

KIP SUN  
1967



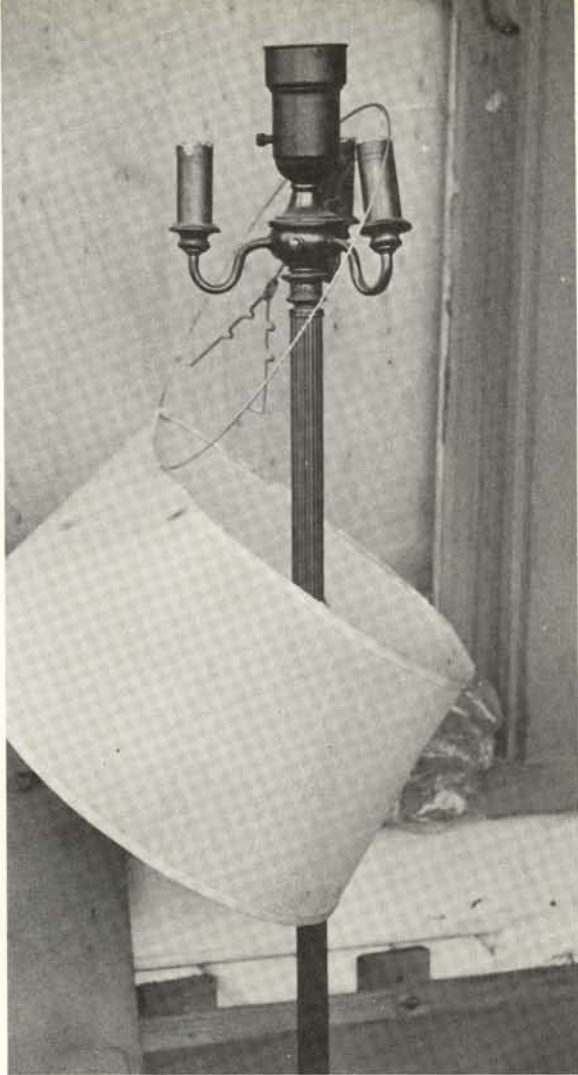


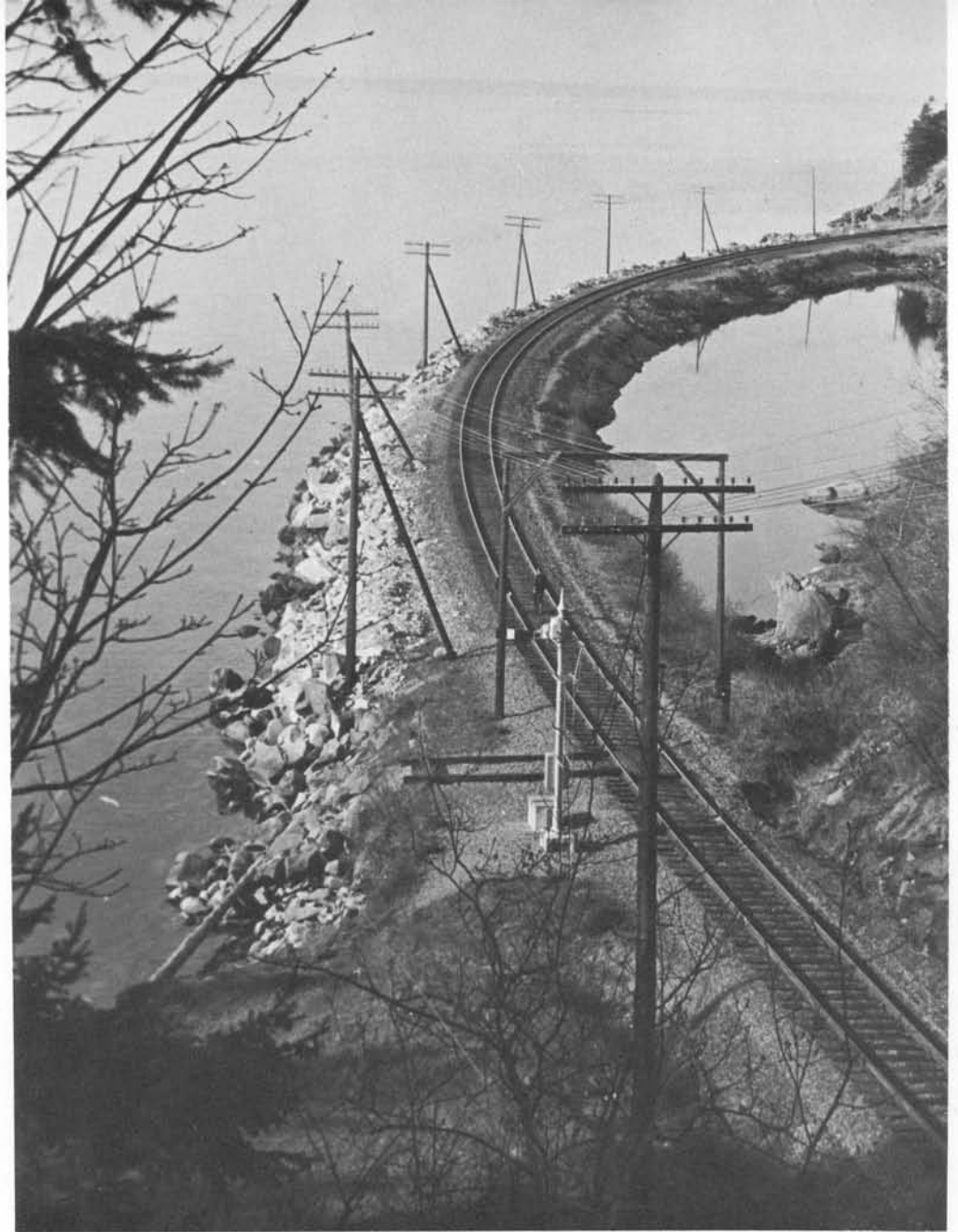
KLIPSUN  
1967

# WESTERN WASHINGTON STATE COLLEGE



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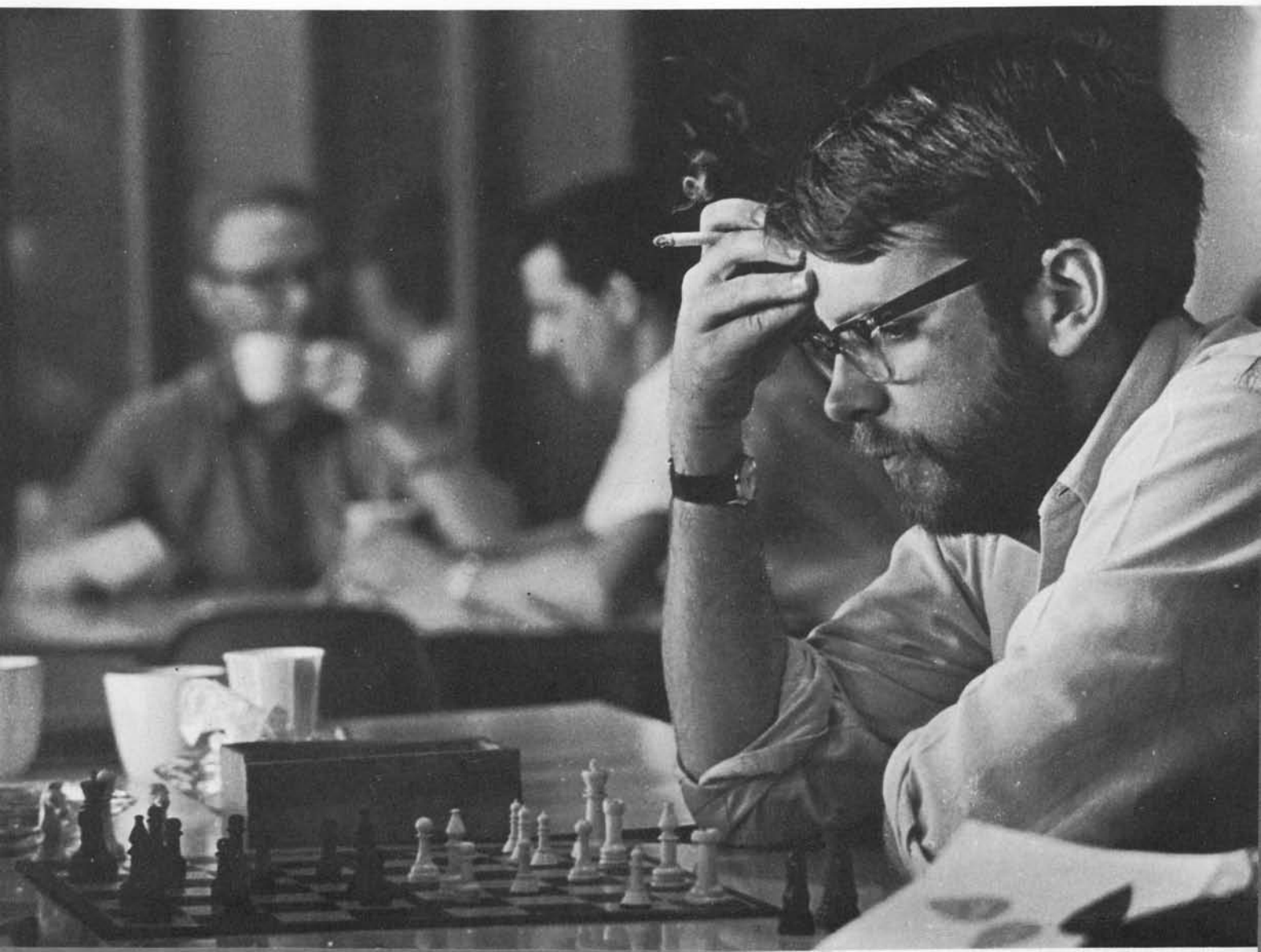
Darcy Crane

Claudia Hillbury

Objective self-criticism is among the hardest of improvement areas to attain. How can one adequately survey his environment especially when he is part of it? The KLIPSUN is about people at college. The KLIPSUN is both the problem child and the most hoped for product of a handful of of these people who want to give Western's yearbook a living breath. It is one thing to pack home a yearbook to show them who ask of you, "What have you been doing?"; and yet quite another to watch it grow and take on meaning as the ideas of hundreds of people are melted into the crucible you now hold in your hand.

The KLIPSUN, 1967, is people—in front of, and behind the scenes. If this book talks to you, our fondest desire has come true.

Thank you,  
The KLIPSUN Staff



western, physically, is a college. college, however, should be more than buildings and trees. college is a way of life for the students of western. college is ...



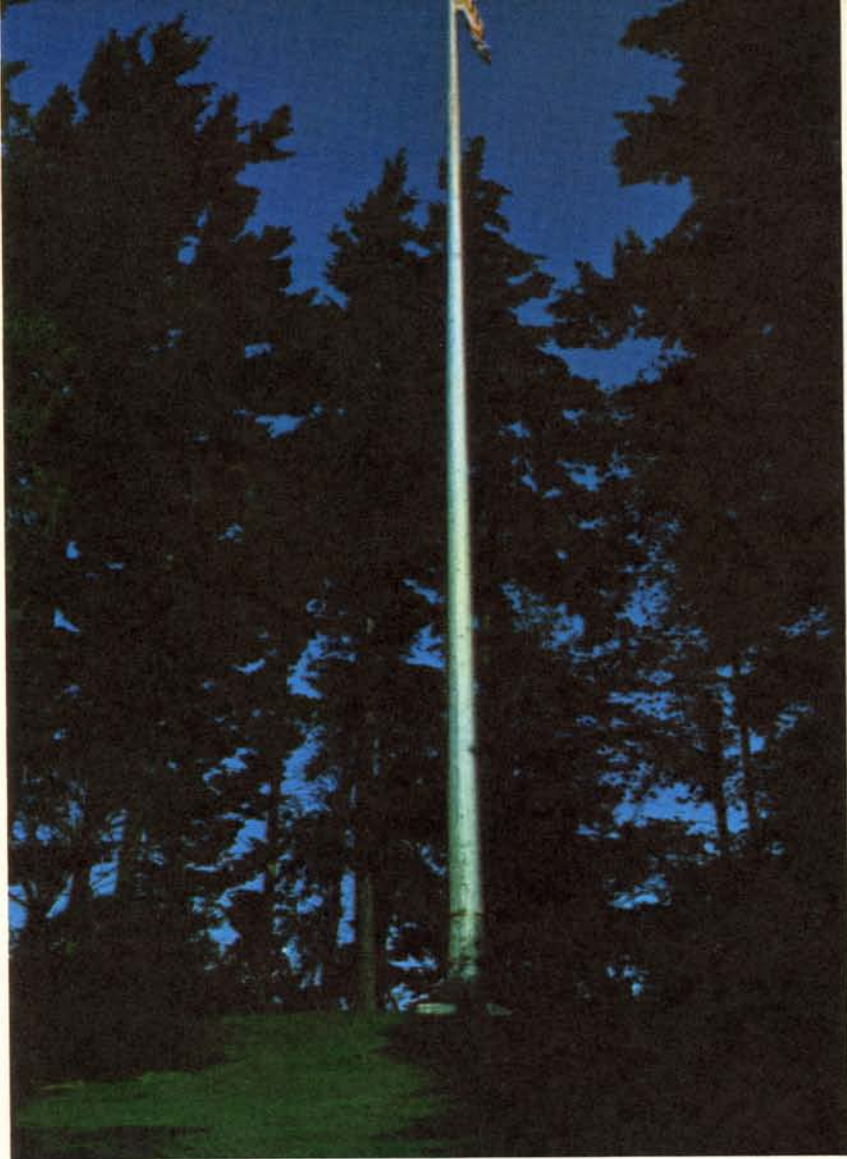


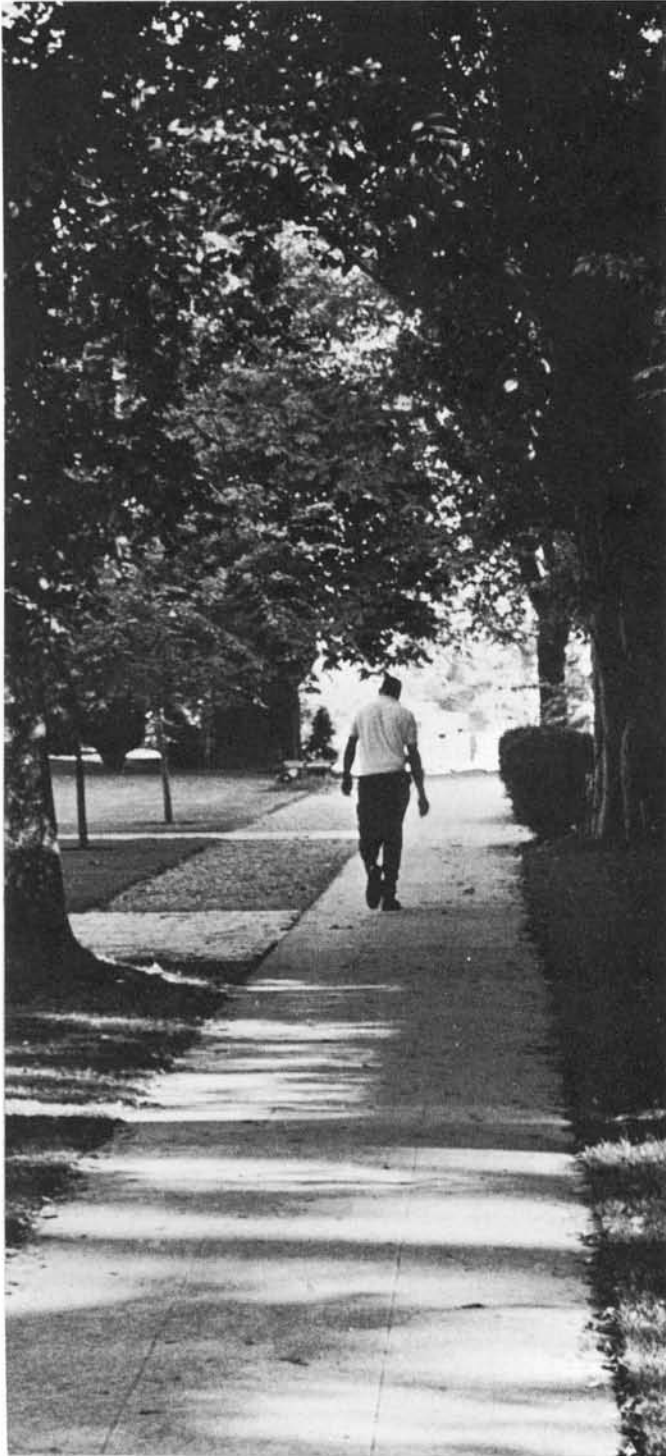




it's a combination of nylons and bobby sox; muddy driveways; and glistening, rain-wet windows: the melancholy eyes and moistened cheeks of young ladies who were little girls yesterday; dozer-cut future lawns; a painful memory of what was; and a dream of what will be.

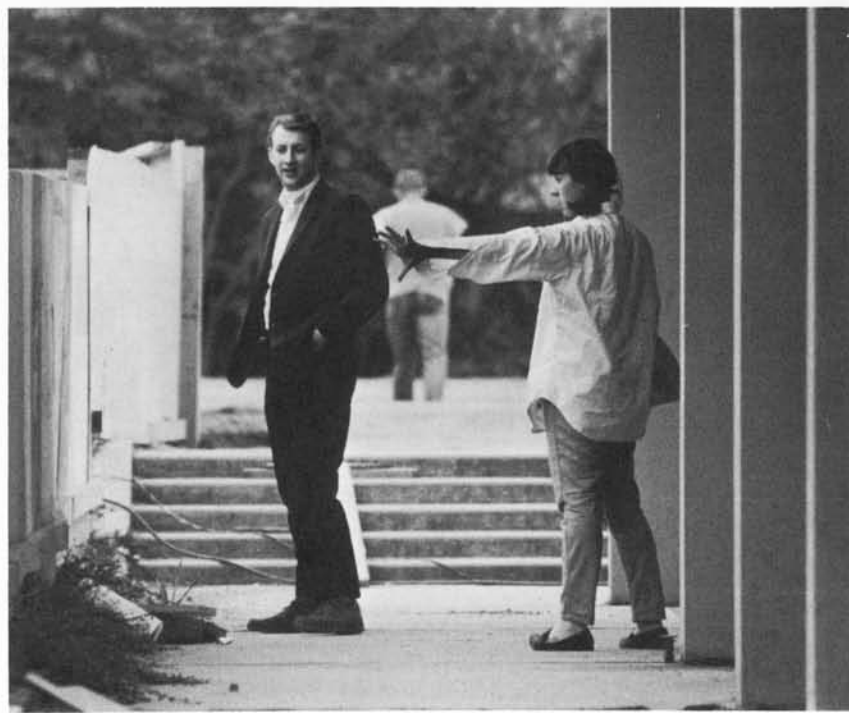






life was a straight line from the cradle to graduation, but now it becomes bent as it turns from the family into myriad individual conflicts. a sterile science professor tells about nuclei and mac-  
rocosms; then a soft-skinned junior from kappa shows another side of life and thoughts of equations vanish along with the lights. a new brick dorm stands beside a bearded church with only a few steps between innocent-eyed frosh girls and a discussion of the death of god. the prim young girls talk of behavioral science and dr. taylor while a long-haired senior says, "religion is an invention of the human mind."



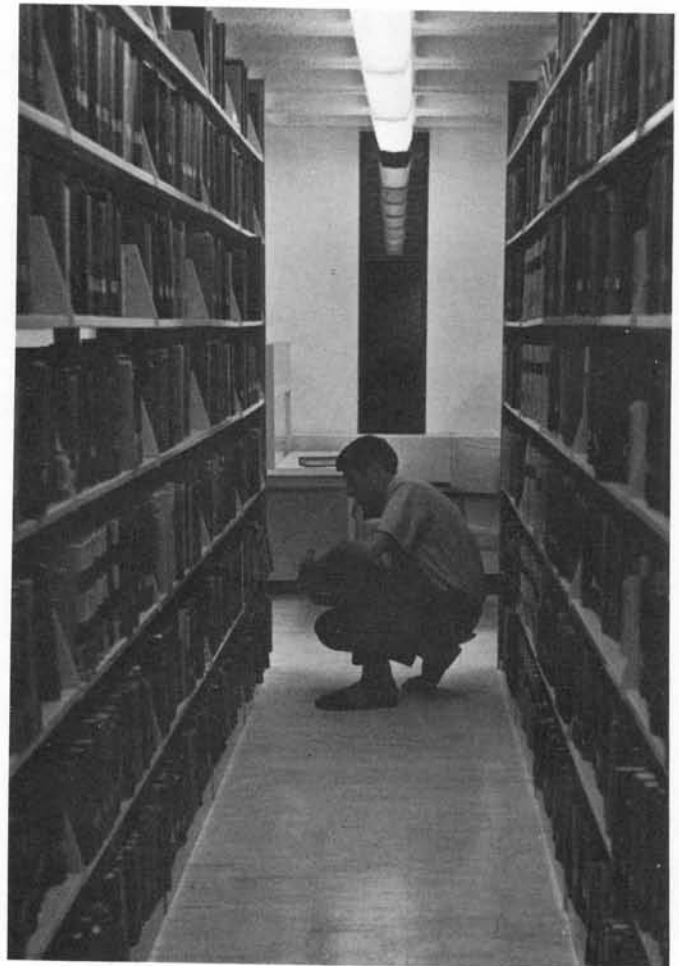


differences collide in the atmosphere and compose another. some professors try to maintain the stable home image carried to college and others tear it down for disbelieving ears and eyes.



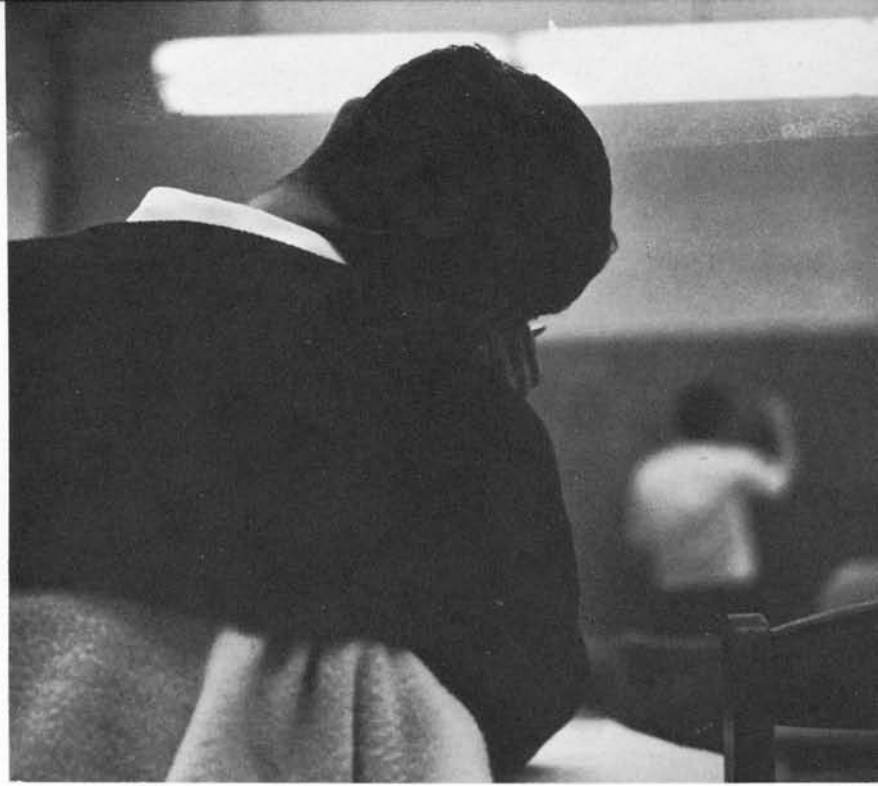


the western hand-  
book tells of prepar-  
ing students for their  
entrance into life,  
but western itself  
often resembles life  
more closely than  
the economic world  
at the foot of the hill.  
personalities meet  
personalities and  
ideals clash. chris-  
tian-born-and-reared  
don't understand an  
atheist who can love.  
a pothead sits in a

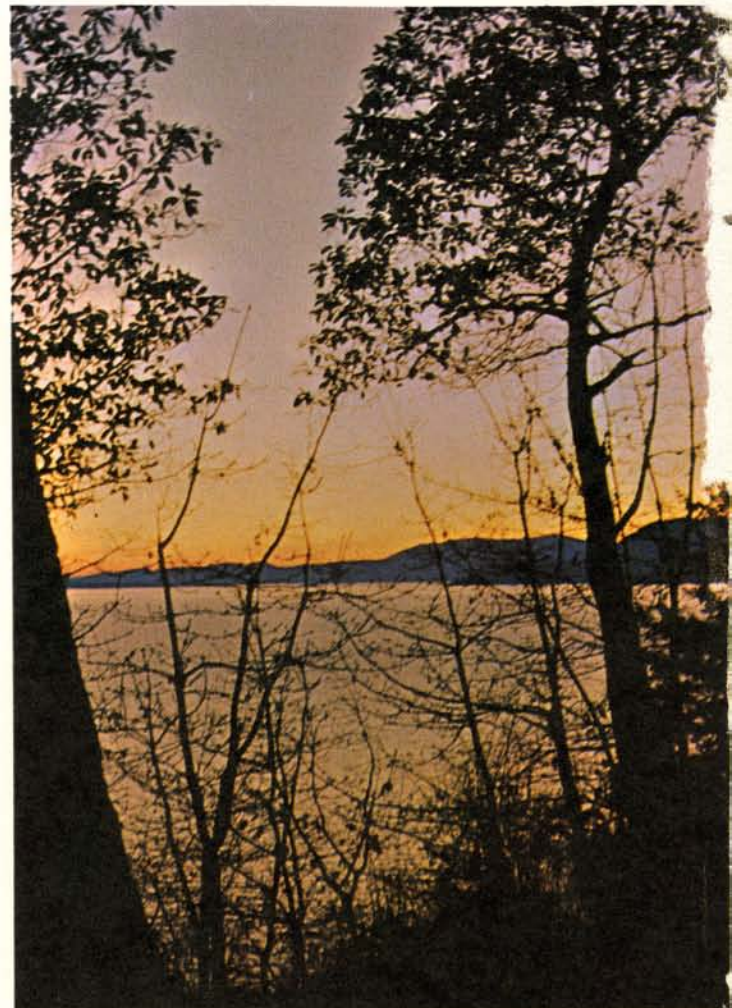
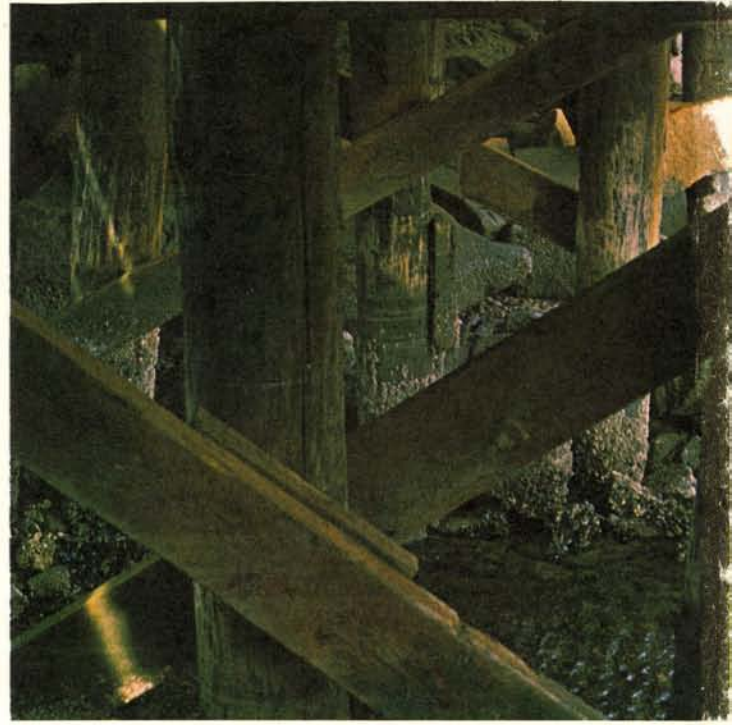




math class and gets perfect scores and no one knows the difference; and he wonders if there is one. class lets out and something is different. the lounge, the coffee shop and off-campus . . . each appeals in a separate way to separate individuals. the lounge possesses a quiet air with talk of classes, meals and ideas. the coffee shop echoes tete-a-tete of football captains and prom queens, while apartment gatherings relax with beer and donovan and converse in another social world.



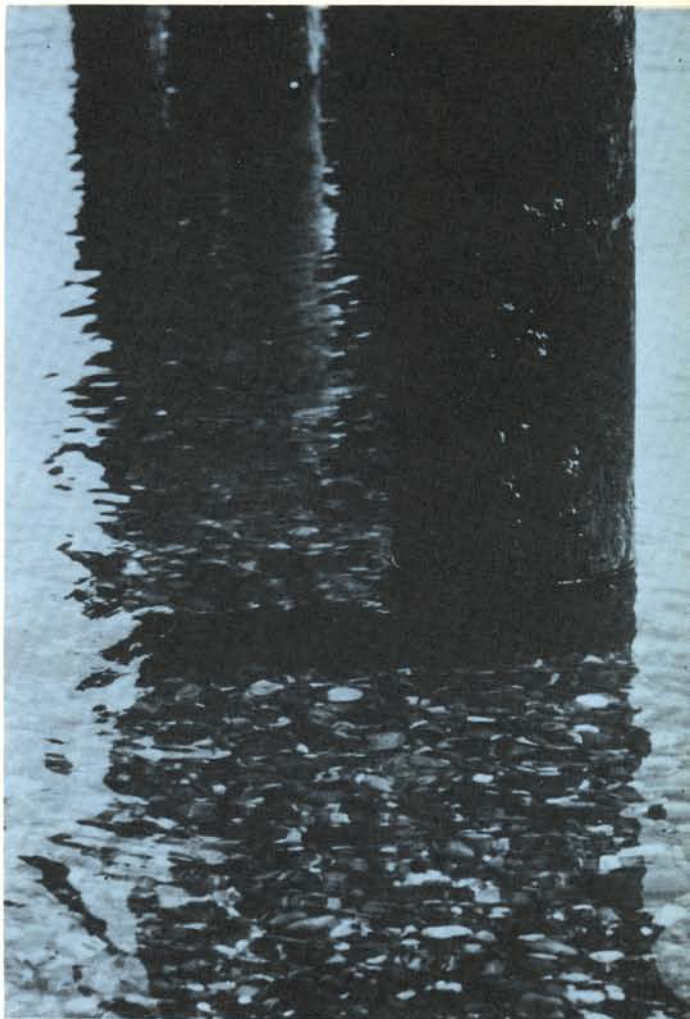
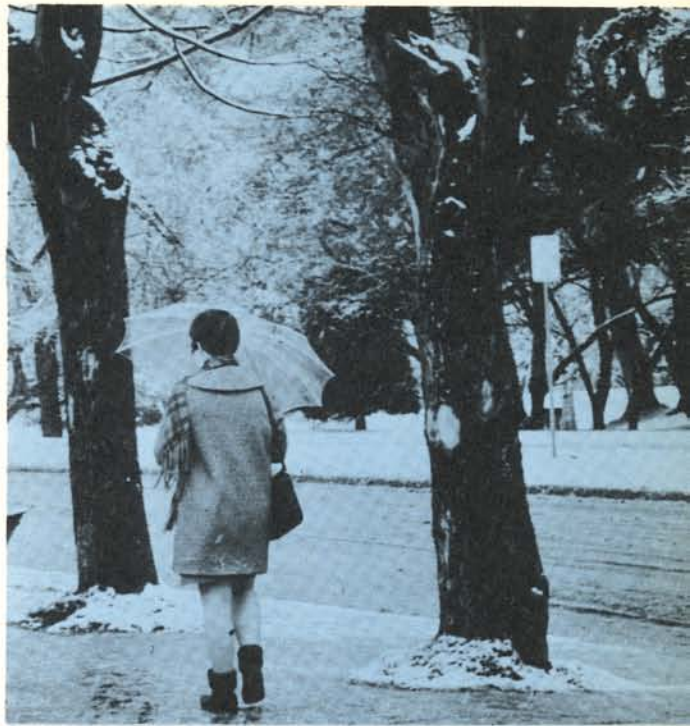
a new generation in social standards (western is a number one west coast party school) evolves from the variety encountered. news of a dollar-a-head keg party races through the union 'til friday night sees nearly fifty polluted students piling out windows and over fences when five yellow-coated local cops stand in the porch light. three blocks away, a half-plastered freshman tells sgt. burley, "i don't know. just a minute. i'll find the owner." then slowly closing the door, he walks out through the kitchen and into the alley.



a few doors away two pairs of dilated eyes observe rain drops slide down the window and disappear. "like years slipping away," quotes a psychedelic thought.

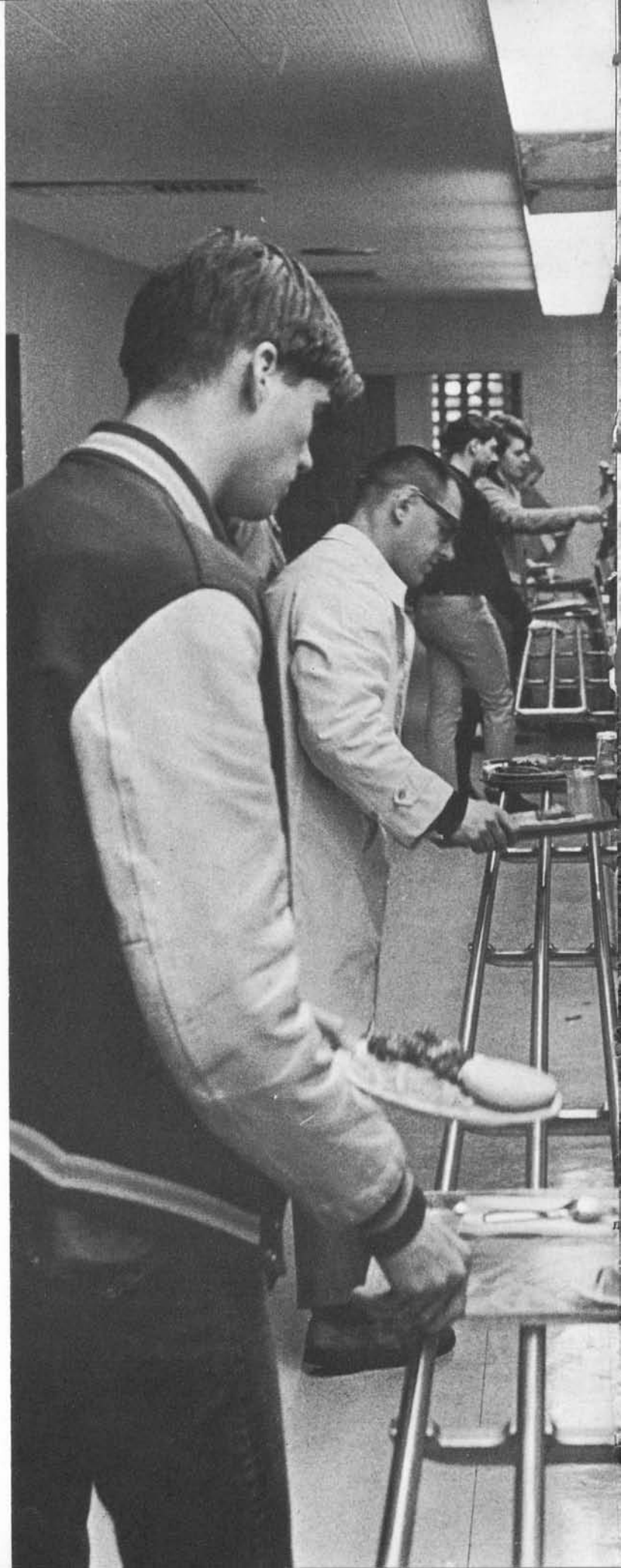
monday comes, as it will, and sehome garbage cans overflow with bottles for tuesday's collection. a quarter's texts and assignments appear in the back alley about every three months, but aspirin bottles, stubbies, and gallon jugs come in between. existence seems to be sustained by weekend releases and care packages from home.

the earnings of a summer soon disappear, so carpeted apartments give way to converted nineteenth century houses. home may be a rear porch with a little gas heater, but it's still home and after a while the place even feels comfortable. paint covers the patterned wallpaper, because, if it came down, so would the plaster, yet every crack has a friendly character.



when “a double room with meals” proves to be a tiny shared cubicle on the sixth floor, apartment living begins to sound good. braving water-slick steps and an umbrella stealing wind, while street lights are still shining, makes breakfast a hazard. compromise brings an early hamburger and fries lunch, and rents out the saga ticket for two meals. nine o'clock classes are easier to make.

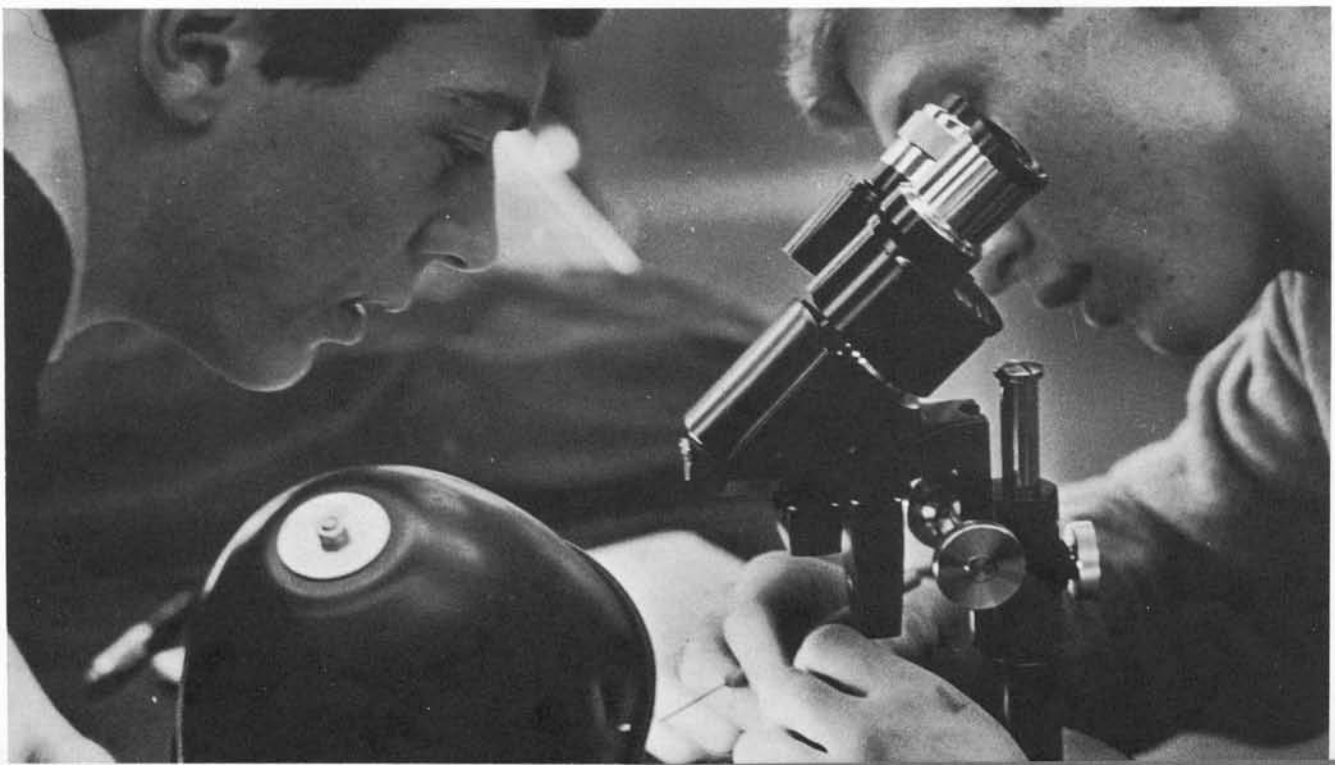
classes are overlooked too, especially when the prof reads like the text. it's easier to find out which chapter covers the day's lecture and stay in bed.







once in a while, though, a certain class is a pleasurable thing. the subject matter isn't important. some profs can present a lecture in a way that makes understanding the idea fun. remembering and repeating the facts isn't a dull task, it's enjoyable.

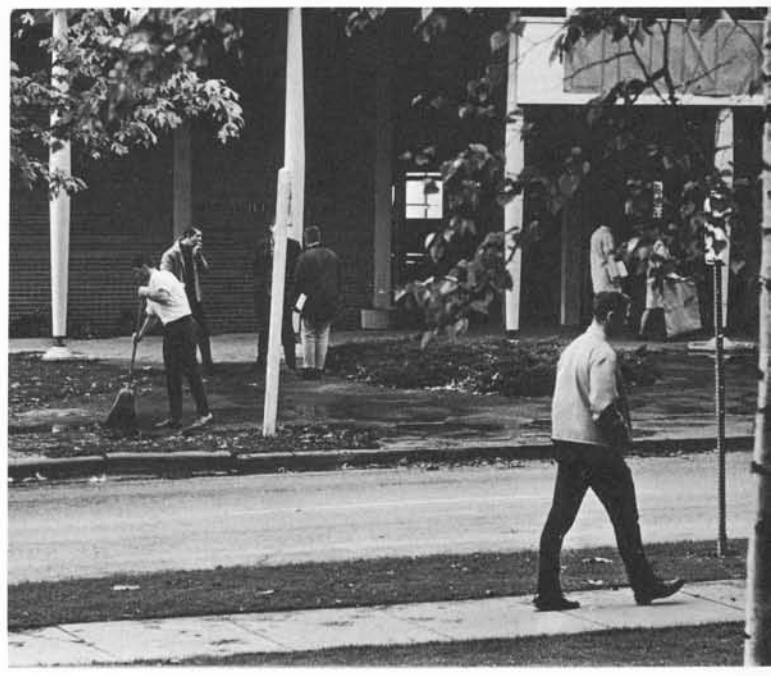






whether studying is easy or hard work, when a day's classes are over a student feels like running out of the building. the sidewalks across which feet had to be forced this morning bounce beneath in the afternoon. where the light was grey and cold on the vu before, it's warm and inviting now, with black, distinct shadows carving an image of the bookstore into the red brick wall.





going up high street the patterned walks and pillars of academic life give way to gravel and trees. across the street, it's blacktop parkways and drives twisting obscurely through a maze of architectural ingenuity. overhangs and sidewalks crossing the street ten feet above, and windows straight up in a line conjure up an image of old sicilian cities.

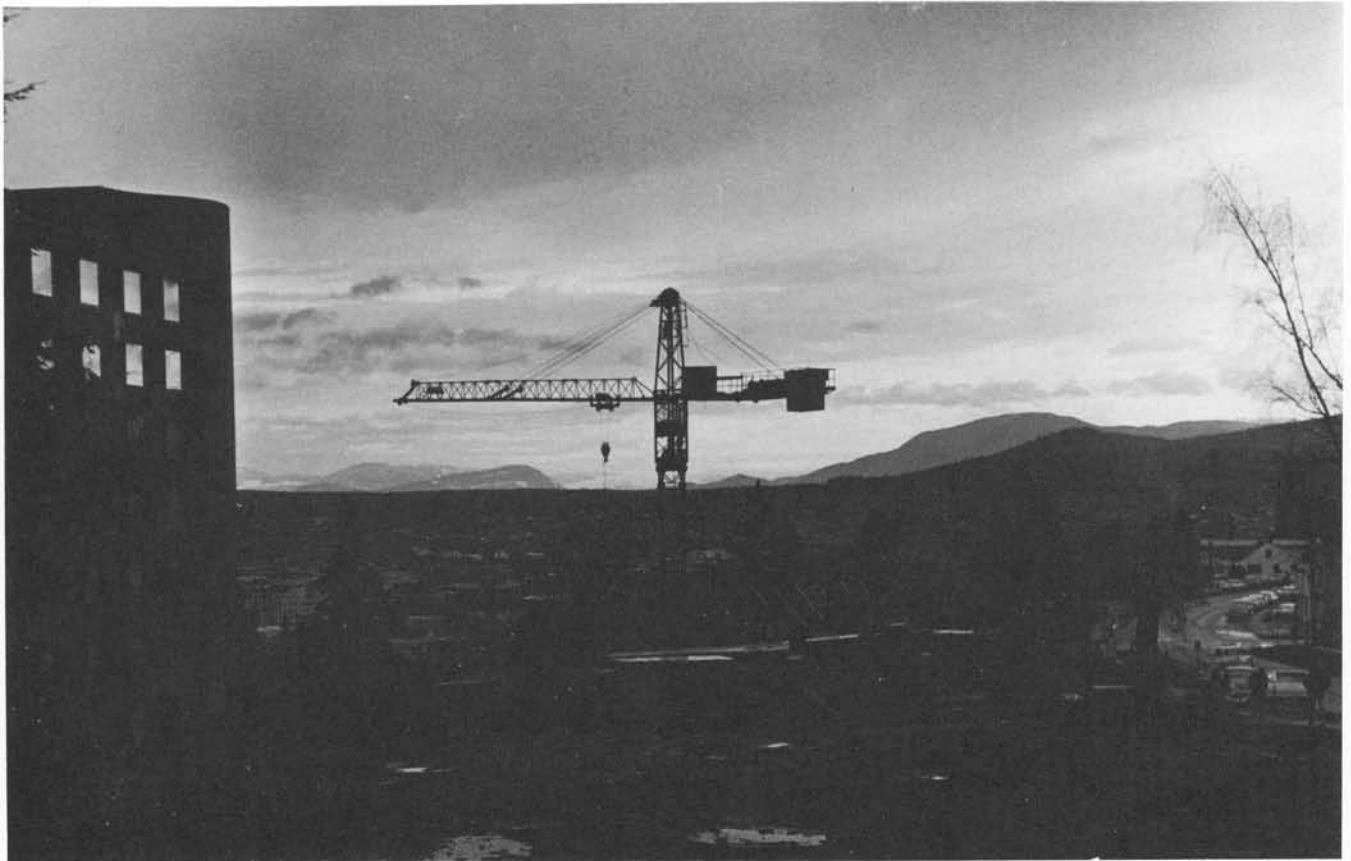


a bannister angles down the cliffside stopping at the first turn in view of evergreens growing almost atop each other beside the ridgeways. on the far side of an artificial plain, sehome hill rises to back the campus.

one imagines what present reality will become. fairhaven college is to be built here. expansive, lime-white terraces are to flow down to the heart of the grounds, dotted by fountains and park benches.

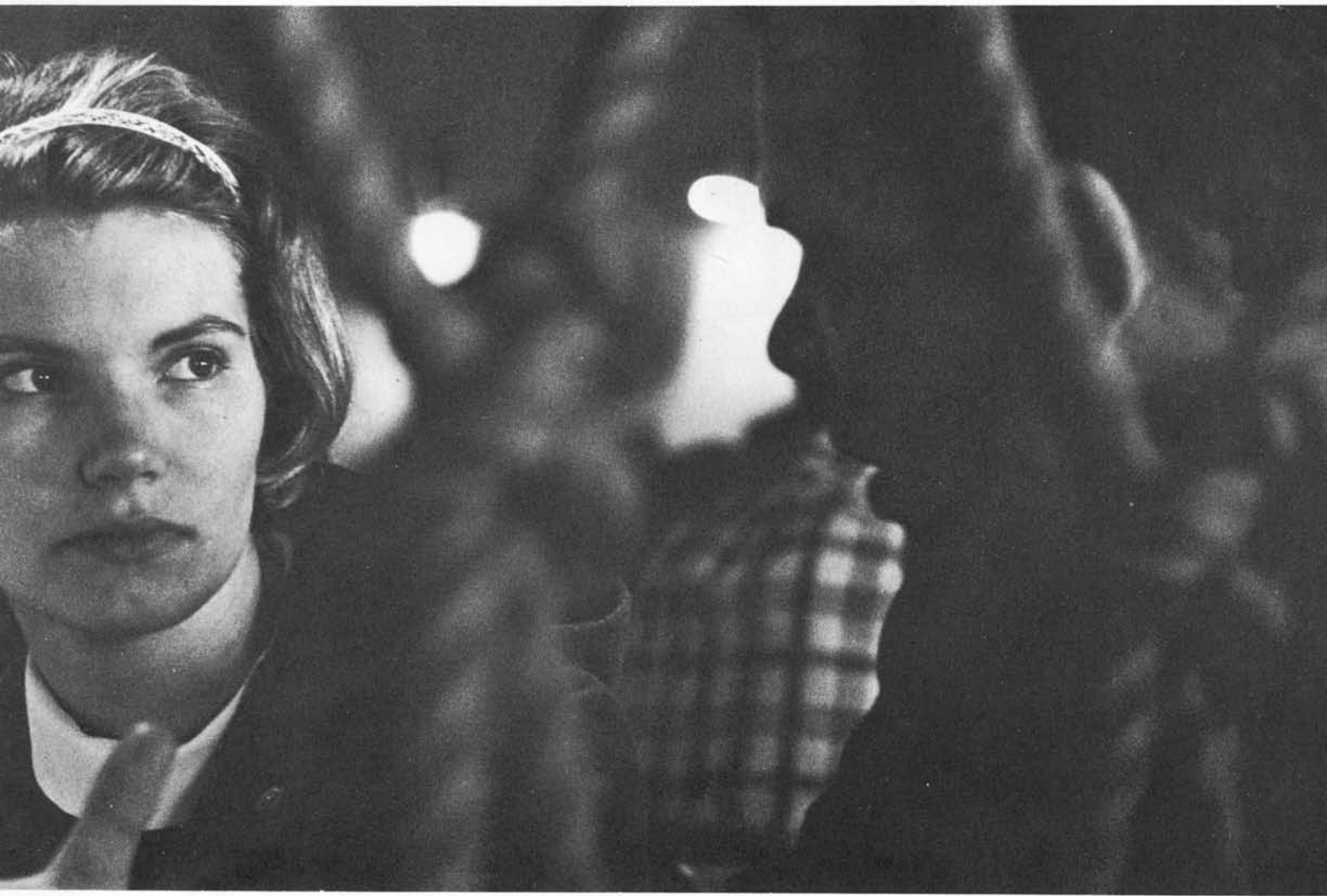


on garden street where torn buildings now stand, the union is to double in size. gravel parking area will cover the grass that is now lawn. already half of mathes' sister stands to view where private residences once were. it's the future edging into view. it means more students and a bigger, newer western.

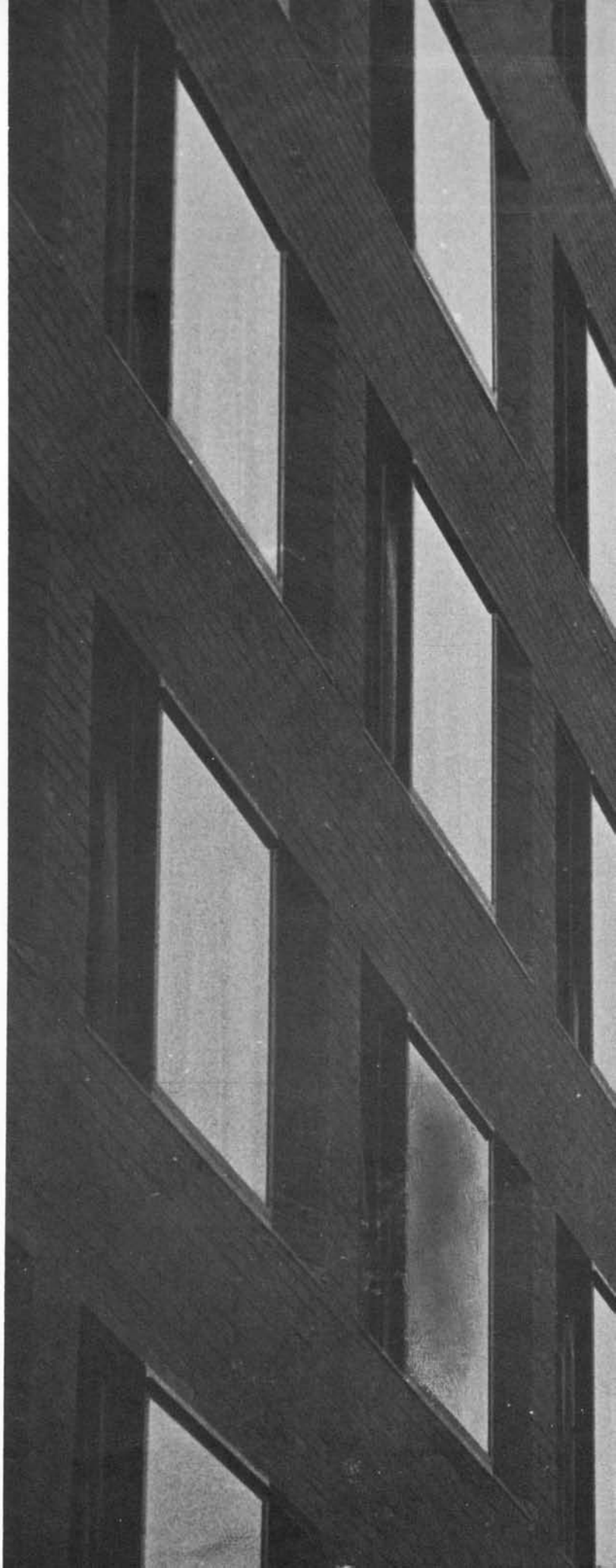


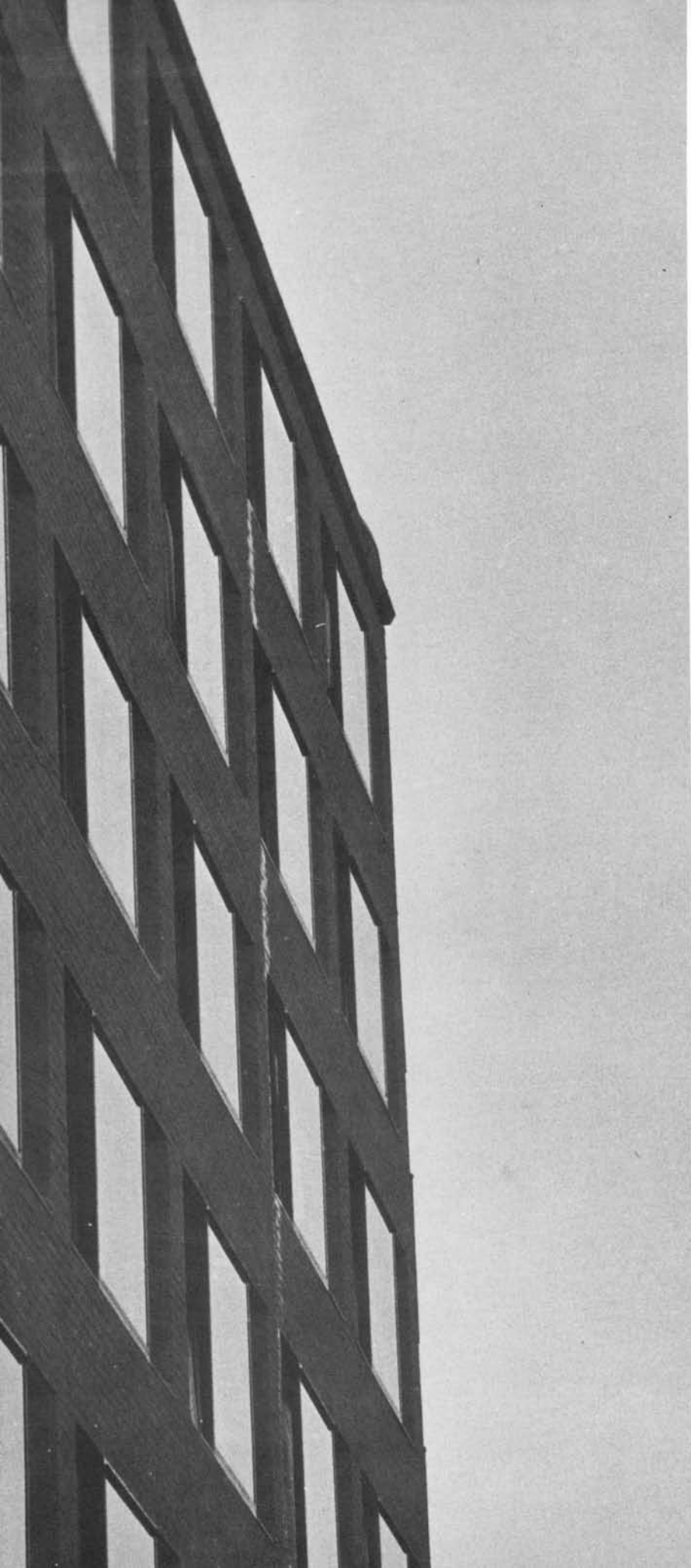
new registrants are rapidly accepted into the school's society, though. life's intensity increases for those who are here as it does for those who come. "how's english?" opens a conversation that brings another opinion on vietnam, something to do friday night, and another method of making french toast. strangers screaming "sds" and "super-patriot" at each other, eventually come to some agreement, whether it's "communism is suitable in some societies," or "we'll talk about it at the bull tonight."





and as more people  
come, as buildings go  
up, and as changes  
occur, life goes on.  
money is still laid out  
every quarter; books  
glanced at and tossed  
on the desk 'till mid-  
term; professors hap-  
pily bid adieu at the  
end of the quarters;  
and spring is longed  
for in the cold,  
drizzling rain.

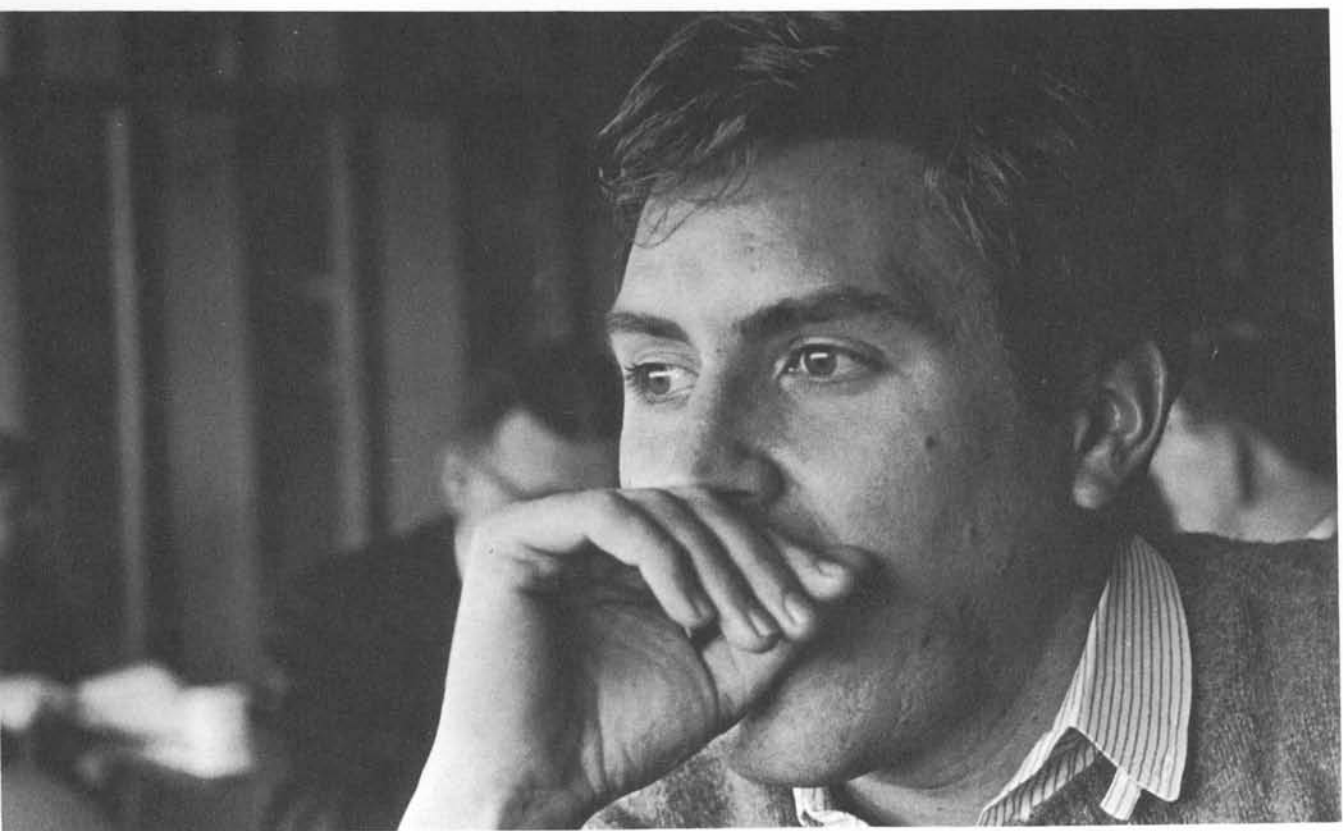






spring comes, with green grass, delightful women, and wishful thinking. then summer is expected, but only partly wanted, because with the sun comes a loss – of a people, a place, and a way of life.





# the president reports

For Western this has been a year of dynamic transition. All at once it seemed as if the great gathering of forces of the past several years had broken from its moorings. Suddenly the impact of high enrollments was to be seen everywhere. Everything seemed too small, behind schedule, or simply inadequate. Sidewalks were too narrow; classrooms—what there was of them—were jammed; the Union coffee shop, except for a fortunate few, offered standing room only. Playing fields, already inadequate, were further decreased in size and number by new construction. The south part of Old Main was converted into an obstacle course as piece by piece great steel beams were woven into the new skeletal structure necessary to preserve Old Main from being condemned as unsafe, whereas Mathes Hall, lacking showers and proper furniture for the first two weeks, provided 304 coeds with more opportunity for adventure than study.

Nor was there to be any relief. Already overcrowded, immediate difficulties were compounded by remodeling, new construction, and plans for projected projects. Despite this inconvenience and adversity, a good spirit prevailed. The Drama Department practiced diligently for

a play even though a lecture hall might not be available for its presentation. Students and faculty complained little, even though classes were scheduled in strange places and at inconvenient hours.

Somewhere during the early days of the year, Western suddenly became aware that it had experienced a basic change in its nature. Always before, unconsciously, at least, it had thought of itself as a small hamlet, intimate and protected, friendly and relaxed. But some time during the year Western began to realize that, although it was not a city, it had become in character a fair-sized community. It was the change in mood, in attitude, in fundamental character, rather than the physical change wrought by new buildings or enlarged programs, that was the basic transition marking the year. But in giving up some of the old, in amending long-established ways, and in developing different modes of coping with new demands, Western during this year reaffirmed again and again its basic belief in the student and its commitment to freedom of inquiry and the search for knowledge.

—President Harvey C. Bunke



In the following pages are presented a few of the many faces of Western's faculty. One member of each academic department was asked to comment on his department as he saw it; its relation to Western and to the students of Western. Each was asked to be as objective or subjective as he wished, using any medium which he might choose—poetry, prose, cartoons, doodles, etc.

This, then, is a sampling of the many philosophies and attitudes available to the students at Western today, a college generation which will in twenty years rule this country, and, "if their elders can be restrained from pushing the final fatal button of destruction" can be counted on. "Although these students are presently confused, they are tenacious and persistent. Once they have resolved their own doubts, they will force the truth on the world for its own salvation."

Elliot Norton

Lecturer of Dramatic Literatures

Boston University

The diversity of ideas and opinions presented to the students of Western will constitute the foundations of the future for each individual. And it is up to each person to seek out the portions which will do the most for him.

# MEMO



To Klipsun  
From Robin Mayok  
Date November 15<sup>th</sup> 1966  
Subject This art Department (Notes on the subject r/)

Art Departments are strange in that they tend to be one of two things - Academic mansplainers where pedants strive to teach the unteachable, or private laboratories where students are provoked into a sort of desperate reality by professors who are committed to some strange visual truth that is incommunicable. In either case the result is rarely art, but at least in the latter the threat of it is allowed to exist, and it can be admitted when it does appear. If we fit into the latter category, and it is to be hoped that we do, it cannot be said that our existence there is yet a wholehearted one, for here, as elsewhere, the "good old days" are still yearned after.

Once upon a time there was an Academy, and then art could be taught - even now some students seem to expect it - but those days are over. Art can be smelt, felt, made, destroyed, loved, hated; people can learn about it, know about it, be threatened by it, and forced into it; but they cannot be taught it. One can be taught technique; how to think art, to feel art, but not to make it - These are the tools, this is the altitude, these are the means, but the end; that, baby, is magic. As the ad. says "magic, magic, magic."



GEARLD F. KRAFT  
*Associate Professor of Biology*

Perhaps the great objective of biology is to seek to understand (and in so doing to teach others) the mechanisms which will bring about the extinction of life on this planet. Many millions of years may pass before the end comes so we now invest much energy in the more positive aspects of continuation and renewal. Man can be defined as that animal with excessive cephalization and an opposable thumb which together permit him to regulate his environment. Western's biology department is committed to the understanding of life (only secondarily to animals or plants), especially from the point of view of the interrelations of organisms and their environments. Full use of nearby resources—seashore, mountains, forests, lakes—dictates our ecological approach to biology.

Operational problems such as the shortages of teaching and office space and increases in enrollment are no less acute than those that come about as a result of selecting a faculty of specialists. We have outstanding specialists in several areas who devote much time to research and who give intensive courses in their specific subdisciplines. An increased emphasis on research is a necessary parallel to the growing graduate program—M. Ed.; M. S.; —?D. Although the response to the needs of the undergraduate remains strong (we must inspire all Western graduates to learn all the biology one must know to be a well-informed, generally educated person; and we must prepare teachers of biology), relative department emphasis is shifting toward graduate work.

The chemistry department is typical of the dynamic growth Western has experienced during the past decade. When I joined the College in 1942, I was the one and only chemist on the faculty. By 1960, when we moved into Haggard Hall of Science, our chemistry faculty had grown to five; this year it is ten, and next year it will probably be twelve.

What can Western possibly do with a dozen chemists? The students we work with could give the answers. We meet hundreds of you each year if you choose the introductory general education course in chemistry and we hope that from it you gain a better understanding of the meaning of science and the structure of matter. We see scores of you who select chemistry courses to support your studies in biology, geology, psychology, home economics and many other fields. We become very well acquainted with an increasing number who choose chemistry as a major field of study and we feel justifiably proud as we see you in responsible positions as teachers in secondary schools, colleges and universities; as chemists in industrial and government laboratories; and as graduate students working toward the doctorate in universities throughout the country.

Stop in at Haggard Hall and visit the chemistry faculty: Doctors Besserman, Chang, Eddy, Frank, King, Knapman, Lampman, Miller, Neuzil, Whitmer and Wilson. You will find them preparing their lectures, having conferences with students, and working with students on varied research projects in inorganic, organic, analytical, physical and biological chemistry. They are really nice people! But, they would have a difficult time without the help of Ruth Minge and Jackie Rea in the chemistry office, Bob Holland and Ruth Schoonover in the chemistry stockroom, and about twenty-five students who carry a large share of the work as laboratory assistants. Together they are a team which I believe makes a valuable contribution to the educational program at Western.

FRED W. KNAPMAN  
*Professor of Chemistry*

The Department of Economics and Business  
(An in-Verse View)

Economics and business deal mainly with material things  
Which to the students may seem like mercurial things.  
There are multipliers and accelerators which give a hike  
To industries, markets, regions, and the like;  
Propensities and functions to give shape to demand  
For consumers and firms with their money in hand.  
Here elasticities and curves with their esoteric charm  
Can do a student's grade point no little harm.  
Then there are income, taxes, costs, and the level of prices  
To place the subject and students in a state of real crisis.  
Production, exchange, and consumption are major areas indeed;  
Their relation to competition the student must concede.  
But the core of the subject is resource utilization—  
Input-output, efficiency, and factor allocation.  
Logical analysis provides most of the rules  
With equations, diagrams, and tables as primary tools.  
It is general business which covers the ways and means  
In an endless array of functions, or so it seems.  
By this I mean marketing, finance, and production  
Along with personnel and general management instruction.  
Accounting as a major field is rapidly growing:  
The results of transactions are fiscally showing.  
Business education is included here too.  
Future teachers hope to make it through.  
But general economics is the broadest of all,  
And analytical skills must remain on call.  
For issues of theory and policy are much in debate  
As to developments and trends to which they relate.  
These fields of knowledge offer a broad education.  
Yet students still can work towards a given vocation.  
As to the future of the Department, gains will come through  
Breadth and depth in programs, and in all the students too.



T. H. SPRATLEN  
*Associate Professor of Economics*



Undergirding our national enthusiasm for education is the assumption that the will to be free, to be autonomous, to be self-actualizing—to use Maslow's description—is inherent in the nature of man. The term *freedom* is used here to mean man's right to choose for himself, or, to put the matter differently, freedom means expression of individuality. As Pericles long ago pointed out, the secret of freedom is courage. Boys and girls in school and young men and women in college are thought to possess the will to freedom; they do not have to be taught to be free. Thus teachers need be concerned only with the release of this potential by removing the blockages and restrictions which stand in the way of a "natural" impulse to be free. The restraints upon freedom are viewed mainly as ignorance, superstition or the limitations imposed by an unyielding tradition.

And yet, on critical study and reflection as evidenced by both scientific and interpretive inquiries concerning the human condition, this facile and comforting assumption about man's inherent quest for freedom is thrown into doubt. The urge to be free may be viewed more realistically as the result of conditioning, acculturation, learning and not as the unfolding of something which is an essential character of man's nature. As Erick Fromm, Rollo May, O. H. Mowrer, Arthur Miller and others have pointed out there are important psychological and social factors which significantly affect the realization of freedom in our society. The literature of existentialism speaks eloquently of these factors as having an important bearing on the widespread alienation (loss of freedom) which marks our technological, competitive and acquisitive civilization. Indeed, the "escape from freedom" vies with the "will to be free" with its correlative and arduous responsibilities of restraint and self-control.

In short, students do have to *learn* to be free; it doesn't just come naturally. The very fact of learning (not memorizing which really has nothing at all to do with learning) gives a person a degree of freedom and with it responsibility and indeterminism. Learning means that the individual can elect one of several options, he can change and he does not have to make the same ineffective, unimaginative responses which seal him off from change. Learning, then, is not only an educational problem but a moral one as well. With respect to children one notes that they are not free moral agents. But one of the sins of commission on the part of parents and teachers is that they are prone to argue that children are never free and accountable for their actions, in other words, morally responsible. Somewhere along the line there has to be recognition of the transition from the dependency of childhood to the independence of maturity. Educators and school and college administrators as well as parents are not sufficiently impressed by this process of transition, a period

FREDERICK ELLIS  
*Professor of Education*



in the life of the individual marked in preliterate societies by puberty rites, or by the ceremony of Bar-Mitzvah among the orthodox Jews, when the boy declares his maturity and responsibility.

Failure on the part of educators to recognize sufficiently the developing moral responsibility of young people has brought in its wake deep and perplexing paradoxes both on the part of adults as well as youth. We exhort young people to assume more responsibility as we simultaneously deny them entry into the affairs of the adult world.

Campus newspapers are typically criticized for their lack of restraint or their inability to report the news. At the same time, reporters for these media are denied access to important information or are criticized for an honest editorial which may also be a sharply critical one. For too many students, learning is little more than the taking of dictation for future regurgitation on cue from an instructor. Dialogue gives way to "conning" the professor and giving him what the student feels he wants. In testing a student, we try to assess what he has done to the material but we really don't seem to care what the material has done to the student. If students are an apathetic lot—as is often alleged—perhaps much of the blame rests upon us educators. Young people have been tirelessly conditioned to learn the ropes, fit in and keep their mouths shut. To characterize them as rebellious is indeed a joke.

One wonders if the opportunities for students to learn to be free are really provided in a consistent manner on any but the most exceptional high-school or college campus. More directly, does Western provide really viable opportunities for its students? The question is not an easy one to answer either affirmatively or negatively, but some observations are in order. One suspects that student autonomy is all too often replaced with compliance; the development of personal uniqueness gives way to the building of consensus; adjustment comes before the risks of taking a stand, of developing a commitment; playing at life but not really living it; being trained for adulthood by exclusion from adult concerns. Students are too busy attempting to become the stereotype of what an authority figure (teacher or future employer) thinks they should be. Rarely do these young people face the question of what kind of person they would like themselves to be. Do we of the faculty have much interest in what education means and feels like to the students who are subjected to it?

Seventy per cent of the graduating class whose pictures are displayed in this issue of the *Klipsun* are going into teaching. Will these prospective teachers join those of their colleagues already in classrooms throughout the land who are afraid of young people and dare not trust them and who view education as a process of keeping youth in line?

The price of any institutionalized prolongation of childhood comes high and is a threat not only to the very fibre of a democratic society but to the essence of education itself.

A Paper read before the graduate faculty of the Alpha Cenauri Institute for Advanced Study. Satellite 7054, Galaxy 141. The month R. D. B. The year 2166.

“ . . . We come now to the consideration of the English Department of Western Washington State College, or what was known as Western Washington College two hundred years ago. It was located on what is now Earth Area 75321, Coordinates A, J, and Z. Data recently brought back from Earth by our cosmonauts tend to confirm our earlier findings. They indicate that the English Department probably was the largest, or at least one of the largest departments or academic particles of the College. Charred manuscripts from the Registrar’s office, brought back and translated, inform us that nearly one tenth of the entire college enrollment in 1966-67, estimated to be about six thousand, had registered as, or had indicated the desire to be enrolled as English majors or minors—a term corresponding roughly to our term “academic preferential”. And this despite the fact that the English Department seems to have been more exacting than other departments in the matter of academic qualification and accomplishment, such as G.P.A. (grade point average); S.P.C.E. (satisfactory performance comprehensive examination); and C.F.L.R. (completion foreign language requirement).

“ . . . As for personnel, the English Department faculty seems to have numbered thirty nine or forty, all of them officed in cubicles on the top floor of a building referred to officially as the HUB (Humanities Building). These faculty members—at least the majority of them—differed in sex, age, affability, hirsuteness, academic preparation, and in rank—this last named being the most important. Rank subsumed the faculty into professors, associate professors, and assistant professors. In a way this categorization may have been a differentiation without a difference—or vice versa: in fact, then as now, there were some who considered academic rank as a vestigial remain from an earlier more primitive educational era. It probably should be remarked that those who so considered it tended to be members of the lower ranks of Academia.

“Academic rank had its prerequisites. Academic tenure, with its right of Free Speech and Unmolested Street Parading, higher salaries, more commodious quarters in the HUB, more nubile secretaries, sabbatical leaves, and so forth depended upon rank. In addition, full professors

MOYLE F. CEDERSTROM  
*Professor of English*



rarely if ever were called upon to teach before ten in the morning or after two in the afternoon; eight o'clocks for them were practically unheard of. Upward transfer, i.e. promotion in rank, or elevator promotion within the Department as it was called, was attainable and was avidly sought. Fulfillment of the "Publish or Perish" requirement for promotion seems to have been in effect; so, too, was the addition of a caudal appendage—not necessarily unilaterally obtained—consisting of the letters Ph.D or Ed.D.—to be attached to the individual's name in all official publications, such as the College Catalog and Petitions to the Legislature.

"Committee assignment within the Department seems to have been rationed in accordance with rank, in line with the premise that, 'them that has, gets'. It should be remarked, however, that teaching assignments and responsibilities seem not to have been apportioned on the basis of rank, all categories of the faculty being engaged in teaching students at all levels.

"In addition to the regular faculty there seems to have been a mass of unranked, non-tenured individuals, variously denominated instructors, graduate assistants, and readers, affiliated, at least temporarily, with the English Department. It is not clear from the documents exactly what functions they performed other than mass minding classes of incoming freshmen. Probably some of them were aspirants for eventual promotion to the rank of regular faculty.

". . . The Curriculum of the English Department seems to have been in a state of chaos in 1966. Courses apparently were being added and subtracted, upped and downed in credits, with abandon. Traditional courses in composition were being superseded by courses in which theme writing was integrated with analysis of literature, courses in Creative Writing and in Rhetoric proliferated. Resounding courses in phonemics, and comparative linguistics incubated. A select minority group—the English Department Curriculum Committee—appears to have masterminded these operations. Exact data as to the success or popularity of their endeavors is lacking—A final word in regard to curriculum: it should be noted that in the years immediately preceding final evaporation of the College, the English Department had tripled its offerings for graduate students. As a result, graduate enrollment boomed. It

is interesting to speculate as to what might have been the effect on higher education in general had the college continued to exist until such time as these graduate students conceivably would have completed their work and would have been awarded their M.A. and M.Ed. degrees.

“ . . . Enrollment in English classes at Western Washington College, especially at the freshman and sophomore level, seems deliberately to have been kept low-low, that is, in comparison with classes at the same level of instruction in other departments of the College. Data reveals that the English Department prided itself inordinately on this limitation. At this remove, it is difficult to understand why. As we all know, recent studies computered at Alpha Centauri Institute, show conclusively that the amount of education a college student derives from classroom instruction at the undergraduate level varies inversely as the square between him and his instructor, plus the blonde at the other end of the row. The number of other squares in the classroom is not a variable in this equation. Nevertheless, the fact that low enrollment was considered a desirable characteristic for instructional purposes seems to be borne out of the generous responses of the College Administration to repetitive requests by the Department Chairman “for staff, and more staff, and still more staff.”

“ . . . The English Department participation in what in 1966 was euphemistically referred to as, “Research Projects Financed by Research Grants”, would seem to have been negligible. This is all the more to be wondered at, since the mid twentieth century, as we all know, marked the beginning of the Data Era in education. It witnessed the triumph of the computer and its incorporation into the college structure. Computer fact education displaced Great-Books-idea at Western, Computer-oriented departments secured major research grants—not, however, without some demurer being made. One notes the plaint of the English Department that *they* preferred commitment (the word may have been, “dedication”; manuscripts differ on this point) to “good teaching” instead of to “good researching”. One suspects a certain degree rationalization here, inasmuch as the records show that the English Department at Western had, itself, accepted a modest research grant in 1966, but too late to implement it before final vaporization occurred.



“ . . . To us here on Satellite 7054, in the year 2166, one of the most interesting and salient facts about the English Department at Western Washington College is its insistence on differentiating between Teacher Education Background in English, and Liberal Arts Background in the same area. Apparently this traditional difference was beginning to disintegrate in 1966. It is true that the differences still existed—premised on the hypotheses that a high school teacher of English obviously needs less in the way of a background in literature than did a Liberal Arts major in English who planned on becoming an insurance salesman or a chain store manager. But the generalization was giving way. Had the college and the English Department not been vaporized one wonders what might have happened.

“ . . . In summary, then, all the available evidence seems to bear out the conclusion that the English Department at Western Washington College, in the year 1966, was the typical English Department to be found in any one of the numerous colleges, and universities that flourished two centuries ago on the planet Earth. It was neither as different nor as avant garde as it thought itself to be. What it really was perhaps can best be summed up in this couplet exhumed from the ruins of the HUB (Humanities Building) and brought back from Earth by our investigators; translated, it reads:

Now fly to Western\*\*\*; there they talk you dead,  
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

\*\*\*This word is indecipherable in the manuscript; it is thought to be “Western”, however, on the basis of external evidence. The author of the couplet is unknown.



KURT MOERSCHNER  
*Assistant Professor of Foreign Language*

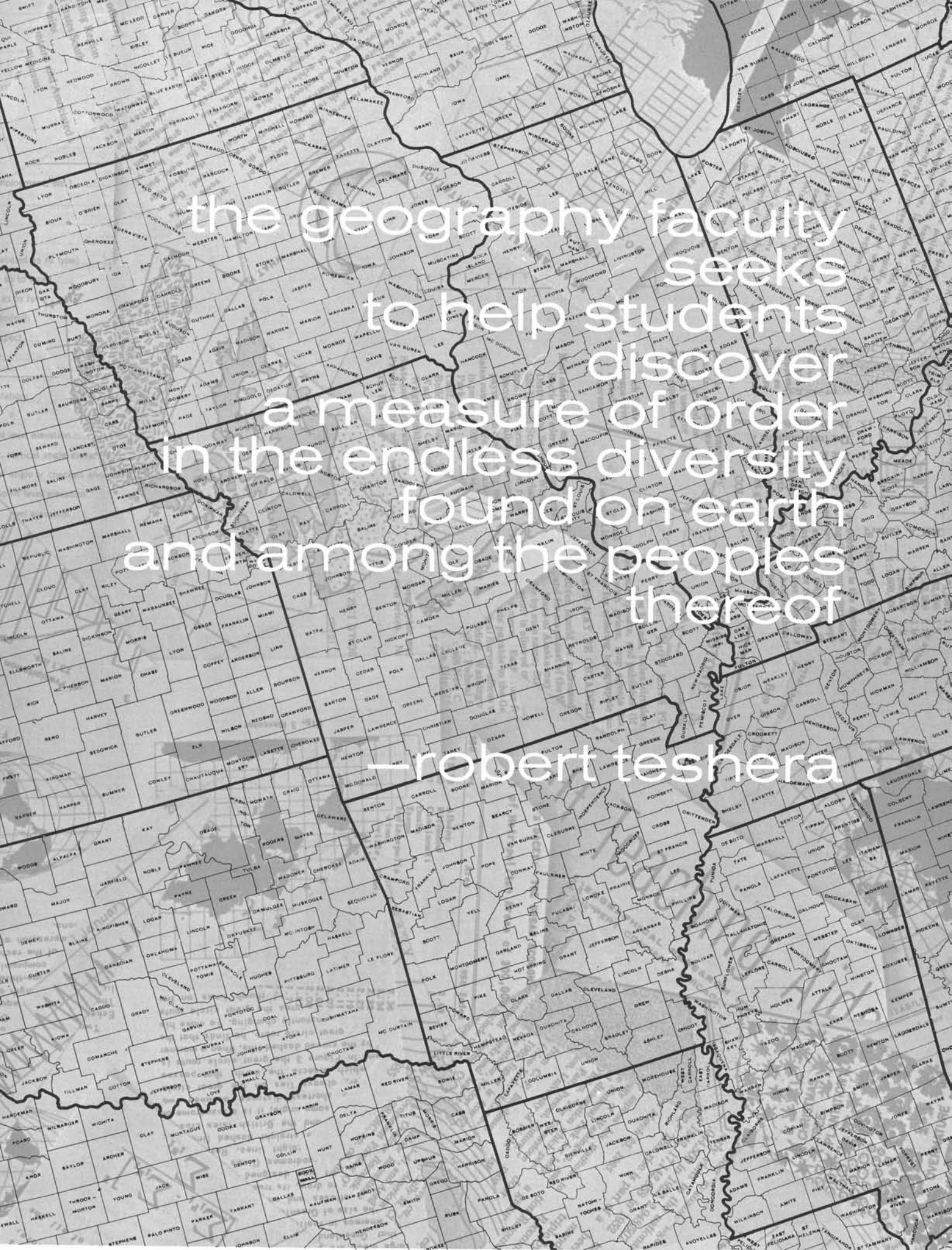
It is indeed a pleasure to state here *my* view of the function of our foreign language department, its future, its relation to Western and to the students.

Language barriers, as you undoubtedly know, present difficulties in more ways than one. It must not be forgotten that languages are more than mere agglomerations of words used haphazardly in order to communicate: The structure of our language determines the way in which we perceive and interpret our outer and inner world. Different languages provide different "Weltanschauungen," different world-views.

An intelligent grasp of our complex, "internationalized" world, with its multitude of interdependent nations, has become a "must" for modern man. Right here we find, as I see it, the essential function of our language department: to help overcome national prejudices, to make available a better knowledge of other people, their traditions, and their ways of thinking by teaching their languages and literatures. (Who knows whether or not the occasional student, instead of taking psychedelic "trips" will achieve a more permanent "cosmic" feeling just by learning another language, whose different mode of interpreting the world will give him the looked-for freshness of understanding and deeper insight?)

Closely connected with these "lofty" aims are some more immediate and "practical" goals, a.o., 1) to provide graduate students (present and future) with the necessary knowledge of a foreign language; 2) to produce more alert, sophisticated, and intelligent "tourists;" and last but not least, 3) to train and develop language teachers. In order to up-rate the latter function, the development of Master of Education programs in German, Spanish, and French are anticipated by the department no later than 1968, pending allocation of adequate funds for library acquisitions. These programs will eventually lead to the addition of Master of Arts programs in these three languages. Similar evolution in Russian and in the classics may be anticipated.

Here you have, in a few words, the objectives of our foreign language department, as I see them.



the geography faculty  
seeks  
to help students  
discover  
a measure of order  
in the endless diversity  
found on earth  
and among the peoples  
thereof

—robert teshera



geology is . . .



investigating a collapsed tunnel in a lava flow . . .

Neither rain nor cold could dampen the enthusiasm of students participating in field trips with faculty members of the Geology Department, highlighted by weekend trips fall and spring quarter across the Cascade Range into eastern Washington to see a variety of geologic features ranging from igneous batholiths to glacial erratics. Among the factors contributing to the rapidly growing numbers of geology majors are student-faculty relationships established on such field trips and the involvement of geology students in faculty research projects.



studying an erratic boulder of basalt . . .



examining features at the terminus of a glacier.

DON J. EASTERBROOK  
*Associate Professor of Geology*

To paraphrase Sir Walter Scott, breathes there a student with soul so dead who never to himself has said: I'm interested only in the here and now. This emphasis upon the present, this sense of confrontation with the contemporaneous, this requirement of relevance, this involvement with the problems at large in the world today has become the banner of this college generation. The Western student has taken his place with students on other campuses and now shares in this nation-wide movement. The present and continuing interest at Western this year in racial developments, in the search for relief from the Vietnam entanglement, in political campaigns, in the legal and moral thicket of LSD, and in the student desire for participation in college decision-making—all these indicate a greater awareness of the present. Even the meanderings of student government approach the emotional and intricate levels of state and national government.

This interest in things current can only be applauded even though at times it may operate to the detriment of the more traditional college activities. Still, a word of caution. If you should say to me "don't bother me with the past, involve me only with the present", then I will respond "if you really—*really*—care about the present, then you must be bothered with the past." The now situations—the DeGaulles, the Castros, the Sekou Toures, the Viet Nams, the freedoms of speech and expression—are not accidental or capricious. These are the results of centuries of historical evolution and development which the current emphasis upon relevance with ignore at its peril.

The responsibility for developing this historical background falls squarely although not solely upon departments of history. The fulfillment of this responsibility is, as I see it, the role of Western's Department of History in addition to the maintenance of its professional programs. The Department plays a vital part in the general education courses at this College and is involved directly in the courses of study of some 820 history and social studies majors and minors. Its course offerings form a smorgasbord from which students may select courses to background their own particular interest—areas, nations, or topics.

Interested in the present? Be interested in the past. A study of history offers the necessary foundation for involvement.



Harley Hiller  
*Associate Professor of History*

## HOME ECONOMICS—An education and a Profession

a career with a future

rapid technological strides made in the past decades have thrust the home economist into the limelight.

the home economist is a liaison between the family and a changing society.

home economists in education, business and industry adapt and transmit new ideas and research advances to the consumer to improve family living.

home economists are prepared to utilize their knowledge to achieve and maintain the well-being of home and family life in an ever-changing society.

HOME ECONOMICS offers professional leadership and teacher training in these core areas:

Family economics and home management

Foods and nutrition

Textiles and clothing

Housing, home furnishings, household equipment, child development and family relationships

. . . home economists are concerned with people and living.

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Edith Larrabee

*Assistant Professor Home Economics*



Sam Porter  
*Associate Professor of  
Industrial Arts*

It is difficult to say why increasing numbers of students are taking Industrial Arts courses: Perhaps they like courses that are devoid of the usual husband-seeking females (although the husband seekers that do enroll consider Industrial Arts the Happy Hunting Ground); perhaps they are so vocationally minded they only anticipate graduation and the hundreds of teaching jobs that are available; perhaps they want some of the insights and skills that will afford some control over their destiny should they be swallowed up by some industrial giant. Some come, no doubt, to apply their intellect where the action is—finding applied knowledge more exciting than knowledge alone. Without a doubt, a few come seeking a department that has no content or knowledge to disturb their full-time pursuit of extra-curricular frivolity (and are disappointed to find Industrial Arts courses more time consuming than most). Maybe others take Industrial Arts courses because the content and methods revealed in this department make their educational goals in other fields seem more attainable or relevant. Who knows why increasing numbers of students are taking Industrial Arts courses?

It seems to me somehow appropriate—in this my twenty-fifth year as a librarian at Western—that I shed the pressures of administrative duties, teaching, meetings and the (regretfully ever-diminishing) contacts with students and that I take a look, personally oriented, at what has happened in the department in which I have spent a rewarding quarter of a century.

In 1941 the “Library” at Western was, relative to college libraries of the day, impressive, though in keeping with library architecture of the period it was more beautiful than functional. Erected in 1928, the building was the second separate college library edifice built in the state of Washington. It provided study space for 450 students, housed a sound professional education collection of some 50,000 items and was staffed by four professionals. It had a genuine and well-based claim to a high rating among teachers’ college libraries. This was due in a large part to the zeal and vision of Mabel Zoe Wilson, who pioneered the Bellingham Normal library in 1902 and guided its development through the years until 1945.

In the tightly knit single teacher education context of the forties and fifties and with the rather limited campus physical facilities, I recall with nostalgia how much more closely the library was integrated with the rest of the college. Often the large reading room was the focal point for Parents Day or choral concerts, or even registration procedures.

My particular concern in addition to conventional reference duties was the promoting of a library orientation program, and over the years I taught many thousands of students in special required lectures, as part of a College Problems Course, as a visiting teacher in English composition, and finally in a one credit required course in Library Orientation.

The State Legislature granted the B.A. and the Ed. M. to Western in 1947, and as one consequence, though not clearly recognized at the time, the “Library” initiated the direction of development which it is following in a greater degree today. As the years rolled on and the academic program expanded and enrollment increased, the need for a vastly amplified and diversified collection of books and periodicals and for larger physical facilities became even more apparent. The entire college campaigned vigorously for new facilities. By 1962 campaign efforts were successful. The building was remodeled and expanded. Services were moved from the second floor to the first, reader space and stacks doubled in capacity by the addition of the new wings, and the new facility was appropriately named the Mabel Zoe Wilson Library.

As I see it now, in 1966, the Wilson Library with a book collection of 150,000 and 1,800 periodicals and a staff of twelve professionals and twenty clericals faces two major problems in the decades ahead: first, to provide greatly expanded and technologically modern services to meet a burgeoning student and faculty demand; and second, to acquire and service an enormously expanded book and periodical collection.

Herbert Hearsey  
*Associate Professor of Library Science*

To scotch a rumor, not one of the faculty of Western's mathematics department believes that every student on the campus should become a mathematician. They would accept happily a state of affairs in which some students learned a little about the field—as should every educated person in this day and age—and the remainder, the great majority, learned quite a bit.

The departmental objective—to teach as many students as much mathematics as possible—stems from a belief that mathematics is of itself interesting to think about, and from the fact that not only are mathematicians in terribly short supply but also that the subject is now basic to an understanding of an increasing variety of other fields.

For the prospective teacher at all levels, the future research mathematician, scientist, economist, psychologist, et al, and even for the curious, the department offers an impressive array of courses. It possesses an outstanding faculty.



Harvey Gelder  
*Associate Professor of Mathematics*

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During the summer of 1966 Dr. Frank D'Andrea, who had been chairman and guiding light of the music department for twenty - one years, left Western to assume administrative duties at Columbia University in New York. His position was filled by Dr. Charles Murray North, who came to us from Alaska Methodist University in Anchorage. Dr. North lost no time in setting to work on the annual problems of a fast-growing department which accommodates well over 200 music majors. Problem one was to find rooms where all necessary classes could be held and problem two was to find enough teachers to do the work. As if his work load was not already heavy enough, he volunteered to teach a necessary last-minute section of music theory.

The music department pretty well speaks for itself this year. The orchestra program with its chamber music, symphonic strings and symphony has furnished an inspirational experience for many students and seldom has there been such whole-hearted, enthusiastic participation in the concert choir, the Vocaleagians and their related singing groups. Directors Regier and Diamond can well be proud of the choirs of 1967.

This year the marching band was a high-powered, high-stepping organization of 125 members. They marched and played well but in several instances the uniforms worn were older than the players who wore them. Director Ager and his staff worked hard to bring the band up to date and before the football season was over money had been allocated for new uniforms all the way around. The concert band and wind ensemble demonstrated their usual high degree of artistry.

The Master of Arts program in music has developed gradually but this year the time came to draft its final form and to prepare for its implementation. This program has finally become a reality with several major areas of graduate study to complement the well established Master of Education degree.

Music teachers at Western are busy people helping students to make music creative, inspirational, artistic, and above all a lifetime experience.

DON C. WALTER  
*Associate Professor of Music*

The Department of Philosophy is making every attempt to bring students into meaningful contact with philosophical issues. To this end: new courses have been, and are continuing to be, added to the curriculum; attempts are currently being made to enlarge the department; and this year a number of internationally-known philosophers were on campus at the invitation of the department giving lectures both to students in philosophy courses, and to the general public (this is a program which the department will make every effort to maintain).

In wearisome days of common sense, monied indifference, easy cynicism, and *hum-drum existences*, it is possible that some students can find new, meaningful ways of life and thought in the pursuits of philosophy.

*Wonder is the feeling of a philosophy,  
and philosophy begins in wonder.*

Socrates, 5th century B.C.

*Philosophy means liberation from the  
two dimensions of routing, soaring above  
the well-known, seeing it in new per-  
spectives, arousing wonder and the wish  
to fly.*

Walter Kaufmann, 20th Century A.D.

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**AIM:**

The merit aim of physical education is to provide a true laboratory for human activity in which the total process of wholesome education is offered to students of every department of the college.

**OBJECTIVE:**

The accomplishment of integrated education is achieved by students living in freedom to seek the truth while being guided by a philosophy. The philosophy must fit the student's environment, integrated with scientific facts presented in his area, and arranged in sequential order to fit the "Time" dimension as indicated by sociological phylogeny. Students must realize the need for aiming man's existence above individual man.

**SUB-OBJECTIVES:**

The physical education program must develop man's ontogeny through the presentation of play opportunities which utilizes the human's cortex rather than to center student's efforts around a systematized assignment of duties. Dictums discourage development of the student's cortex by developing the physical on an animalistic basis. (Example: man-for-man assignments in plays and games have one "monkey" chasing another "monkey" to see which one will win.)

The physical education program in college must be directed on a mental level above the

normal growing plant in its zone type of "survival of the fittest" struggle for continuity. Students in college resent being treated like a plant or an animal, and should be encouraged through a philosophy which will allow girls and boys to think about living and allow them to arrange their own lives. The college physical education activity which is taught on the human mental level, which considers man's ontogeny, allows for anticipatory education along with past human activities. History directs man retrogressively for a broader base, while anticipatory activity encourages creative thinking which must play a greater part in our educational program to balance past history, present critical thinking with creative thinking. Creative thinking, if scoped adequately in the program of allotment time and fed fruitful thought indicators, can result in anticipatory individual actions necessary to a true education which is sociologically sound.

The professional program of physical education must consider the nature and needs of young children. The service program must respect health and welfare of society as a whole. The intramural program must fit the broad desires of the student body. If the building program has located the activity building in the center of the campus, then the physical facilities must be available to the total activity needs of the college.

Frank C. Lappenbush

*Associate Professor of Physical Education*

A physicist is an isothermal object of indeterminate mass. At the beginning, when he enters college, he possesses a wondering spirit, but in the process of reading himself to sleep in broad daylight with certain thermodynamics texts, which shall go unnamed, his spirit sinks into a small hole of diameter  $d$ , where it lives on worms and roots, until one day, probably ground hog day, it emerges to receive that which is called a PhD. According to legend and tradition any physicist who receives a PhD undergoes a transmogrification, from frog to prince, from prince to professor, and from professor to professor emeritus. The bulk of his life's work must then necessarily consist in developing such ideas as will agglutinate government funds.

As for his personal beliefs, dogmas, dictums . . . he believes that matter comes in chunks except when it comes in waves. He believes that for every drop of rain that falls a differential equation exists. He believes absolutely in the uncertainty principle.

The main reason a physicist is apt to forget appointments is that he has been looking all day for the papers he has misplaced, which he must find before he meets his wife if only he could remember who she was, and would certainly have attended any given committee meeting if on the way to the forum he hadn't stepped on his own toga accidentally strangling himself, besides which his passionate belief in time reversal causes him to reverse it. If it were not that physicists are to meetings what matter is to anti-matter, there would surely be more of them present. Anyhow, it is difficult in a meeting to tell which physicists are alive. A radioactive physicist is not necessarily alive. He may be playing possum or he may be one. Possums have been known to creep into committee meetings during the winter posing as dead physicists in order to get warm. For this reason it has been deemed advisable to post NO HUNTING signs on the doors, since hunters are wont to aim at possums or what they think are possums. A way has been found to determine which is which. That is, if the thing is radioactive, it is probably not a possum. In that case it is returned to its wife. One such wife returned same C.O.D., claiming she could not make positive identification, not having seen the subject since he began graduate school. In general, if physicists were not forgetful and committee meetings not interminable, there would be less chairs available for possums in the committee rooms.

As a closing note and to sum up, one might say that in relation to the macrocosm, what physicists are, what they believe, and why they forget appointments . . . none of this matters. As Faulkner has suggested, no matter how insignificant man seems he will prevail and endure, which is probably what the giant dinosaurs were telling themselves until recently.

Donald L. Sprague  
*Assistant Professor of Physics*

The Department of Political Science is a young department which enjoys an independent existence only since 1964. At that time, there were three members, Drs. John J. Wuest, Dick S. Payne, and John J. Hebal who taught courses in Government while being attached to the Department of Economics, Business and Government. It was in the Fall of 1964 that I came to Western as the first chairman of the newly established department, which in order to be different named itself the Department of Political Science. All of us worked hard and with great dedication feeling that we were close to our students and, hopefully, they to us. The Department has grown rather fast. We have now seven full-time people and one part-time lecturer; we will be joined by two more people next year. All this has been necessary because a number of students chose Political Science as a field of concentration; only a few people seem to realize that we had this year, 250 majors and minors in Political Science.

We overhauled our curriculum and have become convinced that we can offer to our students a variety of courses that can be found in the catalogues of the well-known establishments of higher learning throughout this country. We have given much thought to our library holdings but have to do much to become more self-sufficient than we are right now. (Indeed, there is no reason why some of you readers could not convince yourselves or others to contribute to our library holdings.)

We have many plans for the future. For one thing, we will join other departments in graduate activities and begin with our master's program by the Fall of 1967. We are hopeful that a few students will accept our invitation and become our first graduate students. We also are interested in meaningful research; all of us have had a chance to do some special research and writing. Nevertheless, the most important thing for us is to remain a department of enthusiastic people who love our fields of interest and endeavor and who think of their assignment here as one mainly of dedicated teaching. For me, the *raison d'être* of teaching Political Science has always been to develop interested and open-minded citizens. You may be sure that nothing will make the old teachers happier than future political leaders, legislators, and administrators that, once upon a time, were our students here and became involved in the great game of politics because of us, or despite of us.



Charles W. Harwood  
*Professor of Psychology*



Manfred C. Vernon  
*Professor of Political Science*



The objectives of the Department of Psychology are teaching and research. The former has two major subdivisions: the study of the science of psychology as exemplified by our programs for majors, minors, and Master of Arts students and the application of psychological principles as exemplified by our sequence of courses designed for and required of education majors and the Master of Education programs in School Counseling and School Psychology.

The majority of our staff as well as our M. A. students and our Honors students are engaged in research. Several of the former are now nationally recognized.

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I am assuming that this request stems in part from the search of this generation of students for a manageable definition of a universe which has expanded to infinity and for a world view that will enable them to live in it as individuals and as members of groups. I also assume that the query is for something that lies beyond the usual statements of goals and descriptions of courses found in catalogues and introductory texts. I shall try to say something of this nature, but it is not easy because we do not know what the problem is. It is more difficult because I am, in effect, speaking for the Department, the members of which cannot be spoken for collectively.

What do the related disciplines of Sociology and Anthropology have to offer the student? Like any self-respecting disciplines they can offer a wide list of courses. Ours range from the macrocosmic perspective of human evolution to the microscopic study of small group behavior, and from the cross-cultural comparison of any form of social and cultural behavior to the detailed analysis of a bit of archaeologically meaningful pottery. So much for the standard college catalog approach, plus the exuberance of one who likes his discipline.

What can all this really teach you? Let us turn to the introductory textbook for an answer. It can teach you "to seek and find that which is universal in human behavior and that which is unique to a time and place, and to use the one to help you understand the other." It can teach

you "to predict the future by analyzing the events of the past as they create each other through time." It can teach you "to respect individual and group idiosyncracies under the banner of relativism." It can teach you "to make a positivistic, scientific, objective analysis of human values, goals and problems, so that as a citizen you are better prepared to make the proper subjective, humanistic choice of alternatives". Et cetera. So much for the textbook definition of the aims of the disciplines.

Actually the subject matter cannot teach you anything. After all, it is nothing but a series of concepts, and how can a concept do any teaching?

How about the instructors? Perhaps they teach? I think not. They can lecture, guide, inspire, caution, point to, view with, indicate, coax, praise and chide, but they cannot teach. No one can teach anyone but himself.

While the above is my own view, it is probably shared in one way or another by most members of the Department. There is a strong concern with the education, not the training of individuals. We try to "educate" equally the person who plans to be an elementary school teacher, social worker, personnel worker, graduate school candidate, or the person who just wished to be educated. "Second class" citizens in the Department are so because of their determined will and effort, not ours.

In one sense both the subject matter and the teaching fall short if one wants a clear perspective and definitive answers to the vexing problems of today. We do not even have all the right questions. But, we can offer a perspective that lies insightfully, if uneasily, between the humanities and the sciences.

The perspective is insightful because, as the textbook rightfully states, Sociology and Anthropology offer a wider view of human behavior—rational and irrational, universal and idiosyncratic, biologic and symbolic—than other disciplines. It is uneasy because sooner or later we must realize that the object brought into focus by the perspective is ourselves.



ANGELO ANASTASIO  
*Associate Professor of Sociology—Anthropology*



EARHART A. SCHINSKE  
*Associate Professor of Speech*

### Speech—what's that?

Speech 100 . . . stage fright . . . empathy . . .  
Aristotle . . . burden of proof . . . laryngitis . . .  
International Phonetic Alphabet . . .  
dramaturgical thought . . . “on the nose” . . .  
Demosthenes . . . eye-voice span . . . lateral lisp  
. . . tournament tremors . . . “Shaw in Short” . . .  
off mike . . . prime facie case . . . VIII cranial nerve  
. . . Edgar Allen Poe . . . 40 decibels . . . logical proof  
. . . ethos . . . impromptu speaking . . . transverse  
arytenoid . . . esthetic distance . . . evidence . . .  
Readers' Theater . . . mass media . . . Shakespeare. . .  
forms of support . . . aphasia . . . pantomime . . .  
reasoned discourse . . . Federal Communications  
Commission . . . stuttering and cluttering . . . sets and  
flats . . . “Under Milkwood” . . . deductive order . . .  
vocal variety . . . the judges' decision . . . “dolly in,  
pan left” . . . Eugene O'Neill . . . conductive hearing loss  
. . . “John Brown's Body” . . . privileged motion . . .  
Nielsen ratings . . . hypernasality . . .  
choral reading . . . counterplan . . . “War of the  
Worlds” . . . clinical internship . . . extemporaneous  
mode . . . the method . . . National Association of Radio  
and Television Broadcasters . . . 27 forensic trophies  
. . . creative dramatics. . . “This Week at Western”  
. . . the need and the plan . . . lip reading . . .  
speech competency . . . with thought, man's most  
distinctive behavior . . .



DR. RAY A. SCHWALM  
*Project Director*

Art  
Chemistry  
Economics,  
English  
Industrial Arts,  
Math  
Physics  
Psychology  
Soc-Anthro  
Speech

Visual Communication—the act of understanding and being understood through the sense organs of sight, drawing from all of man's knowledge and experiences relating to how we communicate.

In June of 1965, the Ford Foundation gave Western Washington State College a grant of \$490,000 to develop and implement a new curriculum area called VISUAL COMMUNICATION EDUCATION. A committee composed of professors from ten different departments on Western's campus carefully structured the two pilot programs.

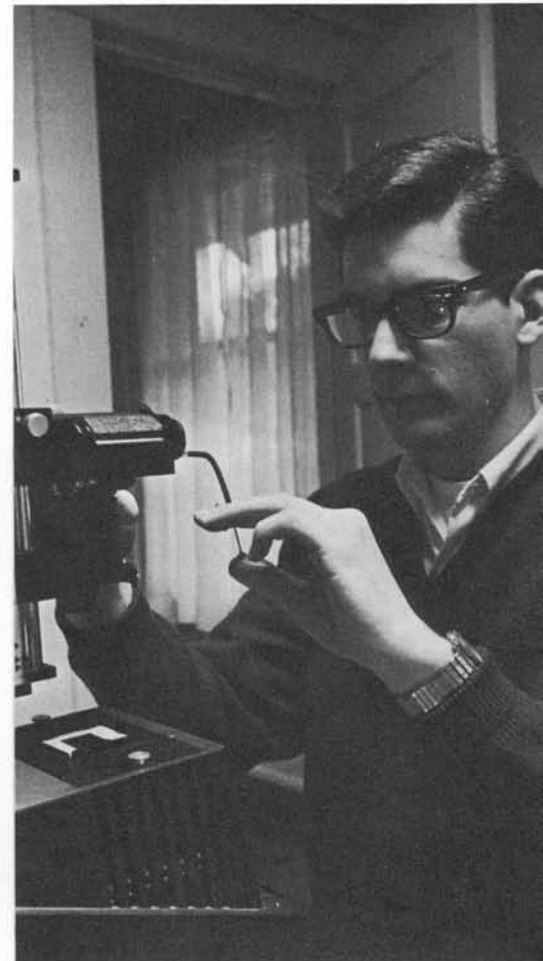
\*A Two-year Technology Program

—designed to prepare the student to enter industry upon completion of the sequence or to transfer to the teacher education program without loss of time or credit except for normal scheduling difficulties.

\*A Four-Year Interdisciplinary Teacher Education Program

—designed to prepare the student to teach Visual Communication in the public schools of our nation.

These two programs are currently being implemented at Western on an experimental basis. If the pilot programs are successful, VICOED could be added to the WWSC curriculum as a new, exciting major field.



The Viking Union has been many things to many people during their days at Western. To some it has been nothing more than a coffee station. However, to most it has been the rallying spot for friends, interests, programs and other leisure pursuits. It has been the place where academic life and friendship became unified. Whether utilizing the services and programs of the Current Affairs Briefing Center or participating in programs dealing with social and educational issues, the students have found a genuine relevance to much of what they've learned in the classroom. It has been to a large extent the center for cultural interests of the students.



Richard C. Reynolds  
*Director of Student Activities*

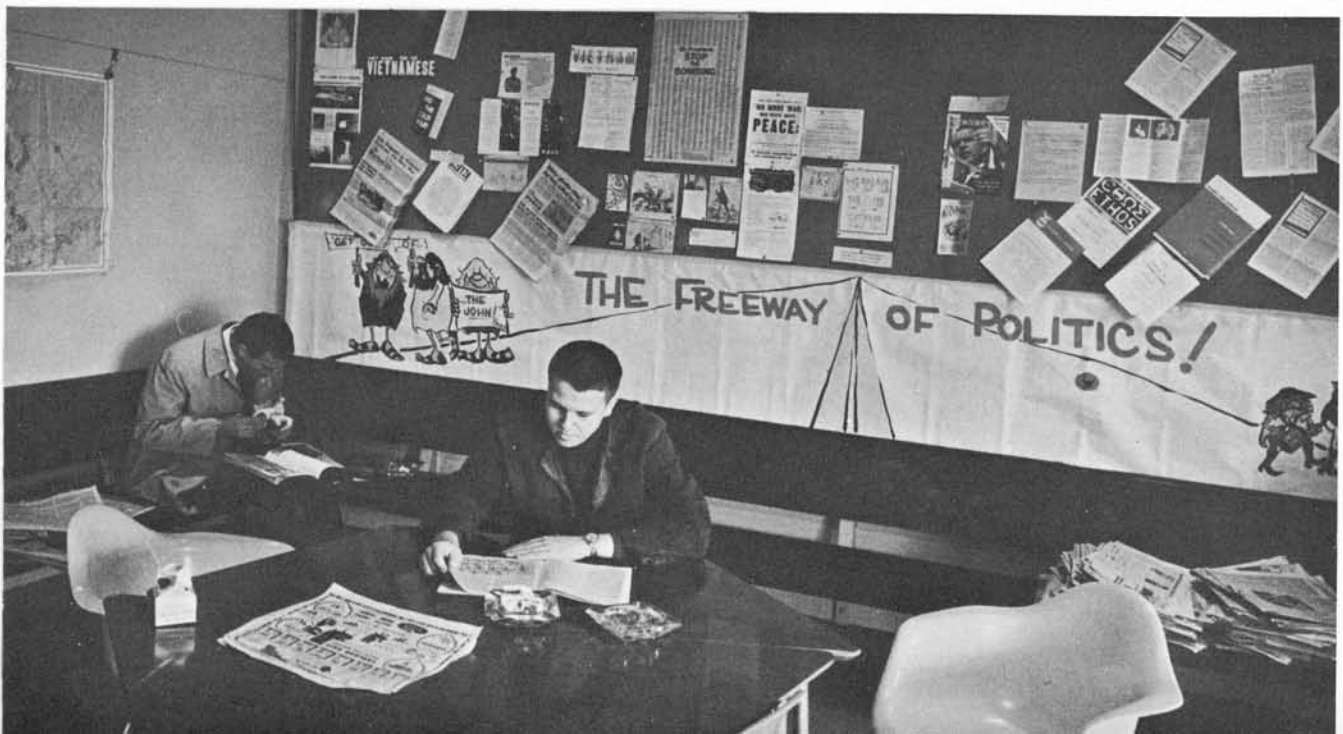
Exhibits ranging from the story of New Orleans Jazz in photographs to fine prints and oils from America's leading artists have interested and motivated the students. And we must not forget music. Programs have ranged from both formal and informal concerts to the newly expanded 500 album record collection for the Union music room.

Socially, students have discovered that much more exists for their weekend pleasures than the mixers. With the cooperation of various student interest groups, the Activities Commission launched into a series of entertainment programs which reflected interests ranging from popular music and jazz to jug bands and banjo pluckers.

Recreation events even moved off campus this year with programs of bike-hikers and roller-skate parties. The Snow Festival was held again and true to expectations, it was well planned and a lot of fun.

Rosario, on Orcas Island, received a jolt this past year when the Associated Students held their first leadership conference. Students, faculty and administrators laid aside their respective roles and masks for a frank discussion of problem areas and possible solutions within our campus community. This has been the year that the activities program came of age. The new organization of student government played no small part in that endeavor.

## student activities center in vu



## in the vu

People, people everywhere—*faces* showing.  
glowing—smiling, frowning, reading, *closed*—

Friends go by—are they really? they  
don't see—me.

Faces posed, cemented with the “right”  
expression—some unheeding, most self-  
conscious—mine, too.

Slippery floors, walking's awkward, what  
if one should fall?—BOOM!

Pigeon toed, loping, high boots, pointed  
toes—dirty sneakers . . .

Wiggle, sway, amble—STOP! There's  
someone familiar—must say hi—“Hi!”

Prim, forbidding—mostly tired—a few  
intelligent. Even tears—unexpectedly.

Umbrellas, paper sacks, suitcases, overcoats  
—but it's sunshining!

Dark glasses, cowboy boots, long hair,  
neck scarfs, dirty jeans, beards—cigarettes  
and smoke.

Sack lunches—hunger—shoulder bags,  
pipes. Everyone wandering without purpose,  
purposely.

Calculating—checking out talent—but  
always closed—always expressionless.

Suave, neat, shapely—colors mostly merge—  
green, blue, beige, brown—then RED—startling!

Obnoxious, loud, annoyed, uncaring—fat,  
skinny, bland, *sexy*.

SHIRLEE READ





On the day that Hubert Humphrey came to Western, anti-war pickets strolled outside Carver Gymnasium, other students passed out copies of *Free Student* (front page story: THE DRAFT—Its History, Class Nature, and You), and the Mount Baker High School entertained the standing-room only throng inside the gym.

Seven minutes after the Vice President was to have appeared, Director of Student Activities Richard Reynolds informed the audience that a half-hour delay would have to be endured. This announcement precipitated a flurry of out-bound traffic, as many decided they would wait for no man, not even their Vice-President.

At 3:40, the exuberant ex-druggist entered the gym, flanked by Secret Service Men and a swarm of assorted dignitaries. He was accorded a prolonged standing ovation.

After hearing an effusive introduction by Representative Lloyd Meeds, (D.-2nd District), Humphrey strode to the podium and launched his speech. He paid tribute to Meeds, and Senators Magnuson and Jackson, recognized a former student of his at Macalester College, ("my old friend Barney Goltz"), and then began an extended paean of praise, in which he lauded the Pacific Northwest, Western's campus, and the youth of today in particular.



There are some who are critical of today's people," he said. "I cannot agree with them."

He spoke of the "great, exciting challenges" in the years ahead, and told the predominantly youthful audience: "You will be in charge."

At one point in his speech, when he referred to the American soldier, a heavily-bearded man stood up without commotion, and held up a blue-lettered sign: "Kill, it's good for the economy." Those sitting near him raised no protest for half a minute. Then a blond student reared up behind the placard-bearer, knocked the sign from his grasp, and scuffled briefly.

Humphrey presented an award for Phase III of the Ridgeway Dormitories, rated first in the nation in the College Housing Category. "It fits and blends into its surroundings very well," Humphrey said of the dormitory. "It is built for people and it shows."

Humphrey's visit generated considerable enthusiasm in the Collegian office. The editors put out a special four-page issue explaining: "The Collegian does not normally publish a paper the first week of each quarter. When Humphrey came on campus, we just couldn't resist the temptation. The typewriter keys flew, pictures materialized, and all of a sudden there it was . . . four pages of HHH."

Alas, Humphrey was nowhere to be found within the four pages. "He came, he saw, but what did he conquer?" asked the front page headline. Three pictures (a Collegian photographer riding piggyback to get a better shot of Humphrey; students waiting for the Vice President at Ridgeway; anti-war pickets), a ten-inch story on Humphrey's speech, a letter to the editor (from an anti-war picketter who was kicked and threatened as he marched) and advertising comprised the paper.

To those students who might be looking for HHH in the paper, the Collegian had an answer. "LOOKING FOR HUBERT?" it asked. "He spoke at Western the other day. If you saw him once, we don't need to show him again. If you didn't see him, that's your fault."



*A.S.B. President Roger Sandberg*

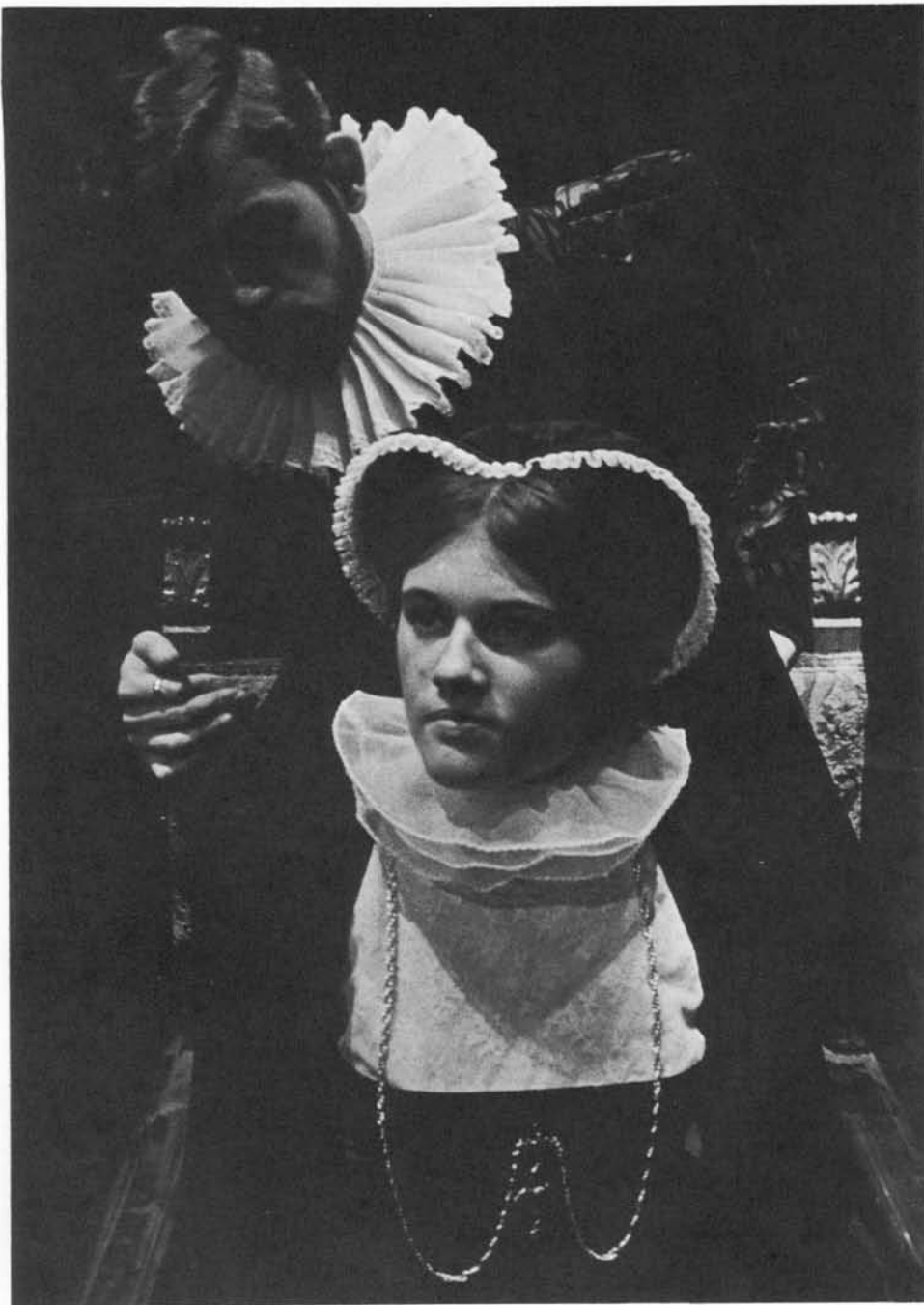
The Associated Students Government started the year in turmoil. Vice-President elect Bill Hershlip was grabbed off by the long arm of the draft. In his stead was elected Gary Richardson, former legislator.

Based on the solid foundation provided by President, Roger Sandberg, the A.S. legislature accomplished much in areas of discipline, student rights and academic involvement.

The legislature did much to prepare for a long term future when it passed appropriations for the well-laid Lakewood plans drawn up by Facilities Commissioner, Mike Wakerich.







*Mary Stuart* was a rare spectacle for eye and ear as it captured the look and the lilt of speech of Elizabethan England. Against a black background, moved vivid tableaux of living history, portraying the intrigues, exigencies, and human frailties of the power structure. Mary, a fresh and lovely woman, inspires many men to her

cause, and Elizabeth, at this time elderly and almost grotesque, has double reasons to fear her. Yet, as the play brings out, Elizabeth also feels a deep affection for Mary, which makes it very difficult for her to perform the inevitability of killing her. As Mary falls, so do some of the most trusted men of Elizabeth's court.

*Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* was an ambitious undertaking as it demanded that students capture the drama and despair of three middle-aged, hard-living Australian working people who must admit that their youth is over. For sixteen years, the two cane-cutters (Graham Cooper, Kent Edmonds) have enjoyed a summer interlude with their barmaid girlfriends, but as the play opens, in the 17th year, they begin to be aware that their relationship, their friendship and their physical prowess are fading. The comedy of their ironic view of life is still present, typified by Barney's career as a rake, all stemming, he explains, from being the father of two illegitimate children at once when he was eighteen. Since both mothers were "decent girls" he couldn't marry one without "insulting" the other and the whole situation made a permanent impression on his approach toward women.

The laughs which were provided by the play were juxtaposed with a mounting tension which exploded in actual violence. After the lives of the characters have become utter chaos, they have no recourse but to rebuild them.





vikings bleed, sweat,  
but  
they don't cry

“For a football team to be a winner you need blood, sweat and tears. There was a lot of blood and sweat, but very few tears this year.” Hours of work, but a lack of emotional involvement—this was the summation of Western’s football season by rookie coach, Fred Emerson.

The Vikings slogged along to a 3-4-2 win-loss-tie record and finished well out of the money in the Evergreen Conference in 1966.

“There was something different about the attitude of the players this year. I don’t know, maybe it was the new system, I’m not sure, but there wasn’t



the spirit there used to be. Many of the players thought it (the season) was just hard work," was the stumbling explanation given by a student close to the team.

One thing was evident, though. The Vikings, as the wag said, were in an elevator all season—they had their ups and downs. Emerson's "I" Formation was billed as the "new look." It was new, all right. The team was shutout in their first two games.

Tom Guglomo broke the prohibition period, taking a 13-yard touchdown pass from quarterback Pat Brewin, against Central. Western blew the 6-0 lead in the fourth period and had to settle for a tie.

Then the elevator began working non-stop. The Viks beat PLU, were stomped by Portland State and kicked the stuffing out of Whitworth in their best game of the season.

After a loss to UPS, Western suffered their traditional loss on Homecoming Weekend to Eastern. They were in the game until the final quarter when the Savages scored 32 points.

Coach Emerson's words before the game were, "We need a better effort." He received it for three periods against the highly favored Eastern squad, but, unfortunately, there are four quarters in a football game.

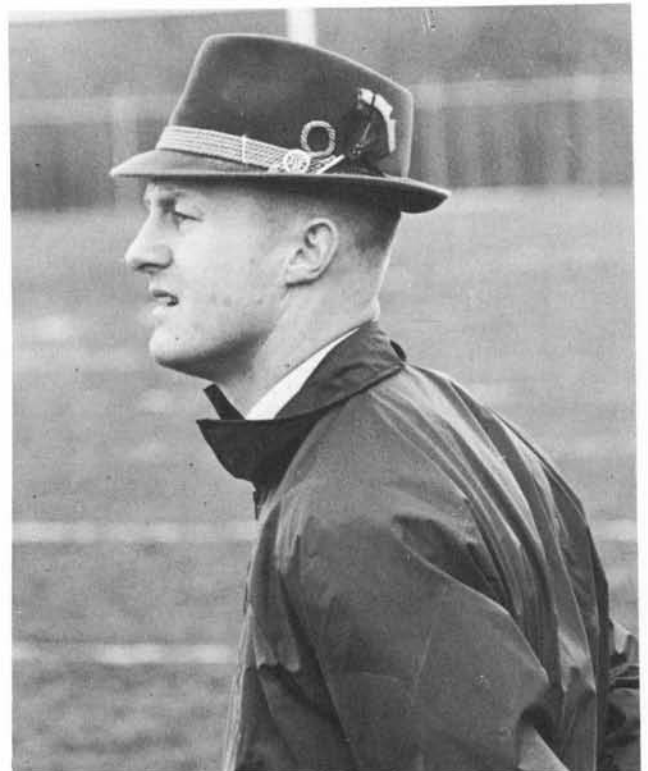


The one bright spot for Western was flashy halfback Steve Richardson. The 175-pound senior from Kent, Wash. was the team's spark-plug and top player, offensively and defensively.

He was the only player in the Northwest to be named to the all-star offensive (flanker) and defensive (halfback) teams. Dave Weedman also made the defensive All-Northwest team from Western.

The season ended for the Western players on Nov. 12, with a victory over Central, but Emerson is wandering over the state looking for new material. Next season the sophomore coach will be more experienced in college coaching and the players will be more adjusted to his system.

Then maybe the Vikings will get off the elevator and bleed, sweat and cry their way to an Evco pennant.





“Charade” is coming!

“Charade is here!”

And the campus came alive with Homecoming activities. The week was skit night, royalty revue, “We Five” and “Sergio Mendes,” the bonfire, parade, football game, dorm decorations, and the crowning point; the coronation and the queen’s ball.

In the midst of this one could always see Queen Sigrid XXIX (Cheryl Engel) making her appearances and raising the enthusiasm of both faculty and students.





Overflow from the girls' dorms is channeled into off-campus approved housing. Here the coeds perch until they have "come of age" and can move into housing of their own choosing.

Perhaps disappointed at being refused one of the cells in the bustling honeycombs, so much a part of their vision of college life, the rejected applicants soon adjust. Many never re-apply for the dorms, content with the creaking doors, their housemother's fleabitten cat and the slanted ceilings.

Of those who desert the dorms for financial reasons, many claim they wouldn't return even if they had the money.

They prefer the casual homelike atmosphere and the strong web of friendships that develops in the smaller living group.

Those who choose a house where homecooked meals are included are usually reluctant to return to Saga fare; those who choose a house with kitchen privileges get used to eating when they feel like it and don't long for the mealy ordeal of waiting in line.

The sterility of the dorms is in sharp contrast to the approved housing with its sometime basement of tools and odds and ends for the creative, its sheets fresh from the wind, the lawn to lie on in the sun, its flower bed to work when it's that kind of a day.







And there is cavorting and giggling in the halls, the hushed clink of glasses by candle light, peanut butter spread under doorhandles. Girls humming in the shower suddenly scalded when someone flushes the toilet don't bear a grudge. And embarrassment over failures in the kitchen is easily turned to laughter.

Flung suddenly into self-dependence, the coeds quickly learn to spot bargains; they learn which grocery store offers the best cheap hamburger, which the most edible surplus bread. They regularly struggle uphill with a tearing bag of groceries to save 25¢ bus fare, silently willing each car that passes to stop and offer them a ride.

Many regularly canvas the string of thrift shops and rummage sales for potential treasures.

And if it's raining Saturday or if studying is suddenly too much, someone bakes cookies for everyone to smell and maybe share.

But living in off-campus approved housing brings a sense of isolation. Whereas dorm residents are methodically injected with enthusiasm for such events as the Homecoming and elections, off-campus residents often are not aware of the activities. And if a girl doesn't have a date to the Homecoming Ball she needn't be ashamed; the other girls in the house probably haven't heard of it.

Girls entertain their guests in the living room (complete with raveling rug and plastic flowers) or, in a moment of recklessness, invite them to share one of their meals.

Sometimes they sit around the kitchen table talking or playing the guitar until the clock claims it's midnight and the housemother is frowning in the doorway. Early risers the next morning eat their breakfast amidst the forgotten clutter of clogged ash trays and coffee mugs.

Hunger inevitably strikes most of the inmates at the same time; almost every evening the kitchen is suddenly crowded and loud. A cluster of girls stand guard at the stove, reaching around each other to salvage burning grilled cheese sandwiches or turn a ("sale-45¢ lb") pork chop.

For many it is their first experience with cooking; some never quite catch on.

Rummaging through bloated refrigerators in search of yesterday's Jello they happen on forgotten beans fuzzy with mold and last week's soured corn, and somehow aren't hungry for desert any more.

Coeds weary of soup and toast look longingly at their friend's steaming casserole; she doesn't tell them that the casserole has the consistency of paper maché and tastes like salty wallpaper paste.

But sometimes the kitchen is deserted and a girl prepares her dinner in silence.

Watching the rainbows from the Salvation Army chandelier stretching along the wall and the sunset spreading slowly across the sky, she maybe thinks of this as home.





The Collegian, synonymous with controversy, flew off to a fast start under aeronautical editor Bruce Delbridge last September. The City of Bellingham was the first victim of their verbal sword in the freshman-welcome issue. Right away the newspaper was involved in the annual controversy over control of content and editorial freedom.

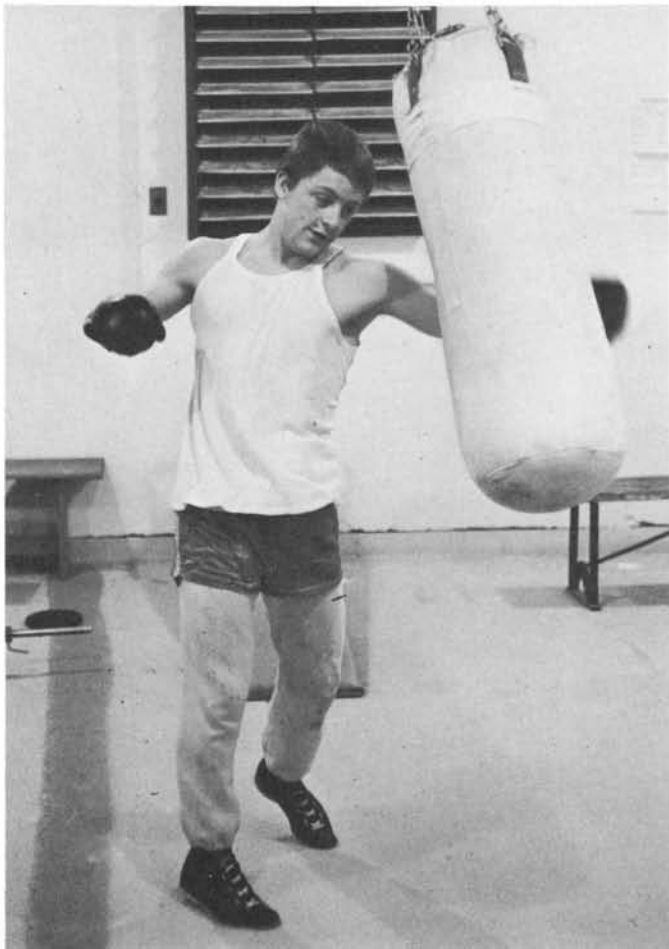
For a while Delbridge played musical managing editors as the Publications Board forced the axing of the Bellingham story author, Noel Bourasaw, ostensibly because of a grade-point below 2.50. Mary Magnuson, the Collegian's favorite sweetheart, finally took the post and held it until Spring quarter when Bourasaw stepped back into the fray.

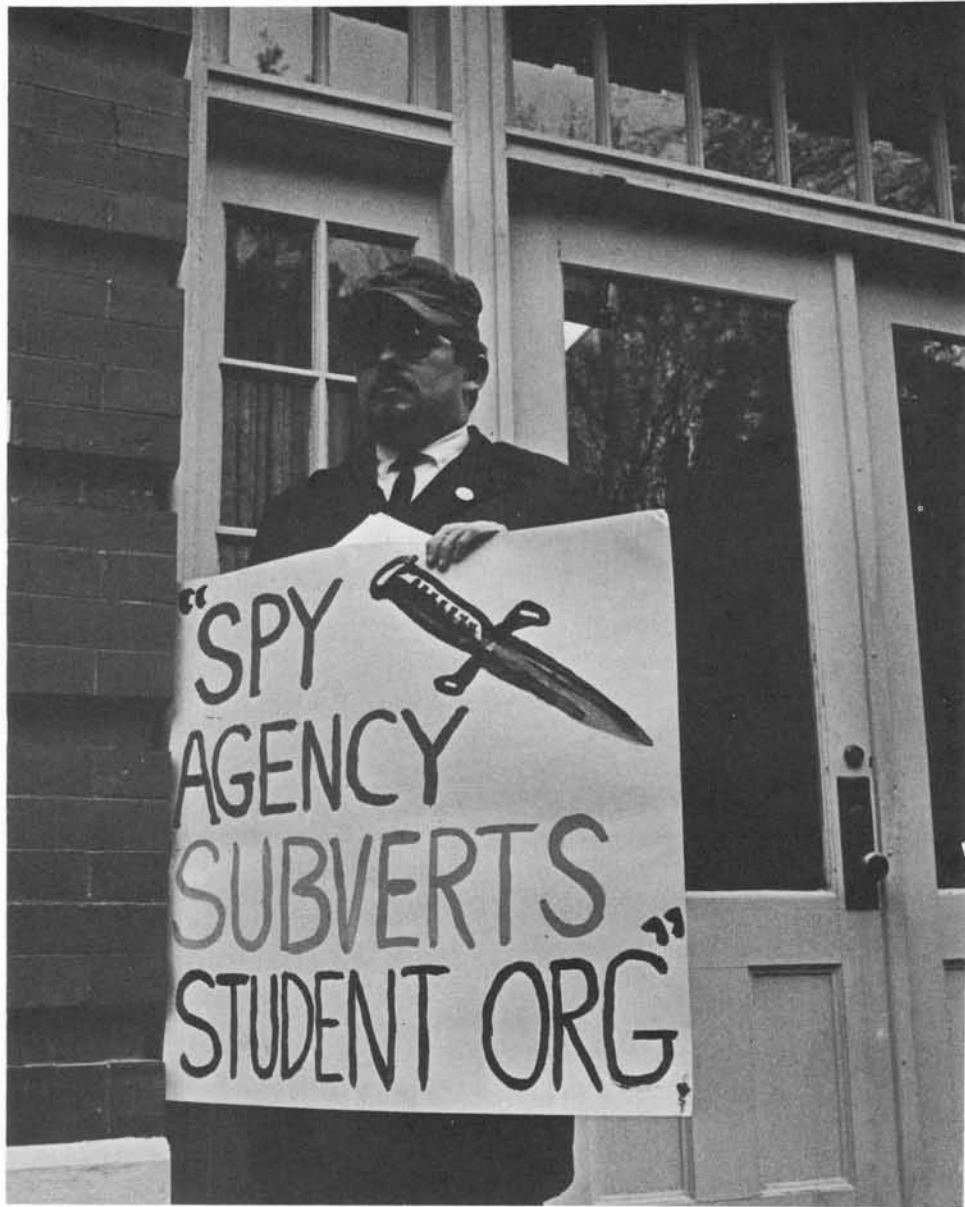
Vietnam, LSD and student rights were big issues and the Collegian took occasional potshots at the Administration in Old Mange as well. For the first time in several years the editors stayed away from attacks on the A.S. Legislature, much to the relief of the Blue Bunglers.

Most often heard remark from Publications Adviser Ed Nicholls' office was, "Oh, God, what have they done now?"









With respect to Western, this seems to be the year of the three-letter infamy—LSD, CIA, POT. In reference to the first item, a revolution in thinking is coming about, centering upon the idea of that which goes up need not necessarily come down—you probably even know people like that.

What is “student rights”? Even the best definitions would seem to be much too narrow in application. Call it, if you will, acknowledgement or declaration of students as responsible adults capable of deciding for themselves. This applies from self-government to the usage or experimentation with drugs in the voicing of opinion against felt injustices.

It was the right of some students to boycott Vice-President Humphrey and to demonstrate

against the CIA on campus as it was for their opposite faction to embrace these same events.

The first quarter observed the formation of the “Off Campus Student Union” (OCSU) in an attempt to bring about a greater voice in the student government for off-campus students.

Western, 1967, Smacks of the drug issue. For some the controversies centered upon the fact that there were drugs on campus, for others, the fact that these available drugs were too highly priced.

The diverging factions and elemental segments of the college community forced, at least to a limited degree, a realization of the range of ideas which go to make up the faces of Western and to emphasize the importance of the strides made in the vital area of student rights.



Western this year faced the problem of housing the ever-increasing enrollment. As a result many students, out of choice or necessity, moved into private apartments or houses off-campus.

Ah, freedom . . . away from the routine of dorms and out from under the thumb of a housemother. Doing what one wants whenever the mood strikes.

Scanning ads . . . panting up hills and pounding on doors . . . hearing rumors of a 3-room apartment for only \$35 per—must be a joke. Rumor correct; the apartment was the joke.

Finally settled . . . buying food and essentials (potato chips, pretzels, beer, lobster tails on sale, 3 kinds of cereal and 5 pounds of hamburger). A quick trip downtown for a real necessity—a plunger for the toilet (the nearest gas station is two blocks away).

No hours . . . losing track of time and having to ask whether it's Tuesday or Thursday. Then there's Friday party-time; laughing at the chicks who do the famous ten-to-two Cinderella jump . . . back again by twenty-five past.

Arts on walls . . . charcoal on wallpaper, "Untitled," by Previous Resident. "Abstract Cracks" by Alaska Earthquake 1965.

Burlap sacking curtains provides privacy at night, the lights of passing cars sending distorted silhouettes careening across the ceiling and walls. In the morning sunlight oozes through the burlap sieve, melting whatever



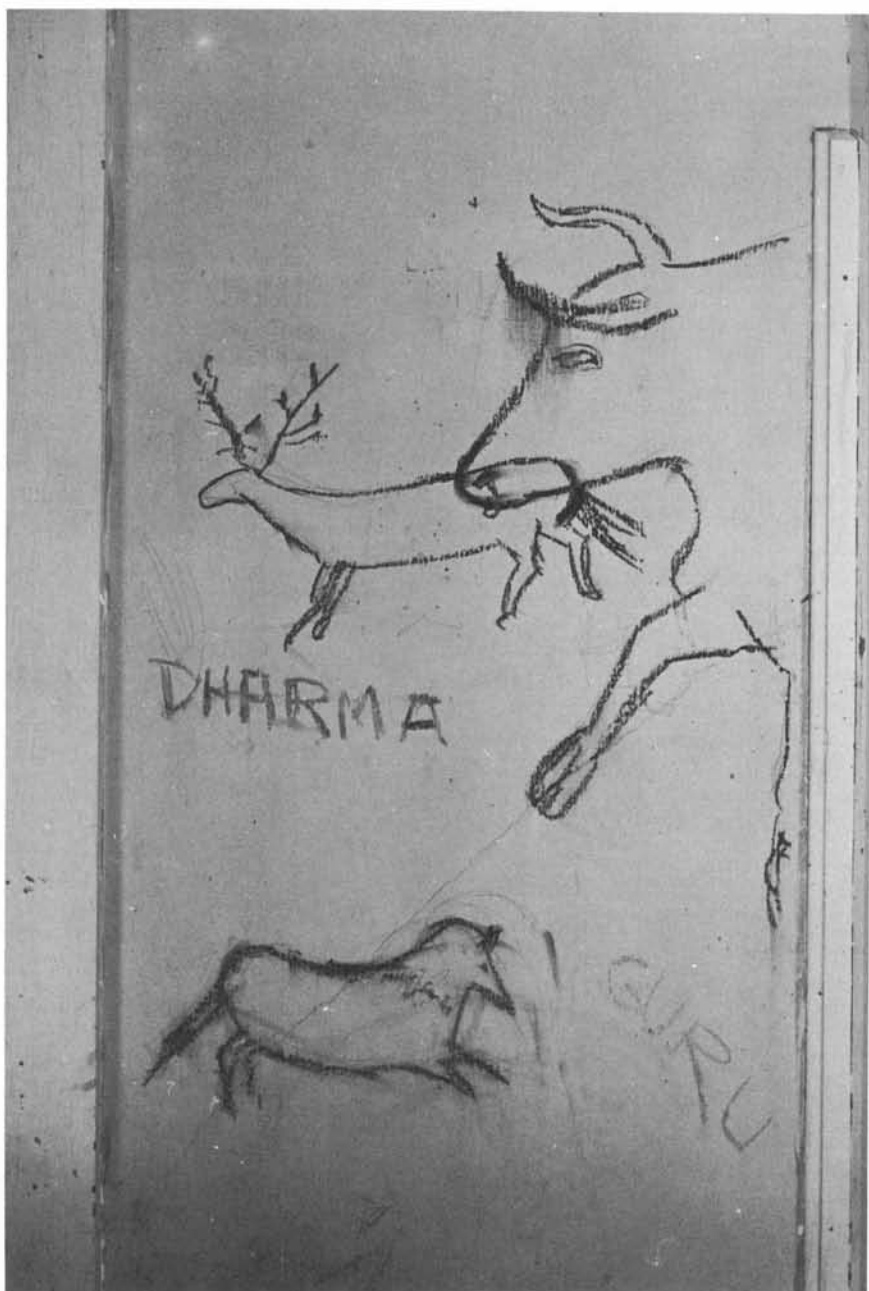


determination one thought he had, and leaving Afro-Asia with yet another empty seat.

Call landlord. . .the last burner on the stove finally gave out . . .he's on vacation in Mexico. No problem says roomie, drink beer instead of coffee

with meals.

Breakfast inhaled . . shaved and bleeding down 3 flights of wet steps (raining or not) . . . thumbing hopefully for a ride . . . between classes . . . finding a date for the mixer. . . lunching in the coffee shop ("large Pepsi





and half fries, number 65") . . . one more class then home safe. College would be great if classes didn't interfere every day.

Four crumbling walls do not a palace make, but for this quarter at least they constitute a home. And it's mine. . . every ugly bit.









During winter quarter, two one-act plays by George Bernard Shaw were presented which made satiric fun with history. *Man of Destiny*, portrayed the conqueror, Napoleon, halted in his advances and completely nonplussed by a clever and elusive female spy. His situation is not at all aided by his lieutenant, a ninny of an aristocrat, who is continually losing his sword, his horse, and military secrets. The three are thrown together in a roadside inn where the proprietor is pleased to give Napoleon homey advice on life and how to live it. The cast (Joe Grant, Ellen Catrell, Ed Stimpson, and Bill Savage) very successfully brought off this burlesque of power, the military, and the battle of the sexes.

*The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* was constructed on the hilarious premise that William Shakespeare actually copied his most famous lines from conversations which he overheard. One of the most memorable scenes consisted of Queen Elizabeth appearing sleepwalking and reciting a ridiculous parody of Lady Macbeth's "Out damned spot" speech, (based on problems which she was having with her cosmetics). The audience soon learned that Elizabeth's egotism was only exceeded by Shakespeare's as they engaged in a battle of wills and wits.



A troubled Western student sat in the crowded clutter of the Coffee Shop one afternoon and gloomily reflected on the brevity of each day. "I have so little free time," he complained to his companion. "I need 8 hours of sleep a night; I have 3 or 4 classes each day, and work for 3 hours, 2 nights a week. I usually need at least 2 hours a day for recreation or just fooling around. When you add a few hours for studying each day, there isn't much time for anything else, is there?"

Darrel Amundsen, who works 40 hours a week while carrying 15 credits, listened ruefully from a nearby table. "I felt like telling the guy, 'Boy, you sure have it rough, don't you?'" Amundsen recalled. "I didn't, of course," he added. "I just sat there and moped."

Darrel Amundsen is a Western senior, married, with one daughter. He is a classics major, the first and last such major to graduate from Western, since classics are now taught in the history department. At 4 p.m., 5 days a week, Amundsen drops his student role and becomes a retail clerk at Al's Savewell. Returning home 8 hours later, he studies for a few hours, or sleeps briefly before tackling his assignments.

"Translating Greek after midnight isn't too easy when you've worked 8 hours," he admitted. "Nor is it easy to get

up at 4 a.m. to study, as I often do."

Amundsen averages four or five hours of sleep a night, and there are times when he succumbs to drowsiness and oversleeps. "This isn't disastrous," he said. "Most of my classes are conference or seminar courses, and the time may be juggled around."

Preseverance has paid off for Amundsen, whose g.p.a. is well above a 3 point (about 3.8 in classics). "I'm sometimes in a state of panic that I'll sink in the mire," he confessed. "It's funny though, the quarters that I've worked the most have also been the quarters when I've had the best grade point."

Some students work long hours out of sheer necessity, but Amundsen admitted, "I work more than is necessary, but I didn't want to subject my wife and child to hardships while I was going to college. I wanted to live comfortably, and we do live better than most college students. My wife works part-time at St. Luke's Hospital."

Darrel Amundsen has worked every Sunday for the last three years; some quarters he has worked up to 64 hours a week at two jobs. Understandably, then, he often wearies of his work and looks ahead to better days. "I hope to get an assistantship at the University of British Columbia next year, and study for my Master's," he said. "Eventually I'd like







to teach ancient history in a Classics department. I'm one of the diehards who still believe that the classics are useful."

Though Amundsen doesn't regret his decision to join the ranks of working students, he commented wistfully: "There's nothing in the world I'd enjoy more than being a full-time student."

Another veteran working student is Allen Bird, a senior Psychology major who doubles as a cook at Big Daddy's restaurant. Like Amundsen, Bird is married, with one child, and has worked every year since enrolling at Western. "I came to school to get educated," he said, "and I don't mind missing out on many college activities. Much of it is for kids."

He commented on the difficulties of fulfilling his dual role. "Studying is more or less a cram session," he remarked. "I have to prepare for exams and papers well ahead. If I let work pile up, I'm shot."

Despite the hurried nature of his studying, Bird has done well at Western and plans to begin graduate school here. "I hope to get an assistantship," he said. "I really would like that more than working at an outside job."

Bird, who would like to teach in a junior college, believes that his years at Western have been more valuable because he has worked. "I feel like an adult trying to better myself, instead of a kid going to college because it's a hell of a lot easier than getting a job."

For Dan Robbins, work-

ing is an advantage, not a hardship. "The prestige of keeping ahead, of putting money in the bank instead of having to take out a loan is enough initiative for us," said Robbins, who manages the Ski Shop at Yeager's, where his wife Phyllis also works. Both will graduate in June, Dan in industrial arts, Phyllis in home economics.

The disadvantages of working are slight, according to the young couple. "We'd like to take all our classes in the morning, but we have to take an afternoon class," said Phyllis. "But," she added, "we've arranged our schedules so that we both can study a few hours before going to work at 5."

"We average about 20 hours a week studying," said Dan. "We find it much easier to work and study both. In fact, I wouldn't know what to do with my free time if I didn't work. The quarter when I wasn't working I got my worst grades."

Their jobs have brought the Robbins tangible assets: new apartment, 1966 Mustang, money in the bank. "Over a one-year period we save about \$500 by buying articles at cost from Yeager's," Mrs. Robbins said. "We're luckier than most couples," she added. "Yeager's begged Dan to leave Robert Burns' (where he had worked for several years) and run the Ski Shop. I just came along as extra baggage."

Dan Robbins plans a career in industrial sales, where his experience at Robert Burns' and Yeager's will be a decided

advantage. After a summer session at the University of Washington, his wife hopes to teach home economics in a high school. They have no misgivings about their working student status. "I don't feel I'm missing much if I can't take part in many of the activities at college," Once every 2 weeks, perhaps, there's something I'd like to go to, but I couldn't care less about most of it."

Don Alford, an advertising salesman for The Bellingham Herald, expects to shuck his working role soon. "I won't have to work any more when my wife starts teaching," said Alford, a 7-year Navy veteran. (Sharon Alford will graduate in June with an En-



glish degree in elementary education.)

Alford, a sophomore, is majoring in visual-communications-education, which focuses on all phases of communication. He was eased into his present job somewhat unwillingly. "I worked at The Herald as vacation relief for the summer," he said. "Then two men quit, and they talked me into staying." Alford pointed out, however, that his job has more than monetary value. "My job is important because it gives valuable experience in a field in which there is a great demand," he said. "If I had the choice of working as a ditch digger, or in a pulp mill, I wouldn't take either job," he added.

"A limited choice of classes plagues some working students," said Alford. "Since I work in the afternoons, I had to pass up some classes which weren't offered in the morning. I just have to take what I can get."

Alford doesn't complain that time for relaxation and recreation is lacking because of his job. "We still go sailing on weekends," he remarked.

Acquiring a college education has been a prolonged undertaking for Larry Huff, presently employed at Robert Burns'. A junior sociology major, Huff has worked nearly year-round since graduating from Bremerton's West High School in January, 1961. "High school wasn't much of a challenge," said Huff, who graduated with a 3.8 g.p.a. "I needed money so I managed



to finish in less than four years. I walked out the door one Friday afternoon and that was it."

Huff enrolled at Olympic Junior College, where he had already taken algebra and Washington state history (during the summer preceding his senior year in high school). For the next two-and-a-half years, Huff attended night school, and worked for Anderson's Mens' Store in Bremerton during the daytime. During the two years at Central Washington State College which followed, Huff attended classes in the morning, worked in a men's clothing shop in the afternoon. "Some quarters I could only take 5 or 7 hours," he said. When the store went out of business after the owner's death, Huff worked in Bremerton briefly, before enrolling at Western in January, 1966.

"For once I was a full-time student," Huff laughed. "The only work I did was answering the phone at Ridgeway Beta for an hour each day."

When Spring Quarter began, however, Huff was back on the job again, this time as a floor boy and janitor at Georgia Pacific. In July, he started his job at Robert Burns', and plans to work until graduation, (hopefully, fall quarter, 1967). His wife, Sherril, also a junior sociology major, works at Pacific Northwest Bell.

Larry Huff, working student, summed up his college days tersely: "I've gained a good deal of business experience and lost a good deal of the fun of college. I would have enjoyed trying out for basketball or

football, for instance. Yes, I would rather have been just a student."

When Huff finally clutches his long-sought diploma, his draft board may be ready to whisk him away. "I'm now classified I-D (naval reserve)," he said. "I know I have two years active duty ahead of me. It's just a matter of when. I hope I'll be able to go to graduate school first, though."

Huff said he did not intend to teach. "I want to do personnel work with some company. Eventually, I'd like to go into sales research of my own."

A senior psychology major who thinks of himself as a "professional student", claimed that "I've got the art of getting a job down to a science.

This claim may be questioned, but Ron Austin has, in the past few years worked on a mosquito spray crew, in a nursery, in a sawmill. He has been a logger and a railroad clerk. And he's pursued burglars as a policeman (graveyard shift) in Multnomah County, Oregon. From these and sundry other jobs, Austin has graduated to his present position: sweeping floors and emptying wastebaskets at Birthwood Elementary School.

"Jobs like these are hard to get," said Austin, who works five days a week from 3:30 to 9:00 p.m. "Some days it takes me 8 hours," he remarked.

Austin usually studies in the teachers' lounge for awhile after laying down his mop, and also studies there during the weekend, but he said, "I'm al-



ways behind." A transfer from the University of Washington, and a medic in the Air Force Reserves, he has an uncomplicated carefree approach to life. "I'm a hedonist," he admitted cheerfully. "I don't do anything I don't want to do. My idea of a real evening is to discuss philosophy, over a pitcher of beer, with a prof who's smarter than I am."

He is not unduly concerned with earning vast amounts of money, nor with achieving high status. "I have friends who make big money, but they spend all their time making it," he said. "There's nothing in suburbia that I want. I have most of the things I want, so why worry."

Austin enjoys college, and hopes to remain a student for some time. "Since my main purpose is to enjoy life, I intend to stay in school until I find out what I'd rather do instead. I consider myself a professional student." He might become a pilot and is also considering salesmanship as a career. "I'm confident that I'll be able to make a good deal of money, if I want to," he added. "But I'm not too concerned about that now."

He has few regrets about having to work while attending college. "I probably couldn't go to many activities even if I wanted to, because of the kids," he said. The Austins' (Mrs. Austin is a U. W. graduate) have two children, Doug and Theresa. "Thirty seconds of those dances is enough to drive me nuts, anyway," he continued. "There's nothing I miss unless

it's having time to talk philosophy with a professor."

Ron Austin enjoys life, though he would like to spend more time with his family. "I study, sweep floors, and ride my motorcycle," he said. "My job sure beats working at Boeing's. And I even have a pretty decent house for a part-time janitor student. It's in a nice quiet neighborhood, except for the dogs."

Janitorial duties also occupy much of Bob Carter's time. Carter is a well-travelled junior history major, who works 40 hours a week as an orderly and janitor at St. Luke's Hospital. A Quaker, and a conscientious objector, Carter is required to work two years at the hospital. "C.O.'s weren't being accepted in the medical corps when I was drafted, so I was put to work in the hospital," he explained.

Carter worked and studied in Guatemala, Washington, D.C., and Vancouver, Wash. (Clark Junior College) before entering Western in summer, 1966. He is candid on the subject of work: "I like work, I like feeling the responsibility of having a job, and I like working hard," he said. "I consider myself as a working student who is also going to college."

He pointed out the chief advantage of work.

"Physically, I'm in much better shape than most students. This makes mental activity easier. Many college students come into the hospital (3 or 4 a night) and complain about being tired. They wouldn't be as tired if they did something to work



off the pressures of college life: sports, dances, or work.”

Carter said he hated to miss some of the lectures and discussions, especially those concerned with foreign affairs, but he added: “If I meet 2 good fellows here, I’ve accomplished something; if I have one good professor it’s worth it.

Carter bluntly appraised college teaching in general: “It’s a farce,” he said. “Most professors couldn’t care less about the student, emphasizing the subject instead. They want to impress the student with how much they know. My general impression of college teachers is that they are merely marking time.”

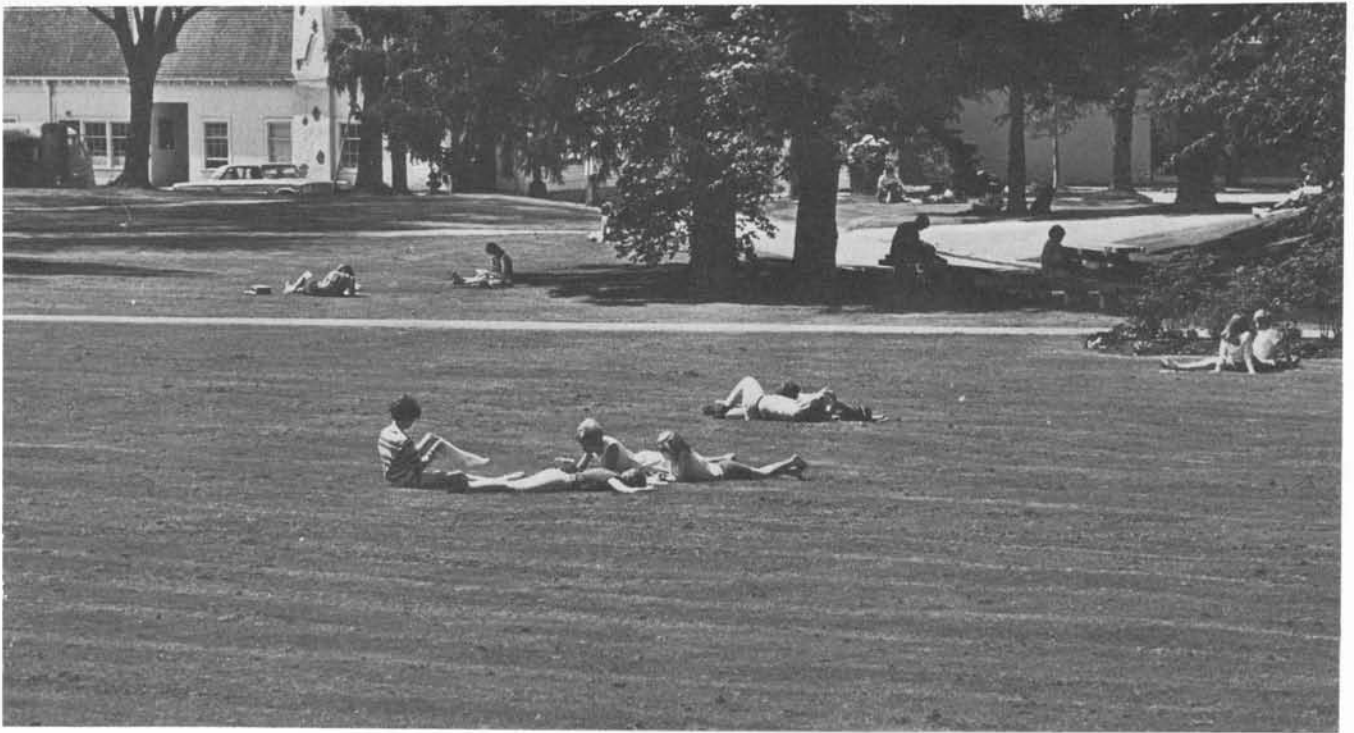
Though he said, “If I had more time, I could get straight A’s,” Carter does not think he will go into graduate school for awhile. “Ever since I was 10 years old, I’ve saved money to buy a sailboat,” he said. “Now I’ve got it, and I want to sail around the world, soon after graduation.” Carter lives in the 37-foot boat, which is anchored in Bellingham Bay.

“I can’t see myself settling down right away after college,” he remarked. “Life in America is too fast, there’s too much pressure and I don’t want to be caught in the maze. I understand that only 3 of the 20 islands in the Virgin Islands group are inhabited. I’d like to claim some of the others.”

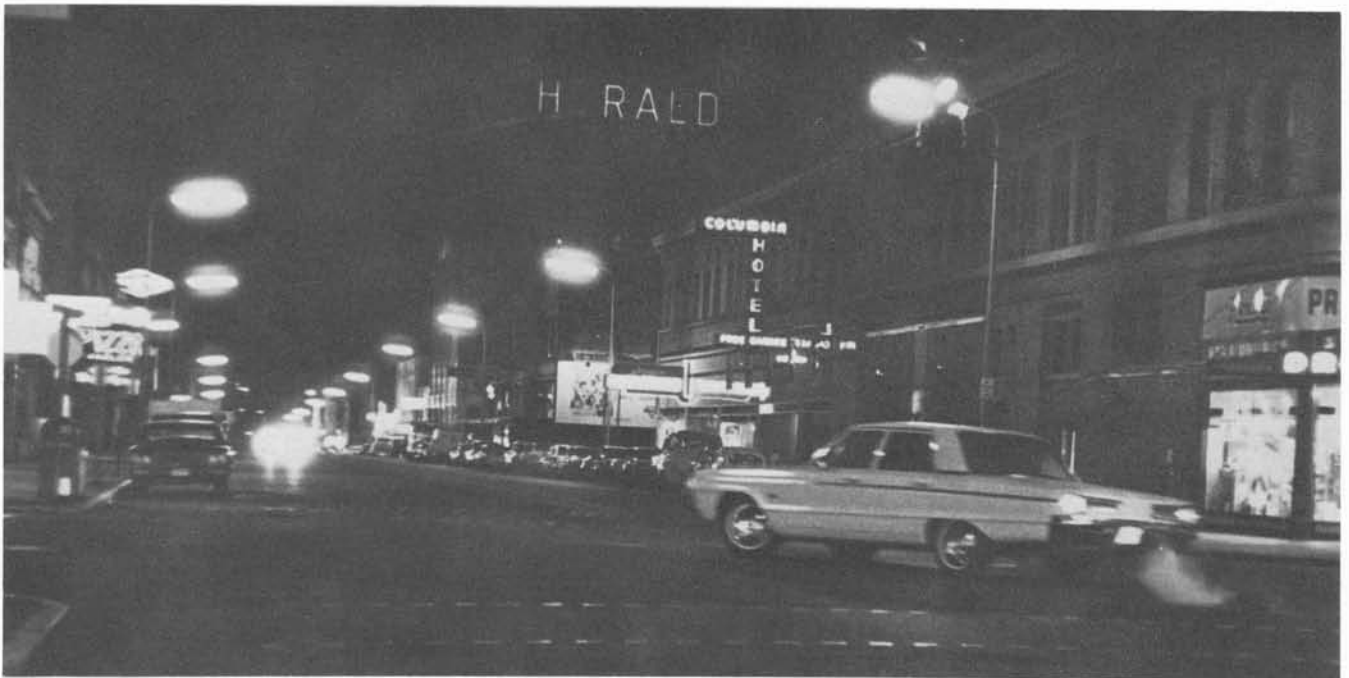
“Every person has a dream,” he concluded, “and that’s mine. “Plans may change but dreams are always there.”

While dormitory residents dream their secret dreams, a





dozen men roam the darkened campus. Supervising the security officers as they make their appointed rounds is Chuck Randall, the burly Night Marshall. Randall spends most of his evenings in a distinctly unpretentious office behind the Humanities building.



“Actually I’m supposed to stay here by the phone, waiting for something to happen, but I often go wandering and check up on things,” said Randall, a three-year Army man (specialist fourth class). He said all buildings on campus are checked 3 times each night by the security officers. (Old Main, a notorious fire trap, is watched more closely). “The security officers have strict orders to look neither to left nor right when they go through the girls’ dorms,” Randall said. “However, he added, they encounter girls riding the elevators in Mathes Hall at all hours of the night.”

Randall, a biology major, said he usually carried about 14 hours per quarter. “My job is most interesting, and has put us through school,” he said. “Lack of sleep is the main drawback, but I try to catch up on weekends.”

He will graduate in June with a B.A. and a B.A. in education. “I’m not fully convinced that I want to teach,” he said. “I’d rather work in fisheries or wildlife.”

“I’d like to see more students working as security officers,” he concluded. “It helps the college, and it’s a good job for the mature student.”

Many other Western students also hold down a full-time job, some because they must, some because they feel they should, some because they want to. Some commute between classes and jobs in Mt. Vernon, Sedro-Woolley, or Vancouver, B. C. Some married couples, with children,

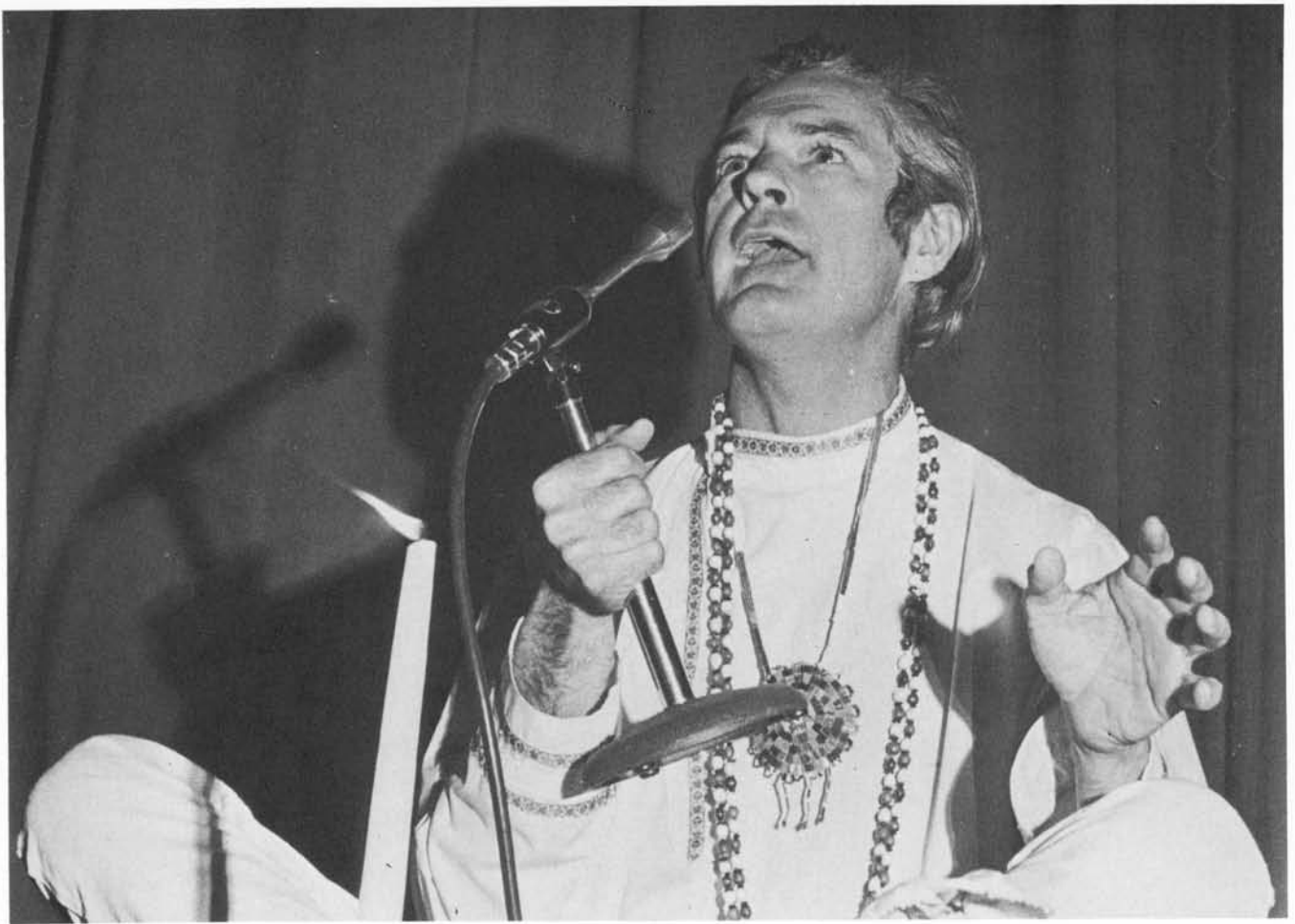
manage to work, study, and act as parents, successfully. Some students find the dual role impossible to play, and concentrate on working, or studying, for a quarter or more. Many lighten their credit load as the quarter progresses. Most get by with less sleep than the supposedly well-rested non-working student. There’s not time for leisurely Coffee Shop gossip or idle hours in the UV lounge. There is a greater need for planning and organization, as well as self discipline.

Though the working student misses many benefits which accrue to a college education, he is compensated, not only in dollars and cents, but also by a feeling of satisfaction, deeper appreciation for his education, increased enjoyment of the free time he does find.

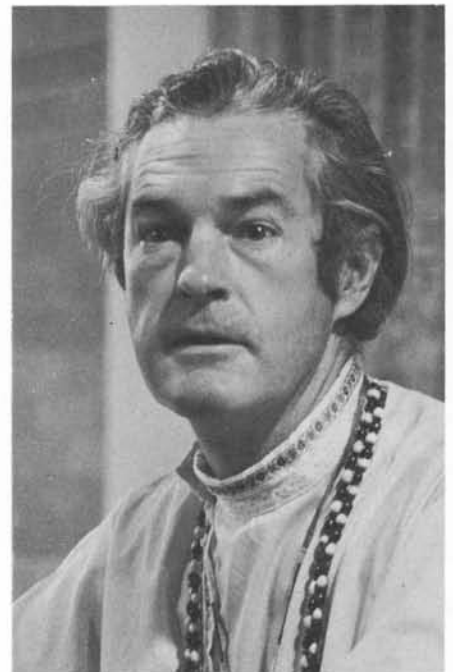
One working student commented about her job, “Sometimes I think the night will never end.” It always does end, of course. Similarly, the working student’s state of affairs will not continue endlessly. When the time comes for him to relinquish one of his roles, he will probably look back on his college years with some regret, but also with quiet satisfaction.







Between shadow and substance, between the projected byways of the mind and our nebulous realities posited Dr. Timothy Leary, if not Messiah then at least the herald of a new consciously expanded era. "Each man is God" he intoned before the closely-packed skeptics, adherents and the curious in Western's auditorium. "Turn on" is the word of the day as seen by Leary. As for "tuning in—that, at least, was vicariously attained by the "God of Change", exposure. Perhaps more even tempered and certainly less theatrical, Dr. Sidney Cohen defended the conservative theology and viewpoints of current Americana with the methodical efficiency of a Republican governor. It seems that we are not so much "Dropping out" to quote Mr. Leary as we are "dropping in" upon tomorrow.







convictions  
expressed  
in silence





The nation-wide questioning of government policies in handling the "conflict" in South East Asia was evident during the year in the growing debates among students and faculty discussing the moral, social, and economic aspects of the undeclared war. All sides were expounded, attacked, and defended as the

emotionally charged questions were reworked and re-evaluated.

Some, however, felt they might best express their convictions by saying nothing at all. Out of these feelings came the Friday afternoon Silent Vigils around the Bellingham Federal Building. The students, faculty members and

interested towns - people faced harassment, threats, and even eggs to stand up for what they felt.

Yet at the other end, the Federal Building was the scene of another kind of protest when one Western student who had been refused admittance to the service questioned why?





The annual Associated Students Snow Festival weekend at Mount Baker proved once more to be a success. The good weather and skiing conditions resulted in weary bodies, sun and wind burned faces by the time for the party arrived.

The snow bunnies and ski-bums (real and would-be) frolicked into the night to the strum of guitar and rasp of hoarse voices.



# STUDENT TEACHING IS...

By Michael Williams

Standing outside the room, quaking. Why didn't I go into something simple, like medicine or law? Then the door opens and I enter the unknown—a classroom for the first time as a student teacher. Good grief, these seniors are leering at me as though I'm a curio. Are they for real?

Am I?

Now the cooperating teacher is introducing me. Atta boy, Schoonover, try to make me feel comfortable. Why did they frown when he said I was a Canadian? Take it easy, they can't hate me yet . . . Tell me about yourself, he says. Speak, dammit, say something. . .

The first day I sit watching the teacher. He's very informal with the kids . . . good—just the way I want to be. English is fun, but it's not everything in life, so he doesn't mind being a bit irreverent. Neither do I.

Mr. Schoonover, I say the next morning, I want to begin as soon as possible.

Good, he replies. Today you can discuss the character of Liza Doolittle (*Pygmalion*) with the Seniors and teach the predicate nominative and predicate adjective to the Freshmen.

Scrambling for a grammar text, what the hell's a predicate nominative.

The moment of truth:

I eye the Seniors, rise from my seat feigning confidence, step around the desk, open my mouth to speak . . . and kick the trash basket across the room. My face must look nice in this shade of red.



An hour later with the Frosh, scrawling on the blackboard . . . The difference between a predicate noun and a predicate adjective is . . . my God, what have I done? A whispered plea, Mr.

Schoonover, do I need help? He rushes to the other blackboard, drawing away the attention while I erase my mistakes.

Things can't get worse, I tell myself that night, hovering over lesson plans. They don't. The students are cooperative and life begins to run more smoothly and thoughts once again become coherent. Confidence comes quickly with more experience and two weeks later the college supervisor enters the room. My stomach flipflops twice and drops back to normal. Don't worry about him.

The Frosh are the strangest kids in the whole world. Everyone is a candidate for Sedro-Woolley, and they know it. Mike, why do you talk to yourself all during the class?

You should hear me talk to my cello.

Mr. Williams, you hate me!

The moments of sensitivity and wit . . . The hero of the story is like a loaf of french bread, hard on the outside and soft on the inside.

Mike, give me an example of setting (time and place.)

Siberia, at election time. Fine, Mike.

Ich, this is stupid. Shut-up, Kathy.





*I talk to my cello too.*

found statement concerning the four plays we've read and back it up with concrete facts.

The Frosh: Write a paragraph on what you'd do if you found a goldfish swimming in your toilet.

Quiet, Kathy, or I'll staple your lips together.

Conversation with another student teacher:

V: I give my students homework every night and a short quiz every day.

Me: Too much work and kids won't do homework on weekends.

V: We're studying the ad-

*Happiness is a warm radiator.*

There are other moments, like the day I ask a girl to take the part of Antigone. I didn't realize she has a bad stutter. She leaves the room at the end of the hour, humiliated, with tears in her eyes.

Chicken one day, feathers the next.

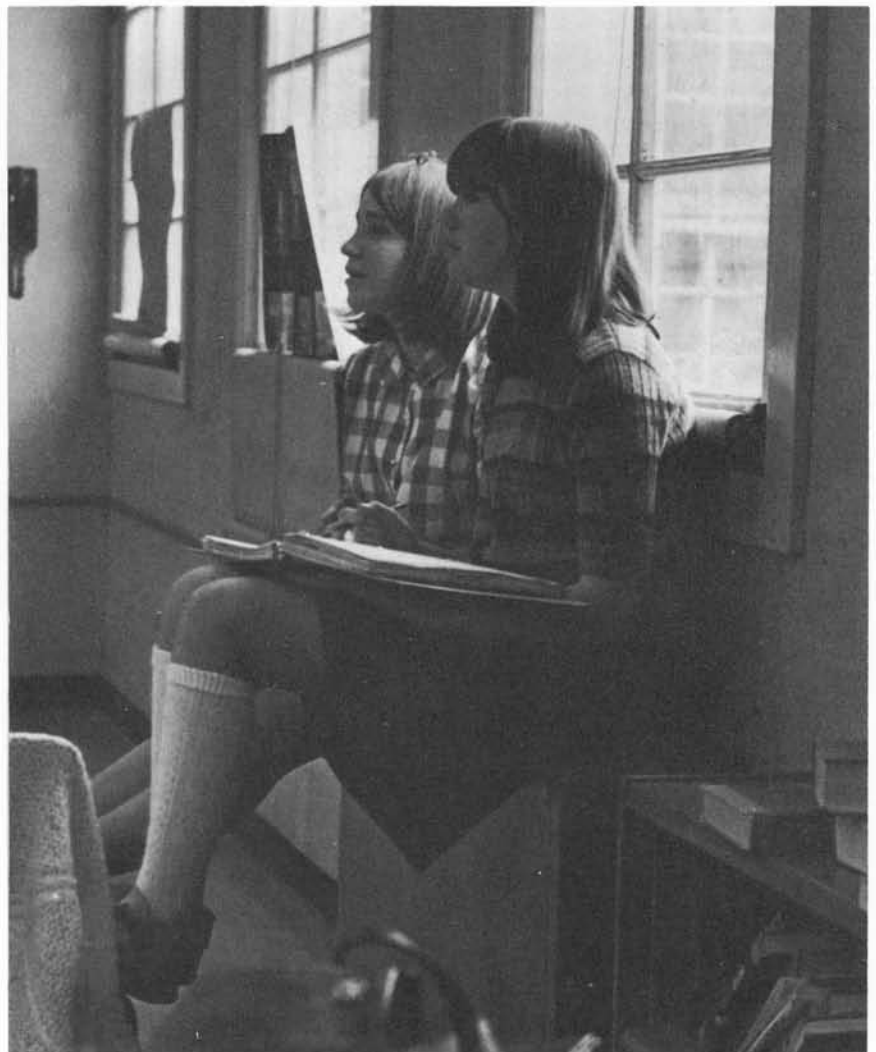
At lunchtime one doesn't walk on the floor at Bellingham High, one walks down the halls on a layer of garbage. Discipline is a whispered legend.

The Frosh sometimes get out of hand and a red line is drawn on the blackboard. I'm walking a thin, red line, I say quietly. At the end of it I've drawn a box. That's my garbage can and I want to fill it up with names.

The silence is golden, and undoubtedly temporary.

Sample assignments:

The Seniors: Make a pro-



jective clause and diagramming sentences now.

Me: Ridiculous. It's of no value to them and they must hate it.

V: Well, they'll learn to do things my way!

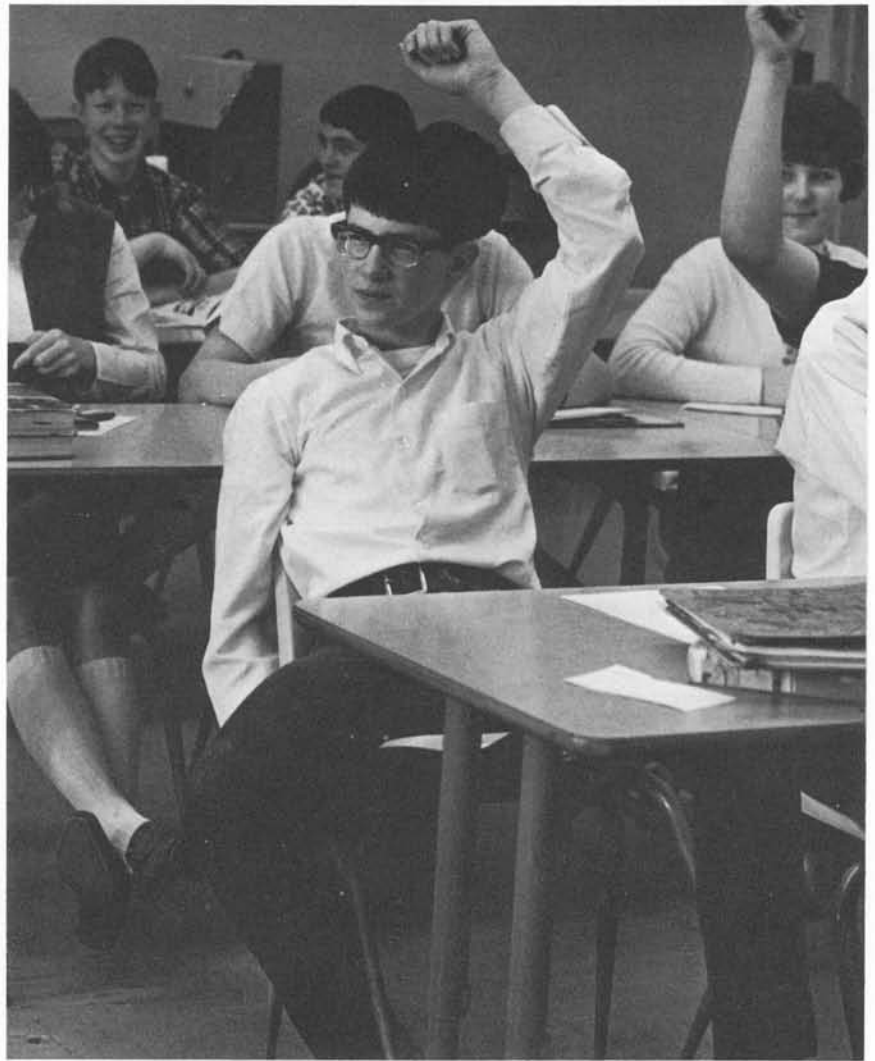
Me: Come to my room and I'll introduce you to the 21st Century.

Student teaching is hard work, but few really late nights.

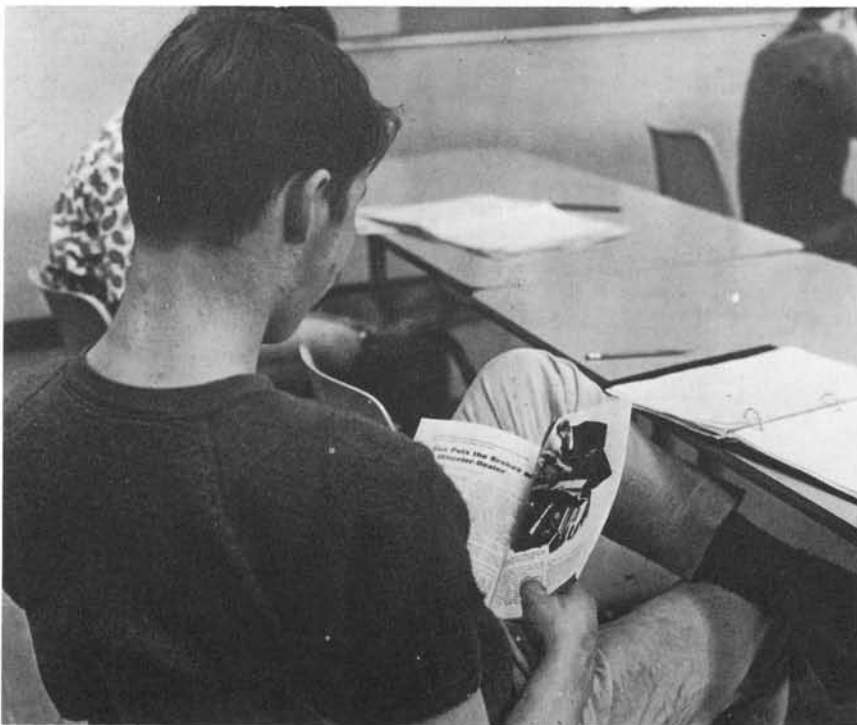
Student teaching is getting up in the morning tired, and knowing you'll be more tired when you come home in the afternoon.

Student teaching is wanting to whop some lippy student across the back of the head, but not daring.

Student teaching is the satisfaction of having a student come in during his lunch hour and after school for extra help.



*Mr. Williams hates me.*



Kathy, you're always melancholy: head like a melon, face like a collie. Now quit complaining before I stuff you in the circular file.

Ich, this is stupid!  
Quiet, Kathy.

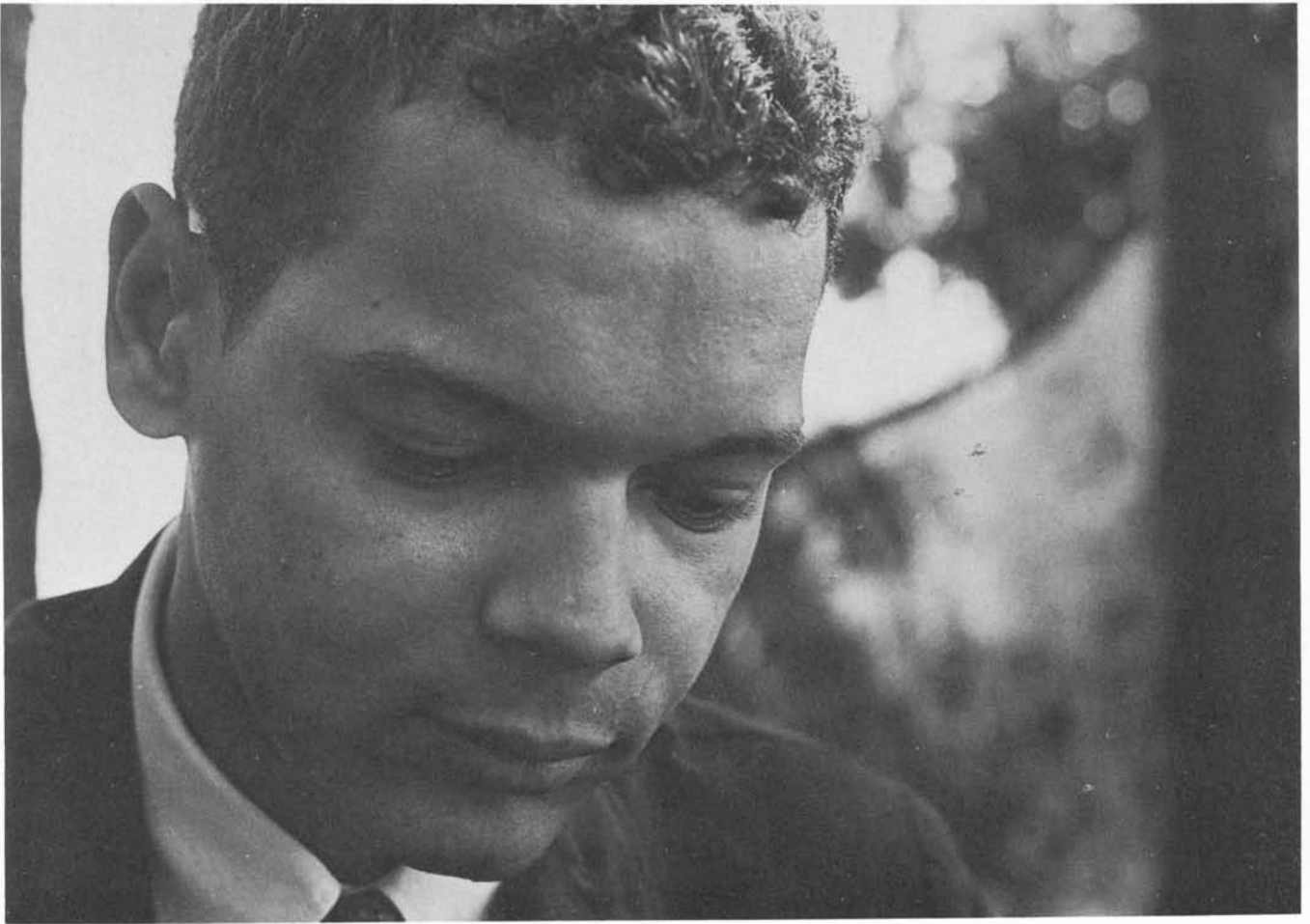


CINDERELLA





Oh Dad, Poor Dad,  
Mama's Hung You  
in the Closet and  
I'm Feeling so Sad.



Outspoken member of the Georgia House of Representatives, Julian Bond spoke on campus May 23 in the Viking Union. His topic concerned the Negro today in civil rights and in the problem of the draft. His discussion touched on the war in Vietnam as he made various positive proposals about domestic uses for the \$27 billion dollars being spent on military efforts in Vietnam.

# that was the season...



It was one of those seasons.

Western's basketball team, under the tutelage of Coach Chuck Randall, won the unimportant games but faltered when the blue chips were on the table. Their overall record of 16 wins, eight losses, looks impressive at first glance, but lacks lustre when five of the eight losses are noted to appear in the Evergreen Conference column. The Vikings won only four of nine conference games. They lost three big

ones to Central, with their center, Mel Cox, who won the crown.

The season had barely begun when defensive ace Don Burrell was lost for the year with a knee injury. He tried to make a comeback late in the season, but the injured knee wouldn't allow

him to make his cuts.

Randall is already looking ahead to a great season in 1967-68. He'll have four starters returning in Mike Dahl, Burrell, Mike Clayton and Paul Halgrimson.

And Central won't have Cox.



WWSC	OPP.
101 At PLU	93
65 Chico State	52
54 At Fullerton	62
78 At Long Beach	73
77 At Sacramento State	54
72 At Montana State	67
63 At Carroll College	58
70 At St. Martin's	81
62 At EWSC	55
56 At EWSC	78
56 At Whitworth	59
51 CWSC	78
57 CWSC	61
82 Portland State	68
79 U. of Alaska	67
77 At Seattle Pacific	89
67 Japanese Nationals	60
62 At UPS	49
68 At UPS	57
57 Seattle Pacific	55
68 Whitworth	65
75 Whitworth	57
77 EWSC	64
68 At CWSC	81
80 UPS	66

...that was

To some, dorms become a way of life, a never varied routine of up, dress, over to Saga, class, back to the dorm, study, to bed, up, etc. To others a dorm is a prison which one cannot wait to escape. But there is more.







Dorm life isn't imprisonment in a barracks-style sardine can, but the integrated friendships, enemyships and pranks of anywhere from a hundred to three hundred co-residents. It's living on a big scale, but living *bigly*.

Garrisons of giddiness, barns of babble, sheds of stereos, where screams of "Who stole my p.j.s and towel?" echo from steamy showers.

Girls several people think clustered around the mailboxes, snatching out letters as they are delivered or slowly leaving the distribution long-faces and empty-handed.

Going down the hall and noticing such messy rooms that you're proud you remembered to make your bed that morning. The tempting odor of popcorn drifting down the hall about 10 p.m. and wishing you were invited to the party.

A line of washing machines—out of order—and a box of lost-and-never-found socks. Thieving vending machines.

Jokes about the dust in the message boxes, an elevator taking lessons from jumping beans.

A lounge—a living room for someone and their "special". Saga and the meal lines and bus stations and jello twice a day.

The community phone always busy and everyone hearing everyone else on it. Oranges and cheese and paper flowers, vases and Nazi flags in the windows.

Sheet night, and roll of dust outside everyone's door. .

A view of the city, the bay, the trees, the hill, the track, the other dorm, the dorm's roof,



the street.

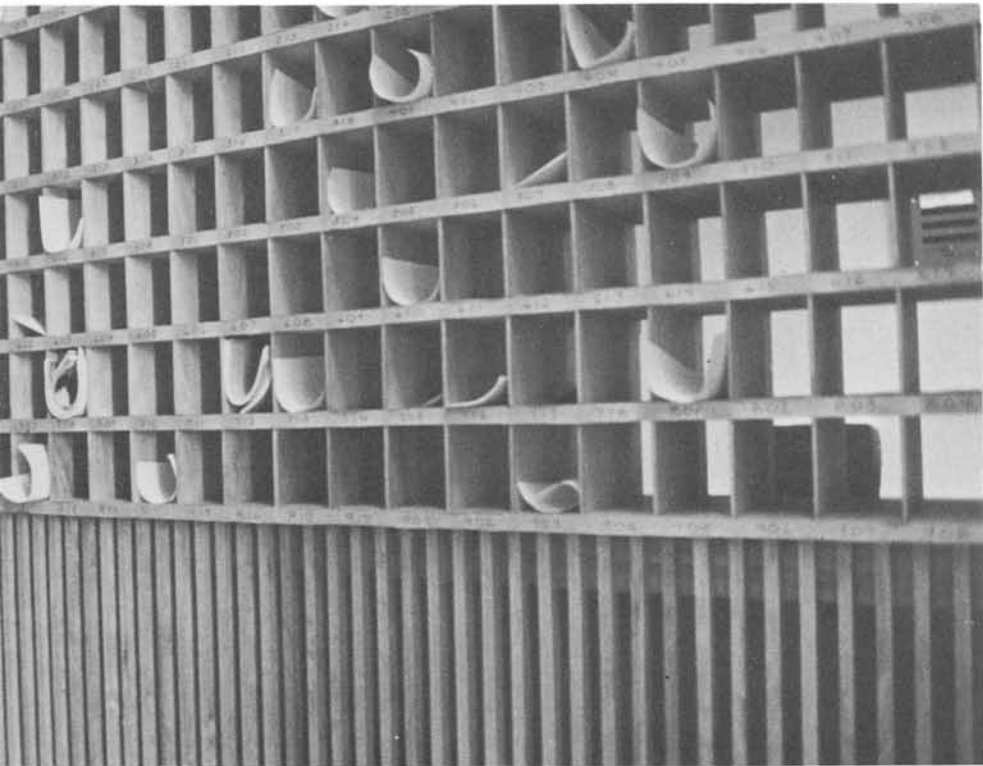
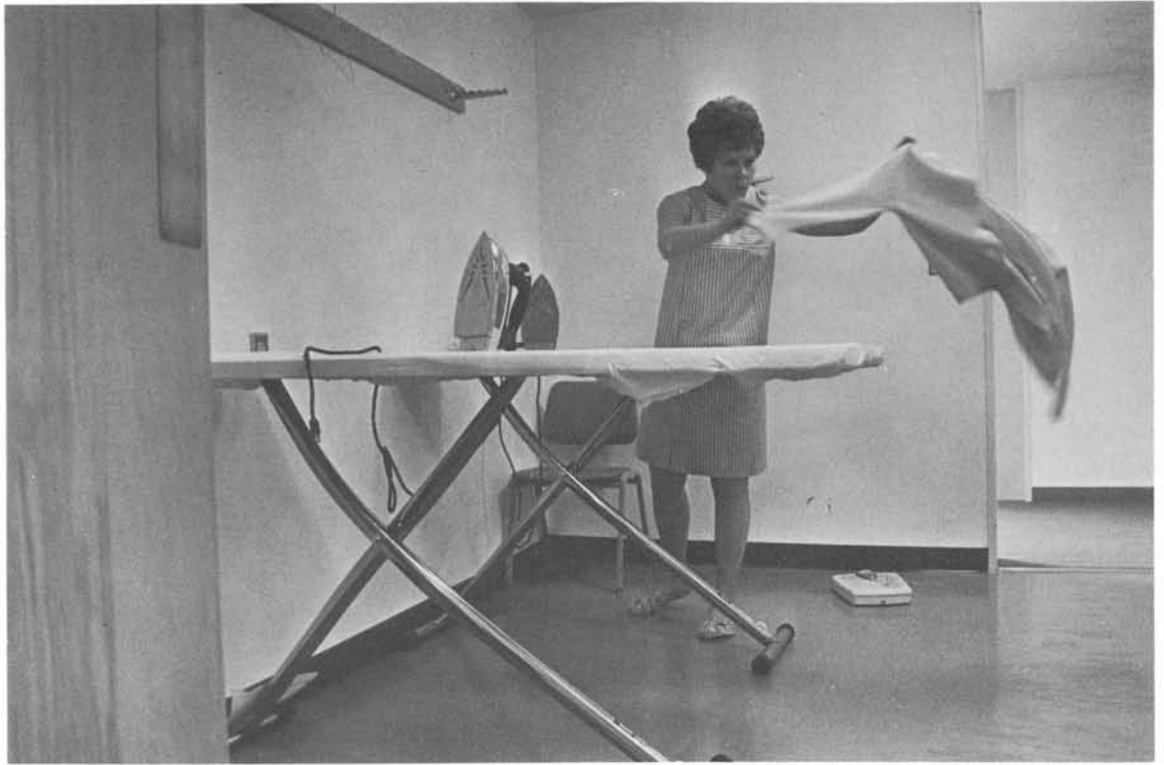
A home—used by you for a time and then by another person. A cold, impersonal home, it would seem, but home enough to make it sad to see members of the 'dorm family' making their Friday afternoon exodus.

A heart — extended to a foster child in Greece, a poor family, a family left homeless by fire.

Mathes, Edens, Higginson, Highland; Ridgeway, Alpha, Delta, Sigma, Omega, Kappa, Beta and Gamma—2,000 members strong and not one of them dorm-ant.

Giving up the prison, image, the sign-in on bathroom doors, the campus system for punishment, and—next year in Gamma—giving up hours for women.







As townspeople swarmed onto the campus April 15 for Western's Open House, approximately 200 people departed on a "Peace Walk" downtown.

Joined by nearly 50 other townspeople as they strolled down Indian and Magnolia Streets, the walkers stopped at the Federal Building and stood in a silent vigil for an hour.

The event was staged to coincide with the Spring Mobilization for Peace which occurred in San Francisco and New York City the same day.

Both student and professors from Western stood in the vigil, some holding signs and a few sporting what are now the hippies' badges—flowers.

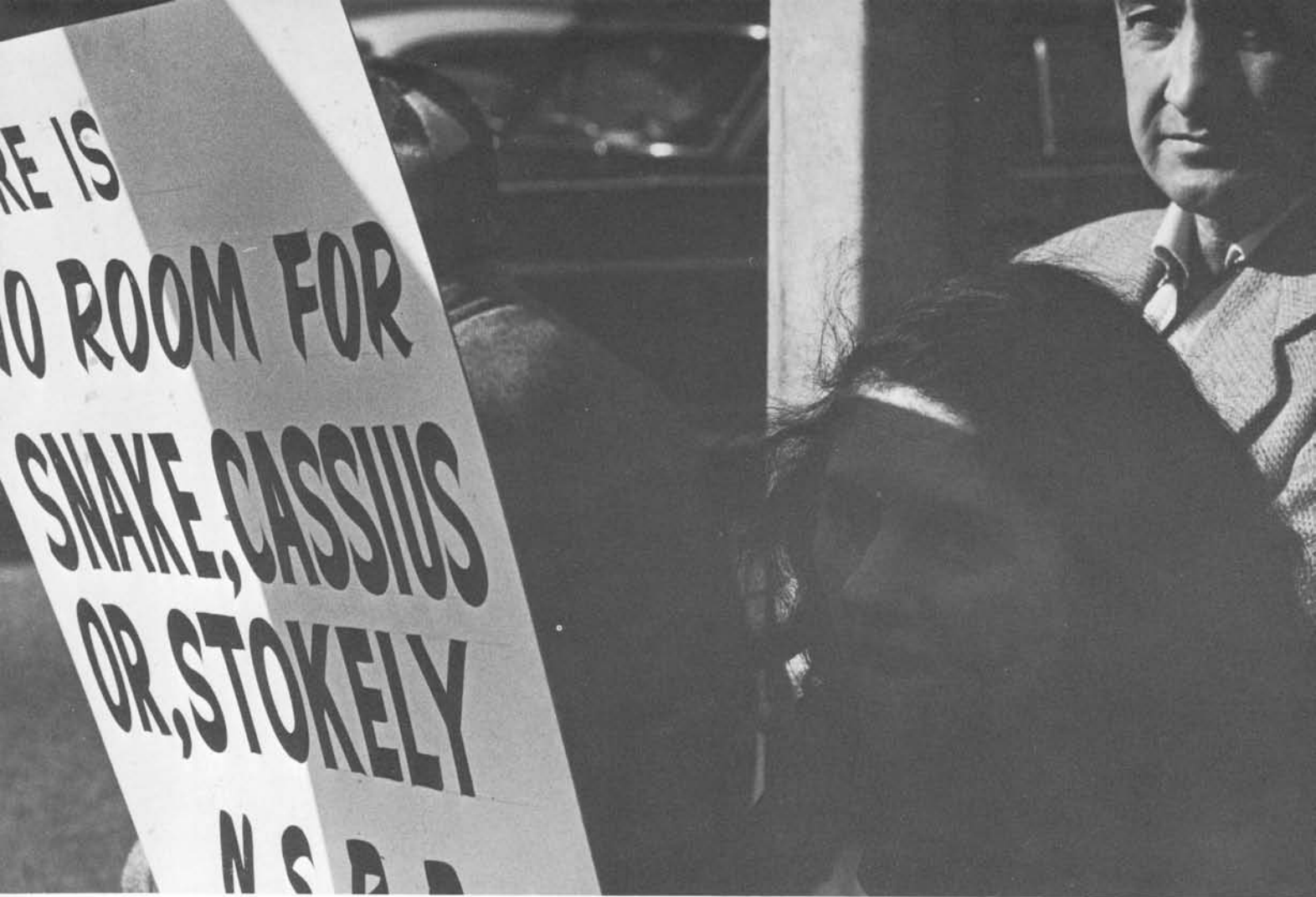
The success of this particular vigil was difficult to assess since very few people seemed to understand why the walkers were there.

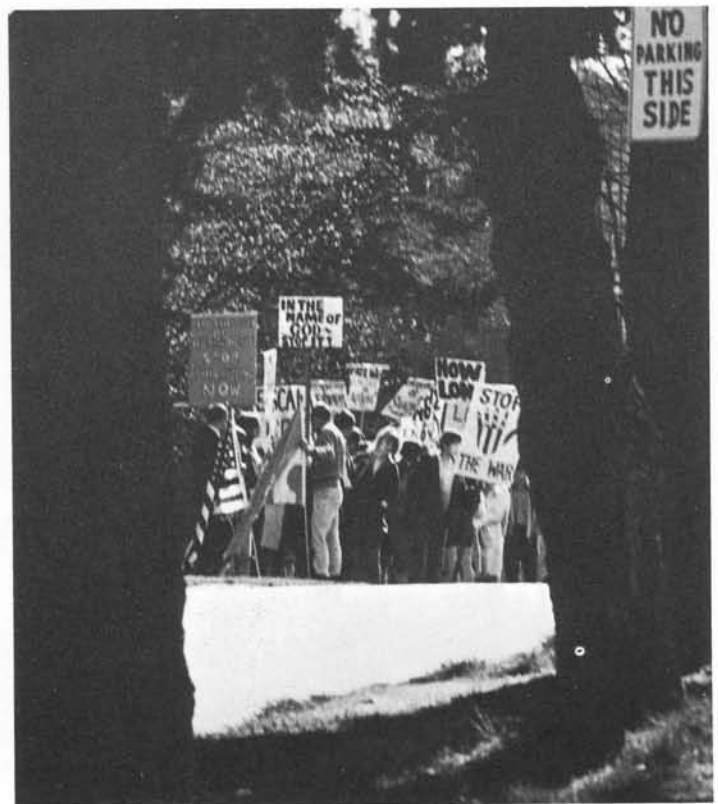
The Bellingham Herald was oftentimes antagonistic to the vigil and the city government treated the body of marchers as a second-class parade.

The most confused party during the entire day, however, was a woman representative of the National States Rights Party who held a sign reading "We don't want Black Power here."

She had seen a negro leading the parade.











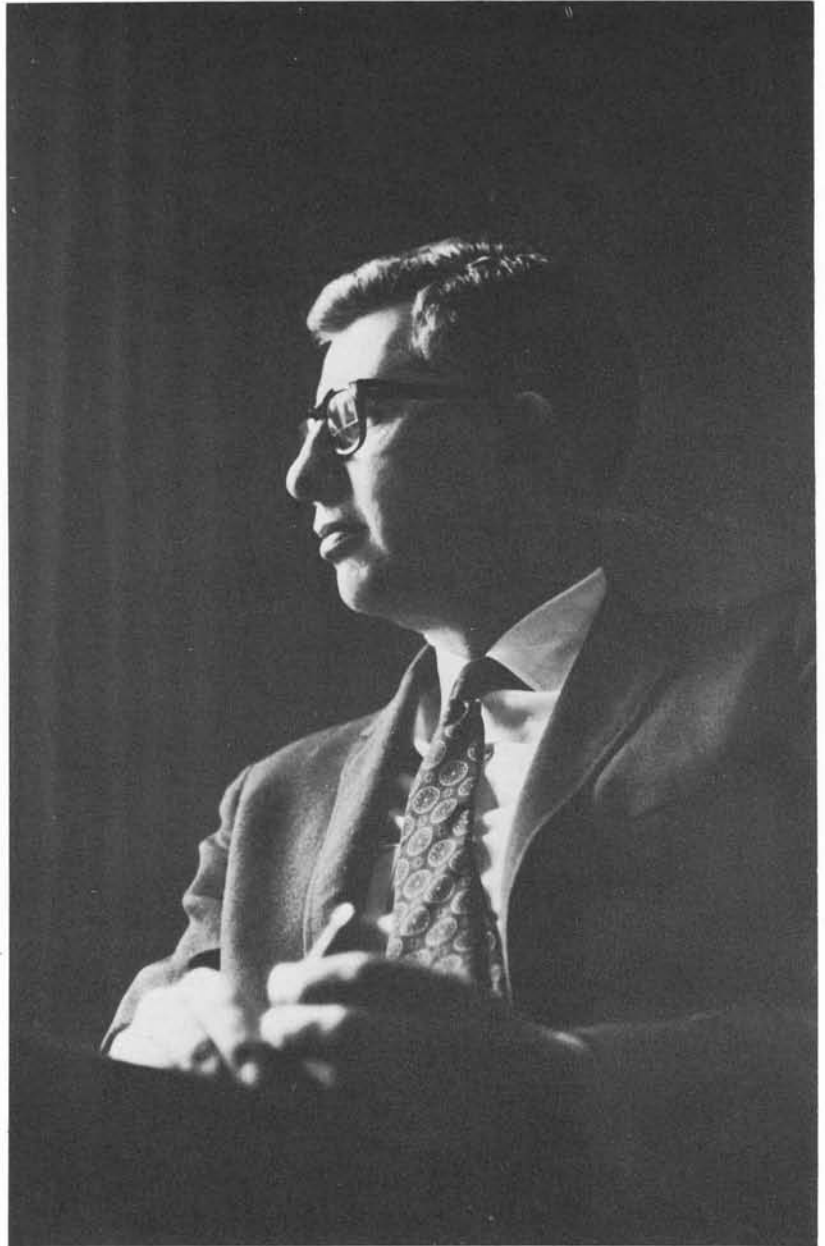
# a president departs

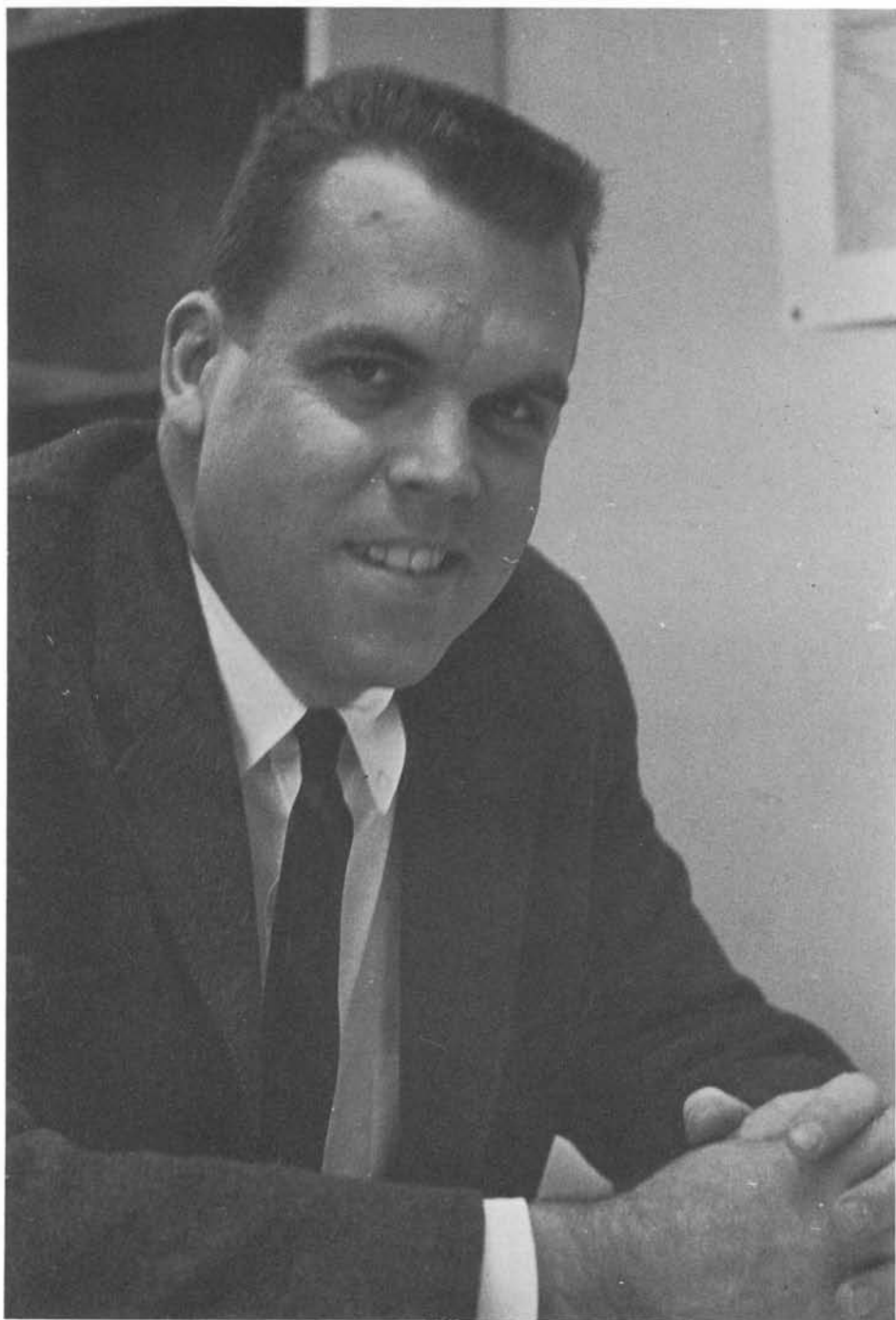
Students came back from spring quarter vacations to a surprise announcement of President Harvey C. Bunke's resignation, effective August, 1967. The 44-year-old former economics professor, who was inaugurated president of Western on January 1, 1965, had chosen to accept a position as Director of Undergraduate Studies and professor of economics at Indiana University in Bloomington.

Bunke's resignation fulfilled circulating rumors of his departure. He leaves Western in a period of growth and transition from a small college to a large one.

In the search for a new president, the Board of Trustees will work closely with a three-member faculty committee. If no president is selected by September 1, Academic Dean Charles J. Flora will serve as interim president.

Bunke came from the chairmanship of the Department of Economics at the State University of Iowa to be president of Western. He has written numerous articles and two books, including *The Liberal Dilemma*,—in which he wrote that economics must be ranked, along with Christianity, among the great inspirational forces that have shaped the western world.





Dr. James Hitchman was appointed dean of students winter quarter. Hitchman served as assistant academic dean and assistant professor of history while at Western. Hitchman replaced Dr. Merle Kuder who served as dean of students for 30 years.

Hitchman, graduate of University of California at Berkeley, helped to form the SAAB, the Student Academic Advisory Board, a group of students who are consulted for opinions on matters of curriculum.

There comes a time when the institutionalizers of the educative system begin to utilize that system to the end of achieving an even more effective system. Western is at least one step ahead of the turnover in thought with the idea of Fairhaven College.

Individual instruction is the ideal method to convey the torch of knowledge. Re-emphasis upon the role of the creative individual in the area of the liberal arts is the idea behind the semi-autonomous extension of Western scheduled to open its doors for the first time in the fall of 1968.

Dr. Charles W. Harwood, chairman of the Psychology department, has been named dean

of Fairhaven College. The conception of the Fairhaven method came from Dr. Paul Woodring of Western's Education Department, editor-at-large for Saturday Review. No doubt Harwood underwrote the reason behind the Fairhaven method when he commented that he is "excited about the possibility of innovating new curriculum methods."

The era of suburbia is upon us. With Western proper as the hub of the hustle and bustle of education, perhaps the relatively more serene life of the commuters to rural Fairhaven will benefit even as do those refugees from metropolitan America.



DEAN: You say that you think you have one of our students here?

DOCTOR: Well, sir, it's not quite that simple. You see, it all started last week when the Sanitary Department brought him over after finding him floating in one of their ponds.

DEAN: Why would they bring one of *our* students to *this* place?

DOCTOR: Do your students usually go swimming in the processing plant?

DEAN: Sir! Not one of our students!

DOCTOR: You see, he didn't have any



clothes or ID with him and was under the influence of something. After all, he won't have been the first of our patients found in those gutters.

DEAN: But Doctor, if he told you he was a student, he must have said who he was.

DOCTOR: Actually, he said he was Orpheus and while descending into Hell, his soul had been sucked into Bolgia, Humanities course!

DEAN: (proudly) Oh! So you recognized our Humanities course!

DOCTOR: As a matter of fact, it was our janitor who did. He's a graduate of Western and said he'd taken years of the stuff.

DEAN: Yes! Yes! Everyone needs Humanities 121. . . 122. . . 123. .

DOCTOR: (interrupting, patting Dean on shoulder) That's fine and good; I studied medicine myself. But back to the story. This young man told a strange tale indeed, of searching for matters of consequence by taking a trip to college.

DEAN: A trip! If I've said it once, I've said it a hundred times: that Leary is dangerous!

DOCTOR: No, no, the trip he spoke about was when he fell down a man-hole on High Street, but it turned into a rabbit-hole which led to the luggage rack of The Celestial Omnibus. Does this make any sense to you?

DEAN: Rack? Yes, we'll grab that dirty Leary and put him and his whole Red drop-out bunch on the rack!

DOCTOR: (leading Dean to couch) Dean—now Dean, just relax here and make yourself comfortable while I tell you of this student's conversation with the others on the omnibus.

DEAN: Can I take my shoes off?

DOCTOR: Please do, but I must go on to tell you of my patient's delusions. This omnibus was driven by Dante on its way to the Big Final and on it were two other persons,

Chaucer and Machiavelli. All on the omnibus were to be judged—that is, graded—and when the student asked them for matters of consequence that would help him to get through the Big Final, they answered this:

CHAUCER: I can see from your appearance that you are but a swineherd's apprentice, and if you are to be a success you must acknowledge that your position, though lowly as it may be, is your appropriate place in God's eternal plan. Even with a chance of strange fortune, you could never be a prince and hope to pass the Final.

MACHIAVELLI: O Mother of God: Chaucer, be still; stop not this fledgling, for if he would fit into your medieval world, he would not be on a pilgrimage in search of truth and success. Now, my son, if you want to be a success, you must take the world as it is, not as people would make it, and use it to your own advantage if

you are to be a prince. But remember, you must take care of your image and not let ambitious men know that you are more ambitious than they. And when you are a prince, you must not let the people see you as you really are. A good prince is all things to all men.

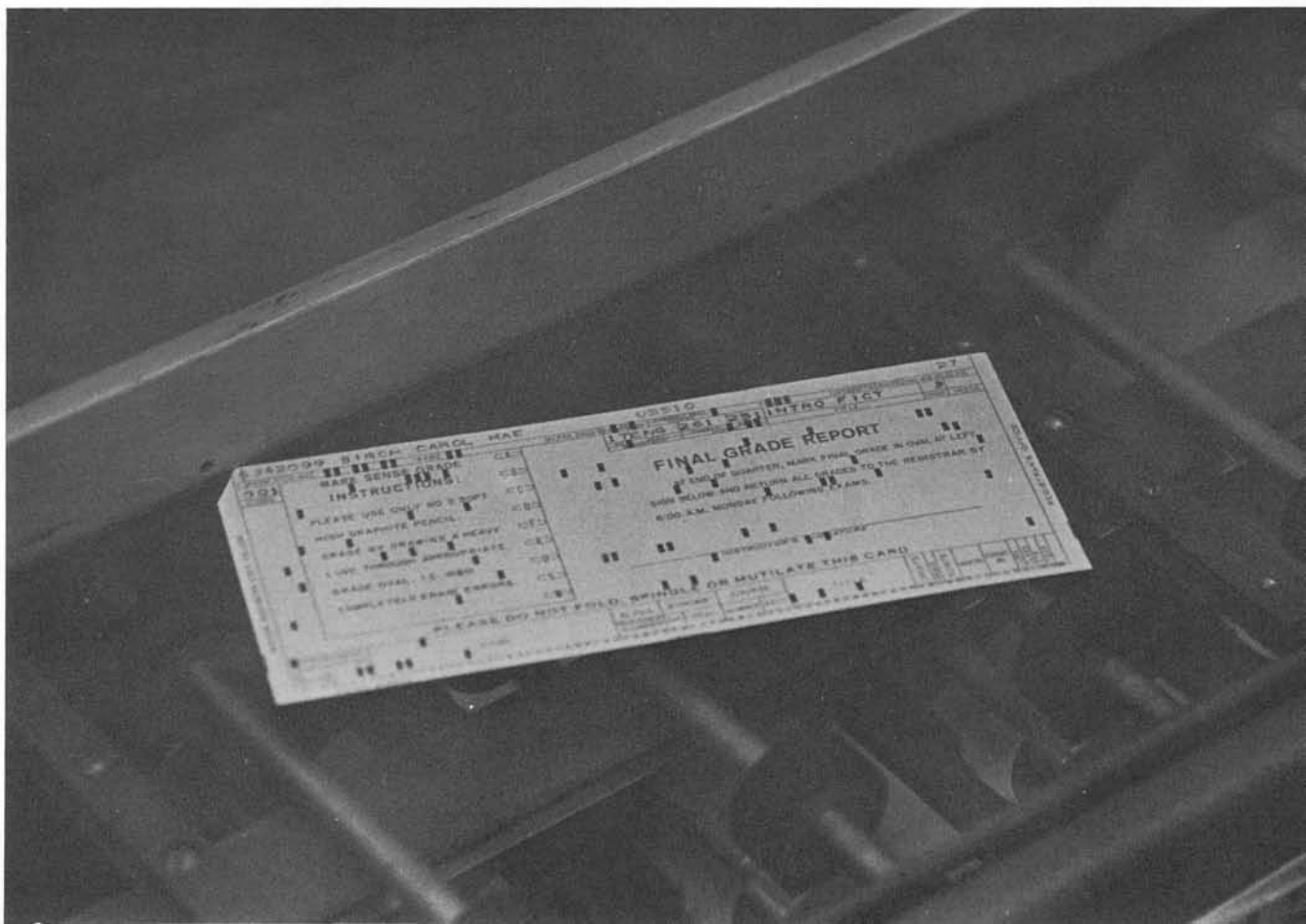
CHAUCER: Heresy! Silence, you blasphemer! Would you destroy the ordained social order by having swineherds as princes? What would be the state of chivalry if that could happen?

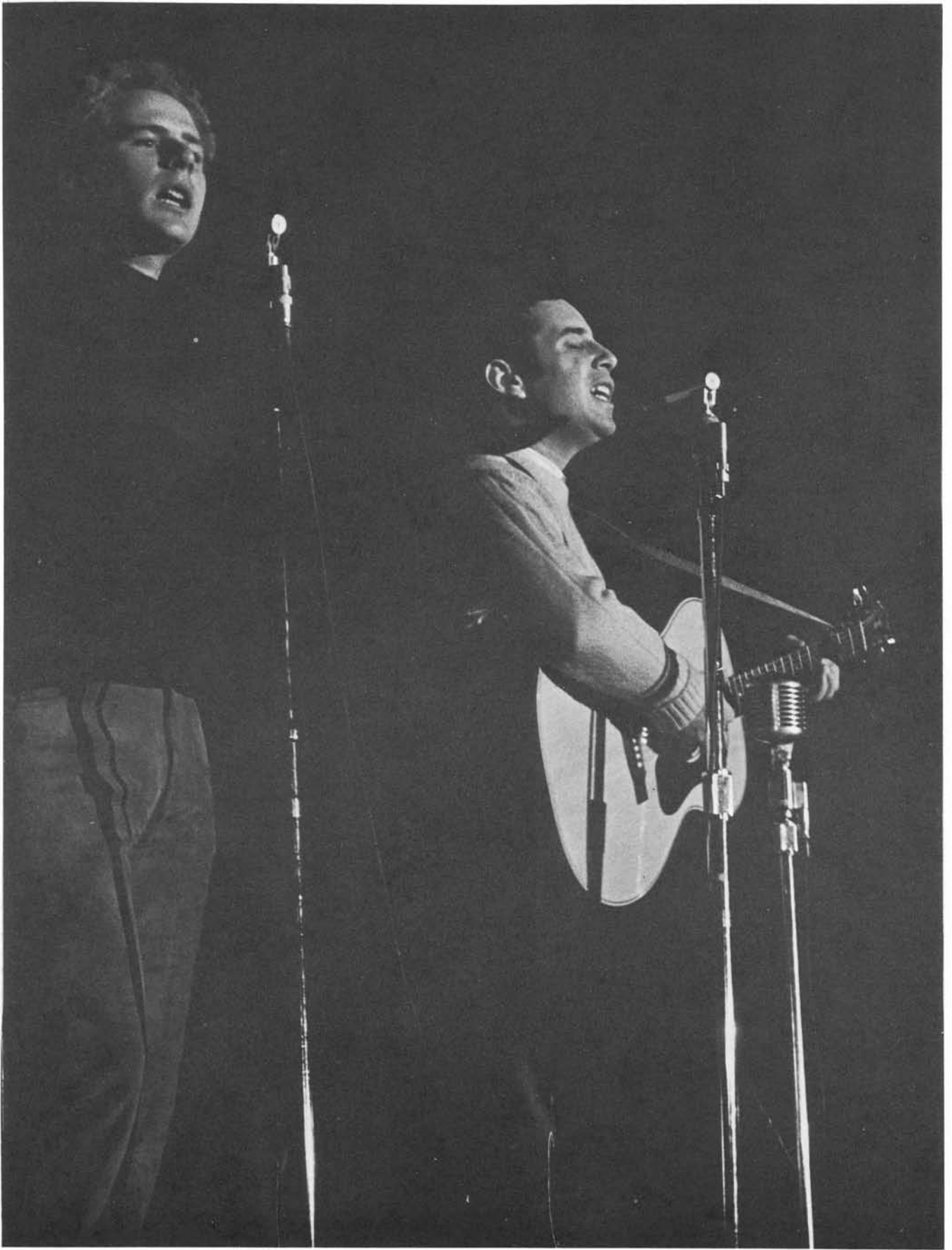
MACHIAVELLI: Ha! What chivalric code? That of Hotspur? How successful was he when he met my protege the Prince of Wales!

CHAUCER: Usurpation is a heinous crime that can only lead to damnation.

MACHIAVELLI: Don't listen to the old man, my son. The times have changed; now the end justifies the means.

DOCTOR: Dean, this make any sense to you? Dean, Dean! Wake up!





Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel, talented young singers best known by their surnames, appeared on campus spring quarter. Their light artistic style was very well received as they performed numbers from their best selling albums. Unlike many live performances, disappointing when compared to recordings, Simon and Garfunkel came across to the audience with all the purity and sweetness intended in the searching lyrics and deft guitar work of Paul Simon.





The Righteous Brothers Show appeared on campus in Carver Gym on May 4 during spring quarter. The show began with a girls trio called the Blossoms. Swinging along in the rocking Detroit Sound they were backed strongly by the Righteous Brothers' Band, a small group of very talented musicians.

Next came a comedian, allegedly from New York City, who had a few comments on signs and their meanings and related his experiences in the midst of the San Francisco topless waitress craze.

Following a twenty-minute intermission the main highlight of the evening appeared—the talented and versatile Righteous Brothers, Bob Hackett and Bill Medley. They filled the gym with the sounds of soul which has carried them to the tops of popular music charts across the nation. The evening was climaxed as the audience stood to applaud their final number and await, vainly, an encore.





Spring is the season of baseball for some. For others, Spring is the season of Love, but for Hippies (the gentle people who represent the Gentle generation) Love knows no season; Spring is just Lovelier than the others.

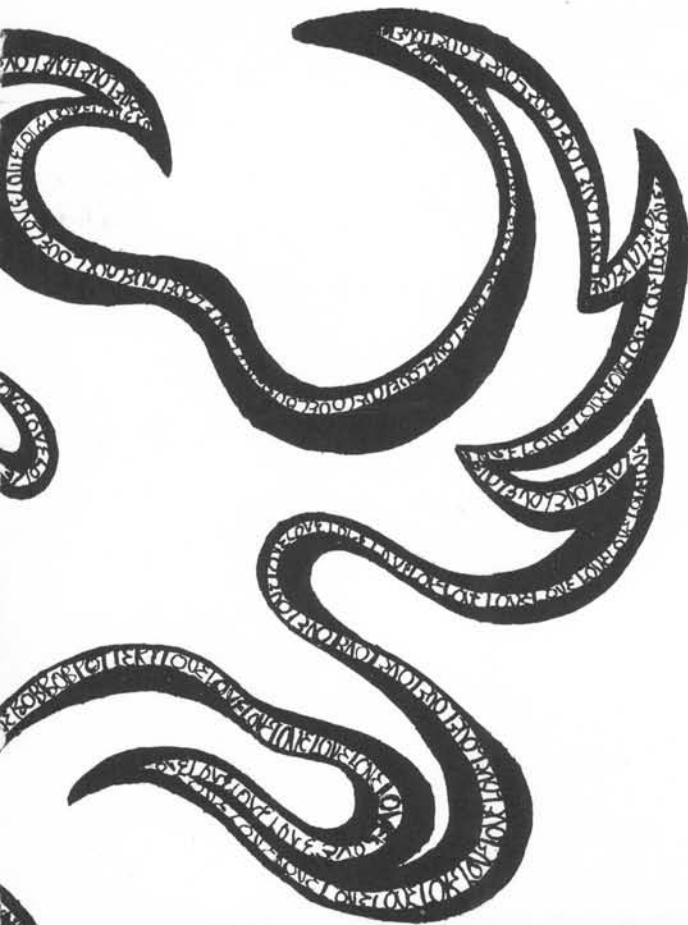
Spring 1967 found the gentle people of Western Happening on Sunday afternoons (when it didn't rain, and sometimes despite the rain) all over town. The happenings started at Cornwall Park when a newly formed musical group, the Safety Patrol, (radical reversals), chose to practice on a sunny Sunday.

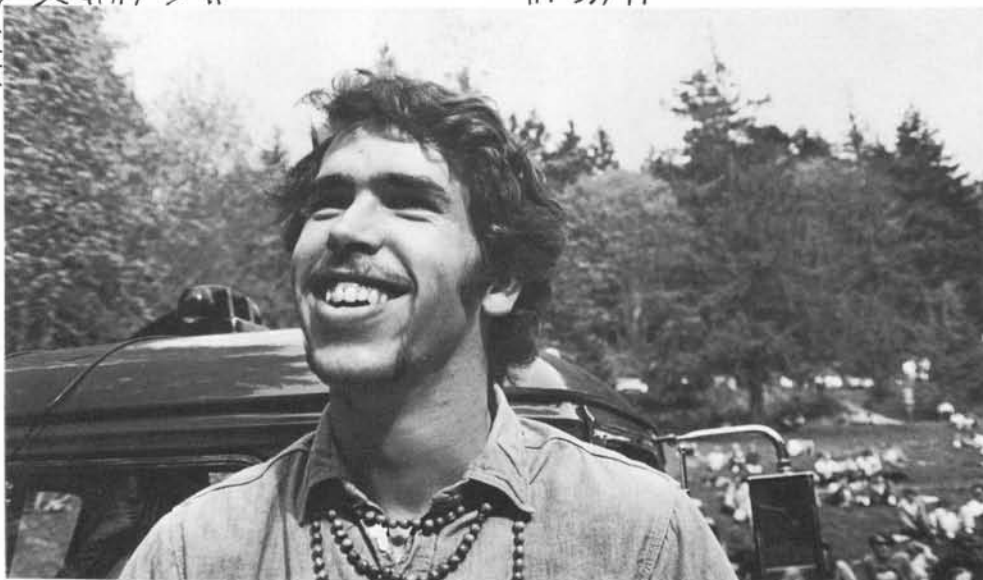
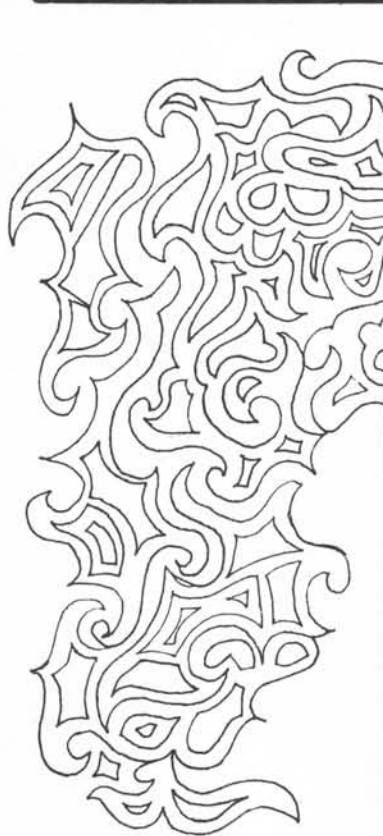
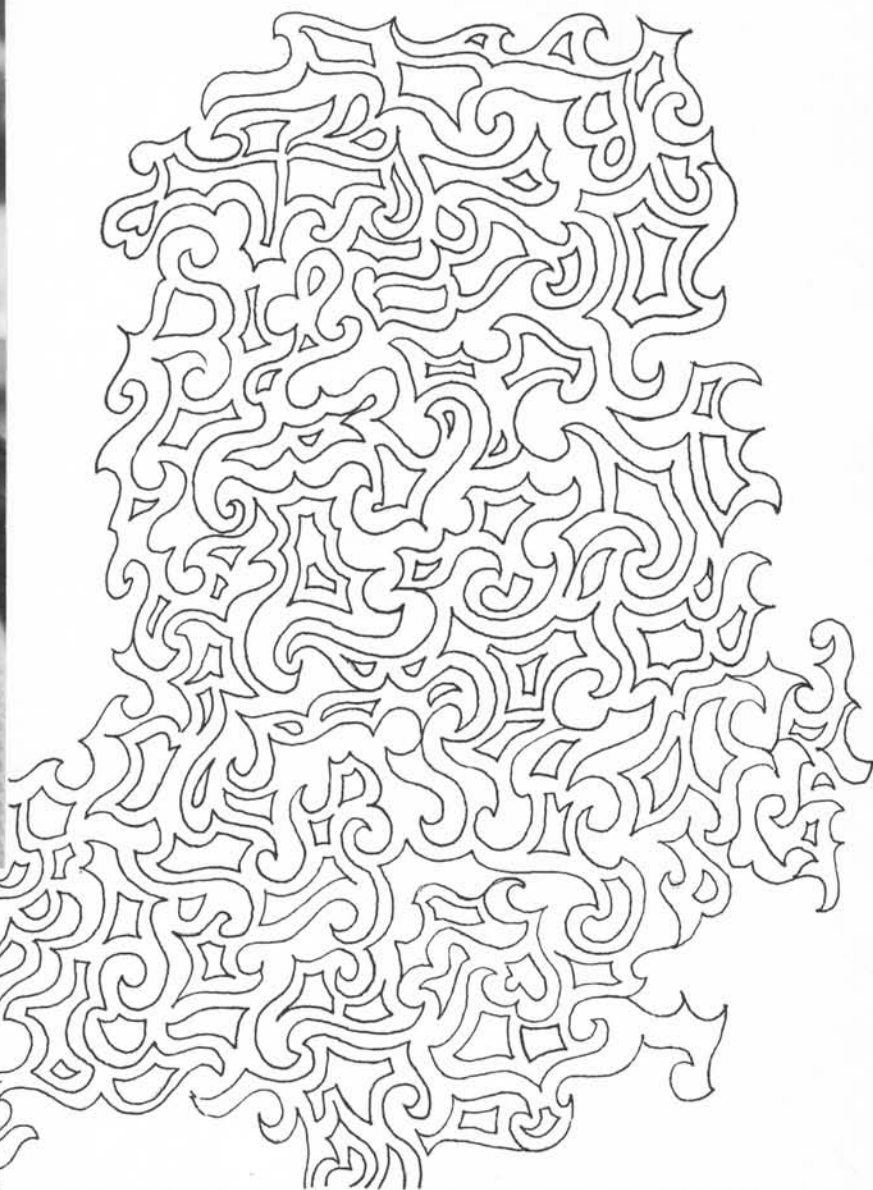
Drawn by the sounds, the gentle people moved and talked, walking and grooving until the unlovely Bellingham Fuzz shut off the power to the guitar amps. (Flower power just wouldn't work.)

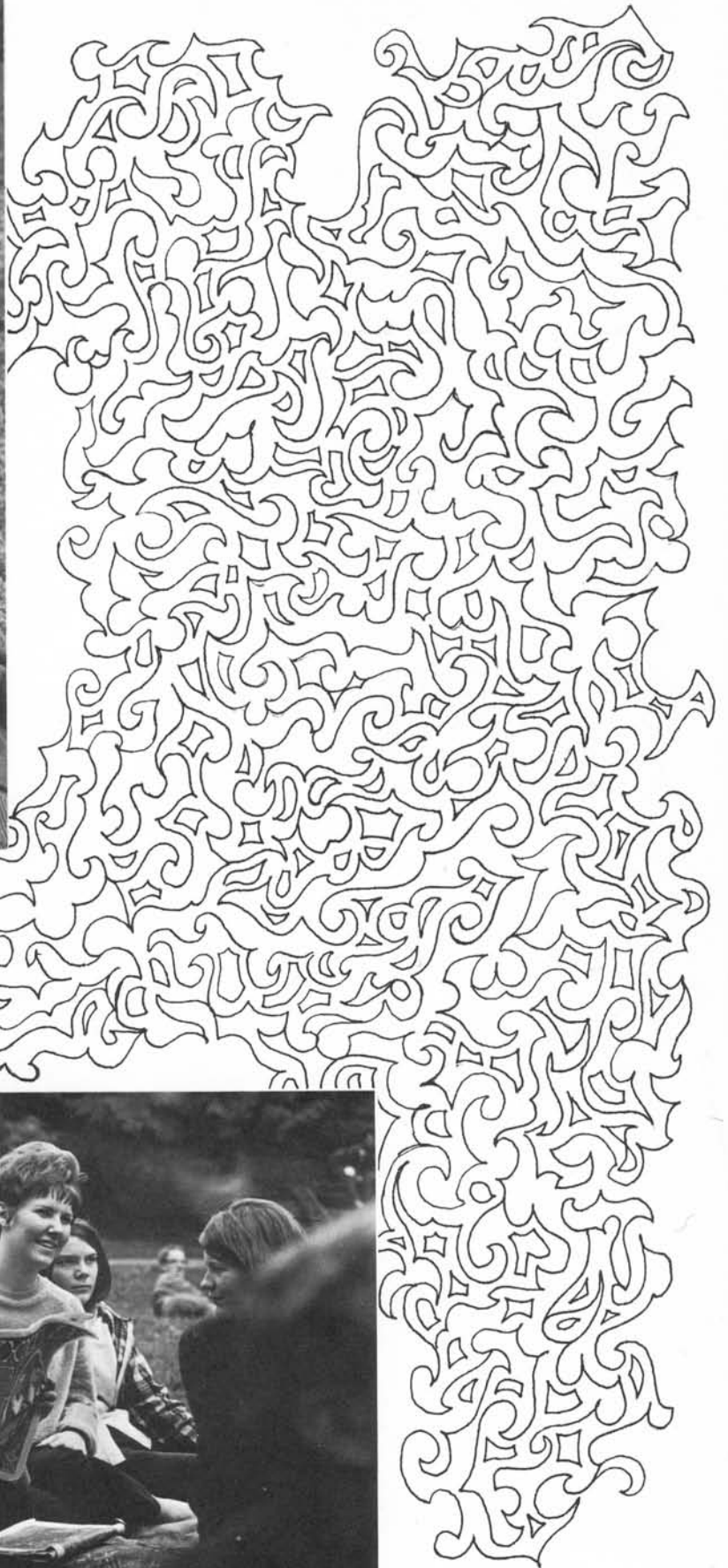
Migration to Larrabee State Park, complete with a few turned-on faculty members, proved less spontaneous as the Hippies and observers sprawled on the grass (lawn-type) waiting to see something happen.

Air pollution finally proved the key—. As the band banged on, the gentle people strolled to the beach to see the sun go down, red and warm, sparkling across the water, saying in silent words, "Love is where its at."











Abrahamson, Darryl  
*Biology*



Adler, Ann  
*Education*



Aitken, James  
*Geography*



Aldrich, Tim  
*History*



Alford, Sharon  
*English*



Anderson, Carol  
*Elem. Ed.*



Anderson, Chris  
*Music Specialist*



Anderson, Coralie  
*Elem. Ed.*



Anderson, Frank  
*Art*



Anderson, Jim  
*Psychology*



Anderson, Joan  
*Spanish*



Anderson, Lyn  
*Phys. Ed.*



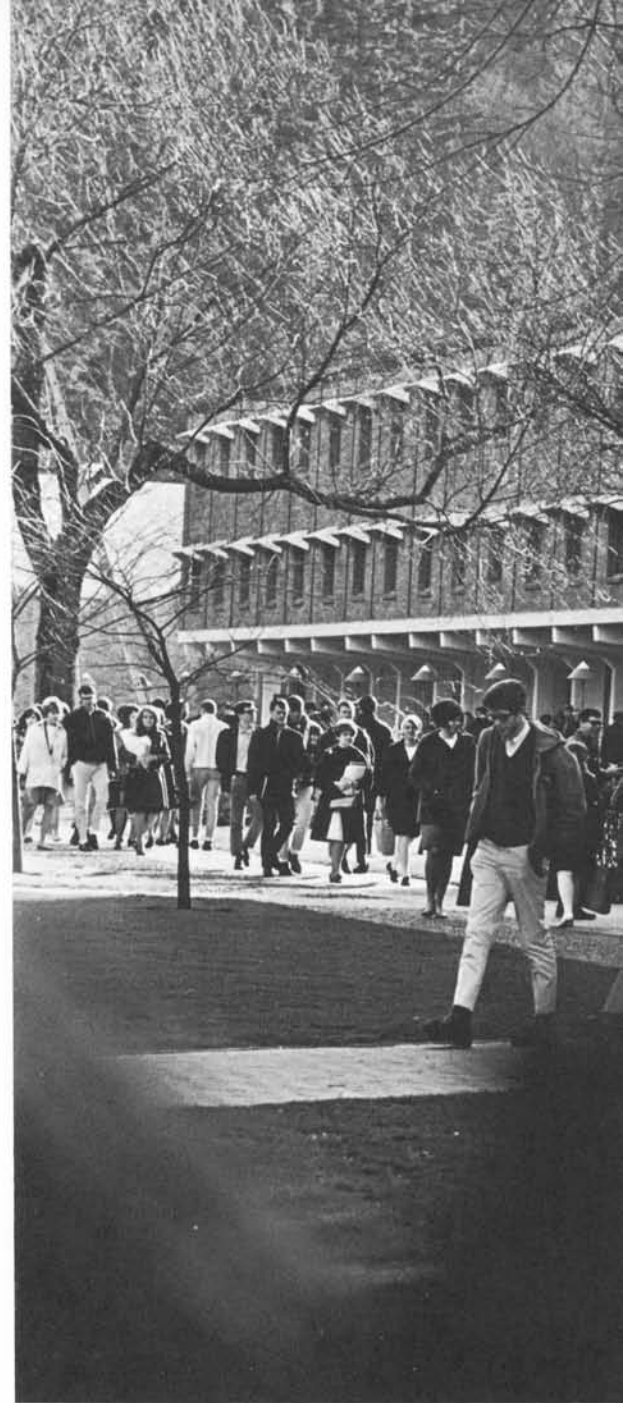
Anderson, Steve  
*Physics*



Anderson, Tom  
*Poli. Sci.*



Ankers, Jennifer  
*History*



# GRADUATES 1967



Arnestad, Bob  
*Physical Education*



Arney, Dorothy  
*History*

Askildson, Shirley  
*Social Studies*

Assink, Jim  
*Chemistry*



Aylesworth, Lois  
*Music*

Baima, Vicki  
*Home Economics*

Bakkom, Diana  
*Elementary Education*



Bantrell, Marilyn  
*History*

Barber, Carol Rae  
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Barber, William  
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Bare, Edwin  
*English*

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Barman, Harry  
*Psychology*



Bartlett, Sandy  
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Bauer, Jackie

Baumgardner, Sharon  
*French*



Baxter, William  
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Baylor, Stephen  
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Beatty, Karen  
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Beatty, Lynne  
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Beckman, John  
*Art*





Beharrell, Lynne  
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Beisse, Mark  
*Geography*



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*English*



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*History*



Bensen, Dale  
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Bergquist, Charles  
*History*



Berthelson, Cynthis  
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Birch, Carol  
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Blackenship, Sandra



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*History*



Bodner, John  
*History*



Bodwell, Carol  
*Spanish*



Boling, Rod  
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Borell, John  
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Bosserman, Sherry  
*Art/Art Education*



Bowles, William  
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Boynton, Solon III  
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Braby, Sheila  
*Social Studies*



Broten, Corrine  
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Brown, Elizabeth  
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Buckmaster, Laura  
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Chapman, Jim  
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Christensen, Joyce  
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Sociology*

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*Education*

Dutton, Connie  
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Eberhard, Hildegard  
*German/French*

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*Art*

Eickmeyer, Virl  
*Industrial Arts*





Elliot, Julie  
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Engel, Cheryl  
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Ensley, Beth  
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Ensman, Fred  
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Erickson, Betty  
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Erickson, Gary  
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Fenton, Michael  
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Ferguson, Dennis  
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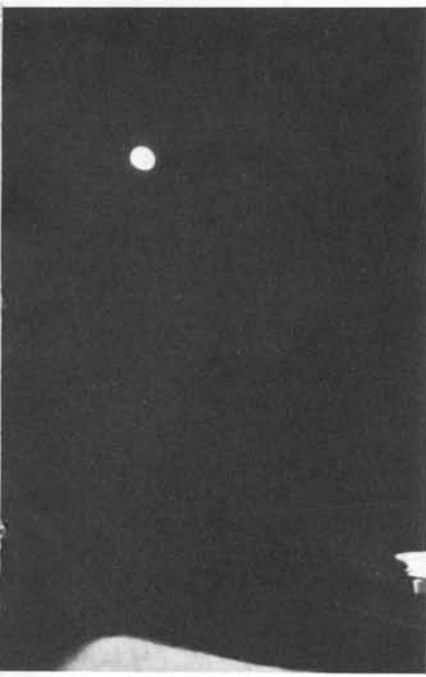


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*History*

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*English*





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Forsberg, Mary Ellen  
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Foss, Richard  
*Music*

Foster, Pam  
*French*



Fox, Arlene  
*Physical Education*

Fraser, Shelley  
*English*

Freeberg, Margaret  
*Home Economics*



Fukuda, Carol  
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Fuller, Judy  
*History*

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*English*



Fykerude, Lynn  
*History*

Gaines, Christine  
*English*

Gardner, Herb  
*History/Education*



Garmo, Diane  
*Physical Education*

Geer, Janet  
*Art*

Geizler, Dorothy  
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Gibb, Sharon  
*Elementary Education*



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*Physical Education*

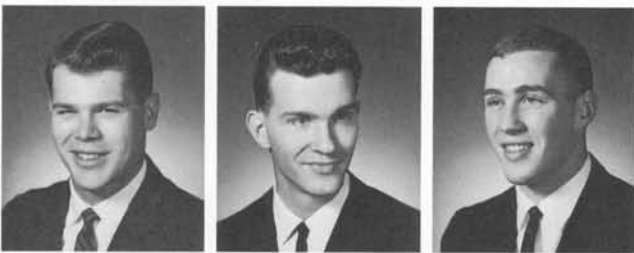
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Gilani, Ali  
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*German*



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Concentration*

Godbey, Roy  
*English Literature*

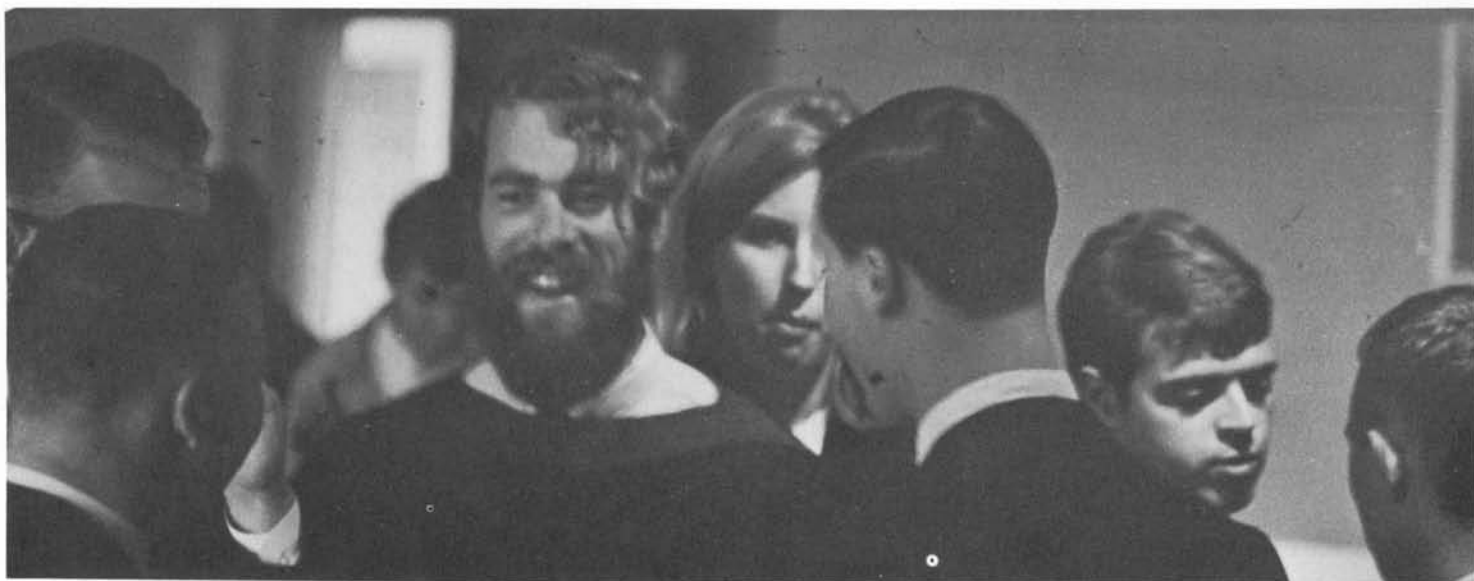
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*History*



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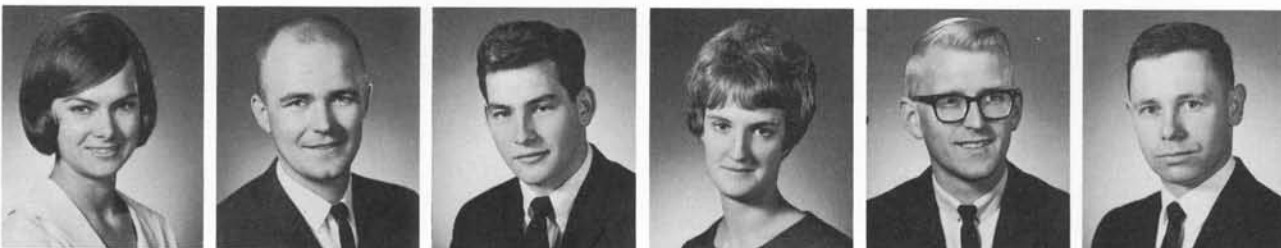
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Grant, Joe  
*Psychology*

Gregory, Diane  
*English*

Gruver, Dale  
*Psychology/Sociology*

Guentz, John  
*Industrial Arts*





Gutzwiller, Jerry  
*Industrial Arts*

Hack, Toia Ann  
*Art*

Hager, Guy  
*Political Science*

Hamamoto, Molly  
*History*

Hamblin, Bob  
*Art*

Hamm, Jarold  
*Math*

Hammerly, Ethel  
*Spanish/Sociology*

Hanley, Tom  
*Physical Education*

Hanlon, Terry  
*Economics/Business*

Harley, Joe  
*Social Studies*

Harmon, Geraldine  
*Elementary Education*

Harrel, Dennis  
*Economics*

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*Sociology*

Harris, Don  
*Psychology*

Harvey, George  
*Mathematics*

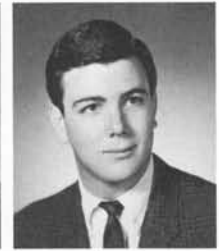
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*Business Education*

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*Art*

Hastings, Richard  
*Political Science*

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*Social Studies*

Hayden, Sandi  
*Speech*





Heinonen, Margaret  
*English*

Hendricks, Les  
*Social Studies*

Henshaw, Gayl  
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Higgins, Ralph  
*Geology*

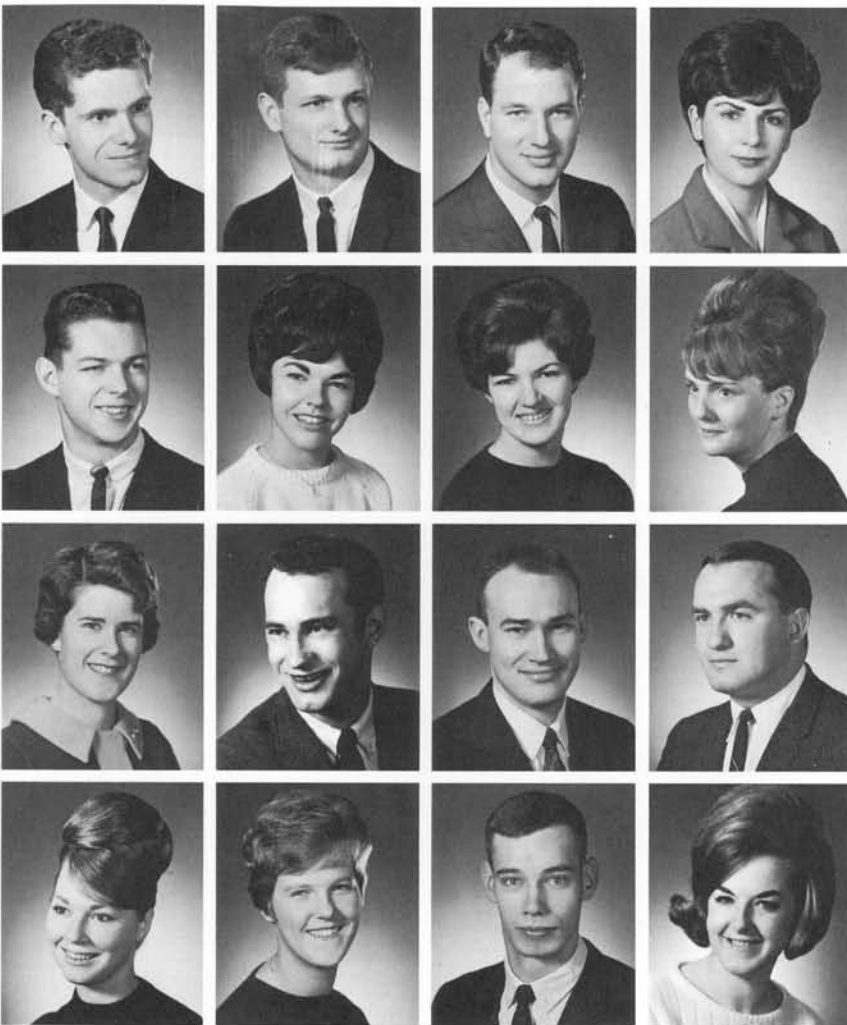
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Hillbery, Claudia  
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Hiramoto, Molly  
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Hogue, Kathy  
*Social Studies*



Hollinger, James  
*Economics*

Holm, James  
*Industrial Arts/Physical Education*

Holmes, George  
*Art*

Holtum, Lois  
*Home Economics*

Hope, James  
*Music*

Hoskins, Donna  
*Home Economics*

Hosley, Patty  
*Physical Education*

Houghton, Maryann  
*special Education*

Howard, Christy  
*Physical Education*

Howell, Thomas  
*English*

Hubbard, George  
*Industrial Arts*

Hubbard, Herb  
*Economics/Business*

Hughes, Cindy  
*Sociology-Anthropology*

Huhta, Susie  
*German*

Hull, John  
*Geography*

Hunter, Beverly  
*English*





Huntingford, Frances  
*Social Studies*



Huntsinger, Les  
*Economics/ Political Science*

Imes, Joan  
*General Science*

Innes-Taylor, Catherine  
*History*



Irons, Merrilee  
*Speech Therapy*

Irwin, Dean  
*Biology*

Johnson, Lynn  
*Speech Therapy*



Johnson, Martha  
*Home Economics*

Johnson, Mary  
*Education*

Johnson, Noreen  
*Elementary Concentration*



Johnson, Susan  
*English*

Jones, Barbara  
*Art*

Jones, Judy  
*Elementary Education*



Jones, Karen A.  
*Social Studies*

Kaaland, Michael  
*Mathematics*

Kalivas, Sylvia  
*History/Political Science*



Kazen, Karen  
*History*

Kelly, Douglas  
*Economics*

Kelly, Joe  
*Economics*



Kelly, Pat  
*Biology*

Kemper, Charlene  
*Biology*



Kerl, Pete  
*Social Studies*



Kilponen, Anita  
*Russian*



Kirch, Pam  
*Elementary Education*



Knaack, Jane  
*Elementary Education*



Knutsen, Karen  
*Education*



Knutson, Tyronne  
*English/Elementary Education*



Kochis, Diane  
*English*



Kohler, Monika  
*French*



Kolb, Philip  
*History*



Kratzig, Jim  
*History*

Krell, Dennis  
*Geography*

Kuney, Earl

L'Amie, Frank  
*Political Science*

La Pacek, Darlene  
*Elementary Education*

Lahmon, Suzanne

Lambe, Jeanne  
*Elementary Education*

Lambrecht, Bill  
*Psychology*

Larson, Jerry  
*Industrial Arts*

Leif, Frank  
*Psychology*

Lien, Cedric  
*Economics*

Lintott, Bob  
*English*

Lloyd, Mara  
*Speech*

Lomax, Jeannette  
*Physical Education*

Loughlin, Mike  
*History*





Lowe, Nancy  
*Home Economics*



Lowman, Terry  
*Biology*



Lucchesi, Judy  
*Elementary Concentration*



Lund, Pat  
*French*



Luther, Barbara  
*English/Home Economics*



Lutterloh, Ralph  
*Music Specialist*



Lythgoe, Julie  
*Political Science*



Mabbot, Fred  
*Physical Education*



Leod, Norma  
*English*



Madison, Leonard  
*English*



Marquand, James  
*Industrial Arts*



Martin, Karla  
*Mathematics*



Martin, Mel  
*Industrial Arts*



Martindale, Terry  
*English*



Marsh, Doug  
*Industrial Arts*



Marsh, Shirley  
*Psychology*

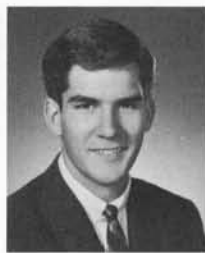


Maudsley, Lewis  
*Social Anthropology*



Mawrence, Barbara  
*Elementary Education*





Maxwell, James  
*Recreation*

McBride, Sandra  
*English*

McComb, Russ  
*Industrial Arts*

McCombs, Marion  
*Business Education*

McDonald, Janet  
*Elementary Education*



McDonald, Nanci  
*Speech*  
McKeen, Ed  
*Industrial Arts/Economics*  
Mc Laughlin, Robert  
*Industrial Arts/Education*  
McManus, Gary  
*Economics*



McManus, Jerry  
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Mehus, Judy  
*Music*  
Mercer, Nancy  
*Psychology/Education*  
Meservey, June  
*German*



Metts, Sandra  
*English*  
Mickey, Helen  
*Physical Education/  
Elementary Education*  
Minegishi, Sue  
*Art*  
Mitchell, Betty  
*Social Studies*

Mode, Judy  
*Art*  
 Moikobu, Caren  
*Sociology*  
 Montgomery, Joseph  
*Industrial Arts*  
 Morrison, Mary  
*English*  
  
 Mortenson, Penny  
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 Murphy, Kathleen  
*English*  
 Mussivand, Martha  
*Art*  
 Nakagawara, Elaine  
*History*  
  
 Nasman, Barbara  
*History*  
 Neumeister, Mary  
*Library Science*  
 Newland, Harley  
*History*  
 Newstrom, Janet  
*Elementary Education*





Nielson, Sue  
*Speech Therapy*

Niemi, James  
*Psychology*

Niles, Kathleen  
*English*

Nite, Ralph  
*French*

Nogle, Warren  
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Norgaard, Larry D.  
*Economics*

O'Conner, Annette  
*Physical Education*

O'Leary, Terry

Olson, Frances  
*Art*



O'Neil, Harley Jr.  
*History*

Othberg, Kurt  
*General Science*

Otteli, Ron  
*History*

Otter, Dorothy  
*Business Education*

Pace, Keith  
*Art*

Paine, Sharon  
*Physical Education*





Pajari, Elaine  
*Art*

Parry, Richard  
*Economics*

Patrick, Doug  
*Physical Education*

Patterson, Patricia  
*Elementary Education*

Paull, James  
*Business Education*

Pearson, Diane  
*Home Economics*

Pederson, Darlene  
*Music Specialist*

Pendleton, Sue  
*Music*

Penley, Judy  
*Business Education*

Penley, Michael  
*Chemistry*

Penley, Ronald  
*Economics*

Peterson, Prudence  
*Social Studies*

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*Psychology*

Pfundt, Noel  
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Phillips, Linda  
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Polinder, Mary Jane  
*Sociology*

Pollett, David  
*Earth Science*

Porter, Alan  
*Political Science*

Primavera, Jeanine  
*Elementary Education*

Query, Barbara  
*Psychology*

Raber, Anne  
*English*





Radoy, Anne  
*English*  
Raich, Mike  
*History*  
Ramerman, Eileen  
*Geology*  
Raymore, Sandy  
*Elementary Education*



Reinikka, Leo  
*Political Science*  
Rice, Jolene  
*History*  
Richardson, Gary  
*Industrial Arts/Social Studies*  
Rish, Judy  
*General Science*



Robbins, Dan  
*Industrial Arts*  
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Rockett, Tim  
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Rodgers, GERALD  
*Psychology*

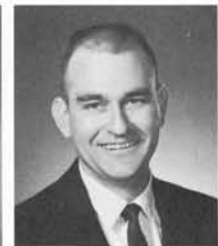
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*Business Administration*

Rogainis, Janis  
*History*

Ross, Linda  
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*English*







Rough, George  
*Art*



Ruf, Carolyn  
*Social Studies*



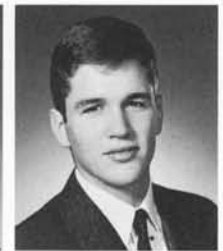
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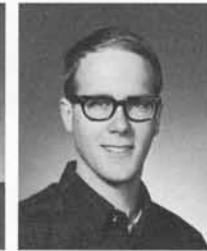
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*Music Education*



Schostak, Mitchell  
*History*  
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*Geography*  
Scott, Janet  
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Scougale, Helen  
*Elementary Education*





Scholz, Eugene  
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Seiber, Jim  
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Sharnbroich, Terry  
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Shellenberger, Meg  
*Education*

Sherman, Richard  
*Rural & Urban Planning*

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Shriner, Jeff  
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*Elementary Education*





Smitch, Curtis  
*Biology*



Smith, Francine  
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Smithson, Lynden  
*Political Science/Pre-Law*

Soler, Christine  
*Sociology*

Sorenson, Jim  
*Political Science*



Sparks, Burnell  
*Biology*

Spinharney, Ken  
*Social Studies*

Spurkland, Helen  
*Geography*



Stanger, Joyce  
*Psychology*

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*German*



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Strand, LeRoy  
*Physical Education*



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*German*

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Taylor, Ken  
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*German*

Thomas, Beverly  
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Thomas, Thomas  
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*Home Economics*

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Turner, Keith  
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Vander Mey, Gordon  
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*History*

Waara, Ron  
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Waherick, Mike  
*Political Science*

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*Speech*

Ward, Pat  
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Ward, Steve  
*Industrial Arts*

Warn, Eric  
*Speech*

Warren, Bob  
*Physical Education*



Way, Bonnie  
*Psychology/Sociology*

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*Social Studies*

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Webley, Ken  
*Art*

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*Chemistry*

Weeks, Judy  
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Weir, Doug  
*Business*

Wells, John  
*Sociology*



Wheeler, Allen  
*Physics*

White, Susan  
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*Music*

Wilson, Shiela  
*Biology*



Windus, Robert  
*Business Administration*

Wolf, Nadine  
*Home Economics*

Woodard, Gary  
*Industrial Arts*

Woodring, Carol  
*French/German*

Yabusaki, Ken  
*Chemistry*

Yake, Jim  
*Physical Education*

Yamada, Janey  
*Elementary Education*

Younghusband, Don  
*Economics/Accounting*







Western physically is a college. College, however, is more than trees and buildings, it is a people, a place, and a way of life. In the preceding pages, the staff of the 1967 Klipsun

It's the people. Meeting people, seeing people, feeling people.

It's living in a dorm with a roommate—the same place, the same person—all day, all night.



has attempted to capture some of the way of life by photographing the people, the places, and in words has tried to capture some of the events of life. For some, college is a retreat; four years in a cave away from reality.

But Western is a reality and a totality. It is walking to a special tree—one with a rope swing. It's hiking in the woods, along the beach, finding a flower, a piece of wire.

Having new ideas.

Having a test and trying to study. And it's living in an apartment house, learning what to do when the hot water heater bursts and the toilet and the sink quit working—all on the same day.

It's needing to be alone at times, and enjoying a crowd at others. It's buying a silly something for someone when you have almost nothing.

A college education is having experiences. The same experiences exist on the "outside" as on the campus. The key is the searching.



I would like to be able to write a letter to everyone I have known in the past few months and say, simply, "I love you." Why?

Because the dandelions are turning silver and the goldfinches are returning.

Because Tulips are Red and the sky is Blue and Narcissus are blooming.

Because I saw a ladybug today, and robins and a brown rabbit—

Because Beethoven once wrote a Symphony and Oscar Wilde wrote *The Happy Prince*.

Because it is warm in the sun and the grass is soft beneath my feet—

Because swans can fly and swim and sing one song before they die—

Because people are beautiful and should be felt and smelled and tasted and experienced. Two people alone in the dark blue evening—

Because of Life, and Love and All that is a part of a Greater Whole—  
A Greater All—A Totality.

Raymond Mustoe



The 1967 ASB campaign proved to be the year of balloons. As election day drew nearer the size of the balloons increased in direct proportion, someone suggested, to the amount of hot air being released.

Independent candidate Dan Fredrickson was victorious over University Party (UP) candidate Donovan Duncan.

President Elect Fredrickson won by a 1249-864 margin. Elected as vice-president was Darrell Peterson.





Western's track team, under the tutorship of Stan LaProtti and Boyde Long has had a spotty season. As a team they have done poorly but there have been some good individual performances.

The 440-yard relay team, consisting of Dave Anderson, Larry Anderson, John Hunt and Al Merrit, set a new school record of 43.6 seconds. However, it's one of those seasons and it was one of those days—the team lost the race to Portland State College.

Other bright spots include Tom Campbell's time of 1.55.4 in the 880-yard run and Dave VanderGriend's toss of 228'8" in the javelin event. Jim McAbee has been stellar in the low and intermediate hurdle events.



Western's baseball season has been a bad dream to the players and hasn't existed to the fans. Playing to sparse crowds the team has worked hard to score one victory and 16 losses at press time.

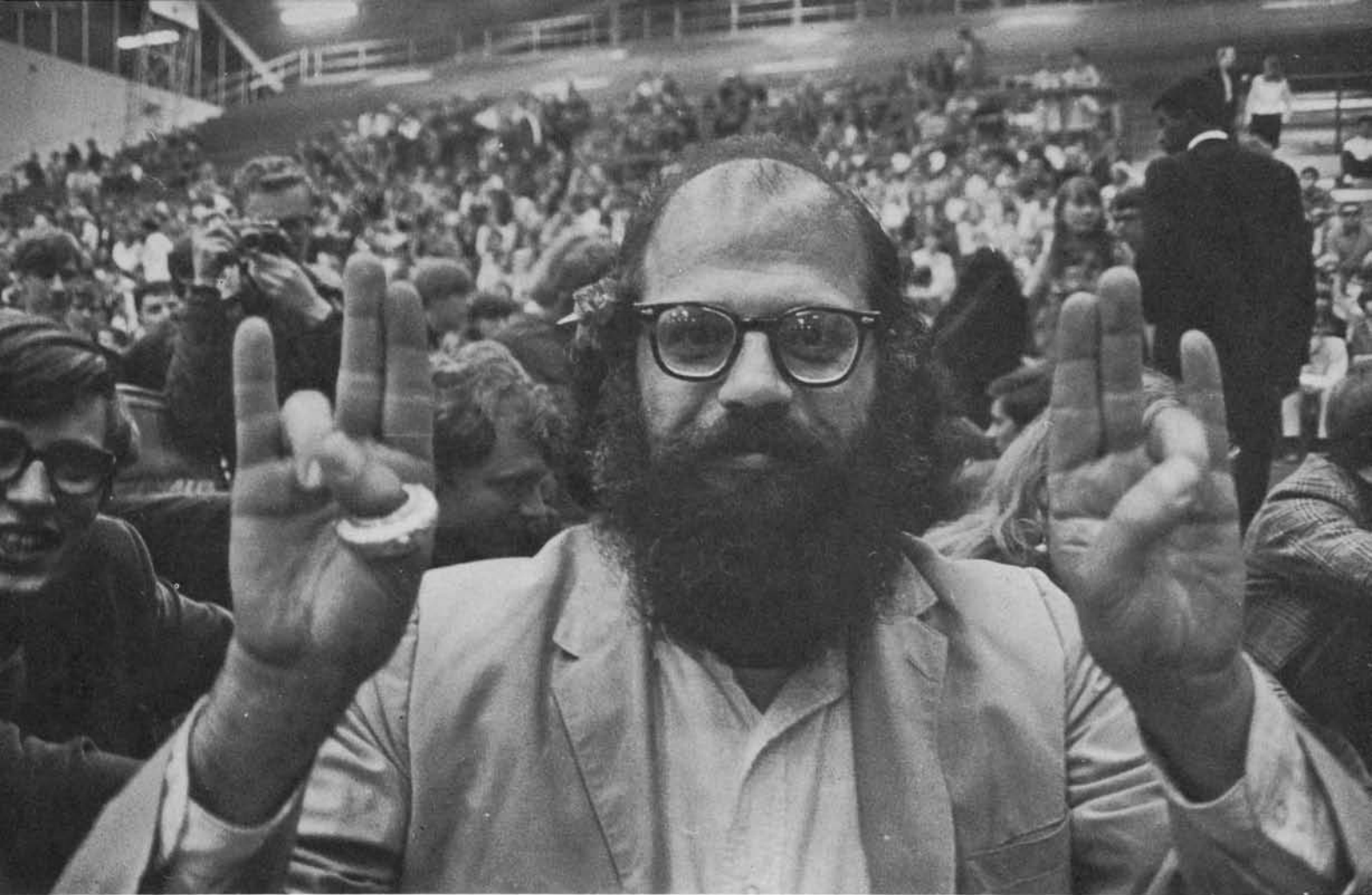
Fred Emerson, Western's football coach, is the mentor of the squad that two years ago was the top small college team on the Coast. Although Emerson had a reputation as a hard hitting outfielder when he played for Western in 1956 and 1957, he hasn't been able to pass along his knowledge to the team. The team batting average at press time was an anaemic .173.

Bill Jorgenson, third baseman, boasts the only decent average, a sparkling .375. From there the averages drop off to Larry Belle's .273—and Belle's a pitcher!

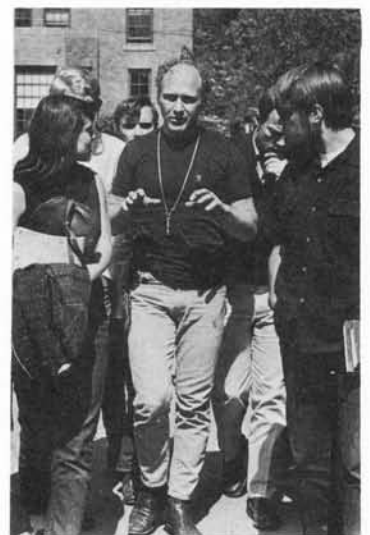
Quite a fair pitcher, too. His 2.90 earned run average is second only to freshman Mike Clayton's 2.19.

The defense is as holey as a Swiss cheese. The club has committed 46 errors, nearly twice as many as the opposition.

Perhaps Emerson should be sent a 1968 calendar—to remind him there's always next year.



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There seems to be but one thing which constantly pervades our being—music. It molds our desires, calls in answer to loneliness, laughs, cries, kills and cures. This year Western has certainly been treated to the entire gambit of the LSD - reinstated philosophy of Love. We can attribute the psychology of the reverent to Leary, the poetry to Ginsberg, the prose to Kesey, and lastly yet perhaps the most dynamic, the emotion of individualism through the music of Jefferson Airplane.

With a sense of awe reverent for change we watched as Western's Safety Patrol first caressed the 2,000 people in attendance into reawakened awareness and then deposited these same people into the mind-expanding implosion of the love-rock of Jefferson Airplane. Carver Gym erupted like an insight into life.

Spontaneity is the key to any happening—and we certainly witnessed such in the response of the people. It is nice to know that the musical philosophy of the Airplane could invoke the passerby into question and the questioner into frenzy. Go Western!





Once again tradition flanked transition as the 1967 graduates of Western Washington State College commenced to sever the ties formed to obtain that certain roll of sheepskin. As they passed in fact from student to alumni the 456 June graduates with Bachelor of Arts degrees as well as the participating 127 August graduates faced the big moment of life that seems to be adequately laced with both exhilaration and confusion.

For the 28 Masters graduates, those who had seen it all before, the day was a day to bask in the praise of the whole world, and then to take this same world by the horns and make it their own.

Looking down the long rows of somber black, one felt privy to a private joke characterized by twinkling eyes dancing among the participants who seemed to share the gravity of the moment, but who, beneath the robes of estate, had educated their minds to a realistic survey of the game we call life.

Western Washington State College is a handful of words nice to be from. But to the graduates of 1967, that same handful of words is a life which they are from. For this reason the conflict of tradition and transition will ever smile in its mythical battle of supremacy.



