

A STUDENT

working,

studying,

relaxing...

A STUDENT

thinking,

dreaming,

planning...

THE COLLEGIAN,

August 19, 1960

presents this special

issue on the

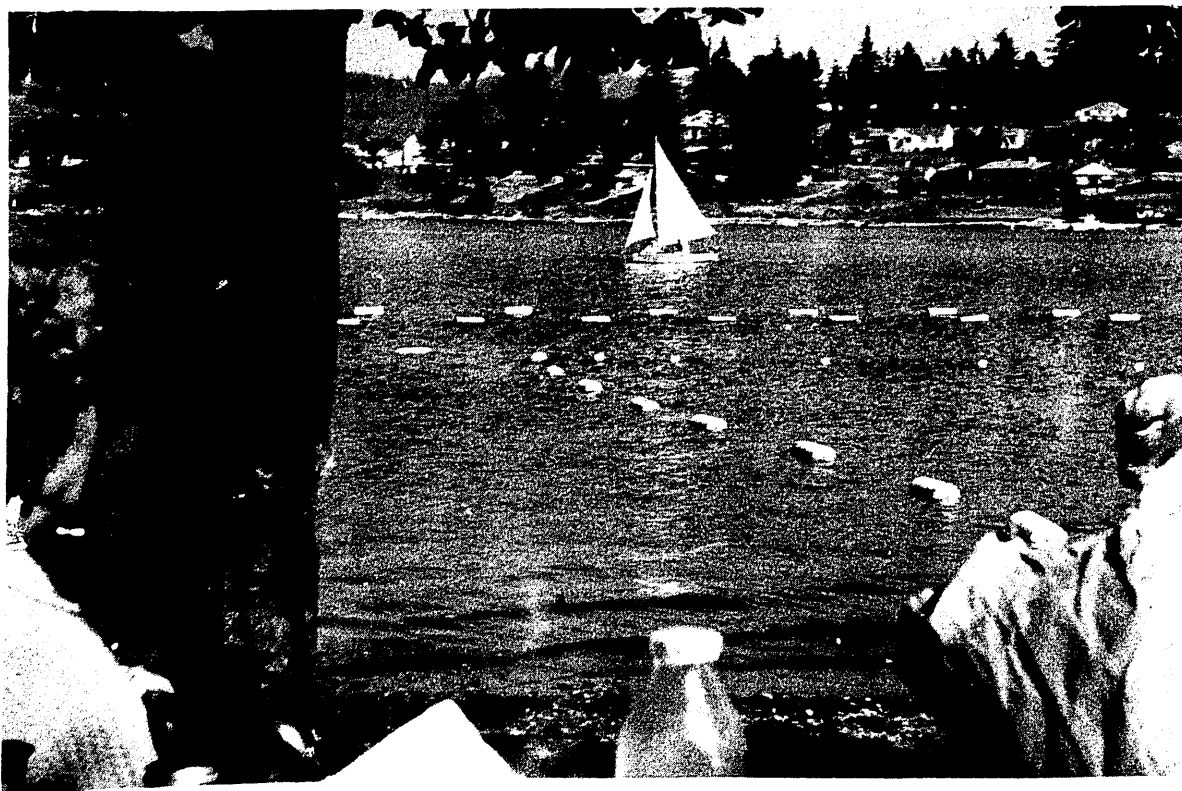
summer student

* EDITORIAL COMMENT:

* *They sat on the monkey bars and sang at two a.m. in the morning. They went downtown for pizza, put fuzzies in their drinking water and then went out and had a skipping race down State Street.*

* *They were four college students having a good time. They were four students laughing and joking, leaving classes and profs, intellectual discussions and heavy books behind, and if they had been anything but college students, people would have thought them insane.*

* *Just what is it about the college atmosphere that stimulates the thinking process while at the same time makes students feel young enough and free enough to do crazywonderful things at times? Is it the buildings, the classes, the people? Is it the town, the bay, the houses the students live in? The Collegian sent its people out to see what students were doing and how they were taking advantage of their college environment. This issue is a special attempt to present the many factors that make a student what he is.*



IMPRESSIONS OF SUMMER SCHOOL: The Changes Weren't Only Physical....

--Marilyn Sue Wheeler

On arriving at Western, students immediately sensed that the college is undergoing an expansion period. Many were soon to explore the Viking Union and the new men's dorms for the first time, and to marvel at the nearly completed Haggard Hall of Science. The wood and concrete skeletons of the Co-op, gymnasium, cafeteria, and women's dorms, too, added to the scene as they were beginning to grow into their modern designs. A portion of the carpet of luscious thick grass had given way to these new structures but where it remained the growth looked healthier than ever.

The usual rather mild-to-cool summer weather, also, changed somewhat as the sunshine was sometimes too tempting for work. But studies could not be neglected for long. Fast-moving courses didn't usually allow time for one to loaf. The changes were not only on the physical campus but also in the academic attitudes. Many of the courses were challenging and those who were endeavoring to project themselves into the academic emphasis were students of all levels.

The total enrollment for the six-week session, nine-week session, and the workshops was 1,783. Of this total, 868 were graduate students who were in their fifth year of study in the Master's Degree Program or in the Standard General Certificate Program. This showed that summer school was no longer mainly attended by returning teachers but now included a number of upper division students and more than a hundred underclassmen. Some of these industrious students were looking forward to graduation in three years while others were enrolled mainly because they were unemployed and felt this quarter provided a good chance to get a little ahead. Perhaps some wanted summer time to study a certain subject more thoroughly than might be possible during the regular year, and then there were those who just enjoyed learning in the college atmosphere of youth, enthusiasm, and change. No doubt that special workshops and guest faculty members were the incentive which caused many to enroll.

Whatever the reasons for attending summer session, it was certain that students would return home with new impressions of Western--impressions of a forward-looking college academically and facility wise and impressions of a friendly and truly beautiful campus.

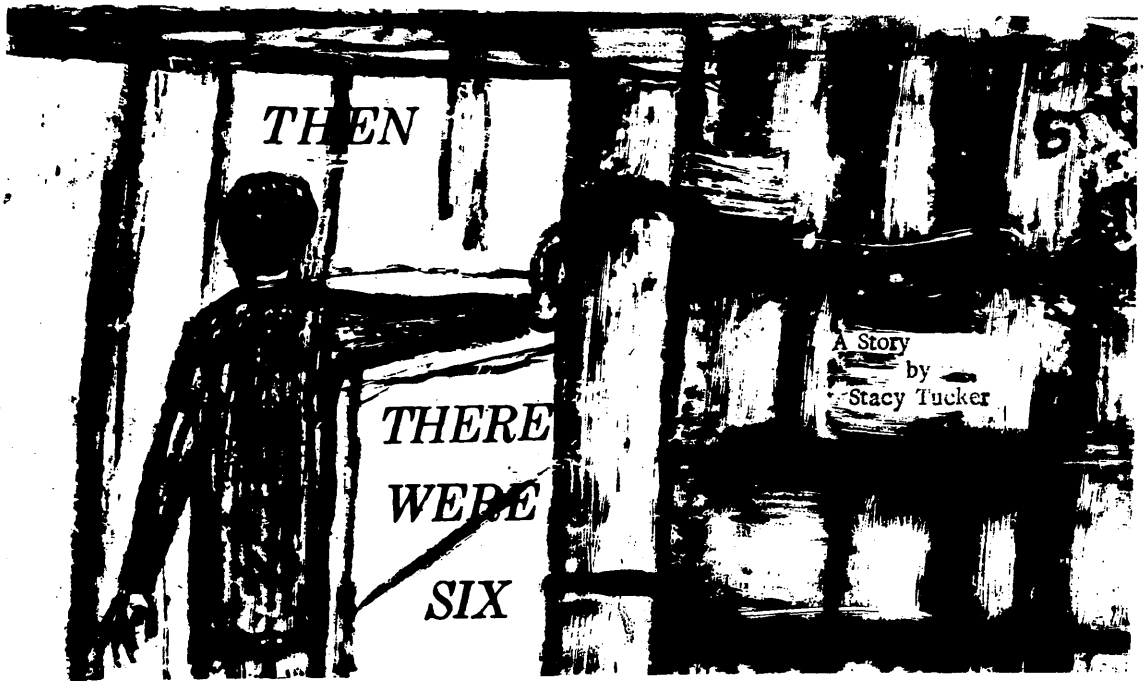


*They came
from many
places
for many
reasons...*

And

*They did
many things
as the
summer
days
unfolded...*





The word "reality" from his companion touched it off, but even as the other's words droned on in conversation, his mind was overcome again by the images.

The street lights, the sound of car horns, and the neon signs seemed to move in and out of battle formations, drowning one another out in a din of sound and light. And then the image was clear and it was real.

The traveler stepped wearily from the bus, glad to be on the last legs of his journey, and started down the street to get a bite to eat, before sleeping. Why he chose the eating place he did, was not even registered on his mind. He sat down in a booth to the side of the restaurant, ordered, then let his thoughts drift to the hum of the cooling machine and the clink of silverware against dishes. Soon, in mind, he became part of the atmosphere- slow, quiet, still, drifting tiredly beyond care.

In fewer seconds than he could recount in awareness, harsh life surged bursting into the lull. The glass doors were flung open as a group of teen-agers in jeans and bulky sweaters, laughing and talking, swept into the room. In a fraction of a second, the jukebox in the corner jumped to life, the noise of the restaurant rose from a din to fast-moving sound--the swift chatter, orders shouted, the crush of clothes against the booth opposite him. If he had not noticed why he'd chosen the restaurant before, he regretted the fact now.

He resented the noise, his mind reacted swiftly to the chaos. His order came and grew cold as he watched the source of his irritation in angered observation. Then, in an instant, his whole existence reacted, moving into the chaos as swiftly and completely as the resentment had flooded over him.

The thoughts now in his mind were frightening--they moved against his will, even leaping over his usual self. Had college changed him? What had he really been? What was he now? Why did he sit and stare fascinated, when even at the age he was now observing, his mind had never flitted among such quickly changing paths of carefree chatter, and meaningless and elusive thoughts? The words from the jukebox now demanded an audience. "So you think you're blue, a teen-ager feels it, too..." Nonsense.

But then, why nonsense? "Tell Laura I love her... tell Laura I need her... I want the whole world to know that she's my queen..." Maybe it was not the words. Something behind them lived as the music drowned. Music... it was music, in spite of what musical authority decreed to his mind. In fact, musical authority suddenly had no right to decree. Again his mind leaped. Why was he agreeing with this obviously repugnant situation?... and just as the thought took hold, a sudden terror seized him.

The whole group was moving toward him. Without benefit of an invitation they moved into his booth with a boldness, an action so free of convention that his complete hold on reality collapsed in ruins around him, tumbling suddenly, into... nowhere. In an instant his present was dead and there was no past nor any future. Awareness, reaction patterns, a whole world dissolved. He was alone with the present, the now.

Later he discovered he was talking, laughing. Later, it seemed, he simply found himself and it was not strange nor were they. The words he heard coming from his lips were of Plato, Socrates, a recreation of Greece and Greek ideas pouring out of him. To children. But now the ideas were alive as he'd never known them--they were moving out of his mind, into reality. In return he was listening to dreams, hopes that were tinged heavily with belief, fantastic ideas that he never imagined would come from children. Then he wondered. Do children have a freedom like this that I have always struggled for and never found? Only an hour ago I knew what freedom meant. I knew so much. I was adept in so many situations. I was experienced in the world. I knew so many words that were so important. I had a grip on practical patterns of reaction, successful modes of thought. And so I did, but why are they not stupid to me now, these children? And why am I calling them "they?"

In that thought, one world completed a revolution that could never be measured by any science or method.

The battle formations of sound and light grouped and regrouped outside. The machines hummed as before. Silver clinked against dishes and the sound of car horns drifted hauntingly across city damp-darkness. Inside the cafe, six teen-agers now sat where five and one college student had met. Later it was claimed that six college students had talked where one college student and five teen-agers had met.

Five hours after stepping off the bus, the traveler walked out of the restaurant. It was dark, but the laughter and comments of the five in the car pulling away from him jumped in that darkness. In his room in the hotel, thoughts were flying through his mind. Was it from Jane Austin's Emma? One, half the world does not understand the jous of the other half... Something like that. When morning came it held a freshness. A kaleidoscope of ideas rushed through his mind. A colonnade, a first cause, a man in a toga asking questions... and from a moonlit temple, even, a goddess, moving in still dark-

*the
whole
group
was
moving
toward
him...*

CHILI 3951



"If Socrates had asked me such idiotic questions, I would have considered him a menace, too." In our world, these things are settled..." He turned to the companion.

"Well, remember, he decided to drink the hemlock."

Behind the reply there was much less than the calm that sounded.

Is it that reality is not just my learned reality? Does everyone and everything hold a lesson, even for the educated? Who is nearer to reality--the adult who must know or the child who merely looks and wonders? Could I dream like that again--with no bounds?

"If this material were not mere plays on words and questions that are really immaterial in the light of today's progress and knowledge... Well, I'll memorize it."

And this time the companion received a reassuring comment.

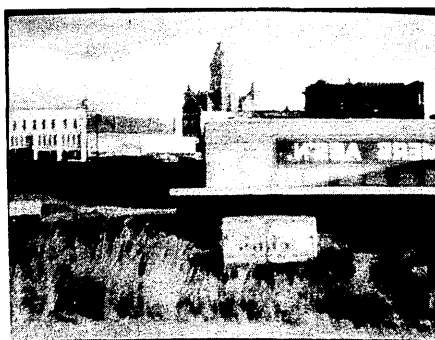
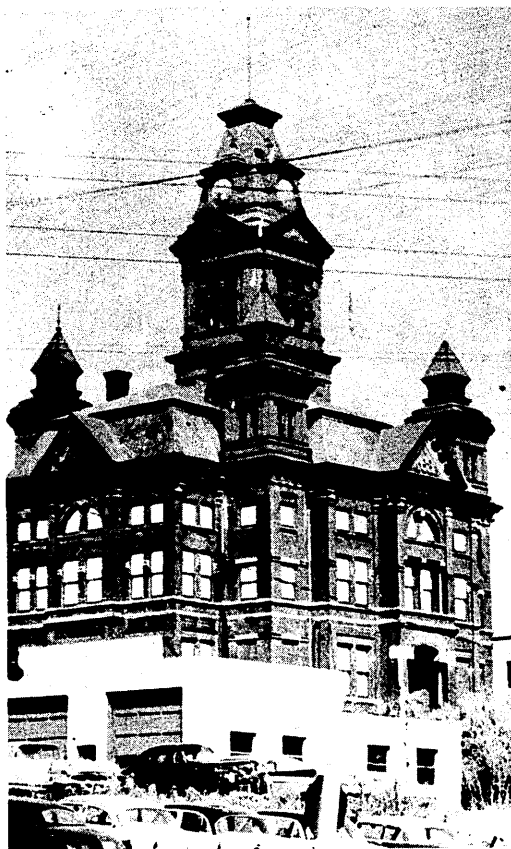
"Good for you... that's your answer."

Yes, he thought. Be sure you seek only one answer. One is sure and safe. Don't go beyond its world of one-ness or you will ask questions and perhaps dream. You will see that there are worlds beyond your own.

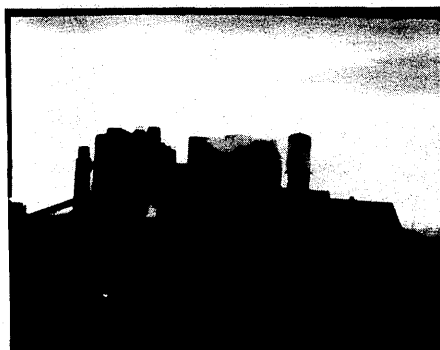
And that would be fatal and quite foolish to your world. Only children think things like that and believe them. Someday maybe it will strike you that you only observe children; we all do, at a distance. Christ and Socrates talked with them.



*Six images of a city,
a town beside the sea,
a dying hulk of buildings,
a college poised
on a hilltop's brow,
Two fibers:
young and old mixing
in an afternoon's glow,
distilled in an evening wind
that crawls along
the lakeshore
touching a drop of ambrosia
to the sleeper's lip...*



**BELOW THE
HILL,
MANY TASTES
AT
SUNSET...**



*Here in the gray of morning's chill
damp breezes whip across
the window at evening sunlight
rains in pearly golden drops,
splashing softly on the silken top
of dark, wine water.
This is a city of old and new,
a grunt of disdain, a protest of wonder,
a sleep in the summer sun;
all to be capped by a dip in the day
when sunset pushes the hours down
to tumble below the bay.
Some fading beams fall then
through a glass of nectar squeezed
from the grapes of now,
aged in the casks and dews of then,
and Bellingham is tipped to
tired summer lips--
a taste of many wines in the evening.*

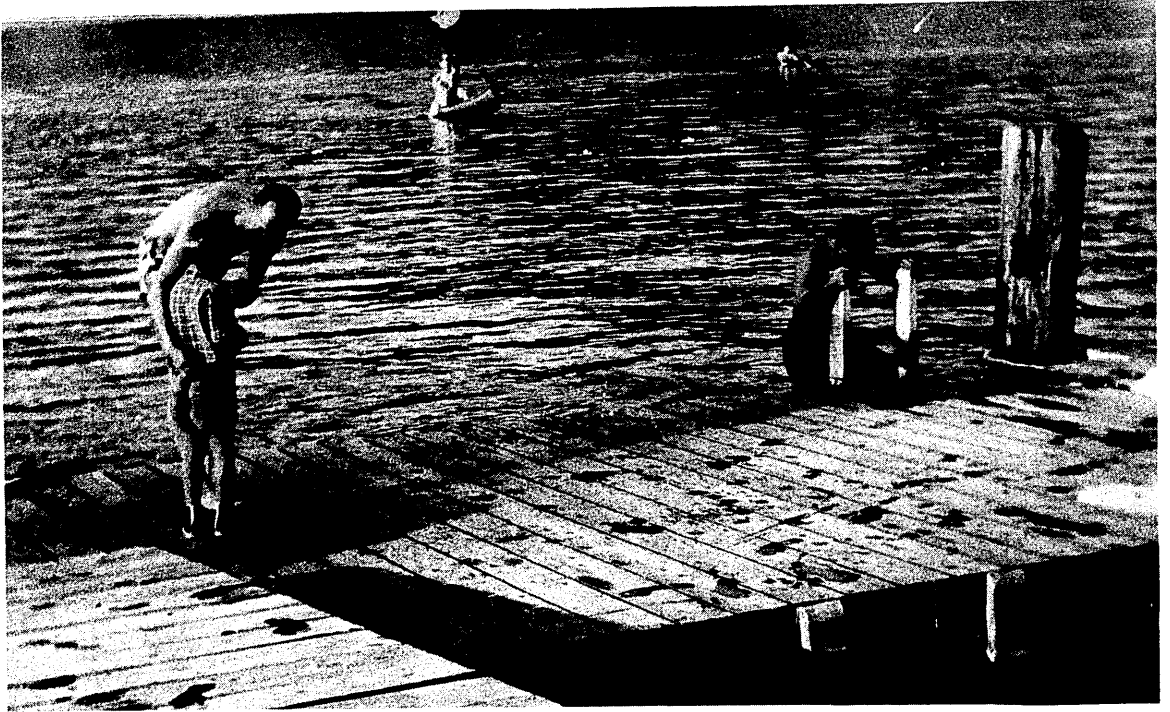
The stream of cars comes crawling along the curve of 99 unprepared for the sudden angled turn, but in a moment the darkness moves over and lying below, in a slow, deep drop is Bellingham, a small cluster of jewels, a lighted ribbon dipping through a hulk of darkened buildings--quiet, suffused with a rich blackness that hides the daytime's many faces...

*Breezes that might have played on Olympus
come dancing across the bay at noon,
ruffling the water, slapping lightly
at the thighs of sleeping timbers,
coolly, capriciously slipping up and down
the cayons of buildings
that used to hold a battlement up to dawn.
Now the dentist progress has ripped the teeth
from the old girl's jaws;
only the railroad tracks remain sunk
deep in the gums of the past.*

Atop the hill, in long shadows of dark green among the trees and walks, the college builds--rapidly, swiftly--as the students wander along in a summer haze. The old come chattering back from the outside world, passing the new who live here on the brow of the hill where the world is not too close. Even the raucous horns of city traffic stay below in the heat of afternoon, caught a moment in a twist along 99's stretch from the border to the state's largest city. Down there, beside the bay, is a waning hour....

*Out of the East, a gentle breeze
comes shuffling, touching,
whipping bits of dust in the walker's eye.
The sun lies hot between old images
in this corner of the city's past;
cascades of light fall
through amber glasses,
rush glinting over twisted gold
to hang suspended in the noon-day glow
of old, blue bottles.
"Antiques," a city's junk,
rough boardwalks;
the past lies dying slowly
in the heat of afternoon.*

A roar of speeding motors comes echoing into the coves, comes rushing across the boat docks along the lake past which the water-skiers fly, from which the swimmers leap and dive, and the summer homes dot the twists of the shoreline... stretching, yawning Bellingham lazily spreads her toes and dreams... some nights she seems dead until the trucks roar through, the headlights beam and the traffic moves...



LAKEWOOD...

Unlimited Potential for the Vertical Swamp of Yesteryear

One of the big questions which has plagued student government through the years has been the question of the property which the Associated Students own on Lake Whatcom. This beautiful site has almost unlimited potential, but has been relatively hidden under the thick underbrush and mud along the shore. The property sports a bath house, boat house, and two cabins. Two years ago, a modern float and dock were constructed for Lakewood. In addition, rowboats and a canoe are available to students and faculty, by checking out keys at the desk of the Viking Union.

The progress that was made in the property development was virtually lost over the past year, when no maintenance was done at Lakewood. Returning students were disappointed to find grass and brush to shoulder height reaching to the lake shore itself. The Summer BOC was able to obtain the assistance of two students, Skip Brock and Roy Livermore, who were interested in working on the improvement of the property.

Immediate maintenance included the many repairs needed, as well as mowing the brush and grass, and cutting a supply of fire wood.

The past two weeks, a bull-dozer has been working at Lakewood, installing new roads and terracing areas. Several trees were removed to allow the afternoon sun to reach the beach. The new system of roads will open up areas of Lakewood which have been previously inaccessible. It was the intent of the planners that the road through the property will allow the students and faculty to use the large areas of beach and woods for picnics, etc. The cleared areas will be devoted to greatly increased parking, and the terraces will be used for game areas. There will be one entrance and one exit road with several parking areas.

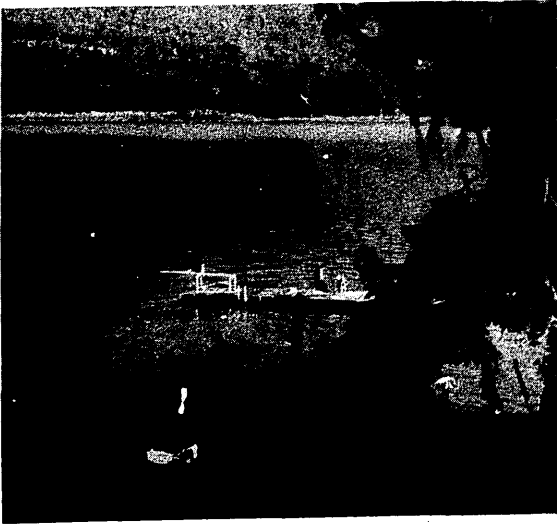
The Board of Control will pass on recommendations to the regular Legislature and to next year's BOC, providing for the continuation of the improvement projects. If plans are carried out, the "vertical swamp" of yesteryear has passed and Western students will have one of the finest resorts in the area.

Some took it lying down, on the grass of the campus, but those who had cars headed them into the summer sun to get away from it. They ended up at places like Lakewood where lush shadows of tall trees outlined newly finished bulldozer work and cool water overhung by branches of wooded stretches.

Others who liked crowds, headed for places like Bloedel-Donovan Park where the grass and water teemed with people. And there were those who just enjoyed driving through stretches of road where inland lakes poked through the trees.



*Where the sunlight
fell, the shadows
played on students, too...*





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A LETTER

*from a "land of
enchantment..."
where some students traveled*

Hotel Victoria, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico
July 17, 1960

Dear Editor,

Sorry I haven't written sooner but we have been on the move constantly. Each place we go we like a little better. We have found ourselves in the midst of a life much different from our own, but loving every minute of it.

Mexico city is a huge place of 4 1/2 million people. One of the first things we noticed was the contrast in architecture. They have the modern (even more so than our own) and the old Spanish style side by side. This holds true of the rich alongside the poor. The lack of a middle class of people is very apparent.

We did many interesting things in Mexico City. One Sunday we had a special treat. In the morning we went to the ballet which was Native Indian dancers doing "Folklore of Mexico."

After the ballet we left by bus for the lovely flowering gardens of Xochimilco. There were beautiful but the traffic jam of boats was terrible--passage was almost impossible. The rest of the afternoon was spent at the bull fights. We had front row seats which was a little close if you were sensitive to blood. After the third bull were rained out and the majority of us left for home.

Excitement in our lives occurred last Tuesday evening. Our hotel faces a large plaza. Demonstrators composed of about 200 students gathered for an anti-American rally in favor of Castro. They yelled "go home Yankees," and carried large signs. Three of us were in the lobby of the hotel when the students tried to break in. They threw rocks through the glass doors. The iron gates to the hotel were locked. In talking to a student from the University we found that this is a very small minority and is led by Communist agitators. The group was broken up by the police.

Acapulco was almost too hot to be comfortable. We took a safari into the jungle and saw an Indian village. Taxco is lovely, the quaint picturesque buildings fitting into the surrounding hillsides and making a breathtaking view from below the city. Our group fell in love with Taxco the minute we saw it.

All the houses are of stucco with red tile roofs.



*John
Schermer-
horn,
BOC
Member*

Clashes Aside...

John Schermerhorn, the last member of the BOC that the Summer Collegian will interview is a Bel-lingham resident with an already completed speech major. Presently a graduate student at Western, he is now working to finish his Master of Education degree.

Schermerhorn, well known in the Music Department, a member of Pi Kappa Delta and both drama honoraries, will be remembered for his recent direction of Tennessee Williams' play, "Suddenly Last Summer." Although prominent in drama, active in student government, and a member of the Union Board, Schermerhorn still finds time to enjoy his large record collection and write occasionally for the school paper.

Questioned about the Summer Board of Control, Schermerhorn commented, "it is impossible to accomplish anything of magnanimous order in six weeks. We have worked more quickly than the regular Legislature though, since although we are not completely devoid of personal conflicts, we are able to set aside personality clashes in the American tradition and do that which is necessary. I would say that the BOC keywords have been "compromise and tolerance."

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FROM THE LIBRARY

Fees, Fines and Penalties...

All books charged out of the Main Library were to have been returned this Tuesday and all fines paid. Students who have not returned books or paid fines after the final date will be charged a \$1 clearance fee in addition to the regular fine.

Grades will be withheld from students who do not return books, pay for lost books, or pay fines by 1 p. m. today, August 19. The current list price will be charged for lost books.

FROM THE COLLEGIAN

Liz's Rousing Stories, and...

We have worked with a limited budget and a limited staff this summer, but hope we have accomplished something through the Collegian: the goal at which we aimed was to publish a good campus magazine and it is the summer student who determines whether or not we have done this. But regardless of the measure of our success, we have had a good summer with this publication, mainly because of the people who worked to put it out. The work of Ken Robertson, photographer and layout man, was unsurpassable while Pat Hawn's reliability as staff secretary and reporter was often reassuring. The art work done by Virginia Hennis and Stacy Tucker was used to add variety and life to the pages, as were the rousing stories of Liz Sundstrom, off-again-on-again reporter. Sue Wheeler, Jane Brand and Kitty Melton covered everything from BOC members to A-L releases, and Wayne Ehlers handled the finances. It was through these people and through contributors such as John Schermerhorn, Doug Simpson, Carolyn Berets and Jack Rabourn that the Collegian made it to the stands each Friday. A special thanks to each of them...

... The Editor

Judy Borman

*In newspapers it's traditional to
end the last issue with a large 30,
but since we're a magazine
we'll spell it out... THIRTY.....*

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