

Dagger's Cuts Are
Too Hot To Handle

-- Entertainment Page 1

Graves and Caves,
The Effigy Story

-- Pages 6 & 7

Got A Problem? Get A Clue
and Be Professional About It.

-- Page 8

THE CHRONICLE

Des Moines
Area
Community
College

The Chronicle — Volume 14 / No.10

October 27, 1989

Darkness, Minimal Security Prompts Fear

by Mark Schneberger
Editor

When many DMACC students think of October, images of colorful leaves, cooler weather, and Halloween come to mind. It is a month full of fun and a time to relax before getting hit with snow and finals. But for some evening students October conjures up only fear. No, not of hobgoblins or monsters, but fear of unseen dangers lying in dark parking areas.

With fall well underway, daylight comes to an early end at DMACC's Ankeny campus. Night falls at 7 p.m. and in the wake of recent attacks at Campus View student housing, students are beginning to question if enough security exists on campus to assure safety.

Much concern centers around the parking lots and lighting. As winter approaches, night comes early and evening students who originally began the year leaving classes with full view of the setting sun, now do the same with little more than moonlight to guide the way. Many students believe the parking lots are simply too dark.

But according to Physical Plant Director, Ken Brown, the parking lots could be a lot darker.

"[Student concern] is rather surprising," says Brown. "Over the last two years we've gone through and upgraded the lighting on every parking lot on campus."



Continued to page 3

*(SEE RELATED STORY ON ENTERTAINMENT PAGE 3)

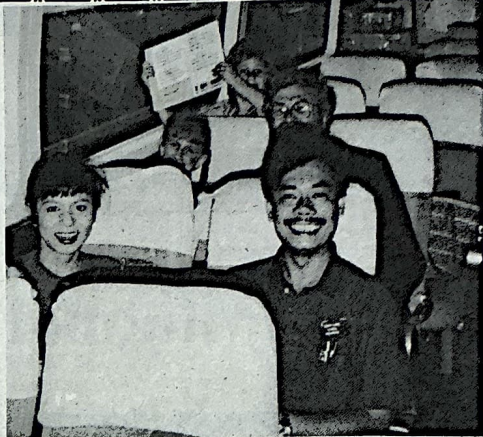


DMACC

INTERNATIONAL Page



KCCI's Mary Brubaker Interviews Dr. Yadudu & Hal Chase, co-chair International Committee.



Vietnamese couple, currently living in Texas, along with Jim Stick and family are some of the few who braved travel in China.

Monthly Seminar A Success

by Sue Woods
International Page Editor

Dr. Awuhula Yadudu approaches you first with his smile; not the frozen smile of a politician or foreign diplomat, but a genuine smile. His unpretentious honesty is quite evident as he tells people how excited he is to have the opportunity to share with others the history and culture of his Nigeria.

He states that the real excitement is not in his being here at DMACC, but rather in his being asked to come to share with another people who are curious enough to initiate cross-cultural learning.

Dr. Yadudu had already had a full day of lecturing at DMACC's Boone and Urban campuses on Thursday, October 19. When asked if he is tired after his long trip and full day of lectures, he replies, "No." He tells me that he has rested and is very eager to meet the Ankeny campus.

As DMACC instructors Hal Chase and Mike Delaney are introducing him, he sits in the front row of the auditorium, in the beautiful, traditional dress of the Hausa clan to which he belongs, nervously twitching his foot and wringing his hands. It would appear that the anxiety of public speaking is universal, reaching as far as the halls of Harvard and the country of Nigeria.

As he speaks, his nerves are soothed by the passion he has for his subject. His loud, clear voice rarely needs the assistance of the microphone, and he commands the stage. He educates his audience on the history of his native land, explaining the obstacles brought on by a diverse nation. He discusses the coming to power of Britain and ultimately Nigerian independence.

Professor Yadudu points up similarities between our two countries: both are comprised of many states, people of various religious and ethnic backgrounds, and both were previously a colony of the United Kingdom. He hopes that, if any of us were ever to visit his homeland, we would travel its length and breadth to best appreciate all the variety that is Nigeria.

The sessions have ended. He visits with individual students and then moves to a smaller, more intimate format. Questions come slowly at first, mostly from the DMACC faculty. As the crowd warms to him, students ask more about life in Nigeria. How much crime is there? Are drugs a problem? What kind of

Continued on page 11

Humanities Chair Jim Stick & Family Tour China After Uprising

by Beth Newgaard
Staff Writer

On June 10, 1989, six days after the massacre in Tienanmen Square, Jim Stick and his family entered China, a land struggling to achieve democracy. Stick, who is chairperson of communications/humanities, had been studying and lecturing in Japan as part of the Fulbright Faculty Exchange, but planned to tour China, Hong Kong and Hawaii before returning to the States.

Stick is the seventh faculty member from DMACC to spend between two and six months in Japan through the Fulbright Exchange. The program is set up to enhance international and cultural understanding.

Stick, his wife, Dorothy, and daughters Nora, 10, and Emily, 6, joined him in Japan on June 5 for a long-awaited family vacation. "We had doubts about entering China, but we called the travel agency and they said it would be okay," Jim said.

"When we were coming into China, a lot of foreigners were coming out. Instead of having a bus tour, we had a little mini-van," Jim said. So many tourists were leaving the country that a larger vehicle was not required.

Referring to the massacre, Stick said, "It is my perception that outside the country (China) the news was pretty accurate, but inside China very few people knew what was going on. Still, today, they don't know what happened."

The Stick family stayed at a Holiday Inn, a new 30-story building in Kuang-Chou, some distance directly south of Beijing. "We stayed in a suite that would rival any of the suites I'd ever been in in the United States. It had everything, but when I opened the window and looked across the street, there were third world slums. I could see the great disparities between conspicuous wealth and the poor."

The Stick family observed most of the people rode bicycles, the common form of transportation. "I can still remember how skinny most of the people were; I could count their ribs. We stayed in what we were told was a relatively prosperous area," remarked Stick.

Farms, a silk factory, and several museums were toured by the Stick family during their stay. They spent time visiting several cities and shopping. They were also able to get a taste of China.

"We ate at a restaurant they claimed was the largest in the world, but it was actually a series of small restaurants connected together. It seated about 5,000 people. My wife noticed some rats running around. Of course in America we would be offended if we saw rats in a restaurant, but they were just trotting around between buildings."

The Stick family brought back some peasant straw hats and a few pieces of jade as souvenirs. They observed that a cloud of remorse hung over China and its people who desperately yearn for democracy, but are bound by communism.

Beware Of Love

by Gena Boehme
Staff Writer

College seems to have an adverse effect on romantic student relationships. "Student break-ups tend to occur with the school calendar," said Rudy Harris, sociology instructor. The break-ups usually happen in September when school begins or in January when second semester starts. Break-ups also occur in June when summer begins.

Many changes take place when couples go off to college. Long separations often prove to be too much for most couples. Letters and calls are not enough to keep students together when they attend different universities, hundreds of miles apart.

"Things really fell apart between my fiancée and me when we went to college," commented Dave Nelson, a DMACC student whose girlfriend just broke off a two-year relationship with him. Many couples lose interest in each other when they discover many new, interesting members of the opposite sex.

Some people want to experience a variety of romantic partners, to make sure that they pick the "right one." Many students want more freedom to do what they want when they go to college. Often a serious relationship does not fit into this picture.

"Finding time to see my girlfriend, who goes to a different college while working and going to school, is difficult," said Matt Davis, a DMACC student whose girlfriend attends Iowa State University. Serious commitments involve more energy and time than some college students want to give. Relationships take a lot of effort and communication. When a student puts education as a first priority, a romantic relationship usually suffers.

"When couples break up it is often best to quit 'cold turkey,'" said Harris. Otherwise, trying to be "friends" too often leads the other person on.

Obviously, going to college and maintaining a serious relationship has its problems. So DMACC students, BEWARE!



If you are pregnant and distressed, Birthright can help!

Call 288-7785

- Confidential counseling
- Free pregnancy test

B BIRTHRIGHT OF DES MOINES
1409 Clark St., Des Moines



Where's The Security at DMACC?

Continued from front page

Brown assures those in doubt there is more than enough lighting to maintain a safe campus.

"It's [lighting] above what's considered the national average for lighting on parking lots. So we think the lighting is adequate."

Other safety concerns stem from the security team's lack of visibility.

"I don't see any security," says Rick Heart, returning computer student.

Many students have never seen security guards. Some have even resorted to using janitorial personnel to walk them to their cars. But despite seemingly non-existent patrol, Brown asserts that students are never alone. DMACC's security system is always active.

"We have security around the clock, seven days a week," says Brown. "There is one man in the day from 8 to 4 p.m. He primarily patrols the lots and regulates parking. We have two men on from 4 to midnight. They handle night classes and special events. They also secure the campus at 10:30 p.m. And we have one man come on at midnight 'til 8 a.m."

Brown says if students feel threatened for any reason, at any time of the day or night, and need to call a security team member, they should simply dial 242-1299.

"We have had very few incidents," says Brown referring to past security problems. "The ones we've had were only personal conflicts between a man and a woman. We have never had any problems like attacks or harassments."

No additional security personnel are scheduled to be added in the near future.

Self Defense

Are You Prepared?

by Dianna Beaman
Staff Writer

Imagine for a moment: you're getting out of your car and walking toward the building for your first class. Suddenly, a person comes up beside you and grabs you from behind. What do you do now?

"The first thing you want to do is to make a lot of noise," said police officer Ron Hrubetz. "Do anything that will draw attention to yourself, like screaming."

He said that one of the best defenses people can use is to carry a whistle on their key chain. "If any trouble happens, blow on the whistle and run to a point of safety such as an open door or a crowd of people."

Many students arrive at school during the early morning hours while it is still dark. For these students, it might be useful to know that the building doors are unlocked at 6:30 a.m.

"If attacked at this hour, try hitting the person with a book bag or strike a kick to the knee or groin area," said Hrubetz.

He also added, "Keys can be carried in the palm of your hand, and if the edges are laid between the fingers; they make a good weapon to use on the attacker's eyes."

Another idea, is to carry a comb with a skinny point handle on it in your back pocket or another place within easy access to you.

"People have a right to protect themselves against bodily harm. This means doing what you have to do to get away," said Hrubetz.

Any of these ideas will serve the purpose of helping a victim escape.

"If you fight back, most attackers will leave you alone," the officer said.

He did not recommend carrying a gun though unless properly trained. "If you point a gun at someone, you have to be prepared to pull the trigger. Otherwise, the person will take the gun away from you and shoot you."

Editors note: Please don't shoot anyone.



Horticulture Club Plans An Array of Events

by Dianna Beaman
Staff Writer

"Horticulture is directly linked with the building industry," said horticulture instructor Al Wyckoff. "Since there are more houses and office buildings being built, I can see horticulture as playing a major role in the economy well into the 1990s."

Several plant sales have been held so far this year in Building 5.

The sale took place October 26 and featured cut flowers, foliage plants, Indian corn, and miniature pumpkins.

Profits from the sales help pay for the club activities — including two annual trips.

A three-day overnight field trip is planned for the club to visit nurseries, parks and greenhouses in the Quad-Cities and parts of Illinois.

Students attended the State Florist Design Convention in September at the Marriott Hotel where they observed new techniques and trends.

The first club meeting was held to nominate officers on September 25.

"We are associated with the National Branch of Horticulturists and any DMACC student is welcome to join the club," said Chairperson Duane Anderson.

They hope to meet once a month.



A friend will tell you:

"They are always so helpful." When you care about birth control, Planned Parenthood cares. We'll help you find the best way to protect against an unplanned pregnancy. Plus, we'll take the time to answer your questions. Come see us. We will help.



Planned Parenthood®

Central • 851 14th St. • 280-7000
South • 500 Army Post Rd. • 282-8500
West • 8400 Hickman Rd. • 278-9008





Des Moines Area
Community College

A Matter of Choice

by Jay Des Dyson
Free-lance Writer

Throughout the course of American affairs, few issues have sparked such controversy or so greatly polarized our nation as has the abortion issue. On January 22 of 1973, the U.S. Supreme Court, in a rare 7 to 2 majority, ruled that all women had a legal, constitutional right to terminate their pregnancies in the first trimester, if they so desired. With the advent of the Roe vs. Wade ruling came the rise of a vocal minority which has since sought to undermine, if not eradicate, that right. This outspoken minority, and its ideology, shall now be addressed.

Sixteen years after the Roe vs. Wade ruling, we now have a movement that endeavors to outlaw abortion. The audacity of the members of this movement is surpassed only by their collective ignorance of history. Approximately 70 years ago, a similar movement swept through our nation which culminated in the passage of the Volstead Act of 1919 which prohibited the manufacture, sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages.

As one can easily note the 'effectiveness' of the Eighteenth Amendment, it is a safe assumption that any work of legislation that purports to outlaw abortion will be just as potent. As the 'Speakeasy' of the '20s and '30s mocked the law of the land, so shall illegal abortion operations. Open contempt of the law will again resurface, as it did in the second and third decades of this century. Again, the law will be violated with impunity by otherwise upstanding members of the community. Again, people will needlessly die from indiscretions of disreputable agents who will ultimately infiltrate the unregulated market. How such a valuable lesson from our nation's history can be lost on the members of the 'Right to Life' movement remains a mystery.

One of the main principles of the 'Right to Life' movement asserts that every child has a right to be born. As this is an opinion, it cannot be argued or refuted...however, it is ONLY an opinion; and one that is not highly regarded by all. Logically speaking, one can more fervently argue that every child has the right to be WANTED. To be born unwanted is perhaps the greatest punishment anyone could ever face. No physical death could be more severe than the emotional assassination and spiritual starvation that the unwanted child must endure on a daily basis. It must be noted that countless millions of children in the United States already live in an ongoing reality of hunger, abuse and abandonment.

Rather than trying to 'save' the children we do not yet have, it would be far nobler — and far wiser — to focus our concern on those children already among us who have yet to be fed, nurtured and loved.

Many in the 'Right to Life' movement reply with a collective "so what?" to the assertion that a child has more of a right to be wanted than to be born. "The most important thing is that the child be born!" they argue. In response to their indifference, it is wise to note that unwanted children are more prone to be in poorer health, have more extensive histories of psychiatric disorders, use alcohol (and other drugs) in an abusive manner, (if boys) be more consistently rejected by the military, and (if girls) become mothers at a younger age, when compared to the norm.

Again, many in the 'Right to Life' movement show great indifference. "The only thing that matters," they say, "is that once a child is conceived, life is created and must not be terminated." Herein lies the crux of the 'Right to Life' movement — that 'Life' begins at conception. Again, the audacity of the members of the 'Right to Life' movement is surpassed only by their ignorance. Any reputable graduate-level biology text can clearly show that life most certainly does NOT begin in the uterus. It has been proven time and again that there is no way for life to be created out of lifelessness, so it would be wise to cease debating when life 'begins.' Simply put, in our experience, life NEVER 'begins' — it is merely PASSED ON. Granted, a complex interaction between two sets of deoxyribonucleic acid does occur...but it does not CREATE life! It merely passes it on from two other living organisms. Again it must be reiterated, *life does not begin, and is not created by the fusing of two sets of gametes. Life...is...merely...passed...on.* As this has been demonstrated time and again via the scientific method, there is little room for debate. The rule of thumb of the 'Right to Life' movement is simply not founded in fact and therefore merits no further attention.

"Even so," state the members of the 'Right to Life' movement, "that fertilized egg is as valuable as a fully-grown human being!" Is it? To truly find out if this belief is actual, gauge your reaction to the two following scenarios: You happen across a bereaved young woman. When you ask her what is wrong, she states that her child was claimed by death six months ago. You ask, "How old was it?" FIRST POSSIBLE ANSWER: "It was 10 years old." It can be safely assumed that your first response would be that of sympathy. You might even console her and encourage her to make a new life. SECOND POSSIBLE ANSWER: "The 'child' was a six-week-old embryo." Would your sympathy be as profound? "Six months later and she's still grieving?" you might think to yourself. Would you not soon wonder if this woman should seek psychiatric counseling? Your personal response to these two variations on a theme shows just how much you truly believe that a developing ovum is as valuable as an actualized human being.

"That is not relevant!" cry the 'Right to Life' people, "besides, if we allow for abortion on demand, it will ultimately lead to other forms of genocide!" Yes, the 'Right to Life' crowd is fond of their saying, "Hitler would have loved abortion." Oddly enough, history shows us a truth very unlike that which the 'Right to Life' crowd would have us believe. One of the first measures the Nazis took during their climb to power in 1933 was completely outlawing abortion. The Nazis even went so far as to mandate capital punishment for any woman who sought an abortion as well as anyone who aided in an abortion. Buchenwald, Dachau and Auschwitz came several years later. So where's the relationship between the two acts? Again, the logic of the members of the 'Right to Life' movement fails the acid test.

Editor
Mark Schneberger

Editor of Editorials
David Champion

Copy Editor
Brad Daggar

Junior Editors:
Entertainment —
Brad Daggar
International page —
Sue Woods

Photographers
Jim Palmer
Andy Yeakum
Mark Schneberger

Staff Writers
Dianna Beaman
Dana Blass
Gene Bostme
Brad Daggar
John Davis
Scott Flora
Ben Fortune
Rick Natale
Beth Newgaard
Chris Silver

Free-lance Writers
Jay Des Dyson
Brad Meyers
JoAnne Zalik

Layout Artists
Barbara Johnson
Al Weaver

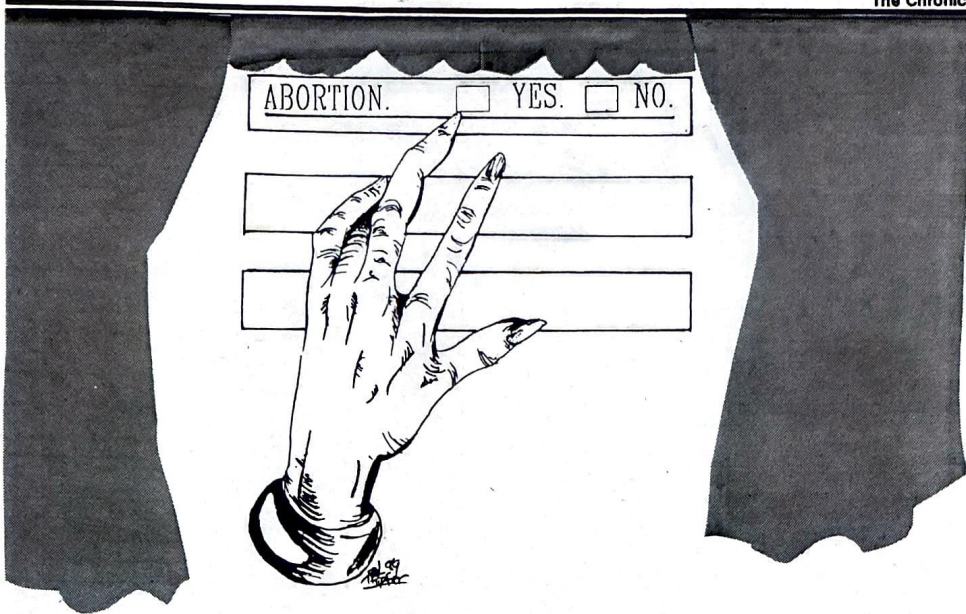
Production Staff
Brad Daggar
Mark Schneberger
Sue Woods

Advisor
Rose Hoffman-Toubes

The DMACC Chronicle is a bi-monthly laboratory publication. The views expressed in editorials and articles are comments made by individual staff writers, students, or faculty and are not necessarily representative of the DMACC Chronicle staff, faculty, or the student body.

Please send comments, concerns, or questions to:

DMACC Chronicle Office
Bldg. 3 Room 15
2006 South Ankeny Blvd.
Ankeny, IA 50021



"But think of the profound effects that abortion will have on our society if it is allowed to continue!" shouts the 'Right to Life' crowd. "Women will have abortions for the most facetious reasons! Couples will have abortions just because they don't like the gender of their future child! They could use adoption instead of abortion!" Again, their assertions are simply not founded in fact. The abortion operation is an expensive and involved procedure, not to mention uncomfortable. Statistics also clearly indicate that an overwhelming percentage of women who have abortions do not return for a repeat performance. Education on contraceptives, previously denied to women via a conservative government, is made available to those who seek an abortion for the first time, thus lessening the necessity of such an operation. As for the notion that couples will choose abortion if they are dissatisfied with the sex of their expected offspring, it is ludicrous. Amniocentesis, which is the only means of accurately determining the sex of the fetus, cannot be performed until the pregnancy has advanced well into the second trimester. By that time, abortion on demand is no longer an option, as it has fallen under the jurisdiction of the State. Only first-trimester abortions can be performed on demand. Finally, adoption is a viable option in only a limited number of cases. As many studies have shown, those who apply to become adoptive parents invariably make known their preference for strong, healthy babies. Physically and mentally handicapped babies, along with babies of minority origins, make up a significant portion of infants placed up for adoption. Sadly, many of these children are not adopted and are shuffled from foster homes to group homes and/or institutions throughout their childhood. To consider adoption as a panacea to this issue is short-sighted at best.

Members of this 'Right to Life' movement are most blunt about their feelings on this matter. Their arguments, while impassioned and heavily burdened with emotional overtones, are fraught with subjective viewpoints — which they proclaim as fact. While this approach of theirs creates fuel to their fervor, it adds no credibility to their mission. The 'logic' of their entire approach is so riddled with inaccuracies, half-truths and faulty conjectures that one may ultimately wonder just what is the true purpose of their movement.

There has been speculation on the 'Pro-Choice' front that the 'Right to Life' movement is merely 'anti-choice' — specifically when the woman has the ultimate choice to control her own reproductive destiny. Others within the 'Pro-Choice' movement offer the hypothesis that the 'Right to Life' movement is neither 'Pro-Life' nor 'Pro-Family,' but is actually 'Pro-Punishment.' What better way to punish the woman for sexual indiscretions (as if the male had no role in it) than by forcing her to carry an embryo to term? Many in the 'Right to Life' camp have been known to say, "She made her bed, now she's gotta lay in it!" It would appear the speculations of people within the 'Pro-Choice' movement are closer to home than any within the 'Right to Life' movement.

Finally, it is necessary to make known several issues which have long gone unaddressed in this battle waged by those in the 'Right to Life' movement. These issues have been sorely neglected for so very long that they deserve distinct merit in this discussion.

The 'Right to Life' members rarely, if ever, admit that the grisly photos of bloody, near-baby abortions they 'righteously' parade are not the outcomes of first-trimester abortions, which they so vehemently oppose, but are in fact the remnants of second-trimester abortions — performed either to save the life of the mother or to extract a miscarried fetus. It has been shown, time and again, that those within the 'Right to Life' movement are prone to use deceit, whether by guile or omission, to make their stance more appealing and the choice of abortion more appalling. It is more than plain that those who proclaim their mission as the product of a 'higher calling' are not above foregoing honesty to achieve their 'righteous' goal.

Not only is their lying by omission intolerable, but their lack of appreciating the entire scope of the abortion issue as well: For every grisly abortion photo the 'Right to Life' members can produce, one can easily find two equally grisly scenes from photographs of pre-1973 hospital Septic Wards. These wards were quarantined sections set aside for the victims of 'backstreet abortions.' It was in these wards that many women succumbed to septicemia; a form of blood-poisoning caused by unsterile conditions that millions of women were subjected to in order to have an abortion performed before it was made legal. One can only wonder about the orphaned children left behind by these victims.

It is of great import to note that no 'Right to Life' member has mourned the victims of those days before the Roe vs. Wade ruling. It is indeed a sad commentary that those who proclaim a belief that all life is sacred care little about the lives of those whom they wish to deprive of their rights.

Finally, it cannot be stressed enough that the Constitution of the United States was specifically authored to protect the minority from the tyranny of the majority...and vice-versa. The objectives of those in the 'Right to Life' movement violate the very spirit of the U.S. Constitution, as they wish to tyrannically impose THEIR views on others who do not believe as they do. Should the 'Right to Life' agenda become a reality, WE THE PEOPLE will suffer a severe setback to our personal liberty which will ultimately signal a wholesale erosion of our freedom of choice. What personal choice will next be challenged if this vocal minority again proclaims a 'higher mission'?

EFFIGY

A Tribute to Our Heritage and Beauty



photo by Desira Johnson

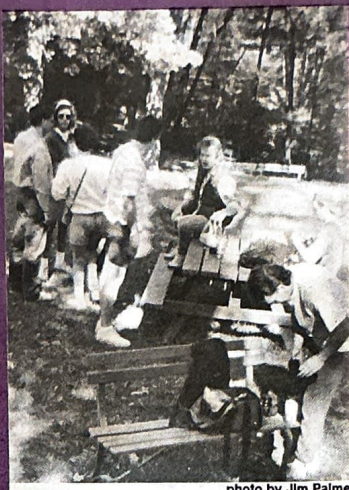


photo by Jim Palmer

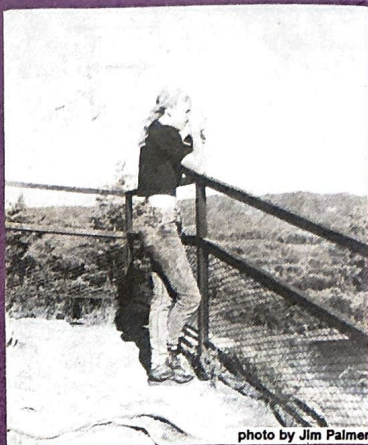


photo by Jim Palmer

by John Davis
Staff Writer

On the last weekend of September, 30 photography students and their instructor, Curt Stahr, traveled to the Maquoketa caves, north of the Mississippi River, to Pikes Peak, Effigy Mounds National Park, and the small, sleepy town of Osborne, Iowa.

The students also went to Pike's Peak State Park (Iowa, not Colorado) where they explored sandstone caves. They hiked along nature trails, and enjoyed the scenic views along the Mississippi River.

The Effigy Mounds are prehistoric Indian burial sites located along the bluffs in the Upper Mississippi River Valley. Although different groups of Indians built mounds, only in Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, and southern Wisconsin were they shaped like animals. Within the Effigy Mounds National Monument, 191 mounds are preserved. Twenty-nine mounds are in the form of bird and bear effigies. The rest are linear or cone-shaped.

Another highlight of the trip was the chance to see bald eagles. Student, Jim Barcus said, "We saw six or seven from a distance,



Beneath Pike's Peak outside the Indian Sand Caves and just before the long trip back to DMACC.

but they were too far away to get any shots." Barcus also likes the trips because the group often stops spontaneously to take pictures. "We stopped if anything looked interesting. We saw the Mississippi Queen at its dock. It looked bigger than Building 3."

Scott Lindsey, another of Stahr's students, concurred with Barcus. "The scenery was a great photo subject. So were the people, especially Jim and Desira."

Beside taking pictures, the group got together to have fun and interact. Chad Bailey, another student, said, "Curt gets people motivated by doing exciting things and gets people's interest in photography aroused by taking these trips."

Stahr said, "These trips are obviously to take pictures and learn, but we also interact and have fun." At the campsite, Stahr ordered 12 pizzas and soda for the students.

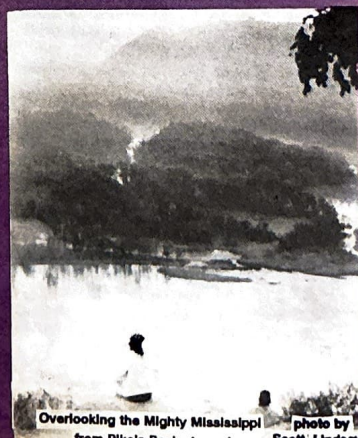
The next trip is slated for October 28 and 29. Student photographers will travel to the Desoto Wildlife Refuge in western Iowa to watch the migrating snow geese.



photo by Jim Palmer



photo by Jim Palmer



Overlooking the Mighty Mississippi from Pike's Peak at sunrise. photo by Scott Lindsey

DELET'S GET BUSY!

★ Cartoons

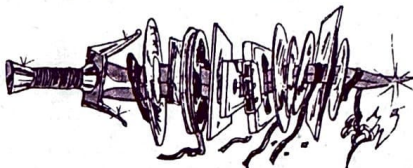
★ Reviews

★ Dateline

★ Artwork

New Entertainment

Dagger's Best of the Cuts



by Brad Dagger
Entertainment Page Editor

KISS, the band for all ages, has come out with their 23rd album, which is called "Hot in the Shade." This album hits hard at the ears and is by far their best in years. In relation to KISS, ex-guitarist Ace Frehley also has a new album coming out called "Trouble Walkin'," done with a little help from KISS ex-drummer Peter Criss and the boys from Skid Row. Both of these selections should be hot sellers.

There are quite a few new albums coming out this month, and next month should provide even more choices for you. Some bands used to come out with a new album every year, but now they wait two or three years to unveil new ones. Some of the bands go on lengthy tours to back up the album, while others just take some time off and do solo projects or help other musicians on songs. Billy Joel seems to be taking on the job of music being a world-wide message and trying to bring countries closer together with his new album, "Stormfront." The first selection off of the album to be released as a single is "We Didn't Start the Fire," about the friction between the U.S. and Russia. There is also a song called "Leningrad" on there and this all ties in with Joel's last album a few years back which was done live in Russia. He's going to need a lot of help to get his message across.

The Beach Boys are back again with an album called "Still Cruisin'." It contains the mega-hit from last year, "Kokomo", along with their golden oldies "Wipeout", "I Get Around", and "California Girls." This is a band that will be around forever and that nobody gets tired of. Jethro Tull is back with a follow-up from his Grammy Award winner "Crest of a Knave." The new one is called "Rock Island" and promises to be just as good. George Harrison, after working as a Traveling Wilbury last year, releases a greatest hits compilation called "Best of Dark Horse- 1976- 1989."

Some other new albums that are out or are arriving soon are: Tracy Chapman's "Crossroads", Melissa Etheridge's "Brave and Crazy", Linda Ronstadt's "Cry Like a Rainstorm, Howl like the Wind" with Aaron Neville, Barbra Streisand's "Collection-Greatest Hits and More" and Britny Fox gives us a new one(unfortunately) called "Boys in Heat", with a cover of Nazareth's hit "Hair of the Dog." Poco has a new album out with a single "Call it Love" that hit high on the charts. Also out now is Joe Cocker's "One Night of Sin", with the single "When the Night Comes." Have your loved one listen to that song and they'll be melting.

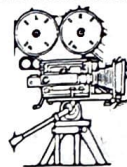


Tom Van Amburgh (Liberal Arts) described the salsa tasting as "incredible." Tom enjoyed the chance to try out different salsas.

Motley Crue follows up their hit album "Dr. Feelgood" with a blistering tour that hits Ames on November 22. Warrant will be the opening act and this concert is almost guaranteed to be big, so get your tickets early.

Two issues ago I talked about the local talent that is around here and mentioned the band One Way. These guys are blazing their own trail around central Iowa and are playing to packed crowds wherever they are. Though they play all cover tunes, they do it with a certain flair and style that sets them apart from other cover bands. Fronted by singer/guitarist Hal Thompson, they really know how to rock and roll. Thompson's vocal and guitar ability is in a class by itself and this makes the rest of the band play that much better. Scott Boyles, guitarist and singer, carries his own ability well and meshes nicely with Thompson on lead roles. The keyboardist/guitarist Steve Radke adds a nice touch to the picture with his playing and his jazz background. Mark Manning, the wild bass player, also puts his all into every song, and has been known to knock a few of the guys in the mouth with his wild guitar antics. Jason Johnson is the drummer and he also adds a certain taste of wildness when he plays, breaking a few drumsticks along the way. The band sings backup well and can usually overcome any minor problems with their equipment, and compared to most local bands are not cocky in their playing. I can see a bright future ahead for One Way and wish them luck.

Contrary to popular belief, I don't always write this article alone. Sure, it's great when I do get it done, but not without a little help. Thanks to Matt Melcher and Richard Lee for their help, (hey Rick, I buried Paul!) and until next time, keep reading the Chronicle and listening to music.



Humanities Class Shows Great Classic Films

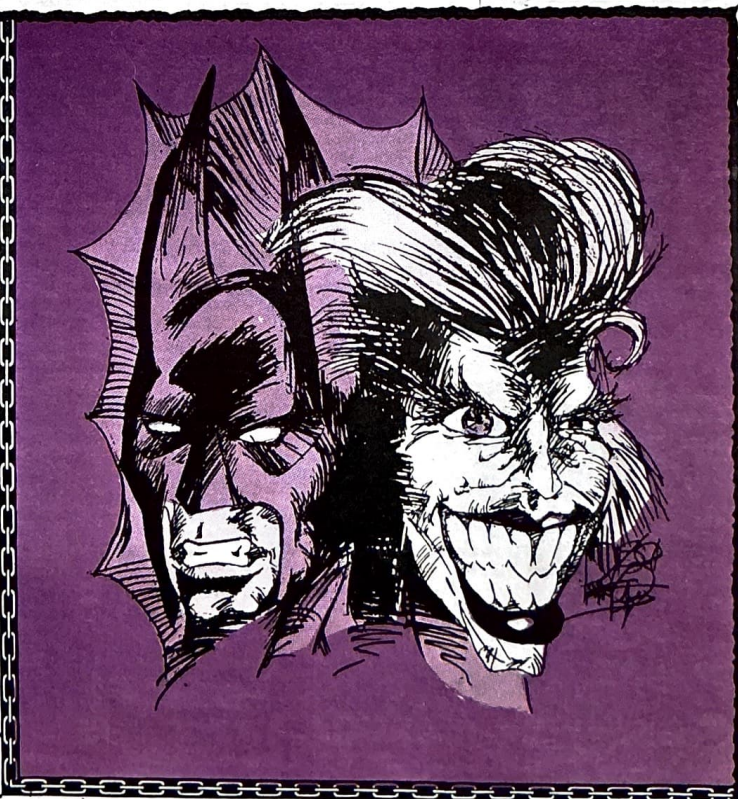
by Scott Flora
Staff Writer

DMACC's introduction to film class offers you the opportunity to take in some of the greatest classic films ever made at no expense to you.

"It serves a dual purpose," said Rick Chapman, Liberal Arts instructor and coordinator for the film series. "Anyone can come and see the movies."

Chapman, who teaches the class Humanities 115: Introduction to Film, worth three semester hours, also invites movie fans to come and enjoy these great film classics.

Continued to page 4



Walk Up Reality Street

by Brad Meyers
Free-lance Writer

Living in Des Moines and attending DMACC, I have a tendency to forget what reality looks like. I have become accustomed to a drab sameness, a simplistic, stilted version of life that can deaden the soul.

State Street in Madison Wisconsin climbs about 10 blocks from the guts of the University of Wisconsin to the state capitol -- a route from one version of perceived reality to another. The street is closed off to all motorized traffic except busses and deliveries, leaving it free to bicycles, tricycles, pedestrians, and denizens of that special kind of society that exists in and around a Big 10 University.

It was a 78-degree mid-October Friday. Classes were letting out and the sun brought its heat down between a bookstore and a dingy poster shop. Immediately to my left as I entered the street were the ever present street vendors. The first was a woman who sold hand dyed t-shirts and sweatshirts. As I examined her beautifully dyed sweatshirts, something caught my eye. There was a ring pierced through each of her nostrils and a single gold chain ran from each ring to the corresponding ear. Protruding just beneath her lower lip was a stud holding a half-carat diamond. Other than that, she appeared to be a normal mid-30s middle class woman. Her sweatshirts were beautiful, so I bought one.

Twenty feet up in the air on top of a piece of concrete sculpture was a man in his mid-20s dancing and singing into a microphone hooked up to his boom box, looking reasonably stoned. He was having a lot of fun and some of the crowd, buying oranges juice and brats from the vendors, looked on with amusement.

Walking away from the center of the UW campus, I noticed a couple standing against a building giving a great deal of serious attention to each other. She was on crutches due to an amputation through the upper part of her right thigh. As they kissed I noticed that he was holding the blue jeans clad stump with a steel hook. Other than that, they matched several other couples seen during my walk up the street.

Happiness was in the air as the sorority and fraternity members mixed with ordinary citizens and people who may not have been considered ordinary anywhere else. The shops along State Street sell CDs, t-shirts as well as any other product you can think of. (The Holstein cow is not only the state animal in Wisconsin; it also seems to be the state bird and part of anything else you can put on a t-shirt.) Wares ranged from the cheap and gaudy to extremely expensive. The closer I walked to the capitol, the more unusual the shops seemed, the more radical the contrasts. In a New Age bookstore called Shakti, a copy of the illustrated Kama Sutra could be bought in paperback and up the street a woman with heavily-tattooed arms served tacos to lawyers in the Taco John's.

At the first of two small parks along the street several couples were very busy with each other while a man without shoes was singing about saving the whales. His song made sense so I dropped a dollar into his guitar case and moved on past the designer yogurt shop where a pair of skin-heads with obvious racial views stared at the people walking by. Across the street a group of punk rockers were quietly talking. This group included two women and a man, their heads shaven, and a man and a woman with mohawks. Their leather jackets were bedecked with peace symbols and buttons that included one of Martin Luther King. Obviously, they shared a different view than the pair across the street.

As I waited at a traffic light, two forms moved up beside me. The women were wearing a form of clothing that starts with a circular cap from which cloth cascaded down all around them to the ground. In the front was a small rectangular opening covered with mesh through which they viewed the world. The one standing so close her Burqa touched me spoke with a Texas accent. Her blue eyes could be seen dimly through the mesh. Her friend sounded like she was from northern Wisconsin. The light changed and they walked across the street. Only the bottoms of their shoes were visible beneath the waving yards of dark material. The man next to them had almost totally tattooed arms.

Can We Talk?



If you were granted one wish to make the world a better place in which to live, what would your wish be?



Great Chef Finds Self Extremely Busy

by Scott Flora
Staff Writer

Demand for good food is always on the rise, so it isn't difficult to see that the need for good chefs must increase also.

Such a chef is DMACC student Clark Williams, 32, has just entered his second year in DMACC's Culinary Arts Program and will finish his degree after a work study at the end of summer.

"I wanted to come here," says Williams, referring to his DMACC experience. "When you're certified, you can go anywhere."

Williams works at "Waterfront Seafood Market" in West Des Moines Clocktower Square shopping center and specializes in preparing seafood.

"We're extremely busy," says Williams, speaking of the 150-person capacity restaurant. "We can turn that restaurant over three times in an evening."

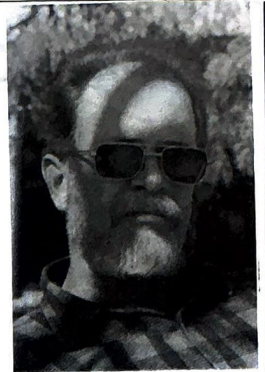
Once Williams' course credits are completed, he plans to stay in Des Moines for at least another year or two.

Looking down the road ten years, Williams dreams of having his own restaurant that would serve about 70 people with live music and put out, "really good food."

Other than being a chef, Williams also excels in playing the guitar, bass, and keyboards for a band that plays progressive Irish music. But at this point in time Williams wants only to cook and prepare good food.

At the top of the street the Madison City Art Museum shares a building with an expensive eatery and an adult bookstore. Near the capitol the texture of the crowd changes. Now the couples tend to be better dressed. There was the couple wearing corporate power suits. His right ear bore a diamond stud that matched the one in her right nostril.

The funny thing is that State Street in Madison Wisconsin represents reality in our world -- people being real to themselves and to their surroundings. All of those people and others -- who were even more noticeable -- walked into and out of my life that warm Friday. In so doing they reaffirmed that after I finish here I have to go back out there where people are real in all their diversity. I will have to leave this smothering atmosphere with its almost dead pressure to conform and to be alike, think alike, act alike, and perceive reality like others about me. Hopefully, I'll leave before the warp and woof of my mental processes change and I start thinking this place is "normal."



"I'd like freedom from any wants."

Ken Smith
Social Work
Des Moines



"To do away with the homelessness problem."

Cindy Bird
Liberal Arts
Altoona



"I'd do away with all prejudices."

Harriet Hamilton
Liberal Arts



"To give all people common sense."

Bob Sincox
Photography

Terror Of Weeping Willow

by Brian Hester
Free-lance Writer

The rhythmic hum of the '77 Olds Omega whined down the narrow road on a hill overlooking the dreary, fog-covered village. Haze shrouded all but one of the towering trees scattered in aimless positions throughout the town, this being a wickedly twisting and warped weeping willow, whose long leafy branches swayed in the now stirring breeze.

Whistling wind gave John, the passenger, a bone-chilling fright. He had always read those creepy horror stories, but never thought he would actually see something like them. His brother Sam, the driver, gazed at the road ahead.

Abruptly, the car came to a screeching halt, perspiration beading on Sam's face, his foot firmly on the break.

"What the hell?" John exclaimed, amazed at his brother's deft actions. As John stared at his older brother, he noticed the blanket of fear forming on Sam's face, his skin going pale. Sam stared out into the road ahead.

Confused, John asked, "What's wrong, bud?" Sam did not speak. He only looked straight ahead, mouth agape. John gazed out into the street. Startled, he closed his eyes, rubbing them, as if he could not believe them.

In the leaf-covered street, a human form lay face down. John slapped his brother from this helpless trance. Once before he had slapped his brother. He lived to regret it, but his brother would not mind now. "Should we go take a look at it?" John questioned, eyeing his brother inquisitively.

Sam opened his door, and stepped out into the nippy northern gale. John followed from his side. They scooted up to the motionless form, staring in overwhelmed astonishment.

"Turn it over, John," Sam commanded.

"You turn it over," John countered, looking up at his brother.

Sam edged closer to the body, his brother anxiously watching. Carefully he knelt down next to the lifeless form. The fog had lifted somewhat now, allowing better vision. He reached for the corpse's right shoulder. He grasped the green army jacket of the body tightly—in terror! Slowly, he tipped the form over on its back.

Sam screamed excruciatingly while John, fear shrouding his face, stumbled backward. The form was that of a human male, however parts of his body were not quite intact. His face was that of a skull, smothered in warm-dripping dark-red blood. A mangled eyeball oozed from a dark eye socket, plopping out and rolling to the ground. Parts of facial flesh fell into a crumpled heap on the road.

Sam gasped for air, then screamed again, this time trying to back away like his aghast brother...fat chance! With a slimy arm, the thing grabbed onto Sam's coat, pulling him closer with incredible force. Now Sam was right in the horrifying face of the thing.

Scared silly, John continued to back away. Still staring at the grisly sight, he felt the nudge of something brushing by him. Astonished, he whirled, facing a monstrous tree whose wicked limbs seemed to lash out, devouring him. He screamed weakly, from lack of air, breaking away erratically. He dashed for the car, scrambling into the passenger seat; then into the driver's seat.

Sam stared into the endless void of the thing's eyes. Mysteriously it seemed to smile, then spoke up in a rough scratchy voice, "Do not stay here. Leave or you will perish." A tooth fell out of his cavernous mouth. "If necessary the weeping willow will be your last refuge. Now leave." Part of his decaying jaw crumbled.

"Let's get out of here," John screamed as he leaped into the car. Forcefully, Sam pulled away from the tight grip, then kicked it square in the face. The snap of the decapitation rang out, seeming to pierce Sam's ears. Sam dodged for the car which was now slowly drifting toward the headless body. As he leaped into the car, it sped toward the apparition.

The decapitated head rolled slowly in front of the oncoming vehicle which sped over it. The cranial capacity splattered under the weight of the Olds with a lurid thud. Gobs of black gray matter stained the road and leaves.

Spasmodically, the remainder of the body thumped and throbbed into macabre oblivion. The car sped into town leaving a black cloud of exhaust and crushed leaves which swooshed up about the vehicle as it flew by.

The road got narrow and finally turned into a one-lane street, right in front of a convenience store.

Barely able to speak, Sam, shivering in the passenger seat, managed to utter a weak suggestion, "I can't go on. Let's stop here." John drove into the parking lot straight to the building. He parked the car. John threw the keys to Sam as they climbed out.

The store was vacant except for the lanky cashier, standing protectively by the cash register.

"How are you boys doing?" he said in a crisp New England dialect.

"Fine," Sam panted.

John grabbed a pack of Twinkies, and set them on the counter. As he reached for his wallet, the door opened, spilling in chilled air. A man in a drab overcoat walked in. He stood blocking the door, staring at the brothers.

"You guys look pretty," he declared, scratching his scruffy bearded jaw, "Good enough to eat."

The cashier spoke up, "You're right. And I'm sure hungry." He moved around the counter, edging closer to John and Sam as the man by the door closed in.

The strangers' bodies seemed to transform into snarling beasts with mighty jaws flaring wildly. These were not horizontal mouths, but vertical ones with sharp fangs and teeth breaking out through the openings.

The beast by the door lunged for John who fleetly dodged his swooping tentacles. Sam elbowed the encroaching monstrosity sharply in its yawning mouth. "Tingy saliva dripped from its endless void, but slowly turned a bright green. The thing's anger grew to incredible intensity, lashing furiously with crooked arms. Forcefully, John tripped the beast in front of him, dashing for the door.

With sheer hatred, Sam punched and kicked his way through the menacing creatures. Out the glass door, the brothers sped to the car, the beasts in crazed pursuit.

The engine sputtered, as Sam tried the ignition. Noticing the futile attempt to start the vehicle, the first fiend erupted into diabolical laughter. The other joined in.

They ran up to the car, pounding furiously with strong appendages. On the next try the car purred into an idle. Sam cranked it into reverse, slamming on the accelerator. Frantically the beasts pursued, their arms dangling as they ran. The siblings sped away.

"We got rid of them," John sighed with relief. The Oldsmobile trekked down the narrow road. They could see the sign saying: Thanks for visiting Weeping Willow. Off to the right, a run-down white church with a huge cross positioned at the top. It sat nestled among overgrown weeds, bushes, and vines. A mammoth weeping willow grew sky-high in front of the holy house of God.

As they drove by, a loud burst rang out and the car leaned to one side. Both worn passenger-side tires had ruptured. Just as Sam came to a complete stop, a police car, flashing lights and blaring siren, rapidly flew by the stopped Omega. And, with a roaring screech, stopped sideways in the street.



The brothers stepped from their car, gawking at the police car. As they glanced behind them, they were stunned to see a lunging group of black beasts, led by a different creature. The four policemen turned out to be other beasts who closed in on Sam and John while the mob advanced from the other side.

The leader, Protus, was a peculiar thing, clad in levis, cowboy boots, and a leather pilot jacket. He wore a Harley-Davidson shirt emblazoned with the impression of a dragon atop a mountain and the saying "The eagle has landed."

His skull face was illuminated against the pitch of night, yellow eyes burning at the boys. Rows of perfect white teeth, grinning in Satanic splendor, gleamed under a dark nose, exposing a cleft chin.

Strands of stringy white hair under a leather cap met his high cheek bones. A glove-covered finger struck out, pointing at the brothers.

Sam gulped. In a low, almost incomprehensible voice Protus spoke, "I want you!"

Sam grabbed his younger brother's hand, and sprang through the churchyard, up to the wooden doors. He tried the doors but they were nailed shut. The beasts were approaching, lumbering on the church grounds.

John grabbed a dead tree limb of considerable size, and chucked it through a window by the door. Fortunately the entire window shattered, allowing a safe entry. The brothers climbed through the window just as the first beast reached the building.

Once inside, Sam looked around for something to close up the window. On the inside of the window sill hung a set of shutters. Quickly he pulled them shut, sliding a small board he found on the littered floor into place, securing them.

The beasts began banging on the church to no avail. John had been examining the church. Behind the preacher's podium, a wooden cross hung crookedly on the wall. In the floor, a small pool with crystal clear water was embedded. The rest of the church was fairly typical; two sets of pews sat on either side of the podium.

"What are we going to do now?" John asked from the dais where the podium stood.

"I don't know, bud. I guess pray," Sam suggested approaching the dais. "You'll need more than a prayer," the rough voice of Protus spoke from behind them. The brothers gasped at him. The clomp of his boots echoed closer. Suddenly he was upon them!

Sam swung a clenched fist, but the leader's arm parried Sam's punch. Sam winced from the pain. The leader then proceeded to grab Sam's wrist, twisting his arm until it popped out of socket. Sam crumpled to the floor.

The leader continued toward John, "Foolish boys, no one leaves Weeping Willow!"

A gleaming cross lay on the podium. John frantically grabbed it, pointing it in defiance at Protus, "Your puny cross will not affect me, boy," the leader said hitting John's outstretched arm and knocking the cross from his clutches. Out of the corner of his eye, John saw the sparkling pool of water, "Yeah, well try some puny holy water!"

The skeleton swung a gloved fist at John, who ducked, just missing an unsavory encounter with the leather gauntlet. As Protus swung, he had quickly lost balance, and with the help of John's foot, plunged head-first into the pool with a thunderous crash.

Outside, the wind began to pick up, blowing the remaining leaves off the hailing willow. The dead grass shuddered under the mighty gale. The water in the pool bubbled with great intensity, spewing its holy contents over the sides, until small puddles formed at the pool's base. A flash of lightning illuminated the night sky, as an ear-splitting crash of thunder shook the church.

The pounding on the door by the beasts outside as they tried to enter the church, grew louder and faster. Distinctly, the word "flesh" could be heard from the rhythmic chant in the churchyard.

John dashed down the dais to Sam, his injured brother. Sam was unconscious from the excruciating pain in his shoulder. His dislocated arm hung limp beside his body, torn from the socket.

Suddenly, the church's double-doors fell to the floor with a loud crash. Another streak of lightning lit the sky around them. The hoard of ghouls littered the church, lumbering slowly toward the brothers, their monotone chant piercing John's soul.

The cross lay nearby, where the leader knocked it from John's hand. Wildly, John stumbled for the cross, finally grasping it. Hopping to his feet, he met an approaching hairy beast. John thrust the cross out at the beast.

A startling crash of thunder spilled into the church. The strange natural lighting seemed to flicker on and off eccentrically. The ground rumbled below the church, cracking the subfloor and tile, dividing the church into two separate parts. The crack grew wider and deeper, until the giant chasm expanded across the room, gulping several ghouls like a huge mouth. They shrieked as they plummeted into the enormous gap.

Pleased to see this, John jumped with glee. The rumbling ceased, the gap slowly closed in on the swallowed beasts, until finally the church was one again.

Still several ghouls remained, and Protus was slowly crawling from his watery death, pieces of his body eroded from the steaming, holy water. His clothes were but rags dangling from his form.

Chanting loudly now, the beast struggled onward. With the cross still held in his outstretched hand, John heard a tremendous boom from the thunder outside as a huge finger of lightning sparked to the lightning rod on the top of the church. Its massive power swept across the roof then extended to the cross that John held in his weak clutches.

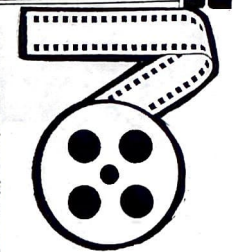
Like sub-machine gun fire, sparkling rods of electricity shot from the cross, meeting the onslaught of the mangled beast with incredible and intense strength. Filthy beasts fell all around, spattering the floor with their putrid burning flesh. Cries of agony erupted from the grisly beasts wallowing in pain.

"Your deity has done well," the leader spoke behind them, "but not as good as the Almighty Lucifer. His power will crush you."

Fury welled within John. He sprang up to the dais, and with the best karate kick he could muster, booting the leader square in the chest. Protus—the leader fell back into the pool, exploding into a fiery cloud. Bone and water burst from the pool.

"Rot in your grave, pagan bastard!" John said, falling to the floor.

—THE END—



by Gena Boehme
Staff Writer

Before you hit the video stores this weekend, here are a couple of movies you should and shouldn't rent:

TEQUILA SUNRISE

This movie can be explained in three words: "a big disappointment." If you want to rent this movie to see shoot-'em-up action and non-stop thrills, look elsewhere. *Tequila Sunrise* redefines slow. Sure, Gibson and Russell are realistic, but even good acting couldn't make up for the vague plot. The storyline is too confusing and almost impossible to follow. You will be lucky to figure out the point of this movie (if there is one.) This movie is for the high in patience and low in intelligence. Chances are it will leave a sour taste in your mouth.

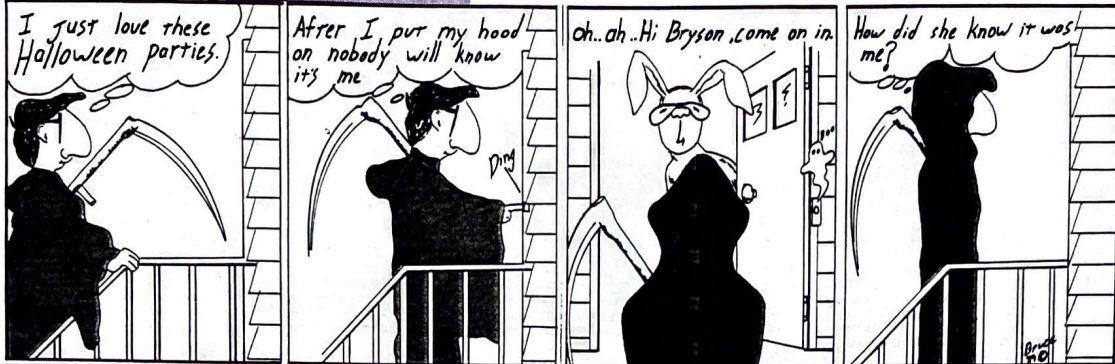
WORKING GIRL

The title is right. This movie does work. Melanie Griffith does a wonderfully realistic job of portraying a young, working woman clawing and climbing her way to the top. Sigourney Weaver is easy to hate as Melanie's sneaky, competitive boss. This movie is funny, real to life, and occasionally touching. *Working Girl* is a must see, especially for those "working girls" out there. I'm sure you will relate. (Although this film is for everyone -- guys, parents, students, and even bosses -- it is the working woman's "Rocky" film.)



Bryson

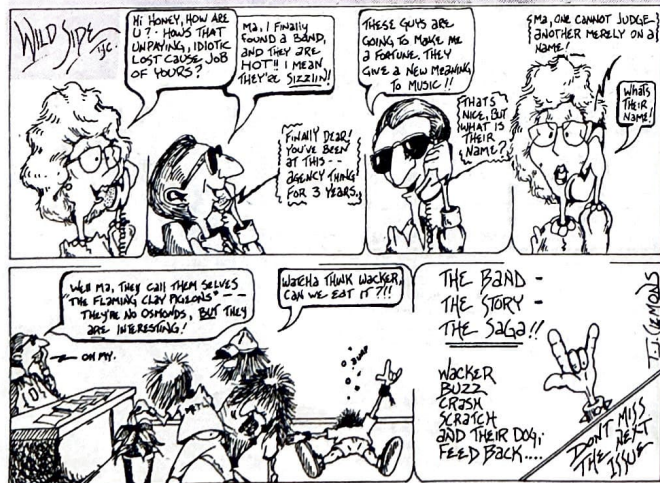
By Bruce Bergerud



BILLY AND THE BEAST



THE IDOL DORMS



Free Movies

Continued from front page

The movies are shown each Tuesday at 11:15 a.m. and 7:15 p.m., in the Building 6 auditorium and average around 40 students each movie.

Although the Student Action Board (SAB) once had a bigger role in sponsoring the film series, Educational Services now pays for the movies, while the SAB covers for the cost of posters around school.

Chapman works with Rick Christman from the Boone campus and Mary Beth Wilk at the Urban campus in providing the films at the schools.

"It's hard to meet and figure out what we're going to do," said Chapman who picks all the films. He chooses his films by balancing the popularity of a movie with the needs of the course.

Upcoming fall films to be shown include such titles as *On Golden Pond*, *Risky Business*, and *Star Wars*.

Fall semester films will be based on great American directors such as Woody Allen, Steven Spielberg, George Lucas, and Frances Ford Coppola.

Any questions about the film series can be directed to Rick Chapman at ext. 6535 Ankeny campus.

Stress Doctor

by Dana Blaess
Staff Writer

Stress as defined in Webster's Dictionary is compulsion, pressure; emphasis; forces exerted against each other by two surfaces in contrast.

Many factors contribute to stress. Having too much to do with very little time is one major cause of stress among college students. Relationships with boyfriend/girlfriend, money problems, studying for exams and career choices all can contribute to stress. Stress affects more people between the ages of 18 to 24 than any other adult age group. Many college students are affected by stress because the college environment places complex demands on them.

Stress isn't bad if you know how to handle it. Many of us handle stress poorly says Robert J. Krieger, Ph. D., best selling author, who lectures and consults with major corporations worldwide on peak performance, leadership and strategies for dealing with change. Krieger claims that learning to make stress work for you can help. Krieger suggests that gaining control of your thinking will help turn desperation reactions into peak performance actions. Krieger also believes that looking at past success can help you handle stress. Krieger suggests that you change the worry to anticipation.



photo by Jim Palmer

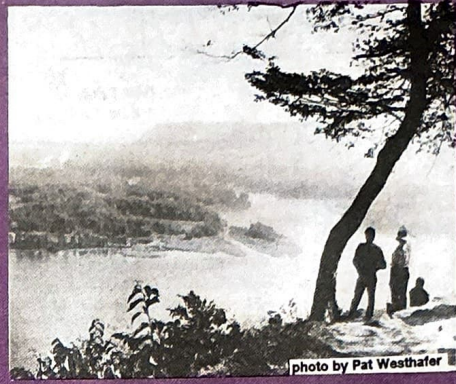


photo by Pat Westhafer



Maquoketa Cave -- Exploring the largest cave at Maquoketa Cave State Park. Photo by Troy Doolittle.



photo by Jean Welsshaar



photo by Jim Palmer

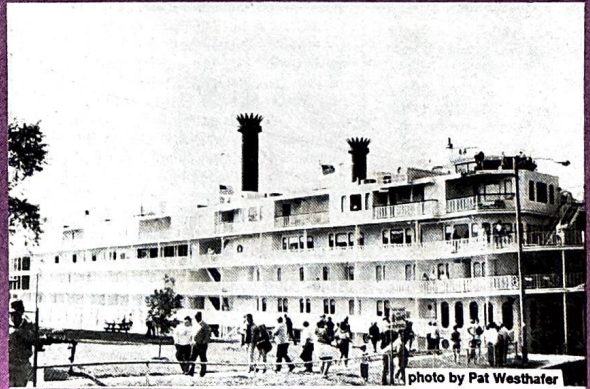


photo by Pat Westhafer

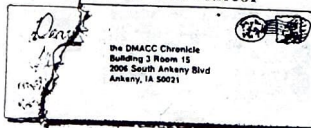


Beautiful silhouette created by nature's sunrise. Photo by Scott Lindsey.



Viewing Wisconsin from Pike's Peak, Iowa.

Letters to the Editor



OUT OF MY HEAD

by Ben Fortune
Chronicle Columnist

Chronicle Staff:

I am probably an average DMACC student. I go to class four days each week, full-time job, eat and study in Building 5. I read the various flyers on the doors and bulletin boards, and I read the Chronicle.

Since I am busy, I don't have a lot of time to participate in extracurricular activities. When something strikes my interest, I want to know how to participate easily. If the name if the person to contact and room or phone number aren't with the article, ad, etc., I'm not very likely to participate.

I have been here almost six years, which is certainly long enough to know where to find this information out. But in a two-year college setting, that is not necessarily the norm.

I think you will have greater participation in your contests, etc., if you provide the basic instructions along with your articles. For example, I can't help with International Week if you don't tell me who to contact. I can't contribute to United Way through DMACC if you don't tell me how to go about it. I can't get my entry in today for the Where Will You Spend The Night contest if you don't tell me the topic, length, rules, and place to submit it to. All I know is that the deadline is November 1.

We all pay for this publication to express our views, inform us of news, activities, and events, as well as for pure entertainment. I would feel I was getting what I paid for if you folks were more careful to include the five "W's" that I learned in my journalism class.

Thanks for listening.

M. Applegate
MCT.PROGRAM

Dear Reader:

You have certainly posed a few pressing and interesting issues. Unfortunately, none apply to any of the fall 1989 publications. To better aid you in understanding this, I will address your concerns.

Continued to page 9

1: The Winter From Hell?

I think Mother Nature is restless. In the past month, there have been two major hurricanes that raged our coastline and caused astronomical amounts of damage. And now a horrible earthquake in San Francisco killed at least 200 people, burned whole city blocks, destroyed buildings and highways, and severed bridges. I don't know about you, but I'm not looking forward to the impending blizzards of this particular winter. Yet, in the past I've always looked forward to snow and the many months of cold and misery. I suppose most people would consider that an irrational view of life, but that's just how I've always been. Snow, in my view means skiing, ice fights, hockey games, and a blazing fireplace. This winter may be different, though; this may be the winter from hell.

Blizzards may be on the way, not your typical, seasonal, White Christmas blizzards; we're talking BLIZZARDS!!! The past months of this year have been a prelude to the ferocity to come. Snow like you've never seen it! Inches, feet, wads of cold, hard, frozen snow! Tons of snow! Schools closed, roads blocked, power lines down, trees snapped like twigs!...Then again, maybe not. I'm no bloody meteorologist, but, in any case, I do think this planet has been acting a little weird lately. Nostradamus said this kind of thing would happen, but I always thought he was sort of a fruitcake. Good luck, keep warm, and let's hope the cruel hand of fate doesn't smash us, or smooch us like bugs.

2: A Quote --

Not only is the Universe stranger than we think, it is stranger than we can think.

-- Werner Heisenberg

3: Cool Food = Good Times:

It was one of those weekends that the stars seemed to have led me to, one weekend of predestined good fortune. The folks were gone, 400 or so miles away in Wisconsin, the fridge was full of Budweiser, and the freezer was full of food. I could have handled the beer by myself, but there was more food than I knew how to deal with. I figured I'd better call up some fellow "killer cuisine" types and heat up the pots and pans. A few more hungry college kids will always do the job. Besides, it was becoming a tradition to raid the house for good chow while the folks were away, mainly because after they were back for a few days, the food miraculously reappeared. My good friends Dan and Marshall came over and the usual full-blown binge ensued. Before the night was over, we had completely ravaged the kitchen and wiped out the entire beer stockpile; the basement had become a horror show, and I won't mention a few of the unmentionables.

It all started with the chicken, which once defrosted would become part of a major accomplishment. We then set out to put the rest of the meal together. Marshall was in charge of the corn, seeing as how I had found a way to destroy it last time, and Dan and I were in charge of the rest of the meal, (mushroom sauce, the chicken, garlic bread, etc.) We all did our very best to dispose of the brew, however, and before the awesome task of cooking was over, we were too tanked to even consider cleaning up our mess, a mess that consisted of loads of misplaced spices, bread crumbs, bits of corn, and strewn stems and pieces of wine-drenched mushrooms. Oh, but what a fine mess it was, and the meal was astoundingly good.

After the alarm clock had screamed at me for three hours or so, it gave up. The afternoon sunlight came in through my parents' window and I then recalled that I had slept in their bed, (sort of a coup de grace) and started to piece together the events that had transpired. The one thing I could truly prove was that we had one hell of a dinner before the real festivities began, a dinner that my friends and I had made all by ourselves. So next time you have the opportunity to rule your parents' castle, save the cash for the beer, and go for the satisfaction of self sufficiency. However, one problem with this sort of team accomplishment does exist; I had to clean the kitchen by myself.

4: The Legacy of the Rolling Stones...

When I was a young lad, there were only three bands I could listen to and not end up getting beaten silly by my two older brothers. I was allowed to listen to The Beatles, Led Zeppelin, or The Rolling Stones. Two of these exist only in legend and in the music that they left for us. So, when I heard the news that the Stones were going on tour again, I decided it was an absolute necessity for me to see them. Here was my chance to see one of the bands that I had been listening to since I could think. Here was my turn to see Mick and "the boys" do their thing live. I knew somehow that the show would be worth the \$45.00 I paid for my bad seat, if only to say to my grandson someday, "Yes, junior, I saw the Rolling Stones before Keith keeled over. I saw them before Mick bought California and Ronnie bought the Virgin Islands. Yeah, I was there kid, and I'll never drink that much again." The Rolling Stones will never be back, you'll never see a fifty foot "Honky Tonk Woman" again, and the "Midnight Rambler" will ramble no more in Ames for as long as we live. So, if you saw them, be glad. From now on they'll only be in your memories and on your T.V., not in your own backyard.

Let Us Know!!!

by Brad Dagger and Mark Schneberger

While the fall semester is half over, we here at *The Chronicle* have just begun to "crank the presses", so to speak. Much response to our publication has made it necessary for us to print a statement to better aid you, the public, when dealing with *The Chronicle*.

Simply stated, we take full responsibility for the articles we publish. While we do have an advisor, she does just that -- she advises. She doesn't write for us and she doesn't conduct our interviews.

Unfortunately, several students, administrators, and the general public have targeted her as the answer person for *The Chronicle*. This is not her job.

If people have something to say about stories, whether positive or negative, they should come directly to us with their comments instead of going

through our advisor. We are also DMACC students. We provide our services to better inform the campus community of events and issues of interest. Our obvious dealings with the public lead you to look at us as professionals. Because of this conception, we strive to be the most professional paper we can be. Sometimes we make errors too, as other information services do. If an error is reported, we act as professionals and correct it.

Your job as readers when discovering errors is to let us know. This should be accomplished by treating us as professionals. When you decide to voice a complaint, there is only one professional way to do it. Submit your complaint or praise in letter form, or just stop in the *Chronicle* office located in Building 3, Room 15.

Fear & Loathing

by Brad Meyers
Editorial Columnist

The issue for this column was going to be harassment of Gays and Lesbians. The fact that there are Gays and Lesbians as students and staff at DMACC cannot be questioned, nor can the fact that there are homophobic persons among DMACC staff and students.

The real question comes when I try to address this issue is the use of names. To properly identify the subject, I must use some sort of cue. But if I use any vivid examples I will be putting people up for abuse, retribution, and attack. If an example is used involving students who might be identifiable then that person is

Continued to page 9



editorial column
by David Champion
Editor of Editorials

I have seen and heard almost enough about how college students don't know their basics -- geography, history, literature, mathematics. Me means, just 'cause I don't gots no better book learning, I ain't stoopid. (O.K. maybe that's debatable.)

Society today is specialized. That happened the day man left his hunting-gathering tribe behind -- which may not have been such a good move -- and started growing crops, raising animals, building dwellings, or making tools or weapons. As it should logically follow, the education system is specialized. It would be impossible, or at least highly impractical, for you to get a completely rounded education today.

The way I see it, education is like a lump of clay. In elementary school, we get the basics, working the clay. In high school we learn about some more advanced tools. And in college we form the clay into something useful. Let's just hope it doesn't come out as an ashtray.

If college students don't know their basics, its because they didn't learn them in previous education. Making more core requirements will take away from classes they will need for their future. How often will a person majoring in say, dental hygiene need to know when the Magna Charta was signed?

True, there are certain pieces of information about our surroundings and our heritage everyone should know. But during our specialized higher education is not the time or place for us to be learning them, unless that is our specialty.

Character. Image. Identity. Names. This is what the DMACC Ankeny Campus is missing. I mean, how much character does the name "Building 2" have? What kind of image does it bring to mind? What does the building contain?

If there is one small contribution I could give to this campus, this would be it. Naming the buildings of DMACC's Ankeny Campus.

New signs were recently installed on Building 5 to announce to the world that it shall be known as "5 STUDENT CENTER." Well... I guess that works. Direct. To-the-point. Spartan. And boring.

So, here's the challenge. Name the buildings. Yes, you, my faithful readers. Hey, I've got classes, work, and what's left of my social life to look after. I can't do EVERYTHING for you.

At this writing, this is not an officially sanctioned contest by either the school or this paper, so I can't really offer you any prizes. BUT, I may be able to use some leverage around here to get your picture & a short essay printed in the paper on what and why you want to name a building or buildings.

So, get to work on this, eh?

It's Your Choice

by Brad Dagger
Staff Writer

You tend to forget that you have a mind
You let other people lead while you stay behind
Live your life for yourself
In a world full of deceit and lies
The only truth is seen through your eyes
Live your life for yourself
You are in control of your own destiny
Don't ever let anyone tell you who to be
Live your life for yourself
Trust must be earned in life
And you shouldn't be backstabbed with a knife
What you look and act like is your own choice
And you will always have an opinion to voice
Live your life for yourself
If you give up on you, that's it
Because one chance is all you ever get
Live your life for yourself
So the next time anyone offers you "good" advice,
Smile, and tell them that you can roll your own dice
And live your life for yourself.



Fear & Loathing/Homosexual Rights —

Continued from page 8

put at risk and if I use an example of discrimination in the work place at DMACC, the chances of further discrimination and abuse in the form of retribution is much greater.

There is no real way to protect these victims from any further abuse. There would be, though, if the victim was a member of a handicapped or racial grouping. We allow mixed couples to squeeze, hug, pinch, and occasionally kiss on campus. But the first time a Homosexual couple did that, things would come unhinged.

In speaking to Gays and Lesbians I hear the snide comments, the obscene gestures, the crude jokes and the almost unending put-downs they have to face. In particular, if the person appears anywhere near the stereotype of a Gay or Lesbian he/she seems to be actively targeted.

I have a different bottom line on this kind of thing. I believe in a power greater than myself who makes things and people the way they are for a reason. This higher power makes the world go round, the flowers bloom, the snow fall. Just about everything in our universe is the way it is because it was made that way. This power, God, Yahweh, Allah, Mother Goddess, Krishna, or whatever you choose to call it/him/her made me the way I am.

I have had some choices to make throughout my life, but the mold was already set by this higher power. The sex towards whom I am attracted as well as the fact that I am male and grew to over 6 feet in height were arranged before my existence. This power could just as well have made me 5 feet tall and a woman, Black, Hispanic, Jew or Oriental. This power could have given me the psyche and soul of a woman in a man's body, [or the reverse] thereby setting up a situation where misery and emotional pain might have caused a desire to actually change my sex.

My most fundamental belief is that this greater power does nothing by mistake. A poster I have says "God doesn't make Junk." We may not understand why things are the way they are, but that's the way it works. If someone makes fun of someone else because they are Gay or Lesbian they are making fun of God's work. It's not nice to make fun of God's work.

Unfortunately, only a few people who are truly Gay or Lesbian have ever found a way to change to the cultural norm. Some seem to be able to fake it, but are vastly miserable in the process. It seems to be impossible to go from Gay to Heterosexual, and no amount of hypnotism, aversion therapy, electric shock, or any other torture or psycho-therapeutic method works. And believe me, some Gays and Lesbians have tried them all. In many cases, being born Gay or Lesbian is to be set up to be victimized not only by the panic-stricken homophobic person, but by social systems, religions, employers, and treatment professionals.

Humans ridicule what they fear. Even if there is no real threat, humans will create an excuse for acting out their inner fear. The human mind will consider what they see in front of them as: "My God, If I feel good or positive about this, maybe I am like that. It would be horrible and sick for me to be like that."

Pure fear and manic shame converts into anger and ridicule. This process involves doing the other person's inventory. Only God has the right to do that. So when a Straight reacts to a Gay or Lesbian they have in effect made themselves up to be God. Who elected them? Just because someone's religion is Homophobic does not mean that practitioners of that faith have a right to abuse non-believers.

There is no protection under law or DMACC regulations for Gays and Lesbians who are harassed, verbally attacked, or discriminated against. This is especially true for staff and instructors. For students, there is one possible answer. The effectiveness would depend on the situation. The Dean of Students in Building 5 is a short, opinionated Texan who is a firm, hard-nosed Human Rights supporter. Carolyn Waddell has proven to me and others that she is a caring person who is also willing to act on her beliefs.

There is another answer to aid in the protection of Gays and Lesbians. That answer involves those of us who are Straight. We should take action when we find ourselves in the presence of someone being abused for any reason. We could all use one of these responses.

"I wish you would not do/say that." "That's not nice, you could be talking about a member of your family." [or my favorite:] "Who in hell elected you GOD?"



Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 8

1) You state that as a busy student you don't have enough time to participate in extracurricular activities. The only way you would be able to do so is if the name, room number, and phone number of a person to contact were listed within the article.

I am truly sorry you are too busy to look up other sources of information. But don't despair. If you would simply read all the articles you attack a little closer, you'll find all the obvious information others have been able to locate. If you still have a problem, why not stop by the Chronicle office and I'll highlight them for you.

Our job, as journalists, is to strive to bring clarity into the mass of misinformation students are bombarded with each day. We are not a public relations paper for the people and organizations we cover, nor is it our job to present every irrelevant scrap of information that comes our way. If you have been misled, I apologize.

2) You state that everyone pays for this publication to express views, inform students of news, activities, and events, and to entertain.

I agree with you. Everyone does pay for this paper and that is our job. We do our job, and do it well, thank you.

3) You stress that you'd feel you were getting your money's worth if we were more careful in including the five "W's" that you used in your journalism class.

Thank you for your journalism lesson. Obviously you learned something about journalism. I don't see the grounds for your complaint, though. We use the five "W's" and an "H" too. Obviously you have been reading an imposter Chronicle. Or perhaps you haven't read your paper, that you paid for, to see the information you're looking for, to see the five "W's" you learned about.

Thank you for your concern.

Chronicle Classifieds:

WANTED:

People with a burning desire to work for an International Company. If you're self-motivated, you can earn financial rewards and the Independence you deserve. Call Matt at 276-1004 eve.

Single white male, higher education professional, good looking, 6'1", 180 lbs, 32 yrs, seeking to meet a single white female (25-35) for companionship and dating. I consider myself to be sensitive with a good sense of humor. I enjoy movies, dancing, sports, outdoor activities and quiet conversation as well. I've recently relocated from out of state. Will provide photo upon request. Please respond with letter and photo (if possible) to P.O. Box 8975 Welch Ave. Station, Ames, IA 50010.

Cruise Ship Jobs

Hiring Men - Women. Summer / Year Round. PHOTOGRAPHERS, TOUR GUIDES, RECREATION PERSONNEL. Excellent pay plus FREE travel. Caribbean, Hawaii, Bahamas, South Pacific, Mexico. CALL NOW! call refundable. 1-206-736-0775, Ext 248J

Jobs in Alaska

Hiring Men - Women. Summer / Year Round. CANNERIES, FISHING, LOGGING, TOURISM, CONSTRUCTION up to \$600 weekly, plus FREE room and board. CALL NOW! call refundable 1-206-736-0775, Ext 248H

THINK SPRING - Out-going? Well-Organized? Promote & Escort our FLORIDA SPRING BREAK trip. GOOD PAY AND FUN. Call Campus Marketing. 1-800-423-5264.

ATTENTION - EARN MONEY READING BOOKS! \$32,000/year income potential. Details 1-602-838-8885 Ext. Bk 18326

ATTENTION - GOVERNMENT SEIZED VEHICLES from \$100. Fords, Mercedes, Corvettes, Chevys. Surplus Buyers Guide. 1-602-838-8885 EXT A 18326

ATTENTION - HIRING! Government jobs - your area. Many immediate openings without waiting list or test. \$17,840 - \$69,485. Call 1-602-838-8885. Ext. R 18326

FREE Kittens to a good home. Three weeks old. Call Al at 964-6425 and leave a message.

RESUMES AND TYPING

Write, Edit, Type, Print, Free Details. Exact price quote by phone. Call for appointment. 10% discount with this ad. 1138 37th St. Des Moines 227-2219 & 262-7315

Do You Need to Place an Ad?

We'd love to hear from you!

Call 964-6425 for rates and placements.

Students Select Chapala Salsa as Superb

by Scott Flora
Staff Writer

Senors and Senioritas, the results are in on the Chronicle's, "Spicy Salsa Sauce Selection."

The salsa taste test was done in response to both a USA Weekend and a Des Moines Register article taste test in order to get a better understanding on what DMACC students like in a salsa.

The taste test was organized and hosted by DMACC's Principles of Advertising class and sponsored by the Chronicle.

The testing area was set up in Building 5 last Friday from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. "We wanted to be in the building with the most people going through it at the busiest time so they could try our taste test," said Gena Boehme, advertising student.

So students would not pick a salsa because of its brand name, in all fairness the students put each one in a bowl and labeled them from "A" to "F".

Chips made fresh for the event were provided by the Corner Corporation's Chi-Chi's Mexican Restaurant on the corner of 22nd and University in West Des Moines.

The salsas themselves were all bought on supermarket shelves in their mild and medium

versions.

The salsas -- Chapala, Chi-Chi's, La Victoria, Old El Paso, Ortega, and Pace -- were the brand names included in the testing.

Once in their bowls, the salsas were secretly arranged in alphabetical order. So secret in fact, that some of the advertising students did not even have a clue.

During the testing, students would sample all the salsas and write down which salsa they liked best.

Fifty-nine ballots led to the conclusion that our winner was CHAPALA with 16 of the votes. Next followed La Victoria (which was favored by the Register's poll) with 11 votes. Ortega, USA Weekend's favorite, tied for third with Chi-Chi's salsa, both with 10 votes. Pace finished off with nine votes and Old El Paso came in last with a mere three votes.

"Participants out there had a true idea of what a picante salsa should taste like," said Steve Gisse, production manager of Chapala, the salsa company based in Des Moines.

John Spence, owner of Chapala, complimented the taste testers. "You guys have great taste."

The recipe for the salsa came from a Mexican restaurant in Steamboat

Springs, Colorado called Dos Amigos.

"The name for the salsa came from a lake and city in Mexico that we picked out on a map," said Spence, who learned he would have to acquire the name from Nabisco. The name had been trademarked by Nabisco.

Students involved in the testing had some comments to share.

"Too many choices!" said K.C. Morrison, winner of a free Mexican dinner-for-two that was given away by the Chronicle in a drawing. "It was like a Mexican Baskin-Robbins."

Morrison also wanted to say, "When I know what I'm buying, I like Chapala best." Too bad K.C., you picked Ortega as your first choice.

"Oh God water, water! Dear God!" said Mark Schenberger about his favorite salsa, La Victoria.

What does this taste test mean? Does this show that college students might prefer a certain thing in their salsa?

"I don't think it shows a preference," said Spence. "People who eat picante salsa range from age 16 to 55, according to our taste tests."

As it is, however, this taste test shows that Chapala won by a margin of votes and deserves to be recognized as a selectively superb student salsa.



Soft Contact Replacement Lenses

Now at Walgreens
FOR AS LITTLE AS

\$9.99
per lens

Buy a pair, GET FREE LENS CASE by mail!

Bring your written prescription to any nearby Walgreens. Your new factory-sealed soft contacts will be waiting for you—in most cases—in just 48 hours! You'll get the exact, quality lenses your doctor prescribed quickly and conveniently.

• Bausch & Lomb • Ciba Vision • Cooper Vision
• Barnes-Hind • American Hydron

Toric, bifocal and trifocal lenses are all available
And, yes, we have fashion tints!



The largest celebration without drugs and alcohol, sponsored by the National Council on Alcoholism, took place Saturday, October 7, from 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Twenty-two DMACC students attended. These students inflated several hundred helium balloons to prepare for the mass ascension.

INTERNATIONAL Page

Continued from page 2

rights do women have in your country? What's T.V. like?

He stresses that to have true insight into the answers of these questions, one must look at these issues from the perspective of a Nigerian, with a Nigerian history and culture: "...T.V. is not important, and the one channel they do have is limited in its broadcasting time... Yes, he believes women have equal rights. Nigerians don't consider this a problem. At least he, as a Nigerian male, doesn't see it to be a problem... There is drug trafficking in Nigeria.

When asked how Nigerians feel about the exploitation of wildlife in Nigeria, Dr. Yadudu smiles softly, and says that the importance Americans place on animal life is really a luxury. In Nigeria, if a man is hungry he will hunt and kill for food. Whether the animal is in danger of extinction is not as important as whether the family eats.

When asked for his impressions of the United States, he relates that because of his Nigerian background, he thinks that Americans are very wasteful. He believes we are provincial in our views. "Americans are only concerned with their own small neighborhoods and towns. They often times don't care about what is going on in the world around them." He manages to say all of this without offending anyone. This is either a testimony to his unaffected style, or to the level of truth from which he speaks. Perhaps it's a little of both.

The open forum ends and he is whisked outside for a live interview on the T.V. 8 noon news. A luncheon, prepared by the DMACC Culinary Arts Department is served with Dr. Yadudu as guest of honor. After lunch he addresses those present. Stating again his enthusiasm for the DMACC International Program in furthering international relations between our two countries, he says, "I am going to plant a seed." He expresses a hope for a sister-university relationship between his University of Bayero and Des Moines Area Community College.

Everyone realizes it is almost time for him to go. Handshakes are exchanged, as well as addresses. He puts on the DMACC sweatshirt he was given as a souvenir of his trip, and poses for a few last photographs. His drivers realize the tight schedule he is on and try to hurry him along. "We need to be leaving or you'll be late." But there is a feeling that the friendships he has cultivated in his brief stay are strong. He hesitates for a few more goodbyes, a few more pictures. He's told "The car is running, we must leave now!"

A man in a traditional white Hausa costume, topped off with a gray DMACC sweatshirt, can be seen leaving the Ankeny campus at approximately 1:30 p.m. Both the visitor and host have been enriched by the experiences of the past two days. As Dr. Borgen stated during the luncheon, "International understanding happens a person at a time." Those who took part are a little closer to this goal.

Miller's Mexican Memoirs!

A special thank you to Lloyd Miller for sharing his Mexico journal with us.

-- Sue Woods, International Page Editor

Lloyd Miller, Anthropology and Spanish instructor at DMACC, directed a Fulbright group-study abroad project which funded a six-week stay in Mexico this past summer. Sixteen central Iowa teachers participated in the project. The following are excerpts from his journal reflecting some of the 'flavor' of the trip and an example of some of the interesting people they met...

Journal, July 5, 1989, Wednesday

Palenque was beautiful today. A morning cloud cover kept it from being as hot as I remember it in August two years ago. Walking up a jungle path near the Temple of the Inscriptions, we found ourselves entirely enclosed by lush vegetation. The leaves had retained water from last night's rain and as we gingerly stepped our way up the slippery trail (often comprised of ancient stones which had fallen from partially uncovered structures), we could create cool, refreshing showers by grabbing the thick vines which seemed to form a continuous network. This is a true mountain rain forest; it rains 10 months of the year with 1 1/2 to 2 months of relatively dry, very hot weather. We saw banana manzano trees with bunches of small, green bananas as well as coffee trees. The guide showed us a plant, grown only in Chiapas and Tabasco, which is exported to the U.S. and used to provide the color green of U.S. paper currency.

July 6, Thursday (morning)

Left Palenque for San Cristobal this morning. Stopped at Agua Azul. Scenery is truly breathtaking. Some of the folks swam in the river. Tzotzil Indian children sold us 'dominico' bananas by the bunch as well as fried tortilla cakes, sugared like a sweet bread and fried crisp and light, and empanadas. Took some photos but couldn't capture it all. Zoomed in on a family at home but the woman saw me and hid her face. I probably left her soul intact. Took a picture of 3 girls selling empanadas and offered to send them a copy in lieu of paying the thousand pesos they asked, but there was no way mail would reach them. I think the attention I paid them and the effort I made to retrieve my pen and pad from the bus both amused and flattered them enough to compensate for the fee...

Thursday evening (San Cristobal, Chiapas)

Met and spent 1 1/2 hours having coffee with Eduardo Escamilla. Engaged him for Saturday's trip to the villages - San Juan Chamula and Zinacantan. Fascinating fellow, early 30's, trained specialist in art and architecture. Worked four years for the Chiapas Instituto Indigenista. Engaging intellectual; his eyes light up when he talks of Mexican art and the Chiapas Indians. Speaks Tzotzil; studied in Spain, visited the U.S.S.R., lectured in Cuba and met Fidel--spent an evening with him--even got to the off-color joke stage. Has traveled the Eastern Seaboard in the U.S. and San Francisco, and is invited next November to give a series of lectures at the U. Cal., Berkely. Pretty impressive. A good find, I think...

SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE through ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

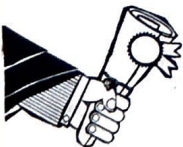
\$6000 available to students — full and part time — for spring semester

Ankeny, Boone, Carroll and Urban students eligible

Grants (minimum 2.0 GPA) and scholarships (minimum 3.25 GPA)

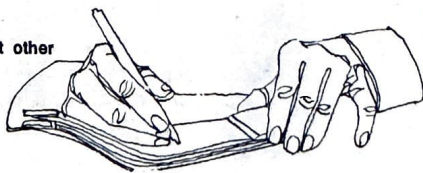
Applications available in Financial Aid Office, Bldg. 1, Student Activities, Bldg. 5, or at other respective campus Business Offices.

DEADLINE: November 3, 1989



JOLYNN DEFRANCISCO MEMORIAL NURSING SCHOLARSHIP will be awarded (\$600 maximum)

MUST BE ADN, Ankeny student entering final semester with long-term commitment to nursing profession.



CHEMICAL DEPENDENCY AWARENESS DAY

ORDINARY PEOPLE, EXTRAORDINARY DISEASE

Wednesday, November 8

Building 6, Auditorium

8:00 - 8:55 More Than Just a Moral Problem
John Tapscott - National Council on Alcoholism

9:00 - 10:00 The Disease: Never too young, Never too old
Dick Farrell - Our Primary Purpose

10:10 - 11:05 Treatment: From the Bottom Up
Panel Discussion:
Recovering People
Vonnie Bengfort - Mercy Recovery Programs
Dave James - Our Primary Purpose
Mercy Kasner - Powell III
George Marks - Veterans Hospital Treatment Program
Moderator: Jay Clough

11:15 - 12:10 Recovery: A Family Affair
Pat Selburg Smith

8:00 - 12:30 VISIT DISPLAYS IN BUILDINGS 2, 5, and 6



Presented by: Human Services Students

Sponsored by: The Student Action Board



Dr. Jim Wand
Award Winning
Master Hypnotist

Dr. Wand's presentation and stage demonstrations are informative as well as entertaining. He mixes humor with his hypnotic skills to keep the audience laughing and at the same time educates them as to how hypnosis works. One of the top hypnotic entertainers in the nation.

If you like to laugh, you can't afford to miss this show at:

11:15 a.m. at "the hub"

Monday, November 6, 1989

Known as "DMACC's Favorite"

Sponsored by the Student Action Board

SELF-HYPNOSIS WORKSHOP

Self-Hypnosis can help you:

- *Stop smoking
- *Control Weight
- *Overcome Fear of Taking Tests
- *Improve Study Habits
- *Many others too



Monday, November 6, 1989

Cedar Room - Building 7

2:00 p.m.

Cost is free

For More Information Call:

Student Activities 964-6359

Sponsored by SAB