

EXTRA NEWS

Skydiving Duo Have Feet Firmly Planted on the Ground, Vow to Jump Again

Staff Members Take Plunge and Brag About It!

K.C. Morrison and E. Scott Martin
Staff Writers

To most people, the word, "Go", means that they have been stopped at a green light. On a recent Sunday, however, that word meant stepping out of an airplane 3500 feet above the ground.

The Winterset Airport is the jump area for the Des Moines Skydivers Inc. If you had been near the airport on April 16, you might have seen two DMACC Chronicle Staffers leave the ground in an airplane only to return to the ground without the plane.

We arrived at the airport at 8:00 a.m. and met with our jumpmaster, Rob Eells. Our opinion for most of the day was that we weren't going to jump because the wind speed was too high. We didn't let the high winds bother us, however, and we continued to train for a jump in the hopes that the wind speed would decrease.

We started by learning the exit count. This is what we are supposed to count after we jump out of the plane. The exit count is a rhythmic chant which goes like this, *Arch, look, reach, pull, five, six, check canopy.* This is very important to remember. If a jumper were to check his canopy before looking and reaching, it might not have time to fully open. In this event, things wouldn't look too good for the jumper.

We then watched several video tapes on different situations of what could possibly happen. It really made us wonder if something like that would happen to us.

We then proceeded outside, where the wind was still blowing hard, and opened the parachutes to examine the different features of the chute itself. When we did the wind caught hold of the chute and we thought for sure that we were going to meet the plane in the air.

During the entire time we were there we checked the anemometer, a gauge used to measure wind speeds, to see if it would average less than 14 mph. so we could jump.

Unfortunately, the wind speed was still too high with readings of 23-28 mph. and wind gusts of 36 mph.

We went to the hanger to see the plane we would be using for the jump, learned how to position ourselves in the plane, and how to exit the plane when the time came to do so. About this time we decided to break for lunch and headed for Hardee's.

After lunch was over we covered what to do in case of total or partial failures and practiced that routine with the exit routine.

Then we went back to the hangar and practice the exit routine and control of the parachute in a suspended harness to get the feel for having nothing but the air separating us from the ground.

While we took turns hanging in the harness, a group of skydivers were on their way down to earth so everyone left the hangar to watch them land, except for the one reporter who was still hanging helplessly in the harness facing the wall.

As soon as we got the reporter down from the harness, we left the hangar and headed outside.

We learned how to do



Erwin Martin, Lori Crawford, K.C. Morrison, and Paul Druart are "picture perfect" for a day in the skies.

P.L.F.'s (parachute landing falls). A safe way to make a rough landing.

We ended our on-the-ground training with a written test, then went outside to watch other, more experienced jumpers land, and wait for the winds to go down or for dark to come, either one. Finally, Rob told us that the wind was acceptable, and we should go find a jumpsuit. **WE WERE GOING TO JUMP!!**

We got fitted with a jumpsuit, helmet, and a one-way radio to wear around our neck so we could hear landing directions from a man on the ground.

After getting completely suited up, we got into the plane. It was very crowded, with seven people total going up. There was the pilot, two reporters, one other student, Paul Druart, our jumpmaster Rob Eells, and two observers, one of whom was our photographer in the plane.

The plane sputtered to life and apprehension gripped the inexperienced group of jumpers. We slowly climbed to 3500 feet and prepared to exit the plane. Paul went out first, and we watched him fall, his canopy slowly opening behind him, before we had circled around to let out the second jumper, Paul had already made a flawless landing.

"E" Martin was the next person to leap out into thin air. K. C. Morrison watched the same thing happen to him, while the photographer clicked away. While we circled around we lost sight of Erin over the town. K. C. Morrison was the last student jumper and the photographer buzzed away. Soon after the last student jumped, our jumpmaster

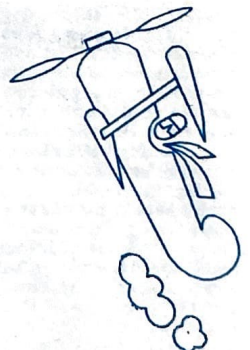
followed us, going out the door backwards.

We all reached the ground safely without broken bones. Even though Erin thought he was an airplane and tried to land on the runway, and K.C. almost ran into a barbed wire fence.

We three first jumpers decided, upon reaching the ground, that we simply had to make another jumpsoon.

If this sound like fun to you, I strongly urge you to contact Rob Eells at 270-8655. See ya on the ground!!

Photos Courtesy of
Terry O'Keefe
Lori Crawford
Traci Rudolf



The Love of God, Love of Country, & Love of Family Remains Strong: Glenn Cont.

One particular day, the morale of the group was low, so Glenn tried to raise spirits by saying the Americans were coming and Japanese were surrendering. He received a day's worth of beatings when the guards caught on. Glenn tried to explain that it was a "morale booster", but only when he mentioned the word "joke" did a Japanese guard understand and stop the beating. Glenn was lowered to a chair, after being suspended from the rafters, and was hit over the head so hard it knocked him to the ground. The guard simply said, "Ha. Ha. Funny joke."

While Glenn boosted morale and helped many of the men in prison, the time came for them to return the help and care on St. Patrick's Day 1943. Glenn was working, but with a massive ache in his side. After dropping to the ground several times and being clubbed on the head by the guard who kept yelling, "Get up. Work!" his stomach had grown and was swollen large enough to attract attention from his buddies. Glenn needed medical attention immediately for a ruptured appendix. He was taken to Penile Colony, a poor excuse for a hospital at that time. He underwent a two-hour and 55-minute surgery, without any anesthetic. He was being pinned to a table by several guards, who laughed at him, spit on him, and held their sides -- as if, they too, were in pain during the ordeal. Doc Mangel used cat gut to sew Glenn shut. However, infection got into the wound and the skin around the suture rotted, so Glenn had to be opened up again.

This time after the cleansing the doctor could not sew him closed. The skin was too rotten and it wouldn't hold the stitches. For three days Glenn lay in bed, exposed to the world, and three times a day hot water was poured into his incision. They were hoping to wash the infection out.

After the three day period, Glenn was complaining of thirst and the bed sores on his back. He was reluctantly given a canteen of water to drink at bedtime. He rolled to his side thinking, "If I die, at least I'll be comfortable." During the night, Glenn put his hand to his side and felt a flow gushing out of his wound. He feared it was his time to die. However, he awoke the next morning, and the gush he had felt was discovered to have been the infection leaving his body.

He had survived the operation, but he still had to face the Japanese guards daily. They would pay him two cigarettes to see his incision, because he was sewn up with buttons from the Japanese shirts and threads woven around the buttons to keep everything in place. Although Glenn didn't smoke, he felt powerful and in control by demanding additional cigarettes as a trade to view his stomach.

Glenn says of cigarette smoking, "Many men did. I never touched them because I once saw a young man in the trenches rip out a page from the Old Testament to roll the joint and, besides, they could be used as a bargaining tool for food."

After the surgery, Glenn was given a temporary desk job and "to keep his mind sound" he memorized the names, ranks, numbers, hometowns, and states of the other 149 men from Palawan Island.

This helped the U.S. government when notifying families of the servicemen and for identification records. Many years later, in an article from *The Des Moines Register* he was quoted as not remembering the one remaining name. This invoked a neighboring family to contact him, to see if he remembered their lost relative. Sure enough, the name of the man triggered Glenn to remember small details about him -- as he was the last name.

Although a survivor of the surgery and later, the escape, Glenn's worst nightmare came on December 14, 1944; for this was the day of the massacre.

Glenn was working in the field on the airstrip with his close friend "Smitty" and watched the Japs dress for combat in heavy battle gear. Then the Japanese colonel approached his box to deliver a speech. He said, "American working days are over..." and the guards began shoving the prisoners back to camp, to the trenches. Around 12 noon, the air raid alarm sounded.

"We were herded into trenches. The guards surrounded the camp, were instructed to pour gas in the trenches, and threw in torches after. I was in a trench with 30-35 Americans and many were being burned alive. I wanted to help them all, but realized there was no way. Smitty and I helped some men jump out. Some tried to run and jump off the 60 foot drop embankment

behind the trenches. Twenty-five or thirty men hit the beach of the island and started to run, but were immediately gunned down by the machine runners." Here Glenn's voice trails off as he remembers, possibly, the men who did not make it.

He and "Smitty" escaped from the trenches, after Glenn dropped his own shorts -- since they were aflame. They jumped 60 feet, shook hands on the beach, and took off running in opposite directions as machine guns fired behind them.

Glenn spent a day and a half hiding beneath a garbage pile of three years' worth of trash. Inside the pile were flies, rats, snakes, maggots, and a putrid smell. "I was thinking I was the only man alive at this time," he says.

Another man was hiding there with Glenn at one point, but he made such a ruckus, that he was discovered and killed. Then the guard started poking around the trash with his bayonet and Glenn could feel the vibrations as he approached. Glenn

remembers praying and then opening his eyes to see the Japanese guard's face. "I could feel his breath. He was so close to where I was hiding. Luckily, a shot rang off down the beach and he left me alone."

"Somewhere," he continues, "I found my strength and climbed up to a hiding place near a rock when darkness fell. It was like a cave, filled with leeches and crabs, and I spent another day here. The next night I vowed to tread across five to seven miles of shark-infested, salty, ocean water and get to the other side of the island."

"The next night I made it through the water by thinking of 'Old Glory' all the way. I was young and had a desire to live. I crossed over a jungle filled with a terrain of logs and had a good cry. Next, I ventured into a small village and spent the time on the outskirts of a fish trap waiting for the people to come to me.

"I wondered, would they be Filipinos or Japanese? A group of Filipinos came with support and took me out of the village, past a Japanese post, and as the natives crossed over the ravine, they broke out in perfect English, a rendition of *God bless America* and it gave me goose bumps. I was free in the Philippines."

Three fellow POWs were

being helped by the native family of Capt. Naziro Mayor, who owned a plantation in the Philippines and was stationed at the guerrilla camp at Brooks Point.

Mayor's wife and children helped care for Glenn as he recovered from malaria.

"The next night I made it through the water by thinking of Old Glory all the way..."

"I remember the children peeking out at me and watching me shiver from the disease. They didn't complain when I was served more food than them, they accepted it. They would compare their little arms to mine and find it odd that I, being an American, could have such a brown-colored skin," Glenn says softly.

By radio, word was received that an American C-plane had picked up six other Americans who had fled the massacre. Just as Glenn had hoped and prayed for, Smitty was one of the escapees. The American plane took the men back to a hospital ship and then to new barracks where they waited three to four days for the generals and admirals to see them.

"We went into the room at 8 o'clock in the evening and told our stories from beginning to end. It took us until 2 o'clock the next morning. From here we went to Pearl Harbor to undergo more briefings and receive uniforms and some money. Then it was onto Washington, D.C. and the Pentagon Building for more briefings and I was home for 30 days."

Glenn stops short for a breath, and speeds up again, "The medical staff helped release the story and inform the public on the happenings and 90 days later I received an overseas assignment in Camp Pendleton."

However, Glenn's orders were changed and the head governmental officials discharged him with honors in October 1945. It looked as though Glenn's life would take a turn for the better when a fellow from Des Moines introduced him to a neighbor gal in early September of the same year and by August 10, 1946, Betty Moody began a part of Glenn's world.

A year after being discharged, Glenn enrolled in business administration classes at American Institute of Business in Des Moines. And later, he joined the Iowa Highway Patrol department and today serves as the Chief of Patrol for the Polk County Sheriff's Department. He plans on retiring this year.

Glenn glances towards the couch and says with fatherly love, "And pretty soon after, came Glenda and Kathy and we grew as a family."

"As we were growing up in Storm Lake," recalls Glenda, "Padre's life and his experiences became a part of us. We were invited to the reunions of the POWs and his story was known all over town as he frequently spoke on patriotism to area schools."

"I was so excited about my dad and his stories that it wasn't until I was in seventh grade that I learned my father wasn't a Five-Star General," laughs Kathy.

Kathy, a claims representative for Allied Insurance Company, decided to write the book so the story could be told. "We used to go to the reunions and the men all seemed to think no one cared about them; so for my dad and the other men I've written *A Journey Through Hell*, a story that deals with the only confinement of prisoners of war in World War II that were massacred.

"As a child, I was taught to love and honor my father and as an adult, now, I respect and admire him," says Glenda. She continues with a sigh, "There are many things that Dad won't ever tell us and information we'll never know, but his story will make people realize the horror that happened on Palawan Island."

Glenn has led a happy, productive life, and raised a close and loving family. He was awarded the Bronze Star for bravery in March 1987, from Gov. Branstad. But, when he attends the yearly reunions, new emotions are triggered. He recalls the Mayor family of the Philippines and their part in his rescue.

Glenn declares, "I have to stop and say, that if it wasn't for God and the Filipino family, I wouldn't be here today."

On December 14, 1988, Glenn and Betty traveled to D.C. for a memorial tribute

The Love of God, Love of Country, & Love of Family Remains Strong: Glenn Cont.

to the prisoners of the Palawan Massacre. Many newspapers carried the story of the dedication and continued publicity was given to the McDole family and the story of Glenn's escape, along with the other 10 survivors out of 150, from the Palawan Massacre.

Kathy has been gathering facts and conducting interviews for the past few years and her first draft of the book was completed in May 1985. The book may be done and waiting to be published, but the story is not quite finished.

Because of the media coverage on the Washington memorial, Mary Ann Anchita, who had been living in the state of Wisconsin for 20 years, was wondering how she could get in touch with Glenn because she believed he was a man who would like to see her.

She reached his phone answering machine on New Year's Eve of this year and said, "You probably don't know who this is, but..." She said she remembered

who he was and hoped he remembered the events during his stay in the Philippines. However, the tape ran out and the mysterious voice from the past was disconnected. A local reporter picked up on the story and ran an article asking "Mary Ann" to call back and she did. Mary Ann was a young girl of seven in the Mayor home when Glenn first met her. Now, over four decades later, they were to be reunited first by phone and then later in person.

On the morning of January 9, 1989, the program director of *Good Morning, America* had everyone teary-eyed, as he brought the two face-to-face for the first time after 45 years. He recalls his first image, "She looked so much like her father."

Mary Ann made the comment that she was so glad to meet Glenn and see that he was alive. This powerful message of WWII involving a POW and a

Filipino woman made headlines across the nation.

The tape was aired in the Philippine Islands, and the television station re-ran the segment the very next day due to the large number of phone requests.

"But I'd never go through it again..."

Things moved quickly for Glenn and his immediate family in the continuing story, as he made plans to visit Mary Ann in her home of Wisconsin over the Ankeny school's spring break (March 20-24). Captain Mayor had flown in from the Philippines and his son, Bob, was also present at the second tearful reunion where friendships were renewed.

Glenn has been invited to attend the Palawan reunion every December in Chicago. He says military life is what you make of it and that it makes a believer out of you.

"But, I'd never go through it again."

DMACC Students Involved With

Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament



by Michelle Smiley
Editor

A Des Moines organization, Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament, has a DMACC connection. Students Sam Miller and Laurie Keables are two of over 100 people involved in the Volunteer Corps and have helped support the growing group in reaching their goals. Former DMACC student Amy Toomsen is now the President of this organization. Their goals are to work with citizens across Iowa and develop educational programs that reach people in all professions, economic and

racial backgrounds. They offer talks at schools and meetings about nuclear weapons, military spending, and non-violent conflict resolution.

At a recent Tax Day rally event, the local activists called for tax dollars to build homes, instead of bombs. Citing statistics from their fliers and brochures (which were compiled from a source of *The Women's Budget*), CND offered alternate selections of \$200 million to support 1600 rape crisis centers and battered women shelters--

instead of Bush's Menu for the same amount to be used for five hours of military spending. Also, an alternative for \$1 billion is an emergency provision for sheltering the homeless instead of the reactivation of two World War II which offers them a better political voice and participation in the organization's direction of activating global nuclear disarmament.

More information may be obtained from Bill Deutsch at 274-4851, or Ed Fallon at 282-5851.

DMACC Earns Fulbright Grant

by Robert Dittert
Staff Writer

DMACC has recently received a Fulbright-Hays Group Projects Abroad grant from the U.S. Department of Education. This grant will allow DMACC to take 16 central Iowa educators to Mexico from June 12 to July 22. During the six-week stay, participants will stay with host families from Mexico, and will visit many points of educational interest.

The participants will travel to several different cities, including Des Moines' sister city Naucalpan de Juarez. Also included will be stays in Mexico City, Veracruz, Tabasco, and Chiapas. There will be lectures and discussions at the University del Valle de Mexico, and the Central College (of Pella) campus in Merida, Yucatan.

Spanish instructor Lloyd Miller, who is the co-author of the grant proposal and also the project director,

believes this is an extraordinary opportunity for the participating educators.

"People of such talent and skills as these who become immersed in a program this rich and varied will learn more about Mexico in six weeks than many people so in years of casual traveling. Their students will benefit greatly," Miller said.

Vietnam --

Guard to avoid being sent to Vietnam and never expected to be in shooting situation, got the idea they should shoot. Four unarmed civilians were killed and more were wounded. When she died, Alison Krause probably still believed at the age of 19 that she had a legal right to protest a war that was destroying the fabric of American society. Like three other Americans she died on Blanket Hill for that belief. Their deaths would do as much to end the Vietnamese war as those in who died in Vietnam. The Grim Reaper took his due.

May 1, 1989.

The draftee from Kansas is living with the fact that he has cancer, and that his child was born with multiple birth defects. The VA says that there is no connection between the defoliants and his illness and absolutely refuses to even discuss any chance that the birth defects had anything to do with Agent Orange.

People stare at the steel hook that protrudes from his right sleeve. The ache in his gut from the cancer and the bullet damage to his insides does not go away, and none of the medication the VA doctors give him works any more. Its just one quick trip to the john after another.

He wakes up in the night to the ever returning picture of his friends face after the bullet went through his brain. That will not go away either. No one understands what he is feeling. They just tell him that its all over and far in his past. It will live with him until his death, which should not be very long.

The door gunner wakes up in the middle of the Mississippi night listening to the beat of blades that have not moved in 19 years. His screams forced his family to back away from him years ago. His attempts to medicate his pain with booze and drugs have finally forced his family, friends, employers and just about everyone else to abandon him. The picture of the children's bodies in the spotlight always comes to him in the night, if he allows himself to go to sleep without being stoned. No one understands what he is feeling. After all, its all history, and behind him.

Alison Krause's parents remember the picture of their daughter that appeared in Life Magazine. A teenaged runaway from New York kneels beside their daughter's body. She is screaming as the small lake of blood spreads from Alison's head. That is the last picture they have of the beautiful, talented student they had sent away to school at Kent State University that spring in 1970.

At Des Moines Area Community College in 1989 students are concerned with their tans and how much money their degrees are worth. None of them have had friends come home from a war in a box that cannot be opened. No one they know has had to decide between

being sent to a combat zone or hiding in Canada. The kind of life and death questions and answers that their parents had to make are simply not their problems. The draft and all the evils represented by it do not exist. Yet!

This May 1st, someone should kneel and pray for those of my brothers and sisters who are represented by the names on that stark black obsidian V in Washington D.C.. We should think of the purpose they would have served if allowed to live and had not become involved in their countries ego games, and macho muscle flexing. We might think of those whose names might as well be on that Wall, like Alison Krause. She was just as much a casualty of that war as anyone who wore a uniform. Like the men and women who have died of cancer and other defoliant related illnesses; died of suicide, or alcohol/drug related causes.

NO ONE WINS A WAR--SOME JUST LOOSE MORE THAN OTHERS!

In the long run only the politicians think they can win. They are wrong, but do not have the sense or clearness of insight to see that. They lack the mental capacity to prevent the next "little military adventure".

No more draft! No more war for anything outside our own borders! Glory and honor are simply empty words that are not worth dying for.

Signed: Brad Meyers
formerly: Sergeant, E-5, First Air Calvary Division, Republic of South Viet Nam.
7/25/69-7/25/70.

***NOTE: A GREAT MANY VIETNAM VETERANS HAVE RETURN TO THIS COUNTRY AND ARE LEADING QUIET, NORMAL LIVES. MANY ARE NOT.

Graduates, Good-byes, Thoughts,

Editor Bids Final Farewell

by Michelle Smiley
Editor

Although I am not graduating from this fine institution until August (a week after the circus leaves Ver's Auditorium), I wanted to write a final farewell to staff and students in the last issue of the paper.

During my two years on campus I have seen many changes. One that I am most proud of is the entire journalism program. The Chronicle Office moved from Building 2 to Building 3, energetic new staff members become *Chronicle* editors and reporters, and Rose Hoffman was hired to fill the much-needed position of instructor.

Rose is a life saver and truly one of the nicest people I have had the opportunity to work with. Through her, I was invited to attend WICI meetings (see article below), INA conventions, and a college media day. Her professional and personal advice helped me many times throughout the year. My advice to next year's *Chronicle* staff and editor Mark Schneberger is this: have fun, but remember to get the work done...keep up the quality standard of the paper, which the combined staffs of 1988-89 helped establish.

Most of my thanks in this farewell go directly to the staff of the campus. For all the teachers I have had who let me come later to class or leave early and were so understanding when problems with the newspaper popped up at the last minute--I'm grateful to you all.

Although, I couldn't have been a part in the success of the newspaper, without the staff of students, I feel that the support, warmth, and response from the faculty and administrators really made my education at DMACC worthwhile. They have helped me become who I am today.

Thank you to Rick Chapman--who helped me grow as a person and fielded my opportunities to further my college education. This is a man who, like Rose, is a teacher who goes beyond the classroom and truly cares about students and helps them reach their full potential.

I will miss many people on campus. The ladies in the area where Faye Winters is located, who always had smiles when I walked in to

transcript of grades; Tom Clarkson and his peers in Institutional Relations, who invited me to attend special events and helped organize material for the paper (I am happy to say that I will have a chance to work with Tom this summer, as an intern and can't wait for the session to begin!); and the many advisors who spent their lunch hours at my place of employment--the Jade Garden.

As long as I am able, I will continually stress the importance of education and, I feel, the best option for many high school graduates is to attend DMACC. Get your feet on the ground, in a smaller atmosphere with caring instructors who want more out of their profession than just a paycheck. This is a school that allows you to grow academically and individually.

I'm glad I was a part of the Des Moines Area Community College campus and will become a graduate. After the awarding of the diploma, many happy memories of my two years will remain for a lifetime.

It can't happen here.

by Ken Duesenberg
Staff Writer

Who would imagine in Des Moines, Iowa that someone could be innocent and yet sent to jail?

Although I think that injustices of this nature occur, perhaps I have become too accepting of them. The insulation of distance leads to a complacent attitude that numbs a person to the real significance of what happens every time someone's democratic rights have been infringed upon.

The Mark Curtis case has been somewhat of a thorn in the foot of my complacency. I think there are easier things to write about, events that have a nice beginning, middle, and end -- but this case is complex.

I wish to thank all the folks at the Curtis Defense Committee for their help, and patience in answering my myriad of questions. A special thank you to Julia Terrell, treasure of the Curtis Defense Committee, who thought that attending a press conference with Nick Castle would be a good experience for someone taking a class in journalism. She was right.

And if my article about Curtis seems biased in his favor I plead guilty. And if a reader wants a biased presentation of the other side of the story, just look through some back issues of the Des Moines Register. Their coverage of the events can be considered on-sided.

That fact alone has been a real eye-opener for someone taking a first-semester journalism course. I've seen first hand, "the paper Iowa depends on" can dramatically influence each reader's perception of events. And it's not only the news a paper reports and how they report it, but also the news they do not report that can make a tremendous difference.

I hope that the truth will eventually be known about the events leading up to the incarceration of Mark Curtis. And if and when he is acquitted I know I will breathe a sigh of relief and probably celebrate along with thousands around the world. And if the old adage is true that an injury to one is an injury to all, then it must also be true that, "A liberation of one is a liberation of all."

An Evening With An Editor

by Michelle Smiley
Editor

I dressed cautiously and conservatively on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 15. The reason I was accompanying my journalism instructor Rose Hoffman to a fund-raiser reception at Terrace Hill. More importantly, the reception was for the *Des Moines Register's* new editor Geneva Overholser. The entire event was being sponsored by the Des Moines Chapter of Women in Communications, Inc. (WICI).

The organization pursues excellence, strives for equality, opts for keeping the press free, and honors the best.

Clad in my creme-colored suit and a green silk blouse, I waited in anticipation for my ride to pick me up. I was going to mingle and be introduced to prestigious men and women, people who had careers in areas of communications I would like to have and had earned the status I was hoping to reach.

Rose and I arrived at the Governor's residence, found a place to park, cleared our names



DMACC Chronicle Editor Michelle Smiley meets Des Moines Register Editor Geneva Overholser

with the security guard at the front gate, and walked up to the front entrance of one of the most impressive homes I had ever seen. Once inside, the decor of the house greeted me pleasantly. I was glad to see the atmosphere so greeted and friendly. We were warmly welcomed and I was surprised to find my name tag on the top of their pile. (Was this an omen to how wonderful my 1 1/2 hour-evening was to go?)

We hung our coats on gold hangers in the foyer and ventured off to peek at the glamorous furniture and

wall hangings in each room. Of course, as we passed the trays full of delicious cheesecakes, (catered by *Cravings* -- a new Ankeny business) we had to try a few samples of each flavor. I favored the chocolate cheesecakes with the cherry on top. I also took an extra cocktail napkin which was stamped with gold lettering, Governor and Mrs. Terry E. Branstad and the seal of Iowa.

We arrived in time to hear the introduction of the

special guest and First Lady, Chris Branstad. Susy Robinette, from WHO-TV, spoke, as did the president of the Women in Communications group. Then, as a highlight of the evening, Geneva Overholser spoke to those in attendance. She gave a brief self-introduction and told how she became a news reporter. I was impressed with her fine voice quality and noticeable ease at talking in front of others. Next, Geneva invited the crowd to a questions and answer period. Many questioned her decisions and upcoming plans for stories and coverage of Des Moines and concerns in *The Des Moines Register*.

I was fortunate to meet this talented lady in person and asked her the question, "What has been your favorite interview in your career?"

She described the time she interviewed Foreign Minister Eduard A. Shevardnadze when she

worked for *The New York Times*.

She relates, "Although, we had a translator because my Russian isn't that good, I had a wonderful time and felt he was a very interesting man."

Throughout the evening, Geneva recited stories and anecdotes from her experiences of working under different newspapers and living and traveling in different countries. She spent some time in Paris and worked as a freelance writer there. She was a wonderful conversationalist and shared advice, both professional and personal.

A dedicated career woman, Geneva temporarily left her husband and two children in New York to come to Des Moines to accept the editorship. They will join her in June when her husband fulfills his teaching responsibilities.

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Thanks, & Memorials

WICI Reception —

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She says people are very friendly here and there are no lines to wait in; people are more relaxed.

"In New York, people rush all the time. There are lines whether you're buying kitty litter or picking your coat up at the cleaners."

An invitation was extended to all to explore and tour Terrace Hill and Rose and I took the opportunity to travel to the location of Gov. Branstad's home office. Additional bedrooms and sitting "parlor" type rooms were discovered on our adventure to the second floor.

Everyone I met that evening was a shining star of professional means. They were outgoing individuals, especially the members of WICI.

After grabbing a few last cheesecakes, I left the grand home on Grand Avenue and was determined to do a number of things. One, become a student member of WICI, and two, achieve the status similar to Geneva Overholser in the field of communications so that the next invitation to an elegant reception could be issued, someday, in my name. It's a dream I hope to make a reality.

Student Gives DMACC High Marks

by Mark S. Gedler
Staff Writer

The average American seems to be satisfied with his own little world, seemingly content with his sound-bite mentality obtained during the 6 p.m. news.

I, too, had this narrow, shortsighted view of the world until, while serving with the U.S. Airborne Rangers, I was thrust into combat patrols in the Demilitarized Zone in S. Korea and serve time in areas such as Panama, Puerto Rico, Honduras, Germany, and the beautiful state of Alaska. Only then, after having seen the beauty and wonder of nature and the hopelessness of people confused, hungry and cold, did I realize how little the average American knows about the world in which he lives.

Recognizing this shortcoming, I made a decision to leave what was an extremely promising military career to pursue a career in photojournalism, a career that would combine my love for writing and photography while enabling me to enlighten those not fortunate enough to travel to see the world for themselves.

The search for education took me to DMACC, where I have been attending for the past two years. Now, as I approach the end of my last semester, I can't help but to look back with great satisfaction; DMACC has been good to me.

To go a step further, I think I would be shortchanging the faculty if I did not take this golden opportunity to thank them for their personal commitment to my education. The few instructors who I mention here, as well as many others who excelled in their roles as educators, most certainly are the heart and soul of DMACC, insuring that their classes were more than just another lecture and chance to sign the attendance sheet.

Though there were a couple of instructors whom I would have considered marginal at best, the vast majority of instructors were exemplary in their performance.

Tom Beck was one such instructor. After introducing himself as a "brain surgeon" to our class, I was given one of the most intense learning experiences of my life. He not only educated me about the American political system, he took me into it, opening my eyes to critical thinking and life as I had never seen it before.

Gary Nelson, instructor of Environmental Conservation and Field Biology, was another superior instructor. By combining his thorough knowledge, genuine enthusiasm and excellent study aids, he has created one of the most enjoyable learning atmospheres in which I have taken part. One cannot help but to come out of his classes with a well-developed appreciation for life and the environment. He is definitely a credit to himself and this institution.

Last but by no means least was my photography instructor Curt Stahr. Never before have I seen such personal dedication to students than from this man. For a beginning student of photography like me, I was extremely thankful that I had such an instructor who would spend countless hours each night nursing myself and others along so that we didn't just accomplish our projects — we excelled with them. His goal of perfection will remain with me throughout my journalism career.

There is no doubt that instructors such as these do indeed make DMACC the quality institution that it is. Well-organized class lectures, personal dedication to students, and genuine enthusiasm all combined make great instructors—who in turn produce great students.

Thanks DMACC for a quality education worth more than the paper it is written on.

In Memoriam

Frances Lynn (Walker) McCall, 46, died earlier this month in a tragic car accident in West Des Moines. Frances had been enrolled as a liberal arts student at the Ankeny campus where she studied psychology and composition. Some of her classmates would like to share their memories of "Fran" with readers. As one student remarked shortly after her death, "When someone dies it is as if a whole world dies. We couldn't let her death go unrecognized."

"...Fran was a very warm, receptive person with a beautiful smile. There is a definite void in our classroom now because of Fran's death and a very deep sense of loss in my heart."

Gloria Paulus

"...Fran was a very caring person and always had time for other people's problems. Fran was excited about her job as a secretary and was always thinking about how she could improve her work. She loved her job and her boss. One of her essays was on the subject of Mothers Against Drunk Driving. She talked to me about how deeply she felt on the subject, how tragic it was for the victim's family and how unfair some of the laws were. You get to know a lot of people through their essays and the ones that Fran wrote and shared with me showed her as a very caring individual who was concerned not only for her fellow students but for our country's problems."

I often spent a lot of time on the phone talking to Fran about problems I was having and she always had the time to listen and offered her suggestions and ideas. I will miss Fran very much as a classmate and as a friend.

I talked to her son and he told me that as Fran was entering the expressway on the on-ramp, her car veered off into the grassy area between the on-ramp and the expressway. Her car then entered the expressway and headed for a semi-truck that was in the inside lane going in the same direction. No one will know what happened, whether she lost control of the car or whether something medical happened to her to cause her to lose control. I only know that we will all miss her."

Janet Hammond

"...It was only several weeks ago that we really had a nice visit during one of our breaks. It was a beautiful morning and we had taken our cups of coffee and gone outside to enjoy the weather. I had such a nice time sharing with Fran and looked forward to visiting with her again the next week. I'm particularly glad I had the chance to visit with her that Saturday because I never had another chance."

Rita Johannsen

"The first time I saw Fran what I perceived of her is what she was — a middle-aged woman just starting her life over again...She was a woman that tried to hide the 'fear of the unknown' in her eyes. She was going to make it and make it good."

"I wish I could have known her better, but life took one of my sisters away before we could walk down the path toward the unknown future together and manage the many obstacles that we single, middle-aged women do."

Valerie S. Madlson



CARROLL NEWS

MDA Bowl-A-Thon Held

April 9, 1989, Carroll DMACC Student Action Board sponsored a Beach Bowl fund raiser for Muscular Dystrophy Association at the Carroll Bowl. Sixty-two students, staff, faculty, and their families bowled from 2-6 p.m. All bowlers with donations/pledges of \$35 or more bowled free and received a free T-shirt.

Additional prizes awarded by MDA were Beach Bowl visors, sweat shirts, beach towels, and a walk-man radio/head set. As the theme was "Beach Bowl", participants were encouraged to dress for the occasion. Despite brisk winds and temperatures of 35-40 degrees, many wore shorts to bowl in. MDA provided the "Beach Boys" (live on cassette) and leis for atmosphere.

Team captains were the following: Jean Pluckhan, DMACC Secretary, for the Lively Lusty Ladies; Advisor Jo Ann Morlan for the Misfits; Sociology Instructor Anne Schulte for the DMACC Deviants; Math Instructor Bob Schouten for the Maui Wowie's; Todd Green, a part-time instructor, for the Green's Gutterballs; English Instructor Paul Resnick for the Coconut's; and SAB member Karen Jarvis for the Untouchables.

These folks did an excellent job encouraging their team members and organizing their groups. In addition to the MDA prizes, the SAB chose to award some of their own. The following trophies were given: (for a series) the Highest Team Score to Green's Gutterballs, and Lowest Team Score to the Lively Lusty Ladies; (as individuals) Highest Score went to Ken Pedersen and Lowest Score was won by Janet Morlan; Liveliest Captain-Jean Pluckhan; Most Gutterballs were bowled by Anne Schulte; Best Outfit title to Paul Resnick; and Most Donations/Pledges-Tom Clark.

All in all, the event was a lot of fun and an excellent social time. The best part was DMACC reaching its goal of \$1200--and surpassing it, by raising over \$2300 for MDA. What a group of winning people!

Members of the 1988-89 SAB will appear on the MDA telethon in September to present the check.



Green's Gutterballs, Team "B", were the winners of the Highest Team Score Series.

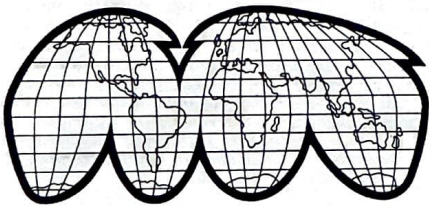
Photo Courtesy of Jacob Diekman, Carroll Campus student.

SAB Hosts Movie Nights

March 23, the Carroll SAB hosted a free movie at the Carroll Theatres I and II for students and their families. Students picked up passes the week before break. Choices were Police Academy 6, The Rescuers, Fletch Lives, and Rainman.

This is the campus' third attempt at providing such an activity and it had the largest turn-out ever. Students could attend any showing of one movie that evening, as long as they presented their passes. The final tally was 375 attenders.

Carl Seabaugh, manager of the Carroll Theatre I & II was quite pleased with the results and has agreed to future events.



by Cindy Ruttenburg
Staff Writer

DMACC 2000 Task Force Makes Great Plans for Future

"To make things easier for students," is the goal of Harriet Custer, co-chairman of the DMACC 2000 task force. The task force, which began in mid-December, consists of Leonard Bengston, Co-chair, Virginia Loftus, Ex-officio, Jeff Stevenson, Jim Stick, and Carolyn Waddell.

The task force feels that the new changes in technologies have lead to the need to change forms of other areas in American life. Teachers must be aware, knowledgeable, flexible, and receptive to the needs of these changes, because they are educating the workforce of the future.

By the year 2000 each function of DMACC will exist to serve students and whatever decision is being made, they will have to answer this question: "How will this action improve services to the students?"

a rough draft of ten recommendations for changes that they feel need to be enforced at DMACC and then will present the final copy to Dr. Joseph Borgen, President of DMACC. They feel all are important to the development of a truly learner-centered climate at DMACC.

They would like to investigate using interactive compact disks and video technology as a way to inform students and the public about college services.

Exploring the potential of a laser optical memory card for improving services to students is being considered. It's about the size of a credit card that can store 800 to 1,000 typewritten pages of information. This will include each of the students higher education experiences. The cost of the card is only six to eight

dollars a card, so it won't affect the students cost.

Having a physical atmosphere that is warm and welcoming to students is also on the list. By doing this, they are proposing installing informal seating and study areas, updating all the campus maps, providing lockers for students, and maybe enlarge the student union area in building five on the Ankeny campus.

First impressions are especially important to first-time students, so the initial student services must be seen by the students as positive, supportive, and efficient. To achieve this, they want to develop a "one-stop" center for first-time students. This would help students set clear goals for the workplace of the future and lifelong learning.

They are also recommending to integrate computer functions, giving advisers access to up-to-date information at all times when consulting with a student.


Translating the confusing academic jargon to understandable English is a student can't understand is

also listed. They will review all college publications and replace it with language more compatible to the students. This should help the students in trying to learn new material.

The task force also feels the faculty advising should be expanded to fit the needs of the students.

Knowledge standards for the completion of a

course to be identified, required, and regularly reviewed is being recommended. By doing this, students will be better prepared for enrollment in the next course or for the requirements of the workplace. Standards are changing in the workplace and so should the standards at DMACC.



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The task force has made

Central Iowa Beaches Offer Cool Relief

by Cindy Ruttenburg
Staff Writer

After experiencing the latest epidemic of warm temperatures, it's clear to see that summer is here! Well, almost here. We cannot forget finals. Still it's definitely becoming beach weather.

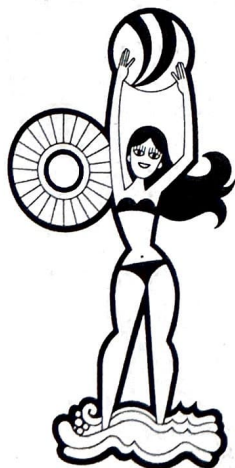
Yes, the fun in the sun and those golden bodies are in the foreseeable future.

The Des Moines area has a good number of beaches that can satisfy any beach lover. No, it's not California or Florida, but its close enough.

Saylorville Beach is probably the largest of the local beaches and it's the cheapest; it's free. There are two different types of beaches at Saylorville Lake. For a peaceful, family-like atmosphere, the non-acholic beach is for you. However if you're in the mood for a loud and obnoxious day at the beach, then the alcohol-allowed beach is you're best bet. Either way, a day at Saylorville Beach is definitely a good time.

Another popular beach is the famous Clearwater Beach. A small cover of four dollars will get you into one of the best beaches in the Des Moines area. Also, for the past few summers, Clearwater has offered bands during the evening hours for you night beach bums. This makes for a great time.

The hidden jewel of beaches in Des Moines, is Easter Lake Beach. It offers a nice, quiet atmosphere, a grass area for a picnic-type aura, and golden sand that glistens in the sun. Boat rentals are also available. Canoes, paddle boats, row boats, motor boats, and even a pontoon boat are available. If you desire a lazy day at the beach, this is the place for you.



The Tale of the Night Stocker



by Chris Silver
Staff Writer

We take the neat shelves of grocery store products for granted. But it is the dedication and quest for perfection of the night stockers that "magically" keeps the store shelves looking sharp.

Flames blaze from his fingertips as he frantically tears open another box of stock. Grasping cans and boxes with lightning speed, the night stocker places the stock on the shelves. Every piece of stock is in a straight row and each label is clearly faced. And so begins the "day" in the life of a night stocker.

There are many tasks a night stocker must perform well into the morning hours. After clocking in at 10 p.m., the stocker heads to an aisle to work the understock drawers. These are big metal drawers located underneath shelves. After pulling out the drawers, the stock is removed and placed on the shelves. Stock is anything sold in the grocery store. While the drawers are being worked, a semi truck sent from the home office is unloaded from the back dock. The truck may contain anywhere from 20,000 to 60,000 pounds of goods.

"It takes 15 minutes to unload a truck and seems like it takes forever to get the work done. But it's a challenge we have to face every night," says Steve Kirkpatrick, a night stocker at the Pleasant Hill Hy-Vee.

Stock comes neatly stacked on wooden pallets and is transported around by a two-pronged vehicle known as a pallet jack. Pallets of stock are then broken down into stacks according to the aisle where they belong. The cases of stock are then wheeled to their respective aisles with a two-wheeler, a handy implement that allows the stocker to stack boxes about shoulder-high.

Once the stock is out, it is then worked onto the shelves. In a frantic frenzy the night stockers, armed with their razor-blade box cutters, slice open the

cardboard cases of stock. The case of stock is then supported between the stocker's body and the edge of the shelf. Stock is then rapidly placed on the shelf with the label facing towards the customer.

This job sounds monotonous and boring and it could be, but it is what the stocker makes of it. The stockers have competitions between themselves to see who can get a case of stock shelved faster. There is also a lot of good-natured humor amongst the members of the crew.

After the stock has been worked, the boxes are dismantled and thrown away with the exception of a few that are saved for customers.

The night is almost over and it's time to *face up* or *pull down*. This means the products on the shelf are pulled forward to the lip of the shelf with the labels facing the customer. A good "pull down" will run three to six rows deep. If you pull a product off the shelf and there is a gaping hole and the entire row is one deep, this is known as a "camouflage." This technique is never used at the Pleasant Hill Hy-Vee.

According to Hy-Vee Manager Bill Walsh, "Studies conducted by the Hy-Vee headquarters in Chariton show that facing up increases product consumption. By making the product more visible, customers are more likely to buy."

When facing is completed, so is the job.

The next time you waltz into a grocery store and see all the products perfectly straight with all of the labels immaculately faced, think about the night stock crew and the never-ending job of the night stocker.

Boot Camp Memoirs

by Lyn Anderson
Staff Writer

Everyone has to make a tough decision sometime in their life. What to do after high school is one of them. For K.C. Morrison, a chance to skip class for a day and take the Armed Services Vocational Aptitude Battery (ASVAB) was an easy decision, but

what he did after that was not.

September 26, 1986, he enlisted for the Army Reserves.

"I wanted money for college," Morrison replied.

Morrison, left on June 18, 1987, for Basic Training at Fort Leonardwood, Missouri. "The first night

of basic training, we were all asleep in our bunks, and I'm not even sure what happened. All I know is the Sergeant came in and told us to get out of our bunks and drop to the floor and do push-ups. It wasn't for very long, only like 20 minutes, but it was the first day and nobody was in shape."

Morrison, like many people in the military, thinks enlisting was a good

idea. "It's a good experience and it taught me responsibility and how to reach my potential. But, to be honest, it was a pain in the ass while I was going through it."

On August 20, 1987, Morrison graduated from Basic Training. He signed up for six years of reserves. This summer he will be going to AIT school in Fort Gordon, Georgia.

The Tanning Epidemic

by Cindy Rutenburg
Staff Writer

To tan or not to tan, that is the question. Yes, there have been warmer temperatures, but remember this is Iowa and who knows what tomorrow will bring.

Don't fret those of you who desire a tan. To prepare your white bodies for the upcoming summer season, it may be the time to visit your local tanning salon. Who wants to go to the beach and have your body glow brighter than a

300-watt light bulb? If you work on it now, you'll be proud to show-off that bod at the beach.

How does a tanning bed work? The beds contain ultraviolet (UV) bulbs, that tan your skin like the rays in the sun. However, the bulbs are a lot closer to your skin than the sun, so they produce a tan much faster and provide a more even tone.

The average bed contains 100-watt bulbs. There are also "super beds"

that have 160-watt UV bulbs. Some beds also offer facial tanners, which have a wattage of 400 to 500 UV bulbs. The higher wattage is because the face loses its tan faster than the rest of the body.

One tanning session can range anywhere from ten to thirty minutes, and may cost anywhere from four to ten dollars. This may seem a little expensive, but it's a lot cheaper by investing in tanning packages. There are some packages where you can buy

a certain number like eight or ten, or you can pay a set fee, then go once a day for a month. There are other types of packages offered, depending on the salon. It's easy to choose one that can fit your needs and your pocket.

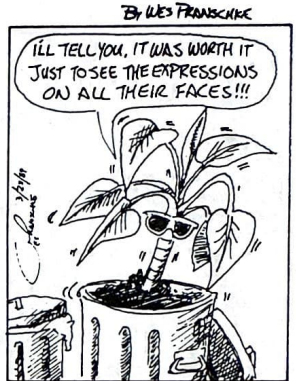
There has been some controversy over the safety of the beds. Some customers have had problems with their eyes, because they chose not to wear the protective goggles, which must be provided in all tanning salons. It's strongly recommended that the

salon's clients wear these goggles for their own safety.

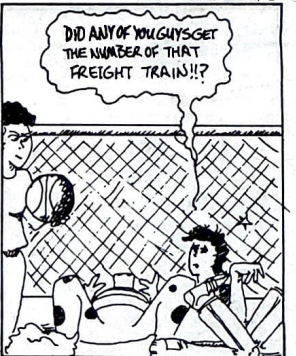
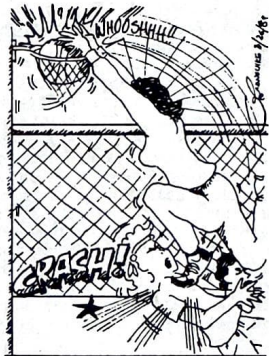
Most beauty salons are equipped with tanning beds as are most fitness centers. Just look under tanning in the Yellow Pages to find a tanning salon that'll fit your needs so you can retain that golden glow for the summertime fun.



BILLO AND THE BEAST



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Portfolio Night Proves Successful

by Michelle Smiley
Editor

DMACC Commercial Art students held their "portfolio night" at Prairie Meadows in Altoona on Tuesday, April 25. Graduating students provided prospective customers and employees showcases of their best art work, finished comp pieces, printed material, and examples of the entire production throughout the semester.

Dee Johnson, Chairman of the Commercial Art program, says, "It was the best turnout ever, with approximately 250 people in attendance."

Each student was required to design and produce business cards and resumes. Karen Gray says,

"I printed up 150-200 resumes and 250 cards. Probably half of my cards were taken; they are a little easier to pick up."

Robert Whicker remarked that he was, "very glad it's over..." meaning that his portfolio was finished. Troy Clark, another graduate of the program, says, "It takes time to prepare, but the (night) was worth it."

On the average, students spend the entire semester perfecting their portfolios and many take items from their pre-program entrance folder.

It was a time for students to "show their stuff" and student Polly Steele says, "The evening

was great!"

Thanks to Mark Pogue, a video tape featuring the students and some of their work was shown three times during the event and it gained applause from the participants as it was shown every hour, on the hour.

Every year since the class of '72, the commercial art students decide on the location to showcase their work. Next year's event is hopefully going to be at the new River-Front Restaurant, where the off-campus location increases the interest and helps bring in the professional crowds, according to Johnson.