs to a rookie cop called Chester. His name is Johnston but early in the course he sprained an ankle and was promptly dubbed Chester. His roomies kid him about bringing his scanner to the academy but they all listen to it. Now it glows in the dark and makes soft sibilant sounds as it sweeps the area picking up code calls from a half-dozen towns.

"Well . . . uh, in my home town some of the cops are pretty bad and some of them are like, really good guys that try to help people, you know. I just figured that cops ought to be for helping . . . and that's what I want to do."

The men are tired. From one of the bunks:

"Gun Smoke?"

"Yeah?"

"Anybody ever try to bribe you?"

Gun Smoke had been a cop for a long time before his town finally coughed up the interest and the money to send him to the academy.

"Yeah, a couple times."

"What happened?"

A pause and the scanner sounds loud. "Nothing. I just told him to get screwed."

Gun Smoke's reaction is consistent with police thinking around the country today — an attitude engendered in large by changed training methods.

A few years ago cadets finishing the Colorado Academy would not have been exposed to the latter half of the course, dealing exclusively with attitudes.

The attitudes of law enforcement personnel throughout the country are being restructured in a sweeping program instituted in their own training facilities and followed up by extensive training in the higher education institutions in their communities.

The Payoff

In order to better prepare future policemen for today's complex job of social aid, a massive program of monetary grants and loans for tuition and books, on-duty school attendance and merit for higher education are rapidly gaining momentum.

The Bellingham City Police Force presents an excellent reflection of this change. Sgt. Harold Raymond is the Training Officer and Project Director for Educational Grants. Sgt. Raymond says wryly that he came to the city force almost twenty years ago with a degree in music and things weren't 'real easy' for a college grad. In the past few years, working with L.E.E.P. (Law Enforcement Education Program), L.E.E.A.A. (Law Enforcement Assistance Administration), and other funding programs, he has seen dozens of Bellingham

enforcement people involve themselves in higher education.

Where's the pay off?

Detective Frank Myers, a city detective who received his degree in Spring 1971 pretty well summed it up.

"I can't really say what it may do for me promotion-wise, but while I was on campus I became much more familiar with the problems and goals of the college community. My work in psychology and sociology gave me a different viewpoint on dealing with people and, well, it's just that my work goes better and I think I'm more effective . . ." He stopped and searched for the right way to say it and I think he found it: "It's . . . now I'm dealing with human beings, not stereotypes."

And that sounds like a pretty good pay off.

I've been a junkie for 17 years now.

It all started on a sunny morning in '55 when Mom shoved me out the door with my Wild Bill Hickock lunchpail and a pat on the back. She told me to walk tall and to do my stuff. I straightened up, imagining I was in the saddle, while my stomach tightened to her words like a rein. I knew, then, that I'd never look back and stepped methodically between the lines of the sidewalk — proving I could cope with any trip. After all, I could shoot easy enough with my Mattel Fanner 50 and was quick on the draw to boot. So whatever school was about, somebody there had to be awful fast to shake me up, that's for sure.

As it turned out, there was something about a kindergarten high that I hadn't reckoned for — I got shot up by boredom there and got hooked. I was a hot shot at first, I mean I was so fast that I'd run around the tables, hide behind the coat racks and sneak up behind Melody Birdshot and pull her ponytail during "night naptime," as the teacher lady called it.

To top that off, I was late for school, because I liked to pathfind—and sometimes it took longer than I thought. Anyhow, being late and coming in at "forgive us our trespasses" in the Lord's Prayer really ticked Mrs. Chattanoodle off. She started sending me to the corner a lot and called me the "restless one." I remember that because the "Restless Gun" was a TV show. But when I brought my Winchester "quick-action" in for show n' tell one day, she flipped out and sent me to Principal Kapital, who paddled my hindside tidily, until I was saddle-sore. And it wasn't the kind of soreness I got from riding





my make-shift bronco-sofa during the 4 p.m. "Western Sidewinders Theater" either. This was the same pain the bad guys felt when they got hit with buckshot.

So I figured I was outlaw then and there. But I learned that tricking old Chattanoodle wasn't anything like taking on the afternoon Wells-Fargo stage. I had to be quiet, quick and smart — something that took patience. I tried and tried — Lepage's white glue under apples on her

minus two carrots equals ? in brown, yellow and red splats on the blackboard.

Third-grade was different. That's when I discovered baseball, football and soak-'em (my favorite) where you could cream girls with throws that almost knocked them over — and not get into trouble. Things led to things, naturally, and I started chasing girls around the monkey bars; playing keep away with bounce balls that had your room-number circled on it, like

Everyone hated school and liked to drink. I think that's because teachers also hated school and liked to drink.

desk, water balloons on her chair, worms in her "secret" drawer where she kept her "hankies" and "pretty powder" and best of all, mudpies in her galoshes.

God dog, she knew it was me everytime. And, if that wasn't enough, I not only got it at school, but from Pop at home as well — only, his belt stung a lot more. And it wasn't until Pop started turning off my cowboy shows (because of my raids on Chattanoodle) that I finally got the message. So I mellowed out on Kindergarten and decided I couldn't be an outlaw for awhile. So I hid out for two years and got forced into boredom — and that kills.

I had to go to school now and I had to learn how to read and spell and add and subtract. If I didn't learn that, my second-grade teacher, Miss Poppywrinkle, said I'd have to stay in during recess. There were times when I almost lost it — thinking about drowning "Dick and Jane" in the toilet, or finger-painting over three carrots

an eight-ball. One time, I ran away from Sybil Hounder so fast that I slipped and knocked into a brick wall with my head. That was the first time I'd ever got hurt by, or rather because of, a girl. I didn't have to get stitches, but because it bled a little bit and I didn't cry, everyone thought I was a hero — my "Red Badge of Courage."

In the fourth and fifth grades, school was getting to be fun, because I started "liking" girls. In fact, I had a top ten list, just like Dick Clark. Laura Hamster was number one those two years. I bought her a friendship ring and memorized some lines from a poem, "here is a token of my love and esteem," to say to her. But when the big moment came, I choked out, "here, you want this?" while we were behind the portables and she just laughed and ran away. She swore alot, so I decided that she was too nasty for me anyway.

Mrs. Elvira Goodspeed was my sixth-grade teacher and she didn't like my reading habits — a steady flow of sports magazines



patella protruded prettily. Your shoes were pointed too, as if they symbolized the shape your brains were in. Girls tripped out on ratted hair, nylons with dark tops that managed to sneak out when they sat down, sweaty sweet perfume, gypsy makeup with chocolate cake lashes, strawberry cheeks and of course, training bras and falsies too.

The guys operated on a pecking order. If you wanted to go steady with a chick who was wearing another dude's tie tack, you had to fight him in the woods close to school, where teachers never went. And if you lost your girl that way, the in-crowd would swoop down on you and give you up to the "simple" people. The in-crowd had the first people in school who ever made out or got felt up. And anyone who was anyone went to the Rec center on Friday to dance or fight and to the show on Saturday to make out.

and baseball books. And she definitely didn't like me giving Holly Hoople google-eyes across the room. In fact, she clipped me with a "Discoveries in the Science World" book on top of the head when she got fed up with it. Aside from that, Mrs. Goodspeed was a cool lady. She'd read to us all day sometimes — about Ulysses, Hector and Achilles. I got excited about mythology, because a lot of the guys in those stories reminded me of cowboys. Things weren't so boring then — even though I still had the urge of knocking over and burning the desks we had to sit in all day.

Finally, I got off the elementary stuff and took off on a junior high and almost went over the top. Funny thing about a junior high is that the "in-crowd" controlled your trip. In those days, you wore Levis that had to be pegged or tapered 'til your pelvis, gluteus and your



I got "pounded" in the ninth grade and lost Vicky Blue and my face. After my beating, I could see the subtle look-down smiles from IMPORTANT ONES as I walked down the halls. This time I was outlawed, for real. I couldn't fight them with guns either, so I gave up in my school work and used bad grades to whip me even more.

Instead of getting higher as I moved on, my energy was shackled up like My Friend Flicka in a shower stall. You had to have a car in high school. And if you were a senior and didn't have 350 horses, your sexual bartering power was nil. There was no way you could take out Mercy Dynamite, the rally queen with big boobs who loved to drink. So you settled for cookies, milk and Saturday Night at the Movies with Constance Hodgekiss, the myopic sophomore with a nice smile.

I bought a '55 Chev from an old friend in my senior year. Don't ever buy a car from a friend. My stud auto had a Hurst stick, along with padded dash, upholstered seats, a V-room motor and cackling pipes. It felt like I had a gun in my hands again when I shifted gears. But I didn't know shit about cars and after awhile I had to get tune-ups every week. You see, that's because the damn thing bumped and groaned like a spastic Sherman Tank.

When the Chev did work, my best friend, Mickey Lasagna, and me would double together and inevitably end up at the drive-in with giddy girls and a case of Lucky Lager. After we got to be vets, we just left the speakers outside. Everyone hated school and liked to drink. I think that's because the teachers also hated school and liked to drink.

College kinda took me by the scruff of the neck and never let me go. I've been here for five years now and I can't kick the habit. Before, I dismissed teachers as dirty jokes. But it's funny, after all those cramped years in a desk, I still go to class. While you're here you can't help

but have a good time.

Sure, you're away from home for the first time and separated from your steady girl or boy-friend — the one you've gone with for eleven whole months. You've never smoked dope or gone to bed with anyone. And you've got a roommate that puts athlete's foot powder on his face to keep

a jock to have a license for fun and interaction. You find out that co-ed dorms aren't really hot-beds for lusty sex, but a place where you can have friends of both sexes — who will come through for you when you need them. And those friendships form a backdrop for everything you learn in class.

Education, academically and



the acne away.

Your General Studies 999, English and physics classes are driving you nuts. And you're afraid to smile at people between classes because they know you're a dumb freshman. You go to a couple of keggers and start meeting people.

You learn that there aren't any in-crowds here, so to speak. You don't have to be a Greek or

socially, it isn't a matter of "maintaining" or "coping" — it has to do with the rush that comes on when you give up those TV heroes and in-crowds with a "little help from your friends."

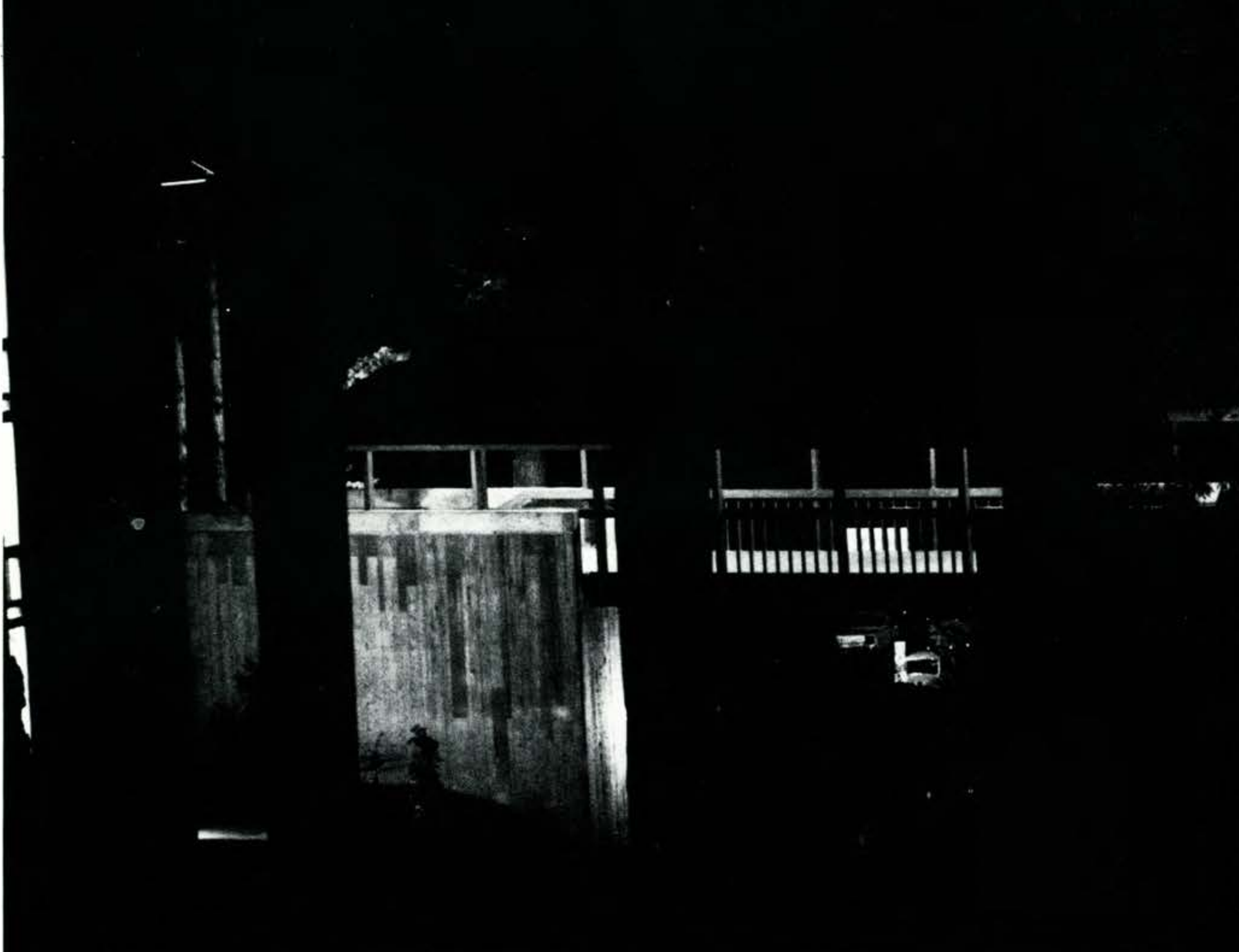
And that's why I can't get off stuff — I mean school — in fact I'm in a desk, hustling for a fix right now. Don't put me down too fast.



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