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FISCAL NOTE

REPORTED OUT OF
SFC 2/22/96

REQUEST:

Revision Date: 2/22/96

Affected Agency: University

Title: Establishing an endowment

BRU: Anchorage Campus

for the Robert B. Atwood Journalism Chair

Sponsor: Senator Kelly

Components: Instruction

Requestor: Senate Finance

753

EXPENDITURES/REVENUES: (THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS)

OPERATING	FY 97	FY 98	FY 99	FY 2000	FY 2001	FY 2002
Personal Services						
Travel						
Contractual						
Supplies						
Equipment						
Land & Structures						
Grants, Claims						
Miscellaneous						
TOTAL OPERATING	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0

CAPITAL						
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REVENUE						
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FUNDING: (THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS)

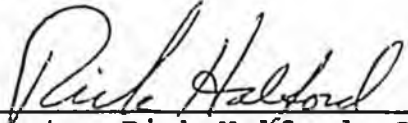
General Fund						
Federal Fund						
Other						
TOTAL	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0

POSITIONS:						
Full-Time						
Part-Time						
Temporary						

Estimated FY 96 Impact: 0

ANALYSIS: (ATTACH A SEPARATE PAGE IF NECESSARY)

Prepared By:


Senator Rick Halford, Co-chair
Senate Finance Committee

Date: 2/22/96

Phone: 465-4958

(7)

HOUSE COMMITTEE REPORT

Date Referred to Committee: March 13, 1996

FURTHER REFERRALS:

Finance

Date of Committee Action: 4/16/96

The HEALTH, EDUCATION AND SOCIAL SERVICES Committee considered:

SB 134 am

SENATE BILL NO. 134 am

ATWOOD CHAIR OF JOURNALISM AT U OF AA

"An Act establishing an endowment for the Robert B. Atwood journalism chair at the University of Alaska Anchorage; and providing for an effective date."

recommends it be replaced with the following committee substitute [] the same title [] a new title

[] additional referral to _____ Committee [] attached amendment(s)

ADOPTS: _____ Letter of Intent

ATTACHES NEW FISCAL NOTE(S): (Dept) APPROVES PREVIOUS: (Dept/Date) [] fiscal note(s) [] fiscal note(s)

[] zero fiscal note(s) [X] zero fiscal note(s) University 2/23/96

Table with 5 columns: SIGNING WITH RECOMMENDATIONS, DP, DNP, NR, AM. Rows contain signatures and checkmarks.

CHAIR'S SIGNATURE [Signature]





True North

will
reflect
the attitudes and
viewpoints of the diverse
population of the University
of Alaska Anchorage family, particularly
its students. It will provide accurate and timely
information in entertaining,
informative
and
relevant ways.
It will also provide a
professional and
personal
growth
experience to the
Journalism and Public
Communications
Department students
who create it.
The staff
will
always seek
to represent
students'
interests
first
and foremost and
will strive to be fair in all discourse. This pub-
lication is not a vehicle for divisiveness.
Instead, it will strive through its
content to unite readers in a
common bond of
humanity

True North

Spring 1995

Tad Bartimus
Atwood Professor of Journalism
Editor and Publisher

Troy Gowen
Editor in Chief

Paula M. Story
Senior Editor

April Carter
Design Director

Laura Mitchell
Assistant Editor

Kimberly Curtis
Production Editor

Rebecca Whitmer
Copy Editor

James W. Sharp
Advertising

Celeste Johnson
Circulation

Nuno V. Castro
Contributing Editor

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University of Alaska

A word from our editor...

In navigation, true north is not the same as magnetic north. If you want to get to the top of the world you must adjust your course from the compass reading.

Four short months ago nine journalism students had a dream. We would leave behind the newsletter-style *SciArts* which has served the College of Arts and Sciences for 14 years and bravely set out to produce the magazine you now hold. The journey has been a hard one, but with constant course corrections, generous guidance and a little luck, we have finally reached our goal. The view is great!

One thing we have learned is that there are many ways to reach a destination and, in the end, that's what counts. In this premiere issue we celebrate the wonderful choices the students, faculty and staff of the University Alaska Anchorage make to find their own ways.

Welcome to True North.



The staff of True North offers special thanks and appreciation to Dr. Sylvia Brandy, the founder and chairwoman of the Department of Journalism and Public Communications, for her dedication to her profession. She has put the betterment of the JPC department first. Your students thank you.

Inside cover Photo by Tim Green. © True North

(Clockwise from bottom left: Gia Dittmer; Joyce Reynolds; Stephen Parham; Beau Carter; April Carter, Marvin Parent)

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Photo by Paula M. Story, © True North

Cover Photo by M. Scott Moon ©

Adventure 101

on the **Ice** with

Alaska Wilderness Studies



Photo by Michael R. Dudash, © True North
Eric Snelgrove on Boone's Farm.

Icling to the ice. Rivulets of water stream down my chest and the front of my legs. Shards of ice fly in my face as I pound the ice axes into the wet surface that looks like glass. I am looking for a dimple, a depression in the ice which will hold my ax securely as I pull my body a few more inches up the side of the frozen waterfall. I am 30 feet above the ground now, and I am scared.

What possesses anyone to venture out with UAA's Alaska Wilderness Studies? How do students get into perilous positions which test their physical endurance and mental toughness? Are the people who sign up for AWS courses incredibly brave, strong, athletic — or just weird? Most people

by kimberly curtis

don't qualify for any of these labels, at least not in the beginning. And it is at the beginning that UAA students, their interest piqued, show up at AWS's offices where they are greeted with posters of mountain climbers and kayakers, athletes with muscular, lean bodies photographed in exotic locales.

The setting is enough to make even the most secure and confident among us feel weak, inadequate and frightened.

"Don't look down," I think to myself, or did I say it aloud? I try not to think too much about what I am doing. It's probably best not to over-intellectualize these things. It is just me and the ice. I feel more in tune with my body and its actions than I ever have before. I hear my heavy breathing, feel my muscles stretch and strain. I am unaware of any extraneous surroundings. My cold, numb fingers are forgotten, my wet clothes are a meaningless memory. I hardly notice that my arms are burning with white-hot pain. There is nothing before me now except this solid mass of ice I am attempting to conquer.

People think they have to be a super-jock to get involved with us, says Alan Hill, assistant coordinator and instructor with AWS. It's an image

AWS has been working hard to shed. As part of the largest outdoor education program in Alaska, offering more than 50 different courses, Hill sees all kinds come through AWS's doors. Instructors have taught people with fears of heights and other phobias. Now it's AWS's turn to teach me, an average person with the desire to get into extraordinary activities.

AWS teaches everything from climbing and mountaineering to scuba diving and wilderness writing. Students can take most classes for credit, but they're expensive. In addition to regular UAA tuition rates, students pay extra fees ranging from about \$135 for a beginning ice-climbing class to almost \$1,000 for a spring break telemark skiing workshop at Mt. McKinley's Ruth Glacier. Most experienced adventurers will tell you that this is reasonable compared to the cost of doing it on your own. AWS often provides equipment, ground transportation and other extras.

A required "extra" for the ice-climbing class is an orientation and classroom session before students head out. My class is taught by Dennis Deering, a carpenter by trade, with more than 15 years of climbing experience. Deering acquaints me and 10 others with the complicated but necessary equipment we'll be using.

Deering assures us that ice-climbing is a relatively safe hobby. He explains that top-roping is the form of protection we'll use for our climb. A 50-meter rope coated with a water-resistant substance is fed through an anchor secured at the top of the climb by the more experienced leader. At the

bottom, one end of the rope holds the climber and the other is in the hands of the belayer, who stays on the ground. Everyone wears a harness, sturdy webbing that looks like a belt with loops around the upper thighs. The climber is roped into the harness with knots specially designed for climbing. The knots you tie and the harness you buckle will ultimately bear the responsibility of saving your life if you fall.

The belayer clips a device onto the harness and feeds the other end of the rope through it. This device serves as a pulley to take up slack in the rope as the climber moves up the ice. If the climber falls, a good belayer will know to brake and bear the weight with the pulley system. We learn to trust the rope and our belayer completely. "As long as your belayer is watching, you'll be safe," Deering says. He also tells us that this implicit trust usually wears off after the first few mishaps with a daydreaming belayer.

The day of the climb is mild but rainy. My stomach flutters with excitement and nervousness as our class is introduced to the last few pieces of equipment. We are fitted with lightweight, plastic boots, similar to downhill ski boots, and crampons. "Foot fangs," as Deering

calls them, are a single row of spikes on metal frames that attach to the bottom of our boots. Crampons enable us to stick to ice with relative ease. We also bring along more than a dozen different ice axes. Most are about two feet long and slightly curved, resembling a miniature sickle more than a wood-chopping ax. Before we make our way south to Eklutna Valley, Deering gives us one final bit of advice.

"In ice-climbing," he says, "you've got a bunch of teeth on your feet and knives in your hands. You just don't wanna fall."

Everything I'd learned in those four short hours in the classroom is being tested as I make my way up the ice. "I'm doing fine," I think, until a towering wave of fear comes over me. I can't move an inch. I hang from my axes with my face pressed against the cold, slippery surface of the waterfall. My concentration is gone. The reality of what I am doing blurs sharply in my brain. My crampon slips and my foot searches frantically for a new hold. "Soc-

Everything I'd learned in those four short hours in the classroom is being tested as I make my way up the ice.

Photo by Michael R. Dudash, © True North
AWS Field Assistant Cliff Hilpert.



cer kick it in," an unknown voice shouts from below. I do, and send down a shower of ice. "I'm scared," I scream as I look down, way down, to my classmates standing safely below on the ridge.

We are an unusual group. We all have different backgrounds and varying levels of experience. And we're all

it "looks like tons of fun." Now, these are the people cheering me on.

"You're doing great," they shout up to me. "Take it one step at a time." Their energy reassures me. "I'm not about to let this hunk of ice get the better of me," I think. I had watched earlier in the day as others scurried up this

riod.

"I need to come down," I shout to Sara. "Rappel or climb down?" she asks. "Rappel," I answer. I'm definitely taking the easier route. This is my well-deserved reward, the best part, I think. "Ready," she answers. "Give me your weight." I lean back in my harness and stick my legs straight out from the ice. My body is perpendicular to the ground. Sara begins to let rope out and lower me. What a thrill! I walk backward down the ice. I have just climbed a frozen waterfall. Imagine. The sun is shining. I am wet, cold and utterly exhausted.

My classmates congratulate me when I am safely on the ground. As they pat me on the back, they say, "Not bad for your first time." No, not bad at all. ↗

"I'm not about to let this hunk of ice get the better of me," I think.

there for our own unique reasons. We range in age from early 20s to late 30s. We are an aircraft mechanic, a veterinarian's assistant, a petroleum engineer, several students, an airline pilot. Sara, my belayer, is a neophyte adventurer who took the class because

same wall and made it look easy. I drag my body a few more feet before my arms finally give out. I simply don't have the strength to take me any further. I am not at the top. But almost. I am higher than I've been on an ice cliff. I am higher than I've ever been. Pe-

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University of Alaska Anchorage
ENROLLMENT SERVICES



C College Nightmare

by april carter

You wake up. That's it. Everything is great.
Then you remember.

Chugging down something with 20 pounds of caffeine you dress the kids, feed the dog, drop off the kids, return home for the forgotten ice skates they just-have-to-have-or-they'll-die. Then dart for 'ie campus praying that your husband remembers to pick up his own suit at the cleaners and wonder when you'll have time to bake the cookies for the bake sale. Welcome to college in the '90s.

That's how the first semester starts. You are 20 years older than 70 percent of the student population, but these are supposed to be the best four years of your life. Someone always tells you that. It may be your aunt, mother, a stranger on the street, anyone who spots the harried expression on your face and the umpteen thousand books on your coffee table giving step-by-step instructions on how to be a college student, wife, mother and any of the other thousand professions rolled up into one person called MOM. You know, a student resembling super college-student-meets-June Cleaver.

And so, you arrive. So did 60 million other people. Parking a car in a lot the size of a walnut is

the first step to competitive knowledge. You should be graded for parking your car.

"Yep, thirteen-point-two-minutes, I'll give that a B. Could have been an A if you'd cut that red coupe off at the corner."

What's unique about college is that the first day is no different from playing hide-and-go-seek in a maze. I can do this, you think, this is the building. Yep, this is the classroom. I have 28 seconds before class starts ... OK, go. But the funny thing is, the classroom is never where it's supposed to be and if it is, you can't find it.

You see, there is some mysterious force out there that likes practical jokes and you're it. It has rules. You must enter only after class has already started. And catch the attention of every set of eyes in the room as you slink in. Suddenly,

you realize the only person age-related is the instructor.

Then there's buying books. Only someone forgot to tell you about the lines. Lines forever. You know the kind: you start in the building but the end is somewhere in Africa. You know this because you start walking and six weeks later you find the end. Or what you think is the end until some poor sap gets behind you and the line keeps forming until you know it has to reach around the earth a few more times. And then the line moves. Good, you think, I will get to see my six-year-old graduate.

You climb into your car at the end of the day and drive your battered nerves home wondering if this is really worth it. You think about tomorrow and shudder. This is only the first day. Relax. It gets better.

By the way, has anyone told you about finals week? One hint: send your kids to Grandma's house. And your husband? Gee ... that's a tough one. You could do what I always do but it's at your own risk. Smile sweetly and give him the television remote.

Amazing. ♪

Hi

Net-Junkies

Addictions in Cyberspace

by troy gowen



Illustration by Kevin Hagensieker, © True North

The Internet can be a trap for the unsuspecting. Of the estimated 30 million people worldwide who choose to enter this new arena of information retrieval and electronic communication, a small percentage may literally become addicted to what they find there. It is a choice with serious sacrifices for those few. Like compulsive gamblers, they cannot resist the temptation to roll the dice just one more time.

Also like compulsive gamblers, addicts to the Internet suffer over the long run. A hungry, growing beast, the "free" Internet gobbles up time, money and energy from those willing to feed it. Relationships falter, grades drop, job performance wanes and phone bills soar for those who can't bring themselves to disconnect.

Requests for personal experiences involving the Internet were recently posted on campus at the University of Alaska Anchorage. Similar requests

My name is Bob, and I'm addicted to the Internet.

My fingertips are stained orange with the dust of stale Doritos; my teeth with endless Marlboros and tepid Jolt cola. My eyes burn. My hands are numb. My back aches.

But my mind has seen places this flesh-heavy body will never take me.

I have sailed the silicon seas and discovered islands of data sparkling jewel-like in the sun of a billion high-resolution monitors.

I hear the sirens call, yet I cannot find them. Over millions of miles of copper and optical-fiber cable I've hunted. In the cold, lonely corners of geo-synchronous satellites I've searched.

I have known others; I sense them passing hollow-eyed, haunted. On their own quests they slip by me in shadow form. We sometimes exchange news of distant realms, of codes and secrets, deliver Bluebeard's keys to forbidden portals, and then we wish godspeed and fly down our separate paths.

I'm not complete when I'm not wired in. I'm not whole. Flying. Hunting. Searching. Seeking. Always something magical just down the next electronic rabbit hole. I cannot help myself. I'm not sure I want to.

I'm a junkie; but I'm not alone.

were posted in several Internet newsgroups. Forty-five individuals responded by e-mail with their stories. Although some of the responses were positive in their description of Internet use, 30 people indicated negative experiences, and 17 people described themselves as addicted to the Internet.

A typical story is that of a psychology major at the University of California Berkeley. She requested that her Internet nickname "Kamea" be used in an effort to remain anonymous, but her story is typical of many who feel they are addicted to the Internet.

Kamea was first introduced to the Internet while a high school junior in 1991. At first unimpressed, when her family moved to Europe the next year Kamea realized the appeal of Internet. She used e-mail to keep in touch with her boyfriend and others in the United States.

"Soon I was checking e-mail at least twice a day," she writes. "I attribute that more to my loneliness in a country where I didn't have any friends."

When she returned to the United States, Kamea began sending messages to random people and making virtual pen pals from her home in California. Her use of the Internet was limited to that level until one night in June 1994, when a moderate earthquake left her frightened and in need of company at 2 a.m.

"I logged on from home and talk-requested random people," Kamea recalls. "By chance, the girl who answered me happened to be on IRC [Internet Relay Chat] at the time and said, 'why don't you try it?' So, I did."

That's when Kamea believes her addiction began. IRC is the Internet

equivalent of citizen's band radio. Because users can "talk" to each other in real time, IRC is a very popular means of interacting with others on the

remain reclusive on IRC," observes Kamea. "People who are shy or non-social in real life can be whatever they want to be on IRC."

Her college classes suffered from Kamea's devotion to her new virtual life. As she tells it, "School was secondary [to IRC]. I kept telling myself that it wasn't that bad, that I could catch up if I needed to. Wrong. I failed two of my classes last semester and my GPA dropped from 3.3 to 2.7. Now I'm repeating one of the classes I failed and will spend the summer in school."

Kamea writes that when she began using IRC she was warned that it could be addictive, but she thought it could never happen to her.

"What I didn't understand," she writes, "was how IRC turns your life upside-down. It begins as entertainment, but pretty soon it creeps into your real life, until you have a social life based completely on characters written on a screen."

Does Kamea believe her experiences with the Internet really amount to addiction?

"Yes," insists Kamea. "I am a recovering IRC addict. I will probably remain a recovering IRC addict as long as there is Internet access to be had."

Many mental health professionals are beginning to recognize that the Kameas of the 'Net are a growing phenomenon, although many are hesitant to classify it as addiction.

"This [calling it an addiction] would only be true among those scholars in the field of addictions who are of the behavioral school of thought," notes Dr. Dennis Fisher of the Department of Psychology at the University



Photo illustration by Troy Gowen, © True North

Internet addiction can lead to strained relationships.

Internet. Kamea soon became a regular.

"I made friends. I made enemies. I had wars and I had a lot of fun," she writes. "It became my life. There were days I spent 14 hours in front of the computer. It made me feel needed and loved if someone came to me with their problems.

"It's very easy to feel social, yet

of Alaska Anchorage.

"As for my personal view, even though I would not argue with those who wish to call such a malady an addiction, I would feel more comfortable with grouping it as a compulsive behavior."

The human tendency to addiction may have a vital role in the evolution of our species by rewarding positive behavior. In a recent article in *Psychology Today*, physiologist and pharmacologist Steven Childers, Ph.D., of North Carolina's Bowman School of Medicine, says, "What we've come to call 'addictions' are cases of a good and useful phenomenon taken hostage, with terrible social and medical consequences."

And in March, *The New York Times* quoted Dr. Howard Shaffer, associate director of the division of addictions at Harvard University Medical School, as saying that "... comput-

ers are a psycho-stimulant, and a certain segment of the population can develop addictive behavior in response to that stimulant."

So, do some people use on-line services and networks like compulsive shoppers or those addicted to sex or exercise? Do people really cling to the on-line world in spite of serious negative effects?

Most certainly, believes Kimberly Young, Ph.D, a clinical psychologist located in Rochester, N.Y.

"I've talked with couples on the verge of divorce because the husband spends too much time on the Internet," writes Young via e-mail. "I've talked with individual users who spend more money than they can afford using the Internet and students kicked out of college because of the Internet. In all these cases, it is a matter of degree — anything to excess will create problems."

Young found the problem so per-

vasive that she recently founded the Online Addiction Center [OLA] in an effort to help people like Kamea get their lives back on track. She says the center offers seminars and counseling to those addicted to the Internet as well as sponsoring research into the subject.

"I don't think gender, age or education have played a role in defining the population of those affected by on-line addiction," she writes, but the bulk of her work has been with college-age students. Young thinks that's because they have such easy access to the Internet.

"We have found it is a very serious problem, especially on college campuses, yet no one seems to be doing anything about it. That is why I decided to research more about it."

Of course, very few people have their lives so disrupted by this digital lifestyle. Millions of people use the Internet and the commercial on-line

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services responsibly to enhance their lives.

Ken Collier was the data processing manager for the team that opened the Sullivan Arena in Anchorage back in 1983. Now he's the secretary and co-founder of the nonprofit, educational Telecommunications Users Group. He's seen his share of on-line abuses but feels that only a small percentage of the population is vulnerable to over-indulgence.

"Most folks I know, myself included, experience a rush of interest initially, then their use tapers off," Collier says. "This sounds like a healthy reaction for an intelligent, curious person, if you think about it."

As for those few who develop a greater need for on-line use, Collier recommends simply setting a daily or weekly limit on the hours spent in the virtual world. Then, he says, that limit must be enforced.

That's how Kamea treated her

own situation. After quitting for a month she now limits her Internet time to one hour per day and her IRC time to just 30 minutes every other day. She also makes an effort to get involved in real-world events.

"I had a housemate change my password to make it difficult for me to log on," Kamea writes. "I try to keep busy in other ways. I haven't quit IRC altogether, but I have many incentives to stay away. It was important when I quit to develop healthier habits before I ventured back."

Psychologist Young agrees that a person can develop responsible habits in dealing with their on-line activities.

"Treatment for on-line addiction isn't like smoking, for example, in that it doesn't have to be an all-or-nothing type of thing, but the user has to be willing to modify their behavior such that the Internet is not the dominant theme in their life," she advises.

But are people who seem to be

addicted to their computers really only exhibiting the serious devotion of poets and artists, as Marvin Minsky once wrote in defense of hackers? Could it be that the lure is not the technology itself, but the new form of human interaction which the computer provides?

In 1984, psychologist Sherry Turkle authored a book titled, "The Second Self: Computers and the Human Spirit," in which she wrote:

"Terrified of being alone, yet afraid of intimacy, we experience widespread feelings of emptiness, of disconnection, of the unreality of self. And here the computer, a companion without emotional demands, offers a compromise. You can be a loner, but never alone. You can interact, but never feel vulnerable to another person."

One e-mail writer summed up his feelings on Internet addiction this way: "Addicted? Hell, yes, I'm addicted!! But did you ever stop to think that maybe we know something the rest of you don't?"

TRUE TALES FROM THE 'NET

I met a guy who was calling long-distance to get access to his Internet account. He eventually ran up a \$700 phone bill that he couldn't pay and had his business phone disconnected because of it. If that isn't addiction, I don't know what is!

Mike, New York, NY

I use the net for about 4 hours a night, but I have been known to spend a whole weekend on the NET at times (electric benders). I have chatted with people that do nothing

but spend their time on the NET. Now this is what I call serious addiction!

James, Anchorage, Alaska

Actually, I think that it's wrong to talk of addiction to Internet... if you should miss a day or two, it's not as though you break out into a sweat and start trembling. It's more a case of not being able to leave once you've started.

FlameMan, Vancouver, British Columbia

The "image" you project on the net is somehow a crystallized,

pure, "you." All right, so people can write whatever they like about themselves, lie and project false images of themselves to whomever they are communicating with via the net, but it's still, somehow, a more pure, basic, "no frills" type of image you get.

Martin, Sweden

In Germany and especially at our University of Passau we do have this problem, too... Sense is missing because we do not know how to use it successfully. It is a kind of addiction.

Philipp, Germany

by
laura mitchell

*S*orel vs. Birkenstock. North Face vs. leather bomber. Long underwear vs. Sheer Energy. The mammoth question that every UAA student faces daily: Do I want to look cool, hip and sexy or is warmth an important factor to consider when making the trek from car to class?

Born and raised in Alaska, I know the weather. Beautiful blue skies over frost-tipped branches means functional wins over looking good. Gray and white clouds hanging low over UAA and yielding white flakes means the temperature could reach a balmy 22 degrees, making something reasonably cute a possibility. Even with this elementary information understood, I still find myself cursing my closet follies daily.

I used to scoff at those who listened to the weather report before planning their day's ensemble. In high school, I went from warm house to warm garage to warm car to being dropped off 100 yards from the school entrance. This left me free to laugh in Jack Frost's face while displaying as much leg as possible in my Bongo miniskirt.

But after a few short months of winter at UAA, minus a warm garage or a car heater that comprehended the serious nature of Alaska winters, I saw visions of wool-lined boots and down-filled jackets. The walk from the Campus Center to the Arts Building was soon rationalized to be a hike worthy of Col. Norman Vaughan, not a stupid kid in Keds and a T-shirt.

*photo illustration by
m. scott moon*

Stiletto to Sorel

Fashion vs. **Function**



Photo by M. Scott Moon, © True North

True North ♦ 13 ♦ Spring 1995

I resisted for as long as possible but by Christmas I was weak and weary. When Santa, alias Dad, brought me those clunky Sorels, I cried with relief and soon had joyously warm feet.

During one of my miscellaneous jobs, I found myself with access to a 20 percent discount for winter outerwear. After spending hours perusing the endless racks of warm winter coats, I selected the perfect jacket. It was called the Winter Explorer, complete with down lining and suitable for mountain guides. Yet even with the discount, I had to save for a month and half to make this extravagant purchase. Now I wear this coat with everything from sweats to skirts, completely disregarding appearances. I have come to grips with the fact that I will take warmth over chic any day. I accept this conse-

quence.

Since this arctic epiphany and transformation, I find myself scanning the parking lots to observe the fashion habits of UAA's population. I see those who are still trying to beat the weather with their heads tilted down, teeth tightly clenched, wobbling through the icy lots in heels or slick-soled shoes.

UAA student Sherwin Pe Benito, 19, wears shorts no matter what the weather is like. Last year he came to Alaska from Hawaii for a change of scenery, but he hasn't made the transformation from beach to blizzard.

"On the way to school I wear pants, then I go to the men's locker room and change into shorts," says Pe Benito. When it's time to go home, he changes back into his pants.

Using the Campus Center as home base, he plans his route to class

by navigating his way through heated buildings, making a "mad dash" outside to the next shelter. Pe Benito says it gets a little chilly when he's in a line of people trying to get in the door or when he's waiting for traffic at the pedestrian crosswalks.

People often question his wardrobe choice. "Are you crazy?" and "Do you know what the temperature is outside?" are the most common remarks he hears.

Julia Vavilova represents the other extreme. This Russian exchange student checks the weather every morning before she gets dressed by listening to the radio, scanning the paper or sticking her head outside to gauge what she'll face trudging to the bus stop. If it's really cold she will wear leggings under her jeans, layer a turtleneck and a colorful sweater,

"Are you crazy?" and "Do you know what the temperature is outside?" are the most common remarks he hears.

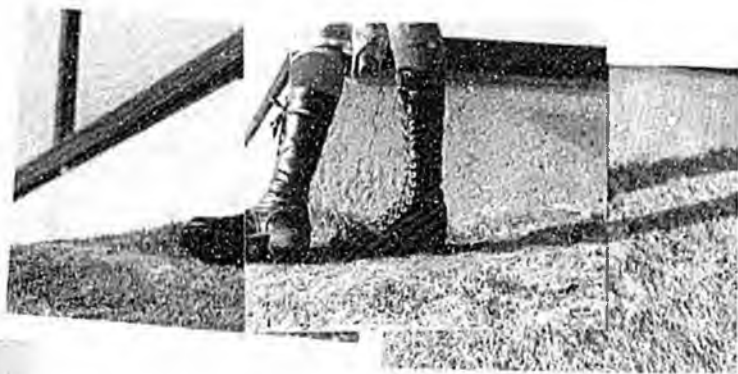


Photo by M. Scott Moon, © True North
Combat boots complimented with knee-high socks will get more than few turned heads.

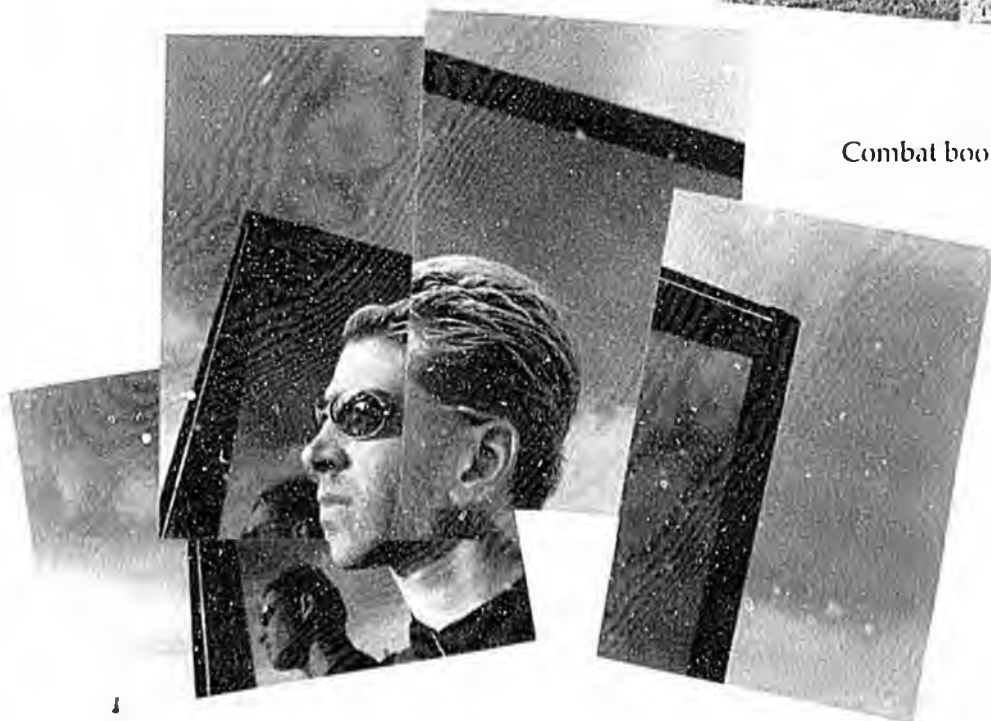


Photo by M. Scott Moon, © True North
Trevor Meyer reflects as the sun warms his face.

socks, a scarf, long jacket and her fur earmuffs to complete the ensemble.

"What I think of in the morning is if I can get a ride to school," says Vavilova. If she has a ride to and from school or it's more than 25 degrees, she'll "wear something cute."

She says she was happy when she got fur ear muffs for her birthday because she refuses to wear hats.

"In Russia, people think you are a nut if you don't wear a hat. Here they think you are a nut if you do wear one. I don't want people to think I am a nut," she says.

"I judge how I will dress by how cold the house is in the morning," says psychology major Kelly Leary. She lets her dog out at 5 a.m., seeing and feeling firsthand how cold it is that morning.

"If I see snow on the ground, I

know to wear something I can wear boots with and not look like a dork," she says. If it's subzero temperatures, she knows to layer-up.

Students living in dorms get tons of environmental exposure. The hike to the main campus takes about 15 to 20 minutes through a wintry path of snow-covered trees. Cyndi Snyder, director of residence life, said in years past the resident advisers have held winter-safety courses that review everything from driving safety to what winter clothes best suit students' needs. The dorm handbook reminds students to bring warm winter clothes and boots when they move in and to be prepared for winter weather conditions.

"It doesn't require a nice jacket or a lot of money to stay warm," said student John Harris. "If you know how to layer your clothes, you can stay warm."

Harris said he ice climbs in his spare time and doesn't like to wear bulky coats that can restrict movement. Polar fleece jackets and long underwear provide a good base for staying warm and don't make you feel like a walking mummy.

Students who heed the cold climate during the week often are those who dress only to impress for nights out on the town.

"I wear slippery shoes and have to have my boyfriend escort me everywhere I walk," says Leary.

So there is a method to the madness of our fashion habits. There is an equation in the minds of UAA students that measures cold plus wind chill factor minus the need to impress divided by the distance to the parking lot. The solution varies from person to person and results in individuality. ↗

recognizing the value of superior

PERFORMANCE

Best wishes to the staff of
TRUE NORTH
on the occasion of their maiden
publication.





Photo courtesy of The White House
Rebecca Whitmer (third from left) attends a presidential news conference during College Media Day in Washington. She represented the UAA campus newspaper, *The Northern Light*, during the March event.

W O R K I N G

to

L E A R N



Gotta pay for school, gotta pay for rent,
gotta pay for food!

This is the harried war cry of nearly every student at the University of Alaska Anchorage, a commuter campus where the average age of students is 27. Since money stopped growing on trees a long time ago, a job outside of school has become a necessity. Emerging from the biting Alaska cold and pre-dawn blackness comes Carrie Parker, her blue eyes squinting bravely into the glare of the fluorescent lights overhead. Her blond hair is pulled into a ponytail and she wears blue sweat pants, ready to be comfortable as she faces the the next few hours stocking shelves.

Parker, 21, is a full-time student who rises in the middle of the night so she can make it to her job at Costco, a local wholesale retailer. She works 25 hours each week. She's had the job for two years and says she makes "over \$10" an hour.

Parker's schedule seems like a marathon: wake up at 3 a.m., be at work by 4 a.m., get to class by 10 a.m., back home by 4 p.m., study, get to bed around 11 p.m.

BY

R E B E C C A

W H I T M E R

Four days a week she has classes and the other three she has work. Costco assistant general manager Kim Walden is one of Parker's bosses.

She says about 20 percent of the employees who work at the branch on Debarr and Boniface in Anchorage are college students. Most of these students work between 20 and 25 hours each week. In fact, Walden also worked at a Costco store while she was a student at San Francisco State University.

"The salary is great. It's easy to get benefits," she says, adding that shifts at Costco are extremely flexible. Pay starts at \$8.27 an hour after a 90-day probation period.

Walden says Parker's flexibility and willingness to help out are the reasons she's an exceptional employee.

"She gives a high percent (of work effort) every day," she says. "She's good with managing her time and she's real

thorough with what she does."

Parker is expecting straight A's this semester. She hopes her grades and the experience she'll get volunteering at a hospital next summer will land her in a Washington school where she can train to become a physical therapist. Ideally, she'd like her own practice treating children.

Corinna Williams, 27, is a nursing major who holds down two jobs while taking 16 credits. She works as a clerical employee on campus at Continuing and Professional Education for 10 hours each week. She also works for Portamedic Exams, an Anchorage business that gathers medical information for insurance purposes.

"When you have a test, you have to work, but you know you have to study," she says. "I think some students can work and go to school and do fine. But others can't."

Williams returned to UAA after

complications from gall bladder surgery left her unable to work as a secretary. Although her parents help her pay for her student housing and car insurance, she still needs a job to finance the rest of her expenses, such as gas and food.

Kristin Broyles is a freshman who spends a maximum of 25 hours a week surrounded by art and framing supplies as a manager of Gallerie Alaska. This full-time student's duties include buying and selling art and answering customers' questions.

Although her job schedule is adjustable, the 19-year-old psychology major says she can't afford to work fewer hours.

"I have a very flexible job, but I still have to work 20 hours in order to meet rent and bills," Broyles says. With her \$8.50 an hour job, she makes about \$600 each month. She says all of it goes toward rent, food and a car payment.

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Congratulates the accomplishment of UAA's Journalism and Public Communications Department as they celebrate the publishing of the first issue of

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THE BEST LONG-DISTANCE CHOICE
BY FAR.

Broyles also volunteers at the Anchorage Crisis Pregnancy Center on Fridays.

Some students at UAA are lucky enough to get a job in their chosen field. Leaning over "dummy sheets" for the next day's sports section, Casey Brogan momentarily furrows his brow in thought. Suddenly inspired, his pen moves rapidly across the layout pages.

Brogan, 25, is a part-time student who works a full-time and sometimes frustrating job as an editorial assistant for The Anchorage Daily News. For \$9.75 an hour, the journalism major writes headlines, edits copy, sizes photos and lays out pages for the sports section.

"I don't see a way out of going to school and working because there's no way I can pay bills without working full time," Brogan says.

On the plus side, he gets medical benefits and life insurance through the newspaper. And he says he loves his

job. His favorite part is being able to read sports for a living, Brogan says.

His goals for the next five and 10 years are the same: to fill a sports section every night. Finishing school is another story. He says he could finish in a year and a half if he carried a full load of credits.

"I took 15 credits and worked full time one semester," he says. "It just about killed me. By the end of the semester, I was a wreck." He hopes to graduate in five more semesters.

The cellular phone rings at 2 a.m., waking Eric Downing. A fire alarm is ringing in Building Six, ousting several sleepy students into the harsh winter night. Downing slips on a pair of wool socks and sandals and grabs a light blue backpack. In it is the log that he will fill out after he investigates the incident. It's gonna be a long night.

Downing, 23, is a Resident Adviser (RA) in UAA student housing. The English and journalism major says

being an RA pushes him closer to his goal of becoming a student administrator at a university.

"I need the experience because it's relevant to the field I'm going into," Downing says.

This is his second semester as an RA and his last semester as a UAA student. He will be graduated in May. Downing is in charge of keeping an eye on the residents of Building Five, one of six apartment buildings that house students. When he's "on-duty" an average of once a week, he's responsible for the entire housing unit for 24 hours.

As an RA, Downing gets free housing worth \$1,250 per semester and \$225 in salary each month. The biggest downside to the job is balancing school and work.

"There've been times I've been on duty and you've got papers due the next day. You get to bed at 3 a.m., to cherish those three hours of sleep and the fire alarm goes off, or someone gets

Lucy Cuddy Dining Room



Searching for an elegant and relaxing restaurant for lunch? The new Lucy Cuddy Dining Room provides a fine dining restaurant for the campus and a contemporary instructional facility for culinary arts students at UAA. The menu varies each semester and includes

*Fresh Seafood Cioppino
Wild Mushrooms in Puff Pastry
Steamed Clams with Curry Butter
Petite Beef Fillet with Gorgonzola, Bell Pepper
and Onion Saute
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*The dining room is open
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during Fall and Spring Semesters.
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locked out," Downing said. "The hardest part for me is juggling the four classes I need to graduate, doing the RA job and having senioritis."

All students make choices when they get a job, even though it's usually their only way to afford school. Whether

they're waking up in the wee hours of the morning or looking at a blank page waiting for a burst of genius, the delicate balance between school and work causes many students to question their priorities. Sometimes sacrificing the grade is the only way to bring home the bacon. ↗



Photo by Tad Bartimus, © True North
Whitmer celebrated her 21st birthday and won her first Alaska Press Club Award April 8 at the Anchorage Museum of Art and History.

A Skagway Summer

When I think back to the beginning of that summer, my back aches.

This is because my first flash of memory begins with me looking up, from an incredibly hard futon, at an enormous framed photo of

Skagway. Because I learned to consider my internship a constant learning experience there, I wasn't devastated when Jeff was critical of my writing or my lack of worldliness. I just considered it part of the learning process and didn't take it personally.

I got a candid look at the inner workings of Skagway's local government and the people who ran it. Every other Thursday night I sat on the butt-numbing wooden benches to cover the city council. For these local stories, I didn't have to deal with slick politicians or PR people, but ordinary folks who had lives outside of the council.

Because there was no staff until the very end of the summer, I was able to see the paper from conception to birth. Jeff was the layout and photo editor and the publisher. I was the only full-time reporter and I proofread all the copy. On the other Thursdays, I watched it come hot off the presses at The Whitehorse Star, 150 miles away.

After we folded the newspapers and slapped on the address labels, we went into a three-day stupor until the next week, when the research and writing began again.

It was the best summer I ever had. It's gonna be hard to top it. Although I look forward to the day I will have a more permanent job, I will never forget being a temporary reporter interning in a place that's a thriving town only 120 days a year. And every time I think of it my back will ache. ↗

rebecca whitmer

Skagway News taken more than 100 years ago.

After all, I was now the summer intern for this tiny newspaper set in a town with a year-round population of about 700 people. In the summer, the population balloons to 1,200 folks to accommodate the massive tourism industry. Most buildings, because Skagway has never sustained a large-scale fire, boast facades more than a century old from a different boom — the gold rush.

Jeff Brady, the editor of what I came to affectionately call The Skag Rag, put me in a room adjacent to the newsroom, complete with card table, television and closet. Although this had been his closet and entryway until the day I arrived, its tight dimensions were perfect for me. It made me feel like a lean reporter who needed little except her notepads and pens.

Reporting from a small town was tough and it gave me insights I wouldn't have experienced if I had worked for a larger newspaper. When Jeff hired me he told me I would be doing most of the writing. I found solace in the workload, which usually ended up being eight or nine stories in each issue. In Skagway, there are no malls or movie theaters. Being 20, the workload wasn't that bad. In fact, it was downright comforting.

However, I was thankful for my experience on The Northern Light, UAA's campus newspaper. If I hadn't had that writing experience I would have been lost in



Whitmer's Second Place Alaska Press Club award from The Skagway News.

L E A R N I N G

People make choices every day. Some, more than others, guide a person onto the right path. Two decisions changed my life more than any others. The first was when I made an Alaska turn in Ohio. I was on my way to Washington after graduating from the American School of Paris in France in 1979. My plan was to ride a motorcycle to Seattle, find a job, build a house and go to a university.

I had stopped in Columbus to say hello to a few friends and while there my friend Dave filled me full of Alaska stories. By the time I left, I had traded my 750 cc, three piston, two-stroke, water-cooled Water Buffalo Suzuki for half-ownership in a Volkswagen Camper Special with jerry cans, two studded snow tires and a canoe on top. My traveling compadre, Dave "Too Tall" Kocher, and I were ready for Alaska.

Our plan was a winter vacation in Healy with one of Dave's friends. Three months, 12,000 miles and a set of chains later we found out that the wind blows very strong where the Nenana River cuts through the Alaska Range.

We were doing just fine when the wind hit. Unfortunately, the combination of icy road and extra height sent our van swirling around and around.

Just as the van was slowing to a stop the back right wheel slipped off the shoulder of the road. It didn't even have time to teeter before it rolled to the bottom of a 60-foot gorge and ended up on top of the canoe.

Fortunately, no one was hurt so we promptly climbed back up to the highway and thumbed our way 15 miles south to the Healy Roadhouse where we spent our last \$14. What a vacation! Dave took a job as a bartender and I worked for room and board at a liquor store.

So why did I stick around? Healy was my dream come true. The big

wide open space of the Interior, one state trooper for 40 miles either way on the Parks Highway, minimal taxes, no neighbors and no building permits, inspectors, codes or paperwork. This was the place for me.

Being a non-conformist and not believing in formal education slowed me from making my second big decision. It took me a long time to decide to go to college because I was having so much fun and learning new skills everyday. Life was an adventure and I was experiencing it. But there was this little voice inside me that always said "go to university."

First, my plan was to build a house, find a job and buy another vehicle. Healy was a good place to do this, but there were hazards that helped strengthen my second choice.

In 1981, while helping a friend fix a flat backhoe tire, I leaned over the tire to do something to the air valve. The tire exploded and blew through the 16-foot garage roof, taking me part of the way. I still don't remember the helicopter ride to the hospital.

In 1985, I started working at the Usibelli Coal Mine. A couple of years after that, I knew that working in ex-

treme cold was not good for my permanent injuries. I vowed to start college before I turned 30.

After I'd made that decision, others got easier. My vision of how big my house was going to be came into perspective; small, economical and no payments. I scrounged most of its parts from other buildings in the area. Lumber came from a friend who had



Photo by M. Wang, © True North

James W. Sharp looks toward the Nenana River from the roof of his house in Healy.

some left over after building his own house. He had torn down an old hotel and used what he needed. I hauled off the rest. I traded hours of dry wall hanging, roto-tilling and sweat labor to use a friend's spray foam insulating equipment and some electric tools. He

by james w. sharp

L E S S O N S

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built my oak staircase. That was in 1983. I'm still looking for deals.

My small house has served my purposes well. Its super insulation and geodesic design keeps heating costs low. Even when it's 60 below zero, my monthly bill is no more than \$50. And there are no mortgage payments. To top it off, the scenery is awe-inspiring. From the unfinished porch on the roof, I can see the Nenana and Healy River valleys, the Dry Creek Valley, Jumbo Dome mountain and the Alaska Range. At times, the reds, oranges and magentas of the long, summer sunsets paint my bedroom walls. For the most part, the house is finished. The only major drawbacks right now are that it is 250 miles away from UAA and has no indoor plumbing.

To get reliable transportation I traded a deep well pump, a Cushman track vehicle, two 1973 Toyota Land Cruisers and a rifle for the down pay-

ment on a two-year-old 1985 Toyota Forerunner. I paid it off fast. May it last me until I graduate in 1996.

The support from the owners of the Usibelli Coal Mine, its management staff and my Teamster co-workers of my university endeavors has been great. They let me work like mad during summer vacation and at Christmas break. I take the job that's left over after everybody else has had their pick, although at times pumping water at 30 below zero is the most frustrating thing I have ever done in my entire life.

So how did a nonconformist miner/gopher become a journalism and public communications major? I decided that whatever I do in life I will need to speak and write "more better." Whether I am going to sit in a truck and think up coal miner stories, start an eco-friendly bed and breakfast near Denali Park in my dome home, or help Joe Usibelli sell Alaska's clean coal I will

still need good communication skills.

When I started classes I was not sure which branch I would focus on. My two big choices — moving to Alaska and going to UAA — have taken me down many good paths. With my parents gone and my sister in eastern Canada, the friends and experiences I have acquired in Alaska constitute the biggest portion of my life. Now I look forward to showing my friends at the Usibelli Coal Mine, the journalism department and my family my UAA diploma. ♦



Photo by Michael R. Dudash, © True North
Sharp heads to class at UAA.

Home For Now

Cultures Converge

by celeste johnson



Photo by Bill Roth, © Anchorage Daily News
UAA's ski team has several international students including Zuzana Razusova (left) and Stephane Mongellaz

*S*he's active, she's popular, she's funny, she's pretty and she's the Homecoming Queen. Often one thinks of the Homecoming Queen as the All-American girl-next-door. At the University of Alaska Anchorage, the current Homecoming Queen is a South American version of the girl-next-door.

Grisel Perozo is from Lagunillas, Venezuela.

"When I first got here I felt a little intimidated," she says, speaking in her fast, rolling Latin accent. "It was hard at the beginning because I don't know much English. Sometimes I feel kind of sad. I miss my classmates. At home I was very outgoing, but here, I was a little bit shy. My first English class, all my classmates were Japanese or Korean. I was the only Hispanic so it was very hard for me."

Perozo came to Anchorage almost three years ago and she is one of approximately 180 foreign students attending UAA in full-time degree programs. The opportunity to study in another country is very appealing and students come for many reasons. For now, Anchorage is their home away from home.

"The main reason why I came is because part of my family is here," Perozo says. "I have two sisters and one brother here. My sister gave me the opportunity. They have really helped me a lot. I was the only one who didn't speak much English, except my parents, no? They wanted me to study here."

In addition to her duties as Homecoming Queen, Perozo is very active as a member of the Association for Latin America and Spanish Students (ALASS) and an avid supporter of Seawolves basketball. "I always go to all the basketball games. I love basketball," she exclaims.

Perozo is proud of her Hispanic heritage and has met many new friends who share her cultural identity. "I think ALASS has helped me to be even more outgoing. We are 52 members in only two years since we started. When we are together we feel like we are in our own countries even though we are from Spain, South America and Central America. We are like a family."

The 24-year-old education major is driven by a simple philosophy: "If another student made it, why not me?" she asks.

"So far I've been doing great and everyone is proud. I've been working hard and I am getting a good educa-



"I feel that everything is possible no matter what, even if you don't know the language," said Grisel Perozo

*Photo by Michael R. Dulash, © The Northern Light.
1994 Homecoming Queen Grisel Perozo*

tion. If I go back to my country and I speak English, I can get a good job easily."

Katya Zazykova from Moscow, Russia, agrees.

"I can go back to my country and get a good job because an American education is really valued there," Zazykova says.

But Zazykova was attracted to Alaska for reasons besides family and future career success. "I like to see different people from different cultures," she says. The quiet 19-year-old has visited France, Germany, Poland, Turkey, and Libya with her family. She feels very lucky to be here.

"My family has really good friends here. I live in their house and they pay for my education."

Living with an American family has helped Zazykova to refine the English she learned in high school, while providing a comfortable and nurturing environment.

"She's considerably less shy than when she first came," says Suzanne Beacham, Zazykova's host mother. "I think she's adapted really well to UAA. She likes American things: clothes, music, television. She's a 4.0 student." The

lifestyle differences are vast.

"Moscow is a huge city. Everyone is always in a hurry, running. Here it's slow and peaceful. I like it so far," says Zazykova.

"People [in Anchorage] seem to be so nice. Everybody smiles and says hello. It makes you feel good. In Moscow, they're nice to people whom they know. But no one knows

me here and they smile and ask how I'm doing," she says. "I think that it will change my perception, the way I see things and the way I think. I think it will change how I relate to people in everyday life on a personal level."

Zazykova's favorite things about UAA are telephone registration and the flexibility of instructors.

Although Zazykova has met only one other student from Moscow in Anchorage, there are at least 65 Russian students at UAA. The exact numbers are hard to pinpoint because Enrollment Services only tracks those students in full-time degree programs who are in Alaska on student visas. Many are from the Russian Far East. They speak the same language but have little in common with their neighbors 3,700 miles to the west in Moscow.

Natasha Dokukina's situation is unique for most international students. She shares a two-bedroom apartment with Diana Gorbunova, Zaira Tetakaieva and Natasha Romanova. Four male colleagues live in the apartment next door. All are from Magadan.

Sponsored by the Administration of Magadan, they are participants in a special education program. Because Magadan is one of Anchorage's sister

cities there are arrangements between UAA's School of Business and institutes in the eastern Siberian city that allow their students to attend UAA as Alaska residents. The regional government pays for tuition and provides \$300 a month in living expenses for each student. Nina Volkova, a visiting friend, says, "I probably know like 80 students here from Russia," though many are Alaska residents and just taking classes part time.

"Here I live as a Russian, our boys live next door, I speak in Russian, read Russian books and we go to friends or the LRC (Learning Resource Center) to watch Russian movies but we haven't many," Dokukina says. "We love it, like at home because we are all together," adds Tetakaieva. "Here, we mountain ski at Alyeska, sledding down, watching movies, the last one is 'The Lion King.'"

They enjoy more freedom than they have in their hometown.

"The main problem with what we all think is we haven't enough communication with Americans except in university. So our English is not so good. We are surprised that many Americans want to speak Russian, sometimes even professors say 'how it sounds in Russian?'" says Dokukina.

Marcus Holmquist says he doesn't have a language problem in Alaska even though he is from Sweden. He even sings with the Anchorage Opera and Concert Chorus.

"In Sweden, English is mandatory starting in third grade. I spoke English for 10 years before I came here.

"My grandparents have lived here for 35 years, they are citizens. I was working as a bus driver in Karlstad (but) I wanted to change direction. You know, after 15 years one could get very

bitter driving a bus. Why not go to the United States?" says Holmquist.

In Karlstad, "I had a nice apartment and I left quite a few friends behind but I think coming here has been beneficial for me in the long run. I have more options in choosing a job and I've learned a lot about people," he says.

He is in his third year as a major in international business management at UAA. Holmquist intends to use his degree back in Europe. Because he is in the United States on a student visa he is "not allowed to stay here after 1997 unless I get married and I wouldn't get married for that reason."

One very attractive reason international students come to the United States is athletic scholarships.

Downhill skier Stephane Mongellaz from Val d'Isere, France, had his choice of Boulder, Colorado; Denver, Colorado; or Salt Lake City, Utah. He ended up in Anchorage.

"I wanted to escape as far as possible (from the European competition). When I decided to leave it was late in the summer. I would have to wait one year to compete because I had not my TOEFL (Test of English as a Foreign Language) score. I wanted an interesting school in the West Coast and to have good studies," he says.

Mongellaz got a full scholarship at UAA but had a few problems with transfer credits. "There are a lot of different rules," he says. "If my application didn't go through I would have wasted one year. If you are thinking you can get a degree in two years and they tell you it will take two to four years, it is not good news."

Now in his third semester as a marketing major, he wasn't looking forward to repeating lower division courses. "In Europe, a high school diploma is good enough to transfer general requirements at the university level."

Like many students venturing out right after high school, Nuno Castro was anxious to get his feet wet. But he meant it literally. After applying to 10 colleges all over the United States for a swimming scholarship, he heard about UAA from a friend.

Castro, a 22-year-old business management major from Lisbon, Portugal, came to Alaska because it was "the best deal." He is competing for UAA on a full scholarship, and after four years he still likes it. "It's kind of quiet, not much going on. That's nice. It's good for studying, not too many distractions."

There are no collegiate athletics in Europe. "If you want to compete, you join a club," he says.

Castro likes American universities so much he plans to attend graduate school in the United States.

He admits he sometimes misses home, but "if I do I call — collect."

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Anchorage, AK 99503

Call It Serendipity



Photo by Celeste Johnson, © True North

Hidetaka Mochizuki in his diving equipment.

"When I landed I saw a couple of buildings, moving cars and I thought 'Jesus, it's a city.'" Hidetaka Mochizuki was surprised by his new surroundings. It was a long way from the island paradise of Palau.

"It was a mistake," says the smiling 25-year-old art major. It was almost like he stumbled over Alaska while on his way to the South Pacific. Call it serendipity. Originally from Shizuoka, Japan, Mochizuki hadn't planned to come to Anchorage; he hadn't planned to study in the United States at all.

Derailed by appendicitis, Mochizuki missed the annual entrance examination all Japanese high school students must pass to attend a university.

A friend who taught English at his father's company suggested he go to the United States. "Dad say 'you got to go. It's a nice place,'" he remembers. Seattle had so many Japanese

people Mochizuki found that his English didn't improve. So he left. He didn't like the West Coast, either. He didn't feel welcome at the Ivy League colleges near Boston so he settled in New York City. After a couple of years and two muggings there, Mochizuki decided it was time to move on.

Vacationing in Florida, he learned to scuba dive and snorkel. Instantly he knew that this was the hobby for him. But since his father was paying for his education and living expenses, Mochizuki knew that dad would not agree to a relocation to Florida.

While studying his map he discovered the United States territory of Palau, a tiny island midway between Guam and the Philippines. He was looking for a place to go to school, practice his English and maybe get in some dive time. There is a college there but it has no phone and because of some confusion about the address, his application was returned.

It was August and Mochizuki was getting nervous. Re-examining his options, he noticed Alaska. "It must be interesting," Mochizuki reasoned. "I will stay there one year then move. I think it will be a good experience for me. I'll get tough."

Mochizuki didn't know what to expect. "I thought of Eskimo people and igloos." He's been in Anchorage almost six years now.

"It's too late to go to another place. Dad said I don't have any more options, so I'm stuck here," Mochizuki says with nonchalance.

Mike Germany, a diving instructor at Sunshine Sports, says: "In the last three years I haven't had a student as devoted to diving as Hidetaka." Challenge stimulates Mochizuki. Not only is it evident in his favorite pastime, it also is reflected in his determination to get his bachelor's degree in a second language. He plans to graduate from UAA in 1996. ↗

celeste johnson

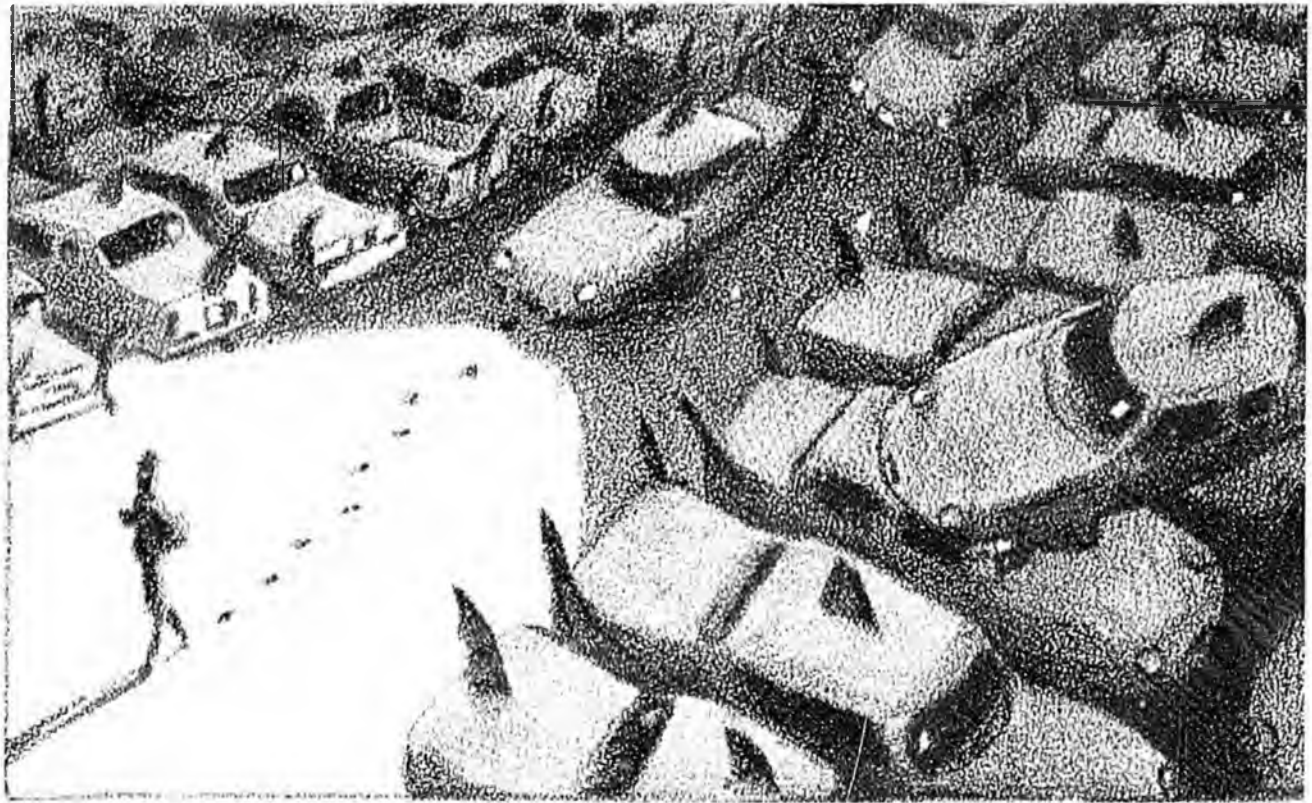


Illustration by Kevin Hugensieker, ©True North

Parking Sharks

So Many Cars, So Few Spaces

It's dark, it's snowing and it's cold. You trudge to the parking lot from your last class of the day and you're greeted by a sea of silent white lumps. The only sound is the crunch of snow under your feet as you wander aimlessly, struggling to remember where you parked. The wind blows through tunnels of cars and pushes its way through the layers of clothing. You peer helplessly through the snowflakes. No luck -- they all look the same.

You feel uneasy, as if something is following you. Then you hear it. DUN-DUH, Dun-Duh, Dun-Duh, Dun-Duh, Dun-Duh, dun-duh, dun-duh ... Arrrrgh! The parking sharks! They've followed you -- lurking, posturing, waiting and probably late for class. Now they've surrounded you and they want your parking space. They approach from every di-

rection, their blinkers on and their headlights flashing.

With more than 14,000 vehicles registered to park at UAA and just 3,500 spaces to put them in, parking is a perilous adventure. During his Fall Convocation Speech, Chancellor

by paula m. story

Edward Lee Gorsuch said UAA students, faculty and staff are not issued a parking permit, they're issued a hunting permit. It's common for space-seekers to follow students from the sidewalk to their cars in order to find a spot. Often, the sharks are protective of their prey and they aggress-

sively cut off any competitors who try to move in.

"I've done it," says Rhonda Tarantino, a full-time elementary education student. "Sometimes it seems like you just have to or you're never going to get a spot. I think they really just need more parking."

It's usually too cold for students to walk or ride bikes to school, "unless you're one of those hard-core outdoor people," Tarantino says.

As a part-time student who drives to school, Rose Nuñez hunts for spaces in lot K and in front of the Eugene Short Building.

"Usually, I roll down the window and ask somebody if they want a ride to their car, especially if it's really cold out," she says.

Nuñez says she has noticed a

whole language of parking lot hand signals and facial gestures. Drivers give them and so do students walking to their cars. Sometimes students simply go to their cars to retrieve something or switch books between classes. A back-and-forth head gesture and waving of the hands signals "no, I'm not leaving," she says.

Most students are an auto-autonomous breed. "Nearly everyone at UAA commutes," says Parking Manager Ann Fletcher. How else would they get to school? Only a few brave souls will strap chains to the tires of their mountain bikes, ski or snowshoe alongside drivers with permafrost on the brain, or brave the chest-high snow berms along every city bus route. Parking for dog sleds hasn't been installed on campus yet.

Sanya Bailey is the exception. She makes a 20-minute trek to campus at least three days each week.

"I don't have a car so I don't have to worry about parking and I'm glad," she says. "My roommate used to try to park at Building K and I rode with her. It was horrible." She says she's fortunate to live fairly close to campus and doesn't miss dealing with icy roads or parking.

"But the moose," she says "they bother me. Anything else I can handle -- snow, cold -- that's okay. But when I see a moose it's like, okay, be nice, nice moose, please be nice."

Moose wander the trails and parking lots of UAA in search of trees and brush to eat. It's part of living in Alaska and students, faculty and staff are urged to steer clear of them. Tragically, a man was trampled to death last Fall near the bookstore when he surprised a cow moose and her calf.

While the number of available parking spaces has decreased over the past few years, the price of permits has risen. This year, \$45 per semester or \$85 per year will get your chassis a prime spot in the lots near the Business Education Building, Building K, the Sports Center, the Campus Center, the library and the Administration Building.

For sourdoughs who prefer to hoof it, \$30 per semester or \$55 per year will buy you a cool walk from the far-North lot (halfway to Northern Lights

We Get Around

The modes of transportation for UAA students and faculty are as varied as their goals and lives. While a great many drive to school, others — by choice or necessity — walk, bike, ski, ride the bus or even fly to attend classes each week.

Sean Leonard, a UAA student who is studying foreign languages, rides his bike to school every day. "I just can't imagine driving," he says. "Besides, it takes too much time to find a parking spot."

Fred Hveding, a chemistry major, and Eric Henry, a civil engineering major, are roommates who ride their bikes to school from campus housing. Hveding says he's currently walking because he has a flat — the result of screws he puts in his tires for traction. Henry says he gets his exercise and saves money by biking, but the drawbacks are unaware drivers during the dark winter months and "black stripes down your back" from springtime breakup.

Monday through Friday Clay Nunnally, professor of English, makes the hour-plus drive up Turnagain Arm and returns home each evening to Girdwood.

"Unfortunately, since school is largely in the winter here, it does get a bit nerve wracking," he admits. Nunnally says the avalanches that occur frequently in late winter and early spring usually happen in the afternoon. "So unfortunately, I'm trapped on this side," he says laughing. "I take it as God's sign for me to have some fun so I go to the (Hotel) Captain Cook and check in."

Rather than commute, Michele Williams, a nursing student who will be graduated in May, decided to temporarily move to Anchorage from Fairbanks. She says it was the only way to complete her degree. "It's a six- to eight-hour drive, depending upon the road conditions, so that was out of the question," she says. The decision to move was easier on her than her husband, an Air National Guard pilot who now commutes to work in Fairbanks.

Jody Wilks is another nursing student who moved from Fairbanks to Anchorage to complete her degree — but she was not able to bring her family with her. "I was always a stay-at-home mom with both my kids and I had to give that up," she says. She's not sure if she would do the same thing again but says she's happy to be graduated in May after four semesters in UAA's nursing program.

Dave Worrell rides the bus everywhere — to work, to school, to the store. He says the cost for a student pass, \$60 per semester, is about the same as a prime semester parking permit and he enjoys the chance to relax. "A lot of days I think that I'm really lucky not to have to drive," says Worrell. "I can sit and read and catch up on my homework." ↗

paula m. story



Photo by James W. Sharp, © True North
Mary Gasperlin saves boarding time by taking the scenic ride.

Boulevard) and a spot at the opposite end of campus beyond the Arts Building (we're talking lower Chugach Mountains here!)

Greg Debnam, a full-time biology major, says that's where he knows he can always find a spot. "I'm resigned to parking in the very back lot and walking," he says. "I'd rather do that than circle around." He says he doesn't blame those who don't want to traipse across a dark, icy parking lot and estimates that he's been followed to his car at least three times each week.

Two years ago, parking services added a new option to help folks who have more than one car. If you want to slap down an additional \$10, you can get a hanging permit and swap stickers to another car if yours dies or is overrun by empty latte cups. Debnam says he chose that option, but often forgets to switch the hanging permit.

Parking Director Trig Trigliano says his department has worked to accommodate parking needs by develop-

ing meters, 15-minute loading-zone spaces and squeezing extra slots in anywhere it can. But the bottom line, he says, is that parking expansion is limited by the layout of UAA -- it's situated on a long skinny piece of land that leaves little room for vehicles.

Walking from the Arts Building on the east side of campus to Building K on the west side of campus is a brisk 15-minute workout. Sure, part of the trip can be made inside through the connecting spines, but the outdoor portions are not pleasant when it's hovering just above zero, there's a 30 mph wind and it's snowing sideways. Ultimately, Trigliano hopes a shuttle service will be developed.

Nuñez says she is afraid to leave her night classes and walk to her car alone. "At night I don't feel safe," she says. "If they had a shuttle service I wouldn't have any problem parking far away."

Fletcher says the West Parking Lot near Building K earns the title of most

desired lot. "Everyone wants to park there," she says. The recent move of the Nursing and Health Sciences Department to the building has only increased the problem, and if the Wendy Williamson Auditorium holds an event during prime parking hours students may as well forget parking anywhere near the west side of campus.

As the weather warms, more and more students are skipping their classes, which alleviates the parking problem until finals week. By then the sharks -- tired, cranky and hungry -- will return to swim in and around the Buick-sized pot holes that are a sign of springtime in Anchorage.

For the time being, part of going to school at UAA means living the real Alaska experience -- long winters and cold, dark, snowy walks to an ice 'n snow-covered car. Wouldn't it be nice if the sharks would learn to start your car and scrape off the windows? ❖

To succeed in business, you have to start with the right mix.



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'Wolf Dreams

by nuno v. castro

When some people think of UAA athletes they imagine dim-witted jocks who go to school for free, get away with anything and breeze through their classes with little effort. But as a scholar athlete on exchange from Portugal, I see what I believe is the real side of the University of Alaska Anchorage's Seawolves. We are dedicated students who enhance our academic experience through exercise, scholarship and community service.

Seawolf athletes boast an overall grade point average of 3.0 -- higher than the general student population at UAA, says assistant athletic director Dede Allen. The number of academic All-American athletes varies from about five to 10 each year.



**UAA Athletes Inspire
Alaska Youth**

Good Job, Graduates.

Now quit playing around and get to work.

PORCARO BLANKENSHIP
A D V E R T I S I N G

"Outreach games" -- home games played at other Alaska locations such as Barrow, Kenai or Juneau -- bring athletes to towns that rarely have the opportunity to experience college-level sports. Dave Mateer, UAA sports information director, says the program is very popular and is growing each year.

"Our athletes are looked upon as the equivalent of NBA stars in some of these communities," Mateer says. "It's really an important message that they can deliver to kids like that."

The clinics held after the games give athletes the chance to make a difference in a young person's life. "It was a dream for me to play college basketball," Allegra Stoetzel, a UAA basketball player, told a group of seventh graders. "Your dreams can come true if you work hard enough."

Women's basketball coach Jerry McLaughlin says the teams usually spend the day after an away game talking to students in elementary and high schools. "The focus of the conversations are the importance of staying in school, getting good grades, staying away from drugs and, of course, the importance of exercising."

Many athletes participate in elementary school reading programs and chaperone dances at a youth shelter while coaches and administrators sponsor youth banquets and projects such as "National Women in Sports Day."

The Seawolf represents a mythical sea creature whose origin is linked with the Tlingit Indians. The legend of the Seawolf is that anyone who is fortunate enough to see one will be the recipient of good luck. But to many

young people around the state, this symbol represents a chance to set goals and reach their dreams. And those of us who actually get to be a Seawolf may be the luckiest ones of all. ↗



True North Look For It In 1996



Photo by Michael R. Dudash ©



Request for Matching Funds to Endow the Atwood Chair of Journalism at the University of Alaska Anchorage

The University of Alaska Anchorage is requesting a **one-time** \$1 million appropriation in the FY95 UA Capital Budget to match already committed private money that will endow the Atwood Chair of Journalism.

- This capital request matches a commitment of an additional \$1/2 million made by Robert B. Atwood towards making the Atwood Chair of Journalism permanent. Since 1980 he has funded the Chair at UAA with annual grants totaling more than \$1.2 million. The latest \$1/2 million will bring his total contribution to \$1.7 million.
- This funding by private and public money will establish the existing Chair in Journalism in the Department of Journalism and Public Communications (JPC) as a **permanent self-supporting** faculty position.
- The Journalism Chair is a revolving chair that attracts a new nationally known journalist every one or two years. This expert provides a fresh perspective for students and regular faculty and renews department energy.
- The Journalism Chair is a teaching professorship which carries a regular, heavy teaching load. In addition, the professor works with the professional communications community and is available as a resource for community needs.
- There are 250 students currently enrolled in the JPC program which graduates between 30 and 40 students each year. The Alaska job market for these students includes newspapers, magazines, radio and television stations, video and audio production firms, public relations departments and advertising agencies. A conservative estimate is that 500 jobs turn over annually in the job market. A substantial number of these positions are entry level.
- The Journalism and Public Communications Department is one of only 90 out of 360 to qualify as a nationally accredited program in mass communications. In two years it will come under intense scrutiny as it undergoes the reaccreditation process. Permanent establishment of the Chair will lend the department great credibility and prestige at a critical time.
- Distinguished professorships and chairs are used at major universities as a fiscally viable way to create **pockets of excellence**. They attract distinguished faculty with national reputations to work with students and regular faculty. As the first endowed chair financed by private and public money, it will be an excellent model to challenge the private sector in Alaska to support future professorships.
- The JPC Professional Advisory Council strongly endorses the proposed matching fund endowment for the Atwood Chair of Journalism. This Council, composed of Alaska professionals in the communications field, has monitored and assisted the Journalism and Public Communications program since 1984 when the Chancellor established it as advisory to him. The members are actively working with Chancellor Donald Behrend and the JPC faculty to make the Chair permanent.
- State legislatures are increasingly establishing chairs for distinguished professors by challenging private donors to match state funds. The Chair is a proven entity that has been funded annually by Mr. Atwood. It has a successful thirteen-year track record. *It is now time to endow the Chair and make it permanent.*

Professional Advisory Council

Serving

The University of Alaska Anchorage
Department of Journalism and Public Communications

March 11, 1995

Dear Anchorage Caucus Member,

Public/Private partnerships and "budget discipline" are on everyone's lips these days. We'd like to tell you about a 15-year success story that represents the best of both.

The Robert B. Atwood Chair of Journalism at the University of Alaska Anchorage represents the very kind of successful public/private partnership that can help Alaska maximize its education dollars in the future.

Robert B. Atwood has funded this nationally recognized chair for the past 15 years with personal contributions totaling \$1.3 million. Through this generosity, prestigious journalists from around the country have taught such courses as advanced reporting and ethics at UAA, sharing their practical, real-life experiences—real training for real jobs that await graduates now. UAA students have won numerous national honors and directly benefited from industrial contacts under the Atwood Chair's mentorships.

Mr. Atwood has now pledged an additional \$500,000 to match a \$1 million state capital appropriation that would endow the chair permanently. Such an advantageous agreement—nearly \$2 million in private money for \$1 million in state funds—could be a statewide model for other educational partnerships.

We know this is a tough year—which is exactly why we hope you support the long-term economic wisdom of a one-time appropriation to fund a permanent position. (See UA Capital Budget, pp. 11, 12.)

In 10 years, the chair will pay for itself—at no further cost to the university nor the state. It will, in fact, save the state money by providing a faculty position that will be needed whether the chair is funded or not. This is "budget discipline" at its best.

But this golden opportunity is also fleeting. Mr. Atwood has quietly supported this program for 15 years, but he believes—and we agree—it is time for the state to match his commitment. We ask your support for this prudent and timely appropriation. Please feel free to call me at 274-3154 if you have any further questions.

Sincerely,

Suzan Nightingale
Suzan Nightingale, Chair

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KTUU-TV

Marnie Brennan
Director of Communications
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