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Western Washington University

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Klipsun

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It takes all kinds of people to put a magazine together: writers, editors, artists, photographers, advisors, crazy people and sane people. But it took much more than just a staff to make this issue possible. You see, our topic is people, and without an abundance of interesting people to write about we would've had to write about the weather, or ourselves. Instead, we have an interesting issue about all kinds of people. The kind of people that make Bellingham and Western an interesting people place. I takes all kinds of people, inside you'll find a few.

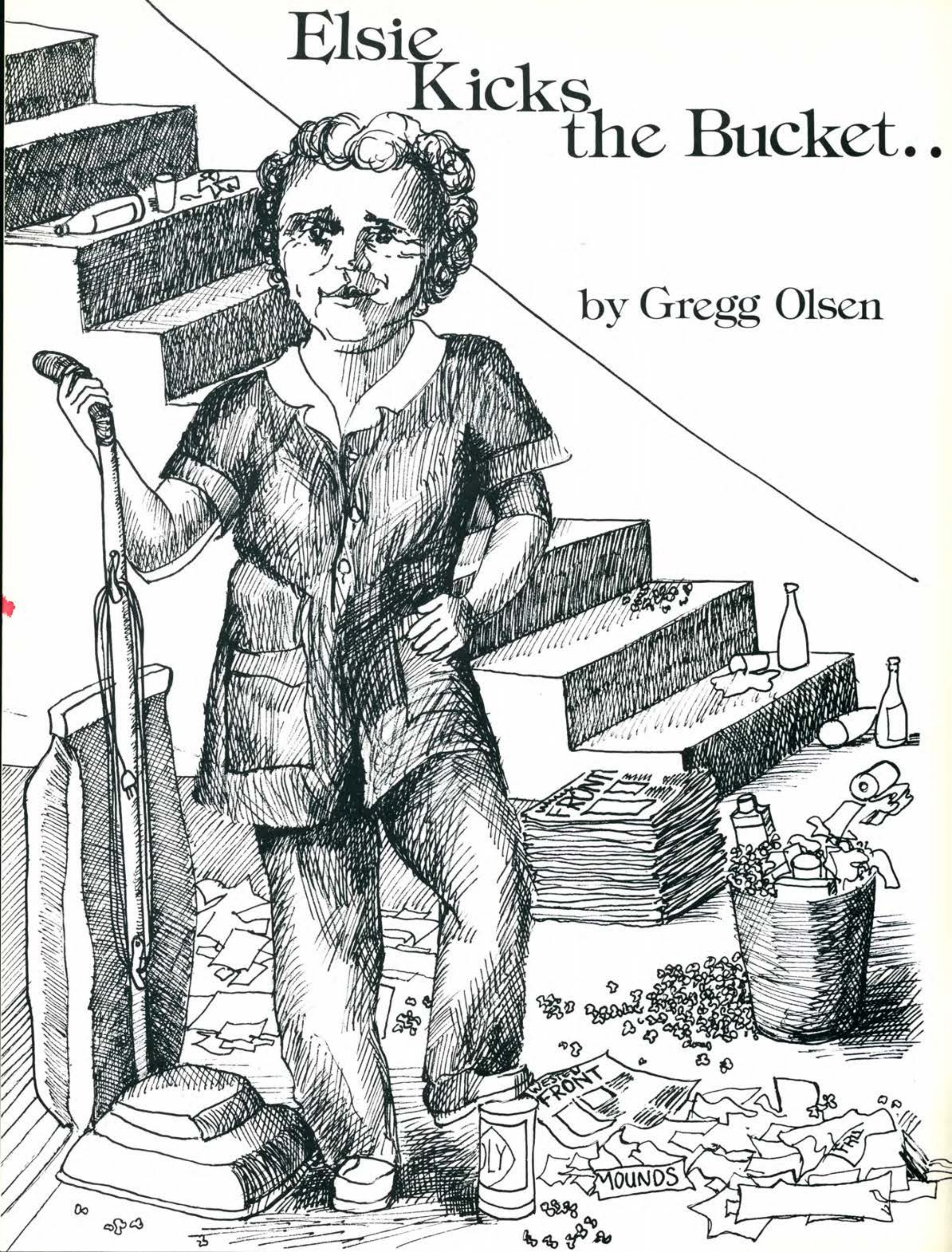


Rick Newberg
editor, Klipsun

Western Washington University

Elsie Kicks the Bucket..

by Gregg Olsen



for the Last Time

Elsie Nugent's Widget 160 vacuum cleaner glides down Omega's halls sucking up last night's popcorn and this morning's crop of grey fuzz dustballs.

Elsie's vacuum has been sucking up debris in Western's dorms for over 10 years. She decided to unplug it and retire this month.

Today's pretty much business as usual, though. Except for the painters — they're making a mess of Elsie's windows.

"I can't keep those silly windows clean," she said looking outside and scanning the length of the building. No painters in sight.

"Well, just take my word for it. There are painters out there somewhere. Right?" Elsie picks up a yellow sponge, stoops and sort of duck-walks across the linoleum floor, scrubbing as she goes.

"If I see a spot, I get going and rub it out. . ." She stops short and turns to a dark-haired girl near the mailboxes.

"How's Mike?" She doesn't wait for an answer. "He hasn't got Mono, has he?"

"I'm not sure. I don't think so," the girl answers.

"Oh my goodness. Here with school just starting. Oh my."

Elsie stops scrubbing, drops the sponge into a bucket and slings a half-full tan trash bag over her shoulder. Combined with her red smock, the garbage bag makes her look like a rummage sale Santa Claus. Except Elsie doesn't ho ho ho.

She chit chats.

On her way to clean a bathroom, Elsie points to a large wet spot on the dorm's blue carpet. "This is real smelly. They had a water fight last night. See the water." She rolls her eyes and sniffs.

"Ooooh, that smells something awful. I feel sorry for poor old Gene ..." She nods towards a student's room nearest to the wet spot.

The tinkling of glass could be heard as Elsie set her bag down. She looks up and smiles. "Hear that? Beer bottles." She paused, eyes widening, "Oops, I shouldn't have told you that. That doesn't sound so good."

Elsie sets her mountain of equipment near the bathroom doorway so students will know where she is. "If they see my stuff, then they can be sure that I won't be far." She then goes about her business: polishing, wiping and shining. She makes small talk with the girls in the shower and moves on.

"I go through here once and that's it." She double checks a leaky faucet — o.k. Then out the door, down the stairs to the second floor bathrooms.

At 9:30 she drops everything and climbs the steps to Alpha for her break.

Elsie's first custodial assignment was the Fairhaven dorms in 1968. A lot has happened since then, Elsie says, to Fairhaven and students.

When the Fairhaven dorms were first opened they were "the prettiest dorms on campus. Have you been there lately?" she asked. "Now it's a pigsty — at least it was this summer. Terrible." Elsie shook her head.

The dorms started to deteriorate when students began to steal furniture, rugs and whatever else they could get their hands on, Elsie said. "Finally, they let the dogs and cats run and mess all over the place. It just went from bad to worse."

The tragedy of Fairhaven wasn't merely rug stealing, Elsie said, but the "poor program" the college administered.

"There were some wonderful students then and I feel very sorry for them. Some of them could have gone great places but they got stymied there."

Student's attitudes and activities have a changed a great deal since the late sixties.

"Students are more like they should be now. Getting away from all of that radical stuff. I'm not for that at all — my age tells me that," Elsie said, sighing.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"The same things like pot smoking go on today. But not as much." She said she doesn't worry about it, though. She has too many of her own problems.

"I have a home to take care of, a car that gives me trouble now and then . . ."

"What can I do about this stupid world?" she asked. She paused for a moment and rephrased her statement. "What I mean is this is a great world. Yes it is." Elsie laughed. "I want to hang around for awhile."

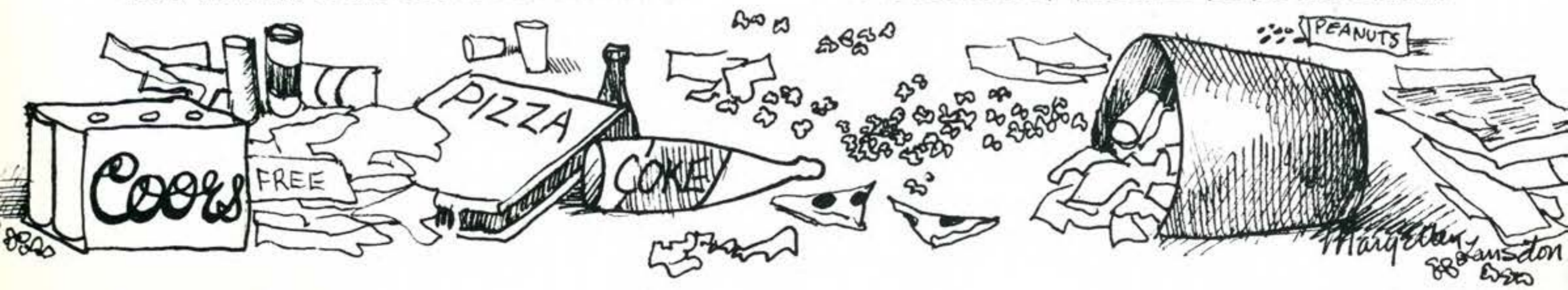
After her break, Elsie spends the rest of the morning cleaning the other bathrooms. By the time she plops her trash bag down in the entrance of the first floor boy's bathroom, it is time for lunch.

Elsie retreats to the storage room, clicks on the lights, shuts the door and turns on her little radio.

"I just have to listen to Paul Harvey," she insists. "I don't even know what the bumper sticker is for today. Little old fogey people, they like to listen to Paul Harvey."

Sitting down at a table blanketed with checkout forms and a Family Circle, Elsie sips cocoa and smiles at the thought of being a house mother to Omega residents.

"I've been told by quite a few people that students



think of me as a house mother type." She turns her head and looks to the floor.

"They think I'm a person who would help them. Lots of them are away from home and their mothers.

"People like to talk to an older person now and then." She sets her empty cup down and stuffs a napkin into it.

Break is over.

As she checks the knob on the storage room door to insure that it's locked, Elsie confides, "You know, strange things happen. I could write a book that would be so sensational. Girls coming out of their boyfriends' rooms in the morning and wearing little bathrobes.

"But that's their business," Elsie says. "Not my job. I guess that's the trend now." Elsie laughs. "If no one catches you I guess it's all right."

Her ears pick up a commercial for the Merv Griffin Show drifting out of a student's room and into the hall.

"Isn't Merv Griffin handsome? Oh my he's a

handsome man." She pauses briefly. "If only he had more height...he'd be super-duper."

Elsie rarely misses the Merv Griffin Show. "I watch other things too. That'll sound stupid if everyone thinks all I watch is Merv Griffin. I wish Paul Harvey was on T.V. I don't know why he isn't . . ."

Bag over her shoulder, mop in hand, Elsie goes up the stairs to clean some more. She stops to speak with a girl.

"Is your hair a different color?"

"Nope."

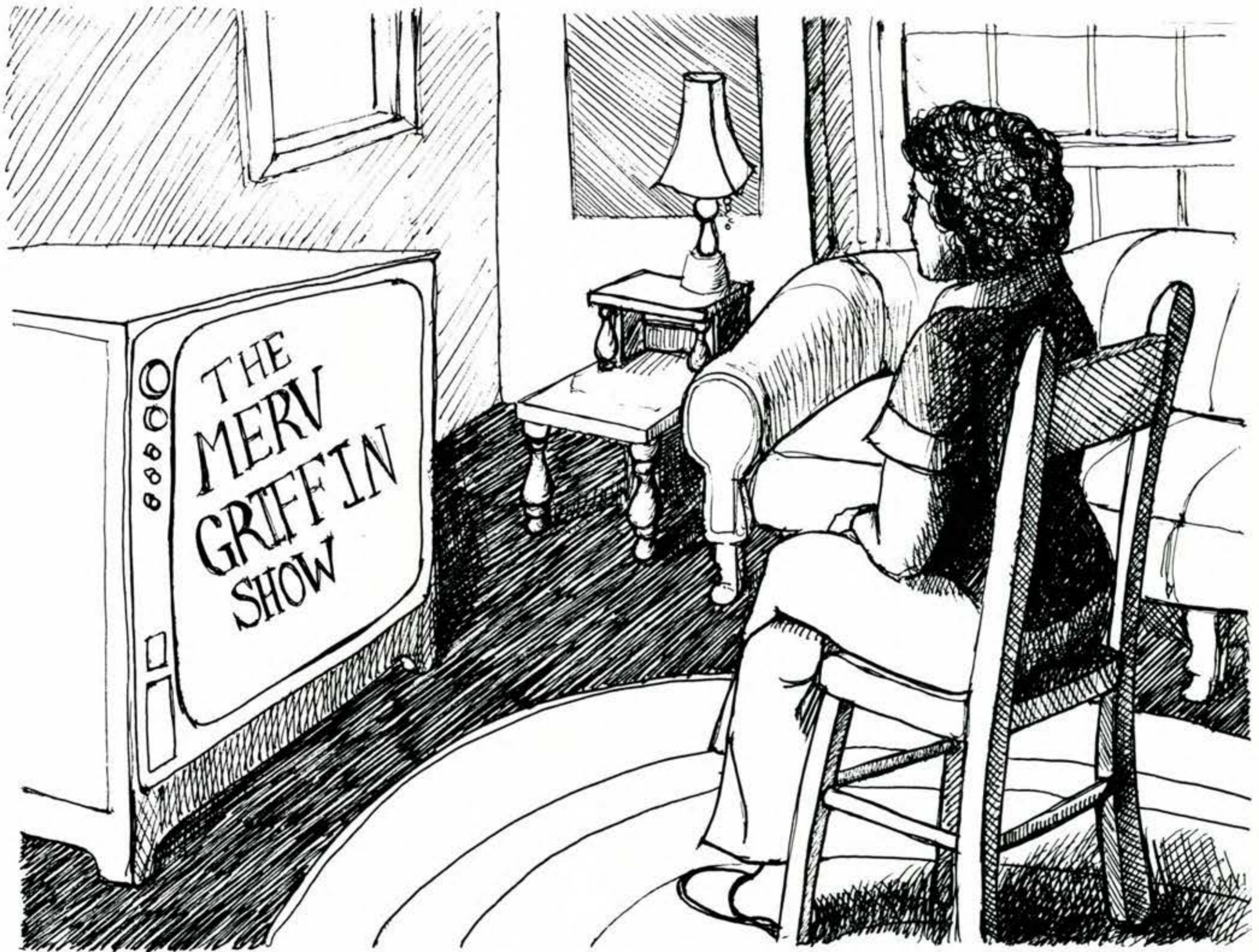
"Well what did you do to it? It really looks pretty." She cocks her head and waits for the student's explanation.

"Nothing, Elsie. And I think it's awful."

"No. No. No. It is not. And don't you argue."

Someone else is using Elsie's Widget 160 vacuum today. It doesn't really matter, though. She's got her own house to clean.

And Merv Griffin.



graphic by Mary Ellen Lansdon

STAYIN' ALIVE

by Judy Gish

He has a chronic case of happy feet. And the only cure is dancing.

It could happen anytime, especially when he's wearing his black leather jacket or his silver jump suit.

Sometimes it's hard to control. Even when the band is so bad it drives most people away, George Demetelin, 23, is still the first (and maybe the only) person on the dance floor.

*Well, you can tell by the way
I use my walk,
I'm a woman's man: no time
to talk.*

It is the kind of night they in the bar business call steady, an easy tempo somewhere between slow and busy. Most of the clientele are couples, creating a stable, relaxed atmosphere unlike the frantic collision of singles seeking each other.

The room is layered with smoke. George does a sort of modified hustle over to the table, spins twice, bows, and slides into the booth. His dark hair is brushed back from his face, revealing the high dome of his forehead. With his moustache, short beard, round glasses and slight frame, he looks like the Hollywood version of a beat poet.

He peers through the darkness in search of partners and when his glance returns to the table it is filled with disappointment. Not many women out there tonight.

It's been that way all over town. At the place he just came from,



photo by Kim Klein

there was no action at all. "Everyone was into some ball game on the tube," George said. "I'm not into that. The only balls I'm into are the ones on my feet. Ha! I bet you thought I was going to say something else."

He is wearing his work clothes tonight — "Las Vegas jeans" and a short sleeved shirt. "When I say my work clothes I mean my dancing clothes. I like to wear tight clothes when I dance. Otherwise, you can't see people's bodies."

"When I was in Vegas (where he was raised and lived until he came here in 1975), the people in the discos all dressed up. They were all pretty. People here aren't that pretty." He says they don't pay enough attention to what they wear. "I wouldn't dance in the same clothes I plant trees in." He is somewhat offended when questioned about his tree-planting activities. "I'm no fairy, you know."

The band pumps out its well-worn tunes with graceless animation. Nine or 10 couples are dancing but no one seems particularly involved with the music. George claps and shouts "all right" after each number. He is motivated more by sympathy than any genuine appreciation.

"Even if their music isn't that hot I respect the position they're in. They're out there doin' it. I try to get energy going — 'cause if the band isn't having a good time, no one else will either."

Suddenly a woman is spotted sitting alone. George jumps up and races over to her, lighting her cigarette almost before it is out of

the package. They dance to "Brickhouse" by the Commodores.

*Well she's a brick ---- house.
She's mighty mighty,
just lettin' it all hang out.
Yeah, she's a brick ---- house.*

She clearly is not in his league; he is dancing circles around her. When the song is over, they part and he sits down again. It was only a one dance stand.

"No. I don't have an ideal partner," he says. "Some women look bad but move nice. Others look good and can't dance at all."

His face in the flickering band lights becomes earnest. "Can't you see, dancing is a form of communication. The music is too loud to talk. All you can do is get out there and say 'I can shake it. Can you shake it?'" He looks dismayed. "Oh no. You're going to write that, are you? Oh well, if it came out of my mouth, it's me and you can do what you want with it."

A couple at the next table have burrowed into their booth and are acting noticeably affectionate. George looks at them briefly, then continues the conversation. "I don't like it when people label discos meat markets or body shops," he says. "I see it as more an auction — you know, who can bid the highest."

He laughs away the idea of his participation in that aspect of discos. "I don't even buy girls drinks."

"You know," he says, his voice assuming a believe-it-or-not tone, "there are even some negative things about discos." Really? "Yeah. I don't like the smoke. Or the crowds. That's why I'd rather go out on week nights. Weekends are just too crowded. You can't see anybody, you can't be seen."

He is momentarily wistful, recalling his recent trip to Las Vegas. "They've all been feverized there; \$500 dance contests. I was afraid to enter. At one place, I talked to the best dancer there and he said he didn't even enter them. It's really funky here in Bellingham. You're rated by audience applause.

"Yeah. I've won two or three contests here," he says. "The fun-



est ones are the kind you practice for. And you know what songs you're going to play and you dress up — roll your socks up to your knees, have bright colored socks, scarves."

His enthusiasm is growing. "What I'd really like to see in Bellingham is a disco with some class. Like, the Ram could have a "Slide in in Style" night. Something like 'wear your suit, we're bookin' to toot tonight.' People wouldn't come to drink, or to fraternize — just to dance."

He slumps down in the seat for a moment, as if exhausted by the

scope of his vision. "What would my ideal disco be like? There would be no fat bodies, only thin bodies. And there would be no bad dancers."

When asked if he sees himself as a John Travolta figure, he shakes his head and says quietly, "No. I'll never be where he is. He's my age now and I'm still nowhere. Well, I'm somewhere." He laughs. "But where?"

"I saw Saturday Night Fever four times though, just to get the moves down. I loved it. Not much plot but great music. Yeah, I guess I am like him in one respect. I blow my wad when I go dancing."

A friend sees George and comes over to say hello. They work at the same restaurant. After he leaves, George stretches and yawns. "Oh, being a waiter is okay. It's better than some jobs I've had. I was a cowboy for a while in Vegas — shoveling shit and rubbing horses. I'd like to do something else sometime. Like, maybe, I don't know, some kind of PR works."

An idea is raised which throws him for a minute or two. He shifts around and stares into his Margarita. "What if disco should die? I never thought about it," he said. "Hmm. Disco dying. Seems to me like it's just sort of enjoying life the way it is." He shrugs. "I guess I'd just rig my own up in my basement. Or dance in front of a mirror."

He makes a final, urgent attempt to explain himself. "Dancing is ... an expression of the body."

The dance floor is crowded now. The band is writhing in the throes of the evening's last song.

*Well I get low and I get high
And if I can't get either, I
really try
Got the wings of heaven
on my shoes,
I'm a dancing man and I just
can't lose.
Life goin' nowhere. Somebody
help me, yeah.*

When the lights come on, he is sitting back in his seat, blinking uncertainly.

TOFU TIM

It was 4:00 a.m., and the birds were only just beginning to wake up when I introduced myself to the slight young man in t-shirt and jeans known to his customers as Tofu Tim. In real life Tim Waters makes tofu with *volunteers* such as myself each Saturday morning, patiently instructing in the fine arts of tofu.

He put me to work immediately, draining and grinding soybeans, then cooking and straining and eventually curdling and packing them for the end product, tofu. In the course of the seven-hour process, Tim would try to explain how tofu could change the world, and why he wanted to expand community consciousness.

"As people become aware of the food they eat, their relationship with the planet changes. That's my main focus," he said.

Suppressing a yawn, I propped myself against the sink, strainer in hand, and became a social revolutionary in the first step of tofu.

Tofu is a cheese-like health food made from curdled soy milk, high in protein and low in calories. Discovered in China more than 2000 years ago and prepared today in more than 38,000 shops in Japan alone, tofu replaces meat as a source of protein, and is gaining acceptance in America.

The Bellingham Tofu Works was started a year ago by Terry Rogers and Steve Jensen, who were interested in the possibility of making tofu on a commercial scale for health food stores in the area. They were also founders in Celebration Cookery, a collective health-food restaurant where the tofu is made. Tim inherited the works from them, and with his wife, Sage, and various helpers, produces 80 pounds of tofu three times a week. The tofu is then delivered to Sunrise Natural Foods, the Fairhaven Co-op, Jong's Chinese Grocery and various groups who special-order their tofu. He has little overhead, except for the cost of beans and gas for his truck, yet he's not making a large profit from the business.

"A lot of our time and labor now is a labor of love. We do it now so the Tofu Works can grow and expand," he said, pushing beans through the grinder. The machine balked for a moment, then spit out the



by Laura Merkel

beans into a large plastic bucket in noisy spurts.

He hopes in a few months to expand into a store for the Works, and to possibly approach the professional community about distribution of tofu in places like Safeway.

For Tim, tofu-making is a way of healing and communicating with people, of saving society from its downward trend. His tofu is an embodiment of his life and ideals.

He stopped what he was doing for a moment and looked up at me, sincerity shining from his brown eyes.

"I'm interested in your relationship with me through our health," he said. "When people become aware of themselves, they become aware of their relationship with each other and with the earth. People can become aware of themselves through

tofu, and perhaps it will change the world someday."

One might call Tim a revolutionist in disguise, but he openly admits his purpose. Tofu is his way of promoting social consciousness, changing lives through his occupation.

He's making a contribution to society, not money.

It was after 5:00, and sun was starting to rise. It streamed through the windowpanes and illuminated the room in gold. Tim's ponytail of red hair, curling down his back, gleamed, and the freckles on his face glowed.

"Where I come from, my age and all isn't important. I like to focus on what's here now," he said. He polished the press lovingly, putting it together part by part in preparation for future use.

"I've made a lot of money at jobs that weren't that bad, but they didn't satisfy me. I was always looking for something that would fulfill me, not just make me money. I grew up with the idea of set ideals, set values, and knowing people who believed them. But when you start to gain your own consciousness at age 13 or 14, you realize those structures, those values aren't your own."

We had put five huge vats of water on the stove to boil, and now we measured the ground beans into each pot, Tim carefully supervising over my shoulder. The water became placid for a moment, then shuddered and boiled to life.

Wooden paddles in one hand, spray bottles of cold water in the other, we alternately sprayed and stirred the bubbling mass into submission, inadvertently letting one pot boil over onto the stove and floor.



The froth, now cold on the floor, crunched as we moved over it.

It was at age 18 that Tim took refuge from life in the mountains, living solitarily as a recluse for two years. During this time he explored his inner being, and realized that he was his own person, had no one to answer to but himself. He returned to society better able to view what was going on around him with some objectivity.

The working structure frustrated him, as it valued people in terms of what they produced, not in what they were as beings. Their value in society was \$2.40 an hour, and they became bodies punching clocks.

One example of his frustration in the devaluation of people was an incident in which he was working for an older man, who had made his pile of money and had little respect for those who now worked under him.

"This man, about 70 years old, got out of his car and started to walk to his office, when he saw a bunch of us standing to the side," he said. A glimmer of remembrance filled his eyes. "He told us what he thought of us when he lifted his leg and let a very loud fart in our direction." He laughed, remembering. "We were pissed-off, of course." He became serious again. "But that was all he thought of, that was his relationship with the planet. Feeling respect with the planet and then working for people like that really bummed me out, seeing people live and become that way in the course of life. I decided not to do that with my life."

We poured the hot soy milk through cheesecloth bags, and began to press it. Tim deftly turned the large screw above, still talking, sounds of screeching filling the air as background music. Clouds of steam engulfed him for a moment, and I could see only the

metal frame of his glasses shining through the fog. Though not able to see clearly, his glasses vaporized, he was still working at the screw, each muscle in his body tensed as he bore down on the press.

And then the steam cleared. Tim began to reverse his motion, letting up on the screw, untwisting it, the cheesecloth bag a compact, dry mass under it. In the pail below the press was the warm milk.

He crouched down to look at the semi-finished product, his ponytail falling over his shoulder. A smile of satisfaction covered his face, his hands pressed the side of the pail.

"I lived in Washington for two years, then, installing kitchen cabinets, getting to know the middle class. It helped me to see that it's not the people who consciously perpetuate our sick society, it's the roles and patterns we're shoved into. We've got to get behind those patterns and try to communicate with people."

Tim's way of communicating with people was through directing their energies, or practicing herbology and folk medicine. He'd always wanted to express his concern for people through healing arts, and had chosen to go to chiropractic school until a "really beautiful old woman" convinced him that natural medicine was the answer.

In Santa Cruz Tim studied herbology and

acupuncture, and met his wife, who was also studying herbs. She introduced him to tofu, and they began making it together for groups of people. Their business began to expand, and eight months ago they came to Bellingham in hopes of setting up a business in an area they had seen and liked.

By now the milk had cooled, and Tim added the curdling agent, Nigari, a liquid made from seawater. Stirring the milk with a paddle until it formed a whirlpool, he quickly added the Nigari, then covered the pail. In a few minutes we could separate the curds from whey, then pack it, and cut it into marketable chunks.

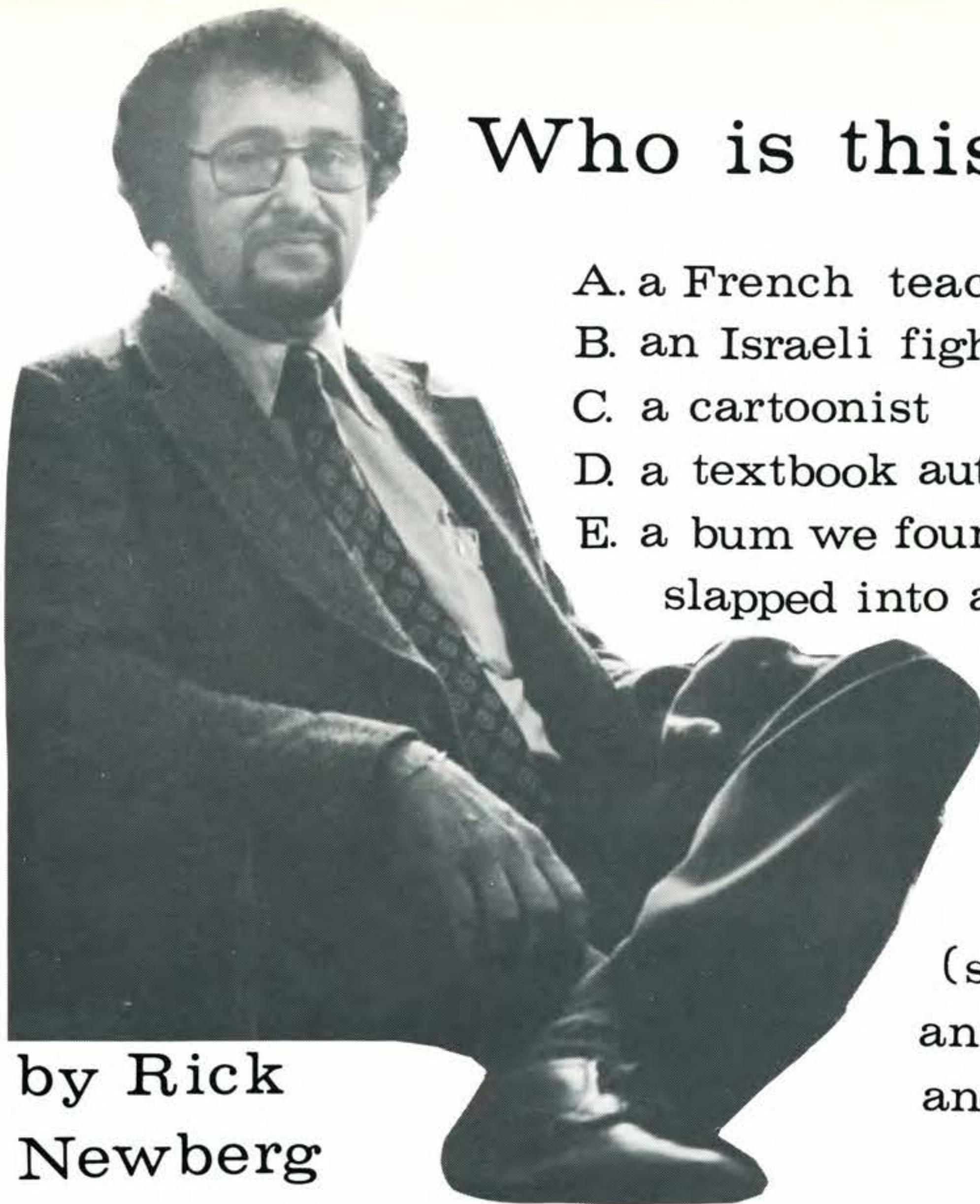
"Making tofu is a more visible concern for people. My message comes across effectively. There are other people in this town who know more about natural healing than I. I'm just more visible."

"Just as we're talking about each other and learning what we're all about, we're healing each other. Communicating with people is healing, and tofu is communication. That's my concern."

The sun had been up for several hours by the time we began to cut and package the tofu into plastic containers with "Celebration Tofu" written on the top. Just those words, but a larger message, of love, concern and healing, hidden in the product inside.



photo by Howard Levin



Who is this Man?

- A. a French teacher
- B. an Israeli fighter pilot
- C. a cartoonist
- D. a textbook author
- E. a bum we found and slapped into a suit

(see article for answers to these and more!)

by Rick
Newberg

In the United States, being busy is a source of pride. Busy people are people who are either going places — or are already there.

The academic world is chock full of busy people. A great many of those busy themselves; some are busy due to a lack of organization, others busy themselves by spending enormous amounts of time explaining how busy they are to any willing listener.

Dr. Bob Balas, an intensive study French teacher at Western, fits none of these descriptions. He's busy going places, and he's busy being "there." A close friend describes him as, "The closest to the complete man, the renaissance man, as I've seen."

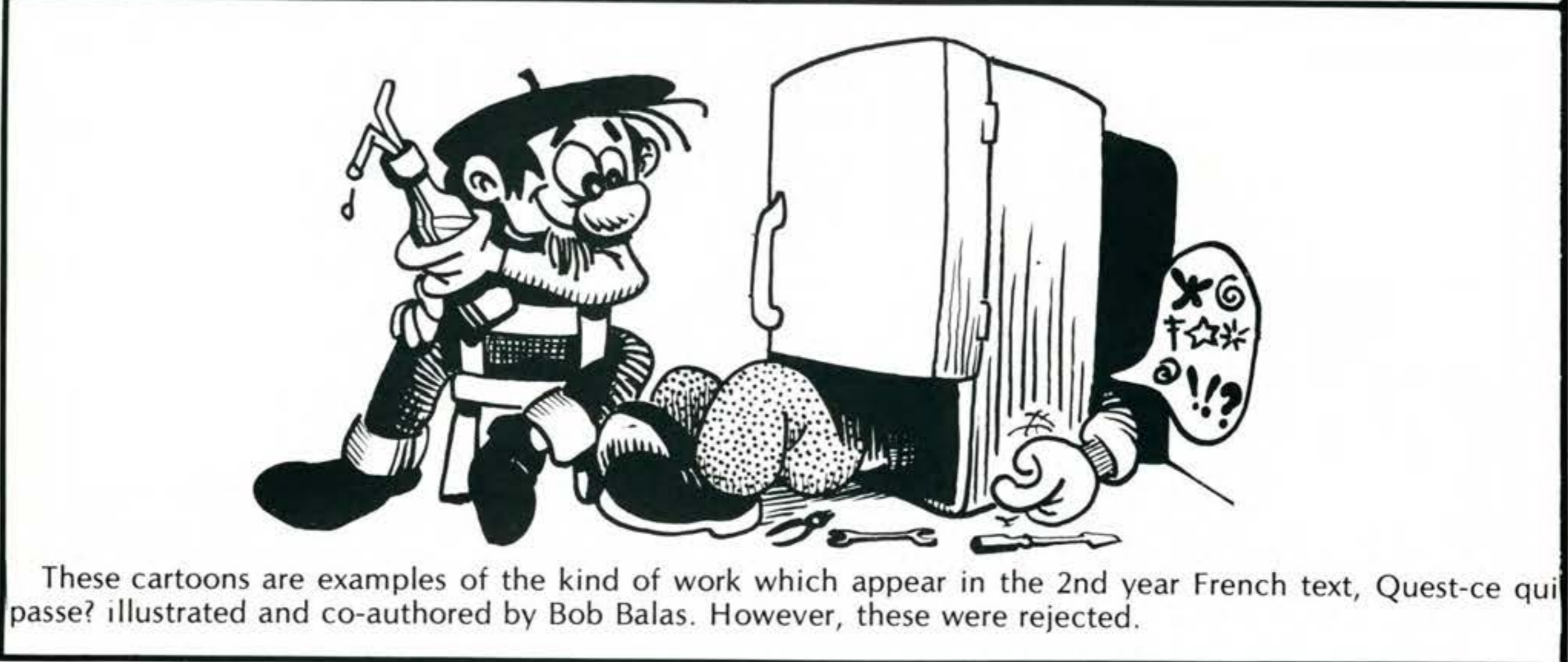
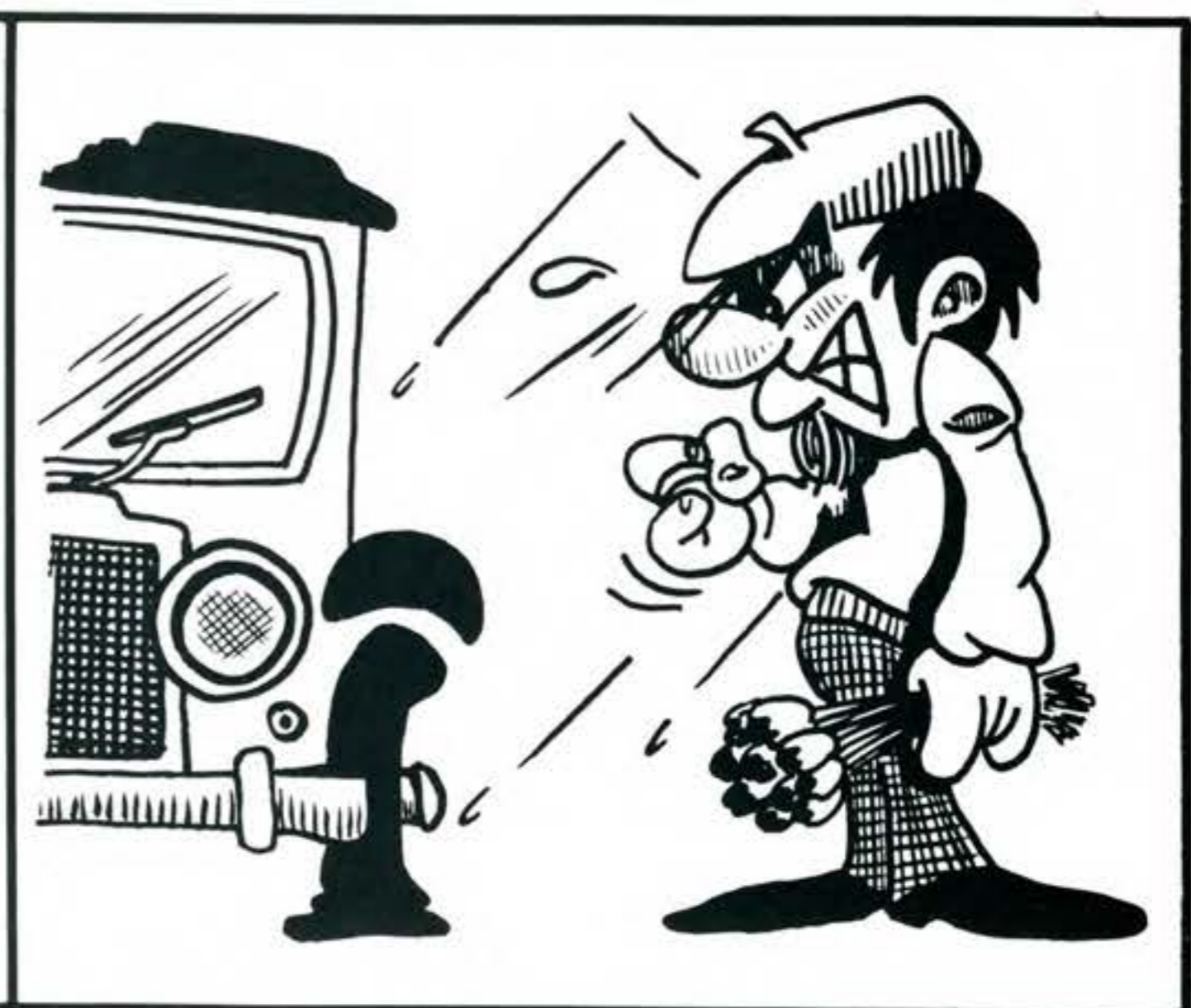
So what is the Renaissance Man up to these days? This version combines teaching with cartooning, writes humorous textbooks, is active in the fight for teachers' rights, makes puppets, speaks three languages, hunts for the often elusive morel mushroom, is a Senate Executive Member at Western, an expert on French literature and Drama, a lover of Surrealism

and Satire, and is married to a lawyer, Liz Balas.

That's just a partial list, he also has attended thirteen different colleges, been a farmer, a commercial fisherman, and a . . . well, you see what I mean? He's one busy dude.

But the important thing is that Balas manages to do things with a certain amount of creative flair. Take for instance the text book he recently authored with Don Rice, a longtime friend from Hamline University in Pennsylvania. The text, which was recently purchased by the Rand McNally Co., and is due off the presses Dec. 15, introduces a new concept to the text book industry, light humor.

The text also introduces a new concept in language instruction. Instead of concentrating on grammar *per se*, the two set up a variety of problem situations which a newcomer would experience in a foreign country. The book is titled *Quest-ce qui passe*, (which in English means, What's Happening) and contains 85 full page drawings, and 220 smaller draw-



These cartoons are examples of the kind of work which appear in the 2nd year French text, *Quest-ce qui passe?* illustrated and co-authored by Bob Balas. However, these were rejected.

ings all from the pen of Bob Balas.

"The book went together like an organic whole," explains Balas. "there wasn't one argument, one dispute between myself and Don." However, the two were faced with a few changes editorially. The powers that be at Rand McNally cut one scene which contained narcotics, and one which depicted a child with exposed genitals.

"They (Rand McNally) told us 'No Genitals and No Breasts'," said Balas. The text book industry is much more sensitive than we were. We were poking fun at everyone, but you can't offend the women's movement. We were told that we couldn't include women as housewives, but a male housewife is okay."

Offending the women's movement seems to get easier and easier as time passes, so I questioned Bob about the future effects of the women's movement.

"If it works out for the good, perhaps men will become more emotional and women more assertive, which would create a nice balance. But it could

create a situation where men and women are in competition against each other."

Balas has been at Western since 1970 or 1971, he can't remember for sure, but it was during one of the many crucial points of the Vietnam War. He came here after attaining a Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin, where he was active in the anti-Vietnam movement: cartooning in underground papers and attending anti-war meetings.

"Western was a good two years behind the rest of the movement, he notes, but during this era there was a healthy antagonism between students and teachers, a fearlessness in asking questions, an intellectual electricity which has since disappeared. In the 60's, teachers had problems getting work turned in so many teachers thought they were dealing with "bad" students. Now all students want to know is what they have to do, and when they have to turn it in."

As for teachers, Balas said he feels they are an



photo by Howard Levin

Ugly as they may be, these puppets which Bob Balas constructed serve a purpose in French classes — combatting student shyness to experiment with the language.

often used and abused group of professionals. Despite tenure he has been fired from Western twice, both times he was promptly rehired. Once it was explained to him that, "things are getting better." The other time he filed suit against the college only to be rehired a few days before the case was scheduled for court.

"Teachers need to be able to negotiate and be involved in the decision-making process," said Dr. Balas. "As it stands now, we lack a sound contract and have only the power to recommend."

Balas and his wife Liz, met each other in Mexico while attending the University of Mexico City, and have been married for 18 years. Liz has a B.A. in English and was prepared to teach Spanish when they came to the Northwest, but the available jobs had "dried up." Undaunted, she decided to try her hand at Law school. After two and a half years of year round schooling at the University of Puget Sound she was awarded a degree in Law. Currently she is employed in the firm of Sisson, Erickson, Balas, and Johnson of Bellingham.

It would seem that Dr. Balas is an outdoorsman with his pocketbook and his palate in mind. He hunts for morel and cantrell mushrooms in the damp forests and dark mountains, and for crab in the murky mud of Bellingham Bay, thereby saving money and eating like a king, or at least a Lummi chief. Just for a change of pace he spent one summer aboard a fishing boat in Alaska slingin' salmon. "The other workers thought it was very amusing to have a Ph.D. throwing fish on boat with them," he said.

Dr. Balas is not only artistically talented in cartooning, but he also makes some very nice puppets, which he uses to teach French. French students use puppets to put on plays, a system which serves to loosen up many a shy French student who can use the character of the puppet to hide behind.

As I spoke with Dr. Balas in his colorful and cluttered office I thought of a magnificent way to end this story about a man whose life is also quite colorful and quite cluttered. But, Boy have I been busy lately, no time for anything. I had three finals, two term papers, it's my week to do dishes and . . .



photos by Doug McMullin



GALLERY

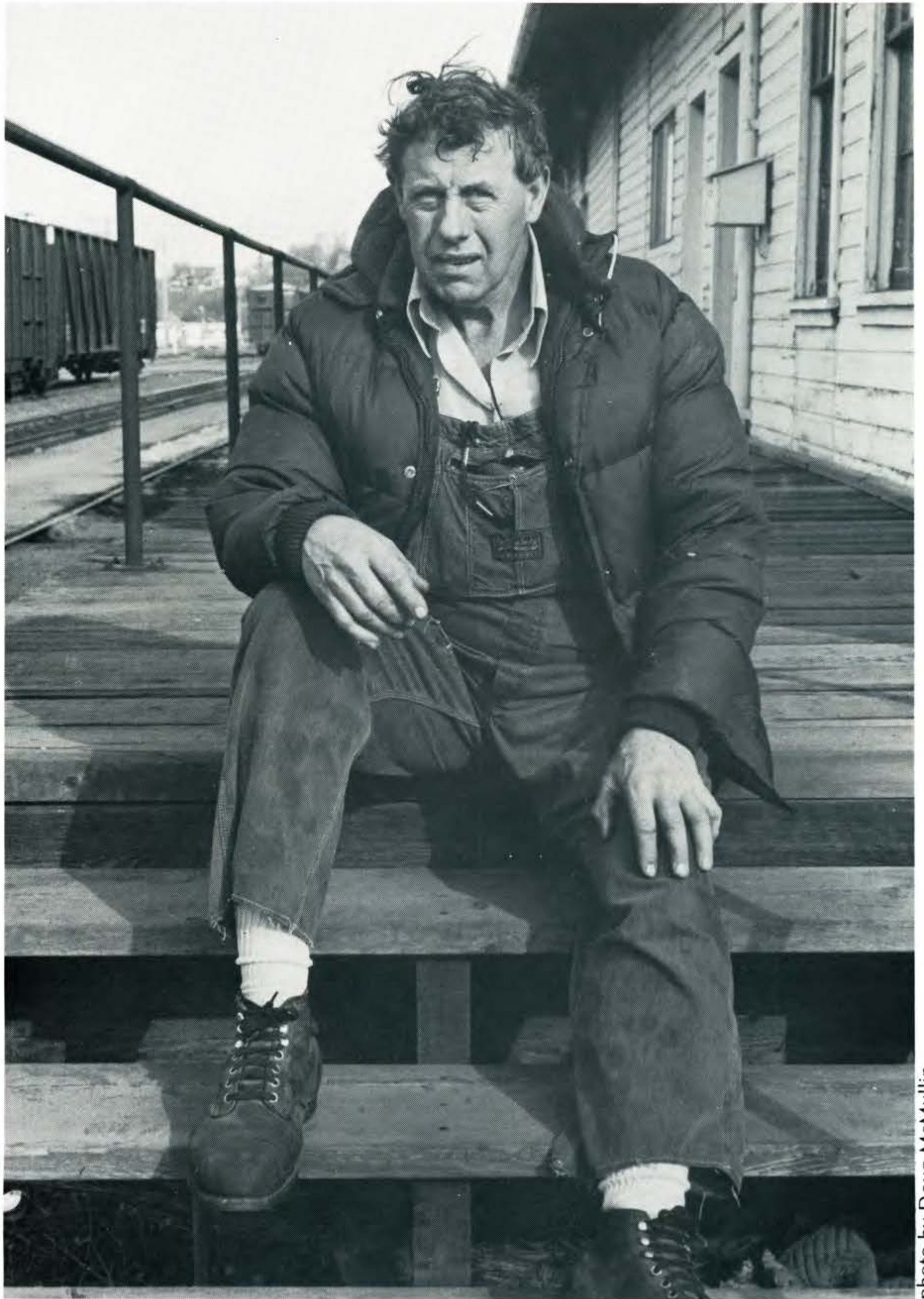


photo by Doug McMullin



Whatever happened to the Class of '14?

by Liz Verdier

Old Main was bare of ivy.

Eden's Hall was a new, wood building and women's dorm:

The tall trees that now grace Western's campus were saplings.

Miss Arta Lawrence came to Whatcom Normal School in 1909. She had to walk on boards stretched over the soggy soil to keep her skirts dry.

Miss Lawrence was born in Davenport in 1890. "Washington became a state just in time for me to be born. I don't mind telling my age. When I say I was born the same year our state entered the union, some people think I'm a hundred."

Her older sister wanted to go to college. Her father went to check on the youngest of the five state Normal schools — in Bellingham. Within three months the Lawrence family settled in town.

Miss Lawrence remembers the curriculum of Whatcom. Her

hands move in time with her voice, emphasizing a word or shuffling through old programs and momentos from past years.

"Students had a well-rounded program, educationally, culturally and socially, she recalls. In addition to the study of fine arts and literature, foreign language was a requirement for graduation. Latin, German and French were offered. There were assemblies every day and the alma mater was sung.

Papers float to the floor and rubber bands dangle from her fingers as she stands to recite her school song:

*"Far above the bay's
blue waters,
Stands our own
Sehome.
Girded all around by
mountains,
crowned by Baker's
dome..."*

The sun makes its first appearance that morning, reflecting off of her thick glasses and smile as she goes through the second verse.

"There was lots of school pride and spirit," Miss Lawrence recalls "We studied hard but we had our

fun."

She gets up to open the window. Saturday morning Bellingham 1978 drifts into the room. "There used to be an artificial pond where the library now is," she continues, "and when they initiated people... Well, it was kind of a tradition," she said.

Miss Lawrence left Whatcom Normal in 1911 to work. The same year Sam Carver developed a track team, she returned and graduated in 1914 with her teaching certificate. Since then she has received a B.A. in education at the University of Washington, B.S. in library science (1940) at Case Western Reserve U. in Cleveland, Ohio, and a Master's (1931) at Stanford. She retired in 1955. And it all began at the school by Sehome Hill.

"All the courses at Whatcom were geared to education and a basis for a liberal arts course. I never had better teaching anywhere," Miss Lawrence said.

She has always been concerned for the quality of education and still concerns herself with Western. In 1928, the library was built on campus. In 1964, Miss

Lawrence wanted to have it named after the first librarian, Mabel Zoe Wilson. She and other concerned citizens circulated a petition to change the name from 'the Library' to its present name.

She knew the former librarian and said that Mabel Zoe Wilson had designed the library for possible expansion.

"She was far-seeing," Miss Lawrence says. She added, "Barney Goltz told me that if we hadn't complained, it would never have been re-named."

Miss Lawrence's fingers move and intertwine, shaping each story that she has told to three generations of her love of teaching.

Even in retirement, she lives for

Western and the art of better learning. From 1966 to 1971, she sat on the Western Foundation's Board.

"What you get when you speak up, you see, is you get drafted."

She still teaches. Miss Lawrence volunteers to instruct Sunday school to retirees. She has recently finished an eight-week course taught by Roscoe Buckland, general studies, on "young to age, in poetry." She plans to take a follow-up course.

"I was up at Western the other day," she recalled, adding, "I didn't see a single skirt." But she said that ideas change along with students.

"There is just as much scholar-

ship today as ever. If students have a goal in mind, they go for it. I think people basically remain the same and they're interested in so many things."

A friend stops by to see Miss Lawrence. They talk for a moment and plan to have lunch together.

Miss Lawrence turns and says, "We don't ever have to apologize for Western — it's always been an institution for learning, when I was there, and now."

In the same breath she speaks of her love of education, she also speaks of life.

"Life is an on-going thing. It doesn't change because of your age."

The Way We Were at



Old Main and boardwalk: Two ladies cross the modern campus of the Whatcom Normal School, circa 1900. At the time it was possible to photograph the entire campus in one on-the-ground shot.



"The Old Main Reflector Pool, 1909. A group of school children pose beside a pond that is now a patch of lawn, the walkway from High Street to the present Edens Hall.

Western



Senior Class, 1900. The first graduates of Whatcom Normal School — only 735 fewer than the estimated number of first graduates of Western, 1978.

...Through the Magic Lantern

by Randy Roebuck

For 20 years Galen Biery has been presenting slide shows of such aspects of Whatcom County's past as its general history, and the history of logging, coal mining and theaters in Bellingham. The pictures appearing on these pages are taken from his program entitled "Western's Diamond Anniversary."

Biery has been interested in both photography and local history for most of his life, and has combined these interests into the hobby of collecting and reproducing old pictures. He put on his first slide show at the Fairhaven Yacht Club in October, 1958, to members of the Fairhaven Lion's Club. That show was about gener-

al history and remains to this day Biery's most popular program.

In presenting his programs Biery uses an old style projector that he calls "the Magic Lantern." His "lantern slides" are on 3 1/4 inch by 4 inch glass plates. He has made most of the slides himself, and continues to make them in a process that he first learned in 1925.

While growing up in Fairhaven, where he was born in 1910, Biery often had the chance to hear old-timers—"the people who did the pioneer work here, railroad men and people of that nature"—tell stories about the county's earliest days. In 1930 and 1931 he gained some experience in photographic work by working for B.B.

Dobbs, a native of Bellingham. Biery refers to Dobbs as a "pioneer Alaskan photographer" who began his career as a still photographer and later started making movies.

Biery, now a retired machinist, spent most of his working life in the salmon industry. When Pacific American Fisheries, the company he worked for, went out of business in 1965, he went to work for Bellingham Cold Storage until his retirement in 1977. His work as a photo-historian continues to keep him busy; besides collecting old photos and giving shows, he also provides the pictures and historical background for "Local Focus," a weekly feature of the *Bellingham Herald*.

electronic whiz dept.

Sully is always up to something

by Valerie Vance

"Follow me. I'll show you my pride and joy," he beamed. He led me down the age-old halls of a former dormitory, now College Hall, the department of Speech and Hearing.

A client and a staff member sat in each room we passed, the client responding to the staff member's manipulation of rows and rows of buttons, levers and switches.

Richard "Sully" Sullivan guided me down the hall, up a flight of stairs and into an alcove. There he led me into a room within a room, a vault-like chamber equipped with speech pathology and audiology electronic equipment.

"This is the testing suite," Sully explained. "This room is as sound-proof as possible."

The testing suite is for testing the middle ear and the three bones constructing the internals of the ear. Through the operation of computerized equipment, neurons are activated by brain activity and the level of frequency within the ear can be measured.

"Meet Teddy, the Drummer," Sully said, pointing to a small orange bear, wearing a red and white polka-dot tie about its neck. Within the bear's stuffed paws was a tiny drum.

Teddy, Sully explained, is used to test the hearing of children who are too young to communicate with the examiner, thus instructions cannot be given verbally.

A stimulus, or sound, is presented from behind the screened wall that a client is facing. If the sound is heard, the bear will beat the tiny drum. The child must look at the bear while the stimulus is being given and both have to be recorded simultaneously in order for the frequency measure to be accurate. The process involves a two-system control check



Teddy the Drummer

where the examiner as well as an assistant in the control room presses a button activating the drum beat. The child is conditioned to respond to the sound of the bear playing a drum.

The teddy bear, purchased from a local toy store, was designed from an original study done at the University of Washington. From existing materials and a DC power supply, Sully applied principles from the study at the University and produced the conditioning element in a matter of days. The study totalled well over \$60,000. Sully reproduced Teddy for under \$200.

Before the creation of Teddy, the Drummer, children could not be tested with any degree of reliability, Sully said.

He escorted me out of the vault and into a sister vault-like chamber. "This is the control room, and this," he announced, "is my computer!"

Before me stood an electronic box, towering high above me and my 6-foot guide.

"I put this thing together with parts as old as twenty years. I stuck it together with scotch tape, gum, anything that would hold. Most of the parts are from Boeing and Washington State Surplus sources, he said.

The computer, which not only activates Teddy, the Drummer, is also connected to recording devices and microphones, all of which produce an actual wave of frequency of one's hearing. The hearing frequency of a given individual, registered on Sully's computer, can then be fit to a hearing aid. A present aid that a client wears can also be tested for effectiveness.

"There is a lot of fraud in the market," Sully said. "People will sell you something you don't need. We can check the aid here against the manufacturer's promise of reliability."

Sully is the electronic technician for the department of Speech Pathology and Audiology. He came to Western from Anchorage, Alaska in October 1970. Originally hired as a video-tape technician, Sully was promoted from video to science technician, and after two years he moved up to electronics technician.

"The more they found out I could do, the more they gave me to do," Sully said.

Sully was hired under unusual circumstances, according to Loren Webb, faculty member and finder of Richard Sullivan. Webb received a resume from Sully early in 1970, postmarked "Bonners Ferry," a little town in Idaho. Sully was seeking employment at this time, leaving Alaska in May, the instructional television center where he worked had closed. He went to Bonners Ferry, where his parents lived, to wait for a possible lead on a job. At the same time Western was also seeking employees for the department of Speech and Hearing. The resume did not include a telephone number, so Webb called the telephone operator in hopes of finding him. The operator did not have a listing for Richard Sullivan, but offered to connect Webb with the postmistress of Bonners Ferry. She not only knew Richard Sullivan as "Sully" she also knew he was "out fishing." Webb explained that he wanted to talk to Sully about a job at Western. Hearing that the postmistress said she would personally go out and get him and have him return the calls.

Webb and Sully met over the telephone and arranged an interview. Sully came to Western and was hired.

"I discovered very quickly that he had a skill for 'borrowing' from a multitude of areas," said Webb. "I would only have to mention that we needed something, and a few days later the item would appear."

Sully had a natural talent for constructing various types of specialized equipment. From the beginning, Webb said, Sully would find a way to devise an image of equipment which was needed, but which the department could not afford. After only two years here Sully was providing "home-made" equipment worth as much as his salary. An example of the savings Sully made possible for the department was the reproduction of Teddy, the Drummer.

"Sully has been the cheapest bargain the University has ever had," Webb said. "He earns every penny we pay him and saves the department countless numbers of dollars every year."

A system known as a delayed auditory feedback system (DAT) was developed by Sully and a graduate student, who based his master's thesis on it. This was in 1971, and the first project developed for the presentation of a thesis. The original intent of the DAT system was to avoid faking a hearing loss, such as to avoid acceptance into the military.

Rather than try to explain the mechanism of the DAT system, Sully placed a pair of headphones on my head, gave me a microphone, and gave me a wink as he began flipping switches and pressing buttons. I spoke into the microphone, reading material that I was not familiar with. Within moments everything I read was being repeated in a voice that was quite familiar. Literally everything that came out of my mouth, I would say again somehow as though I were echoing myself. The ability to hear myself was proof that I did not suffer a hearing loss. Upon hearing one's own voice, it is easy to become uncomfortable. One tends either to speed up or slow down the rate at which one is speaking to prevent mistakes. It is impossible for individuals to fake such a hearing test due to this self-conscious situation, according to Sully.



With a light touch, but serious intent, Sully searches frequency waves for answers.

The DAT system was constructed from existing materials and an old telegraph key Sully salvaged from a dusty shelf of the Salvation Army store. The key is used as an auditory signal in which a series of tones can be presented through the application of morse code. The series of tones are set at 1-2-3-4, 1-2; 1-2-3-4, 1-2, in that order, making the test unable to fake. The DAT system was developed at no cost to the department, with the exception of the old telegraph key, priced at under a dollar.

Another example of one of several projects Sully has had a hand in constructing is the use of closed circuit television systems. The televisions which in turn are hooked up to a record video select monitor, occupy all of the diagnostic rooms. Sessions are recorded by means of the monitor and can be played back at the convenience of a staff member.

Through the use of closed circuit systems, seven different sessions can be observed at any one time. Two tape players can record material simultaneously. Supervisors can observe any room in the clinic with little fuss.

Sully explained that confidentiality was the main purpose of the closed circuit television, as opposed to a cable system. A diagnostic test in session need not be disturbed, and confidentiality between a client and staff member is guaranteed.

A damp wave generator was mentioned to Sully on one occasion. The conversation between Webb and Sully was brief since the price of such a unit is twenty-eight hundred dollars and the department could not afford it. Sully left Webb's office saying, "Let me work on it." Two days later, he came in with the generator.

"It was actually better than the other one, in that it can be infinitely varied," Webb said.

The generator cost nothing to make. Sully developed the unit from materials of other equipment.

"He can take standard kinds of equipment and find a practical use for our means," Webb said. "Sully creates a method of using this equipment that was never before thought of."

Sully has a basic background in electronics. He was granted an associate in arts degree in visual electronics from the University of Alaska in 1966. No longer involved in visual electronics, but rather a creator of highly technical equipment, the understanding of electronics that Sully possesses is a mystery.

"He reads a great deal," Webb said. "I'll mention an idea or concept to him and he will go to the library and get a hold of a book or talk to the engineers and will find out all he can about it." He even stops the factory representatives who come here, offering expensive answers to our needs, adds Webb. "If I suggest anything, he reads up on it and becomes an authority on it."

Sully and I walked around the clinic, casually talking "shop" — or, rather, Sully talking. He showed his equipment resembling FBI voice print out systems, known by technical terms I could not pronounce.

"A lot of what I do here is play around," Sully confessed. What Sully considers "playing around," according to the speech department, no one else can do, and is indispensable in their research.

"We pay him to play around," Webb said.

Enjoying every minute of it, Sully works closely with people, including students, senior citizens, and patient referrals, throughout the day. He also teaches the operation of equipment and the principles he's applying.

Through the use of equipment constructed by Sully, people are hearing sounds they never imagined could be a part of their life.



The mad inventor, Richard "Sully" Sullivan seems to have found a station he likes.

David and Lucia are always fighting...



graphic by Kathryn Lemieux

...against nuclear war

by Gale Fiege

Lucia opened her date book. The well-worn pages were filled with appointments and meeting dates.

"David and I don't have nine-to-five jobs. This is our nine-to-five. Actually it's our seven-to-twelve," she laughed.

The music of her words are those of a southern belle, because she is from Georgia, but the content is her commitment to the anti-Trident campaign.

As rhetorical as it may sound, David and Lucia Smith-Mueller are committed to peace. Each day leading up to this May's protest at the Bangor base on Hood Canal is busy with preparation.

The preparation for David, Lucia and other members of the

May 22 Coalition includes leading non-violent training sessions, presenting a slide show about the protests at Bangor last summer, setting up transportation and housing for people coming from the East Coast, California, Oregon, Japan and Canada — and this means getting porta-potties, medics, demonstration permits. And answering the phone. The Smith-Muellers have chosen to be an information center and their home phone number is on almost every piece of anti-Trident literature circulating in the Puget Sound area.

"It's all a lot of loose pieces right now," David said. "But on that weekend all the pieces will complete the puzzle."

On that weekend David and many of the thousands expected to gather plan to practice civil disobedience by entering the base along with the morning shift of workers. He expects to be arrested — but for David and Lucia that is the clearest way to act on their beliefs.

"We take turns being arrested and possibly spending time in jail. We don't want to leave Heidi alone," Lucia said.

Heidi is the Smith-Muellers three-year-old daughter. The fear that Heidi and other children may not complete adult lives because of nuclear war is what adds "urgency" to their work, David said.

Now in their early 30's, Lucia

and David are without the careers they had begun; each was interrupted by a questioning of U.S. government policies towards the poor and the Vietnam war.

Lucia had been a social worker in the slums of Georgia. As someone in "child welfare" she had worked with families whose children had been removed from their homes.

"It was frustrating working within a system that didn't really care and ended up hurting more than helping. Here were people trying to do good but the system was holding them back," she said.

Disillusioned and in need of time to think, Lucia set off for Europe.



David had been in the ROTC program at St. Olaf College in Minnesota, started a career in the Air Force and was sent to Vietnam in 1970 where he spent a year.

"I saw the horrible living conditions of the Vietnamese people. They were so poor, living in areas where the garbage was piled 30 feet high and some lived in discarded crates. The only people with any money were the bar maids and the prostitutes. You didn't have to look very far to see it. I knew we were bombing areas when the government told the American public that we weren't. And there I was — pushing buttons — radar interception of enemy air weapons, and never seeing the end result."

It was in Vietnam that David changed his mind about an Air Force career and after getting out of the service he set off for Europe.

Lucia and David met there in 1972 and came home together.

They married that same year and moved here to Washington, where David's brother lived, to look around and start again.

For about a year they did odd jobs, lived off the land and fished in Puget Sound, not far from the Bangor base.

But it wasn't until they moved to Bellingham and heard anti-war activist Father Philip Berrigan speak on Western's campus in 1975 that they found a focus.

The Smith-Muellers asked him what they could do in this area and he told them about the proposed site for the nuclear submarine, Trident.

And that is when they began working. At the time only a handful of people were talking, writing and holding vigils outside the Bangor base. But gradually the numbers grew until last summer when 2,000 people participated in the August protests.

There is a Christian root to the Smith-Muellers political beliefs. But David didn't say much more than "If I don't act, I die spiritually."

Not all Trident protesters are Christians, Lucia said. But what all do have in common is non-violent protest.

"We aren't trying to convert anyone or be pushy about our resistance beliefs," she said.

By their action David, Lucia and others hope to "raise the consciousness" of the American public. They are asserting what they see as a form of patriotism, acting in the true interests of the people.

"We want to show our neighbors — and everybody is our neighbor — that they do have the strength to say 'no' and affect their government," Lucia said.

"We know that stopping Trident won't stop the nuclear arms

race," said David, "but Trident is in my backyard so it is the focal point of my protest."

"In a way it's a protest against racism, sexism, ageism, big business and our win syndrom society — but none of that is going to matter if there is a nuclear war," Lucia said.

Their lifestyle and things they have done since coming to Bell-



ingham reflect their interest in promoting what they see as a better society.

Lucia has worked as head teacher at the Bellingham Day Care Center where she tried to instill in children "concepts of feminism, non-violence and cooperation at an early age. It was a chance to give them a choice."

David, who has his fifth year teaching certificate from Western, taught at an alternative school for a time.

Lucia and David shared a job at the Indian community of Marietta, just west of Bellingham. The official title of the job was "narcotics counselor" but they did community organizational work and put youth programs together as well.

As the May demonstration date approaches, the couple have had to put other jobs aside. David is still doing some odd jobs but most of their time is spent organizing or caring for Heidi.

"Heidi is so precious. She's keepin' us sane," said Lucia,

smiling to herself. "I have to remember to meet her needs, too. The other day, right in the middle of a busy time, she asked to play hide and seek. So I found myself in a closet when I had all these things to do. It is so important to keep a sense of humor through this whole thing."

Much of their activity revolves around Heidi.

"You know you can always reach someone at home between one and three in the afternoon — that's Heidi's nap time," Lucia said.

Heidi's parents have been involved in the anti-Trident campaign since her birth.

"We are preparing her now for the possibility that David may spend time in jail, just as we prepared her for my jail sentence," Lucia said.

Lucia spent 10 days in the King

County jail last October for her activities last summer at the Bangor base.

"It was one of the best experiences I've ever had. I was in a room with nine other women I didn't know. It's hard to describe — I was separated from David, Heidi and privacy. We had prepared for the day but these other women hadn't. People would come and visit and you couldn't touch them and there were children screaming to touch their mothers.

"You are stripped of pride and respect. It's very humiliating. You can't see outside, you get no exercise and the air is smokey and stale.

"But it was good gettin' to know the other women. We shared and cried together. But most of them were in for a much longer time than I was and it wasn't by choice that they were there."

"I worry about resistance be-

coming a popular thing to some people," David said. "Going to jail is very serious and civil disobedience isn't something to jump-gung-ho into."

But the Smith-Muellers are still trying to get more response from Western students.

"College people are still easily influenced, especially by their professors. And there are faculty members who support the anti-Trident campaign in theory but not in action," David said.

Henry David Thoreau practiced civil disobedience. One time while in jail for refusing to pay his taxes his friend Ralph Waldo Emerson came to visit. "Why are you in jail, my friend?" asked Emerson. "My friend, why are you out there?" replied Thoreau.

"Yeah," nodded Lucia, "that's a nice story. It really is a matter of always asking the question."



Jazz at Western *The Joint is Jumpin'*

by Tom Rohan



"Underground and in gear" - that's Western's jazz program. The practice rooms, offices and classes are literally underground, beneath the sculpture for Handel on the Performing Arts Building plaza. In one corner of the subground structure is the office of Scott Reeves, the jazz program director and moving force — and he's in gear.

Scott sees a promising future for jazz at Western. The program is only four years old and Western is the only public school in the Northwest offering a jazz degree. The program is constantly expanding, with two new classes being added next year. He said, "Originally I thought I only had enough material for two years, but it just keeps growing." The chamber jazz classes, offering band experience, went from two combos in winter '77 to nine this quarter. The number of jazz majors doubles yearly, now it's at about 40.

Trombone music often floats through the door as the young, stocky instructor helps a student in his office. The soft-spoken, sandy-haired musician with an occasionally reappearing moustache is quickly willing to talk about his music and work at Western.

There's more paper than door visible at the entrance to Scott's office. Schedules, notices and band lists clutter the door. Inside, the scene is somewhat more orderly, except for the desk, which is buried under books and sheet music. A piano sits in one corner next to a stereo, two music stands and a

trombone at rest. Several instrument cases line the wall, a Miles Davis poster tacked above them.

As director of the jazz program here since 1976, Scott has seen the program grow from seven jazz-related classes in 1975 to 11 now, with band classes for practical experience and new courses added yearly emphasizing improvisation and arranging, important keys to the jazz idiom.

A graduate of Indiana University with a B.A. in music, he has played trombone for 17 years, classical as well as jazz. He studied under David Baker at Indiana, and has taken lessons with jazz trumpeter Woody Shaw.

After graduation in 1972 Scott toured with the Supremes and the Temptations, both soul groups; and jazz band leader Tommy Dorsey. He has also played and taught around the San Francisco area and in Oregon and began a book on improvisation techniques. It was this playing and teaching experience plus his degree that Scott credits with landing his job here.

Scott enjoys teaching at Western. "So far they've let me do a lot, like revise the program and create new courses." He sees growing enrollment in the program and would like to hire more jazz instructors. But there is a problem of money. Now, two members of the classical music program teach one jazz class each, and the rest is up to Scott.

Scott's approach is aimed at mastery of the



instrument. This entails a solid knowledge of theory, he explained, and constant practicing of scales, chords and songs, and a lot of devotion. "Jazz," said Scott, "has a lifetime of things to develop. I get some students and teachers who think that jazz is the haven of the untalented. Not true. From the first day, I let 'em know they have to work hard, they have to train their body to respond to what they're hearing. It is a rigorous discipline."

Part of this training involves transposing the solos of other jazz players. This means hearing the solo and learning to write it down note for note. The emphasis is not to learn one solo over a particular chord progression, but to learn the musical vocabularies of more experienced players, so different styles can be incorporated into the student's playing.

His approach attacks jazz from many angles, from composition and arranging for a band to improvisational skills. The chamber jazz class gives the jazz student first hand experience in playing in a combo. Students are divided into three- to eight-piece combos and are required to present at least one concert each quarter.

Most of Scott's classes are not of the same format as business, chemistry, or other academic classes. He has an easy rapport with his students, and always joins them in practice. "I feel like I'm going here as a player," he said. "I don't do anything I don't like myself." He said he would never ask students to do something he could not do himself. "I learn by teaching."

For example, he said, if a trombone player comes in with a problem, such as tonguing techniques, he

tries to figure out how he solved the problem for himself and then shows the student.

Scott has to keep an ear open to each student's progress, as the only gauge of their learning what is taught. Jazz students here have a good deal of confidence in Scott's teaching, and in his ability to communicate his ideas to them.

So what do students do after graduation from Western with a jazz degree? Jazz teaching is growing, Scott said. "Schools are increasingly needing jazz teachers, but they'll also be playing." He said he hopes students will learn to teach by going through his classes. "By teaching I have become a better player. Teaching can be a form of self-examination in which you can grow."

One advantage to teaching at Western is availability of other musicians. All the other members of Scott's current combo, Unity, are students. Their repertoire is varied, and being able to read the audience mood is part of the gig. If the crowd appears to be listening and sensitive to improvisation, a waltz or bop number is played. If the crowd would prefer to dance, the set tends more toward funk. Scott said catering to the audience is not a compromise because "we play things in practice that we will never be able to use in a gig, so at least we get to experience it."

Unity has played numerous times at Fast Eddie's and Pete's Tavern in Bellingham to standing-room-only crowds. This is excellent experience for the students in Unity, and as Scott points out, "the others hear Unity and say, 'hey, he's my age,' and that encourages them to work harder.

A look at record sales indicates a reemergence of interest in jazz by listeners as well as musicians. Scott said he sees funk as being largely responsible for this renewed interest.

"I think people relate first to the rhythm," he said, "especially funk's heavily accented, danceable beat." On the other hand, improvisation by artists in the past, like Coltrane and Hancock or McCoy Tyner — artists of today — tend to lose people. "People are not used to improvisation. They tend to get lost," Scott explained.

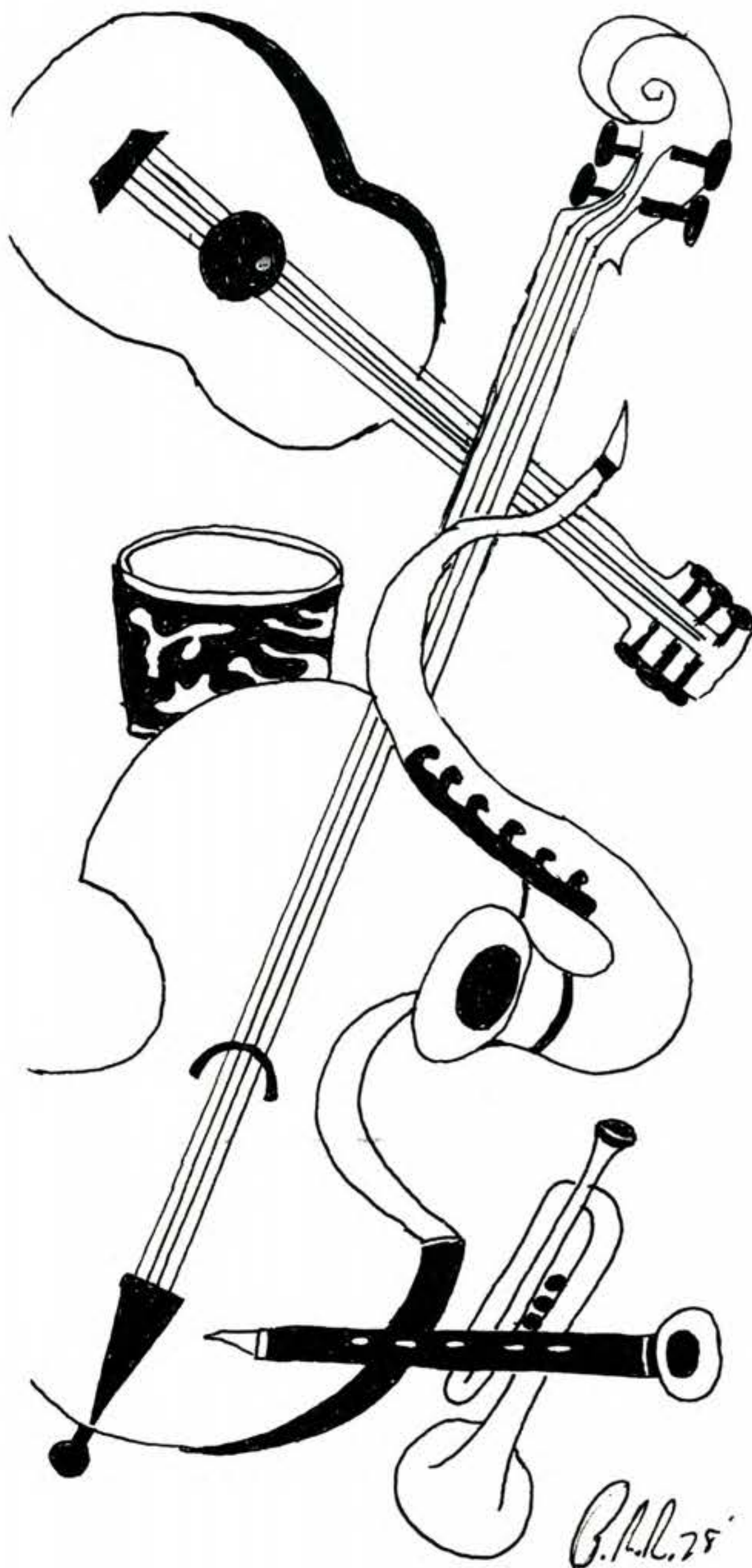
In the sixties jazz was not nearly as popular as today, and "was based on improvisation; more abstract with the rhythm being broken up a lot. It was hard for most people to follow." A certain amount of jazz will always be popular, he said, "but I don't think jazz will ever be as popular as someone like, say, Black Oak Arkansas."

Scott's own musical tastes lean toward Miles Davis, Weather Report and Herbie Hancock, and he credits doing, teaching and playing, and by work on his J.J. Johnson as his biggest influences.

Since in other areas of study one often trains to please an employer, it might appear, on the surface, that what Scott is teaching does not have an audience waiting. This is not entirely true. Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock recently performed sold-out concerts in Vancouver and Seattle playing

improvisation on acoustic pianos. This kind of music, however, is still not as popular as the more danceable rock and funk.

Scott emphasizes he will always be a performing musician, and not limit himself to teaching. He states he prepared for his job here by what he was doing, teaching and playing, and by work on his book, of which his students get a preview. "You can't put too much strain on preparing. Now I just keep working and things will come. I can't work off a timetable."



Joni: A College Success Story

BY JOHN NELSON

Life was so much more simple for Joni Slagle, the star forward of Western's 1976 and 1977 women's basketball teams, in the days when she tore-up basketball courts around the Northwest.

Those were days when she could concentrate on her favorite activity — basketball — and more basketball. Days when she could use her energy setting five school records, lead the team in scoring and rebounding, (20.2 points, 11.4 rebounds per game) become the all-time leading scorer in women's history at Western, be nominated for All-American (pause for breath) and be rated in the top 15 players in the country.

Her light brown hair messy and the sweat pouring from her five-foot, 11-inch, 140-pound body, Joni Slagle scores on a base-line drive, Joni Slagle blocks another shot, Joni Slagle scores on a soft 15 foot jumper Joni Slagle grabs another rebound Joni Slagle in short, was all over the court, playing the game she loves.

Now, life for Joni Slagle isn't nearly so simple. Joni Slagle is graduating and faces the dilemma of deciding between four routes which she can take.

The Vikings were supposed to come out roaring and win every game in that 1977 season. The team had it all: A legion of returning players, Linda Goodrich, called the best women's basketball coach in the country by some — and Joni.

Instead, the first six games were up and down. Goodrich made some offensive changes and things started looking a little better — until Boise State. The Broncos kicked the tar out of Western,

leaving Carver Gym with a 30-point lead.

That was the turning point in Western's 21-7 season. The team was through with any more humiliations. With Joni leading the way, the rejuvenated Vikings played tough basketball and won 13 straight to get into the finals of the regionals — against Boise State.

At Boise State.

To say that it was a "big game" would be to say the obvious: The winner would be on the way to



national, the loser would stay home.

"The gym was filled," Joni remembers. "There were 4,000 spectators there and they had a band. I think Western had about 10 rooters."

"The Broncos were really confident. Like, they had corsages for their mothers. They had beaten us by 30 and they figured 'Well, no sweat.'"

Nobody in the gym, except the visitors, expected a contest. Maybe Boise realized that Western was a different team than the one it

had played 13 games before and maybe the Broncos were paying attention, but c'mon now, 30 points?

"We won," Joni recalls with a smile of utter joy. Score: Western 76; Boise State, 68.

For the team, only the third from Western ever to go to the nationals, it was the highlight of the season. For Joni, who had 23 points, it was the highlight of a career.

When most students graduate, they frequently don't have a direction they can take. Joni, on the other hand, has too many routes and not enough time to do them all.

Joni, a 23-year-old P.E. major from the small town of Belfair on Hood Canal, has her choice between going into pro ball, teaching and coaching on a college or high school level, or trying for the Olympics.

During winter and spring quarters, Joni student taught in the Blaine School District in a program which has given her certification to teach high school and elementary levels.

Winter quarter, she taught at Birchwood Elementary and this quarter, she is teaching at Blaine High School. Both have good points and bad.

"I like the elementary students because they're really fun, but you have to be on them all the time. You can't just say, 'I want you to do this.' and expect them to do it."

She likes teaching high school because the students are more skilled and coordinated, but unlike elementary students, they



have no enthusiasm.

"In high school, they don't want to be there all the time, whereas elementary kids love P.E. When they do something wrong, they are punished by not being allowed to go to P.E. If you did that in high school, they'd probably do as many bad things as they could to get out of it."

What Joni likes most about teaching is reinforcing her students, even the ones who are really uncoordinated, so they can taste some success.

"I'll say 'Well, look, you can do this and this and this' and maybe pick out something minor that they can do, so they can feel good about themselves.

"I think that anyone can learn to do a lot of things. That doesn't mean they can be a star on a team or anything, but a lot of people don't want to be that anyway. They just want to be average.

"If you're not really good at any kind of sport or leisure time activity, you get a negative out-

look on yourself. I think that people who aren't good aren't very confident people at all."

"I really think it's an image-builder. You don't have to be super at anything, but if you can succeed at something, I think it helps."

Basketball started for Joni when she was in junior high and high school living in Belfair.

"I'm really competitive and my family's really competitive. That's why I got into it.

"I was really serious about athletics and competing, and that was kind of rare for kids that age.

"Girls in my high school weren't looked upon as being all that neat that were into athletics. Usually, the more masculine-type girls were involved." Joni, while tall for a woman, is hardly masculine, however.

Joni played on the Belfair High School team and later on the Olympic Community College team, where she went to college

for her first two years.

Although she was recruited by the University of Washington, Joni decided on Western because "The ed program is so much better and the coaching is so much better, I think I was smart enough to know at that age that I wanted to go to a good coach."

Joni actually did more than "go to a good coach" as she puts it. She and Coach Goodrich have lived together for the last year in Goodrich's home off Marine Drive north of town.

Since her college playing days are over, Joni now plays basketball in a spring league and frequently gets into pick-up games against men in the gym.

"When you start playing with guys, it's funny, they don't want to be rough at all and I'm the same way. I sort of feel funny playing as hard as I can. Then I start getting rough and they start getting rougher and pretty soon, it doesn't make any difference.

"Playing with guys really helps.

They're so much quicker and stronger it makes your game a lot sharper. I used to play with my brother and my dad when I was younger and that helped me a lot."

It is Joni's love of basketball that might keep her playing competitive ball. She is toying with the ideas of either going into a soon-to-be-formed women's pro league or the Olympics.

The attractive thing about going into pro ball, she says, is that the base salary will be around \$8,000 for four or five months playing time. Sure, it's not what the men are getting, but "you could work four months and then have another job the rest of the time."

If she doesn't go into the pros,

she might end up trying for the 1980 Olympics. Joni believes she is good enough to make the team, but she's holding back.

"The only thing that keeps me from going into the Olympics is that it's so political. It's really political.

"Sometimes I think that it's stupid of me not to either really go for the Olympics or go for this pro league. It would be neat to say that I did it, but I think it would probably set me back as far as teaching goes. If you don't get a job right out of college, it's kind of hard. You kind of lose a little bit, I think..."

In the meantime, Joni has been offered two jobs: one at Wheaton

College in Chicago and one at Blaine High School, where she's currently teaching. Each job would mean teaching and coaching, something else Joni wants to do.

"To me, coaching is just the ideal teaching situation. The kids want to be there. They like this particular sport and they want to learn everything there is to know about it.

"Plus, I'm competitive and I think it would be really fun to have your own team and try to outsmart the other coach."

While she would like to teach and coach in college, Joni is leaning towards teaching the lower grades first. This means if she takes a teaching job, she'll probably accept the job in Blaine, if it's formally offered.

"The ideal thing," she says, "would be to start at the elementary school level and slowly work up to college.

"I'd like to teach probably 10 years. It's not something I plan to do the rest of my life. I'd like to have kids of my own.

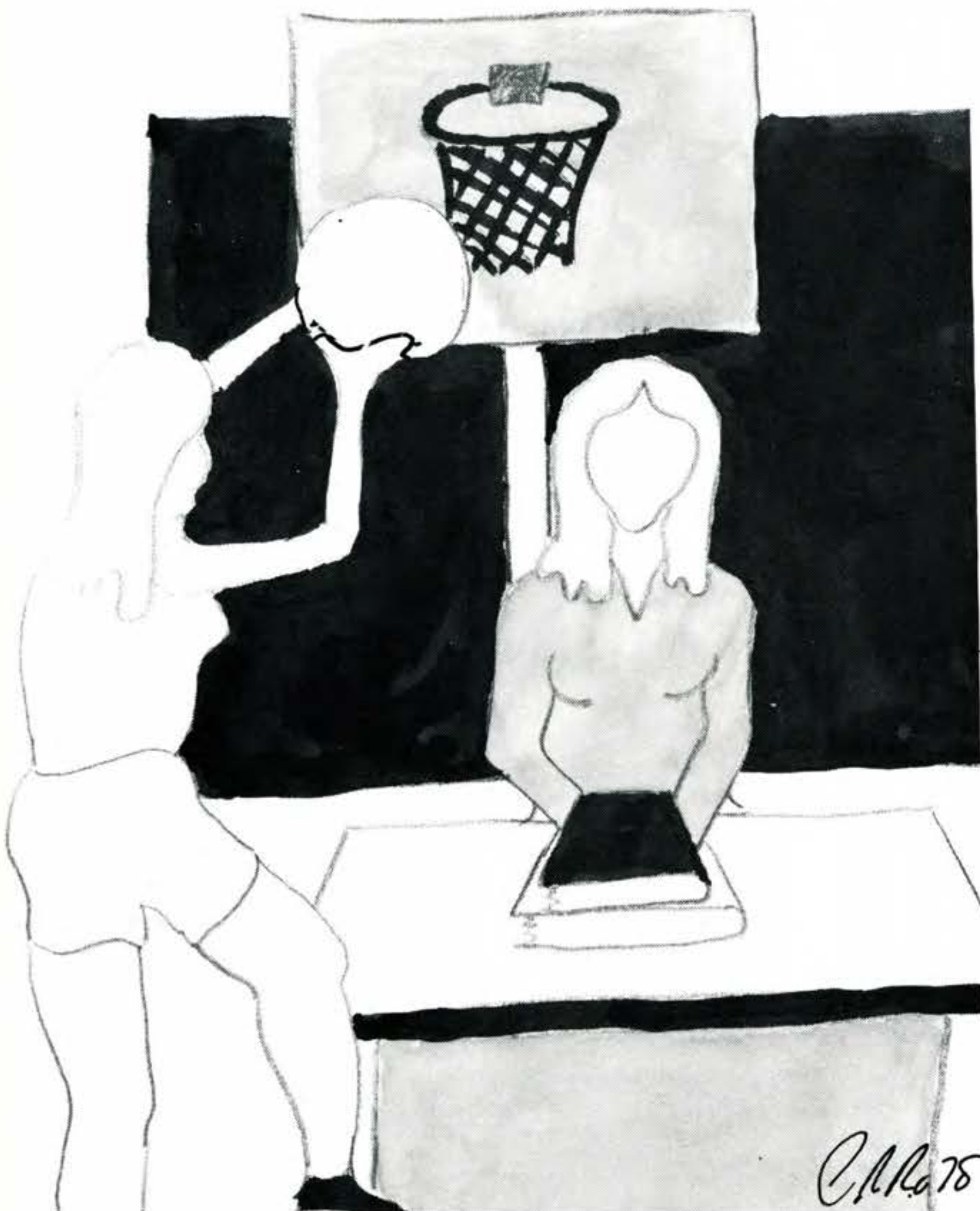
"I think I could be really satisfied with just being a mother and homemaker."

Joni is a small town woman and she likes it that way. This is another reason she is staying away from the Chicago offer.

"I'm pretty much a homebody," she says, "and I like this area."

So, Joni Slagle is a woman with a dilemma. At this point, she's uncertain of just what she'll do. While part of her wants to teach and coach only, her competitive appetite keeps calling.

"I think basketball is kind of poetic really. It's graceful, you know, a graceful sport. I like that about it. It's really weird. When I play, I can just run down the court and there's nothing around me. I just think it's neat. I don't know, some people might think it's weird when you talk like that. But people who have played and enjoy the game would understand, I think."



Ups and Downs

by Gwen Collins



An Up With People poster and several photographs decorate her dorm room. In conversation she often refers to friends and experiences, good and bad, from her year in the group touring the United States.

"It has affected my life 100 percent," Karen Knight, 19-year-old Western freshman, said.

The tall, blue-eyed brunette talked excitedly about the 24,000 miles she traveled in 27 states to sing and dance for 210,500 people. She was a member in a cast of Up With People, an "independent, nonprofit, educational program."

Up With People was organized in 1965 by some individuals concerned about the declining morality among students, Karen said. The program was incorporated in 1968 and now performs around the world. It is not religious or political, she said.

According to an Up With People pamphlet, it strives for "communication and interaction between people of different cultures, nationalities, ages and points of view. It aims to help young people who participate in the program discover their potential so that they can make their most constructive contribution to society."

"I realized how much potential I have as a person," Karen said, "It was an extreme growing experience."

"It opened me up to people," she explained, "I

learned how to meet people and to be sensitive to other people's needs as well as my own."

She also learned skills, such as how to monitor lights and sound. She employed these skills at a few Western productions last quarter.

She learned to prepare a town for the cast's arrival by arranging transportation and food donations and recruiting host families. She also was solely responsible for publicity in the trailer town of Page, Arizona. She is proud that the audience doubled that of the year earlier, even though half the population had moved away.

Not all learning was pleasant, Karen said. "I learned what it's like to be regimented as an individual and group, and what it's like to be incredibly exhausted."

While she has no regrets about the year, she said, "I would never go back with Up With People. One year was plenty."

"It has a tendency to regiment you and brainwash you," she said, "It gets too goody-goody."

"What really gets to be a drag is having to be nice all the time," she said. If she felt tired or depressed she still had to act "healthy, wholesome, energetic and smiling."

Karen was very impressed when she first saw Up

With People do a high school performance her sophomore year. She said, "The people were so nice, so energetic and smiling all the time, and all the different guys looked nice."

The show returned the fall of her senior year and she signed up for an interview. "I never dreamed I could actually do it," she said, "It seemed so above and beyond me."

A cast member interviewed her, asking about her goals, ambitions and opinions about the show. Karen said decisions were based on interviews, except for instrumentalists, who auditioned. Of 40 applicants from the Olympia area, she was one of three accepted and the only one to go.

'We saw walks of life average people don't see'

She had six months to raise about \$4,000 needed to support her during the year. Relatives helped out and, she said, "I gave speeches at the Rotary Club, Kiwanis and on the radio. Home town people gave me the money to go."

In June 1976 she headed to Tucson, Arizona, for one month of training, 12 hours a day, six days a week. Of the 500 17- to 25-year-olds from all over the world gathered for training, about one-third could not speak English. Within two weeks everyone was on stage rehearsing the show.

After training, five casts were sent out to various countries. The cast Karen was in stayed in the United States, entertaining mostly at prisons, mental institutions, convalescent centers, state fairs and high schools. It also visited a leper colony, Superbowl party, retirement village and United Way convention.

"We saw walks of life average people don't see," she said.

During the cast's one-and-a-half-month stay in Hawaii, it performed at a leper colony. About 150 people, mostly Hawaiians and all over 50 years old, resided in the isolated community. When they were young, ships dropped them off away from the shore, forcing them to swim the rough waters to reach the island, Karen said. Many were crushed by the powerful surf.

The Hawaiians still fear the lepers and are superstitious about them, she said. These lepers cannot leave. Even if they could, they would have to deal with people who fear and reject them. Karen said that if they entered a Hawaiian town, "people would freak."

Many lepers were bedridden and some had suffered bleeding all their lives. Most of the lepers Karen saw, however, merely had black patches of skin or were missing fingers.

"They were beautiful people," Karen said. They

were generous, especially with food, which was scarce and either dropped by planes or carried down the steep hillside by mules.

Prison performances were usually very rewarding, she said. Many prisoners had not seen outsiders for at least a year and sometimes cast members could talk with them after the show.

Performing at prison in Hutchinson, Kansas, however, was difficult. The cast was given a tour of the cells before the show. Karen said, "They looked just like animals, locked up in cages."

"Pity was the natural feeling," she said, "But they didn't want pity."

"Then we had to perform for these people," she said, "I could hardly dance after I'd seen these men."

Their performance was further hindered because guards would not allow prisoners to dance or applaud. She said, "In an average performance the big deal was getting the audience involved."

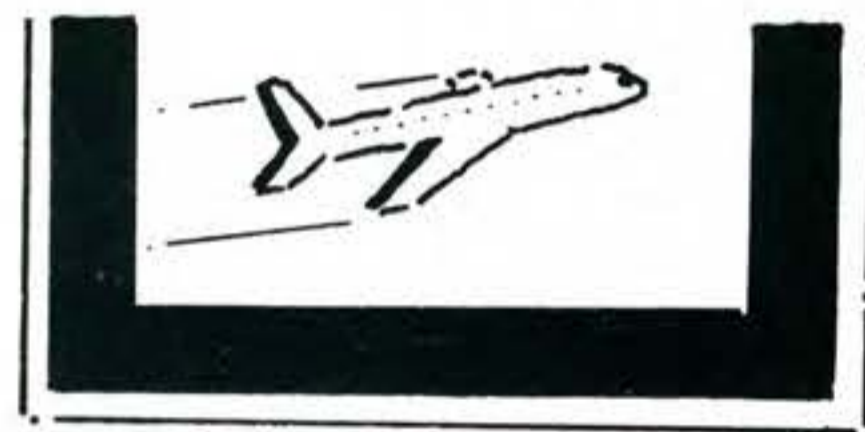
Performing at nursing homes was rewarding at first, but soon became depressing, she said. Sometimes residents would think a cast member was his or her grandchild. She said, "I found out how lonely these people were. They just wanted someone to talk to."

At a school for retarded children, she observed some earning candy rewards by putting square pegs in square holes. Others were so deformed they were strapped in bed and could only stare. She said, "With some, the only way I could communicate was by touching or hugging."

"It's hard to take the first time; it's a shock," she said. Many cast members could not handle it, however, she said, "You have to accept it."

No matter how performers felt emotionally, they knew "the show must go on." She said on stage she felt up with people half the time.

Karen said she experienced a lot of ups and downs



throughout the year and became a really moody person. She explained, "People don't realize how dramatic or traumatic Up With People can be."

Performances did not always turn out exactly as planned. She said the audience was sympathetic when zippers broke, pants split and performers fainted or fell off the stage. Karen said she had no major mishaps.

Performing was only half of Up With People, Karen said. Many of her memories revolve around the 80 host families who donated room and board for an average of two nights. Karen said she especially appreciated families who showed interest in her rather than Up With People, who knew something about the organization and had 20- to 25-year-old sons.

"I was always excited to meet my host family," she said, "The people I lived with were incredible."

In one host family everyone was allergic to some-

thing different. The mother posted lists on the refrigerator of who could eat what and prepared various menus for each meal. Karen said, "Easter dinner was incredible, with all different kinds of meats, vegetables, salads, breads and desserts."

She also stayed in houses infested with roaches and fleas, and with families who fought constantly, heavy drug users and extremely religious people.

Karen still corresponds with some host families and hopes to visit some of them again. She also corresponds with some cast members. She said, "We were very close. We lived together, we performed together."

Coming home was one of the hardest parts because family and friends did not understand what she had experienced, she said.

"People wanted to know where I went, but that's so surfacy," she said, "Big deal that I went to 27 states — it's the people!"





photo by Dawn Battson



photo by Doug McMullin