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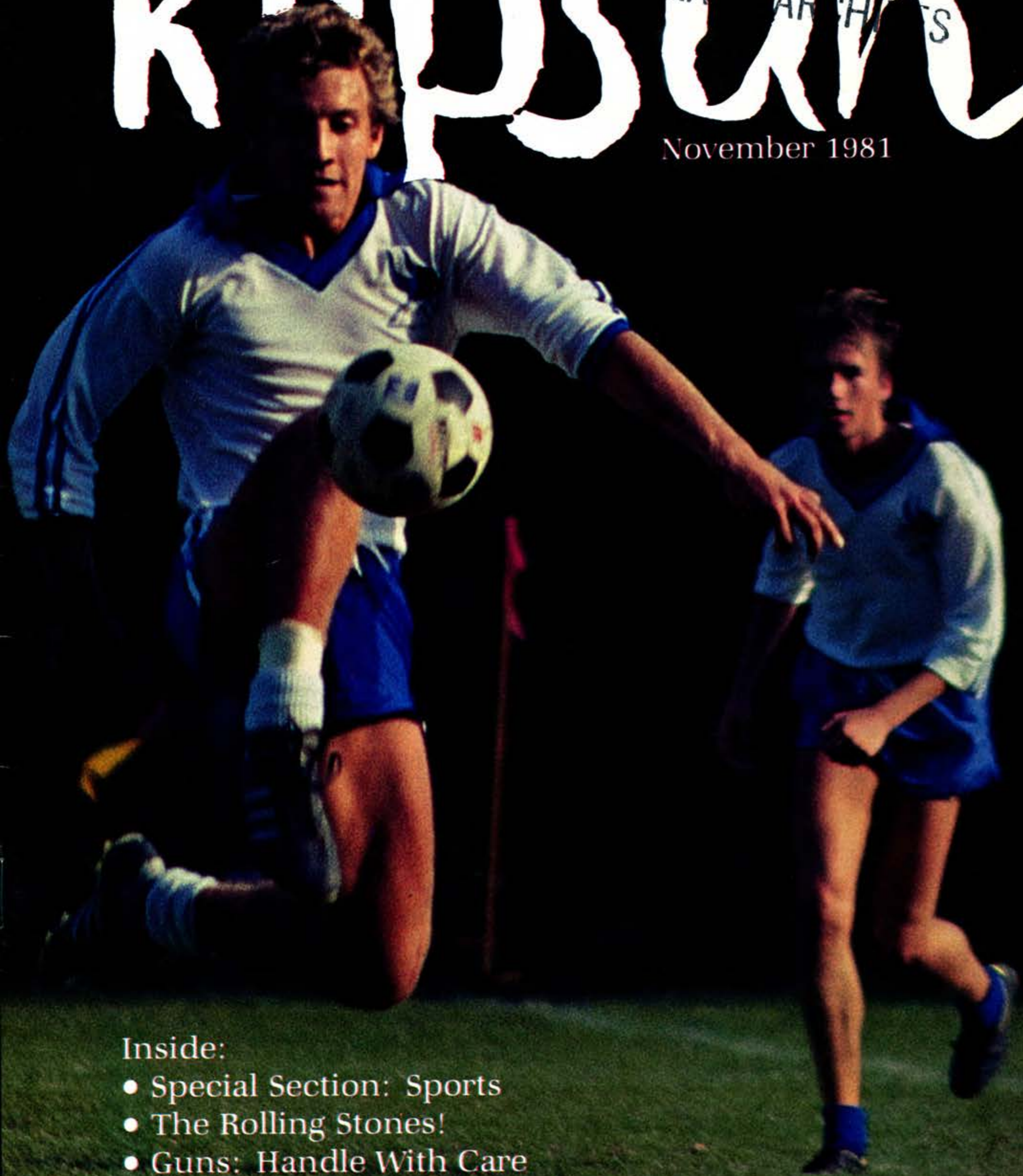
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KIPSON

November 1981



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Editor's Note

"The poor can best be helped by a strong economy."

—Ronald Wilson Reagan

We were secure.

We weren't threatened by an uncertain future in the summer of 1971, but instead subscribed to the Jack Kerouac school of existence. All we needed, we thought, was a rolled sleeping bag, a bottle of wine and a thumb to traverse the country.

Our packs were stuffed with the barest essentials for adventure and we abandoned our comfortable, middle-class families with the sparkle of the Crescent City, New Orleans, in our minds.

The blue, southern-style mansion where we landed had lost its charm years ago. A greedy landlord had butchered the once elegant home by dividing it into as many apartments as creaking supports would allow. Ours was a two-room, remodeled attic without hot water. The bathroom was down one flight of steps and was to be shared with three other apartments. Our new home had only one amenity; a small fire escape outside a window where we could sit on hot, humid nights and watch rats run along the power lines.

But we were secure. It was an adventure. We were not participants.

Our neighborhood consisted of other dilapidated houses converted to apartments.

Next door was a place everyone called the Zoo. A man named Ash Can and an obese woman called Falstaff Sally seemed to reside on its sagging porch. Ash Can said he knew every bar in every major port in the world from years of working aboard merchant ships. He coughed every few words and took a swig of Early Times whiskey for his "health." And Sally would giggle, and bring the quart bottle of Falstaff to her lips and say, "Don't believe a word he says, dahlings." Some people said she had five dogs in her apartment that she

never let outside.

Further down the street in an old green house lived two women, Linda and Jane. Men sometimes congregated outside Jane's apartment and told jokes, occasionally passing around a bottle in a paper sack. They were in line, people said, waiting for Jane. Linda turned a disinterested eye on her neighbor's activities and rocked in the old chair on the porch. She lived separately from her husband, she said, so both could collect welfare checks. Her bruised face showed the results of her husband's visits when the dole was disbursed.

"Ain't no such thing as love, honey," she would tell us when we stopped to talk on our way back from the corner store.

The weather began to turn about October and crossed that indefinite line that divides summer from winter in the deep South. When the winds shift and blow from the north, the temperature can drop 30 degrees in three hours. It was raining and the wind had shifted the night my roommate brought them home.

They were a family of three, Wayne, Michelle and a two-year-old boy named Jesus. My roommate said they were without a place to stay and he had offered them a temporary sanctuary.

Wayne had long, brown hair and a dark look to his eyes. His speech betrayed a lack of formal education. Michelle was small statured and blonde and was eager to find a job. She wanted her baby to have a room of his own so she and Wayne could set up housekeeping. Jesus was a typical two-year-old. He played and made do with whatever was available.

Within two days, Michelle found employment at one of the hundreds of bars that spot New Orleans. Wayne



worked, when he could, out of a temporary employment office, unloading boxcars and laboring on the Mississippi.

About a week after that first cold night, my roommate and I were walking home from the French Quarter, the downtown center of night life in New Orleans. We were beginning to wonder when the family would find their own place and decided to give them another week.

We pushed open the door of our apartment. Only a candle burning on the kitchen table illuminated the scene. And we heard crying.

Michelle was on the floor leaning against a bed, sobbing into a cloth she was using to stop the flow of blood from her nose. Jesus slept on a sleeping bag in the corner.

And suddenly, we were participants.

My anger started somewhere near my stomach and raced toward my head as Michelle explained that she and Wayne had argued over money. He hit her once and left, she said, saying he was never coming back.

Illusions dropped away, stripping our adventure of its last shred of glamour. And I saw a vivid line emerge between my roommate and I, and our neighbors.

It was a line of belief.

The woman on our floor was beaten and deserted in the slummy apartment of two Ohio kids on a fling. Her options were few and her spirit was gone.

Now when I hear the argument that a pumped-up economy will do the most for the poor, I shake my head and remember.

Because I know that before the poor can help themselves, they must believe in a world they have never seen. ★

—Fred Obee

BUDGET CUTS

By Fred Obee

Already punchdrunk from blows delivered by former Gov. Dixy Lee Ray and the state Legislature, Western stumbled back into the budget brawl this year to face an uppercut from Gov. John Spellman.

In the midst of this latest melee, an undercurrent of conversation as old as ancient Greece has been bantered about by people at Western who either agree or disagree with the administration's handling of the financial crisis at Western.

It is the "idealist" vs. the "realist" argument.

Olscamp said he had no choice in the matter. It would be illegal, he said, to do anything but order the Reallocation/Reduction in Force and make the best of a disaster.

But Eugene Hogan, president of the American Federation of Teachers union at Western, and Associated Students President Greg Sobel said the RIF should never have been implemented. They said the order from Gov. Spellman should have been refused on moral and ethical grounds.

But Olscamp called that view "silly."

"It isn't as if Spellman said, 'Please give us the money back,'" Olscamp said. "To just say 'no, we won't do it' is to totally misunderstand the relationship between the university and the state."

"They own this place," Olscamp said, waving his hand in the air. "They can sell the buildings if they want to."

"We are not going to solve anything by acting like children," Olscamp said. "To refuse the cuts would just be a shout of anger."

"The Legislature says, 'We make the rules. We are God Almighty,'" Olscamp said.

Hogan, however, took a broader view. Based on a philosophical belief that education is the hub of civilization and vital to a free society, he said he believes the cuts should have been refused.

"The perception that the Legislature is unmovable is sometimes seen as the realistic approach," Hogan said, hypothetically.

Hogan said the realists see that education is not broadly supported by the masses, at least to the point of paying more in taxes to support it. The realist, Hogan said, also sees that higher education, when balanced against other cuts in social programs, doesn't stand prominently with the Legislature.

But by accepting the cuts, Hogan said, the university creates a certain amount of invisibility.

"We must make the crisis visible," he said. "That is a stand any person ought to take."

By refusing to make the cuts, and by making the university's case very clear to the Legislature, Hogan

said Western's bargaining stance would have been much stronger.

Expanding on this hypothesis, Hogan said the schools of this state would have then had to build a coalition and present their case to the Legislature now in progress. That way, lawmakers would be forced to shoulder all the responsibility for the decision on higher education.

"Then the Legislature would have to say they don't care (about the cuts)," Hogan said. "Maybe they don't care. But they should be made to answer that question."

And if the ultimatum was taken and thrown back in Western's face?

"Then we would be where we are anyway," Hogan said.

Sobel agreed with Hogan. He said he thinks the cuts should have been refused, rather than submit to what "realists" call the inevitable.

And Sobel blames the trustees for not fully protecting the university.

"The trustees are there to insulate us from the precipitous decisions by politicians," Sobel said. "But it seems they just delegate that responsibility to the president."

But because Western has been hit twice in one decade by the RIF, the question remains as to how the university should react to protect its turf.

"The academic process can't be true to itself if it is responsible to the state," Hogan said.

Olscamp agreed.

"Failure to fund educational programs is repression of thought by political means," he said. "Life is better in a society where literature, history and philosophical endeavors are studied than in a society where the major effort is to meet economic demand."

But Olscamp, rather than drawing the hard line to protect such principles, said he sees the battle between educational funding and educational ideals as never ending.

"Legislatures change," Olscamp said, adding that his hope is funding will be reinstated later.

But Hogan advocated a firm stand as the better solution.

"Traditionally, the university is for the individual. It is here so students can expand; to see meaning and relationships between things," Hogan said. "We need intellectual resources. The university is an investment in the future. This crisis threatens that."

"To believe that nothing can be done is not realism," Hogan said. "It's fatalism." ★

Jumpin' Jack Flash Back

By Jackleen Asmussen



The Stones? No big deal — it was the 70,000 people who would corral themselves into a stadium to watch five specks through binoculars; that was the phenomenon. Willingly subjecting themselves to the press of hundreds of bodies seemed perverse, at the least. Then I was given a Stones ticket.

Not about to be impressed, I went as an observer, not a participant. That attitude changed within five blocks of the Kingdome. It was important to walk faster than anyone else — they were heading for “the line” as well. I found IT and became the tip of the tail for perhaps .3 seconds.

Standing in line was the beginning of the night’s entertainment, providing a prime spot to observe the human parade.

“Acid, want some acid.” A ’60s holdover walked by with long hair tangled down his back. It was an egalitarian crowd, sporting everything from no-time-to-change-after-

work attire to those who dressed especially for the occasion in leathers, spiked heels and hair. A 10-year-old boy stood behind me, his braces glinting in the light. A man in Levis and a leather jacket peed against a brick wall while his friend watched disinterestedly.

‘Acid, want some acid.’ A ’60s holdover walked by with long hair tangled down his back.

I ate my dinner in line, a sandwich and some Irish whiskey, and dropped the trash at my feet. What difference did it make? The rules had changed.

In a few hours, the line began to move forward and coagulate, channeled by a rope on one side and a 10-foot chain link fence on the other. The ground was a composite of bro-

ken bottles, blankets smeared with dirt, torn newspapers and the slimy crush of food and liquids.

I pushed forward, like everyone else, and when pushed too hard from behind, backwards as well. It wasn’t possible to know if the line was moving forward or just condensing. Vertical jumping in place revealed more heads with no end, middle or beginning in sight.

But then the clot turned a corner, posted by police astride horses and it was space and air. It was hard not to break into a sprint. On my left was the crush of bodies against the fence, as if a ship had just landed at Ellis Island.

I reached the turnstile, handed over my passport and was frisked. Girls would semi-scream and giggle as officials ran their hands over female appendages. From there, I ran to the door of the 100-level. That level offered unreserved seating and physical access to the stage, as far as you were willing to risk your life.





Seating was a major decision. The variables were visibility, acoustics and estimation of the smoke level in the hours to come. By those criteria, that spot was behind the stage. Plenty of room there, but low in status.

In two hours, the first band began to play and the second band followed. I took myself down to the floor, mid-second band, and wedged myself into the fat new indoor clot. We stood lumped in position for more than an hour waiting for the equipment to be set up and listened to speakers blast interim music. The Pretenders sang, "We are all of us in the gutter, some of us are looking at the stars."

Truer words were never blared, as I stood in the garbage and stared at the empty stage. Two songs later, the Stones.

Girls would semi-scream and giggle as officials ran their hands over female appendages.

It was good to watch Jagger sing "Under My Thumb" in his rank and nasty sophistication. That meant seven hours on my feet had a point.

Somehow, the space of being able to write notes, to not being able to strike a match for fear of igniting someone's hair, diminished in seconds. The crowd stood anywhere but still.

Standing 90 bodies from the stage, positioning was never right. Heads would shift right into the corridor of sight reserved for you, or someone from behind just had to go forward. The clot pressed forward until in was back to butt. Breathing on the back of my neck became recognizable — whiskey, pot, wine.

My intent was not to be able to touch Mick's feet so I began to be tenacious about my position on the

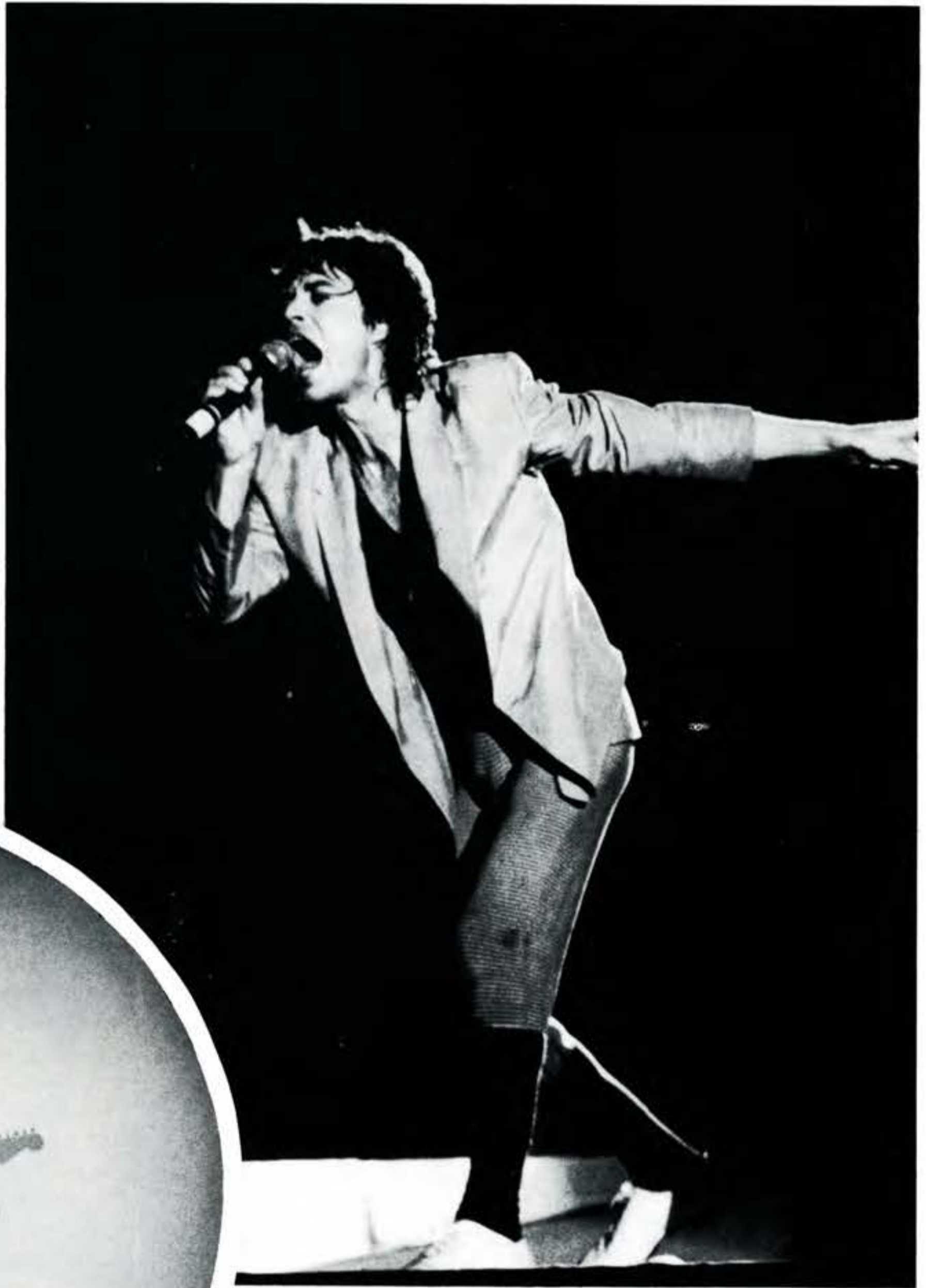
It was good to watch Jagger sing "Under My Thumb" in his rank and nasty sophistication.

floor and pushed back when anyone tried to deprive me of it.

When it was possible to see less than 3 percent of the time, I extricated myself and went back to my seat.

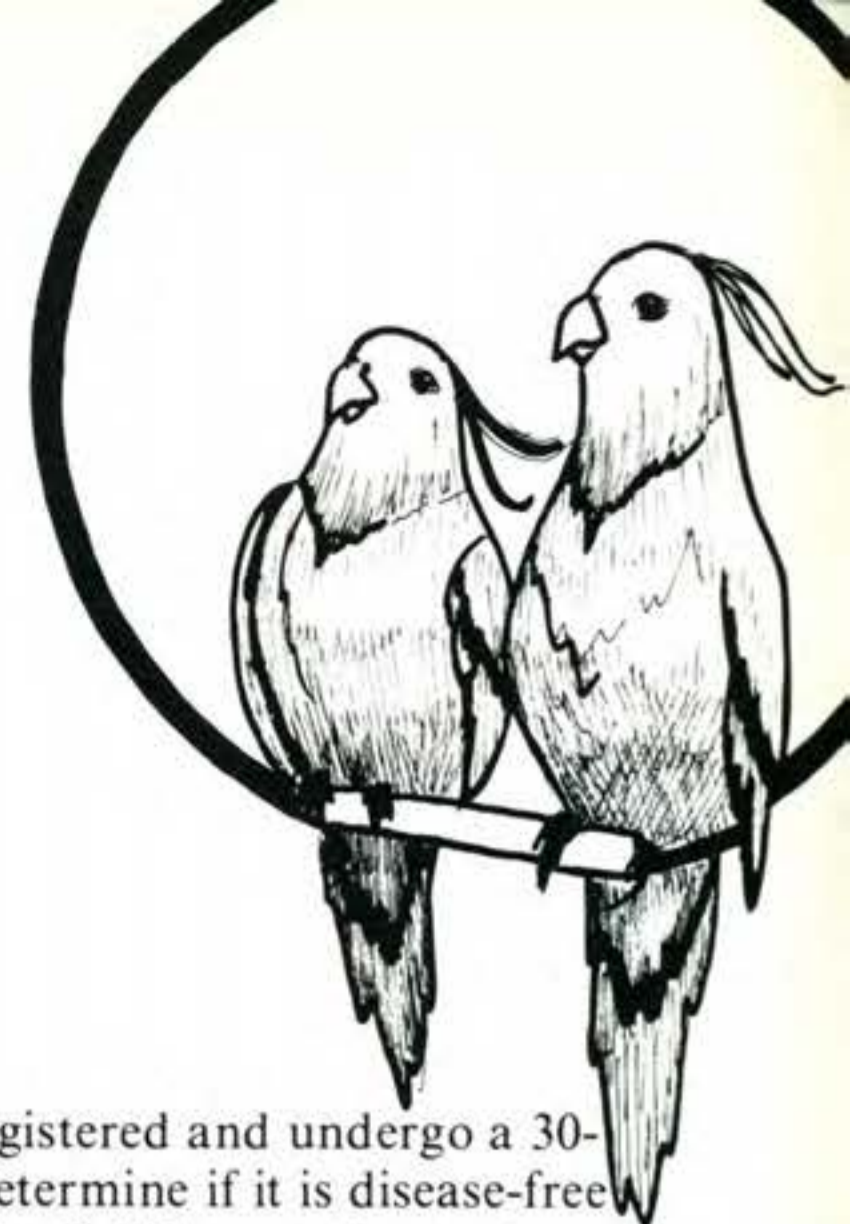
But it wasn't the same. I wanted the sensation of the other bodies moving in time and motion and transmitting a feeling I didn't get alone on the bench. Besides, I needed the speaker right next to my ear. By now, I was deaf.

When the concert was over, I flowed down the ramp with the rest of the corpuscles and sat outside on a curb staring unabashedly at a vintage Rolls Royce and two black limos loading up — as if it was possible to decipher the elements of "a happening" by watching the parts get into a car. ★



What's a Cockatoo to You?

By Mike Stoddard



Pebbles picks up his head and looks around. Alert to the approach of visitors, he spins around on his perch, then climbs up a small ladder to the top of his cage.

"Pebbles is my little show off, isn't he?" coos Dessie Luby, Pebbles' owner and manager of the Exotic Aquaria pet shop in Bellingham. Carefully she reaches into the cage for her tiny friend.

Pebbles, a two-year-old Australian cockatiel, hops aboard her familiar hand and gets a free ride out of the cage.

"Pebbles is just so cute," Luby baby-talks. "But that's because Pebbles wants to be people."

Luby admires the snow-white features of her old friend for a moment, then chuckles.

"The pet business has really been going to the birds." Her words speak from experience. Already her attention to Pebbles has brought a jealous chorus of chirps and chatter to 20 other cages.

Birds, cheap to feed and without the licensing requirements of dogs and cats, are fast becoming the extra member of the family in many American households. Among their many selling points, explains Luby as she walks through the aisles of her pet shop, is that pet birds are easy to maintain and are rarely prohibited in apartments or rented houses.

Luby strokes the nap of Pebbles' head with the inside of her thumb. She now refers to Pebbles as her "little trouble maker," adding that the noise will stop as soon as Pebbles settles down.

"The large variety of birds and a wide range of prices also account for their growing popularity," Luby says in an affectionate tone, when the noisy clamor is under control. "And if they take a liking to you, you probably couldn't find a more loving pet."

The cost of a pet bird can range anywhere from \$9 for a small Zebra Finch to \$1,400 for an exotic Amazon Parrot. After the initial investment, the purchase of a suitable size cage is the next most expensive, with prices up to \$200. Luby says the small pets really live up to their reputation of "eating like birds" with a mere \$4-a-month feeding bill.

"The thing I like best about the birds is that each one has its own personality, just like people," says Luby as she continues to walk around the shop with Pebbles on her shoulder. "See this one over here, (pointing to a green Amazon Parrot originally owned by a family in Mexico). When he gets excited, he starts speaking in Spanish."

About 80 percent of all exotic birds, such as parrots, cockatoos and cockatiels, are imported from South America. Before a bird is allowed into the United

States, it must be legally registered and undergo a 30-day quarantine period to determine if it is disease-free.

"Australian cockatiels like Pebbles are the most popular birds," says Luby as she sets Pebbles back on his perch. "They sell between \$50 and \$75 and are well within the price range of most families."

Pet birds have amazing longevity, Luby says, with certain varieties of parrots living up to 200 years. "Think how it would be to have a parrot that was alive during the Civil War," remarks Luby. "Or how about having a pet that knows words your great-great grandmother taught it?"

Luby says that Pebbles will live about 25 years, which is good for families with kids. "The children won't have to face the loss of a pet in a couple of years," Luby says.

When shopping for a possible pet, Luby suggests the following steps. First, select the general category of bird you want. Ask what quality you want most in a bird — exotic looks, a talker, a singer? Possibly a cage full of little birds, rather than buying one big bird?

Then consider the price of the bird and the price of the cage. "Keep in mind that the cage could be the bird's home for years and years," warns Luby. "So don't hold back on the size. The bigger the better."

According to Dr. Daniel A. Hall of the Fairhaven Animal Hospital, it is also important to buy a book about your bird. The cost is around \$5 and will cover subjects ranging from bird health to bird habits. "It lets you know your bird better," Hall says.

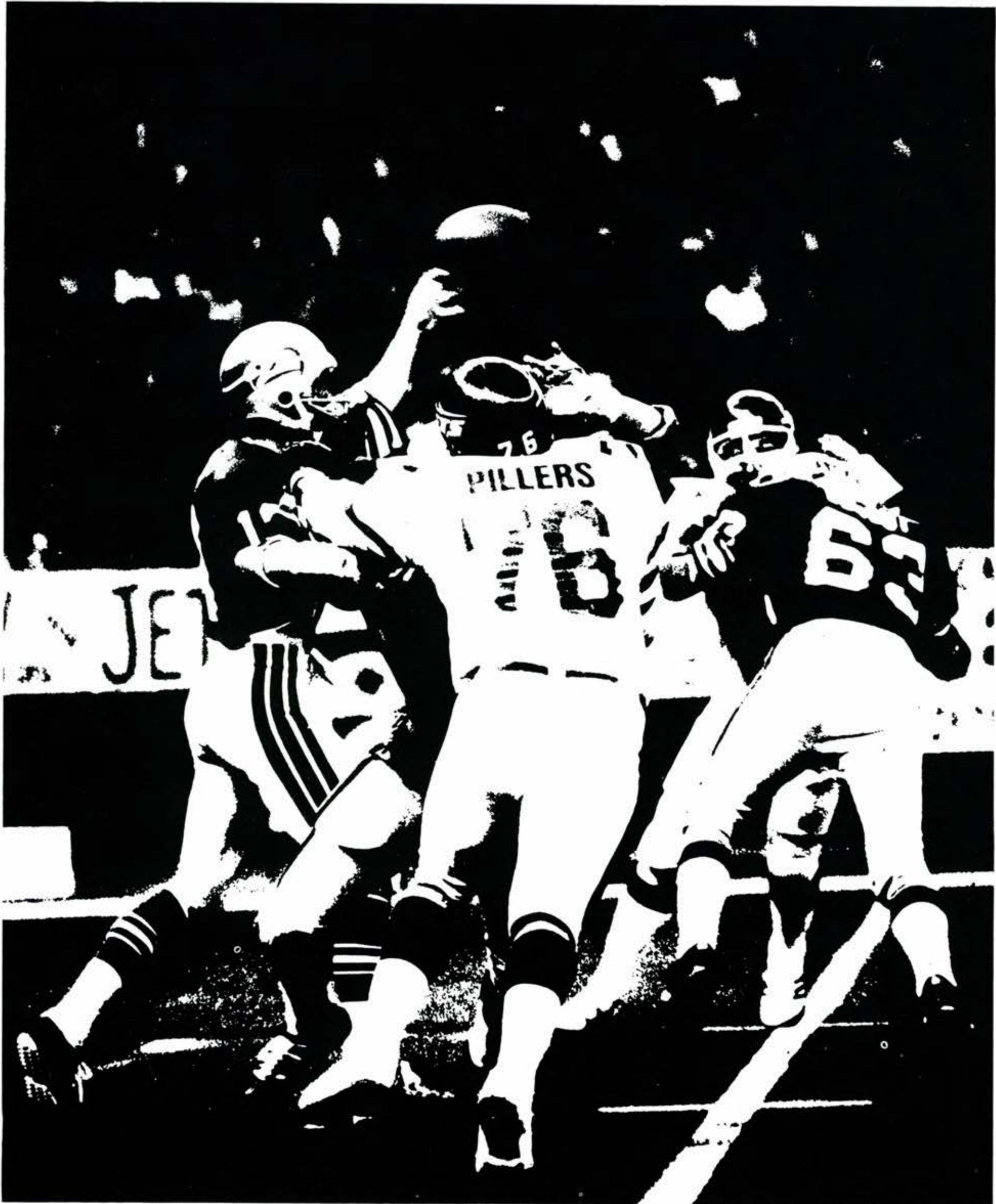
Proper veterinary care for pet birds has increased over the last 10 years. Hall says that with more people keeping birds for pets, a greater demand falls on vets. "Many veterinarians are actually specializing in birds," Hall says, adding that more information is now available for the treatment of birds.

Looking around her shop, Luby once again ponders her collection. The chatter has quieted and so has her voice. Her moods seem to be reflected in the birds. Or vice versa.

"Birds are just like little children to me. I have this parrot named Max at home. Every time I come in he hops around in his cage, trying to get closer to me. See if I brought him anything," Luby says, poking a cracker through the bars of Pebbles cage.

"Birds aren't for everyone," she says, playing some more with Pebbles. "But they're definitely for me." ★

SPORTS



SPORTS



After the Final Down

By John L. Smith

After his final season at Western in 1979, Pat Locker was one of just 36 running backs in the history of college football to rush for more than 4,000 yards in a career. Fans and coaches throughout the Northwest knew he was destined to play professional football. But he never did.

Though teams from Dallas and Seattle showed interest in his skills, Locker never was drafted. He married soon after his final college season and now has two children. Instead of carrying a leather ball for a living, Locker melts aluminum at the Intalco plant in Ferndale. The arms that once toted footballs nearly two miles at Western now delicately cuddle babies. The man who once punched gaping holes in formidable defenses now punches a time-clock.

He might easily regret leaving the game. But he does not.

"The way pro teams are these days,

they fill out cards on every guy who runs for a few yards or catches a couple of passes. I signed one of those things (a player data card) and gave them three numbers. Vicki (Locker's wife of two years) was all excited the day of the draft (in June of 1980). I told her not to worry and went out back and chopped some wood. It would have been nice, but I was out of work the first six months we were married and I wasn't going to put all my cookies on it."

Besides, Locker said, "I couldn't afford Vicki, the kids (Tegan and Marc, 15 and two months) and still play football. I had to set my priorities differently."

Evidence of Locker's changing priorities decorate the walls of his cozy Ferndale condominium. The red-haired Locker and Vicki make their wedding vows in one gold-framed portrait hanging at the en-

trance to the living room. Another wall is alive with a dozen photos of the children posing separately, with papa and with Santa Claus. A picture of a five-year-old Pat and older brother Mike fishing at Lake Whatcom also hangs there. A leather football lying on the rust-colored shag carpet and Locker's own blacksmith biceps are the only clues that one of the greatest rushers in Northwest college football history lives here.

"I only played football to stay in shape," said the 23-year-old Locker, who began his college career in 1978 as a baseball player at Grays Harbor Community College. He transferred to Western after his coaches would not release him from his letter of intent.

"Heck, I wasn't even an all league selection as a running back at Ferndale (high school). I wanted to play for Ralph (Dick, Western's baseball

coach). I had an excellent last American Legion season and a disappointing senior year in football.”

Locker stayed in good enough shape to rush for 1,340 yards his freshman season. He helped lead the Vikings to a district championship that year. He finished his college career with 4,049 yards rushing, 27 touchdowns and a high of 225 yards in one game.

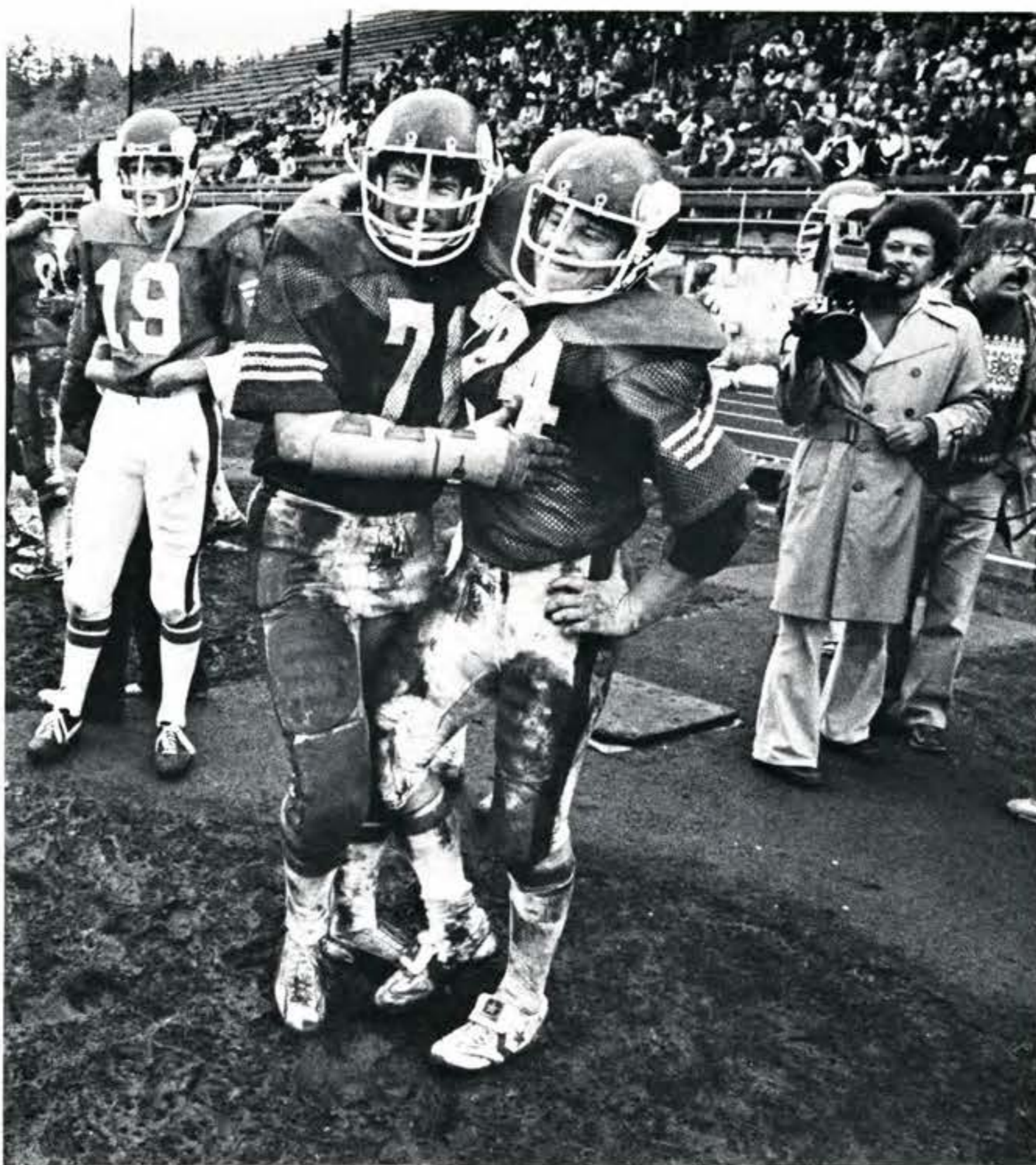
“The one thing I’ve never kept track of is statistics,” he said. “I thought about bringing over all the trophies and stuff from my mom’s house, but that really isn’t me. This is me,” Locker added pointing to the photos. As he continued, Locker’s pleasant voice competed with the dissonant dialogue of a “Superman” episode from a small black and white television.

“I was lucky to step in and start as a freshman. We had a great quarterback in Jeff Potter . . . with the front line we had, I could fall forward for three or four yards. We had a good record (7-3), and the games we lost were only by one or two points.”

A wobbly-headed Marc, cradled in Vicki’s arms, awakens and screams, unimpressed at hearing the exploits of both supermen. Tegan appears a few minutes later from another room. She has her father’s red hair, his cheeks and sparkling eyes, and carries a rag doll and a wind-up radio.

Despite all his awards, Locker said one of the highlights of his college career was playing two years in the same backfield with his brother, Mike.

“I knew when he led a block he was going to give 120 percent. He didn’t want anybody pushing his little bro-



ther around. He would always try to knock three guys down instead of one. The way he blocked made it easy to find holes.”

But the openings were not always there. Locker often blew holes in muscular defenses, bulling for extra yardage from his tailback position with three would-be tacklers clinging to his jersey like thistles stuck to a

grizzly’s fur. He did this without great size — listed as 5-11, 210 pounds in college — or exceptional speed — a best of 4.65 seconds in the 40-yard dash. Mention his quickness, or lack of it, and Locker reminisces.

“I never broke away for a long touchdown in college. I mean, I had runs of 30 or 40 yards but nothing like an 80-yarder or anything. One



time, I broke around the end and started down the sideline. I thought I was going to go all the way, untouched. I was caught and tackled on the one-yard line by a lineman. I got up and saw who tackled me and couldn't believe it. A lineman. That's when I realized how fast I was."

Locker's lack of speed is one reason he doesn't mourn not being chosen in the professional draft.

"I might have made the special teams for one or two years, but that would have been it. I'm just glad I had four successful years of college ball and didn't blow out a knee or anything."

Locker sat up in his chair and leaned forward.

"I really liked the college lifestyle and had a lot of very good friends, but I really wanted to have kids," he said. Suddenly Tegan emerges from around a corner with a pacifier in her mouth resembling a mouth-piece. She

rushes through the interview seeking a discarded doll or, perhaps, the football lying on the carpet. Locker's eyes follow his daughter as she rambles through the living room.

"I still have those friends but now I have a family and things are different. We still go out some times, down to Jimbo's for a beer or out for a steak, but when it starts getting late I tell them I have to go. I'm sure some of them say, 'Pat's whipped.' Heck, I used to stay out until three. I'm not the guy I used to be. I wasn't bad then. I just have a different lifestyle now. I really enjoy it. I have two beautiful kids, a wonderful wife and I like my job."

Locker's official title at Intalco is Pot Attendant, which means he helps operate a large vat that melts aluminum into a molten liquid.

"The money is excellent," he said. "I meet a lot of neat people and I like the shift work. It's just an eight-hour-

a-day job, but we haven't done without much."

But what about football?

"I'd love to coach football," he said. "But the pay scale is considerably lower, about half of what mine is now. I've always been able to relate to kids. I'd like to coach at the college level, but I'd have to sharpen my game. I understand what a running back does, not what a lineman does."

"Some of my friends say I should already be coaching. They say I should have finished school," said Locker, who is about one academic year from graduation.

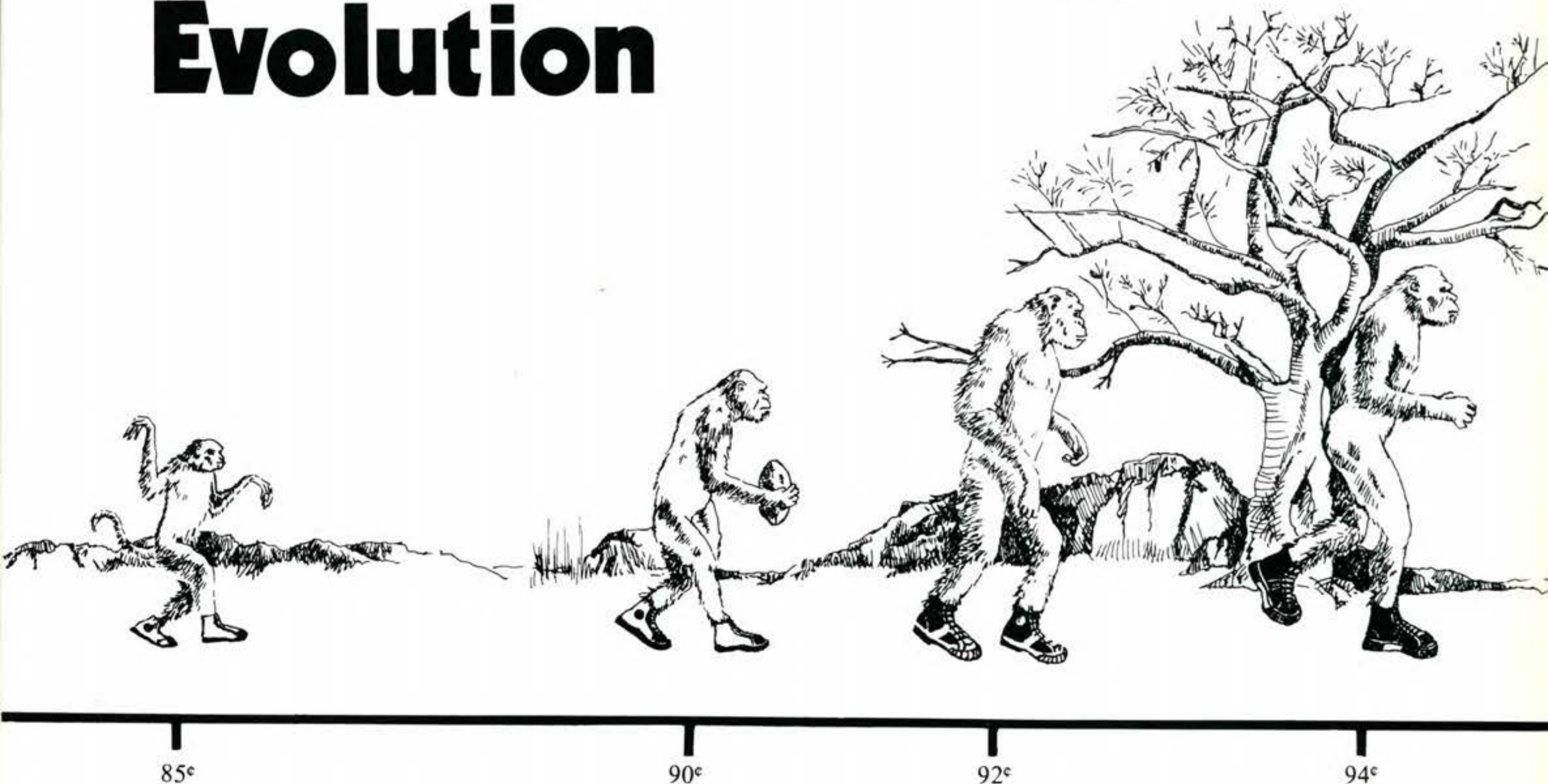
"I think there's fate in every situation. I'm always looking to improve myself. I'm always looking for new holes."

His game is different now. His new field is nothing like the old one. But, if there is a hole to be found, Pat Locker will find it. ★

The Tennie Evolution

By Mike Stoddard

Remember sneakers, those black canvas high tops that you just had to have to really be a kid? Remember your first pair of P-F Flyers, the shoes that made you run faster and jump higher than any kid on the block?



Boasting a meager construction of shoelaces, rubber and glue, your "tennie runners" were indestructible.

Climbing trees didn't phase them and basketball wouldn't strain them. Your sneakers were the all-around sports shoe, appropriate for football, baseball, gym class and kick-the-can.

"Nobody buys shoes like that anymore," said John McCarthy, retail manager at H&L Athletic in Bellingham. "The rule of thumb now is a different shoe for every sport."

Beginning about 1971, coaches began to examine athletic equipment, hoping that the "right stuff" would improve performance.

"Because the money was in the professional sports, (i.e. basketball, tennis), that's where most of the attention was focused," McCarthy said.

The largest sports shoemakers, such as Adidas, Nike and Puma, began building shoes to satisfy the specific needs of each sport.

"For example, Adidas came out with the 'Stan Smith,' made strictly for tennis," McCarthy explained. "It was designed to meet the needs of professional tennis players with their quick starts and stops."

Adidas changed the materials used in construction of its shoe by replacing canvas tops with leather for better wear and support. Rubber soles were replaced with synthetic fabrics to reduce weight. The biggest improvements, however, were in design patterns on the sneaker soles.

"Certain sole designs allow the wearer greater traction, while other patterns allow the wearer to stop quicker," McCarthy said.

The new additions quickly made the old-fashioned sneaker obsolete. The all-around sports shoe was pushed to the back of the closet, even for weekend hackers and part-time joggers.

Custom treads, McCarthy said, are now available for the discriminating football player who needs one shoe for

grass and another for artificial turf.

With all of the improvements and a greater demand for the product, sports shoes have more than tripled in price in the last 10 years. Today, basic tennis shoes can cost from \$25 to \$75, depending on the name brand and the quality.

The inflated price of footwear for athletes is justified, however, according to Laura Simpson of Nike headquarters in Beaverton, Ore.

"The shoes are designed for maximum performance," Simpson said. "You can't always see the improvements in the shoe just by looking at them. You have to compete in them to tell the difference."

According to sales reports from Blue Ribbon Sports (Nike), profits have steadily doubled every year since 1976. Last year, Nike's gross profits were more than \$457.7 million.

McCarthy agreed the increase in price is not out of line but noted that the only thing that hasn't improved in the new sports shoe is longevity. In fact, McCarthy cites cases where the new shoes are wearing out faster than ever.

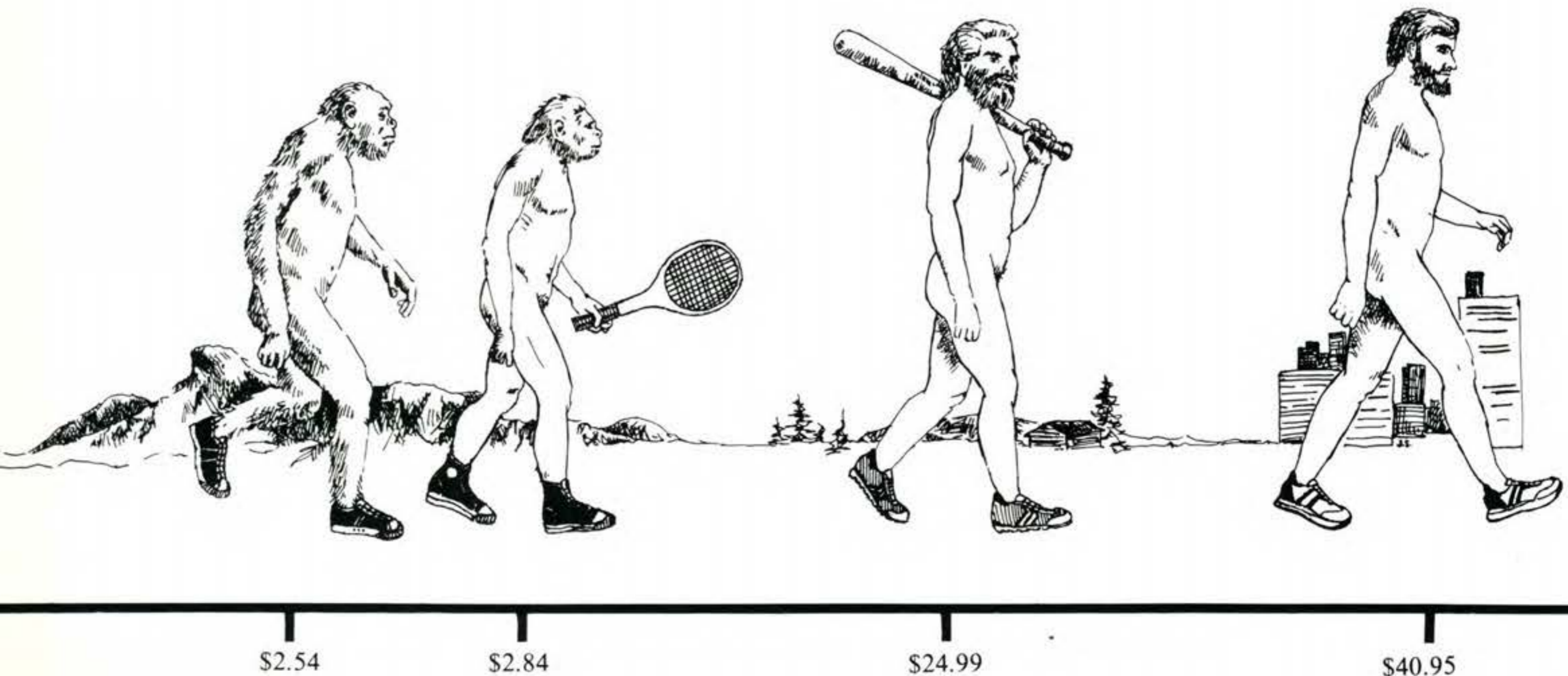
"The average life of a new basketball shoe is one season," McCarthy said. "Two, if you only use the shoes on the court and never bum around in them."

Simpson also admitted that most of the new competition shoes are only designed for a single season, but added the short life span would grow longer in the future.

McCarthy and Simpson agreed the trend toward specialization is just beginning. Nike soon will produce a running shoe for people afflicted with shin splints. Simpson said other orthopedic shoes will be developed as knowledge and technology improve.

The market for the speciality shoes is definitely increasing and gaining a firm foothold in the now chic world of athletics. But don't be winded by the ever increasing pace.

As McCarthy said, "Who knows? They might eventually make a shoe for climbing trees and being a kid again." ★



The Bucks Stop Here

Analysis

By Karlene Harold

Today's career-oriented women athletes are frustrated. Their caliber has increased, but their abilities have outdistanced any appropriate opportunities.

This may change by the century's end, but that is the hope of the future, not the truth of today.

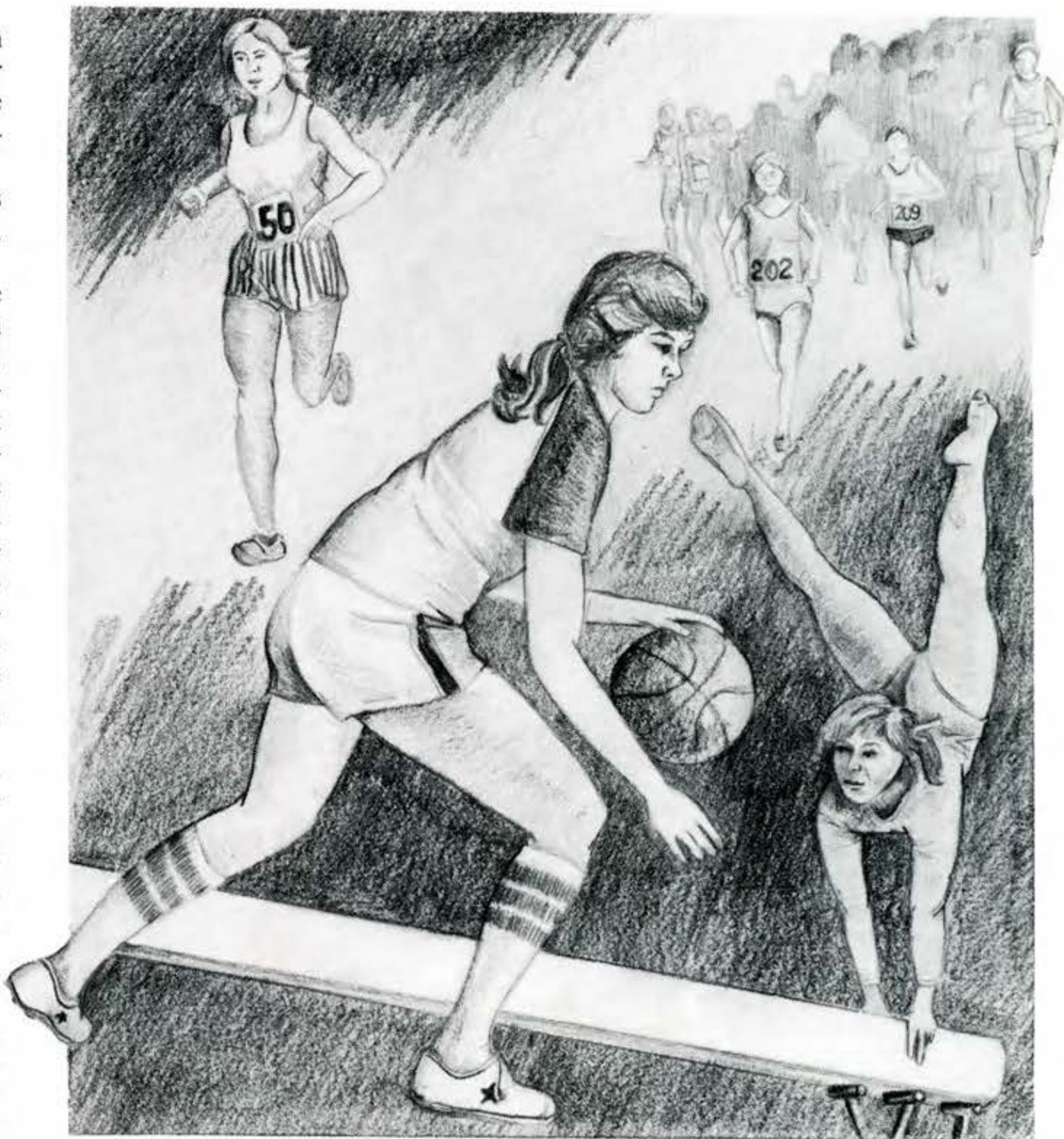
Only the best can entertain the goal of a career in sports and then they must expect it to be a limited one. Coaching/teaching jobs are unavailable to women because they lack the experience of their male counterparts. And little chance exists to gain that experience. In professional sports, advancement occurs primarily in individual sports, such as tennis and golf. And jobs are virtually nonexistent for the woman wanting to play professional team sports because only a handful of successful women pro teams exist.

Twenty years ago, even 10 years ago, the question of opportunities for women in sports would have seemed absurd. But in 1972, a federal law called Title IX, officially opened the door to women's rights in the sports world. It became a catalyst, starting a tidal wave of change.

Essentially, Title IX forbids sex discrimination in education. In the beginning its meaning was unclear and specific guidelines for sports education were not made until 1975. But under threat of cutbacks in federal funding, school administrators set out to balance their athletic programs.

"Its primary emphasis was on funding," said Lynda Goodrich, director of women's athletics and the women's basketball coach at Western. Money finally was appropriated for women's teams. No longer would they depend on revenue from bake sales to finance their equipment.

More programs were offered and additional coaches hired. Gym courts and other facilities were made available to women. Midnight practice sessions were eliminated. Traveling



expenses were increased. The women would not have to sleep four to a room or spend less than the men for food.

Universities offered scholarships to outstanding high school athletes. They enticed the women just as they had men for years. This new opportunity of a college education financed through athletic excellence gave women the incentive to take sports seriously at a younger age, Goodrich said.

But these were the external upheavals. More subtle changes were noticed by the girls and their coaches. Title IX was injuring as well as heal-

ing. In some respects, it had backfired.

Title IX increased women's opportunities to learn and become skilled through education, but it decreased the chances of landing coaching or officiating jobs. "Salaries have become equitable, so now, men, who before would have nothing to do with women's athletics, suddenly want to coach," Goodrich said.

The same thing happened in officiating. The pay went from \$6 to \$50 a game.

Previously, women coached and officiated all the women's teams, Goodrich said. But with increased

pay incentives, the trend reversed. Men filled the new openings because few women were qualified to fill the positions. Now that men are established in coaching women's sports, it is harder than ever for women graduates, Goodrich said.

"A lot of men are very capable of coaching women, but it's really important to have role models," Goodrich said. This view was echoed by one of her former students, Dee Dee Molner, now head women's basketball coach and assistant volleyball coach at Marysville-Pilchuck High School. "The girls need to realize there's something to look forward to after they quit playing," Molner said.

Molner, a 1977 Western graduate, played excellent ball under Goodrich's guidance. She was "one of the best." The spring before she graduated, the number of women's pro teams were at their peak. Taking a roundabout route to a coaching career, Molner played pro softball for the San Bernadino Gems and then the Buffalo Breskies for one year.

The experience was "very positive, very competitive," Molner said emphatically. But she played professional ball for only one year.

Molner blames that partly on meager wages; \$6,000 for eight to nine months' work, and partly on her desire to return to playing basketball. But mostly, she blames it on the league's lack of stability.

"The league wasn't really that solid," Molner said. Twelve teams comprised the league the year she played and then it went down to six. After that, it folded.

"In some towns there was a lot of backing, but those were the towns that didn't have another sport competing with it. The non-baseball towns such as Buffalo," Molner said the leagues folded because of poor attendance and a lack of publicity.

Goodrich carried Molner's observation a step further. She stressed

that areas become saturated with pro teams and school teams. A community can only support so much and then teams start to fail. She considered this the major obstacle to successful women's pro sports.

Another former Western student, Jo Levin (Metzger), faced the choice of playing in the pros or coaching/teaching. The first basketball player at Western to be selected first-team All-American by both the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics and the American Women's Sports Federation, Levin left the university as the all-time leading scorer in Western's basketball history with 1,999 points. Levin chose the opposite route to Molner. She is student teaching and coaching at a Seattle high school.

"I just saw that it (pro basketball) was going downhill," Levin said. Three or four teams had folded in the last few years and she said she didn't think public support would increase.

"It's hard to get spectators that will pay to watch women play," Levin said.

And jobs are virtually nonexistent for the woman wanting to play professional team sports because only a handful of successful women pro teams exist.

"If they wanted to see some excitement they'd just go and watch a men's game," she said. "Men can stuff the ball. They can leap. A women's game, however, is more passing outside and shooting. Women just don't have the muscle strength.

"No matter how hard they work, there are some women that aren't going to be able to jump like men do or be as quick as the men are," Levin said.

Molner, and to some extent Good-

rich, were more optimistic about the future of women's pro sports and women's roles in athletics in general. They said they believed Title IX has started a change in attitude among the public, the parents and the younger boys. They are being forced to grow right along with the girls.

"We're starting from the bottom up," Molner said. Women are being trained and are entering into competition at younger ages. "The girls coming up now are coming out very skilled. The caliber is going up a great deal.

"Men are naturally faster-stronger. The women's games are more finesse-skills," Molner said. Someday, she said, fans might appreciate the difference.

Co-ed physical education classes, started in 1977, will help bring that new awareness.

"Students are learning to respect each other's abilities," Molner said. "When the boys are 20 to 25 years old, they'll be more accepting of women's sports. And then these boys and girls will pass their changed values to their children."

Parents are seeing their young daughters participate and enjoy sports at an early age. The tomboy image has begun to fade away, Molner said.

Some people are afraid budget cuts will cause a lack of support for Title IX and it will go by the wayside. But Molner and Goodrich said they think that the changes already established will stay and grow.

"The parents and community, the participants, would just scream bloody murder if it was taken away now," Goodrich said.

It takes a long time to build a tradition, she said. "Men's basketball had to start somewhere," and it has been organized now for about 100 years. Title IX was an impetus, but the unrest was already there.

"I feel like a pioneer," Goodrich said. "Changes take time." ★



By John L. Smith

I hung up the phone after listening to Bob Vitto's carnival con job and screamed, "Oh my God, what have I done?"

I am not a crazy person, I thought. Why am I entering a destruction derby?

Ah, but the male ego is strange. The Craig Road Speedway P.R. man carefully coaxed a commitment from me, a Las Vegas SUN beat reporter at the asphalt quarter-mile oval that hot 1980 summer. He knew no cocky scribe would dare pass up a challenge to ride in over-sized bumper cars against other local journalists and disc jockeys. From the moment I realized what I had done, I began reevaluating my life's worth.

Me ride in a destruction derby? Not me. I drive on the shoulder to avoid accidents. I drive more like Grandma Jones than Parnelli Jones. I immediately wanted to return Vitto's call and reverse my fate, but it was too late. A swelling ego told me participating in a destruction derby was no more dangerous than riding in a carnival bumper car.

Holding to the bumper car theory, I went to the southern Nevada track that sweltering Friday night relatively unafraid. The grandstands were jammed with 4,500 rowdy fans. Vitto approached me as I neared the scoring tower.

"Great evening for a 'D' derby, isn't it?" the gray-haired sweet talker said. He smiled. "Are you nervous?"

Suddenly, I was. I pinned my note pad between my arm and palpitating chest, crammed my hands into my jeans pockets and lied.

"No, not yet. Give me a few minutes," I said.

He headed for the pits to find me a helmet while I contemplated what made it such a good night for a destruction derby. The wind was as hot as car exhaust and as thick. I wanted something cold to drink, but the swaying line of cowboys and construction workers at the snack bar was far too long. Then I saw Vitto coming. He brought no helmet.

"I know what you're thinking, but don't worry," he

said. "I'll get you a new helmet as soon as the souvenir stand opens."

Souvenir stand? Who makes the blasted thing? Mattel? The helmet I received was new and legitimate. It was red metal-flake, and the chin strap was incredibly tight when cinched, nearly choking me.

As the night's regular stock car racing slate continued, I was directed to the pits to sign a few documents. Nothing important, Vitto said, merely a few forms — like a "Benefit Plan Registration."

"Isn't that like a life insurance waiver?" I asked. It was. One of the lines that burned my eyes read: "I designate and name as death beneficiary . . ."

I fully realized I was in for far more than a bumper car ride. Little time remained to think about my foolishness; it was time to get in the autos.

My car was a relatively nice looking '64 Dodge Coronet supplied by a local auto parts store. It was chalk white with blood-red Las Vegas SUN logos on the sides. I had the officials paint a "7" on it. It was my lucky number and I figured I would need all the luck I could get.

After scrambling through the Coronet's glassless rear window, I strapped on a simple frayed seat belt and nervously awaited instructions.

We lined up in the greasy pits during the evening's last race. Nineteen cars, all shapes, sizes and colors, sat ready and willing to commit fender-bending suicide.

The next few minutes are not clear in my mind, but I do remember trying to tune in the AM radio to get a little mood music. It didn't work. Neither did the lights, heater, cigarette lighter or emergency brake.

By the time I focused again, we were in a contorted circle, our trunks to the center. I couldn't remember how I had gotten there. I recalled the car owner warning me not to panic if the Coronet died, but I didn't want to think about anything dying.

We were off.

I looked over my right shoulder out the empty rear window and saw two aged luxury cars collide. Both

trunks crinkled like giant accordians. I prayed my foolish ego would not cost me teeth, arms or anything else necessary to a somewhat normal life.

The sound of crunching metal and cardiac-arrested engines echoed inside the tinny helmet. Drivers desperately maneuvered on torn, flapping tires. Cars were stalling, but I had yet to move.

A turquoise Falcon entered the impact area. I closed my eyes and seized the opportunity to ram its right front side, putting it out of action. One down, I thought, confidently. This derby business isn't so bad after all.

Suddenly I was hit in the grill by a brown Ford LTD. My arms stiffened to absorb the shock. Above the thunder of crashing autos, I heard the Coronet's radiator begin crying on the ground between the two cars. My vehicle coughed and sputtered, trying to remain running. After a few minutes, it quit completely. I pumped the gas hard, attempting to restart the car, but it was no use.

Without warning, I received a smashing jolt in the trunk. My metal-flaked head bobbed back like a punching clown and my shoulders pressed deep into the seat. I quickly laid my head on the bench seat and prayed for the spectacle to cease. After a couple of

lesser blows, the chaos was stopped to remove the dead metal, of which I was a part.

Climbing out the rear window, I felt like the victor (though I finished fourteenth). The crowd of belching, beer-breathed fans screamed, but not for me. The blood-thirsty mob only wanted the losers to get off the track so officials could resume the race. Still, I was elated. The battle was almost over and no one was injured, especially the SUN reporter in the pugnosed Coronet.

* * * * *

I returned to the SUN last summer and received a curious call from the smooth-talking Vitto. It seemed Craig Road Speedway was having its annual destruction derby and . . .

"You looked like you enjoyed yourself last time," Vitto said. "I was wondering if you might like to enter again. I'm not sure if I can get a car yet, but I'll try."

Just thinking about again entering such motorized insanity made my head and stomach ache. A voice from within called me to give it another try. This time I answered aloud.

"What do you think I am? Crazy?" ★



Jogging Junkies

By Don Kirkpatrick

A Western geology professor is one of thousands who depend on a painkiller to get through each day.

"I really am addicted to it," confessed Meryl Beck.

Beck said he thinks he is addicted to running, but actually he may be strung out on what scientists have dubbed the "happiness hormone."

The habit-forming chemical is beta-endorphin and may be the source of the phenomenon known as "runner's high," described as a feeling of well-being or elation that often is reported following hard exercise.

Beck, a veteran of 12 marathons, reported just such effects. After running three or four miles, he said he can turn a bad day into a not-so-bad one and is left with an "absolutely irrational, almost idiotic feeling" that the world is a better place.

A Massachusetts General Hospital study published recently in the New England Journal of Medicine examined the relationship between exercise and the secretion of beta-endorphin.

Seven women, aged 18 to 30 and described as "stocky," were tested for

levels of beta-endorphin and beta-lipotrophin, a similar chemical, before and after one-hour exercise periods for two months.

After pedaling a stationary bicycle for one hour, their endorphin levels rose only slightly at the beginning of the tests.

But by the end of two months, their endorphin levels jumped an average of 116 percent in just one hour.

The molecule of which beta-endorphin is a part was first isolated in 1965 by Dr. Choh Hao Li of the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco.

Since then, researchers have experimented with the chemical to cure depression and schizophrenia and it has proved successful in curing migraine headaches. Headache sufferers, however, are not likely to chuck their aspirin yet because production of beta-endorphin is time-consuming and costs \$3,000 an injection.

. . . researchers have experimented with the chemical to cure depression and schizophrenia and it has proved successful in curing migraine headaches.

As an alternative to high-priced drugs, some doctors have devised a method for patients to produce their own beta-endorphin to ease severe headaches.

Using hand-held transmitters the size of garage door-openers, the doctors were able to stimulate a headache sufferer's pituitary gland through electrodes in the brain. One 10- to 15-minute stimulation relieved severe pains for hours, or even days.

Other experiments at the Medical College of Virginia and the University of Toronto suggest that beta-endorphin might be the primary agent in acupuncture's success, as well as being responsible for athletes not noticing minor injuries during a game.

Beck said when he is forced to miss a day or two of running, he "gets edgy — a little bit nasty. My girl friend orders me to go out and run."

. . . when runners complain of feeling out-of-sorts during a layoff, doctors suggest they actually may be experiencing symptoms of withdrawal from beta-endorphin.

And when runners complain of feeling out-of-sorts during a layoff, doctors suggest they actually may be experiencing symptoms of withdrawal from beta-endorphin.

Not everyone, however, is as quick to embrace the claims — like 55-mile-a-week runner Thomas Read of Western's mathematics department.

"When I run — I don't know — there are good days and bad days — it's common for runners to talk about feeling euphoric," he said, "but that's putting it a little bit strongly." Some days, Read said, "I just get tired."

He did admit, however, that during a layoff, "I don't have the feeling of being a coiled spring like I do when I'm running." ★



By Laurie Sturdevant

Shawn McFarlane's long slender legs resemble those of a doe as she walks gracefully across the corridor. She has silky blonde hair, bright eyes and a warm smile.

She is quiet and at ease. She conveys an air of confidence and is typical of a young, mild-mannered college girl. But on the rugby field she changes. She becomes aggressive and wild.

"Sure we play our guts out on the field," McFarlane says, "but we do it with style and finesse, not with intentions of beating the crap out of our opponents."

McFarlane is just one of the women at Western who is breaking new ground in women's sports. Some women ruggers here say the conception that rugby is a macho, male-dominated sport are on the sidelines in their thinking.

"Men ruggers are more brutal and aggressive because they possess bad football habits and are physically stronger than women," McFarlane says.

And the brutality transfers the tough-guy image to the language, Laurel White, one of McFarlane's team members, says.

"It's a big joke. Rugby is a lot of tough talk," White says.

Women rugby players stress the intellectual and technical aspects of rugby. They take pride in being superb athletes — but, at the same time, they say they enjoy a rough





Women Even the Score

brawl in the mud.

On the field, they concentrate on handling the ball with skill and running the plays as a total team.

The physical aggression of tackling the opponent without pads or other protection is, of course, part of the fun and excitement.

But off the field, women rugby players carry on the tough talking, loose-lipped style that has characterized the men. And some say the women players have a distinct moral attitude not connected with other sports.

"Women rugby players are tight," White says. "We stick together in one big family. It's fun. We play together, drink together and get laid."

Like male ruggers, the women attend post game drink-ups where they suck down beers in enormous quantities, recruit new members and sing bawdy, almost obscene songs, and tag each other with affectionate, but slightly indecent nicknames.

White is known lovingly as Laurel Oral while McFarlane's moniker is Titless. And one of the milder songs sung at a rugby drink-up sounds like this:

"Take your man around the corner, when the lights are low.

Put your arm around his shoulder and the other one below.

When he starts to shake and

quiver, and your hand's all full of goo.

Tell him that's the secret handshake of the girls from WWU."

But despite what many might view as a rather loose code of morality, women ruggers insist that certain lines not be crossed.

"The men that give us a hard time usually don't know us," McFarlane says. "Ya got to know how to handle them and don't take any of their crap.

"I remember one time I was at a drink-up. I started up some stairs to

go to the can and this guy reached up and grabbed my boob. I was so pissed I kicked him in the stomach as hard as I could — that creep had it comin'," White says.

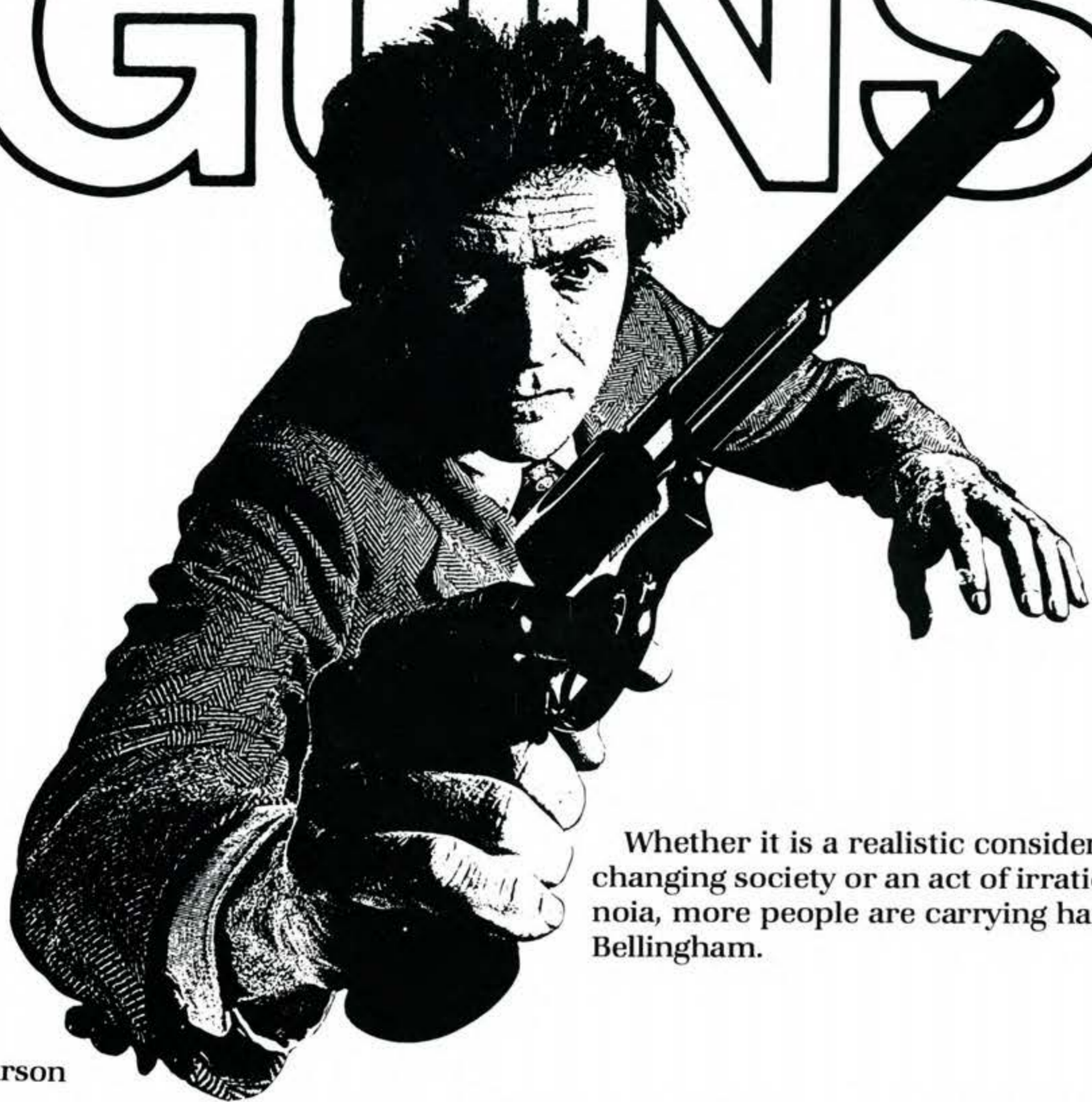
Western's women have banded together to bring superior athletic ability and intelligence to the game of rugby at the same time mixing the long tradition of rowdiness and scurrilous behavior.

Some say it takes leather balls to play rugby.

But the women insist it doesn't take balls at all. ★



GUNS



Whether it is a realistic consideration in a changing society or an act of irrational paranoia, more people are carrying handguns in Bellingham.

By Jon Larson

Paul stands with both feet slightly apart as he points the barrel of his .357 magnum revolver at the paper target near the back of the indoor pistol range. Both hands hold the pistol as the index finger of the right steadily squeezes the trigger until a thunderous explosion punches a bullet out the barrel.

Leaving behind a two-inch jet of orange flame at the muzzle, the bullet rockets toward the target at approximately 800-feet-per-second. The bullet seems invisible. The only clue to its path is the one-half-inch paper circle that flutters from the target to the floor. But before that circle lands, the bullet slams into the vertical,

angled, armor steel plate backstop, is flattened by its velocity and deflected into a chamber where it drops, energy spent, among other lead slugs.

He began shooting at age 12 when he took a World War II, German Luger pistol into the woods near his home to fire at flower pots. Now, at 32, he has a concealed weapons permit and carries the .357 magnum pistol whenever he "feels inclined to."

Paul, who did not wish to have his last name published, said a "big gap" exists between the occasional shooter and those who have accepted the responsibility of owning a handgun for self-defense.

"It's a different level of commitment," Paul said.

Although more Bellingham citizens carry handguns now than they did five years ago, according to local statistics, fluctuations in the number of concealed weapons permits and the varied reasons they are obtained make it difficult to tell if more people are carrying handguns for self-protection or not.

Carrying a concealed weapon without a permit is a gross misdemeanor.

Cpl. "Jud" DeMuth has been a member of the Bellingham Police "just shy of 20 years."

A friendly man with a round face framed with thick sideburns and slightly gray hair combed straight back, DeMuth talks easily as he walks down the stairs which lead to

police squadrooms in the City Hall basement. He looks in several offices, searching until he finds an empty one. Then he sits down in a black, swivel chair that squeaks as he leans back slightly.

Are there really more handguns in Bellingham now than five years ago?

"I think so," he says. "Yeah," he adds, nodding his head.

DeMuth says he has noticed more people carrying guns, especially handguns. And in most cases, he adds, they do not have a concealed weapons permit. He says this might be because people would not or did not want to take the trouble to apply for one.

DeMuth says he also has noticed more ex-felons, who are forbidden to possess a weapon, carrying handguns.

"I think a person should try to educate himself if he feels he needs a gun," DeMuth says.

He says he is concerned that people who get a gun for self-protection do not understand the implications of carrying and using it. One of his duties is working at the station's complaint desk. DeMuth says that one of the most frequently asked questions callers have is: "Can I shoot a guy that's on my property?"

DeMuth's answer? "No. It's wrong!"

A person should have no doubt that he is shooting to protect his own life or the life of another, he says. Courts are tough on those who shoot to protect property, he adds.

Jack Kienast of the Plantation Rifle Range near Lake Samish says despite the apparent increase in handgun purchases, he has not noticed many inexperienced shooters practicing at the range. Many self-defense gun owners buy the weapon and a box of shells, shoot it a few times and then put it away in a drawer, Kienast says.

In an effort to educate the public in handgun use, the range sponsored a trial class for 10 women who supplied their own pistols. Because of its success, Kienast is considering scheduling others, possibly in late fall, he says.

Paul, who shoots often at the range, says he agrees with Kienast that not many new shooters are coming out to practice at the Plantation.

He reaches up and flicks a switch on a fist-sized blue box. His target is brought back to him by a monorail-like device to which it is attached. On

the third shot at his second target, he hits the bull's eye.

Soon he finishes shooting and sits down on a bench in the range's spectator area. His hands rest on the table in front of him, his fingers casually intertwined. His evenly cut dark hair just touches the tips of his ears. He listens to questions attentively, then speaks.

Paul says he has never drawn or shot his pistol in self-defense, but has been "in a couple of situations where I thought I might have." While driving alone late at night on a northern California highway, Paul says he was harassed for three or four minutes by four young men in a souped-up Plymouth Barracuda. He says they made threatening gestures, flicked cigarette butts at Paul's car and drove into his lane.

"They were moving over to see if they could get a reaction from me," he says. "I was just watching them to see what they would do next. I really didn't know how far out they were, you know."

Paul says he watched them carefully and although he had his pistol, he did not draw it. Paul says he thought they finally drove off because he was not intimidated by the car's occupants.



"If I had been, the situation might have gotten worse," he says.

"I think they kind of felt that something was a little wrong," Paul says.

Paul says an attempted attack on his wife when the couple lived in Seattle three and one-half years ago is another reason why he carries a gun. His wife was getting into her car one evening when a long-haired man who appeared to be high on drugs tried to attack her, he says.

"He was starting to take his pants off as he was running toward her,"

Paul says.

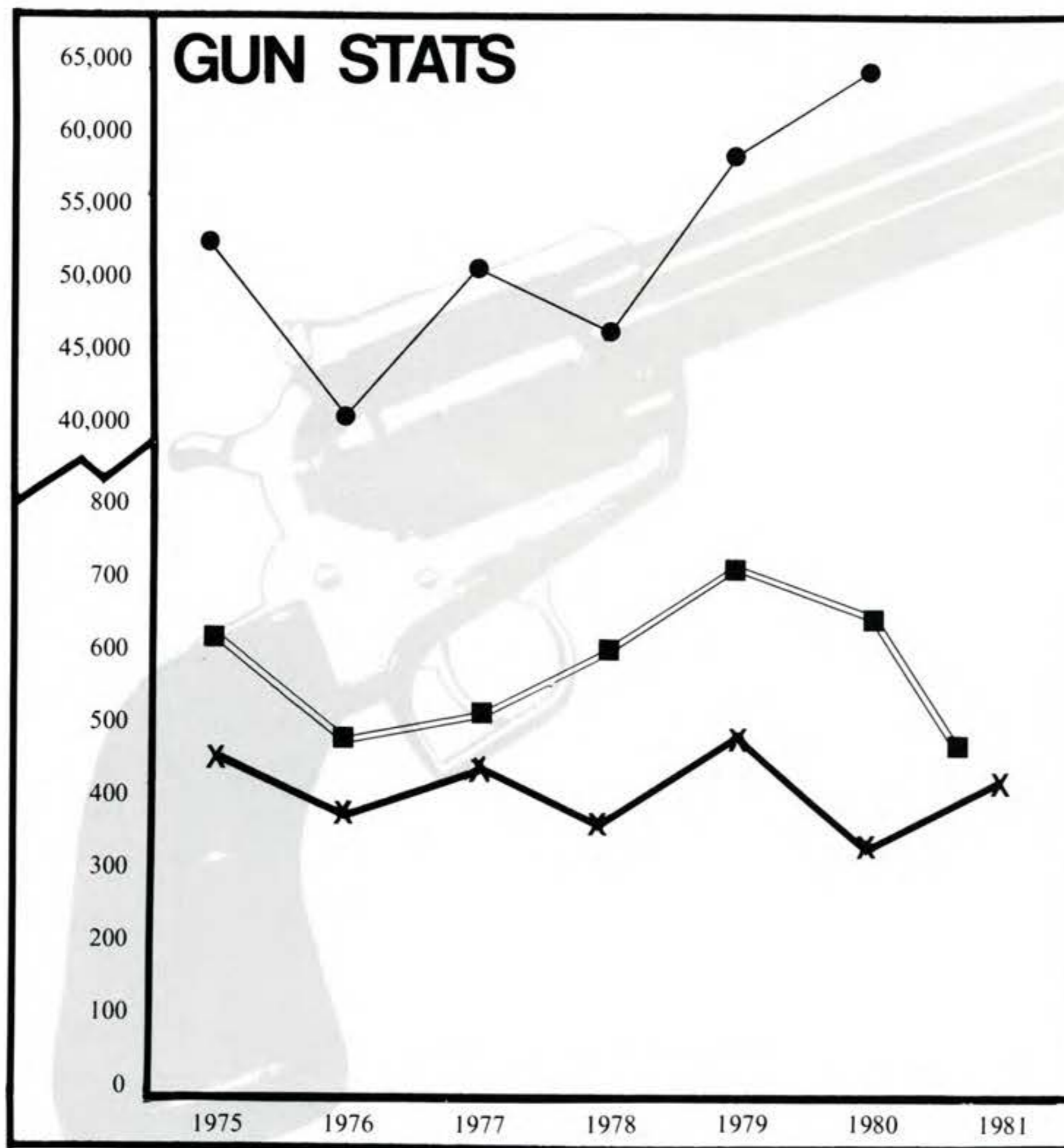
As the attacker got closer, a carload of college students pulled in ahead of his wife's car. This forced the attacker to hide and she was able to drive away safely. Paul adds she now carries a .22 caliber pistol.

Paul, who runs and climbs mountains, said the best advice he could offer people who use handguns for self-defense would be to keep in shape so they do not feel they have to use them. By keeping in shape, they are likely to be more alert to potential

trouble so they can avoid it, and run away if necessary, he says.

"I wouldn't use a firearm against another human being unless there was no other way . . . unless it was really self-defense," Paul says. If he felt his life, that of his family, or the lives of others were threatened, he says he would want the "power to react."

"My outlook might seem paranoid to some people, but I just feel it's better to be a little paranoid than very, very sorry," Paul says. ★



- Concealed weapons permits in Washington State
- Handgun purchase applications by the Bellingham Police Department
- ×—× Concealed weapons permits in Bellingham

The \$5 permit can be obtained by anyone over 21 who has not been convicted of a violent crime, been a drug addict, habitual drunkard or confined to a mental institution. Permits must be renewed every two years.



'I'll Have the Seafood Platter'

By Edie Zimmerman

With one month of instruction and the proper gear, hungry students can be filling their freezers with lingcod, crab, octopus and other delicacies. In Puget Sound, free food swims just 30 feet below the surface — a cornucopia of edibles for the enterprising.

According to Ron Dugdale, a local diver, plunging into the sport of scuba diving is initially expensive, costing about \$500. But this soon pays for itself and then becomes almost free. And compared with the price of seafood, getting it for nothing is a far more appealing way to set a scrumptious table.

With the water so accessible and instruction available at local dive shops, suppressing those seafood cravings is no longer necessary.

Each September, when the plankton bloom clears from the water, divers head out in search of seafood. Equipped with spear guns for fishing and pry bars for shellfish, they search the 45- to 48-degree water for kelp

beds. These rich habitats are abundant with marine life and indicate a good area to dive.

But Tom Cain, a local diving instructor, said once a plentiful area has been discovered, divers generally keep the location confidential to prevent it from being ravished by others.

Lingcod are the most sought-after fish. These huge, dappled bottom fish are found in rocky, current-swept depths and average 20 to 30 pounds. You just take aim and "fire" the powerful spear gun. One or more large rubber bands contract, driving the metal spear through the fish.

With pink shells and white pincers, the Pacific and Dungeness varieties of crab are easily spotted crawling along the bottom of Chuckanut Bay, five miles south of Bellingham, Cain said.

Crab also can be found near Lummi Rocks, off Lummi Island, and around the Larrabee boat ramp at Larrabee



State Park. Capture requires a skillful hand and also careful measure to ensure the catch is of legal size.

The numerous rocky areas in the sound attract abalone and rock scallops. These shelled mussels attach to the rocks where they mature, the abalone taking six years to reach minimum legal size, experts report. A pry bar helps to remove the stubborn shellfish from their secure homes. Kelp greenlings and rockfish share the rocky area at depths of 15 to 60 feet. Deeper still are found the Yelloweye rockfish, better known as Red Snapper.

The nearby ocean is also home to one of the world's largest octopus species. These intelligent, docile creatures are found in rocky areas. Their lairs are usually marked by clam and crab shell remains, evidence of a recent meal.

But not all sea life is so easy to grasp. A mid-channel, deep-water fish, the salmon is one prey that is beyond the reach of the off-shore diver. Salmon prefer the open water and are the net fisherman's catch.

Also lurking in the depths are potentially dangerous creatures such as rock-dwelling wolf eels and transparent jellyfish. These accidental encounters can be painful. The greatest danger, however, does not come from so-called monsters of the deep but from man himself. Acting

without thinking and taking unnecessary chances are the main causes of diving-related accidents reported, Dugdale said. Check tides, currents and equipment before each dive to ensure a safe excursion.

. . . divers generally keep the location confidential to prevent it from being ravished by others.

Undersea divers also must know the catch limits on their bounty. These are strictly enforced and the fines expensive. Respecting the limits is one of the responsibilities that go with the hunting privilege.

For the seafood enthusiast who is without scuba certification, the mask and snorkel method of gathering food is an option. This is more difficult and challenging than using air tanks because the diver must locate prey, shoot and return to the surface on one breath.

Boats are helpful in finding kelp beds in the San Juan Island area, Cain said. They can provide the fastest and

most cost efficient means of getting to some great diving spots such as West Beach, Patos Island, Sucia Island and even the north end of Orcas Island.

The greatest danger, however, does not come from from so-called monsters of the deep but from man himself.

Experts have referred to the sound as the best cold-water diving in the world. So if hunting seafood and exploring new places sounds inviting, take the plunge and begin at once to enjoy the veritable smorgasbord beneath the sea. ★



How Much Is That Wetsuit in the Window?

	Bellingham Scuba Center	Washington Divers Association
Instruction:	\$99.50 8 classes 8 pool dives 5 open water dives	\$150.00 5 classes 5 pool dives 5 open water dives plus books and gear
Rentals: (For students at both schools, full rental fees are put toward the purchase price of a suit.)	\$30.00/day	\$34.00/day
Air Tank Fill:	\$2.25	\$2.00 - \$2.50
Boat Dives:	Available	Available

The Viking Union has wetsuits and booties available for renting. All rentals include a \$10.00 deposit.
 \$3.00/ day \$4.50/ weekend
 \$6.00/ 3 days \$12.00/ week



A SUMMER IN THE CUCKOO'S NEST



By Alan Minato

The green grass, drooping willow trees and tall stands of evergreens might be in one of Vancouver's finer parks. But in the foreground, the provincial mental hospital's stark, mustard-yellow walls and metal-latticed windows looked like a prison.

I applied for work at Valleyview as a janitor in one final attempt at finding employment. I had no idea of what the work would entail. I only knew it was close to home and the wages were good.

They hired me, and I was pleased. I would soon be making almost \$10 an hour. But first I was required to check out the wards to see if I found the working conditions "compatible."

"People have backed out before," the building supervisor said solemnly. "I can remember some workers lasting only a couple of hours."

In the basement the morgue, kitchen and dining room were adjacent. The remaining floors were divided into two wards containing about 50 beds apiece. Each ward had a day-room equipped with a stereo and a color television. Along one corridor, 10 side rooms housed individual patients who were totally helpless or terminally ill.

The supervisor described the side rooms in great detail. Men and women lie on the narrow beds; their wan, wrinkled faces reflecting no emotion. Some had a waxy yellow pallor, the color of imminent death, I later learned. Catheter tubes and oxygen equipment emphasized the extent of the illnesses. Snoring, wheezing, feeble calls for help and searching eyes were often the only indicators of life.

The administrators in Housekeeping put me in this ward. I thought it was the worst, but every ward had its own personal horror.

My second week on the job I saw my first dead man.

I had cleaned his room and was working my way down the hall. Earlier, I had notified the nurse that he had wet on the floor and was trying to get out of bed. The nurse strapped him down with nylon restraints while he plaintively called for his mama. Later, the routine nurse discovered his body.

He had shit himself and his watery stool seemed to be everywhere. They cleaned him up, placed his body on a gurney and delivered him to the basement morgue.

The nurses mopped up after him, opened the window and sprayed the room with deodorizing disinfectant. The overpowering stench of human effluent, coupled with the sickly sweet odor of the disinfectant, scorched my nasal passages the rest of the day. Only later, much later, did I summon enough courage to go in and clean the now-empty room.

I thought about this man the rest of the day. I did not know who he was but I wondered if anyone cared about him. I can still hear him calling out to his mama, like he knew he was going to die.

Each ward in the hospital represented the ethnic and social mix that comprises the Canadian culture. Doctors, businessmen and engineers shared rooms with farmers, laborers and housewives.

A large number were chronic alcoholics; others suffered from brain disorders and many had been hospitalized for long periods of time.

On a ward outside the main building, I started a conversation with a man from Hungary.

"I am from Transylvania, you know," he said, speaking with a slight

middle-European accent. "I have two hearts which keeps me very healthy. The RCMP committed me in this hospital in order to take my farm and steal my money. The doctors, they try to kill me, but I am very strong because of my two hearts."

One woman talked to mirrors. "Who are you?" she would ask while gazing into her reflection. "Why don't you come out of there?" she queried. "Do you know where my daughter is? I sent her to get some milk and she hasn't returned. Maybe she is out in the backyard.

"What should we do now?" she asked me.

"Would you like to sit down?" I asked.

"Where do we do that?" she enquired.

I took her hand and led her to the sitting room. One minute later, she was back asking me what to do.

Patients constantly hounded me with questions because of their boredom and confusion. Even the simplest tasks, like finding the dining room, TV room or sleeping quarters, were beyond their comprehension.

The patients had little or nothing to occupy their time. Most wandered aimlessly in the corridors and tugged on the locked doors endlessly as if searching for a way out. They developed neurotic behavior patterns,

much like caged animals, to cope with their boredom.

Receiving meals, dentures, glasses, drugs or cigarettes were from the patients' viewpoint the most exciting parts of their dull days.

It was this awful waste of humanity that made me think about growing old. Both sets of my grandparents are healthy, active and living in their own homes. The cards, letters and pictures on bed tables showed these people had belonged to someone's family once.

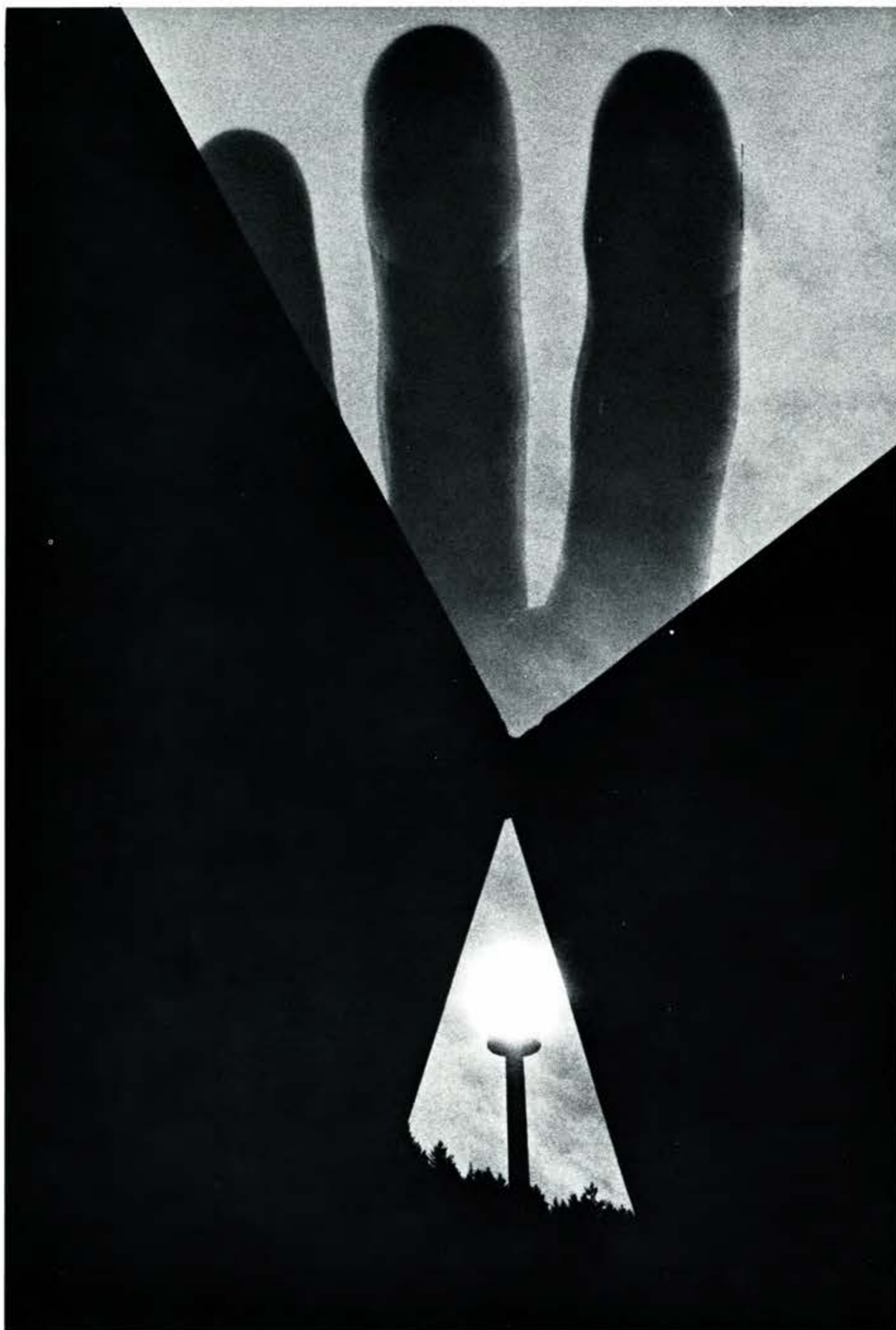
Most of the patients were treated fairly well and many of them belonged in the hospital. But others acted as if they could cope with life on the outside. It seemed sad that patients with seemingly more awareness would have to experience the ravings of the mentally ill.

The sheer hopelessness of their plight was terribly depressing for me. Often I would talk out my frustrations with family and friends.

I am a young man. I have not thought too deeply about mortality or madness. Would I have to put my parents in a place like this? Would I be able to?

When I pushed my mop down those endless hallways last summer, one thought kept flashing into my mind. It was Roger Daltrey singing, "Hope I die before I get old." ★





My analyst told me
That I was right out of my head
The way he described it
He said I'd be better dead than alive
I didn't listen to his jive
I knew all along
That he was all wrong
And I knew that he thought
I was crazy but I'm not
Oh no.

Joni Mitchell

